Complete New Novel by Richard Sherman

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL COMBINED WITH

Cosmopolitan

October 1950 · 35¢

CANADA • 40 CENTS

Model
Madeleine Tyler
See Page 65

Why Men drop Women

OCTOBER • 1950

HEARST MAGAZINE BUILDING *Hearst's International* COSMOPOLITAN 57th STREET AND 8th AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Vol. 129, No. 4

Don't touch it if you're timid.....it's hotter than you think!

"Where's the Fire?"

It's **Revlon's** new Fall color for lips and matching fingertips

A sultry, smouldering red—TNT for two! Suddenly your hidden fire's showing, when your clothes, your lips and fingertips* are sparked with the breathless excitement of "Where's the Fire?"!

Matchbox ..*1.60 plus tax*

*ACCEPTED BY COMMITTEE ON COSMETICS OF A.M.A. COLOR AS ACCURATE AS PRINTING METHODS PERMIT

You can count on keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

"I have confidence in Ipana . . . Bristol-Myers makes it,"

says Bobbie Snow of Woodside, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you *must* fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn—you must fight *gum troubles*, too!

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." You'll like Ipana's wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

NEW!

Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON

in

"THE MINIVER STORY"

co-starring

JOHN HODIAK • LEO GENN

with CATHY O'DONNELL
REGINALD OWEN
and HENRY WILCOXON

Screen Play by
RONALD MILLAR and GEORGE FROESCHEL
Based on the characters created by JAN STRUTHER
Directed by . . . . . H. C. POTTER
Produced by . . . . SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Eight years ago you met a man and a woman who walked straight into that place in your heart reserved for the most intimate friends.

They were Kay and Clem Miniver of that endearing motion picture "Mrs. Miniver". Now M-G-M announces that the Minivers are at home again in "The Miniver Story"—with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon again playing—yes, living—the parts of Kay and Clem.

There's a lot to catch up on with the Minivers because things haven't exactly stood still for them. Their daughter Judy is nineteen now, lovely and in love—with the wrong man. You will find her impulsive affair as beautiful and violent as a summer storm.

Emotionally different is the bond that has sprung up in Clem's absence between Mrs. Miniver and an American officer. Both are lonely—and married. The dramatic answer to what happens between them is one of the key scenes in the picture.

And then there's Clem Miniver. Back from service, he returns to still any doubts in Kay's heart. This is the man she loves. But she senses in him a discontent, a strange new restlessness. He seeks escape to a sunnier, happier land, and the reason she cannot share this adventure with him is the stirring climax of "The Miniver Story".

Yes, Kay and Clem have grown in love, wisdom and courage. Your evening with them and "The Miniver Story" will be an experience of heart speaking to human heart.

Based on the characters created by Jan Struther, "The Miniver Story" was produced by Sidney Franklin who transposed the original "Mrs. Miniver" to the screen. H. C. Potter directed the sequel and the screenplay is the collaborative work of Ronald Millar and George Froeschel.

P.S.: Watch for "King Solomon's Mines", "Kim" and "Quo Vadis" . . . big ones from M-G-M, all in Technicolor.

Hearst's International Combined with

Cosmopolitan

HERBERT R. MAYES *Supervising Editor* **RICHARD E. BERLIN** *President*

FRANK ELTONHEAD *Art Editor*

Associate Editors • ROBERT C. ATHERTON • KATHRYN BOURNE
DAVID BROWN • RUTH HARBERT • ANTHONY LA SALA
JOHN J. O'CONNELL • HOLLY ROTH • BARBARA SCHNECK
ALICE SHERIDAN • PEGGY THORNDIKE

October, 1950

COMPLETE NOVEL

NONFICTION SPECIAL FEATURE

SHORT STORIES

ARTICLES

FEATURES

THROUGHOUT THE BOOK

Vol. 129, No. 4

THE COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL PHOTOGRAPHED BY DE EVIA

HAT BY MR. JOHN; SUIT BY SEYMOUR FOX

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HEARST MAGAZINES INC., 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y., U. S. A. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD; RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; JOHN RANDOLPH HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEVISS, VICE-PRESIDENT & TREASURER; JOHN K. HERBERT, VICE-PRESIDENT; A. S. MOORE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ROBERT E. HUNG, VICE-PRESIDENT; HARRY M. DUNLAP, VICE-PRESIDENT; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $3.50 FOR ONE YEAR, $5.50 FOR TWO YEARS, $7.50 FOR THREE YEARS; CANADA, $4.00 FOR ONE YEAR; PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES AND SPAIN, $4.50 FOR ONE YEAR; OTHER FOREIGN COUNTRIES, $6.50 FOR ONE YEAR. WHEN CHANGING ADDRESS, GIVE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW, WITH POSTAL ZONE NUMBER IF ANY, AND ALLOW FIVE WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT ASSUME ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SAFETY OF UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS.

There's one in every office

The other girls never asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly avoid it. Not that she wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her share . . . but she had one fault that outweighed her good points. What it* was, Laura, poor girl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in every office . . . and she had to be the one.

It can happen to you...any time

How's *your* breath today? You could be guilty of *halitosis (unpleasant breath) right now . . . *without realizing it.* Halitosis may be absent one day and present the next . . . and, when it is, you are in wrong with everybody. It can nullify your other good points. Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple and delightful precaution . . . such an *extra-careful* one? You simply rinse the mouth with it before any date and, lo! . . . your breath is instantly fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

A number of things will relieve off-color breath *momentarily,* but Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath instantly . . . and helps keep it that way . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually. No wonder it's the *extra-careful* precaution against bad breath. So, to be extra-attractive, be extra-careful. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date, when you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

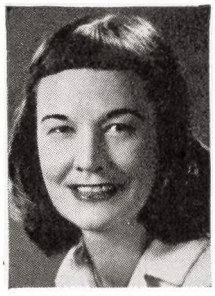
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE ... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**  .... IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

What goes on at

THE LADY KNOWN AS MERMAN, THE LATEST

Betty Betz, the youthful counselor of teen-agers, is eminently qualified to advise young ladies about to frolic at their first football weekend. Betty, an alumna of Sarah Lawrence, attended *her* first football weekend at Princeton U. in 1940. The Princetons went into it with some college that has slipped Betty's mind—Harvard, perhaps. For Betty, that weekend was the first of many, and the uninitiated who are all atwitter about next Saturday can benefit from her article on page 56.



Betty Betz

Miss Betz, incidentally, keeps a teen-age lexicon that is up-to-date at all times. Looking through it the other day, we imagined a paragraph that would certainly be highly intelligible to anyone under eighteen, but anyone of draft age might find it a puzzle.

Suppose you were waiting for a bus and heard a young gentleman carrying on like this:

"I dragged a Junior Mess the other night. We went to some toad's hash. I didn't have much jingle, but they grabbed me for the plonk."

Freely translated, our young man was saying, "I had a date (dragged) with a sloppy bobby-soxer (Junior Mess) the other night. We went to an ugly girl's (toad's) party (bash). I didn't have much money (jingle), but I had to chip in (grabbed) for the refreshments (plonk)."

All we can say is Betty can have her career, and we'll stick to ours.

◆ ◆ ◆

Around New York's glitter circle, there is no better-known person than Ethel Merman. Everyone is aware of this, with the possible exception of Ethel Merman.

Not long ago, for instance, a leading movie company was producing a musical in which one of the songs had to do with the celebrities who frequent the Big Town's important night clubs. One section of the lyrics was devoted to the first names of these celebrities. It mentioned such personages as Walter, Alfred and Lynn, Darryl, Lana, and Ethel. The movie company felt it had to obtain clearance from each person mentioned in the tune. So its lawyers sent La Merman a long, legal form, including the part of the tune that mentioned "Ethel," and asked her to sign it, thus releasing the use of her name.

Ethel put in a phone call for one of the producers. "This here is fine by me," she said, "but what are ya gonna do about Barrymore, Waters, Shutta, and gasoline?"

Since her debut in Gershwin's "Girl Crazy" (1930), Ethel Merman has been the undisputed queen of musical comedy. Maurice Zolotow's stunning article, page 34, tells the story of the ten great shows that made Merman famous, and vice versa.

Cover-Girl Tyler

Madeleine Tyler, this month's cover girl, is one of New York's top fashion models, but it wasn't always so. Madeleine was a little too plump for fashion modeling at first, with the unhappy result that she was used for such things as illustrating pulp detective stories. Sometimes she was stabbed in the stories, sometimes shot, and other

Cosmopolitan

TEEN-AGE TALK, AND A WOMAN VICE-PRESIDENT

times strangled. One glorious, hectic day she posed as the heroine of a story in which she was bound to a chair and gagged, while some heel put a whip to her. There and then Madeleine decided to slim herself a bit, so she could earn a living in quieter circumstances.

Her diet was monumentally successful. (See photograph.)

◆ ◆ ◆

Margaret Chase Smith (page 60), the lady from Maine, is famous for items other than being the first Republican of her sex ever elected to the United States Senate. She is credited, as an example, with the prognostication that the political party clever enough to nominate a female candidate for Vice-President will stroll away with the presidency in 1952.

Now, this bureau is not anti-feminist, but it *is* wary, and the Senator's prediction caused some brooding. We rounded up four of the bright, pretty young things who people our reading room and solicited their opinions of a distaff Vice-President, who might, conceivably, become top dog. The results of the poll weren't very decisive. Two girls thought a woman president would be jolly, and two were aghast. We then questioned a more mature female staff-member, and we offer her vote with some trepidation.

She said that she had seen so many of her sex go into a purple passion over the price of pumpernickel, she could do nothing but shudder at the thought of a Commandress-in-Chief.

Lady readers now sitting down to refute this will kindly limit themselves to five thousand words.

◆ ◆ ◆

The art of extracting intimate secrets from beautiful girls belongs largely, we believe, to Hyman Goldberg. ("Too Many Blondes," page 64.) Every week, in the Sunday section of the New York *Daily Mirror*, Goldie has a published interview with a lovely, and he always gets a full supply of tidbits from the interviewee.

We asked Goldie about his rare skill. "Well," said Goldie, "it's all done with a combination of two attitudes. I act fatherly to them so they will have confidence in me. At the same time, I demonstrate, in various ways that are trade secrets, that I am extremely aware of their gender. It's sort of acting like an evil old man with a nice mind.

Hyman Goldberg and subjects

It confuses them, and they chat before they think."

Incidentally, we asked Mrs. Goldberg how she felt about Hyman's profession. "Everyone has to eat," she said dolefully.

◆ ◆ ◆

A few weeks from now, Richard Sherman's magnificent novel of suspense ("A Kindred Spirit," page 29) will be published in book form exactly as it appears in this magazine. We feel it will be acclaimed as one of the short masterpieces of the time. Like The Cardinal, The Other Father, Sleep Till Noon, *and so many other best sellers, it appears first in your favorite magazine. (As we go to press, word comes that Eric Hodgins' wonderful* Blandings' Way, *published in our July and August issues, has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club.)* **J.O'C.**

Readers Write

Girl Spy

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: Hold on here, Buster! What's with you? If it's sensationalism you're after, you're on the wrong track! I'm referring to "Judith Coplon: The Girl Who Grew Up to Be a Spy," in the July issue.

If you wanted to create a sensation, Jack, you should have devoted ninety-five per cent of the article to elucidating on Miss Coplon's years in Washington. I allude specifically to your casual remark: "She got the reputation, in the last couple of years in Washington, of being a girl who took her fun where she found it."

What a terrific build-up for some hot, chummy revelations! But revelations, bah. Right away you squelch it with the piddling clause: "But the report may have been somewhat exaggerated."

Exaggerated! Who in hell cares?

—E. P.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: Mark Murphy can pay Judith Coplon all the compliments you can print. I'm just an old dumb American, but I think Miss Coplon should have her tiny, petite, dainty behind kicked from here to Moscow. —SHIRLEY L. JACKSON

De Palma

Judith Coplon

CLEVELAND, OHIO: In your article on Judith Coplon, July issue, you ask, "Do Communist cells exist undetected on the campuses of our universities?"

I know for a fact that they do at Ohio State. A relative of mine, a veteran, returned to Ohio State to continue law studies. He was a very bright student. The rooming house in which he stayed was run by Communists. After a lot of persuasion, he went to a meeting. They had a lot of other students at these meetings, too.

They talked him into quitting school, getting a job in a factory, and working for their cause. He did all this. They told him he would be a "big shot" in the union. This appealed to him.

At night, he went to the worst section of town, drank with anybody, and signed them up in the Communist Party.

I don't have to tell you what his parents put up with. Especially after he married a woman with four children—the oldest, sixteen. When she wouldn't put up with him anymore and threw him out and he starved for a while, he came to his senses, unlike Judith Coplon.

He is now divorced, back with his parents, and even if his career is ruined, his eyes are open to what a fool he was. He has an ordinary clerical job, and at twenty-four has sure made a mess of his life. —P. K.

BAY CITY, TEXAS: Let us not blame our institutions of higher learning for the failures of our homes.

—J. W. MCKELVY

LONDON, ENGLAND: I am amazed that anyone should wonder at Miss Coplon's motive. Surely by now the extraordinary things that women do when infatuated or in love are known to the world and have made history for centuries. This is only too obvious to another woman. Some women will do almost *anything* when in love, or for the man they are having an affair with. It's *too* simple! I am amused that you can't see it!

—MRS. PEGGY HICKMAN

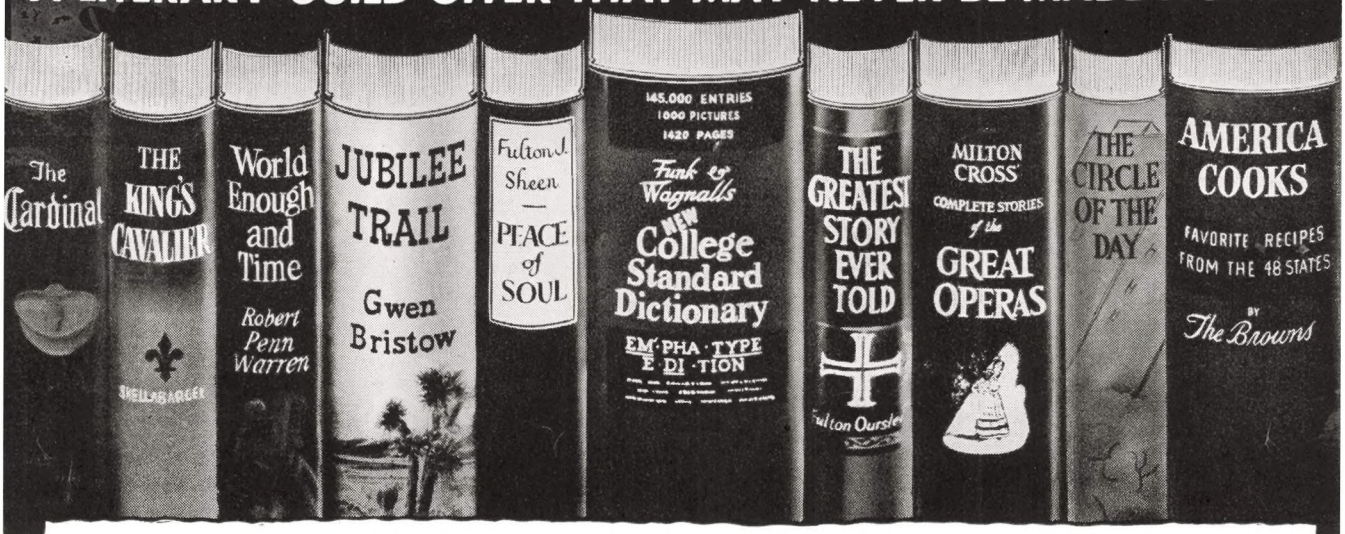
Too Old for Love?

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE: About this Hemingway (deletion)—once in a while we catch an old man with a young girl up here. We don't write a book about it; we laugh and laugh —at both of 'em. But then, of course, we are just hillbillies, shoeless and uncivilized. —MRS. J. R. PERKINS

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: I've been very interested in reading "Readers Write"—particularly the comments on Ernest Hemingway's "Across the River and into the Trees." As far as I am concerned, it's one of his best. But besides being such a beautifully written story—I feel that it belongs to me a little more than to anyone else, because about the time the first installment came out, I met a man with

(Continued on page 10)

A LITERARY GUILD OFFER THAT MAY NEVER BE MADE AGAIN



ANY THREE $2.00

OF THESE FINE BOOKS (Value up to $12.75) FOR ONLY

YOURS WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD

SEND NO MONEY NOW—JUST PICK ANY 3 AND MAIL THE COUPON!

THE CARDINAL
By Henry M. Robinson

Young Stephen dreamed of a quiet, priestly life—but his actual life in the Church was charged with more drama, conflict, bitterness and happiness than he could have imagined. Already, more than 150,000 copies of this magnificent new work have been sold in the publisher's regular edition at $3.50.

THE KING'S CAVALIER
By Samuel Shellabarger

Impulsive Blaise abducted this enchanting girl from under the very nose of an arrogant King no older than himself! Yes, *anything* could happen in the explosive days of Renaissance France! You'll thrill to every page of this new smash-hit by the author of "Prince of Foxes". Publisher's edition, $3.00.

WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME
By Robert Penn Warren

The author of the Pulitzer Prize winner, "All the King's Men," tells a powerful new story of an intense young man who took a fabulous revenge on his wife's former lover. "Full of passion and violence, movement, suspense," says the *Boston Globe*. Publisher's edition, $3.50.

JUBILEE TRAIL
By Gwen Bristow

Two beautiful girls crossed half a continent—alone among lawless men on the Jubilee Trail! One was Garnet Cameron, darling of Eastern society; the other was Florinda, music hall star escaping from the police. Their story of frontier life is your *don't miss* adventure novel of the year! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

PEACE OF SOUL
By Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen

This great work tells us that man's inner conflicts are resolved through God's love only, that salvation can come only from renewed contact with the surging reservoir of energy within ourselves. Here is new light to show us the way—the divine way to *triumph of soul*. Publisher's edition, $3.00.

Funk & Wagnalls COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY

A really *different* home dictionary! Contains over 145,000 entries, 1,420 pages; measures 6½" x 9¼" in size—and features the amazing new EM.-PHA. TYPE system which gives you the information you want instantly and completely. A *must* for the home library. Publisher's edition, $5.50.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD
By Fulton Oursler

A reverent, faithful retelling of the story of Jesus, bringing Him and those whose lives were entwined with His excitingly close to today's reader. Endorsed by leaders of all faiths. "It is sweeping the country like a tidal wave!" says John B. Kennedy. Publisher's edition, $2.95.

STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS
By Milton Cross

Contains every aria, all the action, the *complete stories* of seventy-two of the world's best-loved operas—plus many other wonderful sections on music. 627 fact-filled pages; sturdily bound for long use. A book for years of rewarding reading! Publisher's edition, $3.75.

THE CIRCLE OF THE DAY
By Helen Howe

How much can love demand of a woman? Suppose you were Faith Millet — who suddenly found her husband was father of a 4-year-old boy by one of her friends. What would you do—forgive him, love his son too, or leave him? What did Faith do? Publisher's edition, $3.00.

AMERICA COOKS
By the Browns

Contains more than 1,600 superb recipes—the finest of each of the 48 states — from old-fashioned favorites to right up to the minute taste sensations. Crystal-clear directions make it impossible to go wrong. No American kitchen is complete without a copy of this big volume! Publisher's edition, $2.49.

WHY WE MAKE THIS UNUSUAL NEW MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Each month publishers submit their best books to our editors — from which *one* is selected for presentation to Guild members. Although nearly all Guild books later become widely discussed top best-sellers, Guild members pay only the bargain price of $2.00 each—and receive their books at the same time the publisher's own edition goes on sale at $2.75, $3.00, or even more. Because so many members know that Guild books give them the kind of reading entertainment they want, hundreds of thousands take each selection — even though they need only accept four a year from among the thirty or more selections and alternates offered.

Thus, the Guild is able to print huge editions of every selection, permitting substantial savings in costs. These savings are immediately passed along to members in the form of greatly reduced prices and in valuable "Bonus" Books.

How the Literary Guild Operates

Each month during the year you will receive without charge a copy of "Wings"—the Guild's attractive, informative book-review magazine which describes the current Guild selection. It is *not* necessary to accept a Guild book every month. If you do not want a selection, you may return the special form provided and specify any one of the *alternate* books offered thereon—or simply indicate you do not wish to receive any book at all that month. There are no dues or membership fees of any kind except for the books you decide to purchase.

Bonus Books Free to Members

As a Guild member you will also receive, free, a beautiful, specially prepared Bonus Book for each four Guild books you purchase—and if you decide to continue as a member you can obtain an additional Bonus Book free with each four selections, or alternates, you accept thereafter. Each month the decision to take a selection is up to you, but the amazing record of the Guild during the past twenty years *guarantees* that you will always receive a new best-seller—a thrilling, entertaining story. No wonder the Literary Guild Book Club is the world's largest, with almost a million members!

Send No Money — Just Mail Coupon

Including the free Bonus Books, Guild membership save you up to 50% of your book dollars—and you get *the new books you don't want to miss!* Why not join NOW while you can get *your choice* of any THREE of the wonderful books described above—two as your FREE Membership Gift and one as your first Guild selection . . . a value as high as $12.75 for only $2.00!

As this unique new offer may be withdrawn at any time, we urge you to mail the coupon *now*.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, New York

MAIL THIS COUPON

Which THREE Do You Want

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE LITERARY GUILD

- ☐ The Cardinal
- ☐ The King's Cavalier
- ☐ World Enough and Time
- ☐ Jubilee Trail
- ☐ Peace of Soul
- ☐ College Standard Dictionary
- ☐ The Greatest Story Ever Told
- ☐ Complete Stories of the Great Operas
- ☐ The Circle of the Day
- ☐ America Cooks

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 10C, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me at once the THREE BOOKS I have checked above as my Membership Gift Books and first selection, and bill me only $2.00 for all three. Enroll me as member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only $2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher prices of the publishers' editions. For each four Guild books I accept, I will receive a free Bonus Book.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

Street and No.

City Zone State

Occupation Age, if under 21

Price in Canada, $2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.
Offer good only in U.S.A. & Canada

What's New in Medicine

FAILURE OF THE UTERUS to eject the afterbirth, or placenta, seriously complicates childbirth. A new technique has been developed to meet this problem. First a pint of hot, sterile, normal salt solution is injected into the umbilical cord. The solution fills the placenta, making it heavier and hastening its separation from the uterine wall. Meanwhile, the heat of the solution stimulates contractions. One physician reports thirteen cases without a single complication and complete success in ninety per cent of the cases in which the afterbirth would not separate properly. Two earlier techniques were removal of the placenta by hand and treatment with various drugs. Removal by hand resulted in a ten-per-cent mortality rate due to infection until the advent of antibiotic drugs.

MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS *afflicts fifty thousand to a hundred thousand people in the United States. Its cause is unknown, and there is no specific treatment for it. Multiple sclerosis is more frequent in cold climates than in warm, and it increases in incidence with the distance from the equator. Its duration ranges from eight weeks to sixty-four years. For the world, the average duration is eleven and a half years, but for the United States, it is twenty-seven years. The average age of onset is twenty-eight years. Most recent theories as to the cause of multiple sclerosis relate it to some deficiency in the body's intake of some trace elements, but there is equally strong evidence relating it to some unknown virus or some factor affecting the blood vessels. The final concept suggests that multiple sclerosis is a form of sensitization or allergy affecting the particular tissues involved.*

PNEUMONIA changes in character and virulence from time to time. Almost any kind of living organism may cause pneumonia. Pneumonia can be caused by the pneumococcus, staphylococcus, and streptococcus, by viruses such as those of Q fever and atypical virus pneumonia, and by viruses that affect birds, such as psittacosis. Antibiotic drugs that act against certain infectious organisms have tremendously improved the control of pneumonia.

ASTHMATIC CHILDREN *from Denmark sent to Norway on vacation came home healthier. Upon their return, sixty-four per cent of the two hundred and twenty children were without any asthmatic symptoms, and another thirty-three per cent were improved. Although many of the children relapsed after being in Denmark once more, there were still twenty-seven per cent without symptoms and fifty-one per cent improved after a good many months. The benefits were credited to Norway's higher altitude, as air in higher altitudes contains much fewer allergens, or protein substances that cause asthma and other allergic manifestations.*

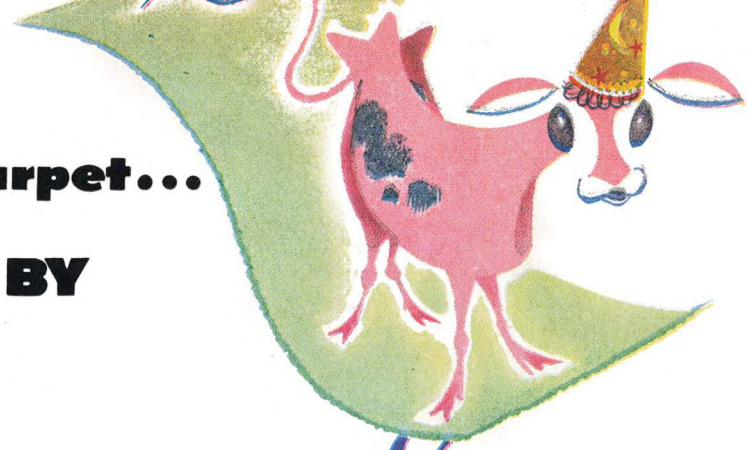
A SUPERSTITION *that fish is brain food goes back to the naturalist Agassiz, who found that fish is rich in phosphorus and that nerve tissue is also rich in phosphorus. Recently scientists at Johns Hopkins University have studied the growth and repair of nerves by injecting radioactive phosphorus into the body. They traced it to the nervous system, and found that nerve tissue uses extra phosphorus when it has been damaged and is being repaired.*

PREMATURE BABIES and those weighing under five pounds at birth have been under study at a New York clinic. Of the one hundred and fifty cases reviewed, the vast majority were not handicapped in any way by being born prematurely. Intelligence tests made of many of the children showed they had about the same I.Q. as children of normal or excess birth weight. Like normal babies, some of them walked before their first birthday and the majority by the eighteenth month, and more than half of them said at least one word at the age of one. Only three of the premature and underweight babies waited until they were past three to speak in sentences. The children who weighed from one pound seven ounces to four and a half pounds at birth were not stunted in size or weight, they learned to walk and talk in a reasonable length of time, and in general, they had fair scholastic intelligence.

PROBLEM CHILDREN *bothered by allergic conditions have made remarkable personality and behavior improvements after getting rid of their allergic disturbances. This was observed in one of New York's state hospitals. Similar results were shown in a questionnaire answered by 171 allergy specialists. Ninety-five per cent of them said they had observed correction of personality disorders after elimination of allergic conditions. Irritable, fretful, quarrelsome children, sometimes considered incorrigible, were most frequently benefited. After their allergic symptoms were cleared up, the children became friendly and happy participants in school affairs. A few bashful and timid introverts, apparently depressed and tired, became extroverted, friendly, and vigorous in play after treatment for their allergies. The physicians theorized that some of the mental changes in problem children might be the direct result of accumulation of fluid in the brain caused by allergy.*

LOOKING AT THE SUN to test your eyes is harmful, a United States Navy physician cautions. He says, "No matter how dark your sunglasses, staring at the sun may cause blind spots in your vision that will never go away." He considers sunglasses ground to the wearer's prescription the best protection against bright sunlight. He says the glasses should permit only ten per cent of the light to pass through to the wearer's eyes.

COMPILED FOR COSMOPOLITAN READERS BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN



Fresh off the Magic Carpet...

CORDOVAN CALF BY

Air Step®

Cordovan calf . . . warm and glowing . . . Air Step's fall magic in the most wearable shoes you'll ever own! Your Air Step shoeman has them in the perfect midway heel height, at your favorite price . . . all with the famous floating comfort of the Magic Sole. For his name, write Air Step Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

YOU'LL BE FRESH AT FIVE IN AIR STEPS!
Magic Sole cushions your every step, indoors or outdoors.

A Product of Brown Shoe Company

RAMBLER

GLOW

STAG

CIRCLE

Shoes illustrated,

10.95

Higher Denver West

Other styles, 8.95 to 10.95

The shoe with the youthful feel

Readers Write

(Continued from page 6)

whom I fell very much in love. Of course, that undoubtedly happens to millions of people every day—but he is twenty-eight years my senior. I am not quite twenty-one. And he is very much like Hemingway's "Colonel"—although a good deal gentler—and, thank God, in fine health. —P. W.

Our Feeling

HOUSTON, TEXAS: This is not in criticism of COSMO, but in criticism of readers of last month's magazine!

It seems utterly ridiculous to me that anyone should expect a perfect issue. —MRS. JUNE FURKOVICH

BRISTOL, TENNESSEE: I am glad to see you are carrying a "Readers Write" page. But on the whole, I think the letters printed are a pretty sour lot. It is one of these that prompts me to write.

I want the Editors to know that I, too, "couldn't disagree with you more"—which was the Editors' comment on a letter deploring "The Sunnier Side," by Charles Jackson, as "padded, salacious rot." I thought it was one of the finest stories I have ever seen published in a magazine. And I read it all the way through—twice. —MRS. FRANCIS SMITH

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: For your honesty in putting the things in "Readers Write," congratulations!!

—MARGARET POPPER

Margaret Truman

Invasion of Privacy?

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS: It is typical of America's penchant for invading the privacy of its public figures that an article such as "A Date with Margaret Truman" [August issue] is published. While it will gratify the craving of the public for gossip, I can't see that it will add to the stature of America's first family. —B. R.

Most unreasonable observation of the month.

—THE EDITORS

Frank Talk

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA: "Frank Talk About Private Schools" in your August issue is interesting—but why should any American child, because of the accident of birth, be deprived of the best education possible? Conversely, why should any American child, because he happens to be born into a family of wealth and social position, have a better education than children less fortunate? I base these questions on the fact, stated in your article, that private schools are superior to most public schools. —R. L. K.

Optimistic Question

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: Dr. Fishbein, in his August feature, "What's New in Medicine," makes the interesting observation that the long lives achieved by the ancient Greeks were due to the optimism characteristic of the Greek civilization. Cannot medicine find a cure for pessimism? —S. R.

Would that it could, but it would first have to find a cure for the very substantial reasons for pessimism, few of which are medical. —THE EDITORS

Painted Beauty

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA: Can it be that the famous COSMOPOLITAN Cover Girl by noted illustrators has gone into the limbo of things to be affectionately remembered? No girl is as pretty as she is painted. —TOD KENDALL

She'll be back occasionally.

—THE EDITORS

Fine Point

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I note in your August article, "At Home with Mohammed," that "a Moslem is allowed four wives, but only under certain conditions." Will you please explain how this differs from life in Hollywood?

—BILL WORDEN

Excellent point! But there's no limit, apparently, in Hollywood.

—THE EDITORS

Short Short

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: The titles of the short stories listed in your August table of contents in themselves make a rather provocative short story . . . The Reluctant Secretary . . . I'll Marry You in Church . . . The Trap . . . The Girl Upstairs . . . Nearly Perfect . . . Broadway Incident. —BETTY STEINBERG

Captious Caption

DES MOINES, IOWA: I am aware that magazines such as yours go to great lengths to use alluring illustrations—without especial regard for the content of the story. Nevertheless I submit that the illustration for "I'll Marry You in Church" [August issue] tops everything. Even your caption writer confessed—"Alas, this had never happened—but McBurney wished it had!" So, alas, did the reader. —L. B.

Pursuit of Men

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: It's a horrible misconception, as far as I'm concerned, to think that a married woman has a better status than a single girl. The sooner they stop writing articles on such nonsense and let Mother Nature (whom you can't fool in the long run) take her course, the better off a lot of people are going to be.

So I think I shall disregard Miss or Mrs. Shour's article, go on being my own sincere (I think) self, and I bet I'll get farther faster.

—MISS PATRICIA J. PAULBACH

The Clincher

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: The heroine of this article could succeed in her manhunt only if the men involved were complete idiots to begin with, and therefore hardly worth the trouble. I don't know who Miss Shour questioned on her "survey" (am inclined to believe that all of her statistics came out of her own little pointed head), but I bet a real consensus would show that, while the supercharged atmosphere of the vacation resort may be fine for a summer romance, it's far from the best place to look for a permanent, satisfactory alliance.

Please, no more of this kind of foolishness. Men and women have been meeting, falling in love, and getting married for a long time now without any advice from this particular expert. It's a pretty fair guess that they can continue to do so without ruining their vacations. —NATALIE T. WESOKE

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA: I presume that the authoress still signs Miss before her name. If she does, she knows better.

—MRS. MARIE LANDGRAF

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: You should have entitled your article "To Frustrated Women." There are enough "man-crazy" women today as it is without your contributing such a foolish, ridiculous article! No wonder men don't go to summer resorts as much as girls. Any poor, unsuspecting male who read your article has probably canceled vacations for the next ten years. Are you bitter? Desperate?

—LUCILLE FLETCHER

Ask for FREE NOVELTY BOOKLET of world-famous Gin recipes. "Gilbey's Primer of Famous Gin Drinks" is a quick, easy guide to making the world's finest gin drinks by world famous bartenders. *Your* gin drinks can be famous, too. Mail postcard to: National Distillers, P.O. Box 12, Wall Street Station, New York 5, New York.

Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits. National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

BEST DRAMA—Never a dull moment in "The Black Rose," as dashing Tyrone Power's rebellion drives him to hair-raising adventures in far-off places. Exciting Technicolor version of a best-selling historical romance.

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

There is some very good Hollywood news for you this month. At long last we are getting back to movies that move, to backgrounds that charm, and to entertainment designed to entertain.

If you want proof, just read on.

With Casablanca as headquarters, the filming of "The Black Rose" began at Meknes. In case you don't know where that is, it's a city in North Africa famed for its minareted picturesqueness. The troupe next moved to Ouarzazate, a desert barracks town noted for its terraced architecture, and then to Marrakech, which Winston Churchill of the artistic eye has called one of the world's most beautiful spots. The cast then left North Africa—which it had used as a stand-in for ancient Cathay—and resumed operations in England, where the intimate scenes were filmed in Allington Castle, which was originally built about 1077. The picture is photographed in Technicolor, a happy choice for the colorful old settings.

That's one score on one picture, and here's another.

"King Solomon's Mines" glitters with wonderful place names, too—South African names like Kenya, Nairobi, Lake Victoria, Murchison Falls in Uganda, Astrica in Ruanda-Urundi, and finally Arusha in Tanganyika.

BEST MUSICAL — Cheesecake, the gay song-and-dance team of Grable and Dan Dailey, unforgettable tunes—make "My Blue Heaven" a real trouble-chaser.

MOST UNUSUAL—Cheers for Hugo Haas, author, producer, director, and star of "Pick-Up." Cheers also for Beverly Michaels, sensational newcomer whose acting matches her beauty.

You will be reduced to jitters by whole tribes of natives, some of whom are seven feet tall, plus cobras, zebras, wildebeests, impalas, kongonis, crocodiles, and other such terrors of the jungles, all apparently bent upon the destruction of beautiful Deborah Kerr.

I am giving the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Drama of the Month to "The Black Rose," and to "King Solomon's Mines" a citation for the Best Adventure Picture of the Month. That is how difficult I find choosing between them. The color photography of both is *(Continued on page 96)*

BEST ADVENTURE—Stewart Granger spends most of his time in "King Solomon's Mines" pitting himself against African tribesmen, wild beasts, and deadly snakes, but here takes time out to make love to Deborah Kerr.

Broadway

COMPILED BY C. K. EGAN

• It's the kid up the street who is the delinquent. Your junior is "passing through a phase."

Senator Soaper, The Oregonian
PORTLAND, OREGON

• Sounds in the Night: At the Gamecock: "He likes all married women except his wife."

Walter Winchell, The Post-Dispatch
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

• Politicians are the same all over the world. We compare them to coast-defense guns many years ago. Every time they fire off their muzzles, their platforms disappear.

Arthur "Bugs" Baer, Sentinel
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

• American designers don't like the tall, skinny girls who model Paris styles. Their feeling is that a man wants a healthy wife to bring him his pipe, rather than one he could use to clean it with.

Star
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

• Mack Sennett, who predicts that feminine beach attire ten years hence will be rouge, lipstick, and a hair ribbon, forgot to include a good lotion for sunburn.

The News
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

• The fathers in typical radio families are earnest clowns or straight men for their children. "I can't find my skates," cries Kathleen. There is a loud scream and the sound of a body tumbling downstairs. "Never mind," says Kathleen. "Daddy found them."

Daily News
WASHINGTON, D.C.

• There is not much use arguing with people who are convinced that New York is composed of eight million neurotics, an evolutionary development of subways, night clubs, and the struggle for "South Pacific" tickets. They like to believe it. Such subjective judgments are hard to dispute or disprove. The truth is that while New Yorkers are largely a devoted lot of homebodies, they do feel passionately that this is a pretty wonderful city.

Herald Tribune
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

• Ken Murray mentioned recently that the Democrats, at their party dinners, have the best food and best drinks but the second-best waiters. "The best waiters," he says, "are the Republicans."

Earl Wilson, Free Press
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

• Of course, you can't remember way back when the pioneers established this nation in order to avoid taxation.

Tribune
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Main Street

COMPILED BY JOHN M. HENRY

• As best I can tell, needing to buy more than I've got to sell has been my problem all my life, and if that's what's bothering Europe, there ain't no cure for it, and the experts might as well settle back down.

H. B. Fox, "Circleville Philosopher"
News, GRANGER, TEXAS

• In this mystery, the detective deduces that the professor was the murderer, because the story was a who-did-it instead of a who-dun-it.

Times
HARLOWTON, MONTANA

• The Lord must be enjoying a restful time these days, since He is said to help those who help themselves, and who's doing that anymore?

Dwight Payton, "Scratch Pad"
Citizen, OVERBROOK, KANSAS

• In the country-newspaper business, you meet a lot of interesting people you already know.

Raymond Duncan, "Sunrise Paragraphs"
Sun, ELLAVILLE, GEORGIA

• Maybe we should be thankful we're not getting all the government we are paying for.

Edgar T. Harris, "The March Of Events"
Times Leader, WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI

• Work schedules and everything else went askew Tuesday, and we took off for Millerton to watch the son pitch his first game of ball since polio drove him off the mound last fall. . . . It was just a ball game to the fans, even though we won from a not-too-good Millerton team. . . . To me, it was the works, the climax of seven months of terror that faded into resignation, rekindled into hope, and hovered just short of confidence. . . . Seven months is a long time to wait to see if endless hot baths and hours of exercise and massage will pay off. . . . They did. A handicap ceases to be a handicap when it is reduced to the point where a fellow can meet an opponent on even terms, win or lose.

Akin Skidmore, "You Said It"
Round Table, MILLBROOK, NEW YORK

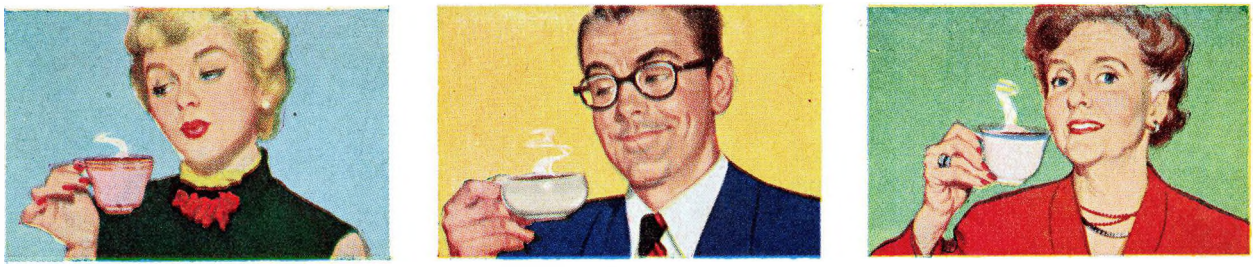
• If the chap who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, were real conscientious, he'd keep on until the two would grow only half as high.

Ken Adam, "Something About Nothing"
Record, LOMPOC, CALIFORNIA

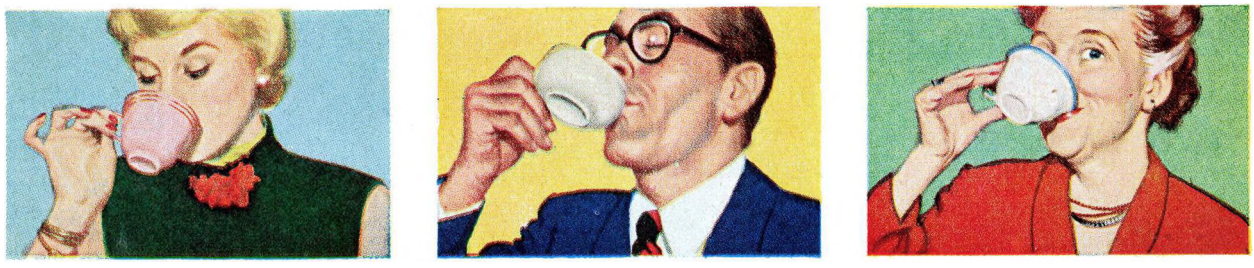
• We American people who will ride any plane, vehicle, or boat without hesitation, submit ourselves completely to a doctor's say-so, and hand our money over to anyone who can figure principal and interest, do not yet have entire confidence in a zipper.

Fred D. Keister, "Round About"
News, IONIA, MICHIGAN

Right this minute



more people are drinking Nescafé



than all other Instant Coffees.

For Pure Coffee Enjoyment!

You cut out the guesswork with Nescafé*! You can't fail to make *good* coffee! Just measure to suit each taste . . . add piping hot water, and stir. Nescafé instantly releases its *sealed-in*, roaster-fresh goodness and flavor.

Made right this minute, right in the cup, your coffee's exactly *right!* No grounds . . . no messy pot to clean!

Such a saving, too! Even the 4-oz. jar, though costing far less than a pound of ordinary coffee, makes as many cups. Order the regular size or big economy size at your grocer's today . . . for *pure coffee enjoyment* at mealtimes or between times!

Nescafé

makes coffee right

. . . this minute!

* Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

Romance of the Sea

THE NEW WALLACE
"THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY"
PATTERN IN STERLING SILVER

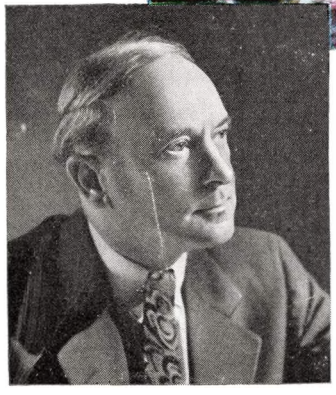
Dynamic and thrilling as it unfolds the true beauties of the mood of adventure found in Nature's fascinating symbols of the sea.

Fully sculptured in "Third Dimension Beauty," the mermaid silhouette is the exact body outline for this enchanting pattern.

And deeply down the silver stem
The motif is the ocean's gem
Gay flora flows in rhythmic swirl
Rich setting for the lovely pearl.

The majestic shell, the scrolling wave, the delicate spray and the sparkling bubbles complete the imaginative accomplishment.

"Romance of the Sea" is shown wherever fine sterling silver is sold. Also Mr. Warren's Grande Baroque, Sir Christopher, Grand Colonial, Stradivari and Rose Point. Prices for six-piece place settings: $27.40 to $37.50.



WILLIAM S. WARREN
Creator of "Romance of the Sea" and other Wallace designs sculptured in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty"... beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back.

WALLACE STERLING
Silver

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT
Since 1835

Cosmopolitan's Travel Guide

EDWARD R. DOOLING, Director, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Send your travel questions to Mr. Dooling, at the address above. If you want an immediate reply by mail, please enclose a three-cent stamp.

● *A friend and I are planning a trip to South America. We would like to know the best time to go and whether it is safe for two women, traveling alone, to visit restaurants and theatres unescorted.*

Miss E. J. Carroll, Iowa

A—October and November are spring months in South America, and the weather is usually pleasant. Transportation, hotels, and restaurants are less crowded than in December, January, February, and March. Ladies traveling alone need have no fear so long as they stick to accepted tourist paths. If you decide to go slumming, follow the advice of your ship's purser or cruise director, the manager of the local office of your air line, or the manager of your hotel, in hiring a guide.

● *Four of us are planning a leisurely train trip to California and would like some suggestions for stopovers and things to see along the way. We would like to avoid changing trains too often.*

Mrs. C. H., Rockville Center, New York

A—If you can, book your train accommodations well in advance and reserve space on a through car to Los Angeles. Get off at Lamy, New Mexico, for a short transfer to Santa Fe and the colorful Indian side trips; then continue to Holbrook, Arizona, to see the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest, and go on from there to the Grand Canyon.

The only way to see the Grand Canyon properly is from the inside. A visit to the museum and the Ranger's lecture will give you the background, but a trip to the bottom on one of those long-eared Canyon "taxis" is a must. I recommend the two-day trip with an overnight stay at Phantom Ranch. The one-day junket is a bit strenuous.

● *My husband and I like to take weekend trips in our car, but are discouraged by the heavy traffic. I don't suppose there is any solution to this problem, but am writing just in case you have any helpful hints to offer.*

Mrs. J. M., New York, New York

A—All large cities have weekend traffic problems. There isn't anything you can do about the traffic except try to avoid it.

Keep these things in mind:

The shortest and most direct road, or the biggest parkway, may not be the easiest and quickest for your weekend trip. Alternate roads may be a bit longer in miles but shorter in time consumed—and definitely less wearing on your nerves.

The most congested hours are always five to seven P.M. on Fridays, ten A.M. to one P.M. on Saturdays, and five to nine P.M. on Sundays.

Have the tank filled with gas and all your servicing jobs done before you get into the traffic stream.

While driving, listen to your car radio for traffic bulletins and warnings on unusual congestion. Local stations in most large cities broadcast these.

● *Would it be advisable to take a ten-day trip to the Rocky Mountains, Denver, Pikes Peak, and Colorado Springs in October? We will be driving.*

Miss B. B., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

A—October is usually one of Colorado's most colorful months. Daytime temperatures are in the seventies, but at night the thermometer may drop to thirty-eight or forty. The aspens turn to pure, shimmering gold in October, and the various canyon drives pack a scenic punch calculated to make your color camera jump with joy.

Fishing, hunting, golfing, and horseback riding are at their best during this season, and you can swim in beautiful outdoor pools heated by nature and fed from warm springs.

Driving presents no problems, but you should make inquiries in advance before tackling Trail Ridge Road, the road up Mount Evans, or the highway up Pikes Peak.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP!

● ***Okay, budget wizard, riddle me this one! We are two people who want to take a Florida vacation this fall, but can't decide how to go. We have a car, but have also thought of taking the train or flying. Want to see as much of the state as possible. How do we do it, and how much?***

Miss M. B., Bellmore, New York

A—No matter how you do the Florida trip, you can wrap up an economical package of fun. Here are three budget trips—remember, the figures are approximate, but completely practical and based on prevailing conditions.

***By automobile*, you can cover a thousand miles of scenic variety within the state of Florida, along both Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Total cost in Florida for *two* people for ten days is estimated at $175—including transportation, housing, food, admissions, tips, a one-day fishing trip, *and* a night-club visit! Your motor trip to and from Florida is estimated at about $84 for two people—so that when you add up the whole business and divide by two, you get a cost of approximately $130 per person for a two-week Florida vacation. During those ten days in Florida, you can visit famed Silver Springs with its underwater sights and jungle cruise; Weekiwachee, the "Spring of the Mermaids"; colorful Ybor City, Tampa's Cuban colony; the Ringling Art Museum at Sarasota; Sarasota Jungle Gardens; Naples on the Gulf of Mexico, where you can fish; Miami Beach, for swimming and night life; the Singing Tower at Lake Wales; the crinoline-clad Old South at Cypress Gardens; beautiful Daytona Beach for a drive; and wind up with a day in St. Augustine, the first permanent settlement in the United States, a living museum of the days of the conquistadors.**

***By streamlined coach train*, your round-trip fare and tax is $68.20 per person and, with other expenses added in, your total cost is estimated at around $160 per person.**

***By plane*, under bargain rates still in effect, you can spend a week at one of Miami Beach's best hotels and pay for your meals, additional entertainment, tips, miscellaneous expenses, and considerable local sight-seeing on an estimated total of $183.55 per person. If you want to rent a car for the week, there is a special low rate of $29.**

Detailed costs, itineraries, and descriptive literature are being mailed to you.

(Copies of the three Florida Budget Trip Plans and other budget trips are available to all COSMOPOLITAN readers on request.)

Jon Whitcomb's Page

Lorna Owens
Austin, Texas

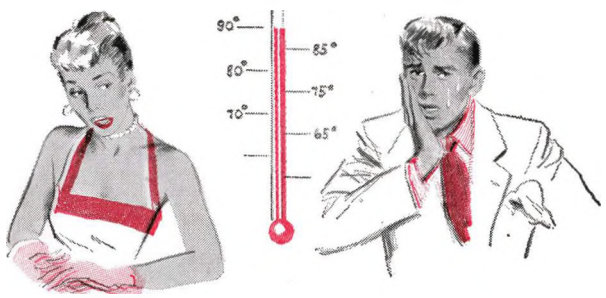
Carol Hough
El Reno, Oklahoma

Joyce Davidson
Hamilton, Ontario

Jeanne Evans
Inglewood, California

Margery Nixon
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BEAUTY AND THE JACK POT. The five visions of loveliness above are the young ladies who won a contest staged by a silverware company in a search for fresh, new faces for their advertisements. Representing five widely different regions of North America, they were flown to New York City for a crowded week of publicity and fun. Four of them brought their husbands, who had just as good a time as their wives. Picked from thousands of photographs, my choices were pleasantly astonishing to meet on the hoof. All five had unexpectedly crisp, vivacious personalities and the sort of casual, well-scrubbed good looks that the copy writers like to claim for American girls. Like experienced movie stars, they sailed through a heavy schedule of clothes fittings, interviews, posing sessions, night clubs, theatre parties, and personal appearances. When they arrived at my house for a party toward the end of the big week, they were still tireless and eager. The party was cluttered up with press photographers, syndicate writers, television and newsreel men, and four or five busy characters I never managed to identify. In spite of these distractions, I found out a lot of fascinating things about my visitors: Miss Oklahoma flies her own plane. Miss Pennsylvania is a Phi Beta Kappa, and went to college at Cambridge, England. Miss Canada jitterbugs with spirit. Miss California has been in movies and raises small, woolly dogs. Miss Texas paints like a whiz. All agreed that they had a heck of a wonderful week, and proposed to come back and do it all over again next year. The husbands stood up and cheered.



STRAIT JACKETS IN JULY. *One of the gravest trials of big-city life for me is the fiction that a man is a bum unless he has a jacket on. I am beginning to suspect that the villains behind this are women. On one of the steamiest days of last summer, I ran into a friend who is the managing editor of a famous women's magazine. She looked relaxed and cool, having just emerged from the drier at her hairdresser's. I felt her staring at me critically as we walked together toward her office. "You're dripping," she said. "Why don't you dress for this weather?" Her shoulders and most of her back were bare, and her shoes were built of cobwebs. "Fat chance," I said, mopping my chin with the remains of a handkerchief. "A guy can't even leave his coat off in this town." "Men look awful without coats," she said calmly. "I hate to see men running around in their shirt sleeves." We ascended to her floor in the elevator, and she disappeared like a mirage in the Sahara. Another editor came up, also cool, also collected. "See that man?" she hissed. "All the cartoonists look like that—no coat, no tie. I can't tell them from delivery boys." She smiled at me as the heat rose toward the ceiling in fat puffs. "Thank God the artists are* gentlemen." *And this feminine preference for roast male apparently dictates the ground rules in hotels. Two weeks later I drove to town with the top down in a boiling sun. The heat wave had come again, and forty-five miles of pressure cookery had done me medium-rare. I left my car with the doorman at a hotel and went in to register, carrying my jacket and tie in one hand. I was only wet to the knees, but the assistant manager of the hotel seized me before I could seize the pen. "Sir," he said stiffly, "put your coat on at once." Two assistant assistant managers appeared on his flanks, wearing a you-peasant expression. "No," I said, "I won't put it on. Air-condition the place, and I'll consider it." At least, that's what I* wish *I'd said. I found myself in the street almost immediately, escorted by three gentlemen in steaming wool cutaways.*

MAILBAG. Dear Jon: . . . I didn't win the contest . . . I feel sure there has been a horrible mistake. Why? Everyone said that I couldn't possibly lose, and you should know you can't fight public opinion. (Not all four hundred of them.) Besides, my horoscope states explicitly that I am to have a long trip, so you can see that you are really completely messed up.

—Miss E. F., Great Bend, Kansas

"I'm sure of all-over Lux Loveliness with this big BATH SIZE!"

says Doris Day

"Leaves my skin so fresh, exquisitely fragrant, too!"

"This big luxurious bath size Lux Soap makes such a wonderfully refreshing beauty bath," says charming Doris Day. "It leaves my skin softer, smoother, perfumed with such a lovely clinging fragrance!"

You will love the generous new bath size. It gives rich abundant lather, even in hardest water. After a Lux Soap beauty bath, arms and shoulders look satin-smooth; skin all over is fresh, really *sweet!*

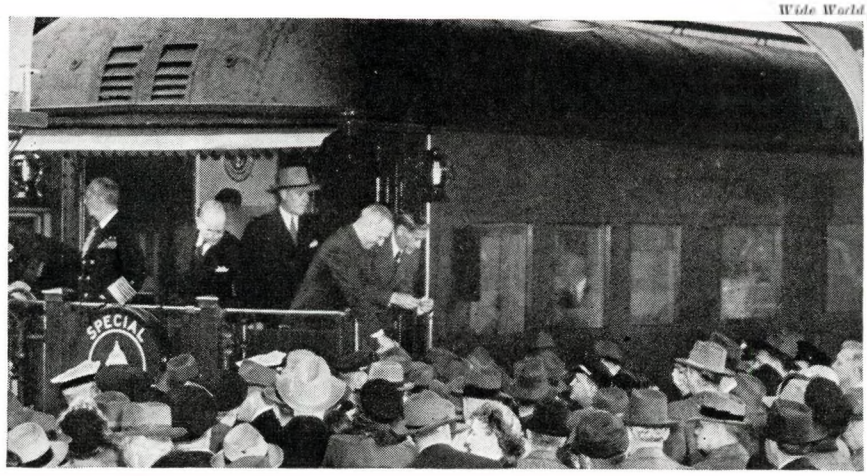
Try Hollywood's favorite beauty soap in the luxurious new bath size!

DORIS DAY and GORDON MacRAE in a romantic scene from WARNER BROS.' **"TEA FOR TWO"**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Wide World



Cosmopolitan Conveyances

WHITE HOUSE ON WHEELS

AMY PORTER

The private railroad car in which the President of the United States travels is protected by walls of armor plate; windows of three-inch bulletproof glass; doors of ponderous, battleship-bulkhead design; an intricate system of locks, bolts, bars; and a multitude of Secret Service men.

If bounced into the air by some alien force, the car would return to earth in an upright position, like a roly-poly weighted doll. If it fell into the ocean, not a drop of water could penetrate its sealed interior, nor could the occupants beat their way out of it with an ax. They could escape, if they were not too fat, had enough breath left, and were not too far submerged, through the two narrow submarine hatches in the roof—and then only if they knew the trick of opening the hatches.

A formidable quantity of American engineering skill has gone into making this car, called the U. S. No. 1, impervious to dynamite, derailment, bombs, landslides, heat, cold, bullets, collision, submersion, subversion, and the maniacal tantrums of persons who disagree violently with the President's politics.

To get into this private car when the President is not on it, you have to be okayed by the White House transportation officer, by the head of the White House Secret Service, and by the latter's boss, the Treasury Department Chief.

To get onto this car when the President *is* on it, you have to be okayed by these and other officials, and finally by the President himself. No matter who you are, you have to be thoroughly vouched for.

Once aboard, you are on your honor to behave as becomes an American citizen, with due respect to the head of the nation. The record shows that people admitted to the presidential car regularly do conduct themselves decorously, and always have since Abraham Lincoln first made use of this type of conveyance. There is no recorded instance of an untoward happening aboard any president's private car.

When the President informs Dewey Long, White House transportation and communications officer, that he wishes to make a trip, he initiates a chain of events involving the efforts of hundreds and sometimes thousands of people.

Long notifies the passenger agent of the road to be used out of Washington, Daniel Lee Moorman of the Baltimore & Ohio, or Harry Karr of the Pennsylvania, of the proposed route and the number of passengers expected; he consults with the head of the White House Secret Service, Jim Rowley; he issues a get-ready call to Samuel Mitchell, the steward on the President's private car. And all of these people, all old hands at presidential travel, go swiftly to work.

The passenger agent sets in motion the elaborate railroading machinery that sends the "Potus Special" on its way—"Potus" being the trainmen's word *(Continued on page 145)*

Are you in the know?

What to do about "mousy" hair?

- ☐ *Keep it under your hat*
- ☐ *Try catnip tea*
- ☐ *Take a capsule*

If you're a Jeanie with dull, drab hair . . . you can spark up tired tresses with a color rinse (not a dye) that comes in capsules — washes out with the next shampoo. Harmless! Dreamy shades! Choose the one best for you — slightly lighter than your natural locks. To give you the *protection* best for you at "problem" time — Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). Choose Regular, Junior or Super. Whichever suits your particular needs.

Which helps sidestep dry skin problems?

- ☐ *A creamy pillow*
- ☐ *A steamy shower*
- ☐ *Stay indoors*

For that "peaches" look, dry complexions need cream — (lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom's best pillow cases. Instead, at curfew, slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex* tissues. Good grooming habit. Saves face. And at *calendar*-time, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to ask for Kotex — the napkin with the exclusive *safety center*. This special safeguard wards off worry; gives you Grade A confidence.

When asked where you'd like to go?

- ☐ *Have a plan or two*
- ☐ *Pick the town's top nitery*
- ☐ *Shrug your shoulders*

If that New Man leaves the doings up to you — the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant *confidently*, even on "certain" occasions . . . with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, because those special, *flat pressed ends prevent* revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.

If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

- ☐ *Consider him a "Mama's boy"*
- ☐ *Make with the green eyes*
- ☐ *Hang onto him*

Begrudge sharing your football date? Not you! You *appreciate* a steady Freddy who's considerate of his parents. As he treats *them*, he'll be treating you, someday. And a good man is worth hanging on to. Wherever you go, on "those days," defeat discomfort with Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. Keeps you *extra* comfortable, when teamed with your new Kotex Belt. It's made with soft-stretch elastic (non-curling, non-twisting). Washable. Dries fast.

How to learn your social P's and Q's?

- ☐ *The hard way*
- ☐ *Via charm school*
- ☐ *Get "In The Know"*

Want quick answers to dating dilemmas? Etiquette puzzlers? Send for the new, fascinating booklet "Are You In The Know?" — it's *free!* It's a collection of important poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" magazine advertisements (*without "commercials"*) — reprinted in booklet form. Gives helpful hints about the man and manners department; smooth grooming, fashions.

FREE BOOKLET!
Mail the coupon today!

Address P. O. Box 3434,
Dept. 2410, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me the free booklet, "Are You In The Know?"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

ONE SUIT—FOUR APPROACHES. Above: the four faces one very good suit can turn to the world. Accessories do the scene changing. Pull on a sweater and stride off to the country. Or wind on a leopard-spotted belt to keep that lunch date. Add furs for dinner. Or a sleek little hat for shopping. The suit is, of course, very special indeed. It has a reversible coat-jacket (tweed on one side, solid on the other) and a slim skirt. Sizes 10 to 16; about $85. Lo Balbo. The dinner and suit hats are John Frederics "Charmers." Leopard accessories, Furbelow. Sweater, Premier. Rhinestones, Eisenberg.

Photos by George Hurrell

Suits Unlimited

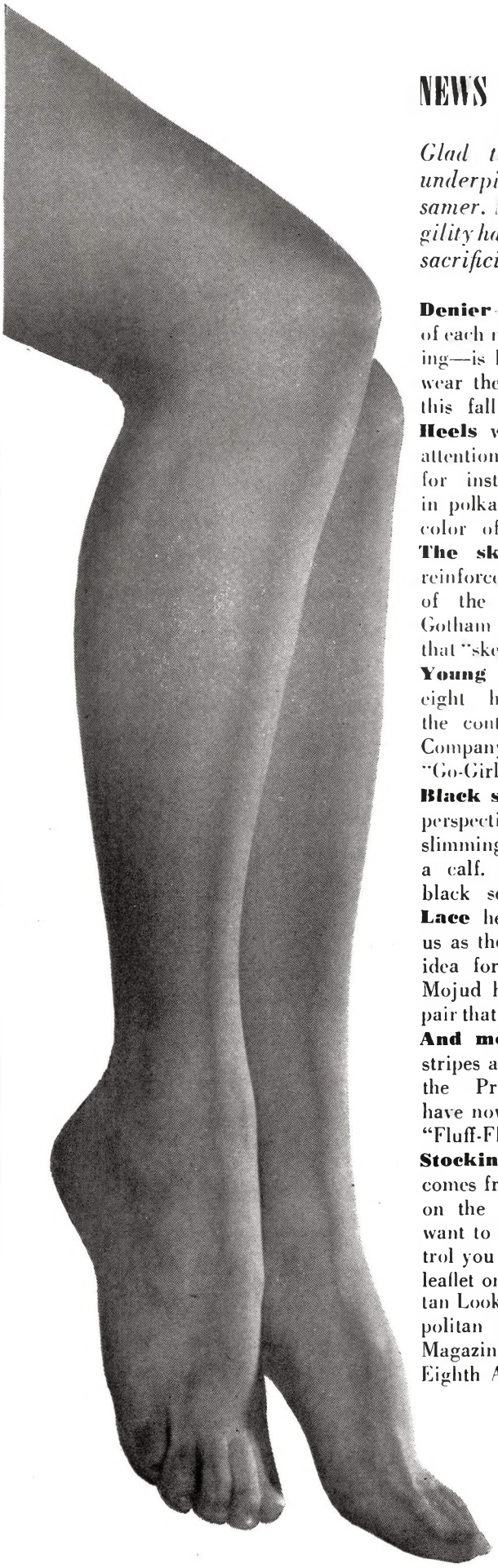
THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK

BY PEGGY THORNDIKE

FASHION EDITOR

ONE SUIT—TWO APPROACHES. Above: an exquisitely appointed suit that needs no more than an evening blouse to fit it for a big party. Miron gabardine or hard-finished rep. Sizes 10 to 20, 9 to 15, 10½ to 20½; about $65. Handmacher. Above, right: the suit as we'd do it for dinner—with a cameo, and moleskin hat and stole. Above, center: a gala blouse in white lace; about $13. Haymaker. Veiling idea is John Frederics'. Both suits at Lord & Taylor, New York; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Burger-Phillips, Birmingham; Marshall Field, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

See page 87 for stores at which to buy The Cosmopolitan Look



NEWS FROM BACK STAGE

Glad tidings—stockings and underpinnings are going gossamer. Moreover, this new fragility has been achieved without sacrificing strength or control

Denier—the weight and thickness of each nylon thread in your stocking—is becoming lower. You will wear the sheerer 15 to 20 denier this fall as a matter of course. **Heels** will get some lighthearted attention. The Picturesque people, for instance, will design heels in polka dots that will match the color of the stocking leg itself. **The skeleton foot**—minimum reinforcement under the sole is one of the sophisticated ideas the Gotham labs are pursuing—with that "skeleton" sole in black, natch. **Young colors**—a collection of eight high-spirited shades—are the contribution of the Cannon Company. Cannon will call them "Co-Girl" colors. Pretty cute? **Black seams** are, the science of perspective tells us, the most slimming idea that ever flattered a calf. So Berkshire will have black seams on hand for you. **Lace** heels and toes always struck us as the prettiest and least likely idea for a stocking around. But Mojud has produced a wondrous pair that *will* wear for many moons. **And more lace,** in slim, slim stripes along the legs—that's what the Propper–McCallum people have now evolved. They call them "Fluff-Fluff." And we love them. **Stocking support,** of course, comes from your foundation. And, on the subject of foundations—want to know how to get the control you need? Then write for our leaflet on the matter—"Cosmopolitan Looks at Your Shape." Cosmopolitan Fashions, COSMOPOLITAN Magazine, Fifty-seventh St. at Eighth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

↑*Bra; about $3.50. "Narro-Line" nylon girdle; about $10. From Gossard.*

→ *Sleek and young all-in-one. Cut low. Nylon; about $15. Formfit.*

↑*Hidden-garter girdle; about $8.50. Bra about $1.75. Perma-Lift.*

→ *The nylon girdle; about $16.50. The bra; about $3.50. Warner's.*

I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase your vocabulary and improve your conversation • By Lincoln Hodges

Ever miss the point, say the wrong thing, and then blush? Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement that's made *to* you; then three possible replies *you* might make, only one of which proves that you get the drift. You pick the one. If you pick 19 or 20 right, you're superb; 17 or 18, just wonderful; 14 to 16, average-plus. Answers are below:

1 "The child's howling like a banshee."
- (A) *Every child loves to play Indian.*
- (B) *That's the spirit!*
- (C) *Exiled?*

2 "He's an itinerant worker."
- (A) *Shiftless.*
- (B) *Shifting.*
- (C) *Shifty.*

3 "He flouts authority."
- (A) *Defies it.*
- (B) *Denies it.*
- (C) *Decries it.*

4 "We stood with arms akimbo."
- (A) *On your hips?*
- (B) *Outstretched?*
- (C) *Folded?*

5 "I'd like to try a puce jacket."
- (A) *Sorry, no dark brown.*
- (B) *Something in green?*
- (C) *Here; just the right yellow.*

6 "Is he a drover?"
- (A) *No; he's a cattleman.*
- (B) *No; he's a shepherd.*
- (C) *No; he's a teamster.*

7 "His speech was sheer casuistry."
- (A) *Earsplitting!*
- (B) *Sidesplitting!*
- (C) *Hairsplitting!*

8 "What's needed to make a palindrome?"
- (A) *Bread and circuses built the Colosseum.*
- (B) *A central location for the airport.*
- (C) *A man, a plan, a canal—Panama.*

9 "They booed his flaccid answer."
- (A) *Wishy-washy?*
- (B) *Topsy-turvy?*
- (C) *Hoity-toity?*

10 "He's working on a libretto."
- (A) *An endowment?*
- (B) *An opera?*
- (C) *A bibliography?*

11 "She's so malapert."
- (A) *She doesn't fit in.*
- (B) *Her words don't fit in.*
- (C) *Her manners ain't fittin'.*

12 "Where's your ketch?"
- (A) *Across the bay.*
- (B) *Behind the bars.*
- (C) *Inside the bag.*

13 "Tonight there'll be a crescent moon."
- (A) *Full?*
- (B) *Waxing?*
- (C) *Waning?*

14 "We're almost all helots, aren't we?"
- (A) *Slaves to something.*
- (B) *Fanatics about something.*
- (C) *Worshipers of sunshine.*

15 "Every tree is perfectly limned."
- (A) *Well fertilized!*
- (B) *Well pruned!*
- (C) *Well drawn!*

16 "He's a plagiarist."
- (A) *Knows his cholera?*
- (B) *Steals his ideas?*
- (C) *Breaks his promises?*

17 "His fortune is fabulous."
- (A) *Nonexistent?*
- (B) *Exaggerated?*
- (C) *Incredibly big?*

18 "He's a caviler by nature."
- (A) *So polite!*
- (B) *So cautious!*
- (C) *So critical!*

19 "He was a sutler in Civil War times."
- (A) *A trader?*
- (B) *A traitor?*
- (C) *A trooper?*

20 "They found the nugget was igneous."
- (A) *Full of iron?*
- (B) *Formed by fire?*
- (C) *Void of value?*

Answers

1 B A banshee (BAN-she) is a wailing female spirit in Irish and Scottish folklore.

2 B Itinerant (i-TIN-er-unt) means traveling from place to place, especially in the course of one's occupation; for example, a peddler.

3 A To flout (flowt) is to treat with contempt, or defy mockingly; it comes from an old English word akin to flute, and perhaps it was once considered contemptuous to blow a flute at someone.

4 A Akimbo (uh-KIM-bo) means with the hand on the hip and the elbow turned out.

5 A Puce (pewce) comes from the French word for flea, but means a dark reddish-brown color.

6 C A drover (DRO-ver) is not a teamster; a group of cattle or sheep driven to market is called a "drove," and the man who drives them or deals in them is a drover.

7 C Casuistry (KAZH-u-iss-tree) is false reasoning, usually based on petty, hair-splitting arguments.

8 C A palindrome (PAL-in-DROME) is a word or sentence whose letters spell the same thing forward and backward. The word "level" is a palindrome; and so is the sentence in the answer "C."

9 A Flaccid (FLACK-sid) means flabby, as does the Latin word it comes from; a flaccid person is weak-willed or yielding.

10 B A libretto (lih-BRET-o) is the "book" of an opera—the words, or text of an opera or any extended choral arrangement. It is from the Latin *liber*, meaning book.

11 C Malapert (MAL-uh-pert) means impudent or saucy; it is often confused with *maladroit* (clumsy) and *malapropism* (a misuse of words).

12 A A ketch is a small sailing vessel.

13 B Crescent (KRESS-unt) means increasing, from the Latin *crescere*, to increase: the shape of the moon when it is waxing, or growing, is therefore called a crescent.

14 A A helot (HELL-ut or HE-lut) is a slave, because the serfs of ancient Sparta were called Helots.

15 C To limn (lim) is to draw, to portray; it is akin in origin to the word "illuminate."

16 B A plagiarist (PLAY-juh-rist) is a literary—or musical—thief; one who steals another's ideas and signs his name as author.

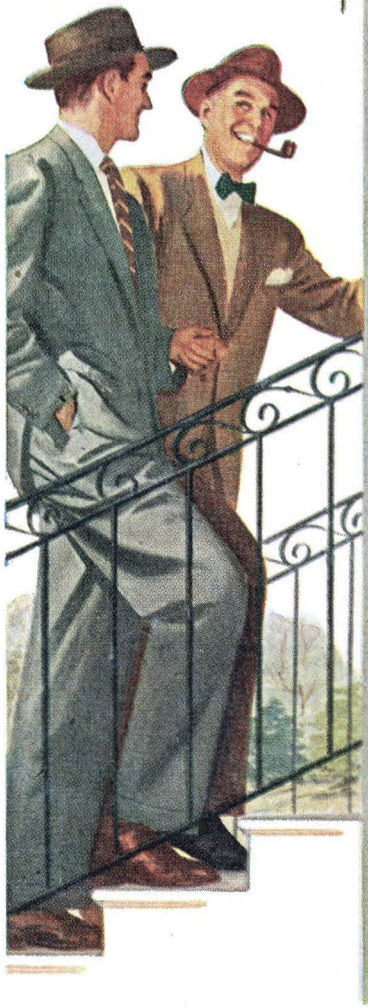
17 A, B, and **C**—all three are correct, for fabulous (FAB-u-lus) can mean fictitious, exaggerated, or tremendous.

18 C A caviler (CAV-il-er)—that is, one who cavils—is one who raises trivial objections; a faultfinder. The Latin *cavilla* means bantering jests.

19 A A sutler (SUT-ler) is a tradesman who follows an army and sells personal supplies, refreshments, etc. to the troops.

20 B Igneous (IG-nee-us) means formed by fire or heat, or relating to fire in any way; the Latin word *ignis* means fire.

They make the finest Old Fashioned you've ever tasted!

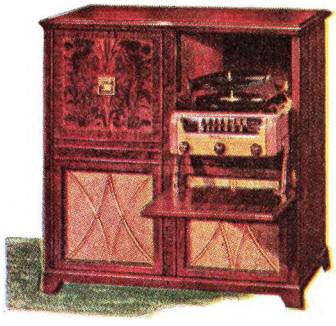


"There is nothing better in the market"

To every drink, famous bonded Old Forester imparts an elegance of flavor found in no other whisky. So rich, so full-bodied, so traditionally fine, it has set a standard for Kentucky bourbon goodness since 1870—when its founder wrote that famous seven word pledge of quality on the first Old Forester label.

100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

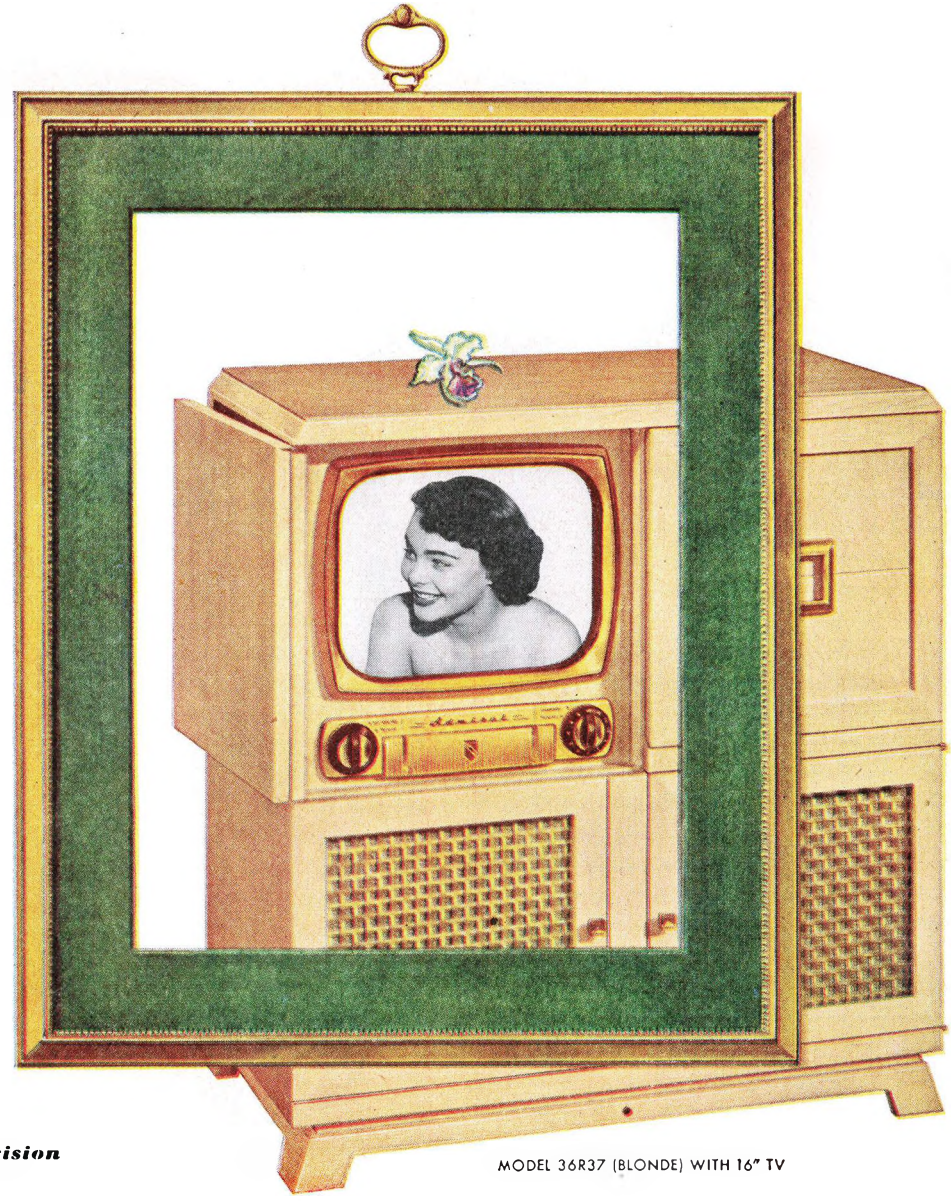
Triple-Play Phonograph



MODEL 36R45 (WALNUT)
WITH 16" TV

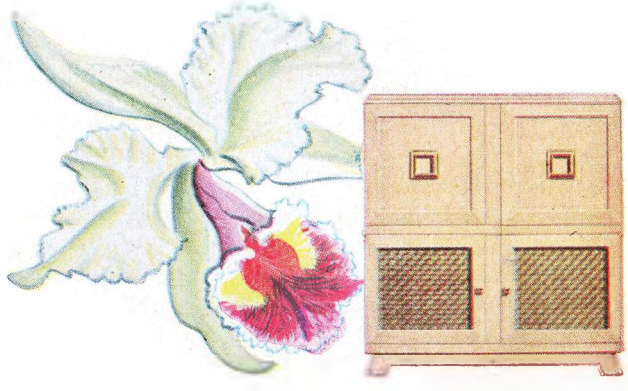
FM-AM Dynamagic Radio

Magic Mirror Television



MODEL 36R37 (BLONDE) WITH 16" TV

Yes, clear . . . *close up!* Now . . . with Admiral's revolutionary new "Filteray" tube, you can sit as close as you please and enjoy clear, sharp, glare-free pictures even on Admiral's biggest-of-all 19" screen. Eventually you'll want the biggest . . . why not get it now? . . . On TV: "Stop the Music"—ABC, Thurs., 8 PM, EST . . . also "Lights Out"—NBC, Mon., 9 PM, EST.



Clearest Picture in Television!

Admiral

America's Smart Set

A KINDRED SPIRIT

A distinguished novel about a woman trapped behind the desperate wall of loneliness....

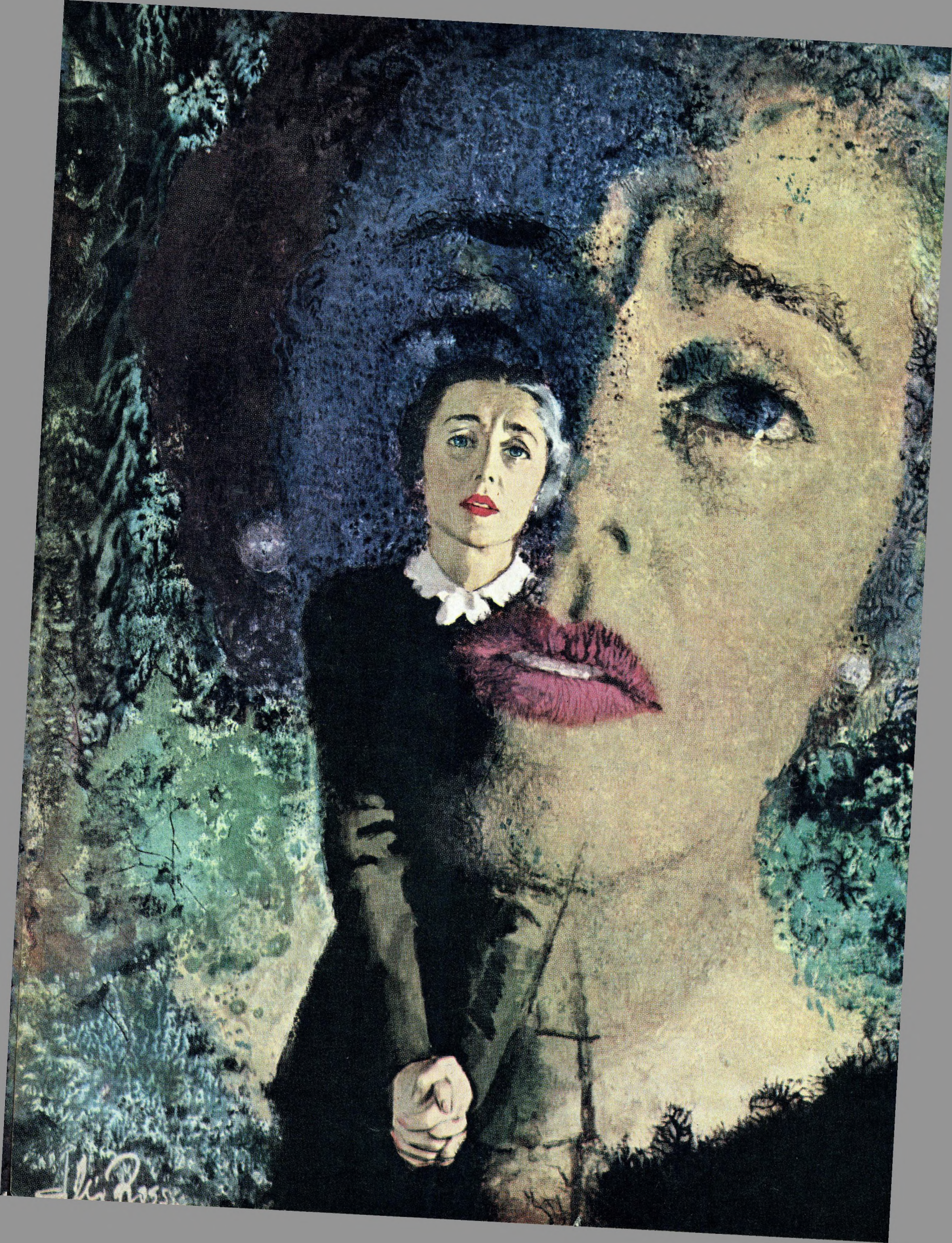
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

BY RICHARD SHERMAN

There was this to be said about and for Miss Naomi Lynch, and a rare thing it is too. At the age of forty-five she was self-sufficient, a quality enjoyed by few living creatures. Stones in the fields have it, and sometimes inanimate objects in a room, although even most of those (the mirror to be dusted, the burnt-out toaster coil) require the occasional ministration of a hand. But otherwise all birds and beasts and people and the organisms on which they feed are indissolubly bound together, for better or worse, by a mutual dependence. Blight an acre of wheat in Kansas, and a child dies in India. Eliminate nitrate from Chile, and in Ireland the potato crop withers. Let an old man be struck down by a taxi in the Champs Élysées in July, and in Central Park the following February a squirrel searches in vain for peanuts cupped in a palsied glove, worries, sickens, and grows thin.

All this of course is platitudinous, and it was accepted as true long before Shakespeare observed that there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow and it will continue to be true—if anything continues—long after similarly reasoned orations have ceased to roll at Lake Success. But none of it pertains to Miss Naomi Lynch. For Miss Lynch was an exception. In fact so unique was her case that she might almost be termed the exception. "I am content," Miss Lynch had cause to boast. "I wear no man's collar."

Yet her state had not always been so. One not gifted with either beauty or the charm which can compensate for its lack, her adolescence and girlhood had been, even more than most, a disturbed period of longings



unanswered, desires unfulfilled. But gradually, stubbornly, at first in panic and then with a growing awareness that she was on her way to salvation, out of this nettle passion she had plucked the flower passivity. A scentless, colorless, rather austere flower it was, yet one which had the virtue of never fading because it had never really, so to speak, blossomed. Or perhaps fruit would be a better metaphor—a cluster of berries, tart to taste, astringent to touch. But, like some unappetizing capsule, containing their own special brand of nourishment; enough to sustain life on anyway, or at least enough for Miss Lynch.

The fact was, and this was something to be envied by others whose lives might be judged far richer, that she was more serene, more—in her own and the modern idiom—"adjusted" at thirty than she had been at twenty, and more at forty than she had been at thirty. Happier? Yes, happier too, though the word was a loose and unclinical one which she seldom employed in reference to herself. But if anyone had asked her, which no one did, she would have replied, "Yes. Much, much happier." It was as if she had solved one of the most difficult problems of maturity and had reduced it to its simplest terms—describe the circumference of your own circle and keep yourself well within it.

As a girl in St. Louis she had been a lanky, weedy beanpole, and her mother, out of a misdirected kindness, had dressed her unsuitably in frills and flounces. That was because her mother was pretty, in a frilly, flouncy way, and wistfully hoped that her one and only child might somehow be pretty too. The result was that after her graduation from a middle-western coeducational university (a mistake, perhaps—though noncoeducational might have been a greater one) when she fled St. Louis and parental supervision and first came to New York her rebellion and protest took the form of flamboyant costumes featuring turbans, block-printed smocks, and necklaces of brightly colored wooden beads. However, this fashion proved as comic as and even more grotesque than the flounces had been, and she soon realized it. For her as for many another, the recognition of her own limitations marked the beginning of wisdom.

Eventually, by the time she had left New York and had started on her wanderings, she evolved her own style, one of a tailored and even severe simplicity, often tweedy. And she was sensible enough never to depart from it. If it did not make her beautiful—nothing could do that, and she knew it—it at least lent a certain dignity and distinction, even a lean grace, to her tall, spare figure and her long, thin face. Passing her on the street, you would not have smiled and thought, either in disdain or in sympathy, "A spinster, poor thing." Instead, you would have been more likely to think, "There's a woman who knows how to make the best of what she has." That is, you would have thought that if you had noticed her at all. And while for some women not to be noticed is a tragedy, for those who look like Miss Lynch it is a triumph.

Sensing early that the normal cycle of domesticity was improbable for her and perhaps even impossible, she was still in her teens and not even yet out of college when she began to search around for a profession. The quest did not take long, and its end stemmed partly from her solitariness and partly from the fact that she was then living mostly in her imagination. She would be a writer of fiction, a novelist. Therefore in her first twenties, having at last escaped the home nest and having settled herself in a Greenwich Village basement, nobly declining any allowance from her family, who could well have afforded to give her one, she wrote and she *(Continued on page 154)*

Yes, she thought, I am in love, in love with a man I've never seen

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Well-meaning Wolf

He swept her breathlessly, crazily off her feet. Description—just under nine feet, more or less approximately, the color of a seasoned football, and the coziest smile she ever saw; plus a tan convertible dolled up like a station wagon. What *more* could a girl want?

BY RUTH LAMSON

That was the night I had things under control. Graduation night, Thursday, the fifteenth of June. Oh, but I was educated. I was invincible. I knew my way till the world looked flat. When the gym loudspeaker went wrinkled just before my valedictorian speech ("The Greater Issues Before Us"), who cared? I could do better than that thing, accidentally. I could do better than anything, accidentally. You know?

For the greater part of Friday, it went on being my personal world; with all its faults I loved it still—with a benign, indulgent love. There was that wonderful feeling when books are behind you and vacation just ahead: floating down a tender, dreamy summer, a summer hot and heavenly, me and Pelham Higgins Townsend. Pel and I, dear Pel, wonderful. sweet, dear Pel. Wonderful me myself and I, Jenny—the girl with the world in her hot little hand and a rose between her teeth. Summertime. All the clear wet pools were waiting, all the dancing in the moonlight, all the long shimmering rides with the top down. Lordy.

I was on a short fuse for almost twenty-four hours. Then, bang!

Pel stood there tall and loose-basted, the top of him looming owlishly over the Dutch door. He was saying something. I simply couldn't believe it.

"*Sum*mer school! Pel, you're not going clear down to Berkeley for summer school?" *Summer is here; summer is now in the mountains; we studied hard all winter; we earned it.*

He said, "Jenny, may I come in?"

He wavered a moment in the hall and then followed me into the cool, dim living room, strange as living rooms are in summer when you seldom go into them. The flowers drooped; Mama had lost interest in cut flowers when so many live ones were blooming. Pel picked up a fallen leaf and smoothed it absently between his fingers. He was kind of tense.

"Jenny, if I pull up my calculus I can make it through college in three years."

But summer is now. "Why? What for? What's the hurry?"

Oh, I couldn't see it. I couldn't see it at all.

He gave me a look with built-in plans. "Someday I'll tell you."

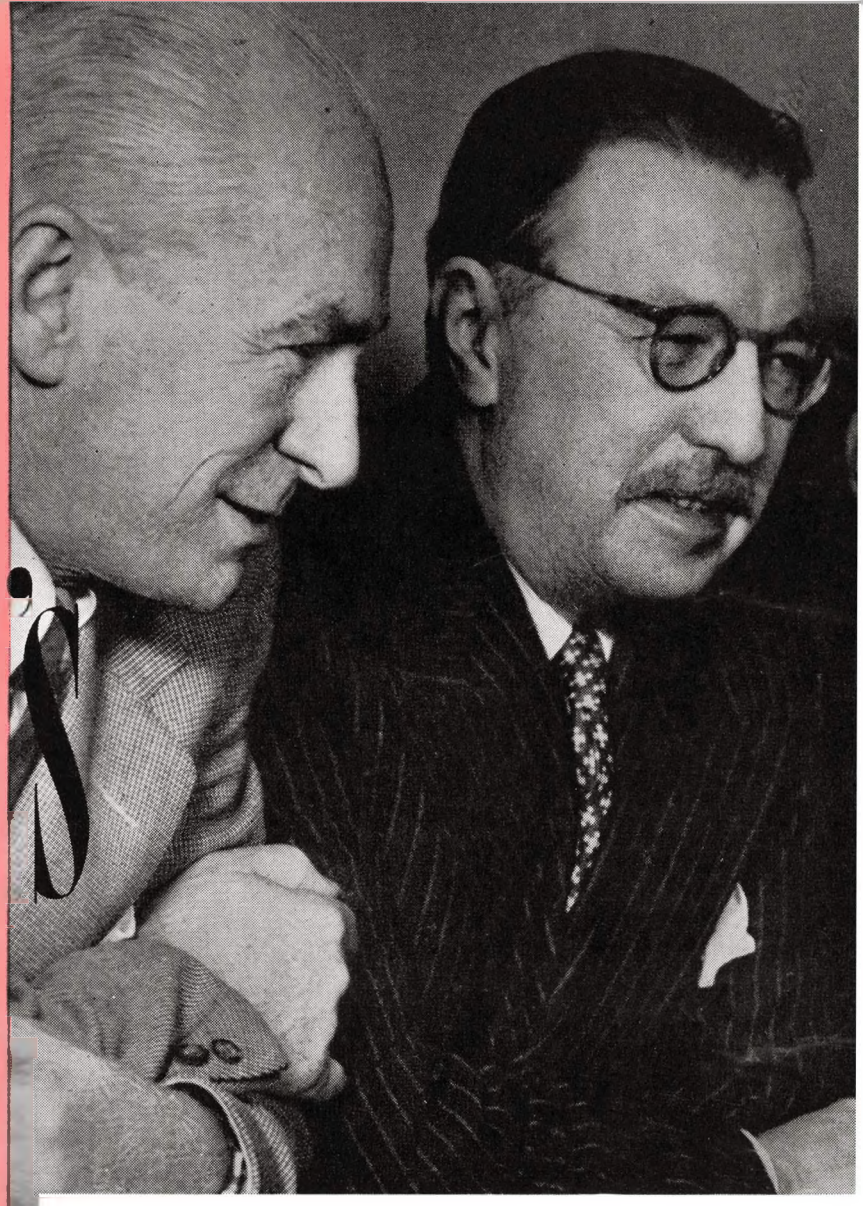
All right, let him be mysterious. But he was a Brain already; he was *(Continued on page 119)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB HILBERT


"Just look what I discovered—the answer to Ava Gardner."
"That was no line he was using—that was a great big lariat."
"He badly needed to have someone really be in love with him."
"This was vacation, and nothing counted or got written down."

ETHEL MERMAN'S HIT PARADE

By Maurice Zolotow



High lights from the career of the

Around the middle of this month, two of the most exuberant American women of our time will stand beside each other on the stage of the Imperial Theatre on West Forty-fifth Street in New York and bow to the applause of a cheering audience. It will be the opening night of "Call Me Madam," which will probably be the most dazzling première of the 1950-51 season. One of the women will be Perle Mesta, the most celebrated lady ever to represent the United States as a minister to a foreign country. The other will be Ethel Merman, the most celebrated lady of musical comedy.

How these two fabulous females happened to get teamed up for the curtain call of a Broadway opening is in its own way as involved as the plot of a Broadway musical. It all started around twenty years ago, when Perle Mesta, the widow of an Oklahoma tycoon, breezed into Washington, D. C., with a few million dollars. Mrs. Mesta proceeded

The star and strategy board of the big Broadway musical "Call Me Madam." Left to right, Director George Abbott, Authors Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, Star Ethel Merman, and Composer Irving Berlin.

undisputed queen of musical comedy

to take the capital by storm with a series of parties that soon made her the most talked-about hostess in the vicinity of the Potomac River. Politically ambitious, Mrs. Mesta pursued her goal with talent, hard work, and an inexhaustible supply of caviar and champagne. She also backed Truman in the 1948 campaign. Eventually she wound up with a diplomatic portfolio to a country called Luxembourg. Now, Luxembourg is a country about the size of Rhode Island, the principal industry of which seems to be the manufacture of nicely colored postage stamps. Luxembourg is such a trivial little country that Russia doesn't even want to bother undermining it. Nevertheless, Mrs. Mesta managed something that Rand, McNally & Co. had never been able to pull off. She put Luxembourg on the map. People who can't name our representatives in England or France know all about Luxembourg and Madam Mesta.

Meanwhile, on this side of *(Continued on page 139)*

A short-short history of Russia

PRESENTED COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES BY THE EDITORS OF COSMOPOLITAN

RUSSIA GOT STARTED as a nation in the year 862. It is now the largest nation in the world in area—three times as big as the United States. As a matter of fact, its 200 million people occupy more than one-sixth of the whole world's surface. And they control more than again as much.

Since 1940—just ten years ago—Russia has gained 70,000 square miles, which it took from Poland; 19,000 square miles, which it took from Rumania; 7,000 square miles, which it took from Germany; 64,000 square miles, which it took from Outer Mongolia; 17,000 square miles, which it took from Japan.

And just before 1940—in November, 1939, to be exact—Russia, with its 200 million people, invaded Finland, which had only 4 million people, and took away 10 per cent of Finland's area. The brave Finns stuck it out for 105 days. Remember?

THE EARLIEST-KNOWN RUSSIANS were tall, red-blond, nomadic people who lived around the Black Sea area. From the first to the eighth century A.D., their country had great Slav migrations. Included was a small group of Scandinavians who were more assertive than the others; they quickly took over the leadership and became the earliest-known rulers.

In the thirteenth century, all of Asia and part of Europe, including Russia, was overrun by Ghengis Khan, the Mongol, and for 250 years his Tatars, who are also called Tartars—probably just to add to the confusion—ruled the country. It was under the Tatar rule that the people were first imbued with a national spirit.

One of the grand dukes who survived the reign of the Mongols by submitting and cooperating was Ivan the Great (his own modest description of himself). He was successful in throwing off the Mongol yoke, and his reign lasted from 1462 to 1505. He made nobles out of the quality folk who rallied to his side, and he subjugated the peasantry, forcing them into the service of his nobility.

The first official czar was another Ivan, called The Terrible, an appellation he did not dislike. He was terrible to everyone, not only the peasants, but also the nobility. (Stalin and the Communist Party are in debt to Ivan the Terrible, because he was the man who first established a force of secret police to spy on his people. The Communists, of course, improved on Ivan by organizing a secret secret police to spy on the secret police, as well as a secret secret secret police to spy on *them*.) His major positive contribution is said to be the opening up of Siberia to exploration and development, but for several hundred years the Russians used Siberia only as a place to send criminals and revolutionaries.

After the death of Ivan the Terrible, all the nobles wanted a crack at being czar, and a lot of them took that crack. Czars had no future—they were removed so soon and so bloodily that this period, which lasted until 1613, became known as the "Time of Troubles." Serfdom, a form of slavery in which a man is attached to the soil and becomes the property of anyone who acquires the land, was legalized.

IN 1613, THE NOBLES MET and selected from their number a man to rule over Russia. He was Michael Romanov, who was approved because he was weak and none of the other nobles were afraid of him. He set the tone for the Romanovs who followed him, all of whom, with two exceptions, were big flops.

The two exceptions were Peter the Great and Catherine the Great. Both deserved the adjective, because both were ahead of their times. Peter developed natural resources, opened schools, and encouraged foreign travel; he granted religious tolerance, tried to import modern ideas and learning. His reign lasted from 1682 to 1725.

Catherine, when she came along, granted some measure of

local self-government, and codified and liberalized some of the laws. She encouraged art and self-expression, and she increased the prosperity of Russia and enhanced the country's status generally. However, she is probably most famous for the number of lovers she had.

THE ROMANOVS who followed Catherine in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries spent most of their time fighting against foreign ideas. The tide of liberalism that swept over Europe with the French Revolution was swept back in Russia. One czar, Alexander II, abolished serfdom during his reign from 1855 to 1881, but he was assassinated, and his son rescinded many of his reforms. *His* son, Nicholas II, was the last of the czars, and as weak and despotic as any of them, although he was devoted to his family, if to no one else. Nicholas and his family were arrested in the Revolution of 1917 and were later shot to death.

Shrewd and skillful Bolshevik revolutionaries took over the reins in November, 1917. The Bolsheviki were determined and ruthless, they had a definite program that promised pork chops and pie, and they won the sadly disillusioned and badly battered people over to their side, and kept them there through the artful use of terror. It was this use of terror, as well as revolution, that provided the blueprint, later, for Mussolini in Italy, and Hitler in Germany. The Bolsheviki signed a separate peace treaty with Germany on March 3, 1918, leaving Russia's allies, the United States, England, France, and the rest, holding the bag.

UNDER BOLSHEVIK LEADERSHIP, soon to become known as Communist, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was organized, and a so-called constitution was drawn up in 1923. This constitution was hailed as providing new freedoms for mankind, and a later one set forth even more alleged privileges to the citizen comrades, but the only place these freedoms and privileges could be found was on paper. Stalin, who had held the key post of General Secretary of the Communist Party, succeeded Lenin, father of the revolution, and ousted, imprisoned, or liquidated by death all the opposition. Famine was imposed on the vast Ukraine in order to wipe out the millions of recalcitrants there.

In 1939, while negotiating with Britain and France, the Communists double-crossed those countries and signed a nonaggression pact with Adolf Hitler. Remember? It was this pact that assured Hitler he would not be molested from the east, and a few months later his Panzer divisions marched on all the rest of Europe.

Russia, aided by her vast size and arms and ammunition from the United States, as well as heroic and last-ditch fighting by the Russian people, who love their soil more than any government that might rule them, drove out Hitler's hordes when Germany broke the pact and marched into Russia.

RUSSIA'S WORLD WAR II official report is this: "Under the leadership of Generalissimo Stalin, the Soviet Army smashed fascist Germany." That report was issued by the Russian Embassy in Washington in 1948. No mention of the United States, no mention of Churchill and England and Dunkirk, no mention of anybody. But we was there, Sharlie, remember? We had almost a million casualties. The British Commonwealth had another million.

Not long after the end of World War II, the United States, without whose help the Communists could not have driven the Germans from their country, was denounced by Russia as an enemy lying in wait to swallow it. Capitalist democracy was called a Big Bum. The people were told that it was Russians who had invented everything from Coca-Cola to television.

Russia is a one-party country. It is a police state, a dictatorship. In war or peace, military training is compulsory. It has the greatest and most powerful propaganda service ever known. Hitler flourished on the basis of The Big Lie; Communism has flourished on The Bigger Lie.

CALLED A "LAND OF MYSTERY," millions of words have been written about Russia in order to explain why no one who is not descended from a long line of Russians can ever hope to understand it. This has made the rulers of the Russians exceedingly happy through the years, because it makes their job of befuddling everyone, including their own people, much easier. The classic Russian is supposed to be a lonely, introspective person given to long periods of brooding that are apt to culminate in spectacular acts of mayhem or equally spectacular drunkenness. The average Russian is supposed to be inapt and inept, dull, a sort of dope. Maybe so. But just go back a few paragraphs and take a look at the territory he has acquired.

Russia has so large an army that it cannot be compared to any other country's army. Russia probably has the largest mineral resources in the world. It contains a large portion of the world's timber resources. It has easily the world's largest water-power resources. It can grow almost any kind of crop, from wheat and cotton to tobacco and potatoes—and everything between. All means of transportation and production are owned and controlled by the government, which is the Communist Party. All the land is collectivized.

Russia is not just a great hunk of ice and snow, as so many Americans were taught. Leningrad, for example, averages 15° F. in January and 64° F. in July. Odessa has winters and summers just about like Boston's. Most of Russia is a great plain. Its important mountains are the Urals. Its big rivers are the Amur, Lena, Volga, Don, Dnieper, and the Dniester. Russia's basic currency is the ruble, which is worth about 19 cents in our money.

SOVIET CITIZENS HAVE NO FREEDOMS. The labor unions are impotent, being merely tools of the Communist Party. Religion is actively discouraged. Arts and sciences are rigidly controlled. Every artist and writer has to hew to the party line, whichever way it may swerve, or lose his standing in the community, if not his head. Marriage and divorce used to be quite casual, with registration of either the marriage or the divorce the only requirement. Now, because more children are required, divorces are difficult to obtain.

Of Russia's 200 million citizens, only 6 million are members of the Communist Party. The Communist Party is Russia. Russia would like to rule the world. And that thought brings us, naturally, to THE END

Why Men Stop Women

THE MAN WHO LOVES AND LEAVES YOU IS USUALLY IN TOO GREAT A HURRY TO STOP FOR AN EXPLANATION. HERE IS WHAT PROBABLY HAPPENED • BY MICHAEL DRURY

Some women are discreet enough to insist they've never had a love affair, but almost no woman will claim she has had only one. And however successful she may be at the moment, it's a safe bet that somewhere along the line she has been dropped flatter than a Swedish pancake by some man who last night or last week was plainly on the verge of spontaneous combustion.

Any romance can gradually gutter out, of course, with varying amounts of friction or agreement on both sides, but what explains the wooer who abruptly halts his headlong pursuit without a word? What accounts for the man who acts as though the telephone had never been invented, when up till that moment, he's been making the wire hum like a swarm of bees on a hot summer day? You might as well ask what accounts for man himself, because his reasons are as varied and devious as those of Bret Harte's card-playing Chinese, who kept all incidental aces modestly concealed in his sleeves, and whose name, by the way, was Ah Sin.

Yet there are specific reasons why men suddenly retreat, and cryptic as men like to make them, the major reasons can be deciphered, in meaning if not in actual content.

There is, for one thing, the peculiar fact that many males, up to a point, naively believe marriage to be for women only. They are in no haste to have their wings clipped. The chase is as essential to their lives as it is to a Western movie, but they don't like to be eyed by a gal—or, worse, by her relatives—with a lean, hungry look. The slightest suggestion of domesticity—even such a decent gesture as inviting him home to dinner after he has shelled out a good deal of cash on the lady in expensive restaurants—fills such a man with dismay. As it is a little late for caution, in his opinion, he bolts.

This often explains the disappearance of a man who has settled comfortably into an "arrangement" somewhat short of marriage. He may have been congratulating himself on this setup when he suddenly realizes he is running errands, receiving joint invitations, and otherwise being treated like a husband. He can either give up and make it legal, or beat it, and no man who *Continued on page 80)*

DRAWING BY RENÉ BOUCHÉ

A COSMOPOLITAN INSIDE STORY • BY INEZ ROBB

GIRL GANGS

It was obvious that, because I was staring at her so incredulously, Rene thought me dumb—a stupe from the Loop, maybe even a cluck from Pawtuck'. Or maybe she thought I was deaf. I kept asking the relaxed, self-possessed child—she just turned sixteen—to repeat what she was saying because I could not believe the words that poured from her young, bright mouth—words that tumbled out in a soft, indolent voice:

"So after one girl knifes another, our war councilor arranges a fight. That is, we fight formal."

"You knife each other?"

"Sure," Rene drawled patiently, as if to the mentally retarded, "but we don't carry a knife to kill nobody. We just carry a knife for protection or maybe to scar a girl a little so she'll let us alone.

"Of course, our club don't scar a girl unless she gets real tough," Rene added virtuously. "But the Robinettes is sure mean. They always got a knife to scar up any girl. They just like to scar up any girl they catch, whether they're mad at her or not.

"We don't wear no special kind of shoes for stomping, either," she said matter-of-factly, as if stomping on another human were ordinary, everyday conduct. "We just wear any shoes we happen to have."

It isn't possible, I kept thinking, it really can't be possible that teen-age girls like Rene run in gangs—"club" is a euphemism—through the asphalt canyons of New York, terrorizing whole neighborhoods with pitched battles in the streets, stalking each other, disrupting the public schools, and acting as mistresses and junior gun molls for the vicious gangs of boys who have spread murder and mayhem through Brooklyn and the Bronx.

But it *is* true, terrifyingly true. The skeleton of the youth-gang story is spread on the blotters in scores of precinct police stations. Its violence boils out of the notebooks of innumerable police and social workers. Its end product too often comes to rest on a marble slab in the morgue.

It is impossible to estimate the number of teen-age gangs, both boys and girls, in New York. Maybe a hundred and fifty, maybe twice that number. If authorities cannot be certain of the exact number of these juvenile mobs and mobsters, they know only too well that such teen-agers of both sexes are dedicated to violence, sexual promiscuity, theft, mugging, intimidation, extortion, furious gang warfare, fast-growing narcotic addiction, and occasional death.

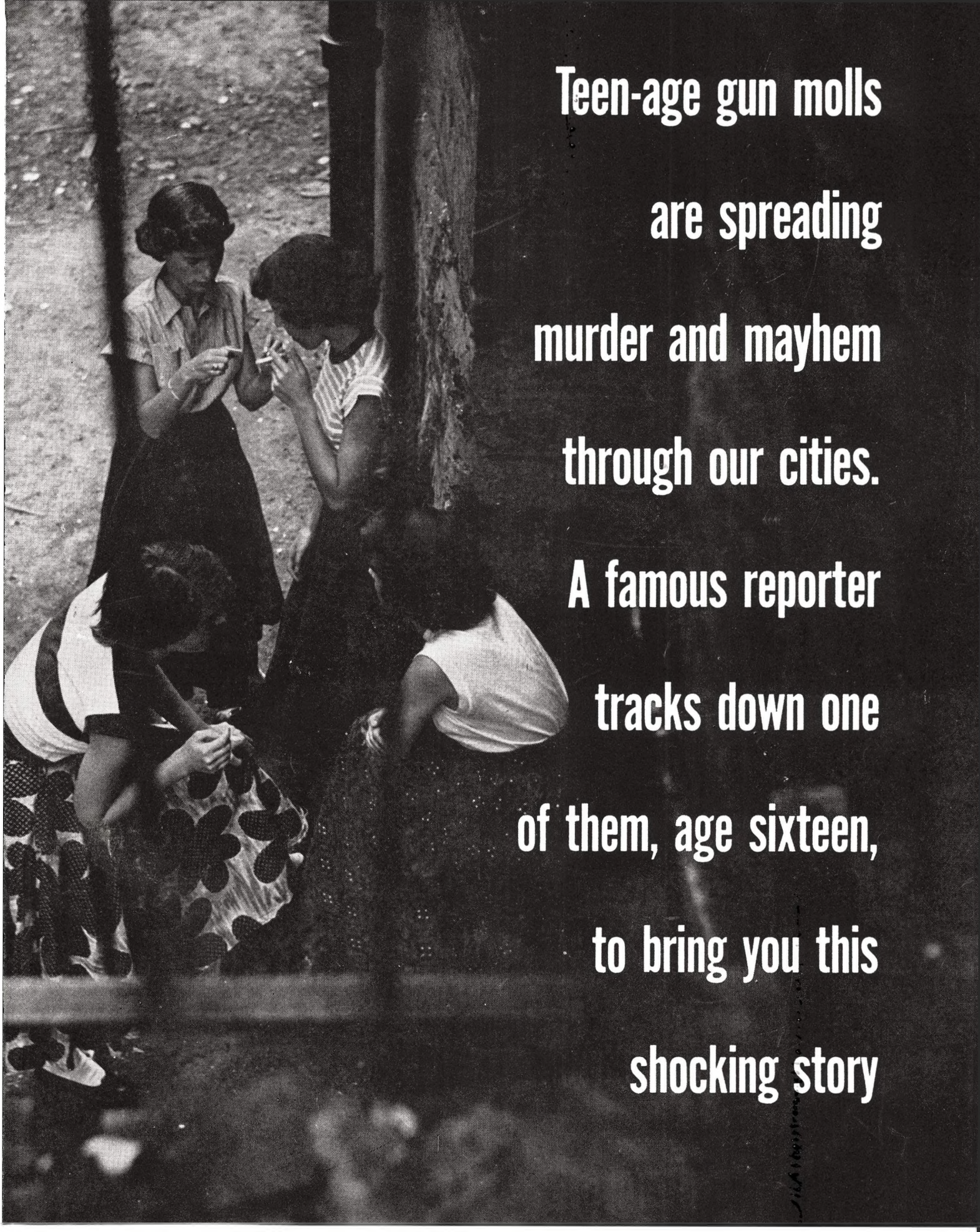
Or is death merely "occasional"? In the past year, twelve boys have been killed in gang fights. In recent years, such "rumbles" or "capers" have taken the lives of twenty boys in the Bronx alone.

Oddly enough, no young gun moll has been killed so far. The girl gangsters scratch, gouge, kick, stomp, stab, and beat up each other. But so far none has been killed, to the surprise of authorities. Even in junior gangland, the female of the species is apt to be more deadly than the male. She is more abusive and defiant of police and school authorities than the teen-age hoodlums of the opposite sex.

If young hoods in Brooklyn, Harlem, and the Bronx had not formed tight-knit gangs in the first place, there would be no girl gangs today and no Renes to plague police and welfare agencies. The boy mobsters organized first and are still the more numerous. The ladies' auxiliaries came later and have always been recruited, with one or two gang exceptions, from among the girlfriends of the male mobsters.

The molls have aped their teen-age mobster heroes in every way. Their gangs and rules of organization, procedure, *(Continued on page 97)*

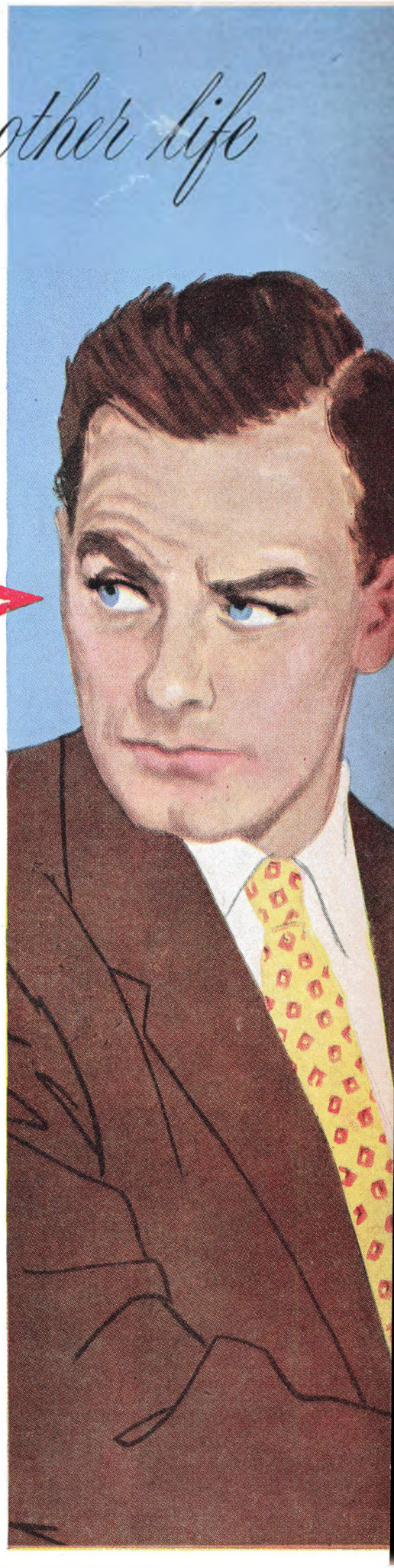
Photo by Maxwell Coplan


Teen-age gun molls
are spreading
murder and mayhem
through our cities.
A famous reporter
tracks down one
of them, age sixteen,
to bring you this
shocking story


I had the uncanny illusion of

watching myself live another life

THE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN



BY WILLIAM BRANDON

Henry Camberwell played end and a hot piano in high school, and in his junior year, he was president of the student council. But his father died and left no money, so Henry had to go to work. He got an afterschool job in a dry-cleaning plant. There was nothing involved but a subtle shift in his daily routine, a few hours taken from football and music and other nonprofit, extracurricular activities and placed at the disposal of cleaning fluids and steam pressing machines, but it was a shift at the foundation that inexorably inclined the whole tall tower of all his life to come.

It was evident that if Henry wanted to go on to college, as he had been planning to do, he would have to pay his own freight. A scholarship would help, so in his last year in high school, Henry studied for one and won it. The scholarship in itself gave direction to his college work before it had even begun. At the university, in New York, he got a part-time newspaper reporting job, a very good deal as student jobs went in those days.

His mother came to New York to live with him and sold hats at Nash's.

Henry had already developed the psychology and attitudes of what was then called a grind. Nevertheless, he was rushed by several fraternities on the basis of his excellent scholastic record and the prestige of his newspaper job.

It was at a fraternity house that he first heard of Barry.

Someone said, "Hey, this guy looks like Barry." Everyone studied him, and everyone agreed that yes, he certainly looked like Barry. Henry asked who Barry was. "Who's Barry? Barry's a shot, man." "Big shot" was a term on the national tongue at that time, but the word used among *(Continued on page 82)*

"Even their expressions are identical!" said the most beautiful woman in the world.

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

Photo by George Hurrell

Nobody knows

How will my body look when the operation is over, the woman wonders, and how will it affect my husband?

BY AGNES LYNN MARSHALL

Operation for cancer of the breast is becoming more frequent as women are coming to understand that it saves their lives. About 37,500 women undergo surgery for it each year, and nine out of ten who detect the condition in time—which is not difficult—are cured.

Breast surgery relieves women of most of their fear of cancer. For, next to skin tumors, cancer of the breast is the most common and the most easily treated kind of malignancy. The incidence of death as a result of the operation is one per cent or less. Women find they can go through the experience, conquer the disease, and after only a very few weeks, they are as healthy, active, and attractive as ever, and can live out their lives just as if the cancer had never occurred.

The object of the surgery is to remove the cancer and all of the surrounding tissue that might possibly contain any malignant cells, so there is no chance that they may spread. Medical science has developed a standard operation employed in all cases where the situation is diagnosed, even in the very earliest stages and even where the cancer is very small indeed.

Breast surgery may take very little time, but may occasionally take as long as five hours. It is performed by those gynecologists who have had general surgical training and have learned the technique. Many specialists in female troubles, however, confine their surgery to operating on the pelvic organs, and refer breast operations to competent *general* surgeons. *Most* surgeons now perform this operation and have had a good deal of experience with it.

As a rule, surgery is sufficient treatment. A few years ago, doctors used radiation in addition to operation in every case, but the tendency today is to employ radiation in comparatively few, specifically indicated instances.

Hospitalization for the operation is of no longer duration than for any other important operation. The patient is out of bed after twenty-four to thirty-six hours and is quite comfortable within three to four days. The doctor generally keeps her in the hospital from seven to ten days.

Almost every woman recovers from the operation very easily. Nature takes prompt measures, and the

You've had the Operation

healing process is such that it is usually possible for her to resume normal activities in less than a month. There is no rule of thumb about this. Women differ. A few suffer emotional strain, but most women adapt themselves immediately. For some women, the operation is actually an emotional release, for they have discovered it was not so dreadful after all.

Removal of a breast rarely hampers a woman in any way. She can do her housework, garden, swim, play golf, paint, or do anything else she did before, and function as well as ever.

Women used to face this operation with trepidation because they were afraid they would be deformed, repulsive objects. They were sure that specially made brassieres would never effectively hide the loss of one breast. It was true that there were some pretty poor makeshifts for the average woman. Nowadays, however, it is possible to purchase inserts for any brassiere. These inserts come in all sizes and can be carefully fitted so that a woman's contours remain absolutely unchanged. There are foam-rubber inserts that are comfortable, look well, and have about the same resilience as the natural breast. They range from about two and a half to five dollars. During the past year, a new plastic insert filled with a fluid chemical has been devised. It fits up into the armpit and feels to the touch just like the natural breast. It is washable and does not collapse when wet; you can swim in it with utmost ease. It comes in nineteen different sizes, and therefore accurate fitting is possible. It is more expensive than other kinds of inserts but not prohibitive; good stores carry it at twelve and a half dollars.

Women also used to worry that their husbands would be repelled, and that their marital relations would dwindle or cease after the operation. But doctors say, on the basis of discussions with their patients during their yearly checkups, that husbands who love their wives are even more devoted after surgery has saved their lives.

The operation is no more costly than other important surgery. Fees naturally vary, but rates for surgical benefits established by insurance companies or groups with hospitalization plans provide about a hundred dollars for the surgeon's fee and around twenty dollars a day for bed and other hospital charges. The *average* cost ranges from three to five hundred dollars.

With the exception of skin cancer, breast cancer is the commonest tumor the doctor sees. Approximately fifty thousand women develop it each year, and three out of four undergo operation. If all fifty thousand of them were alert and went to their doctors or clinics for regular inspection and were thus assured that the cancer would be detected early, authorities maintain that *at least* ninety per cent would be saved.

Enlightened attention is the primary safeguard. No woman should be indifferent or reluctant to let her doctor perform the trivial operation that involves removing a bit of tissue for laboratory examination. This is the only way to know whether or not a suspicious area contains malignant tissue.

Prompt operation is the only treatment. It is sound, safe, and never to be feared in any way. THE END

SIX SIMPLE THINGS TO DO

to Make Sure of Early Diagnosis of Cancer of the Breast

1. *Every month* press your palms gently over the breasts and look for any small lump.
2. *Every month*, preferably immediately after the menstrual period, stand before the mirror, raise both arms over your head so the sides of the breasts can be seen, and inspect them in the mirror, noting any deviation from normal contour, whether or not one breast is higher than the other, or whether there is any slight depression or dimpling.
3. Look for retraction, bleeding, or colored discharge from the nipple.
4. Watch for any enlarged gland in the armpit.
5. Watch for any ulceration.
6. Go to the doctor for a regular checkup.

Too Beautiful for

Tim pondered on what a fool he had been to leave the party without finding out who she was.

BY JOHN D. HESS

When Inez Atherton walked into a room, any room, the rug curled up at the edges, the pictures stood out from the walls, all the men felt suddenly thirsty, and all the women looked and felt like startled deer that have just scented a stalking panther.

There were no low-cut dresses, no shoulder-length blonde hair, no hip-wagging insinuations to convey to every observing mortal that Inez was the greatest distillation of Woman since Eve. It was not just the *sight* of Inez that brought about the inevitable reaction; she hit all *five* senses the minute you saw her, and within seconds she had also overwhelmed the sixth. She didn't have to try; it simply happened.

Unfortunately for admirers of the more primitive aspects of human life, Inez had a brain as well developed as any other part of her anatomy, which is saying a great deal. Still more unfortunately, Inez was much more interested in what she could do with her mind than in what she could do with her other gifts. It always came to her as an infuriating disappointment to relearn that the rest of the world did not share her own evaluation of her qualities.

Partly as a reaction to this state of affairs, and partly because books fascinated her, she entered a postgraduate school for librarians and earned her degree. Librarians are worthy and learned ladies, but the field is traditionally re-

Words

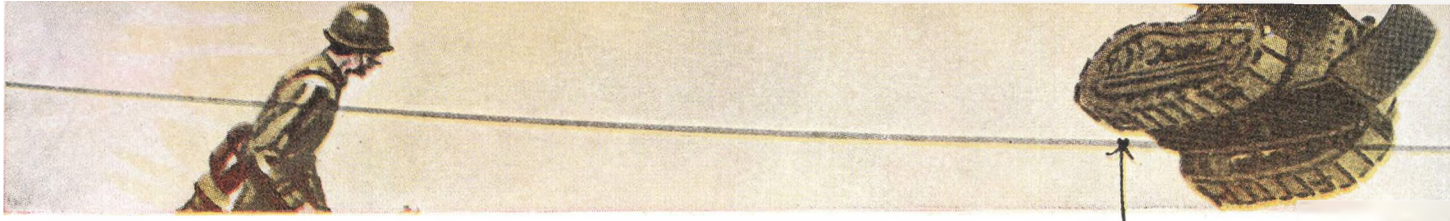
served for ladies of considerably more moderate sex appeal.

The day after graduation, she had herself fitted for a pair of sturdy, brown-rimmed spectacles. This confused no one more than the optometrist, who was obliged to fill the frames with common window glass, which served no more function for her eyes than to ward off an occasional cinder that might otherwise have flown in.

She then went to one of the most skillful hairdressers in the city of New York and startled a craftsman named Francois by requesting that he provide her with the most unfashionable hairdo it might be in his power to create.

"The way I want to look," she *(Continued on page 102)*

Why should a positively dazzling girl want to disguise herself as a frump in low heels? Why, indeed, would such a creature want to work?



Lead Soldiers Never Die

The military career of Major Sherwood Merriam (Reserve) was at an end —until he passed the toy store on First Avenue! **BY DONALD HOUGH**

Major Sherwood Merriam, Army Reserve, veteran of both world wars, had quite a large belly. It was not round, it did not shake when he laughed, he could see if his shoes needed shining without having to use a mirror, but there was enough of him around the middle to prevent his putting on his old uniform in order to take part in the Army Day parade, as he had been planning to do for many weeks.

He found this out, to his horror, on the very day of the parade.

He had managed the uniform all right the year before as long as he stood up all the time, didn't sneeze too much, and remembered to hold his laugh to a chuckle, but since then the uniform had, to use the major's term in speaking of the matter to his wife, shrunk. He seemed to think she somehow was to blame for this, and as the custom often is with majors on inactive status who want to be real majors again if only for a day, he was inclined to do a bit of storming around.

It was a bitter disappointment, in no way helped by the fact that his wife, Alice, who had been a member of the Red Cross Motor Corps during the war, looked better than ever in her own uniform, which she was just putting on at the time of the major's tragic discovery. She was to drive a Red Cross station wagon in the parade.

"I'll not go, dear," she declared, trying to be sweet.

"You're on assignment," he reminded her with ominous authority.

"But I could phone. I could explain."

"You could explain what?" the Major asked evenly.

This put poor Mrs. Merriam in a rather delicate spot. She had taken on the parade in the first place merely to please her husband; she really hadn't wanted to go at all. Now she could see that whatever direction she took was bound to aggravate the already painful wound he felt within him. So, perhaps to give him this chance to command her, she decided to go.

But then she committed the frightful error of going over to him where he had sat down with the newspaper, kissing him on the forehead, and saying, "You can do it next year, dear. Or perhaps march in the Memorial Day parade. All you need is a new uniform. Or maybe reduce a bit. It'll work out."

The Major looked up, plainly jarred. "That's not the point at all, Alice," he said slowly. "I don't believe you understand. I *(Continued on page 112)*

They watched the major photograph the blast of an atomic bomb in his living room.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL DORNE

Saucy SIGN

Here are signs of our times—the reducing expert who advertises "We take your breadth away," the fishstore called "The Crab Bag," and countless other zany come-ons

BY BENNETT CERF

Not so many years ago, electric signs were constructed with individual bulbs that blinked on and off like an old lady trying to stay awake at a concert. The daring businessman who went in for a newfangled neon display in red or green could attract more attention than a Giant rooter at Ebbets Field.

Today, with twenty neon signs to a block in even the tiniest hamlet, it's not so easy to stand out from the pack. Rugged individualists have had to fall back on their own ingenuity to provide something unusual for the show windows. And how far some of them have fallen! These irrepressible gagsters and their ingenious sign language have given cause for alarm to many observers—particularly the ones who abhor puns.

Let us begin our exhibit with the sign in front of a lingerie shop in Hollywood: "Destiny may shape your ends, but if it doesn't, we have the best girdles in town." A competitor has christened his maternity-gown section "The Ladies' Ready-to-Bear Department." The electric display above a barbershop at a Midwestern flying field reads, "The Hairport." A fishstore outside of New Bedford is called "The Crab Bag." In Bayshore, a haberdasher used a lot of red paint for the announcement, "Altercation sale: partners splitting up."

A dairy proprietor in Texas plasters the sides of his delivery trucks with the challenge, "You can whip our cream, but you can't beat our milk." Another dairyman boasts, "If our eggs were any fresher, they'd be insulting." A chiropodist in Little Rock begs, "Let me be the master of your feet."

In Brooklyn, an optometrist hired a sandwich man to parade Flatbush Avenue advising, "Your eyes examined while you wait!" In St. Louis, a tailor attracted even more attention with a huge announcement, "Pants half-off." Near the Polo Grounds in New York, another tailor boasted, "We fix everything but football games." A bakery took advantage of a new fad to advertise, "Special! Canasta cake! It melds in your mouth." Right next door, a sign in a candy shop read, "By popular demand, this place is under new management."

Restaurant owners are usually content with hackneyed signs like "Not responsible for overcoats unless checked" or "Try our Sizzling Salisbury Steaks" (when I was a boy, they were hamburgers), but there are some who like to experiment. Here are a few unusual displays reported from beaneries in various sections of the country: "The best dollar meal in town for three dollars"; "Eat here once and you'll never eat anywhere else again"; "Pies like mother used to make, 25¢. Pies like mother thought she made, 60¢"; "Our silverware is not medicine. Don't take it after meals." In a Chicago el station: "Have a frankfurter and roll downstairs."

LANGUAGE

In a Richmond diner: "Yankee pot roast—Southern style." In a Provincetown pub: "Due to a shortage of beer, we are short of beer." In a Manhattan lunchroom: "Our hotcakes are selling like tickets to 'South Pacific.'" In a Miami Beach cocktail lounge: "Please do not stand up while the room is in motion." The latter calls to mind the famous sign that was posted over the bar of an officers' club in Guam in 1944: "Air Corps colonels under twenty-one will not be served unless accompanied by their parents."

A diaper service in Chicago advises, "Rock-a-dry Baby." A sign outside a dancing studio in Atlanta reads, "Not only do we keep you from being a wallflower: we remove the pot." A kennel specializing in dachshunds suggests, "Git a long little doggie." Another delicately labels its rest rooms, "Pointers" and "Setters." The most sentimental—and probably most effective—kennel sign I know reads, "The only love money can buy. Pups for sale."

Sign in a ladies' shoeshop: "Our size four shoes are comfortable on size five feet." In a toggery featuring "kiddie klothes": "Get your cowboy outfits at Hopalong's (formerly Nussbaum's)." In a window full of bathing suits: "The latest in seat covers!" Christopher Morley suggested the slogan that adorns the window of a Sixth Avenue antique shop: "If you don't know what you want, we have it." Another dealer, in California, frankly proclaims, "We buy old furniture and books. We sell rare antiques."

A painter named Loew, in Haverhill, styles himself "Loew, the Varnishing American"—and in letters five feet high at that. A photographer's studio in Maine, gutted by fire and water, hastily put up a sign, "Good night, sweet prints." (A good samaritan heard that pun drop, and supplied funds to give the spunky proprietor a fresh start.) A pixie in Dixie who sells phonograph records isn't satisfied with *one* unusual sign; he has *two:* "Let us put some good wax in your ears" and "The Chants of a Lifetime." A five-and-ten in Altoona boasts, "We're giving the country what it needs: a good five-cent bazaar."

Beauty-shop owners seem particularly susceptible to signus trouble. Observe these bits of evidence: "Don't whistle at any girl leaving here—it may be your grandmother"; "Let us be the masters of your fat"; "We can take your breadth away"; "We fix fats"; "What have you got to lose? We'll show you!"; and—oh, no!—"We can make a young colt out of an old 45."

Traffic regulators have noted that speedsters now regard old-fashioned "Stop, Look, and Listen" signs as part of the scenery. They are much more apt to be slowed down to a mere seventy by such exhibits as these: "Drive carefully. Don't insist on your rites"; "The average time it takes a train to pass this crossing is fourteen seconds—whether your car is on it or not"; "Go slow—this is a one-hearse town"; "167 persons died here last year from gas. Eleven inhaled it. Nine put a lighted match to it. 147 stepped on it"; "Crossroad: better humor it." At a narrow and precipitous pass on a road in the Rockies, Caspar Milquetoasts are urged on with a sign that points out—"Sure you can! Thousands have." A warning posted at the entrance to a bumpy dirt back road in a frequently flooded area of Missouri reads, "Take notice! When this sign is under water, road is impassable!" At a Southern *(Continued on page 130)*

Photos by Acme, Monkmeyer, International

International

GORGEOUS GUSSIE

Gertrude Moran isn't the world's best tennis player by a long shot, but it's a safe bet she has more adoring fans (male) than any racket-wielder around BY GABRIEL PREVOR

Gertrude A. Moran—a young lady with a devastating aura of goodness and simplicity, and an uncommonly delectable person—has a good deal in common with many another historical character who was competent enough in his own chosen profession, but was tossed to a dizzy and embarrassing prominence because of some act that had little or nothing to do with skill or talent.

Miss Moran is known affectionately, even in those uncouth circles where tennis is still regarded as a game for sissies, as "Gussie," or, even more passionately, as "Gorgeous Gussie." Gussie is now twenty-seven, and she has been playing tennis since she was twelve. She is a good enough tennis player to win an occasional important match, and for four years, until she recently turned professional for a cool seventy-five thousand dollars, had been a ranking member of the tennis greats included in the lists promulgated by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association. But she has achieved immortality, or something, for reasons countless generations of village gossips might regard as extremely curious: Gussie Moran is known to fame all over the world—the *civilized* world—because she *does* wear panties.

What is the secret of Gussie's amazing popularity? It's not that she is a great tennis player; there are better women tennis players. It is not that she is pretty; there are other girls playing tennis who are pretty, too. And, certainly, it isn't simply that she wears panties; they all do, for goodness' sake. When she starts her professional career early next month as a member of Bobby Riggs's touring troupe, it is expected that she will be beaten often on the courts, but seldom, if ever, at the box office. Her sudden emergence from comparative obscurity into a fame that invariably overshadows the competitors who defeat her in important matches has been explained in various ways, all of them eminently reasonable, by her friends and others who have known and followed her career with unflagging interest.

Theory No. 1—Gussie is possessed of a combination of genius, guile, and an awareness, to an extraordinary degree, of what it is that makes a person irresistible to newspaper reporters and photographers. Theory No. 2—Gussie is just a simple little girl, with a very impulsive nature that makes her act the way she does. Theory No. 3—Gussie has had the benefit of advice from

Whatever Gussie's got, it makes thousands cheer—even if it throws her rivals into fits.

Pazen Black Star

GORGEOUS GUSSIE *(Continued)*

Pazen-Black Star

Five-feet-eight Gussie Moran is easily the most pulchritudinous tennis star since Alice Marble.

persons who are past masters at milking the public prints of millions of free words of publicity.

Anyway, whatever it is that Gussie's got, she makes good use of it, and though it may throw her rivals into silent or screaming fits of envy, it makes millions cheer.

The Year of the Lace Panties at Wimbledon, the year when her name became a household word and a synonym for what, until not very long ago, was delicately referred to as "unmentionables," was 1949. That was the climax of Gussie's public career, and we shall study it. But perhaps even more interesting a subject for study are the first gropings, the beginning of the build-up, which took place, by all accounts, in 1946, and which are reminiscent of the early efforts of every genuinely gifted artist who has ever reached the heights. And we are not referring to her tennis game.

One of those who holds that Gussie is an unassuming, guileless, impulsive young lady is Jinx Falkenburg McCrary, a glamour girl with multiple careers, including modeling, movies, radio, television, journalism, marriage, and motherhood, all of which she pursues simultaneously with great success. Jinx has known Gussie since the younger girl first appeared on a public tennis court, where Jinx was already a shining light.

"Gussie," says Jinx, "was a very pretty, very sweet kid, and believe it or not, sort of shy and quiet. She was always at our house, because we lived close to the courts and her home was in Santa Monica, miles away. She practically grew up at our house, along with me and my brothers Bob and Tom. We were great friends, but to my brothers, she was always just another girl around the house, and they never paid much attention to her, or noticed her at all, except maybe for tennis. What I mean is, they never thought of her as a girl. You know? But one day Bob came home after playing at Forest Hills, in New York, and his eyes were big and round and he was shaking his head.

"'You should have seen Gussie today,' he said to me—'wow, wow!'"

When he calmed down, Bob Falkenburg told his sister what had happened. Gussie, he said, had played against

him in a set of mixed doubles. At the same time they were playing, another match was being played on the stadium court, a game that had a good deal to do with the results of that year's National title. But, said Bob, practically everyone had deserted that important game in order to watch him and Gussie and their partners play, even though their game had no bearing on the results, and despite the fact that the spectators had to stand in order to watch it.

Gussie, he said, had come to the court wearing shorts and a sweater. The shorts were very short, indeed, and they were very tight. And the sweater was made of Angora, which is a particularly clinging material. "But," said Bob, "she wore the sweater only while she was warming up. When she was ready to play, she took the sweater off. Underneath, she had on a T-shirt." Bob Falkenburg widened his eyes, took a long breath, and said, "Wow."

Now, practically every girl wears sweaters; and on a tennis court, every girl's legs are visible. Gussie, either by accident or by design, called attention elsewhere, to a territory previously overlooked and neglected.

Sticking out of the back pocket of her shorts was a red, red handkerchief, that flapped and waved with every move, every wiggle that Gussie Moran made on the court.

"Wow," said Bob Falkenburg, but Jinx, being a girl, had a question. "Who won?" she asked. Bob looked surprised. "Why," he said, "we won, but *that's* not important."

Whether Gussie wins or loses on the tennis court is a matter of supreme indifference to the people—mostly of the male persuasion—who watch her play. Sometimes, indeed, it hasn't seemed important to Gussie, either, although she insists heatedly that it does. It was not until 1946 that Gussie emerged from the ranks of promising amateurs (although such outstanding experts as Bill Tilden and Jake Kramer had long predicted that she would one day be champion) and crashed into the annual rankings of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association as thirteenth-best woman player in the country. When the listings for the next year were published, Gussie had advanced to No. 9 position. And when the season of 1948 opened, Gussie bravely announced that she had a program. In that year, she said, she would become No. 4, and in 1949 she would retire from tournament play after becoming champion.

She did win the No. 4 rank in 1948, and the U. S. Women's Indoor Singles title in 1949, but in that year, at Wimbledon, where the men, if you will pardon the expression, are separated from the boys, five-feet-eight Gussie Moran was brushed out of play in the third round by a diminutive Chinese girl named Gem Hoahing, who stood not many more inches high, it was noticed by competent and interested *(Continued on page 117)*

International

Staid old England was the first nation to glimpse the lace that made Gussie famous.

International

Gussie's reading is confined to the works of Freud, Menninger, and tennis experts.

How to Behave on Your first Football Weekend

BY BETTY BETZ

This is the time of year when some lucky young ladies are receiving their first invitations to the most exciting date of all—the football weekend. The natural misgivings of a girl's parents over such an invitation are quickly overcome by daughter's exuberance—or by her dire threats of suicide at the first hint of parental refusal.

Despite the glamour of the invitation and the girl's "out-of-this-world" feeling, there are certain mundane considerations, or even rules, that both she and her parents should note. Whether the invitation be to north, south, east, or west, the rules are inviolable, except for some flexibility in the matter of clothing.

These knowledges are offered here to reassure parents and to guarantee maximum pleasure to the girl about to do or die for herself and her date's alma mater.

Who pays for transportation and lodging when a girl goes to a football weekend party?

It is understood that transportation and lodging expenses are taken care of by the girl—unless room is provided within campus bounds. Otherwise, housing arrangements at a hotel or private home officially approved by the college are often arranged by the boy. In the latter event, your date may lay out the money in advance, but you must repay him. Incidentally, make sure your finances are in good order before you set out—round-trip fare, lodging expenses, and enough extra cash to take care of tips, incidents, and accidents should be under control.

Is the boy expected to take his date out for every meal during her stay at his college?

He certainly is, and he'd be rated quite the scrounger if he tried to save money by leaving his date on her own for lunch or even breakfast. And, girls, if your date suggests eating at his fraternity or clubhouse, agree quickly—even if you'd prefer a cosy twosome dinner at the Corner Casbah. Most likely your house-party meals will be included in your date's monthly bill, anyway!

What sort of clothes does a girl wear on a football weekend?

It's not a bad idea to check with your date about the social program for the weekend before you pack. If there is to be a formal dance on Saturday night—as there so often is—you will certainly want to be fully prepared. Also, get a weather report. The standard equipment for the Yankee states is a suit *(Continued on page 138)*

Photos by Cowles and de Palma

enthusiasm makes both team and escort happy. Yawns are not appreciated when a gent plunks down cash for a pair of seats on the fifty-yard line.

moderation is not nearly so dull as the gal whose liquor is showing. And if you don't happen to like beer, don't be afraid to say a firm no.

clothes help make the man. A strapless cocktail dress with a cover-up short jacket should see you through anything, from a formal dance to a beer bust.

Who pays for what? What kind of clothes do you wear? What should you do about drinking?

...a Girl named Max

The impact of their meeting left their hands trembling—his, as he lighted her cigarette; hers, as she blindly reached for the forgotten cocktail

BY ELVA WILLIAMS

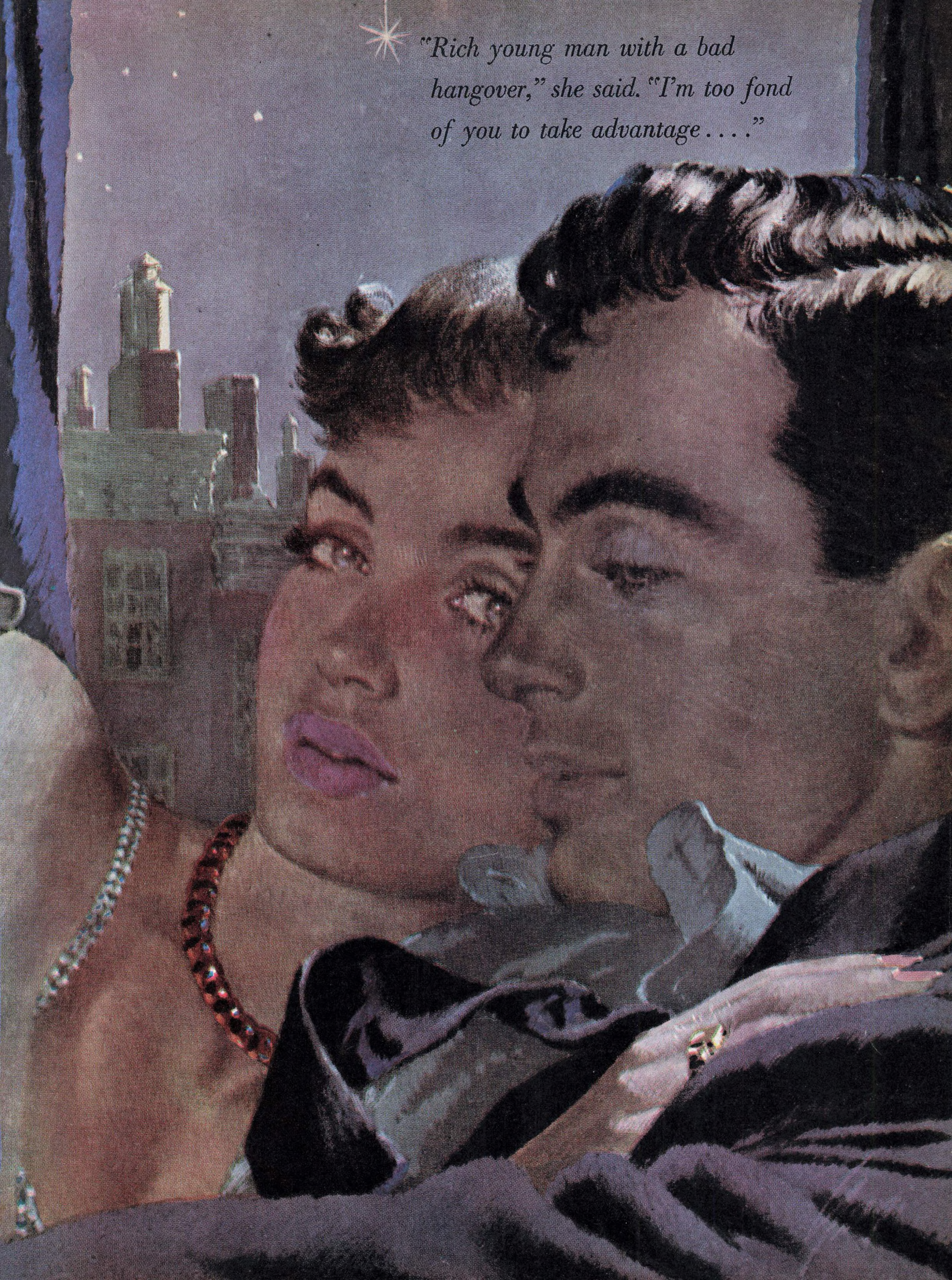
Do you remember Max? She was a thin little thing then, with autumn-colored hair, and arms still adolescent and a little too long. She had a frail, attenuated charm that suggested a reed about to break. Actually, Max was strong, but the stance in vogue in the twenties was the flat-chested slouch meant to give that chic, consumptive look. She wasn't a beauty. She had no outstanding feature. But the ensemble—the short hair, the honey-colored skin, the tense profile with the unexpectedly full, wide mouth—was as effective as a fire alarm wherever she appeared. And she drank like an angel. That is, just the correct amount. Which was a superlative feat in those hilarious days of bootleg whisky and overcrowded speakeasies.

In the twenties, it seems to me, despite Prohibition, New York had more elegance than now. Remember those big, maroon limousines with the sloping foreheads that looked so royal purring along with two men in livery in front? That well-dressed period when men felt naked without a walking stick? No one, no matter who he was, could get past the door of a smart night club unless he was in evening dress. The Piping Rock Restaurant was thriving. And the Meadowbrook, where you were served Old-fashioneds of bonded whisky in discreet blue goblets, provided you were known. The hit play was "The Green Hat" with Katharine Cornell. We all quoted its heroine: "I'm not bad. I only misbehave." We tried to look like that Katharine Cornell character—to look pale and interesting, sad and bad. The hat was the cloche. The dressmakers: Chanel and Vionnet. The poet: Edna Millay.

> My candle burns at both ends;
> It will not last the night;
> But ah, my foes, and oh,
> my friends—
> It gives a lovely light!

Our candles were burning at both ends. We liked to think so, at any rate, Max and I. We lived together on East Seventy-first in New York in what must once have been the formal sitting room of a fine old mansion. We had only snatches of carpet, but we had an elaborate parquet floor. The draperies at the windows were faded and hung awry, but the windows were tall and opened like French *(Continued on page 88)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI


"Rich young man with a bad hangover," she said. "I'm too fond of you to take advantage . . . ."

The day they

VOTELESS AMERICANS: This is John Laight, your Consolidated Broadcasting Company news commentator and analyst. Tomorrow night will be the darkest Christmas Eve this country has ever known—darker than any wartime Christmas Eve—not because of what an outside enemy has done—but because of what you and I have done. Or more accurately, have not done.

This is undoubtedly my last broadcast—and the last free American broadcast of the Consolidated Broadcasting Company. CBC and I awakened too late to what the loss of the precious right to vote could mean.

CBC and I, in making this broadcast, are defying the President of the United States—and I use the term "President" inaccurately, until a more descriptive word is coined. He has threatened to execute me and officials of CBC for what he calls treason. At any moment, this radio-and-television network will be seized by the President to whom you have surrendered your right to vote. Then you will hear and see only what he allows.

Most of you know what has happened. But most of you do not realize *how* it happened—or *why*.

Years of growing indifference to elections—particularly *local* elections—have harvested a crop of incompetent but greedy-for-power politicians. These little men could never have been elected on their own. They are the candidates of the pressure groups that find it easy to manipulate the small number of people still exercising the ballot. We have a Chief Executive responsible only to the small group of men who have provided him with the machinery, propaganda, and money with which to win a campaign against desultory opposition. These politicians feared the return of a large vote. They feared that such a vote would drive them from office. What better time than now to abolish the vote and secure permanent, lifetime jobs for themselves?

With the ratification yesterday of the constitutional amendment abolishing the vote, President George A. Jones immediately announced his list of appointments to the House of Representatives and the Senate. He announced also that he had "elected" all his appointees for a term of eight years, subject, of course, to recall by the President at any time. He disclosed that he had removed Vice-President William B. Smith from office because of "incompatibility" and had replaced him in the Vice-Presidency with his "election" appointment of George A. Jones, Jr., the President's eldest son. The President stated that he was prompted to this action because he could work better with his son and for some time had leaned heaviest upon him for guidance in his Presidential decisions.

The list of the Presidential "electees" to the House and Senate contained few surprises. Missing from the list was Senator Thomas Linfield, leader of the opposition party, who led the successful fight in the last Congress against the President's peacetime censorship plan. Escaping the Presidential ax were a few Independents of the opposing political party. Apparently the President has given them some borrowed time and placed them on probationary status.

Late last night, under orders of President Jones, "Security Guards" took custody of the office of House Representative Walter Wright. Congressman Wright stated that the President's agents had ransacked his files, that they had specifically demanded the telegrams and telephone records of individual requests that he remain in the House in order to cast token

BY SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH

took the vote away

votes against Presidential dictation and congressional "rubber stamping." There are reports within the last hour that some of those telegram senders have been taken into "protective custody" for questioning and examination of possible "subversive" activities.

Shortly after Representative Wright spoke to the press this morning, President Jones took quick action by removing him from office and replacing him with Mr. Richard Rongue, who several times has been an unsuccessful candidate against Mr. Wright.

When Don Dare of the Unified Press pointed out that Rongue had been defeated by Wright by more than a four-to-one margin, President Jones observed this meant nothing, because less than a fourth of the qualified voters had gone to the polls in that election, and consequently it was what he called a "minority election," without true significance. "Besides," he added, "I'm doing the electing now—not the people—because the people want it that way."

At the same time, the President announced that he had called a special session of the new Congress to consider legislation he deemed "imperative." He will submit for rubber-stamp confirmation the names of the new Supreme Court members —insurance against the no-vote constitutional amendment's ever being declared unconstitutional.

And that, VOTELESS AMERICANS, is the tragic story in a nutshell—a story written by you and me in a cruel, spineless surrender of our right to the ballot. The light of freedom is being snuffed out by the indifference of Americans who were so willing to "let George do the job"—because too many of us, including myself, just didn't take the time to vote. Yes, many of us said cynically, "The pressure groups run the Government anyway, regardless of what the vote is and who is elected. Let them take over!" So we amended the Constitution to eliminate the "nuisance" of elections. And, God help us now, we conceded that power to the President!

Our forefathers, who gave their lives for the right to vote, must be turning in their graves tonight. And also the men who died in World Wars I and II to protect and preserve that right for you and me.

Because we couldn't be troubled with politics—because we surrendered to a cynical "What's the use!" attitude—our liberty tonight is blotted out, our freedom is gone, our cherished heritage is but a memory.

As I said earlier, this is my last broadcast because I realized too late what the precious right to vote meant to me, my family, my friends, my liberty. . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, I have just been handed a memorandum stating that the President's elite Security Guards have begun to storm this building, which we have barricaded in order to try to get this broadcast to you. My time is short, and I shall use it to give you the gist of today's momentous steps:

Under the whip of President Jones, his rubber-stamp Congress has *(Continued on page 145)*

Wide World

Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Republican from Maine, used to be a newspaperwoman. In 1940, she was elected to the House of Representatives to complete the term of her husband, who had died. And in 1948, she was elected to the Senate by a record majority.

Woman... Loved

It came to him suddenly—what most husbands don't know about marriage

BY LAURENCE CRITCHELL

He gazed out the window at the distant bridge silhouetted against the first glow of sunset. He couldn't get the misunderstandings out of his mind. They had been going on for a long time—more and more frequently, it seemed, as time passed. They were interfering with his work. They were interfering with his happiness. Much more important, they were interfering with Anne's happiness. And they were almost always his fault.

That was the strange thing. He couldn't understand it. He said things he didn't mean; he picked at her; he magnified their differences. He seemed to be wanting something she couldn't give him. And as far as he could tell, thinking about it, it was nothing more than a selfish desire to get back to their old terms of togetherness. To be a little more concerned with each other.

He had married her expecting everything to be different. And for a while it had been. But then, mysteriously, they had both gone back to being the kind of persons they had been before they married. Which they hadn't wanted. There were whole days when she seemed like a perfect stranger to him. The features that had once been so difficult to fix in his mind were now distinct. Anne had gone back to being Anne. And—it was a paradox—he missed her. Inconceivable as it seemed, in the midst of a happy marriage he was lonely.

Lonely . . . He smiled a little. How strange. And yet it was true. He had the feeling that it was true to some degree for every young married couple. But he wondered if it was inevitable—or if there were just something wrong with his thinking.

"You're very thoughtful tonight," said his secretary from her desk across the room. She knocked carbons and second sheets into alignment.

"A little," he said. "I seem to have a problem to solve."

"Can I help?"

"I'm afraid not."

Miss Branch *(Continued on page 124)*

Inconceivable as it seemed, in the midst of a happy marriage he was lonely.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

TOO MANY BLONDES

THIS IS MERELY ONE OF THE TROUBLES (?) OF A NEW YORK MODEL AGENCY. OUR AUTHOR TAKES YOU THROUGH A GLAMOUR FACTORY AND SHOWS YOU WHAT GOES ON BETWEEN NINE AND FIVE • BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

In the foyer of a two-room apartment somewhere in the Butterfield exchange, which is a highly esteemed portion of the fashionable Upper East Side of New York, the telephone exploded into shrill clamor at eight-thirty one morning recently, an explosion that set off a chain reaction in one of the twin beds in an adjoining room. With a wild, frightened yell, a tall young girl leaped up and half-ran, half-staggered to the phone, her nightgown no hindrance to her at all, for it was bunched up and twisted around her slim waist. (We'll explain, in just a bit, how we happen to know this charming, fascinating detail.)

The girl picked up the receiver, coughed into it, and then said, in a weak, strangled voice, something sounding like "Hmphro? Huzzes? Huh?"

That was the first act in a working day of the weird and wonderful model industry, which has flourished wildly because of the commonly held belief—undoubtedly true—that the juxtaposition of a beautiful young girl, preferably wearing a bathing suit, with any manufactured product will make it infinitely more desirable, and which nets its joyous practitioners something like three to four million dollars a year.

"Okay, Joan," said Elaine Urdang, a wide-awake, calmly efficient young lady who is pretty enough to be singularly unimpressed by the glamorous girls with whom she deals every day in the booking department of the Conover model agency, where she is employed, and level-headed enough not to be awed by or envious of their sometimes

BOOKING OFFICE *of New York's Conover model agency in action. Girls handle hundreds of calls from clients for "sweet," "sophisticated," and other types.*

MODEL JUDY JENKS, *amid disarray of her apartment, checks next day's booking. Girls are expected to telephone the agency at least six times a day.*

THIS FASCINATING FACE *belongs to Evelyn McBride, $20-an-hour model who abandoned Hollywood to return to posing.*

Kodachrome by James Abbé. Photos by Andre de Dienes.

CLAIRE KALLEN HAS TRAINED *to be a model since she was thirteen, when her guardian brought her from a New Jersey orphanage to New York City to meet Mrs. Harry Conover, former model Candy Jones. There is a big turnover in models. Movies, television, and men take their toll—and what these leave, advancing years finally claim.*

fabulous earnings. "Just take a deep breath, calm down, and grab a little pencil in your pretty little hand."

"Oh," said Joan, clearing her throat, "it's Elaine, isn't it? It's the middle of the night, isn't it?"

"No," said Elaine, "it's half-past eight, and time you began getting beautiful; you got work to do, dearie."

"All right, Elaine," said the girl sleepily, "but wait a minute till I get something to sit on. This chair is cold, my nightgown is all up around my waist, and I can't get it down." There was a slight pause, and then Joan said, "Wait a minute, I got an eyebrow pencil here. Let me see if I can write with *that*. Okay, shoot."

At nine-thirty, Elaine told her, she had an appointment with a photographer in a penthouse studio in Tudor City, to have a picture made for a magazine cover. (Which magazine? Joan wanted to know. When she was told, she snorted, and said scornfully, "Oh, *that* thing.") At twelve-thirty, she was to go to the showroom of a dress manufacturer in the garment district, where she was to be fitted for a dress she would wear in a fashion show the next day; at three, she was to visit the editorial office of a magazine, where an associate editor, who had seen her pictures, wanted to look at her and talk to her to see if she was "their type"; at four o'clock, she was scheduled to have her photograph made for a cigarette advertisement, and she was to bring a pair of high-heeled shoes and a pair of flats.

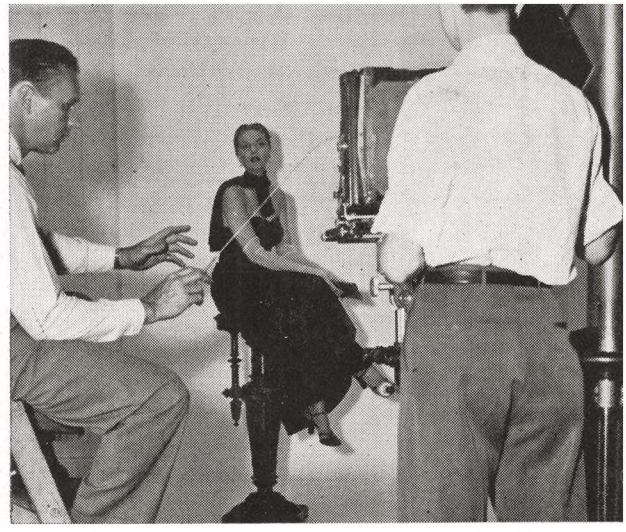
"And," added Elaine, "call in from time to time, in case something comes up." Joan said she would, and added, "Wait a minute, Florence wants to talk to you."

Another girl grabbed the phone and said she had been awakened when Joan had erupted out of bed. "You got anything for me?" she asked. Elaine said she hadn't, but maybe something would come in later, and both girls

MODELS' BOSS CONOVER *confers with models Vera Payne (cigarette ads), Julie Simmons (TV), and Jackie Aimers (junior-type). Model agencies are big business.*

FLORENCE WOODS AND BARBARA DOBBINS *use the mirrors in the rumpus room—which imitate magazine covers. Barbara, a top shoe model, wears a perfect 4B.*

SUCCESSFUL MODELS *have their schedules posted in the chart room. Here, Helen Hagen is checking her dates. The agency gets ten per cent of a model's earnings.*



COVER-GIRL MADELEINE TYLER *poses for a fashion photo. Madeleine has a "convertible figure," can wear sizes 10, 12, or 14 by adjusting her breathing and posture.*

hung up—as did the visitor to the Conover office, who had been listening in on an extension.

"A lot of these girls," explained Elaine, "live together and share expenses. They meet here in the office, and then they share an apartment until they get married, or something. Florence has been away on vacation, so she's not doing so well right now, because she has to keep making the rounds to let people know she's back. Joan, her roomie, is one of the top ones; her rate is twenty-five dollars an hour, and she's busy all the time."

Elaine rose from her stool and took off the wall in back of her several dozen small, oblong boards with sheets of yellow paper clipped to them, each of the boards bearing a girl's name painted on it. "These are the girls," she explained, "who we couldn't reach last evening to give them the assignments called in by clients during the day."

Before nine o'clock that morning, Elaine had called all the girls. She told one to bring a bathing suit to a newspaper studio. Another was told it didn't matter what she wore, because all the client, a photographer, wanted was to take a picture of her legs. One girl's mother, who answered the phone, was surprised not to find her daughter in bed, and replied indignantly, to Elaine's cynical question, "Of *course* she came in last night—her bed is all messed up—but I can't imagine where she went so early in the morning." Another girl's roommate said her friend hadn't come back from Goose Bay, Labrador, where she had flown to visit a boyfriend, but that she would have her call the minute she showed up. One girl complained bitterly because a photographer client had remarked the day before that her nose was too long and flat ("It isn't at all, honey," said Elaine, consolingly, "it's a sweet little nose"). And three girls

CHILD MODELS *are not nearly so much trouble as oversolicitous mothers. Above, a relatively tranquil scene in the Conover children's department.*

PART OF THE JOB *is waiting—a big part—and models relax in a rumpus room, where they compare assignments, income, and boyfriends.*

STUDENTS OF THE *Conover Career Girl School are taught attributes of a good model—poise, posture, diction, make-up. These help a girl in any job.*

asked not to be given assignments, one because she had just moved to a new apartment and had to have a week to get her clothes into shape; the second because she was going home to Texas for a two-week vacation; and the third said happily, "Put me down for 'Head shots only.'"

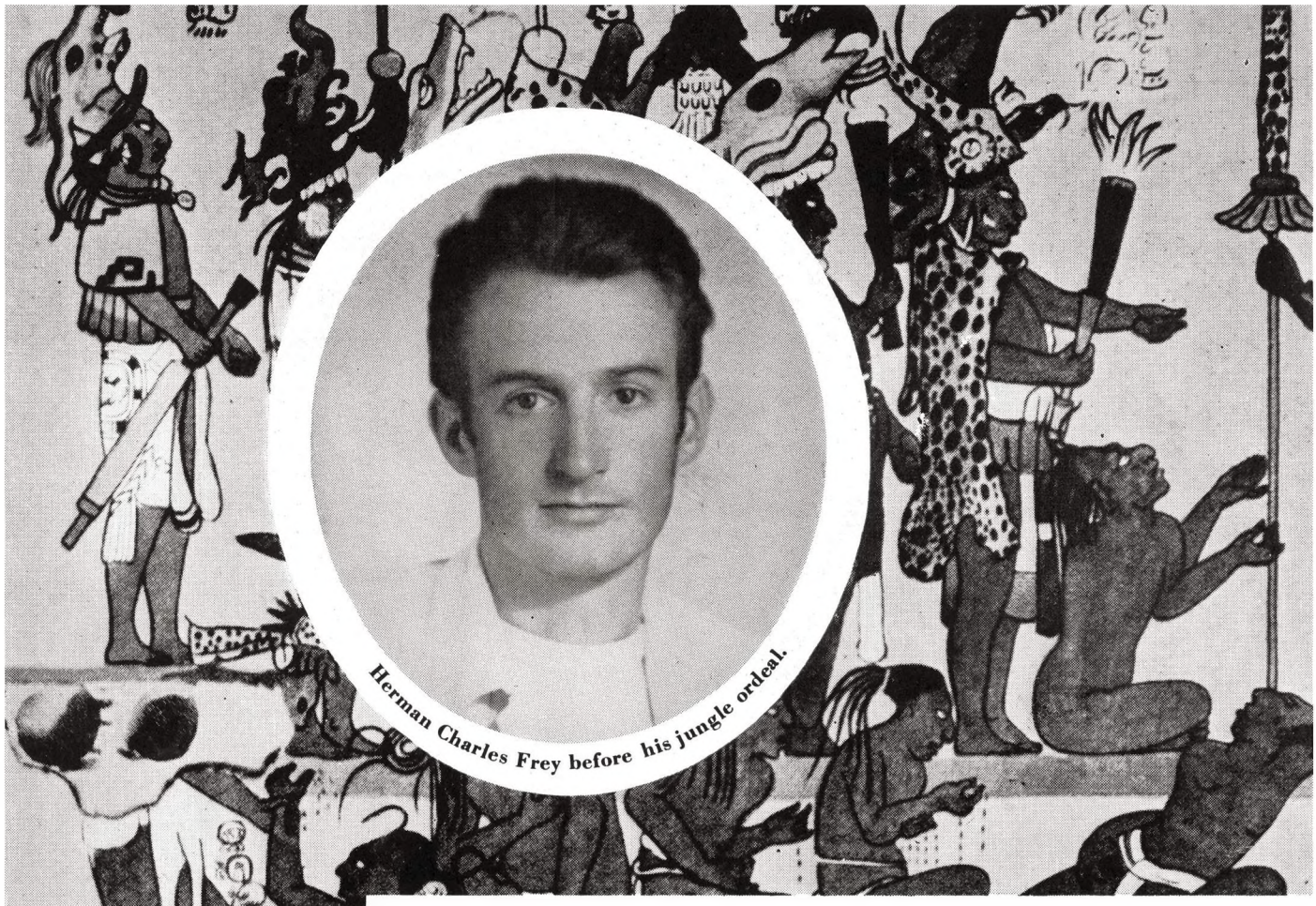
"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Elaine to the last girl, and explained, when she had hung up, "That means she's pregnant and can't pose for full-length pictures anymore."

Precisely at nine, the office door opened, and a girl walked in, nervously clutching a rolled-up parchment that she thrust at Elaine, who had walked to the outer room to talk to her. The girl, about nineteen, said she had come to New York from New Orleans, where she had just graduated from a "charm school," and where they had told her she should go to New York to be a model. The girl was slight and skinny —not thin—and although she wasn't really plain, she was not very pretty, either. She wore an obviously new blue suit, a hat with a veil, white gloves, and white shoes. She was keyed up, and her lips trembled. "This is my diploma," she told Elaine, who had ignored the parchment roll up to then. "Yes, dear," said Elaine, "I know. When did you come to New York?" "Last night," the girl said, "I got in last night." Elaine told her to come back in the afternoon, when Harry Conover, head of the agency, would interview her. "Would he?" cried the girl. "Would he interview me, *himself?*" Elaine smiled. "Yes, dear," she said, "he would." The girl left happily, and Elaine looked after her pityingly. "The poor kid," she said. "There'll be twenty more like her before the day is over." Actually, there were thirty-four visitors to the office that day, all of them hoping to become models, but not all were girls: there were three men; eight mothers, each with a child ranging in age from seven months to fourteen years; and one man with a French poodle, clipped in the strange, rococo style that seems to be that breed's sad fate.

All day, the nineteen telephones ranged on the long counter in the booking room, before which Elaine Urdang and another girl named Sally Laning sat, rang incessantly. Some of the calls were from clients who wanted specific girls for modeling jobs—girls whom they had engaged before, girls whose pictures they had seen when the girls had made the rounds of prospective clients, girls whose pictures they had seen on a magazine cover or in an advertisement of one sort or another. Other clients merely asked for "a girl who'll look good in a bathing suit," "a girl with an upturned nose," a blonde, a brunette, a girl with long legs or some other distinctive physical characteristic. None of these clients, who included magazine editors, photographers, advertising art directors, and clothing manufacturers, specified that the girls sent by the agency were to be pretty; all seemed to take that condition for granted.

The models kept calling all day, too, and coming into the office. A slight, blonde girl named Stephanie Allen came into the office not long after Elaine had opened it, wandered out again, and came back in to report, elatedly, that she had visited a client on her own initiative and had been booked to pose for a cigarette advertisement. Madeleine Tyler [see Cover] called in to report that she had just come back from Reading, Pennsylvania, and was *(Continued on page 127)*

PAULETTE HENDRIX IS ONE OF THE BEAUTIES *of the Copacabana line in the evenings, and during the day she's a schoolgirl-type model for the Conover agency—which goes to show what a girl can do by letting her hair down. Glamour, it seems, is only skin deep. Many of New York's most successful models hold down part-time jobs on the side.*



Herman Charles Frey before his jungle ordeal.

The Misfit who

A heel? Perhaps. But wouldn't the world have been poorer without this man? By William Bradford Huie

At the request of his mother, I have been sitting in judgment on a man's life, a young man named Herman Charles Frey. He is dead. At thirty-four, he was guiding a scientific expedition into the jungles of the state of Chiapas, Mexico. In a treacherous, tropical river, a canoe overturned, and Frey, an expert swimmer, went to the aid of a young Mexican painter, Franco Gomez. He reached Gomez, locked his left arm around his neck, but weakened by years of disease in the jungle, he lost the struggle. The two are buried together in Tuxtla, Chiapas, where they are known as "the martyrs of Bonampak."

Bonampak is the fabulous Mayan ruin, deep in the Chiapas jungle, of which Frey is the discoverer. The legendary "Lost City," it was harder to find than a gold mine, yet Frey found it. For seven years he lived with primitive Indians; he starved and ate monkey meat; he trekked

The same man, subsisting on monkey meat, years later.

became a Hero

endlessly—barefooted, penniless, often alone—through the jungles; he found lesser ruins, and finally he found the big one. There followed two bitter years during which he feared he was being robbed of credit for his discovery—years during which he subsisted on his parents' sacrifices—but when he died in the Lacanjá River on May 3, 1949, he had led an expedition to Bonampak, and he was within sight of acclamation and comparative wealth. He wrote his mother that his life had begun to mean something: that, as the discoverer of Bonampak, he thought his name might live for five hundred years.

So, at first glance, to judge his life and his parents' sacrifice seems easy. It's the magnificent, pathetic story of the man who yearns, strives, suffers, fails, perseveres, and at last achieves—only to die before he can taste the fruits of achievement. Herman Frey's life, it appears, was heroic, exemplary, and his mother's devotion was not misplaced.

But there is another side to the coin. By all the standards of our society, Frey might be considered a bum. He couldn't work long at a job. He abhorred his home town, the little coal-mining community of Staunton, Illinois. He preferred Mexico to the United *(Continued on page 131)*

While Others Sleep

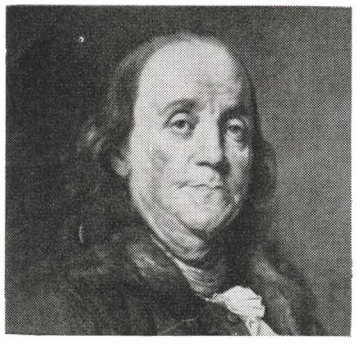
BY ROBERT SHAPLEN

WHY FIGHT SLEEP? HERE IS

Americans are the world's worst sleepers. About half of us, according to a recent Gallup poll, have trouble falling asleep all or part of the time. Last year, in order to beat Morpheus over the head, almost three and a half billion sleeping pills were bought and presumably swallowed in the United States—mostly by women, who suffer from insomnia more than men.

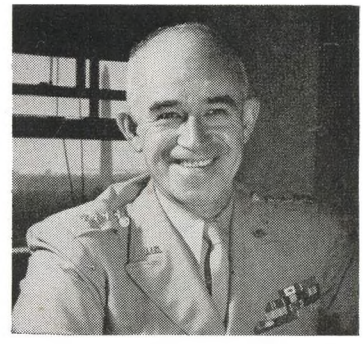
These and a weird collection of gadgets—such as oscillating pulsators and heartbreak pillows (for a good satisfying cry)—undoubtedly helped millions, but it's a fact that your own solution for sleeplessness—whether it's counting flying saucers, picturing yourself a manifold hero like James Thurber's Walter Mitty, or reciting Chaucer—is likely to be better than anything your doctor, druggist, or omniscient neighbor can prescribe. Even if you can't defeat your insomnia altogether, you can learn to live with it, which is half the battle won: You will have stopped worrying, at least about not being able to sleep.

Take Margaret Fishback, the author. Miss Fishback is the sporadic-waker type of in-



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *set up benches with fresh sheets and shifted from one to another.*

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, *who takes cat naps, inadvertently took one while driving her car.*



GEN. OMAR BRADLEY *is not, as Russians said, an insomniac since they developed an A-bomb.*

Drawing by A. Tarter

HOW FAMOUS INSOMNIACS PUT SLEEPLESS HOURS TO WORK

somniac, who conscientiously tries to enter something on the credit side of the ledger. "Shining shoes is a good nocturnal exercise," she finds "—not too stimulating, but time-consuming and constructive." She also advises scrubbing the bathroom floor or manicuring the kitchen shelves if a real mental crisis is at hand, or, if you're less upset but just can't sleep, "dusting the living room, changing the water on the tulips, or giving the rubber-plant leaves their facial of castor oil." She concludes that "in the long run I save myself time by putting my insomnia to work, for it's frequently possible to do twice the work in the silence of the night that I'd do in the confusion of the office."

Like Miss Fishback, Mark Hanna, the literary agent, is convinced that "the best cure for insomnia is not to fight 'waking up.'" He adds, "I never sleep more than three hours at a stretch. The minute I feel the first signs of awakening, I put on the light and read. Sometimes I go put water on my eyes. Then I smoke a cigarette. Soon my eyes feel heavy, and I drop off to sleep for another three hours. I've been doing this for thirty years, and I don't mind at all. I get a lot of reading done, and I still get six or seven hours of sleep a night."

A great many people have specific nocturnal tasks prepared in advance for their sleepless nights. Bernard Gimbel, the department-store head, catches up on his competitors' advertising copy. Gimbel, incidentally, credits his success to insomnia; he figures he's been getting three hours' less sleep per night than most people for twenty-five years, and that by now he's done an extra twenty-five thousand hours of work.

Lily Pons, the opera star, has two projects for the hours when she can't sleep. "One is my autobiography, which may never be published, and the other is a file of drawings for redecorating my house and relandscaping my garden. It's amazing how many innovations found their origin during these sleepless hours." Dorothy Kirsten, also a singer, has a needlepoint design she's been working on for three years, and Dorothy Doan, hostess of the CBS-TV "Vanity Fair" shows, has been working away at a hooked *(Continued on page 79)*

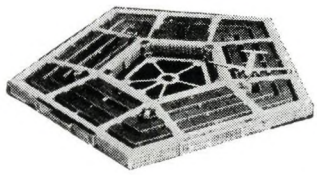
SINGER LILY PONS *works on decorating schemes for her house whenever sleep eludes her.*

HUMPHREY BOGART *takes walks at night to make up exercise he misses during the day.*

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND *munches lettuce and drinks hot milk with a lump of butter in it.*

Photos by Culver Service, Pix, International

Midnight at



Air view of the Pentagon

What goes on in our military inner sanctum when the lights burn late . . .

By Ernest Lehman

the Pentagon

Now it is 8:35 A.M., and they are all here, twenty-five thousand of them, in the largest office building in the world. Over the bridges and up the clover-leaf roadways they have come, from Virginia and Maryland and the District of Columbia—the Army and Navy and Air Force in shining brass and braid; the civilians in tropical worsteds, sports jackets, and multicolored frocks. There is laughter in the endless corridors, and the sound of ten thousand typewriters, and the vast cafeterias buzz with morning gossip over hasty cups of coffee.

Look sharply. Listen wisely. Ignore the juxtaposition of broad-shouldered men and shapely-limbed women. Be careful as you wander through the labyrinthine catacombs of the five-sided fortress, or you may fail to hear the sounds of battle seven thousand miles away in the Far East. You may forget that you are in the Pentagon, headquarters of national defense, nerve center of United States military action, current and potential. For the nasty business of war goes on here behind closed and secret portals—but America's men and women instinctively cling to the outward ways of peace, and it is the little things that reveal the story of the Pentagon in crisis.

8:45 A.M. The outer door of the office of the Secretary of Defense is open. It is always open. The lighting is soft, the carpeting is thick and gray, and the receptionist has a well-groomed look that is more M-G-M than G.H.Q. Beyond her, open doors lead to other open doors, but finally here is one that is closed. Behind it, Louis Johnson paces the floor, sinks into a green-leather chair, new lines furrowing his brow as General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, gives him the daily early-morning situation report. The general talks, the Secretary listens, and in the distance beyond the windows, the incongruous natural scenic beauties of the capital intrude upon the tableau as though to chide man for his inability to stop playing with guns. Now Bradley is through. He opens the door and hurries down the corridor to the Mall Entrance, his aide close behind; then down the steps to the waiting staff car for the quick drive to Blair House and a repeat performance for President Truman. It will not be a happy performance this day, for the Communist enemy of the United Nations has pushed a widening bridgehead across the Naktong River line.

(And on the Concourse far below the Pentagon—so much like the one beneath Radio City—a slim-waisted WAVE stands at the airline ticket office, plotting her weekend back home in New England with a now-or-never look on her freckled face. . . . In Walgreen's drugstore, an Air Force captain purchases not one but four toothbrushes, and the salesgirl smilingly asks, "Going someplace, captain?" . . . Two girls drift by, and one of them is trying to sound light and airy. "Now that Eddie's been called, I guess I'll have to dip into my inactive reserve." . . . And upstairs on the third floor, behind a door labeled MUNITIONS BOARD, on which is pasted the blue seal of "Top Secret, Stay Out," the talk is of better ways to blow flesh and bone apart.)

10:05 A.M. They call it "The Secretary's Conference Room." Cynical newsmen call it something else. Twice a day the correspondents gather here to hear high brass interpret the latest reports from the front. And although some reporters claim you never really learn

anything here, Tass, the Soviet news agency, worked awfully hard to try to get a representative accredited to the briefings before giving up in a strangle of polite red tape.

The newsmen sit in rows of brown-leather chairs and listen, like dutiful students, as the officer up on the rostrum reads the morning communiqués from MacArthur's headquarters. An aide points to the map on the wall, locating place names meaningful only because blood is being spilled there: Masan, Waegwan, Sangju, Hyopchon. Near the map hangs a Time Conversion Table, to show how, through the vagaries of the international dateline, men are waiting in the Pentagon on Wednesday to learn what has just happened on Thursday in Korea.

Stone-bald General Floyd Parks, Chief of Public Information, steps to the rostrum, while Air Force General Sory Smith and the Navy's Rear Admiral Robert Hickey look on. The accuracy of the Army's casualty reports has been under attack by the press, and something must be done.

"We are not trying to hide anything from the American public," the general says, looking squarely at the newsmen before him. "There will always be a time lag in these reports. There's got to be. We're trying to do the thing in a decent, dignified manner —to give men who are missing in action a chance to show up again before we needlessly break the hearts of their families."

A lean, waspish wire-service reporter looks up. "What about Drew Pearson's column this morning, General? He claims to have seen a secret casualty list in the Surgeon General's office that's very much higher than the one you've given us. How are we supposed to square that with our readers?"

The general's face betrays nothing, but his voice is hard. "All I can say is the statements in Pearson's column do not coincide with the facts at my disposal."

Another reporter quickly jabs. "Sir, a lot of people are saying we're going to be pushed back into the sea."

Parks measures the man with steely eyes, and his jaw juts out. "At the risk of being accused of handing out the old malarkey at these conferences by being overly optimistic, I'm going to say here and now that there is *not* going to be any Dunkirk in Korea."

"Thank you, General," the reporter says in a small voice, and the newsmen in a body hasten from the room to their typewriters in the Pentagon press room, to pass the reassurances of "a high Army spokesman" on to a waiting, worried nation.

(A man and his wife, with their small blond boy in tow, wander down the main corridor, gawking at the Eighth Wonder of the World. Visitors, obviously. The Pentagon's portals are open to the public from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. because to have them otherwise would proclaim to the world that we consider ourselves to be at war, not at peace. And so, to you visitors who are in the Pentagon today because we are at peace, not at war, it is respectfully suggested that you not tarry outside the open door of that office on the second floor, outer rim, where men sit staring down at their desks —lest you spoil your day's outing. For these men are preparing telegrams, and they are addressed to people known as "next of kin"; this blot on your sight-seeing tour is called the Casualty Room.)

Keep walking, down seventeen and one-half miles of corridors. The lighting is pleasantly indirect, the air is comfortably conditioned, and here and there on the walls you see paintings of GIs in action in the battles of World War II. It is only your nervous imagination that nags you, telling you that the walls still uncovered are the walls of a gallery that is as yet incomplete.

Walk farther, to be overwhelmed by statistics. There are 2,000 clocks, 650 water fountains, 1,900 toilets, 200 rest rooms—and 4,986,371 jokes have been told about those who have lost their way here. But you don't hear the jokes anymore. "Somervell's Folly" has proved itself. Look through the open office doors. Pretty things in cottons and shantungs sit behind desks and typewriters, or bend gracefully over filing cabinets whose secrets are guarded by combination locks. Firm-jawed men in the uniforms of their choice sprawl in the soft-leather chairs in groups of three and four in unhurried conference with one another, and they are not talking about the new football season or their wives' cooking. And here is a closed door with a blue seal on it, and here is one with a red seal on it, and what goes on behind those doors *(Continued on page 149)*

The British Empire and the apes of Gibraltar

WHY BRITAIN DOESN'T DARE LET THE STRANGE ANIMAL INVADERS PERISH. TURN TO THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 151

BY JOHN KOBLER

BACK TO SCHOOL THEY GO!

They're active all day
. . . in class . . . at play

Give them good, hot . . .

SOUP FOR LUNCH

Children need hot nourishment at noon, authorities say

Healthy children are seldom still. The energy they burn up in the morning must be restored at lunchtime . . . to see them through the strenuous afternoon.

Nutrition experts agree that a child should have one hot dish at noon. It stimulates appetite . . . makes other foods taste, digest better . . . makes for better marks.

For school lunches, a generous serving of good hot soup is ideal. When properly made, it is a superb food . . . nourishing . . . satisfying and delicious. And *so* practical! Give *your* children the benefit of soup for lunch! They'll love it!

LUNCH AT HOME

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

More than a dozen garden vegetables mingled in rich beef stock. "Almost a meal in itself!" And how the children go for it!

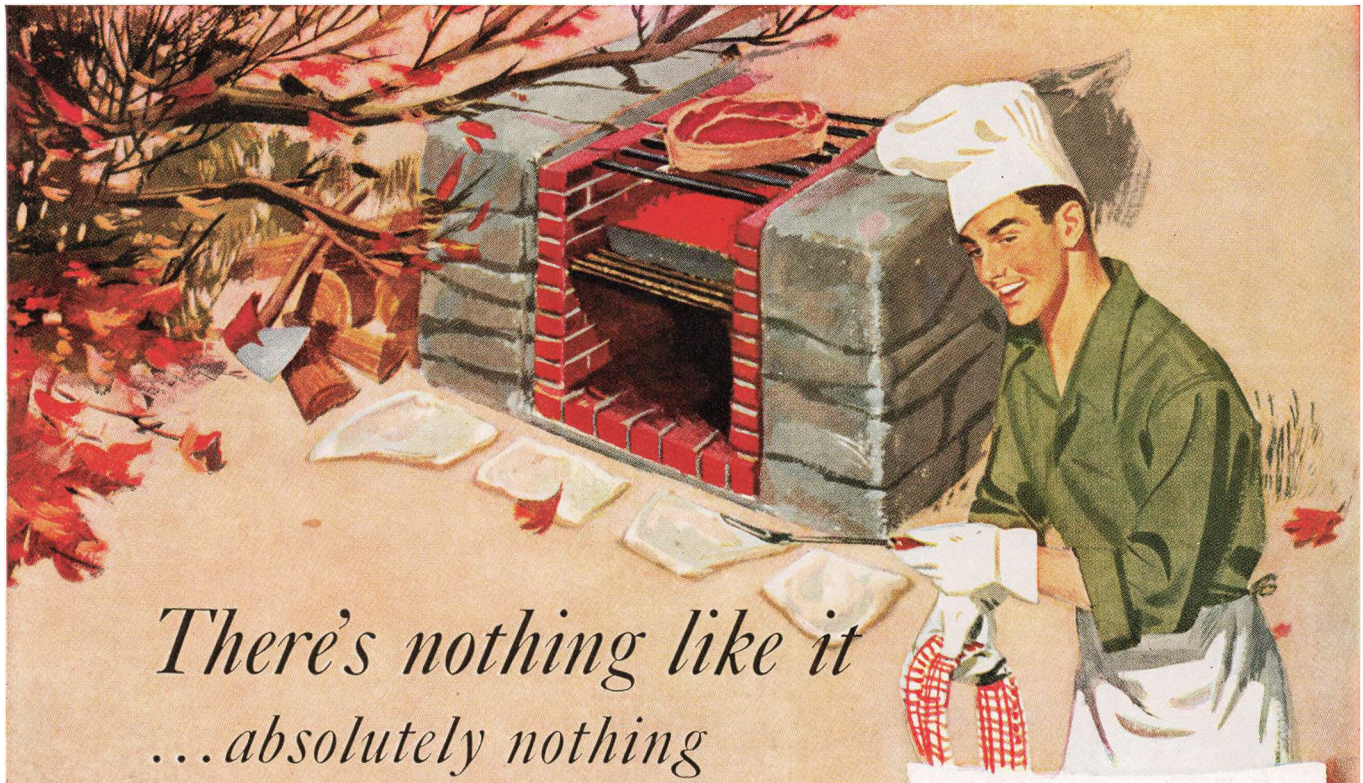
Pear and Cream Cheese Ball on Lettuce
Chocolate Pudding **Milk**

LUNCH AT SCHOOL

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Made from choice tomatoes and finest table butter. Simply delicious! And extra-nourishing when prepared with milk.

Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich
Marble Cake **Orange**



There's nothing like it

...absolutely nothing

Charcoal glowing, sirloin sizzling, Budweiser bubbling—and you pouring! The delightful bouquet hovering over the snowy foam tells you what every sip tells you . . . the distinctive, delicious taste of Budweiser is found in no other beer. Live life, every golden minute of it. Enjoy Budweiser, every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS

Budweiser

There's more Budweiser now—and there will be still more as our vast expansion program continues.

While Others Sleep (Continued from page 73)

rug. Singer Patrice Munsel makes a list of things to do for the next week. Yehudi Menuhin, the violinist, is a nocturnal letter writer, and he considers the practice akin to "a mental bath—with each letter my mind becomes clearer until I'm ready for sleep."

Burl Ives, the folk and ballad singer, has happily adopted painting as a cure for insomnia. "I took it up several years ago as a hobby to pass the time in between concerts," he said. "One night I began drawing lines, and as I kept improvising, I found the pattern making me drowsier. Soon I couldn't keep my eyes open. Painting has been my cure ever since."

Many government officials have so much to do they don't have to plan for their sleepless nights. Stephen Early, Undersecretary of Defense and for many years the late President Roosevelt's press secretary, probably typifies the busy public servant who is not necessarily an insomniac but to whom sleep has become the sole recreation. "Since I returned to Government a little over a year ago, I have lived in the categories of work and sleep, without time for much else," he says.

Last year, *Pravda*, the Communist Party newspaper in Moscow, announced that General Omar N. Bradley, chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, has suffered from insomnia ever since he found out that the Russians had the atomic bomb. A spokesman for the general finally issued a special "slumber communiqué" to reassure the American public: it disclosed that the general was still getting six hours of sleep per night. Incidentally, most Russian officials, starting with Stalin himself, work all night and try to catch up on sleep by day.

A FEW YEARS ago, sleep expert Donald S. Laird surveyed the sleep habits of 509 men of distinction. Seventy per cent of the group said they frequently used special techniques to help them sleep. Nearly half of those applied "thought control"—trying not to worry and thinking of pleasant subjects—while twenty-five per cent read and the remainder tried everything from hot baths to whisky and soda.

Reading is a widely employed insomnia "cure," but it doesn't always take. For one thing, the concentration it requires is apt to be self-defeating. Herbert Bayard Swope, the former newspaper editor and racing enthusiast, says, "I read myself to sleep whether it takes ten minutes or three hours." What to read complicates the problem. An exciting mystery or an erotic novel is likely to keep you awake until dawn. Sleep specialists recommend Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, Jonathan Edwards' sermons, or a good law book.

Diametrically opposed to this sedentary treatment for insomnia are the exercise cultists. Humphrey Bogart takes a trot around the block when he can't sleep, as does Ralph Edwards, the radio showman. One of the best-known nocturnal prowlers was the late Thomas Wolfe, who used to walk all over Manhattan or Brooklyn when he could neither sleep nor write.

Abel Green, editor of the showman's bible, *Variety*, and himself an insomniac, has for years studied the sleep-inducing methods of people in the frenetic show business. Many of them, he finds, eat in order to relax after a long night's work. According to Green, "Bob Hope rides hell out of his writers from midnight until they are unconscious, and then he raids the ice box." Jimmy Durante, Green says, "is so full of dynamite that he can't slow down to sleep without the help of an onion sandwich." Milton Berle can often be found at Broadway's famous Lindy's restaurant around three in the morning, simply because he can't sleep. And Irving Berlin eats scrambled eggs as a remedy.

The established nonsleeper can have quite a time imagining himself at a party of historical insomniacs—he might even fall asleep by figuring out whom to seat next to whom. For example, there would be Aristotle, who regarded sleep as an evil and its opposite, wakefulness, as a good; Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and the Duke of Wellington all considered slumber a waste of time and agreed with the old English saying, "Nature requires five, Custom gives seven, Laziness takes nine, and Wickedness eleven." Among less-willing insomniacs through the ages were Virgil, Horace, Proust, Balzac, and Herbert Spencer, not to mention the discoverer of evolution, Charles Darwin, who would lie awake for hours puzzling over some problem of the Vertebrata. Shakespeare was an insomniac who often alluded to the condition (see *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *Henry IV*, and *V*, etc.). According to Franklin H. Head, who wrote a book about it, the underlying cause of the bard's insomnia was money and women.

Many famous insomniacs have been trained "cat nappers," Napoleon among them; despite frowning upon sleep, he was able to refresh himself by getting in a few winks while riding to and from a battlefield. Goethe, Shelley, Thomas Edison, and Theodore Roosevelt were other lifetime devotees of the snooze. Such nappers are of course to be differentiated from the siesta-lovers, who are the object of the insomniac's bitterest hate. The ability to take a nap, by no means granted to everyone, is a handy knack on occasion, such as during a dull afterdinner speech. Battle-worn soldiers have been known to sleep while marching. Napping while in motion, however, can be dangerous and is not advised unless you're pretty sure of your sense of direction or have great faith in your fellow man, beast, or velocipede. John Wesley, the British preacher who founded Methodism in the eighteenth century, was frequently observed dozing while riding his horse, an animal whose instincts and gentleness he apparently could trust implicitly. On the other hand, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who has acquired the valuable art of snoozing, had the sad experience some time ago of falling asleep while driving her car.

NORMAN DINE, director of the Sleep Shop at Lewis & Conger in New York, is a prime example of an insomniac who puts his sleeplessness to work. His malady got so bad in 1933, when he was running a furniture business in Lynn, Massachusetts, that he gave it up and came to New York for the express purpose of licking it. He did, by learning how to relax, and he still considers this the only sure cure. But he got so interested in the problem of sleep that he subsequently invented scores of mechanical gadgets to help insomniacs. These include a modern "escape bed" with an automatic panel for remote control of phonograph, radio, television, for regulating temperature, humidity, and breezes, and for instant access to beverages and snacks; a numbered-sheep rotator that goes round and round lullingly; a Sanka nightcap thermos; various specially shaped pillows; a snorer's first-aid kit; a folding cat-nap chair; and a polite alarm clock that tenderly says, "Wake up, please."

Among those who have come to Dine for help are J. Edgar Hoover, the FBI chief, who bought a cutaway pillow that doesn't bunch; Mrs. Roosevelt, who had a black-out shade specially made for an obstreperous window; and General Bradley, who bought an antibackache mattress with special coils. Kenneth Roberts, the novelist, acquired a metronome luller, whose rhythmic, flashing glow light and soothing tone help him stay asleep in the mornings. Henry Morgan, radio gagman, selected one of Dine's specially constructed bookstands that hold a book diagonally for comfortable reading in bed. Songwriter Cole Porter, after his recent accident, got some prismatic glasses so he could look at the ceiling and still read anything resting on his chest. And comic Fred Allen bought some of the Sleep Shop's bite-size crackers that don't leave any crumbs in bed.

An Insomniacs Anonymous club has been formed by Dine for those of his customers who can't sleep no matter what they do. If you're in that category, you may have decided by now to stop fighting your insomnia and join those whose nocturnal accomplishments are based on the motto, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do tonight!"

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DIFFERENCE

Kathryn Evans McKay

I shall be out on the winding road,
And you by the hearth fire nodding
Will wonder how I can bear the dark
And the cold and the endless plodding.

I on the road with the fleeting wind,
The rain, and the dawn-sun's gleaming,
With hills to look down, will wonder how
You can sit by a hearth fire, dreaming.

One on the road and one by the fire—
And both of us will be knowing
That you are content with a place to stay,
But I with a way to be going.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Why Men Drop Women (Continued from page 39)

chooses the latter course is verbose about it; he just evaporates.

A much smaller group of men is known to drop women through a Byronic variation on the fear of entanglement. These men are the passion seekers of this world. They glory in the series of emotional shocks that accompany the pattern of a tempestuous six weeks' whirl. Violently hushed phone calls. Agonies of jealousy. The painfully poignant meeting of eyes. They live for the excitement of plunging into an intense liaison with a comparative stranger—the mystery, the dramatic quality of the beginning of a great love.

However, as everyone who has experienced true love knows, no relationship can sustain itself at a fever pitch forever, and a note of habit or routine, however faint, must enter any love, unless it be as brief as that of Romeo and Juliet. Most people are as much comforted as saddened by this reality—but not our passion seekers! At the very first intimation that a girlfriend is considering them as accepted facts, rather than as totally new and unexpected elements, that the highly romantic—and highly unstable—young men take flight. They are the boys Cole Porter was thinking of when he wrote that "our love affair was too hot not to cool down."

Then there's the beginner who wants to learn about women and has to start somewhere, but as yet has no idea how to end it. When the time comes, he wanders aimlessly off. No woman can expect much from the lover who, like a P-40, is designed solely for pursuit.

IN ALL OF this, there are elements of a pleasant skulduggery known as sex. Many a girl has been rushed—literally off her feet, her pursuer fondly hopes—and then unceremoniously brushed when he decides the game isn't worth the candle or that she isn't ever going to see it his way. But before all the girls reading this dash out and start taking hormones, let them remember that sex is given to caprice, and she who succumbs too readily can be hung over a vast cliff of silence as quickly as she who isn't having any.

If a girl has cultivated a substantial crop of wild oats, she may expect a certain conservative sort of man to stop taking her out if he learns of her light-lady past; especially if he hears about it from his friends. But this works two ways, and many men start showing interest in a girl whom they have heard is "easy," only to drop her in disappointment when they discover that such reports were exaggerated. So she loses one man because she is, and another because she isn't. The problem of sex abounds in such annoying paradoxes—and no woman can safely predict what a man's reactions are going to be. All she can count on is that whatever she does, she probably can't win!

Most women are willing to let a man know that whether they consent or refuse, it's nice to have been asked, but unfortunately, that is not all there is to it. To keep him from signing off abruptly, it is necessary to say yes or no to the right guy at the right time, and this doesn't always mean yes in the affirmative or no in the negative. If all this sounds as though women just can't win when it comes to sex, that is precisely correct, and if it sounds as though all men are heels—well, there's that, too. As Balthazar said in "Much Ado About Nothing":

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

When the curtain comes down rudely midway in the second act of a promising affair, could be there's a fire backstage—another woman. A male on the prowl is looking for candidates, not people, and one can always come along with more qualifications. Then, too, he may at the outset have had ulterior motives, such as trying to impress another girl, or getting free of one. And having achieved his goal, he vanishes on catfeet, figuring the least said is the soonest mended.

And there's a rub, too. Unless he leaves town, which is a little drastic, the man and his ex-lady are pretty apt to run into each other again at parties or the office or wherever they met in the first place. Instinctively or otherwise, he knows that breaking off the affair in silence throws up a barrier that forbids her making a big thing of it later. Silence may or may not be golden, but it is almost always safe. They meet and ask after each other's health, and although it may be awkward at first, it would be infinitely more so if there had been words.

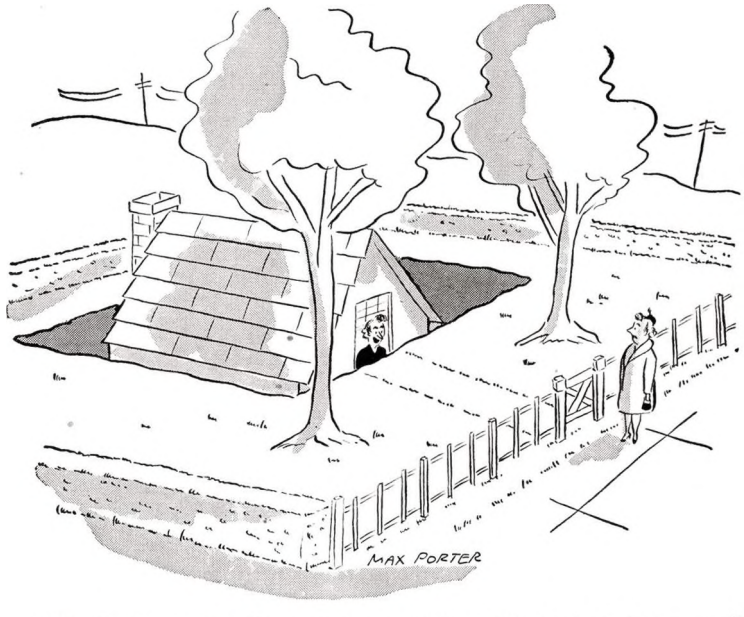
ONE OF THE most curious defaulters on romance, and one who invariably fades without any explanation, is the fellow who is wild to get married but is just petrified of marrying the wrong woman. This poor unfortunate is in a swivet to hurry up and be a family man; he loves kids and wants swarms of them, but something tells him a wife is a necessary appurtenance. He devotes himself in a wholesale fashion for three-week stretches to one girl after another, in search of one who will mother his brood and not be too unbearable before breakfast.

Not far removed from him is the lad who wasn't very popular at school and is now happily promoting himself in and out of amorous entanglements.

Sometimes everything is going along fine, and then money rears its ugly head. Next to sex, money has the most multifarious influences on love and its approaches—up, down, around, and sideways, like the ramps leading up to a modern highway. Men have been known to save up for a splurge on some very expensive gal, although they had no intention whatever of living up to it—they just wanted to try it once the way they might like to try a parachute jump or a tommy gun. No man likes to be caught entertaining a big interest on beans and ferryboat rides only to discover she lives in a cream-and-chartreuse apartment with wall-to-wall carpeting.

Men, like timetables, are subject to change without notice. They pursue an *ignis fatuus* and like to fancy they create a permanent aura of witchery and rapture where women are concerned. Why a woman should have to work to keep a guy convinced of his own compelling enchantment is strange indeed, but there it is.

Curiously enough, a man who has ditched a woman without explanation almost never tries to justify it. If anyone confronts him with the idea that it was a scurvy trick, he will admit it—painfully or casually, depending on how far he has evolved from his lupine ancestors—but he won't defend himself. From Shakespeare to Cole Porter, from Omar Khayyám to Dorothy Parker, writers and poets have been trying to find the reasons, but men, bless their heathen hearts, just don't care. Maybe, as a certain Miss Lorelei Lee has been trying for several months to convince Broadway and her friend Dorothy, diamonds are a girl's best friend. THE END

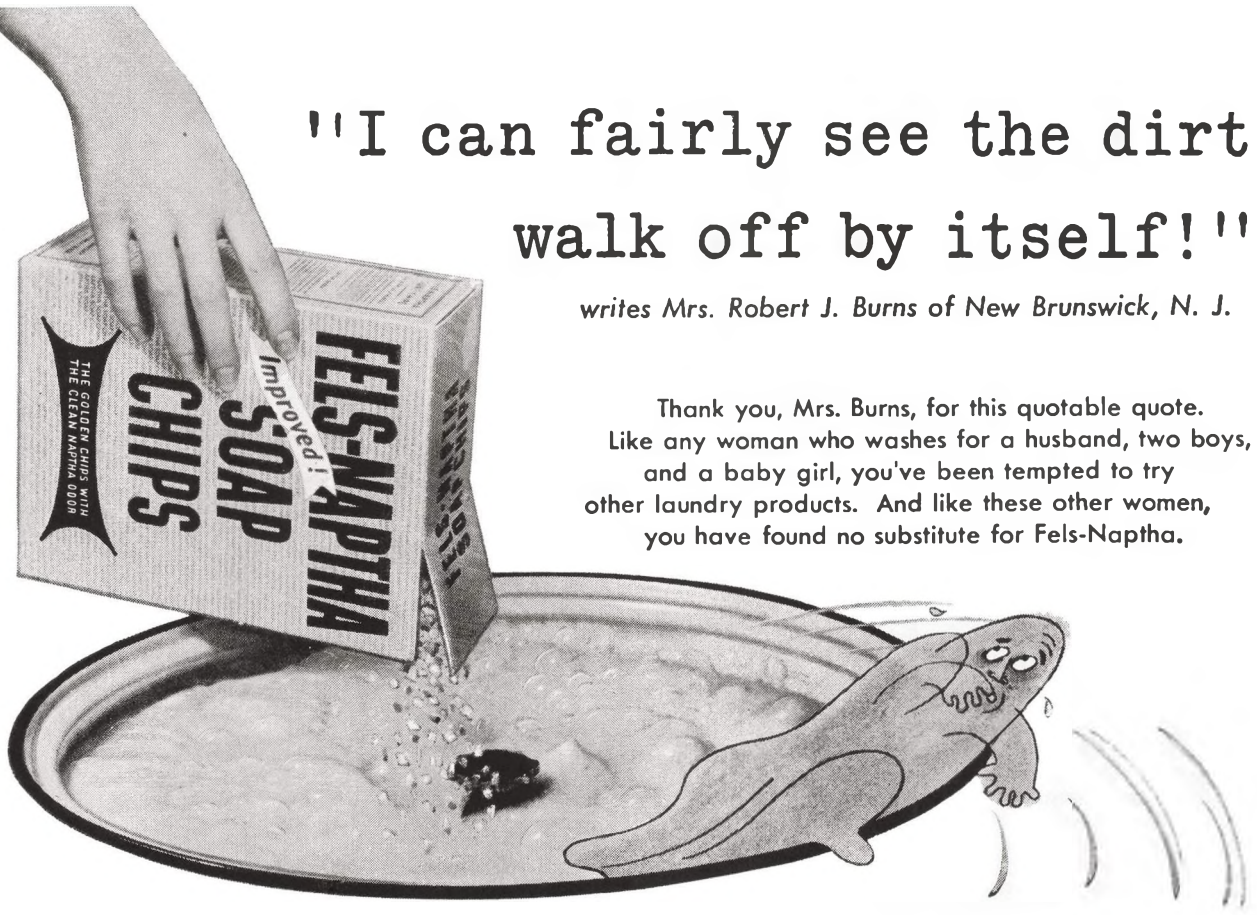


"The builder said all new houses settle a bit the first few years."

"I can fairly see the dirt walk off by itself!"

writes Mrs. Robert J. Burns of New Brunswick, N. J.

Thank you, Mrs. Burns, for this quotable quote. Like any woman who washes for a husband, two boys, and a baby girl, you've been tempted to try other laundry products. And like these other women, you have found no substitute for Fels-Naptha.



Fels-Naptha's mild golden soap and gentle, active naptha *plus* the new "sunshine" ingredients make white clothes *whiter* and colored fabrics *brighter*. May you and all Fels-Naptha's friends live long and prosper—and may Fels-Naptha always make your washdays lighter and shorter.

Always use Improved Fels-Naptha—the only laundry product that gives you three washday advantages—

1. **Mild, golden soap.**
2. **Gentle, active naptha.**
3. **Finer "sunshine" ingredients for extra, brilliant whiteness and clearer, brighter colors.**

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

The Man Who Might Have Been *(Continued from page 43)*

undergraduates was just "shot." "He plays end and a mess of piano," someone else said. "You'll meet him."

Henry didn't join the fraternity—he couldn't afford to—and he didn't meet Barry. It was curious, he thought, that this Barry, who looked like him, should also play end and a hot piano.

He heard of Barry frequently, though. He grew accustomed to being mistaken for Barry by professors and students he did not know. Henry himself had few friends, but he could scarcely cross the campus without being greeted a time or two by a "Hi, Barry!" He read that Barry was the new president of his fraternity, and he saw that Barry had been made editor of the college humor magazine—a post that had become, for diverse reasons, the highest undergraduate honor in the university.

The school was large, with a student enrollment that would populate a county seat, and Henry never happened to run across Barry. He thought he saw him once or twice, only because he noticed someone who he thought resembled himself, but he was never sure. But from a distance, across the gulf that separated the shots from the noiseless grinds, Henry came to regard Barry as almost another self, anotner (much brighter) face of his own soul, a doubleganger keeping him somehow intimately in touch with the lively and glittering world outside the university library, where Henry spent most of his time. Tne similarities between them gave rise to the thought that Barry was the guy Henry might have been, if things had been different. When Barry graduated (there was a story that an hour after graduation, he dunked the football coach in a batch of the coach's own bathtub gin, to settle old scores; it was true that the coach was unpopular with the players), Henry felt a certain sense of loss.

He heard later that Barry had gone to work in the Washington bureau of a national press service. Henry knew enough of the newspaper business to realize that the Washington bureau was a top-drawer assignment, the very best. A career could have no better threshold.

"He's a fast worker," he overheard someone say, "but you know Barry. He met her in some speak, and the next week her old man got him the job. Barry knows what he's doing."

By that time, Henry had been named a research fellow and had left his newspaper job, but it occurred to him that if he had stayed with it and worked hard and been lucky, he might have been appointed to the Washington bureau himself someday. It was really amazing, he thought, the way Barry's life kept to its glorified parallel of his. The man he might have been.

HENRY TOOK his doctorate abroad, having been given two years in France on an exchange fellowship, and in Europe, Barry appeared again, although only indirectly, as before. Barry was making a name for himself as a European correspondent. He was apparently very good at his job. He had a gift for quick perception and quick friendships, and he had a youthful regard for melodramatic adventure that led him into such escapades as his highly publicized private war with the Italian Air Force. Henry once more heard the remark from new acquaintances, "He looks like John Barry, doesn't he? He's a ringer for Barry." Another newspaperman remarked bitterly, "Now I know how the guy is in two different places at the same time. He's got doubles." And one evening in a café, a very pretty girl rushed up and threw her arms around Henry, crying in a charming accent, "Barree, you air a liar; you say you 'ave gone away!" Unfortunately Henry's French was not equal to the situation, and he finally had to make his escape on the dead run, to the delight of the onlookers. Ah, yes, Henry thought whenever he remembered the exquisite embarrassment of that scene: The man I might have been.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ASK ME NO DIRECTIONS, I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES

Norman R. Jaffray

Forbear, you tourists gone astray,
To hail me from your halting car
And ask me in your guileless way
If I can tell you where you are.
Though home is at my very back—
With travel maps on every shelf—
No sooner do I hear "Hey, Mac!"
Than I'm a stranger here myself.

There's something in the piercing cry
Of motorists in need of aid
That makes a fellow such as I
Bemused, dull-witted, and dismayed.
When I regain my power of speech
And guide their course—a bit obliquely—
What destination will they reach?
The one they want? Not blooming likely!

Psychologists, I'm sure, would find
The reason on a simple ground:
That deep in my subconscious mind
A lust for vengeance can be found—
Revenge for some forgotten juncture
When, straying from the beaten track,
I asked my way, and got a puncture,
And ended up in Kodiak.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

After returning to New York to his university to teach for a time, Henry obtained a grant to complete a paper on "The Literary Sources of the Renaissance." The war broke out in Europe (within six weeks of the time Barry, after his famous Munich interview with Hitler, had predicted), and Barry's news reports told the story of the fall of Norway and Denmark and Holland and Belgium and France, of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain. "The Literary Sources of the Renaissance" was in press when Henry's mother died, the week before Pearl Harbor. A month later Henry found himself a new and bewildered captain in the AAF, assigned to Public Relations and stationed in Los Angeles.

These things—his mother's death, the publication of his first important work, the war—all could have produced another basic shift in the structure of his life, but his life, he thought, that leaning tower, was by now too solidly set to be redirected, even slightly. His life would be spent in libraries, in study and in thought: in short, in work. The habit was already too deeply ingrained to be disturbed by any interlude, even a war. In fact, the interlude offered new opportunities for work by providing a change of scene, which meant, to Henry, a chance at new libraries. While in California, he read at the Huntington Library, and began his monumental work on Milton. He was then thirty years old.

Barry would live his other life for him. Henry sometimes thought ironically—a life datelined London, Honlulu, At Sea with Task Force 16, Karachi, Casablanca, or wherever the headlines roamed. Barry would flash through life on wings, while Henry patiently drudged with mattock and spade. Barry would live his life outside the libraries—real life, sharp and swift and pointed life, a life that first-named generals and prime ministers and knew the vintage years and how much to pay for a taxi in Turkey. The war made Barry an international celebrity, a newsworthy figure in his own right, and Henry did not deny the envy he could not help but feel. Not envy for Barry's success, but envy for the life that Barry lived, the life so far removed from Henry's own dust-dry, dull routine of work and sleep. Barry's sparkling life seemed remote and yet near, because Henry continued to think of it as a life he might have had.

WHEN HE at last actually met Barry, it was unexpected, and was over almost before Henry recognized it for what it was. It also turned out to be a fateful moment for Henry, one that gave him something very real to be grateful to Barry for. But something fateful should reasonably result, Henry reflected later, from thus literally touching, for an instant, that splendid other life he might have had.

He had got to know Emily by that time. He occasionally took her to dinner. Emily was a librarian at U.C.L.A. She was a tall, quiet, plain girl, but she had warm, brown eyes and a nice smile, and Henry thought she was quite pretty. In truth, when she was with Henry, a certain tenderness fell about her and lent her a quality of beauty. Her mind sometimes moved in mysterious ways, but, Henry thought, she was intelligent enough for one so young (Henry had fallen into the habit of thinking of himself as ten years older than he was), and it was always pleasant to be with her.

It was late on a rainy night, and they were in a Hollywood restaurant. It was a glossy place where Henry felt ill at ease, but Emily, being a native Californian, liked to look at the movie stars. There was a noisy couple in the booth behind them, a civilian and a woman in

More gracious... More leisurely... More fun...

—that's The California Way of Entertaining

You needn't do a lot of fussing and fretting to have a good party. Do things simply. But give your entertaining a dash of glamor — that's the California Way.

For example, give your party the lift of gay, bright color by serving Sherry wine. You give your guests a royal treat in rich, tempting flavor. You make everyone feel welcome — welcome to enjoy a good time.

And you do it so easily. For with wine, you just cool and serve.

You can entertain the pleasant California Way with wine *often*. For the world-famous wines of California cost so little. Wine Advisory Board, San Francisco, California.

Try the California Way with Sherry Wine

Sherry, one of the fine wines of California, is rich, amber-colored. Ranked among the finest in the world, California Sherry is a favorite wine to serve before dinner or with light refreshments in the afternoon and evening.

a white evening dress, and Emily, after peering discreetly over the partition, told Henry in some excitement that the woman was Edith Adams, which meant nothing to him.

"Of course you know her," Emily whispered. "We saw her just last week, in that movie where she killed herself. She's called the most beautiful woman in the world."

Henry remembered. Emily had wept.

Henry listened to the voice of the most beautiful woman in the world from the booth behind him.

She was saying, ". . . as handsome as Lucifer."

"A good description," the man said. There was a strikingly familiar note in his voice, but Henry couldn't place it. "But it's crummy verse."

The most beautiful woman in the world laughed and said defiantly, "All right, then, oh—Guelph and Ghibelline."

"I am as plainly not myself as Dante he was not a Guelph," the man said promptly.

Henry turned half around to listen, wholly interested. Dante had been one of the principal figures, of course, in his "Literary Sources of the Renaissance."

The woman said, "Gosh, you're too fast for me. Wait a minute. Mmm, now wait. . . . The other me's as plainly seen as Dante was a Ghibelline."

"And everybody says she's dumb," Emily said. "I think that's one of the cleverest I've heard. Don't you?"

"Very good," Henry said.

"Do you know that game? Somebody gives you two words, the sillier the better, and you have to make a rhyme with them, but it's really supposed to make some kind of sense."

"Sounds too tough for me," Henry said. "I'm not geared for stuff like that."

Henry heard the man behind him talking again. Where had he heard that voice?

"Neither am I," Emily said ruefully. "I guess that's why I admire clever people so much."

Now the most beautiful woman in the world and her escort were matching line for line:

"I can wear a shaggy wig."

"I'd love to see you dance a jig."

"I'll have on a putty nose."

"I want parti-colored hose."

They laughed. A glass fell over. "Whoops! Nothing damaged."

"It got your dress here."

"I'VE KNOWN that guy someplace," Henry said, "I know his voice."

"I can't see him," Emily said. "But I think his voice sounds like yours. He sounds exactly like you."

The most beautiful woman in the world said, "When is your plane?" The man didn't answer. "Damn airplanes," the woman said. "Damn wars. Let's go. Don't mind the dress."

"I'll fix it with some salt. Where's the salt?" The next instant the man leaned over the partition and said to Henry, "Can I borrow some salt from you guys?"

"Here," Emily said eagerly, and gave him the salt.

The man said to Henry, "Don't I know you?"

The most beautiful woman in the world said, "Come on back here; we've got to hurry." She smiled across the partition and said, "Don't mind him, Captain. He's only rude because he's

stewed." She added at once, "But you're the image of him! You really are!"

She was lovely, Henry was thinking, that was for sure, as the GIs would phrase it. She didn't look quite real. But they were both older than they had sounded. Of course, it was Barry.

"You insult the good man," Barry said. "He'll call me out. He'll reveal himself as the finest swordsman in the regiment. Ring of steel on steel. I'll touch your scarf with my lips and die with a cryptic, clean-cut smile. Hell of a thing to die with. I think you're right."

"I am, anyone can see. It's incredible. But, Barry, we must go."

"Good day, sir," Barry said. "I shall treasure your incredible memory." He shook hands with Henry.

The woman smiled at Emily and said, "Isn't it fantastic! Even their expressions are identical! Barry, please." They got up from their booth. The most beautiful woman in the world said, "Goodby." They went away.

HENRY watched them go. As Edith Adams had said, even their expressions were identical. It was eerie, watching his own stride cross the floor, seeing his own habitual downward turn of the head as Barry stood waiting at the door, seeing his own gestures made by Barry's hands. He had not been prepared to find the resemblance so startlingly close. He wondered suddenly if Barry still played the piano, and he thought, He's bigger than I am and in better shape. Well, Barry had had more football.

Emily was excited. She said, "Isn't she marvelous? She couldn't have been nicer. Some of those people would have been annoyed. You do look so much like him. But he's so dark. And I think he's even taller and bonier than you, too. I remember now reading about it in the paper today; he's just back from the front to make a lecture tour. He gave a lecture tonight at the Shrine Auditorium. Wouldn't it have been wonderful if we'd gone? I just read his book last month, the one about Tobruk. It's simply smashing. The *Bulletin* says it will sell a half-million copies this year. He's the most intense person! I think you see that at a glance. Don't you think so?"

Their dinner arrived.

"And imagine your being so much like him. You should feel famous, dear." Emily dropped a spoon to cover her confusion at hearing herself say "dear." But Henry wasn't listening. "Doesn't it make you feel almost as if you're part of all those things, just to talk to them like that? —Oh, look, roasting ears! I have an uncle who always calls them roasting ears. He's from Indiana. It used to scare me when I was little— But I mean, doesn't it give you a lift? Oh, I mean it's sort of like suddenly getting a glimpse through a fabulous doorway. Oh, you know what I mean. Just think, if you really were those people—I mean, life must be so full and vital for them. Life must be so big. Like in his book where he tells—but you haven't read it. Do you know your ears wiggle when you eat corn on the cob? They do; you should see. I wonder if his do."

Henry was reminded of his mother. Do try to keep your ears still, Henry. You look like you're wigwagging. A half-million copies. The university press had just informed him, jubilantly, that "The Literary Sources of the Renaissance" had now sold over six hundred copies.

"I am as plainly not myself as Dante he was not a Guelph." Suppose he had stayed on the paper—could he have gone to Washington? Could he have read Hitler's mind? Could he have thought of that offhand line turning on Dante's partisan sympathies? Suppose he had kept on with his piano and with football and with student politics? Tomorrow he was going to study letters written by a girl of twenty-four shortly after her marriage to a blind old man of fifty-five named John Milton. What had Henry been as a boy, playing end and a hot piano, and serving as president of the student council? Had he been Henry Camberwell then, or John Barry? He had taken one direction to become Henry Camberwell. Was it possible that he might have turned the other way to become John Barry? Dr. Camberwell, a dull nobody, sighing in library corners. John Barry, a torch before a world in crisis. Intense, Emily had said. The other me's as plainly seen as Dante was a Ghibelline.

He suddenly felt very lonely. An enormous loneliness, desperate and intolerable.

Because he had to say something, he said, "You sound like my mother, Emily. I don't want to think of you as my mother."

"You mean because of what I said about your ears? How would you like to think of me, Dr. Camberwell?"

Emily's cheeks were pink, and her eyes were gay.

Henry said, "Well, as a—" He had started to say friend. Which was true; she was a friend to Henry Camberwell because she granted him recognition, if for no other reason. She recognized the real Henry Camberwell, the one who here existed for better or for worse. Henry Camberwell was a person to her, as much a person to her, perhaps, as he was to Henry himself. But he realized in the middle of the word that he didn't want to think of her as a friend after all. With this startling awareness, the loneliness fled at once. He felt in its place the first strange touch of a peace and contentment he had never known. It was quite astonishing.

Emily said in mock demureness, "Why, Dr. Camberwell!"

Henry put down his ear of corn, wiped his fingers on his napkin, and reached across the table and held her hand.

They smiled at each other for a time, foolishly, and then Emily, to her great embarrassment, cried a little.

THEY WERE married that summer, and at the end of the war, when Henry returned to his teaching post at the university, they had a two-year-old daughter named Tracy, known in the family as Trace, or in vulgar moments as T-pot. Henry's life was as humdrum and stodgy as ever, but a happy life even so, a happiness none the less concrete because it was made up of trite things—his work, his wife, his child—and trivial things—their house, the garden, an excellent record-player he had made himself.

He still heard of Barry now and then. Barry had got too big for any press-service bureau, and now he traveled in Europe each summer and, in the winters, made a lecture swing around the country, telling the people what he had seen, and what he had learned from the political figures he had interviewed. He also found time to write a new book each

year on the outlook for the world. The books were immensely profitable, and the lecture tours even more so.

Henry's picture of Barry as the somewhat idealized man he might have been, while it still existed—and he supposed always would—was now a detached, impersonal feeling. He had never felt the sharp regret for the man he might have been since that night when Henry Camberwell had, as he thought of it, found Emily.

Curiously, he had never told Emily the story of Barry as the man he might have been. He felt an odd reluctance to speak of it to her. She still remembered with some exaltation their meeting with Barry and Edith Adams, but the film star, the most beautiful woman in the world, was really the central figure of her memory. She read the items aloud from the paper whenever it was announced that Edith Adams was divorcing one motion-picture producer to marry another. She was a little wistful for a time that no romance developed between Edith Adams and Barry, but then, as Emily said, "The war and all."

Henry's work on Milton was progressing satisfactorily. Within five more years, he expected to put the first volume to press, and the other volumes would follow quickly thereafter. He was a little disturbed by the way Milton was growing "fashionable" by leaps and bounds: there came a winter when it seemed a Milton dinner was scheduled someplace for every other week. He was reasonably afraid the fashion would burn too high and be on the wane by the time he published. But that was a small thing. The fashion would come around again someday, and his work could be resurrected.

IT WAS a genuine surprise (for Henry was genuinely modest) to discover late that winter that he himself had been named guest of honor at still another Milton dinner. He didn't feel it was a just selection, since his major work was still in progress. But in spite of feeling thus unworthy, he was pleased and flattered. He felt instinctively that this was the high point of his career. For this reason, he and Emily and Tracy made a royal holiday of it. They went into town two days before the dinner and stayed on for three days afterward at a hotel on the park that was far too expensive. But this was a once-in-a-lifetime affair. The dinner was a great success; they went to some shows; Emily shopped; there were a number of little dinners and parties with friends; and Tracy played in the snow in the park.

It was there that Henry met Barry once more.

Tracy said, "I wanted you to meet him, Daddy, because he looks just like you." Tracy was now six, and very adult. This bothered Henry, because it was the pattern of professors' children. When they reached adolescence, they became childish again, with a vengeance. "Doesn't he look an awful lot like you? He lives in the hotel, too. He's writing a book, too."

"Hello," Barry said pleasantly, and shook hands. "I've struck up quite an acquaintance with your little girl. My name is Barry."

"I know," Henry said. "That is, I mean, I know who you are, of course."

It was evident that Barry had forgotten their meeting in the restaurant in Hollywood. But as the most beautiful woman in the world had indicated, he might have been just a bit stewed at the time.

Tracy said, "Daddy, do you know what the very first animal was that walked on the earth and breathed this very air?"

Middle age looked good on Barry, Henry thought. There was a distinction about him, part manner, part well-made clothes. Henry felt that he looked seedy in comparison. In Barry's presence, the glory of the Milton dinner began to take on the tarnish of Henry's worn dinner jacket.

Tracy said, "A scorpion. Mr. Barry said so. And he said maybe they'll be the very last, too, because they don't mind stinging themselves to death. I wish we could keep on living in this hotel, too. Can't we?" Without waiting for an answer, she ran away to chase a pigeon.

Barry said, "Aren't you the Dr. Camberwell who was here for the Milton dinner?" Barry smiled and added, "I knew you must be. I've been mistaken for you in the lobby. I felt honored."

Henry said, " You've been mistaken for me?"

"There must be quite a resemblance," Barry said. "We might as well face it. It's a bit uncanny in a way. I've thought of it a good deal, seeing you about the past few days. There's so much similarity I've had the illusion of watching myself living another life."

Tracy came up to Barry and snatched his arm and swung on it for a moment and ran away again.

"I begin to see there are so many things I've missed along the way," Barry said.

"Surely you don't mean that," Henry said. "You can't have missed much in your life."

"I think I may have missed it all. Perhaps I've traveled too fast. Now I'm not sure exactly where it is I've been trying to go. Tracy tells me you grew prize jonquils last year, for example. But I'm afraid I don't make myself clear."

Tracy tossed a snowball, which exploded to powder when Barry caught it in his hand. Barry said after a moment, "There's your life; I suppose that's what I mean: Tracy, and all that Tracy stands for. Reality." He opened his empty hand and said wryly, "Where's mine?"

Barry was entirely serious. Henry was incredulous.

"The regret comes in because I can't escape a feeling that there goes a man I might have been," Barry said. "The illusion is a strong one. . . . Would you mind if I gave Tracy a present before you leave?"

"Why, no," Henry said. "Of course not."

"I'll send it up this evening," Barry said. He turned to watch Tracy running across the snow. THE END

Continued from page 23

STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY "THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK" FASHIONS

The Lo Balbo four-way suit on page 22 is at the following stores:

Albany, N. Y.	Fish & Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Frederick Loeser & Co., Inc.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Kaufman's
Dayton, Ohio	Metropolitan Co.
Durham, N. C.	Ellis Stone
Houston, Tex.	Levy's
Newark, N. J.	Kresge-Newark
Norfolk, Va.	Smith & Welton
Roanoke, Va.	Lazarus
San Francisco, Calif.	H. Liebes
Tulsa, Okla.	Seidenbach's

The Haymaker lace blouse on page 23 is at the following stores:

Charlotte, N. C.	Ed. Mellon Company
Durham, N. C.	Ellis Stone
Houston, Tex.	Levy's
Kansas City, Mo.	Mindlin's
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Blum Store
Tulsa, Okla.	Seidenbach's

The Handmacher suit on page 23 is at the following stores:

Albany, N. Y.	Fish & Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Frederick Loeser & Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Flint & Kent
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Loveman's, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ga.	J. A. Kirven Co.
Dayton, Ohio	Metropolitan Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Younkers of Iowa
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch's
Durham, N. C.	Ellis Stone
Fort Worth, Tex.	R. E. Cox & Co.
Houston, Tex.	Levy's
Lansing, Mich.	The Style Shop
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson Co.
Louisville, Ky.	The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.	Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
Newark, N. J.	Kresge-Newark
Norfolk, Va.	Smith & Welton
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Blum Store
Phoenix, Ariz.	Goldwater's
Portland, Me.	J. E. Palmer Co.
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
Roanoke, Va.	Lazarus
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
St. Paul, Minn.	Schuneman's, Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Maas Bros.
San Antonio, Tex.	Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.	H. Liebes
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Company
Tulsa, Okla.	Seidenbach's

. . . A Girl Named Max *(Continued from page 58)*

doors. We had a marble fireplace and a handsome crystal candelabra hanging from the ceiling, but there was little furniture in our enormous room other than two dilapidated couches on which we slept. Our kitchen was a gas plate in the bath, and our refrigerator a cooler in one window. The jams and cookies sent by our mothers from Little Rock with such unfailing regularity were a constant rebuke to our random way of life. In winter, we were always cold. But it didn't matter; we were never home except to dress and sleep.

During the day, Max worked as a junior model in a shop on Fifth Avenue. Because she was well liked and because she moved around a lot in the smart restaurants, her employer overlooked the fact that she was often late for work and took too long for lunch. As for myself, I was secretary to an incredible man who felt inferior because all his friends were worth twenty millions and he had only two. He kept an office at Forty-fourth and Fifth—only, I suspect, because he wished to feel he had a job. He was usually downtown at his stockbroker's office.

IT WAS the era of gin and orange juice, the hip flask and the flapper. Doctors warned that from her frantic endeavor to become pathologically thin and from drinking bootleg liquor, the American girl was tampering with that wonderful chemical factory, the human body.

Era of speakeasies. Among the thousands were some with great style, where the champagne was French and the scotch Scotch. There was the European Club, where a sommelier presented a card of vintage wines for your selection, and where it was so difficult to gain entrance that a First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy in Washington sent Max roses for weeks, hoping she would introduce him to Pete Hungerford, who might get him a card to the European Club.

The name of Pete Hungerford was an open-sesame to all the night spots, from the dingy to the dazzling. There were richer young men than Pete in New York, but none that headwaiters liked so well. He was Yale '23. He had had a year at Oxford, where he rowed on the crew. Then he returned to New Haven to study law. Not very seriously, I suspect, for he managed to be in town most of the time.

Pete was big and brown. For a man of his stature, he had an unexpectedly small, soft voice. And he walked lightly, like a prize fighter. Every girl in New York angled to meet him, and when she did, she caught her breath for a moment, for he was handsome in his own rumpled fashion. But he had no follow-through. He never sent flowers to a girl except at Easter or Christmas, which no girl could take personally. He never danced. And if he called a girl for an engagement, she always found herself one of a large party. He was always with a party. And the party was always *his*. Pete must have had the most voluminous and finely winnowed address book in New York, and from it, he drew names of girls to introduce to his friends. After two winters in New York, we belonged, Max and I, for we knew Pete Hungerford, and our names were well established in that tidy address book of his.

Remember how the ear detects the hush that comes over New York with the first snow of the season? The snow—unneurotic, unhurried, unambitious—takes over the city in a kind of triumph of weather, somewhat in the way a composed and tranquil girl who isn't trying too hard captures a roomful of men.

ON SUCH a night, Max and I, already late and rushing to dress, ran to the window and discovered that it was again, suddenly, inarguably winter—the beginning of our third winter in New York. I remember that night distinctly, for that was the night Max fell in love.

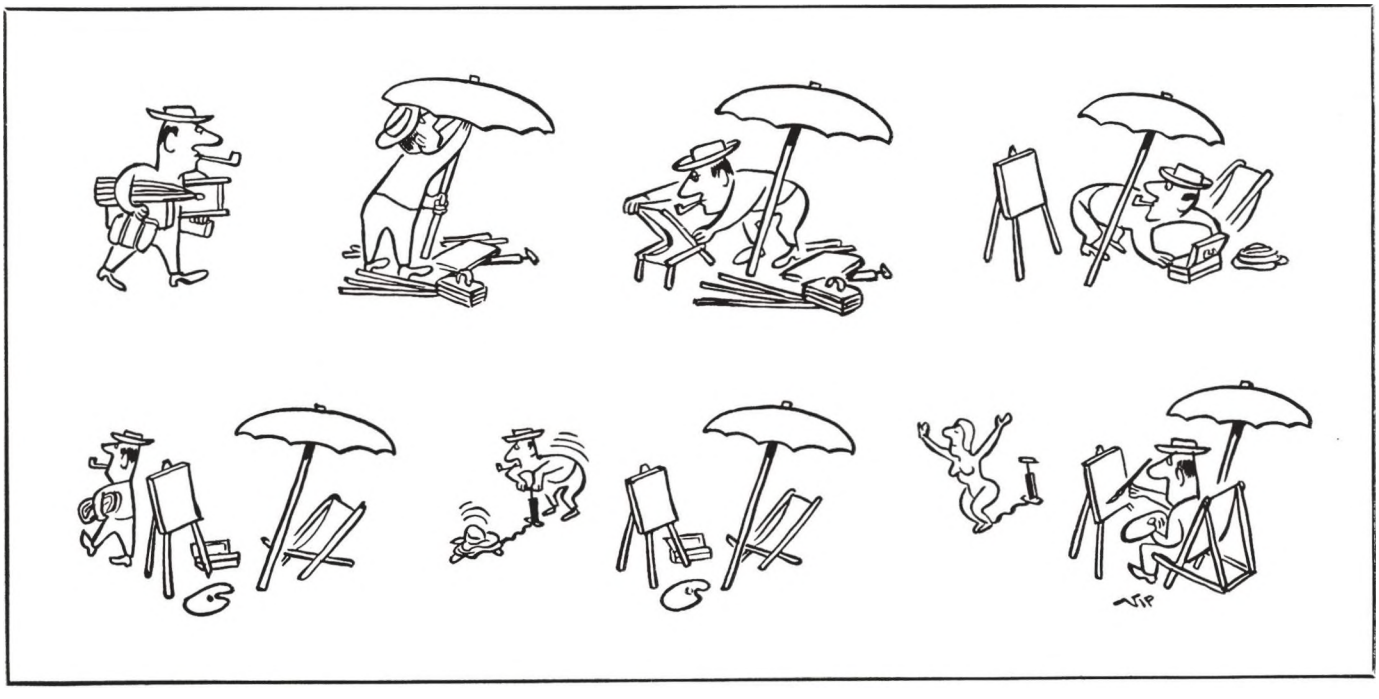
Max had put on *the* white, beaded dress. (Our wardrobes were interchangeable.) And I was wearing *the* black velvet. We wore no girdles; our stockings were rolled below the knee; and as we had only one velvet evening wrap between us and a Spanish shawl that was mostly fringe, one of us, we knew, would certainly be cold. But it didn't matter. We were going to one of Pete Hungerford's parties. It was Saturday and we were young and a long, gala evening stretched ahead.

PETE KEPT a small apartment in a block-sized building on Park Avenue. The apartment house surrounded a large interior court, and because so many bachelors lived there, it was known among the wits as the "Acre of Love."

Pete's apartment was buzzing as usual with arrivals and departures, ringing telephones and doorbells. Frederick, his Danish butler-valet, was passing hors d'oeuvres. Our host always had a lot of business to transact at the last possible moment: checks to sign; arrangements for table reservations; little chats over the telephone with maîtres d'hôtel. Indeed, Pete seemed always to sit apart from the pandemonium he invited, in an habitual telephone conference. With a maître d'hôtel. Or a reservation clerk. Or his bootlegger, who was known professionally as "Haphazard." Arrangements for his parties were a kind of career with him. If his crowded living room was noisy enough to seem successful, he would say, "I'd better call Haphazard."

Max and I were the last to arrive. Everyone else who was expected was already there, including Malcolm. Malcolm (whose habit I was) had a sloping forehead that gave him the look of an Afghan dog wearing glasses. "We're dining at the Plaza," Malcolm informed me, downcast. (When we went to a hotel, it meant that the girls had to carry quarts hoisted on their hips under their wraps, an operation requiring great skill and experience.) The reason we were going to a hotel instead of to a speakeasy, Malcolm explained, was the young man—a stranger among us—Gerald Sands.

"Gerald's my alter ego," Pete said, introducing him. He was a lean young man with odd, almond-shaped blue eyes and



For every woman who leads a double life . . .

CAPABLE YOU! You wash your dishes, suds your duds. But you needn't have rough, red hands! Stop the damage before it starts—with Trushay, the "beforehand" lotion. Apply Trushay BEFORE doing dishes or light laundry! Then when evening comes and it's . . .

GLAMOROUS YOU—the woman who loves to dress up and go—your Trushay-guarded hands are smooth and attractive. For creamy, fragrant Trushay protects them right in hot, soapy water—helps prevent its drying damage. Begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY . . . *the "beforehand" lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, soapy water!*

Wonderful, too, as a quick skin softener—Trushay's rich oils soothe and smooth chapped, roughened skin. Grand for elbows, heels, knees.

As a flattering, velvety powder base—Trushay makes powder cling beautifully, never gets that gummy look. Protects your skin from weather-chap.

As an after-shave lotion—Oil-rich Trushay smooths away after-shave dryness and flakiness. Legs and underarms feel satin-soft.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

startling lion-colored hair. "Gerald's got real courage," Pete went on. "He's an assistant professor of English literature at Yale, and he's proud of it. He plans to let the world go by while he sits in New Haven, oblivious of Wall Street and heavy industry, teaching undergraduates to read the Elizabethans. Gerald went to Oxford to learn something. I went because I am an oarsman and a snob." Gerald Sands, we learned, had been a Rhodes scholar at Oxford at the time Pete was there. "Between Gerald and me," Pete told us, "we make a well-rounded man."

The strange young man laughed, laughed beautifully. He was holding a small, thin glass of sherry in his hand.

"Pete had Haphazard running all over New York for dry sherry," Malcolm confided to me. "He won't drink anything else. Something tells me Pete's alter ego is a flat tire."

Gerald Sands was, nevertheless, very easy to talk to. You didn't have to begin fortissimo with smart cracks. He seemed charmingly ill at ease in our noisy group. And he admitted it. He spoke with an echo of a English accent, the remnant of his years at Oxford, I suppose. His voice was the handsomest thing about him. It had a strange musical overtone that made his slightest remark seem like some very fancy truth intricately arrived at. He stood talking to Max and me about the drinking habits of Oxford undergraduates and the pleasures of weekends in English country houses. "Lady Alice had a house near Oxford when Pete and I were there," he said. That left a gap in the flow of talk for the reason that Max and I didn't know who Lady Alice was. We soon found out that she was Pete's sister. He thought it strange we hadn't known it. He made us feel that we didn't know Pete quite as well as we had thought. Lady Alice, it seemed, was a widow. She had lost her titled English husband in the World War. "She's stupendous." Gerald Sands said, going on to describe Lady Alice who, he said, played tennis with the grace of Suzanne Lenglen and was, moreover, an authority on chamber music. "The most unexpected person." His talk tended to make one feel grossly uneducated—in fact, uncouth.

As he went on talking, I saw his eyes had settled on Max, shifting from her eyes to her mouth, and in his own face was an expression of gladness, as if he had made some marvelous discovery. As for Max, her eyes, too, were involved, locked with his in a kind of shock of recognition. I found myself walled out. All in a moment, it was clear that there was something electric and inevitable in this encounter. The impact of it left their hands trembling—his, as he lighted her cigarette; hers, as she reached for the forgotten cocktail.

When it was time to put on our wraps to go to dinner, Pete began distributing bottles for the girls to carry. Max, surprisingly (she had always been one to do her share), did not offer to carry anything. Perhaps she was in too lyrical a mood to be of use. Perhaps, too, she sensed that though he was smiling, there was a certain disdain in Gerald's eyes as he watched the operation. Max glanced guiltily at me, but she made no move to assist. Unquestionably, something crucial had happened to her.

You remember Maurice and Leonora Hughes? How lovely she was? They were

dancing at the Trocadero, and it was there we went that evening after leaving the Plaza. It was an unwritten code then that man drink in pace with his companions. Caution carried with it a suggestion of cowardice. A man simply did not renege, but went on as best he could, tentatively experimenting with his stomach and his psyche. But Gerald Sands did not conform. He said flatly, "No, thanks. I don't care for another drink." And if one considered him a flat tire, as Malcolm had termed it, resented his good sense, there was, nevertheless, a grudging admiration for him among us. "The difference between Gerald and me," Pete said, at his end of the table, "is that I want to be popular. Gerald doesn't care. He's surer of himself than I am."

"Just the same, he irks me," Malcolm said. Malcolm didn't drink so well as Pete. But he tried. Sometimes he went so far as to jot down a little memo to himself. "Ten o'clock. I'm quite sober. Midnight. I'm certain I'm reasonably sober. One o'clock. I'm no longer certain. It's possible I may be a blank."

BY THEN, everyone in the party was aware of what had happened between Max and Gerald. Indeed, we were a little in awe of it. They danced with each other exclusively; or, rather they seemed to rock in the middle of the dance floor, holding on to each other's eyes. At the table, they made a little island of themselves.

Near by, a girl who was wearing a green Vionnet, which looked like an original, her arms heavy with diamonds and emeralds, had been doggedly drinking cognacs, one after the other. Suddenly, with no fanfare at all, with what was almost decorum, she slid quietly under the table. The others smiled, but Gerald turned his head away, and I heard him say to Max, "You and I, *we don't see things like that.*"

Our own party was going a little awkwardly. When the time came to leave the Trocadero, no one was surprised to see Max and Gerald standing together on the sidewalk, hanging back as the taxis waited for us. Pete sensed that they wanted to travel in a cab of their own and, without a word, took a key from his ring and handed it to Gerald. "So you won't wake up Frederick when you come in," he said.

The party broke up. I found myself, as usual, touring around Central Park with Malcolm, who always used this stage of the evening to analyze himself. "I must have a face that antagonizes people," he worried aloud. "I'm sure I have. I'm not well liked. Admit it. I have a face that antagonizes people. . . ."

If the evening had been something of an anticlimax for the rest of us, it was not so for Max. She was already in bed when I got home. But not asleep. Oh, no. She wanted to talk all night. About what he said and what she said. Like all people in love, she had become, in the space of a few hours, an atrocious egotist.

"I know I'm boring you, but you know I've never talked like this before. . . . You know I'm not sentimental, but the minute I saw him I thought I'd known him forever. How can that be? . . . The minute my eyes saw him standing beside Pete, my heart was squeezed like an accordion. . . . Isn't it strange, you never imagine just how it will happen—just how he will look?"

"Who will look?"

"The one—well, the one you're going to fall for—hook, line, and sinker. I never imagined he would be blond. I always thought he would be dark."

"Most women do."

"It scares you—everything is taken out of your own hands. You didn't plan on it—you didn't work for it—and there it is—like an unexpected gift."

MAX AND I were not without plans for the future. When, some vague day, we had enough capital, we planned to open a smart flower shop on Park Avenue where we would overcharge rich men for their orchids and boutonnieres. It was a healthy instinct, I suppose, wanting to get back to something as natural as flowers, and it was on those bad mornings after a late party, after a night spent in smoke-ridden speakeasies, flushed from fatigue and lack of sleep, that we invariably discussed our plans. But it was all fun again by noon when the phone began to ring.

It rang early that particular Sunday. I knew it was he by the struggle Max had to compose her face so that the rapture wouldn't show. "He asked me to go to a concert at Carnegie Hall this afternoon," she said when she hung up.

"Oh, culture! You and Lady Alice. When are you going to sharpen up your game of tennis?"

They were going to hear Casals who was playing a cello concerto with the Philharmonic. It sounded like a great hardship to me. And I could foresee that he was to effect a change of personality in her. Already I saw her marrying and drifting away. So this was to be the end of our plans for a florist shop. And these thoughts led to the consideration of time itself, and its habit of changing the *status quo*. Perhaps it was time, I reflected, for both of us. I began to feel guilty about the way I was treating Malcolm. But the phone broke up my contemplative mood. It was Pete, with the sound of bright animated talk behind his voice. He wanted us to join everybody at his apartment for breakfast.

We found Pete with his circle around him, including Gerald, who had spent the night there. Most of them were comparing hangovers. Pete refused the breakfast Frederick had prepared in chafing dishes. Instead, he sat gloomily apart, drinking an absinthe frappé and eating chilled cucumbers. "With a hangover, I never eat anything but cucumbers," he said.

I think Pete was taken aback when Gerald and Max looked at the clock and saw it was time to leave for Carnegie Hall. "Come back after the concert," he invited. But no, they would not return, Gerald announced flatly, turning back the latchkey to his host. They were going to dine somewhere after the concert, and he would catch an early train back to New Haven.

"You can use my name at any of the speakeasies," Pete offered. "They'll let you in if they see you with Max."

But they didn't use Pete's name. They went to a Russian place called Samarkand where Max and I sometimes went for lunch—a moderately priced place, usually patronized by out-of-towners.

On Monday evening, there was a special-delivery letter from him. She had to share it. In what she read, I saw nothing to smile over or tease about. He wrote an effective love letter, skirting platitudes, but full of intensities held in leash.

On Tuesday, there was another letter. And Tuesday night a telephone call. He came down on Wednesday just for dinner. She met him at Grand Central, and they went to dinner at a place he knew in Greenwich Village. Over the weekend, he couldn't come, so she went to New Haven on Sunday. He telephoned every evening, which made Max a poor companion on a party. She was always returning home for the phone call or ill at ease if she failed to go. He came to New York frequently. She was evasive about where they lunched or dined. "He hasn't any money, you know," she said. I dined with them one night at his favorite spot in Greenwich Village. He seemed utterly unaware of its drabness, of the poorly mixed, warm gin cocktail, of the artificial flowers twined around the booth in which we sat. He talked of high matters: literature and Oxford and how congenial he had found life in England as lived by Lady Alice and her kind. And his talk made it somehow not important that the soup was lukewarm and the salad tired.

FALLING in love, Max unveiled another self, of which she may have been aware but which she had kept hidden under the armor of the "good sport." She was wearing that other self now for all to see. When you looked at her, you were reminded of all the allurements of romantic love, just as when you saw Jack Dempsey you were reminded of the boxing ring. Malcolm began to see in her a resemblance to Marilyn Miller. And even Pete was more aware of her, separated her from the rest of us. Thus, it was no surprise when Pete invited her to dinner and the theatre—alone.

As she dressed for the evening with Pete, she put on first one thing, then the other. Nothing in her wardrobe or mine seemed right. "I feel embarrassed, going out alone with Pete," she said. "I can't understand it."

"Half the girls in New York are waiting for just such an opportunity," I told her. "If you didn't know him so well, I'd advise you to put the works on him."

"Girls don't put the works on Pete."

Which was true. I suppose the usual reaction of girls to Pete was that he had so much of everything, he was really out of reach.

Their evening, as Max reported it to me, wasn't a success. They sat stiffly through dinner. They arrived on time at the theatre to see a morbid play by Eugene O'Neill—"The Great God Brown." All the usual habits were foregone, which seemed to throw both of them off balance. After the theatre, they sat mournfully at the Trocadero, sipping a bottle of champagne that seemed to last forever. "Are you bored?" she kept asking him. To which, at last, he replied crossly, "Stop asking me that, or I will be bored." And then, at last, she thought she saw the purpose of the evening. Suddenly he blurted out, "Are you and Gerald getting married?"

Aware of his fondness for his friend, she went at once on the defensive. It seemed apparent that Pete was looking her over, watching her behave, to see if she would actually do for his prized young man. It occurred to her that Pete, at bottom, was a snob who didn't wish anything serious to develop between his string of young ladies and his men friends. She saw him sitting opposite her in the role of the wary uncle trying to prevent a *mésalliance* in the family. She

evaded an answer to his question by turning it back on him. "How've you escaped marriage, Pete?" "Oh! I'll marry someday," he answered. "Marriage and me are like St. Augustine and sin. Someday. Only *not yet!*" When he realized that she hardly knew what he was talking about, he explained that he quite often read the Confessions of Saint Augustine. "Oh, I can read!" he assured her. Which was meant to convey, she thought, that he had a side of his life he kept apart from all of us. Coming home in the cab, rather crushed by the evening, a further possibility occurred to her: Perhaps Pete wanted Gerald for his sister, Lady Alice.

"But that can't be," she said to me. "Pete's sister must be way past thirty. She's older than Pete."

"Gerald's twenty-nine," I reminded her. "What's a year or so? And *besides*, she's rich."

She flared a little at that. "I've always known you don't like Gerald."

"It merely occurred to me that he does talk a great deal about Lady Alice—as if he liked the sound of a title."

I think she knew the truth of that but could not bear to look at it.

He sent her books. In one of them, the *Collected Poems of Ernest Dowson*, he underlined, *"I loved thee, Cynara, in my fashion."* And what fashion was that? I wondered. When he was in New York, she evaded parties with the rest of us, as if whatever it was between them must be kept in an incubator of strict privacy.

Then one night in March, we found ourselves all together again.

REMEMBER how out of nothing—a casual phone call, a half hour's boredom, a cocktail shaker—there would suddenly bloom a big, headlong evening? We had had dinner, the five of us—Pete, Gerald, Macolm, Max, and I. It was midweek, I remember, for Gerald was taut all evening. He had intended to catch the ten-o'clock train for New Haven. But ten o'clock passed, and eleven and twelve. We had gone after dinner to the Calumet, where a popular Negro tenor sang. We heard "Water Boy" once, twice. The song always induced a gentle melancholia. At the Calumet, we got that feeling of burning our candles at both ends. All, that is, except Gerald. A month earlier, sensing his disquiet, Max would have asked him to take her home. But that night she seemed defiant. Indeed, they both behaved as if they were hanging on grimly to a mistake because they were ashamed to admit they'd made it.

We decided to go to Harlem. Gerald was still with us. One felt he had embarked on an endurance test. "I don't know why he came along," Max said to me in the powder room. "He finds it all so vulgar."

We found ourselves appeasing him, trying to convert him. "You must admit there's a powerful rhythm in the music. You must admit there's a tremendous emotional intensity in the relentlessness of those drums." He smiled. "I think I still prefer Mozart." "But it needn't be one or the other," Malcolm reasoned. "Both exist." Perhaps he remained because he thought he should see it once, in the name of his education.

It was after three when we left Harlem and began to cruise around. Every reputable place was closed by then. Only the joints were open, where the liquor was bad and it was risky to venture.

We drove back downtown. In the taxi, Malcolm singsonged:

The night rolled out like velvet,
And we roamed from inn to inn.
We drank a little purple wine,
We drank a little gin,
And I leaned my sight against
your eyes
And saw what lay within.

It was decided we would go to MacGruder's. MacGruder's was a barroom with an atmosphere of conspiracy and danger. That's why we went. I think Pete, too, was a little defiant by now and wanted to show Gerald the worst.

MacGruder was a rum runner with a bad reputation—even among rum runners. He was very good-looking in a brutal sort of way. He wore magnificent custom-made shirts and combed his hair too often and too carefully.

A tense, artificial lull, like the hush that greets you in illegal roulette rooms, hung over the basement barroom. The bartenders began polishing glasses as we entered. The piano tinkled lazily, marking time. An odd assortment of men, none of them customers, for none of them were drinking, shifted in groups in the background. MacGruder himself was standing at the bar beside a woman in a blazing dress of silver lamé and an ermine wrap, which was trailing over a cuspidor. She was the only other woman in the room. When MacGruder saw us, he moved away, leaving the woman standing alone. She had a white, desperate face. She was very drunk. She stood holding on to the bar rail with her left hand in order to balance herself. In her right hand was an empty champagne glass. A magnificent display of diamonds hung around her neck.

Pete ordered a round of drinks. The quiet was hostile. One of the bartenders was opening another bottle of champagne, presumably for the woman, who was then standing beside Pete. Her eyes stared into the mirror, fixed on MacGruder, who stood in the background across the room. It was easy to see why she was there.

Then, all at once, it happened. Quick as an accident. Pete must have seen a nod or some signal from MacGruder to the bartender. Something roused his suspicion, or he wouldn't have seen what the bartender put into the fresh glass of champagne. "Don't drink that!" he ordered. With his arm, he swept the glass from the bar, splattering us all. Drops of champagne trickled on the white cheek of the woman in silver. MacGruder came forward slowly, surrounded in phalanx fashion by quiet, silent men. Pete stood alone, a distance from us, his back to the bar, watching them move in on him, his eyes sharp as needles. Knots of them surrounded him, his rumpled head towering over them. Malcolm snatched off his glasses. At the same time, Max and I felt ourselves herded, pushed into the dark corridor toward the outside door. We heard a scuffling of feet and low muttered oaths, a nauseating thud, and suddenly Max lashed out with her beaded handbag, aiming in the dark.

"Stop it! You've got to get out of here!" The voice was Gerald's. It was he who was gripping our arms so strongly.

"How can you leave Pete back there?" Max screamed at him. "Is it that you *don't want to see things like that?*"

Out on the sidewalk, it was dawn. Somehow the woman in silver lamé was among us, standing stonily, swaying, unable to speak. Before we had time to take a count, Pete, too, was among us. And Malcolm. And an audience of three taxicabs. Nothing had happened to Malcolm. Perhaps they had simply held him. But Pete wasn't handsome at all. His left eye was bleeding and rapidly swelling. His shirt front was torn open. His cuffs were hanging loose. He slapped his hip, feeling for his wallet. It wasn't there.

The white-faced woman stared at him. At last she managed a word. One. "Galahad," she said.

He went up to her and touched the fabulous necklace. "Next time, if you have to go into these joints, leave that at home. They were giving you a Mickey Finn. Malcolm here will take you home."

Malcolm and his charge went off in one of the cabs. We got into another. Pete sat between Max and me, mopping his face with all our handkerchiefs in turn. He stuffed his cuffs inside his coat sleeves. They had got his sapphire cuff links. Gerald sat in the folding seat.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

P. J. Blackwell

Let bird and animal beware:
The hunter's out to have his fun,
And everywhere the autumn air
Is noisy with his hanging gun.

So beast and bird
Rejoice, no doubt,
Whenever word
Is spread about
That he has shot, by sheer
mischance,
A fellow hunter in the pants.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Something about his back looked prim. Gerald had had enough of us. That was clear. Half turning in his seat, he said to Pete, "Knight in shining armor! But was the lady worth it?" He began to deliver a short lecture. Pete was at fault to take girls into such a place. Indeed, he was very wrong to go there himself. It was all very reasonable and quite possibly right, but it was somehow most unbecoming to say it at that moment. It couldn't be said that it was how Gerald had failed to behave that changed the weather between us and him. After all, someone had to look after the women. It was rather the behavior of Pete that made the contrast. And perhaps, too, because we all hated ourselves a little in that morning light, the weight of our dissatisfaction fell on Gerald. Though none of it was said, it was nevertheless riding along with us in the cab, like an extra passenger. I felt sorry for Max. She looked as if she had been robbed.

Gerald looked at his watch. There would be no train for an hour. "Why didn't I think of it before? You can take my car," Pete offered. He leaned over and gave the address of his garage to the cab driver. We rode along silently in that ugly, accusing dawn. I began to think of the florist shop again.

At the garage, Gerald offered to drive Max and me home.

"No. We're going to Pete's. We've got to fix his eye," Max said.

In Pete's bathroom, he sat on the edge of the tub while we bandaged his eye.

Then we decided to have hot milk while we waited for Malcolm to come to take us home. Pete sat in a large chair looking like a heavyweight who had just lost the championship. Max hovered over him, fussing with our inexpert bandage. It had been a long night, and I was tired. I kicked off my slippers and reclined on the sofa.

Dimly I heard Max say, "You can put your mind at peace about me and Gerald, Pete. I'm not in love with him anymore. I haven't been for some time."

"I'm glad of that."

There was something in the tone of his voice that made her pause. Then she said, "Tell me something. Gerald was in love with your sister wasn't he?"

Out of half-closed eyes, I could see him squirming in the deep chair. "Maybe— That is—he asked her to marry him once, I believe. But that was long ago."

"He never asked me to marry him," she said bluntly.

"He's got only an assistant professor's salary," Pete said lamely.

"He had no more when he asked your sister, did he?" I heard her laugh. "Don't look so embarrassed, Pete. It doesn't hurt me a bit." She was leaning over his eye again. I was wide awake now, though I pretended sleep. "You can stop worrying about me and your alter ego, Pete."

"I was never really worried."

"Oh, yes, you were. How about that night you took me out alone?"

"Oh! That night. I was sore because I had let him move in on me. I decided to move in on him. But I got too noble, which was easy enough. I got no encouragement from you."

"You've never even looked at me."

Then Pete said it: "I always considered you my girl anyway."

After an interminable silence (perhaps it seemed long because I was holding my breath and my heart was knocking around like a loose marble), she said, "You might have advised me." She laughed a false little laugh. I was hoping Malcolm wouldn't come now.

"You're my girl. And you know it." I saw his arms reach up around her.

"Well—I *am* slightly addicted to you, Pete." He pulled her down in his lap, tearing off the bandage and letting it drop to the floor. He began rubbing his cheek against her hair. Because of the black, mutilated eye, one half of his face was agony, one half was bliss.

"Let's get married, Max. And go on the wagon. And be very unpopular."

"Rich young man with a bad hangover. I'm too fond of you to take advantage."

I heard Malcolm at the door.

Remember the Aquitania? It was everybody's favorite ship. Pete and Max sailed on her. Already, it seemed, they were looking alike, though she was so small, in a beige Kasha ensemble with the belt resting down on her slim hips, and he so big, with the rice falling out of his hair.

She's now the distinguished mother of five, and a grandchild is coming up. I, myself, have three of my own—and Malcolm's. And am feeling no pain. The End

Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

For keeps—fall brides will cherish every gleaming piece of precious Community,* the finest silverplate. They'll love Community's richly beautiful patterns, value the honest wear protection of Community's solid silver "Overlay." And you'll be happy when you find Community—famous Community—in dinner services for eight at your jeweler's as low as $19.75. No federal tax!

PATTERNS TO LIVE WITH . . . PATTERNS TO LOVE

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations *(Continued from page 13)*

magnificent. Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Black Rose" has an infinitely better story. But "King Solomon's Mines" has originality and thrills.

In his original, glowing novel, "The Black Rose," Thomas Costain did a lot of careful research to re-create thirteenth century England, and Tyrone Power impersonates the dashing hero as if he were born to the part. Ty hasn't shown this much grace, conviction, and charm since "Lloyds of London," "Marie Antoinette," and "The Rains Came."

Ty actually is a poetic soul. The dreamer in him is matched by deeper-than-average thought. In Walter of Gurnie, he has a role that fits all the diverse facets of his personality. He plays a proud young Saxon who, even two hundred years after the Norman conquest, refuses to bow to England's new rulers. His rebellion takes him to Cathay in search of treasures, but he returns with such undreamed-of things as gunpowder, printing, and the compass. His adventures, which he shares with his bowman—played by a very distinguished actor, Jack Hawkins—are very exciting.

Ty has humorous scenes with his old grandfather; romantic scenes with Cecile Aubry; perceptive scenes with Orson Welles, who plays a desert chieftain.

Under Henry Hathaway's understanding direction and with Louis D. Lighton's production, Ty is wonderful. But his love interest, Cecile Aubry, just spells nay-nay to me. Orson Welles, as a complete dastard, plays his role with conviction.

The plot of "King Solomon's Mines" is thin, but I don't believe you'll ever notice it. Your attention will be held by the stampede of six thousand wild animals; you'll be fascinated by those African tribesmen—tall, black, and thin as walking telephone poles—in their amazing regalia; you'll be hypnotized by those monstrous snakes.

And if you are of the female gender, what Stewart Granger will do to you will make box-office history. It is an easy job for him to enact one of those white hunters who seem to bowl women over like so many tenpins. Against the Granger pyrotechnics, nice Richard Carlson hasn't a chance.

"King Solomon's Mines" belongs to the grand movie tradition of pictorial excitement. It's fabulous fun. Seeing it, you'll feel you have been on a vivid vacation in a glorious never-never land.

MORE IN the standard amusement category, but definitely the best musical of the month, is "My Blue Heaven." This renders a special service to us moviegoers because it presents Betty Grable in a setting as modern as television, reunites her with Dan Dailey, and lets her sing and dance to our hearts' content.

For this Technicolor fable, Betty and Dan are Mr. and Mrs., and the most successful song-and-dance act in television. But the yarn isn't, thank goodness, a trite backstage plot. "My Blue Heaven," in fact, is a particularly warm-hearted story of family life.

Twentieth Century-Fox certainly seems to have a real "family" sense. Think of "Sitting Pretty," "Mother Wore Tights," and "Cheaper by the Dozen." I certainly cotton to the idea of mother's being glamorized as "Mother" Grable is herein. And I dote on the idea of married lovers' being shown as passionately devoted to one another after several years of matrimony.

Betty and Dan are compatible in all their scenes, whether they're hoofing, singing a chorus, or dramatizing their emotions about adopting a baby. It's much to the credit of the screenplay writers, Lamar Trotti and Claude Binyon, that there are so many sequences that will seem like pages from all marriages. I'm sure many wives have discovered a really devoted husband smeared with the lipstick of some too-generous girl who is ready to give and give and give. The way Betty handles this situation will win her top rating from all wives incorporated.

There are nine song numbers, including the oldie that serves as the title, with accompanying dances. Of the new ones, "Don't Rock the Boat, Dear" seems most likely to succeed. Betty is so ravishing in modern dress in "My Blue Heaven" you suddenly realize that even a figure like hers is handicapped by period costumes. As for her legs, they are still the best on the screen. Dan Dailey has only to smile to win me completely, and Jane Wyatt, David Wayne, and Una Merkel contribute neat performances. I wouldn't, in fact, be one bit surprised if Mr. Wayne became our next comedy star.

AND NOW, in contrast to these multi-million-dollar productions, I want to send up cheers for "Pick-Up," which cost a mere eighty-six thousand dollars to make. This is a labor of love—written, produced, financed, directed, and starred in by Hugo Haas (whom you may also see this month in "King Solomon's Mines"), playing a no-good wastrel.

"Pick-Up" is a thoroughly adult picture, blessed with compassion and humor, created with the most artful simplicity, and highlighted by five provocative performances. That's all the cast there is except for a few crowd scenes at an amusement park. To me, the picture has the same subtlety as Ernest Lubitsch's direction inspired—and I can think of no higher praise. As his own star, Haas is reminiscent of Emil Jannings.

The plot line couldn't be simpler: a middle-aged man leaves his watertower railroad station to pick up a dog in town and picks up a young girl instead. She hasn't a dime or a moral. She marries the man when she discovers he has seventy-two hundred dollars in his savings account. Then a young man enters.

Not one thing works out as you expect—because this is true to life, which can't be charted easily. Allan Nixon, as the young side of the triangle, is very likable. Beverly Michaels is spectacular as the girl—and so beautiful that some wag said, "On her, the end justifies the jeans."

Standing out in the lesser roles are Howland Chamberlain, as an itinerant philosopher, and Jo Carroll Dennison, as a sister tramp to Miss Michaels.

I give "Pick-Up" a Cosmopolitan Citation as the Most Unusual Movie, not only of this month, but of a long time. Maybe this isn't for the mob—but it will do much for Hollywood. It will bring out the public that appreciates honest maturity in movies. From this steadily growing public, "Pick-Up" will receive real appreciation. I salute Mr. Haas, not only for his artistry, but for his integrity in this entire work. THE END

Girl Gangs

(Continued from page 40)

and fighting are a faithful copy of the boys'. And with the passage of time, they have come to occupy the classic role of gun girls in relation to their hoods. They are not only the willing sex partners of their heroes, but they carry and conceal for them the switch-blade knives, the homemade zip guns and brass knuckles with which they arm for street combat.

"The police are wising up to us," Rene said, and laughed sociably. "But it sure took 'em a long time to catch on. Now I hear they're going to appoint some policewomen to search us girls just like the cops search the boys."

It took two pitched battles among four boy gangs in Brooklyn's Prospect Park last May to wise up police to the junior gun moll's true role in gang warfare. Cops, forewarned of both battles, had searched boys for weapons as they arrived at the park and had found none. Yet, to their amazement, at a prearranged gang signal, the brawls started—and every kid was armed with either a knife, a zip gun, or vicious brass knuckles made by twisting the handles from the lids of garbage cans.

The police had not thought to search the innocent-appearing young girls who infiltrated the park, many of them walking arsenals. These girls slipped weapons to their boyfriends, and after the battles, in which one boy was killed, efficiently collected the contraband and faded away with it.

"I toted the brass knuckles and knife to the park for Big Boy and away again, and no police even suspected," Rene said, with pride in a deed well done for her boyfriend. And she added thoughtfully, "It may not be so easy if they get policewomen nosing around. But maybe if we scar up one or two, they won't be so eager-beaver."

IT IS AS natural for American kids, whether in big cities, small towns, or country districts, to run in packs or gangs as it is for them to breathe air or crave a jalopy. New York City boys are no different. But the question of why New York youth gangs have become the repository of crime and the haven of juvenile delinquency has a dozen facile answers—among them, the effect of World War II on public and private morals in general, the accepted standards of violence in this age, delinquent parents, extreme poverty, slum homes, lack of religious training, easy "relief" money, and the glamour of violence on screen, radio, TV, and in the comics.

Rene's parents are not delinquent. Her father has a job as a laborer, is devoted to his family, and his children have never lacked adequate food, clothing, and shelter. Her mother is illiterate, but hard-working and religious. They live in a poor but not a slum area of Brooklyn. Eight members of the family live in a seven-room apartment, which by no stretch of the imagination can be thought of as an overcrowded tenement.

Yet Rene, who is now just sixteen years old, has so far belonged to two vicious gangs, is a veteran street fighter and school brawler, sports a knife scar on her upper left arm, and has already spent eighteen months in the New York State Training School for Girls, a state correctional institution at

Hudson, New York. She was sent there when she was only thirteen, after her apprehension for assault in a school brawl resulting from a gang grudge.

And in another two months, Rene is going to have a baby. Its father?

"I know who he is," Rene said airily. "He's a member of the Candles."

The Candles is the *nom de guerre* of a wild and unruly gang of Brooklyn teen-age thugs whose street clashes with other gangs have resulted in two boys' deaths during the past year. Rene is a member of the Candaleer Debs, the ladies' auxiliary and ammunition train of this gang. Previously she was a junior member of the Capone Girls.

"It ain't nothing to have a baby," Rene said, with the same patience toward the adult world with which other teen-age girls have assured me that "all the gang" drink cocktails or wear mink coats or have strapless dresses or swear.

"What's wrong with having a baby?" she asked conversationally. "I know six other Candaleer Debs going to have babies in a few months. Why, I don't know only two girls in the Candaleers [there are forty] who don't have nothing to do with boys. They're all-right kids, but just kinda antisocial."

That the world at large might regard her own way of life as antisocial has never occurred to Rene, who has always hated school, who used to go to a movie a day (preferably crime pictures where "fellas really hack each other up"), and who now reads only "love magazines and the comics."

THOUGH Rene hated school, she was never in trouble until she moved to Brooklyn just before her twelfth birthday. Until then, the family had lived in a rural hamlet on Staten Island, which might easily be a thousand miles from New York City rather than one of its five boroughs.

On Rene's second day in the new school, she was jumped by three members of the Green Avenue Stomperettes, the gun molls of the Green Avenue Stompers, as vicious a youth gang as exists. Rene unwittingly had crossed into Stomper "turf" or territory, and thus was fair gang game for the Stomperettes.

In broad daylight on one of the most populous streets in Brooklyn, the trio backed Rene against an apartment wall. While one held the six-inch blade of a switch-blade knife against her stomach, the others roughed her up, yanked a sleeve from her blouse, and stole fifty cents Rene had been given for school supplies.

Far from being frightened by the experience, Rene was exhilarated and stirred by an incident in real life just like those in the movies to which she had been addicted ever since she could remember. Within three days, Rene had dredged up every available piece of information about local gangs and had applied for membership in the junior Capone Girls, the feminine lance bearers for the Capone Kids, the boys' gang that ruled the turf in which Rene lived. At fifteen, she would graduate into the senior Capone Girls.

Rene discovered at once that the club had two top officers, whose positions and duties are the same in all teen-age gangs: the president and the war councilor—the latter more familiarly known as "the ace." It did not take long to learn

that the ace was the actual power in the club, for the real purpose of the organization, Rene learned, was to fight other girl gangs and to act as an auxiliary when the Capone Kids arranged a "rumble" or showdown, with their enemies, the Tigers, whose auxiliary called itself the Regits.

"The president just had charge of telling us girls what to wear. She was like the social head of the club and arranged parties when we had enough money. But the ace did the important things, like telling the girls when to come to meetings and making the arrangements for the fights."

The president told Rene to get the club uniform for fighting: red slacks and red beret worn with gray blouse, gray socks, and black shoes.

"When we wasn't fighting, we wore a red skirt instead of slacks." Rene explained. "We wasn't allowed to wear slacks to school, but we went right home and put 'em on after school was out." Every club had a similar uniform; only the colors were different. And all regarded it as very chic to fight in a khaki field jacket. Rene was lucky. Her brother was just out of the Army, and she always borrowed his for battle.

Three weeks after Rene joined the Capone Girls, she distinguished herself in her first street brawl. One of the Capone Girls, caught off her own turf by the Stomperettes, had been so badly beaten she was in bed for a week. The ace immediately called a meeting, and the Capone Girls decided to issue a challenge to the Stomperettes.

With the formality of an international diplomat of the old school, the Capone Girls' war ace challenged the Stomperettes' ace to join battle. The two aces then got together and arranged (1) the time and (2) the place of the battle.

At the appointed hour, the Capone Girls, in their red-and-gray, and the Stomperettes in their black-and-white costumes silently gathered on opposite street corners in one of the busiest sections of Brooklyn. They were about evenly matched, forty to a side.

"After everybody was there," Rene said, explaining the accepted procedure of gang warfare, "our ace met in the middle of the street with their ace. You have to watch 'em real close then, because maybe the aces decide to call it all off and not fight. But if one ace jumps the other, you gotta be fast to jump the other girls first before they get the jump on you."

WHEN THE Capone Girls saw a knife in the hand of the Stomperette ace, they rushed the Stomperettes, and the battle was joined. Rene went into her first fight armed with a seventy-five-cent switch-blade knife she had bought a few days before at a neighborhood store.

"I was so young and dumb in those days. I even cut my fingernails short," Rene remembered with amusement. "But I learned what a handy weapon a fingernail is when one of them Stomperettes raked me on the face."

Although she went into the fray armed with a knife, Rene said she never used it. "Some girls use knives, some don't; but you always got to carry a knife to be sure." It seems to be standard procedure that fights are conducted with feet and fists only, as long as no opponent pulls a knife. While the boys have

used homemade guns with fatal effects, the girl gangs so far have never used them in a row.

Rene, a student of Cagney and Bogart pictures, fought furiously and well. When the police arrived to put an end to the fifty-minute battle, Rene was the last member of either gang to take protective cover.

"It was some fun!" Rene said of her first battle, in which she had clawed and slugged like her movie heroes. Rene lost her customary languor as she described how she had caught a Stomperette off balance, knocked her down, and kicked her, while the victim jabbed at Rene's legs with a piece of jagged bottle glass. The memory of the old fight seemed to release in the girl a nervous vitality and vivacity that animated her voice and her otherwise indolent body.

But even as she described furious brawls, Rene did not look, talk, or act tough. Perhaps that is why what Rene had to say sounded so appalling, and why, in the end, the girl herself seemed so lost. When I made arrangements to see Rene—and the negotiations were more complicated and involved than for an audience with president or pope—I expected to encounter a swaggering young fishwife.

However, on casual inspection, Rene, in a dirndl skirt, a peasant blouse, and flat-heeled sandals, looked much like any junior-high-school girl. She had the fresh prettiness of any American teenager—the bright lipstick, the lurid nails, and the well-cared-for hair.

She looked incapable of violence until I glanced at her eyes and was brought up short, as if a snake had materialized in the room. For Rene's eyes are the blazing, supernaturally bright eyes of an animal caught in the night glare of a head lamp. The irises have completely absorbed the pupils, and they glitter with the fixed and intense vacuity of an animal's—or a drug addict's. There is neither emotion nor feeling, much less moral perception, in those eyes. "Amoral" is a dated word, but it fits Rene as if made for her.

FOUR MONTHS after Rene's first battle, which ended only with the arrival of the police (as most gang fights end), the ace of the junior Capone Girls was graduated into the senior gang. By this time, Rene had shown herself so adept at street fighting that she was unanimously chosen as war councilor. Within a week, she was initiated into her role as gun moll. The Capones, having challenged the Tigers to fight, decided to stash their zip guns and knives with the junior Capone Girls before and after the fight. They looked so young and harmless, the Capones reasoned, that police would never suspect them of carrying concealed weapons, and the Capones were right. Rene and her mob infiltrated the battle zone, distributed weapons before the fight, and picked them up again after police action ended the bloody brawl.

By this time, Rene had become adept at stealing radio antennae from automobiles. The Capones, like other boy gangsters, had discovered that such antennae made far more effective barrels for their deadly zip guns than the curtain rods used previously. And it was even easier to steal the lids of garbage cans, from which the boys twisted the handles to fashion brutal, homemade brass knuckles.

Rene paid regular club dues of twenty-five cents a month; more when she could afford it. With the money, the girls bought club sweaters and gave parties. The parties, like the regular club meetings, were always held in the home of one of the girls. Such clubs seldom have enough money to hire a hall for a gathering.

At regular club meetings, the first order of business was a discussion of past and future fights. After all, that was the real club business. Then perhaps they planned a party. And finally, there were sandwiches and soda pop or Cokes usually doctored with cheap port wine. Occasionally, the soft drinks would be needled with rotgut whisky or gin.

The girls had to sneak in the port or gin, and if the party got too noisy or rowdy, the parents of the member entertaining the gang were often as "mean" as the police.

Parties to which the Capone Kids were invited were held in the home of some gang member, too. Boys and girls would jam into a small living room and listen to jazz records or dance to the radio, fortifying themselves constantly with the needled drinks.

Such parties started in a home and ended in a neighborhood juke-box joint not too choosy about selling a glass of beer or a shot of redeye to minors, or ended God knows where—in stolen cars, in the parks, or in alleys.

It was toward the end of her first school year in Brooklyn that Rene got into serious trouble with the law.

"I had to go see my aunt in Regits' turf one day, and a bunch of girls, eight or ten, jumped me," Rene said. "They was too many for me to do anything. But while they was mauling me, I told them I'd get even if it killed me."

Rene, through gang connections, found out who the leader of the bunch was and where she went to public school. The next day Rene went to that school and, through a phony message, lured the girl from her classroom into the second-floor hall.

As the girl came into the hall, Rene, feet and fists flailing, flung herself on her enemy. There was only the sound of thudding fists and the crack of toes against shinbones. There was no outcry. No one heard the fight or arrived to interrupt it.

Eventually, Rene lured the rival-gang girl to the head of the stairway, and with a savage attack, threw her downstairs.

Why the girl was not killed or permanently crippled is still a mystery. But she was lucky enough to escape with no more than a broken collarbone and a fractured arm. Rene was arrested, and the authorities sent her to the New York State Training School for Girls.

RENE'S record at the Training School was good. She was an amenable inmate, if scornful of books and learning. But although she was amenable to authority in the Training School, the experience did nothing to rechannel her passion for physical violence.

When, over a year ago, she was released and went back to Brooklyn, Rene expected to go into the senior Capone Girls. Although she was not quite fifteen, she felt too old to be wasted in the juniors. But the night after her return to Brooklyn, Rene met a member of the

Candles, a hard-bitten boy gang, in a neighborhood grill. Within a week, she was his girl and had joined the Candaleer Debs, the ladies' auxiliary.

It was quite ethical for Rene to switch her allegiance from the junior Capone Girls to the senior Candaleer Debs because she had fixed her affections on a Candle. The crime, in junior gangland, would have been for Rene to go back to the Capone Girls while running around with a Candle. In that case, she would have been suspected of being a stoolie and would have suffered the unpleasant fate of a stool pigeon.

"Things in the Candaleer Debs is run just the same as in the junior Capone Girls," Rene said. "We got a president and a war councilor. Only," she added proudly, "we are older and our parties are more sophisticated."

That is, the parties are wilder, there is more to drink, and all the girls are promiscuous.

A FEW months after Rene got home from Hudson, she was in a "wonderful" street fight, in which the Candles joined the Candaleer Debs when the Hoyt Dukes and their Duchesses ganged up on the Debs. Boys and girls don't often fight together, but occasionally the boys will take up the cudgels for their molls.

Rene strenuously denied that she, or any of her gang, smokes reefers or takes dope in any form. As she looked at me out of her too brilliant, too vacant eyes, Rene said she knew a lot of boys and girls who use narcotics.

"They have special places where they get that junk," she said. "Some of 'em smoke 'weeds' [marijuana] and some of 'em take the needle, but us Debs don't do it."

When Rene discovered she was pregnant, her only regret was that it would limit her brawling and keep her out of street fights for a while. Rene would be ashamed if she ran from a fight, or was "yella," cried "uncle," or squealed on a pal. But what is there to be ashamed of in having a baby?

"My mother was real mad at first when she heard about the baby," Rene confided. "But she ain't mad no more since she knows Big Boy is gonna marry me."

Big Boy can't marry her now, she explained, because at not quite eighteen, he is in a correctional institution as a result of his arrest for assault growing out of a gang battle.

"Anyway, I don't want to get married now," Rene said placidly. "I don't want to get married when I'm looking like this. After the baby is born, and Big Boy is home, I'm going to rent a white-satin dress. I'm going to have me a church wedding and a party afterward." Like any other teen-ager dreaming of her wedding, she added, "And I'm going to be one of those brides in a veil."

After she has her baby and is duly married in white satin and a veil, maybe then Rene will consider "smoothing," that is, quitting the gang. But she doesn't want to smooth until she has to. She can't fight in her present condition. But she can help plan strategy, and when the Candles fight an enemy gang, she is still most valuable.

After all, who, even a nosey policewoman, would think of searching a pregnant young woman for a zip gun or brass knuckles, either before or after a gang battle? THE END

Too Beautiful for Words *(Continued from page 47)*

explained to the man, "is as if my hair were just something I had to keep out of my eyes."

François met the challenge nobly, and when she emerged from the beauty parlor, she felt substantially encouraged in her effort to transform herself into the conventional model of a businesslike and dust-encased librarian.

HER NEXT step was a clothier, Brenthoffer & Son, where she was to have her final fitting for three suits that had been ordered two months before. This is noteworthy largely because Brenthoffer & Son were gentlemen's tailors, and to their knowledge the only women who had ever invaded their premises were the cleaning woman and the wives of the austere and conservative men who composed their consistent clientele. Brenthoffer & Son had made the wardrobe of Theodore Roosevelt when he was governor of New York State, and were apparently firm in their conviction that the styles that had been good enough for T.R. were good enough for any of their later customers.

Brenthoffer & Son was an extreme measure, and it indicates the lengths to which Inez intended to go to accomplish her aims. Nevertheless, she felt obliged to explain to the son of the son of the son of the original Mr. Brenthoffer that her work required clothes of maximum quality and conservatism and that her Uncle Dwight, a longtime customer of Brenthoffer, had suggested his tailor to her more in jest than anything else. Much to her surprise, she told the son of the son of the son, the suggestion had turned out to have merit.

"I understand, ma'am," said the nervous tailor, who was so concerned about how he was going to force himself to put chalk marks on the lapels during the fitting that he was unable to engage in any sensible conversation.

Two weeks later, armed with her new hairdo, her spectacles, her Brenthoffer suit, low-heeled shoes, stockings that must have been purchased at a charity rummage shop, and a total absence of cosmetics, she made her first try for a job. She had made application and had received a routine, noncommittal grant of an interview from the Manhattan Technical, Scientific, and Mechanical Library. The letter had been signed by C. Tufts, Associate Librarian.

C. Tufts turned out to be a Miss Catherine Tufts, a lady who would willingly have reversed Inez's deglamorization process in her own behalf if it could conceivably have done any good, which it could not. It took only three minutes for Miss Tufts to discern that Inez was a beautiful woman in disguise, and hence obviously unfit to be a colleague at the Manhattan Technical, Scientific, and Mechanical Library.

After commenting that she wondered why a girl like Inez should want to *work* for a living, and thereby bringing an even prettier flush of anger into Inez's cheeks, she generously offered to introduce her to Mr. Perkins Burrows, editor-in-chief of a book-publishing firm named Sheraton House.

Sheraton House had traditionally prided itself on the dignified and scholarly list of books it presented to the public each year, a pride somewhat marred in recent years by an alarmingly declining bank account. The directors of the firm, in order to cope with the financial situation, ordered Mr. Burrows to add to Sheraton House's publishing list some books that were "sure-fire with the public." One of the directors, a blunt and money-minded man, stated the problem more baldly.

"Mr. Burrows," he told the white-haired old gentleman, "by sure-fire with the public, we mean to say sex. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Why . . . ahem . . . yes, I believe I do," said Mr. Burrows, who did not understand at all.

But with all his white hair and as venerable as he was, Mr. Perkins Burrows' instincts were still able to inform him, when Inez Atherton was ushered into his office, that somehow here was the answer to the directors' ultimatum.

Still masquerading in her spectacles, Brenthoffer suit, and low-heeled shoes, Inez explained that employment as an assistant-editor at Sheraton House would brilliantly fulfill her ambition for a career in the book world. This, she told Mr. Burrows, was because Sheraton House, above all other publishers, had the reputation that most appealed to her

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DECLARATION

Frances Rodman

I'm fairly courteous to the bore
Who tells me jokes I've heard
before;
But he receives a look that's grim
Who tells me jokes I've told
to him!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

—dignity, quality, intellectual substance, and purposeful appeal to the most rational element of the reading public.

Those were the words she used. Mr. Burrows, who suddenly felt personally removed from the qualities these words described, hired her on the spot, assigned a desk to her, and carefully avoided talking to her for the next four days while he pondered the means by which he might best exploit the extraordinary dynamism he had so accurately sensed.

The answer came on the fourth day with the arrival of a manuscript entitled "The Sun Sets in the East." It was an historical novel, a form of literature that had heretofore appalled Mr. Burrows, as he had always felt that the major portion of them could boast little more than dust jackets bearing illustrations of semi-nude ladies. In the new regime, however, any excuse for dust jackets with semi-nude ladies filled the bill, and so he undertook to read it. He was so utterly unbeguiled by its contents, and so firmly convinced it was brazen trash that he thought it must surely be what the directors had in mind. He determined, therefore, to publish it.

With a sigh, he picked up his phone to contact the author, identified on the title page as one Timothy Grimes, of New York City. The only saving grace in this call, he knew, would be the pleasure he always derived from informing an author that his great day had come and his book had been accepted for publication.

A woman answered the telephone and informed Mr. Burrows that Mr. Grimes was at his office, the number of which she gave him. He called that number, and was ultimately referred to the new novelist.

"Mr. Grimes," he said to the strong young voice at the other end of the phone, "this is Perkins Burrows of Sheraton House."

"Who? . . . I'm sorry, I didn't get the name," said Grimes.

" . . . Perkins Burrows of Sheraton House. I have the great pleasure to inform you that we have gone through your book. We are enchanted by it, Mr. Grimes, and I'm delighted to be able to tell you we are willing to publish it."

"What book?" asked Mr. Grimes.

Mr. Burrows' mouth opened, but no words came. This was an historic event, or at least nothing like it had occurred in his forty years as an editor.

"Hello?" said Mr. Grimes.

"You are the author of a book entitled 'The Sun Sets in the East,' are you not?" Mr. Burrows asked.

"Yes. How did you know?"

This clinched Mr. Burrows' suspicion that the earth had slipped from its orbit. He leaned back in his black-leather chair and thoughtfully drummed the desk for several seconds.

"Hello?" said Grimes again, a curious pique in his tone.

"Yes," said Mr. Burrows, "well, Mr. Grimes . . . I—that is, I know because I have just finished reading it."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Grimes. "I imagine that's her idea of a practical joke."

"Whose?" asked Mr. Burrows, now ready for anything.

"Helen's," said Grimes. "She's my sister. She must have sent the thing to you without telling me."

"You don't say," said Mr. Burrows, beginning to understand. "That's very interesting. Most appealing. Ha-ha."

"Why? What makes you think so?" said Grimes, who apparently did not share Mr. Burrows' amusement.

"It should make an interesting little note in the jacket copy," Mr. Burrows told him. "Something like 'The writer, like so many genuine artists, felt his work to be imperfect, and had it not been for his sister, he would never have—'"

"Look, Mr. Burrows," the young man's voice interrupted, "I'm sorry you've been put to so much trouble, but there's been a misunderstanding. I never meant that book to be sent to you."

"Good gracious," said Mr. Burrows, "why not? Don't you *want* to be a writer?"

GRIMES did find something funny about this remark. He laughed pleasantly and said, "Lord, no. No, no, Mr. Burrows. I don't want to be a writer. I want to be an insurance executive."

Mr. Burrows nervously tweaked his nose. This situation was getting entirely beyond his understanding or his control.

"You don't say," he said. "Why, may I ask?"

"Why not?" Grimes laughed. "I like insurance. I'm good at it. I can make a good living at it."

"Hmmmm," said Burrows. "So you want to be an insurance executive." To Mr. Burrows, an insurance executive was a human being who had willfully deprived himself of most of the joys of life.

"Sure," said Grimes. "It's interesting. It's fun. And I'm doing pretty well at it. No, no, Mr. Burrows. I'm no writer."

"You don't say," Mr. Burrows repeated. Then, his forehead furrowed, his faith in his own knowledge of humanity shaken, he asked, "Mr. Grimes, you don't *mind* if we publish your book, do you?"

"You're sure this isn't some kind of a joke, now?" Grimes asked. And when Burrows told him it was not, he said, "Well, no, I don't mind. Suit yourself."

"Mr. Grimes, just how did this book come to be written in the first place?"

"Darned if I know," Grimes said.

This was too much for Mr. Burrows, who falsely said that he had another phone call and could he call Mr. Grimes back? He hung up, and for a solid hour he paced his office, frantically trying to put his world back together.

WHEN Timothy Grimes hung up on his end, he grinned broadly. Imagine me a writer, he said to himself, and then he shook his head, grinned again, and returned to the intricacies of a fifteen-year convertible-term policy with an educational fund and a special tax clause from which he had been torn by Mr. Burrows' call.

He did know, of course, how the book had come to be written, but it would have been a hard thing to explain to Mr. Burrows. Until a month ago, Tim Grimes had been a salesman for the Empire Mutual Life Insurance Company, a job that entailed, among other things, many hours of waiting outside the offices of busy men. He had complained to his sister Helen that he spent more time waiting in outer offices than he did in selling insurance, to which Helen had responded by suggesting that he take a book along to read while he waited.

One day it occurred to him that it might be more entertaining to write a book than to read one. Thereafter, he carried in his brief case a yellow, legal-sized tablet, and on this grew "The Sun Sets in the East"—probably the only book ever written in office waiting rooms.

In a casual, unhurried, self-amused way, he had created what doubtlessly fell into the classification of the historical novel. It was historical only in that the dates of its action were roughly those of the American Civil War, and that such names as Grant, Lee, Sherman, Jackson, Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, and others he remembered from his history courses in college were casually thrown about in its pages.

Wisely enough, he permitted the major theme of the book to be one requiring a minimum of research, namely that of love lost and then won again, a theme he repeated a sufficient number of times with a sufficient number of characters to fill several hundred pages.

After he had finished the book, he picked the title "The Sun Sets in the East" for the simple reason that it sounded like a typically perverse little catch phrase. He then went back to the middle portion of the manuscript and gave the heroine the line: "The world has turned around, Geoffrey. Things are different now. Up is down and down is up, and the sun sets in the east."

The only reason he had ended the book was because he was promoted to an in-the-office job. His sister Helen, for her own amusement, wrapped up the manuscript and sent it to the editor of Sheraton House.

It was not until the day after their initial conversation that Mr. Burrows could bring himself to call Tim back. By that time, he was more convinced than ever that this was precisely the book the directors had had in mind, as it was not only historical trash, filled with alluring (and on the dust jacket, no doubt, exceptionally busty) women who carried on ad infinitum with side-whiskered, overvirile young blades, but it was also written by an amateur, an insurance executive, a man who was obviously unaware of any decent standards in literature that might tend to diminish the sale of his book.

He therefore resolved to be flattering and pleasant to Tim. More than that, he would assign that new Miss Atherton to the book. The editing of "The Sun Rises in the East" would be her first task. And *that*, he told himself for no apparent reason at all, *that* ought to inject the final bit of animalism.

But Tim remained unenthusiastic during the second phone conversation. He agreed to sign the contract, he agreed to allow a Sheraton House editor to take over the job of "brushing it up here and there," but he apologetically requested that he not be drawn into the matter any further. Anything they did with it was okay with him.

INEZ SPENT all of one Friday and the ensuing weekend reading the manuscript. At the beginning, she was enormously excited at having been given such a large responsibility. At last, she thought, a man has decided I may have some brains. At last someone has found out I may be worth more than meets the eye.

When she had read the manuscript, however, she came to the conclusion that Mr. Burrows must merely be testing her taste. This was not only an un-Sheraton-House-like book, it was the most overworked sort of costumed nonsense, covered with a respectable layer of inaccurate history. Well, she was not to be trapped. She would tell Mr. Burrows just what she thought.

"Mr. Burrows," she told him that Monday, "this is more than an editing job. This needs to be started all over from the first page. Or better still, it needs to be put in somebody's bottom desk drawer and kept there."

"I think that's a trifle overstated, Miss Atherton," Burrows said. "Why do you say that?"

"It leaves the impression," she said, "that the Civil War was fought largely because of a finishing-school quarrel between a certain Southern belle and a pretty descendant of Peter Stuyvesant."

"It is my judgment," Mr. Burrows felt obliged to say, "that the book has great potential public appeal."

"So have the comic strips," said Inez, "but we don't publish those, do we?"

"Just wait." And Mr. Burrows sighed.

He then explained to her that Mr. Grimes was an insurance executive who appeared to have written the book by mistake, that Mr. Grimes was agreeable to such changes as she, Inez, might want to make, but that he did not wish to be bothered, and most particularly not on

his phone at his office. If she had any queries, she should make them by letter to his home.

"He sounds," Inez said, "like just the sort of guy who would have written this book. I could have guessed it."

So she went to work on it. The first query went off to Tim in the Thursday mails:

> DEAR MR. GRIMES: As Mr. Burrows perhaps has told you, I have been given the opportunity to act as editor of 'The Sun Sets in the East.' While I understand that you are very busy with your other interests and feel you cannot devote much time to rewriting, I am going to take the liberty of querying you from time to time as my end of the work progresses. Principally, I hope to be able to suggest ways of smoothing out some of the rougher spots in the writing and of correcting certain inconsistencies. For instance, Eulanie Meredith becomes Melanie Meredith and then still again she becomes Melissa Meredith. Which did you intend her to be named? Then again, there are some historical inaccuracies, e.g.: had Lincoln not served in the House of Representatives before he became President? You state that his inauguration was the occasion for his first trip to the capital. It is matters such as these that I shall call to your attention as time goes on. With many thanks and best wishes for our mutual success. Sincerely yours.

Taking a hint from C. Tufts of the Manhattan Technical, Scientific, and Mechanical Library, Inez signed herself "I. Atherton."

Tim's reply arrived ten days later.

> DEAR MR. ATHERTON: Sorry to have overlooked a reply to your recent letter. As you know, I don't want anyone at my office to know I'm involved in this thing, and since I usually bowl or work on insurance at nights, my time for personal correspondence is limited. In answer to the two matters you mention in your note, however, I can only say that I remember no character named Meredith. Where did she come in? As a matter of fact, you can call her anything you like. I was interested to learn that Lincoln had been in the House of Representatives. Sincerely yours.

When Inez received this expression of profound indifference, her hostility to Grimes mounted another several degrees. What right, she asked herself, did this bowling, blundering, and doubtless potbellied insurance salesman have to impose 378 pages of mediocrity on the reading public? It was an insult to art and letters, and what was even worse, the man positively didn't care!

IN A somewhat more restrained manner, as she was not yet quite sure of herself at Sheraton House, she reported her feelings to Mr. Burrows. However, now that Burrows had made the unwelcome decision, he had no intention of changing his mind, and moreover he wished to talk about it as little as possible. So he delivered a short lecture to Inez in which he told her that the task of the good editor was frequently to make talent shine where before talent had only been suggested.

"In this case," Inez told him, "there's not even a suggestion. To make this thing presentable, someone would have to rewrite the whole book."

"That's all right," Mr. Burrows said.

"What's all right?" she asked.

"For you to rewrite the whole book. I doubt very much if Mr. Grimes would know the difference."

"Oh, I didn't mean me," she said. "I couldn't do it. I mean— Well, what I meant to say was—"

"Never mind," Mr. Burrows said. "Just go ahead and do whatever you want to it."

"Well, why not?" Inez said. "I simply couldn't make it any worse."

FOR THE next three months there were no more exchanges of letters between Timothy Grimes and I. Atherton. Inez had no time for letter writing. She was writing a book, Tim's book. Keeping only the era, the names of the characters, a few incidents of action, and a bare facsimile of the plot, she rewrote the book right through to page 204.

She had approached the job with anger, but within two weeks she had forgotten Mr. Grimes, whose work now represented a sort of outline to her, nothing more. She became totally absorbed in the rewriting, and with Mr. Burrows' permission, spent long hours of research in the library and longer hours writing at night in her bedroom at home. It was not until she reached page 204, the end of Part I, that she realized how deeply she had become involved in the book, and how far it had departed from the original. These realizations prompted her to write a second letter to the author:

DEAR MR. GRIMES: I have been doing some rather extensive work on your manuscript, and I have now come to the point where I believe it most advisable for us to confer in person. My work has gone somewhat beyond the mere correction of inconsistencies and historical errors, and before I proceed I should like to have your opinion of its merits or faults. If you would be good enough to call me at Sheraton House, perhaps we could arrange a meeting at your convenience. Incidentally, neither Mr. Burrows nor I noticed, when we first read through 'The Sun Sets in The East,' that pages 205 to 234 are missing. However, this seemed to cause no break in the narrative, so I wonder if perhaps you merely numbered the pages wrong. Awaiting your answer, I am sincerely yours, I. ATHERTON.

It only took Tim a week to answer this one. His letter further convinced Inez that Mr. Grimes was probably the most ridiculous amateur ever to stumble into the literary world.

DEAR MR. ATHERTON: I was greatly surprised to hear from you. I had thought that by this time the manuscript had been incinerated in the City Garbage Disposal Plant, via one of Sheraton House's wastebaskets. That might be a good idea even at this late date. At any rate, while I'm sure it would be a pleasure to meet you personally, I'd like to beg off. I've been given some additional responsibilities at my office, and I'm afraid I need all my time to cope with them. Incidentally, do you think your firm would be interested

in publishing an annotated account of the methods by which insurance companies construct their actuary tables? It's fascinating stuff, and a Mr. Rigletski of our organization—if you could persuade him to do the job—is one of the foremost authorities in the country on the subject. If this interests you, I'll try to set up an appointment for you with Mr. Rigletski. I hope you don't think I'm rude to by-pass a conference with you about "The Sun Sets in the East." As I said before, Mr. Atherton, whatever you want to do with it is jake with me. Sincerely, TIMOTHY GRIMES.

P.S. I've tried to remember what might have happened to pages 204 to 234. I think I left them in the outer office of Mr. Gregory Sickey, along about eight months ago. Mr. Sickey is president of Sickey & Co., a firm of textile factors at 411 Fourth Avenue. However, I think the simplest solution is to make page 235 into page 204, and that way there won't be any pages missing.

That ended the correspondence for another three months, during which time Inez completed the book. It now bore as much resemblance to the original as C. Tufts bore to I. Atherton, which is to say that while they both had the same skeleton, the flesh was, to understate it, different. In fact, although Inez had not done it intentionally, the book now carried the duality of Inez herself, which means that the intellect was there, in the respectable historical form, but the spirit of Inez's extraordinary qualities pervaded the pages with a style not taught in American universities.

After Mr. Burrows had read through it, he called Inez into his office.

"Ahem," he said, which opening was followed by several minutes of embarrassed silence, because Mr. Burrows had never before been called upon to express an official opinion of such a piece of work, and because Inez was afraid that Mr. Burrows would find her rewrite below Sheraton House standards and fire her.

"What I've tried to do," she finally decided to throw in, "is inject some life into the characters."

"Er . . . yes, yes, indeed," Mr. Burrows said, "and there is no doubt that you have succeeded."

"Oh, do you really think so?" Inez burst out, and Mr. Burrows abruptly pushed his wheeled office chair back several inches in order to get out of the way of her enthusiasm. Thus encouraged, Inez broke into an aggressive and articulate explanation of the literary devices she had employed in reconstructing the book. To all of this, Mr. Burrows reacted with brief agreement, and it was to the great relief of each of them that he ultimately told her that the manuscript would now be put into the hands of the production department, for publication with the fall list.

"But don't you think," Inez suggested, "that Mr. Grimes should read it first?"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Burrows said, and then more calmly, "That is, I think Mr. Grimes has made himself clear as to our authority in this matter. And Miss Atherton, it seems to me you've earned a good vacation. This must have—er—taken a good deal out of you?"

Inez was given a three-week rest, and when she returned to the office, she found numerous directives on her desk, all specially prepared by Mr. Burrows, and intended to keep her busy in routine matters involving as little opportunity for personal expression as possible.

This delighted Inez, as she took it as a compliment to her editorial abilities that she should be set to work locating misplaced commas and dangling phrases in such works as "A Life of Bolivar" and the private memoirs of a former Secretary of the Interior. She labored effectively on these items through the summer, and it was not until mid-September that she had reason to recall "The Sun Sets in the East."

"MISS ATHERTON," Mr. Burrows told her, "I have never seen eye to eye with the advertising and promotion departments, but in at least one unwelcome matter I'm obliged to go along. That is the matter of the cocktail party."

"What cocktail party?" asked Inez.

"With unpleasant frequency, Sheraton House is obliged to display its wares at a cocktail party. Prominent and pertinent persons are invited to inspect our new and forthcoming books and their authors. At least that's the excuse. Actually, it is a means by which celebrities meet one another at our expense. But in this case"—he tapped his desk thoughtfully—"do you own a dress, Miss Atherton?"

Inez had been careful never to appear at the office in anything but one of the three Brenthoffer suits, so the question was not entirely out of line.

"At these cocktail parties," Mr. Burrows explained, "we—er—all try to put our best foot forward, so to speak. Socially, I mean. In the matter of appearance, that is. I—er—ha-ha—always wear my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes."

"I understand," Inez said. "Yes, I have a dress." Inez's smile indicated to Mr. Burrows that she fully understood, *especially* about the dress.

"I've sent an invitation to Mr. Grimes," Mr. Burrows said. "And although I doubt if he will come, I think if he does you might undertake to introduce yourself. After all, he is—ahem—your special baby, is he not?"

"Oh, my," Inez sighed. "Yes, I suppose he is."

"Yes—well—ha-ha—that's all, thank you."

Actually, although Inez did have quite a few dresses, she decided to buy a new one for the cocktail party. She reasoned that this cocktail party was the nonliterary, the necessarily materialistic and showy part of the publishing world, and that full participation was one of the sacrifices one had to make to become a successful part of it. This applied especially to Mr. Grimes. If it was to the advantage of Sheraton House to maintain the good will of this potbellied insurance salesman by dazzling him with Martinis, big names, and fashionable women, it was her duty to do her part.

When Tim received his invitation, he tossed it into the lap of his sister, Helen.

"Look at this," he said. "A voice from the what-ought-to-be-dead."

"Gee, it looks like fun," Helen said.

"Then you go," Tim said.

"I will if you will," Helen said.

"Not for me," Tim told her. "Why should I waste an afternoon with a lot of tea-drinking bookworms?"

"Cocktails. It's a cocktail party."

"That was the worst stunt you ever pulled," Tim said "—sending that book."

"You owe it to them to go," Helen insisted. "After all, they're spending a lot of money on you. At least you can show them what you look like."

"No," said Tim. "I don't want to go."

"But I do," said Helen.

Tim laughed. "All right," he said. "Maybe you'll meet a real, live, honest-to-goodness author, and you'll see what a mistake it was to try to make me one."

"Good boy," said Helen. "Thanks for giving in."

"I want to see what this Atherton guy looks like. I'll bet I can spot him from fifty feet away."

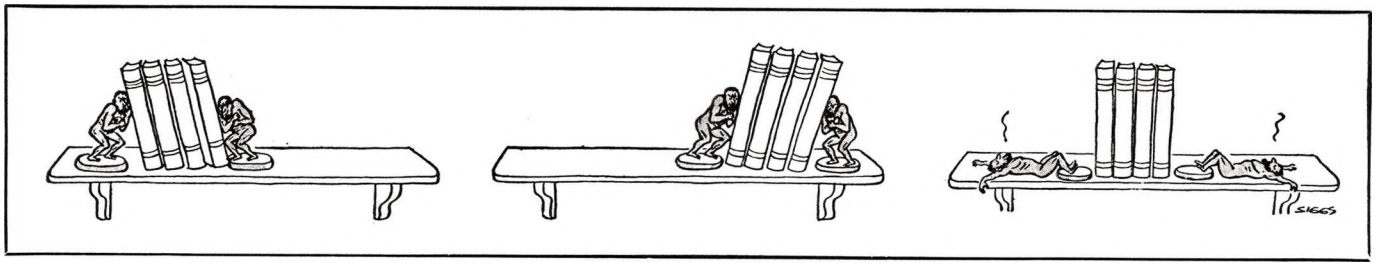
TIM AND Helen, being entirely unaware of the etiquette of such affairs, arrived at the cocktail party at the hour printed on the invitation, and as a result found only a dozen people standing about uncomfortably in a room designed to hold a hundred or more. Everyone seemed to be busily and self-consciously talking, and as no one greeted the Grimeses, they immediately went to the bar for something to check their feeling of awkward embarrassment.

"That one," Tim whispered to Helen when he had the little glass clutched in his fingers, "that one over there—fifty to one that's Atherton."

"Don't be so sure," said Helen. "It might be anyone."

"That's why I think it's Atherton," Tim said. "Look—would Atherton wear pince-nez glasses? Yes. Would Atherton jerk his head around like a hungry sparrow? Yes. Would Atherton wear a high collar and worry himself to a frazzle about whether Lincoln once served in the House of Representatives? Would he open and shut that little flat pocket watch that way? Would anybody but Atherton—"

"Tim," said Helen, "stop talking so much and go over and ask him if he's Mr. Atherton."



"All right," he said. "I'll do just that."

Tim left Helen at the bar and went directly to the gentleman in question.

"Excuse me," Tim smiled, "but—"

"Oh, how do you do, how do you do," said the gentleman, with a recognition that stopped Tim cold. He shook Tim's hand enthusiastically. "Delighted to see you, delighted!"

"Thanks," said Tim, and then, before the mistaken recognition could go any further, he said, "I'm Tim Grimes."

The handshaking stopped abruptly. A look of deep concern spread across the gentleman's face. "Oh, dear," he said, "not really."

"Yes," said Tim, now sure that this was Atherton, "really."

"Oh, my," said the gentleman. "Well—you—er—ha-ha—my name is Burrows, Mr. Grimes."

"Oh," said Tim, who had long ago forgotten Mr. Burrows' name and whose only reaction to the revelation was disappointment that it was not Atherton.

"Dandy book," said Burrows, "very exciting, eh? Ha-ha."

"Then you work with Sheraton House?" Tim asked.

"I beg your pardon?" said Burrows.

The injured expression in Burrows' eyes caused Tim's memory to function. He searched quickly for something to say, but could think of nothing until he suddenly thought that he might legitimately ask about "The Sun Sets in the East."

"How's the book going?" he asked Burrows heartily.

"Which book? Oh, yours, you mean. Why, Mr. Grimes, it isn't out yet. None of the authors here today are out yet. This is all in the nature of an—er—ha-ha—prepublication fete."

"Oh," said Tim. "I see."

"Have you met—" Mr. Burrows started to ask, when his arm was seized by a robust matron with a two-foot feather in her hat.

"Perkins Burrows!" the matron shouted, "I have a bone to pick with you!"

As Mr. Burrows was obliged, by social law, to pick a bone with the interrupting matron, Tim could only look about the room again for Helen. The crowd seemed suddenly to have multiplied many times, and the smoke of a cocktail-party battle was beginning to obscure his vision. He made his way back to the bar, and secured another cocktail for himself. This was immediately spilled onto his trouser leg by a stern-looking older man who said "Pardon me!" in a tone that clearly meant "Why don't you watch out where you're going?"

For the next ten minutes, Tim stood off in a corner, occasionally shaking his damp trouser leg and muttering his solemn vow never again to let Helen make him do something against his better judgment.

He had almost made up his mind to leave Helen to her own fate and go home, when he sensed, more than actually heard, a subtle, mass intake of breath. His eyes, following a movement common to at least half the people there, swept across the room, pierced several chattering groups, and landed smack on Inez. There they remained.

INEZ FLOWED through the crowd like mercury, as if there were no bones within her body to give it the limited motions possible to other human beings. Her dress, suspended over one shoulder only, seemed to have been painted on her from the waist up and not to be attached to her at all from the waist down. Her expression, although actually fixed in a faint, warm smile, seemed to change with each light or shadow that flitted across it.

Tim braced himself against the wall as he realized that she was headed directly toward him. When she was two or three feet from him, she stopped, looked around the room, searching into the little knots of people for someone whom she obviously did not see. Tim noticed that the moment her eyes stopped at any one person that person quickly looked away, as if he had been caught peeking through the keyhole of a lady's boudoir. Precisely the same thing happened to him when, a moment later, she turned to him abruptly and said, "Excuse me, have you seen Mr. Burrows?"

"HAVE *I* seen Mr. Burrows?" Tim repeated, with a full realization of how silly he must have sounded.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Perkins Burrows."

"I—why, no—I mean yes—yes, I have."

"Oh, good," she said. "I was beginning to think he wasn't here. You don't see him now, do you?"

"I—why, let me see," Tim said, and looked through the crowd with an obliging intensity. "No, I don't. I was talking to him a few minutes ago, though."

"In a crowd like this," she said, "I don't suppose I'll ever find him."

"Is it important?" Tim asked, because he could think of nothing else to say.

Inez looked at him squarely for the first time. Her eyes seemed to cover his face, examine its sharp nose, its wide mouth, its dark, arched eyebrows, and its square chin, and then, without moving from his face, to inspect the rest of his six-foot-one-inch person. There was something not quite polite about that moment. Its directness and unrestrained candor seemed vaguely outside the rules of conventional social behavior. She finished her survey with a smile of happy, even delighted, approval.

Tim cleared his throat. "If it's important," he brought himself to say, "maybe I can rustle him up for you."

Inez laughed. "No," she said, "it really isn't that important."

My Lord, thought Tim, she even has good teeth.

"If you want to know the real reason I'm looking for him," Inez smiled, "it's because I feel lost. He's the only person in the room I know well."

"That's impossible," Tim said.

Inez laughed again. "Why?" she asked. "It happens to be the truth. Do you know all of them?"

"No," he said, "I know only one. And I have no idea where she's gone to."

"In that case," Inez said, "we have something in common."

"Then let's have a drink," Tim said.

TIM TOOK her by the hand and led her toward the bar. Inez, who had been taken by the hand a good many times before in her life, was surprised to find herself holding on a little more tightly than was quite proper. She was much more surprised to find herself admiring Tim's back, and she was most surprised of all to feel excitedly thankful that she had worn this dress instead of one of the Brenthoffer suits.

By an heroic effort, of which Tim at this moment felt more than capable, he managed to pick up two cocktails.

"The last time I did this," he told her, "a man emptied it down my trouser leg."

"We'd better move away from here," she said.

SHE LED Tim toward a door and through it into a smaller room where there was actually a place to sit down.

"You must have been here before," Tim told her, "to know this room existed."

"No," she said, "I just knew that the other side of any door would be better than that mess in there."

"You don't like cocktail parties?"

"No. Do you?"

"No," said Tim, "I like cocktails and I like parties, but I don't like cocktail parties."

"Especially like this one," Inez agreed. "This kind scares me. I always feel so out of place."

Tim doubted that, but he said, "So does everyone else. That's what makes them so bad."

"If you don't like them," she asked, "why are you here?"

"I'll be darned if I know," Tim said. "But then why are *you* here?"

"I'll be darned if I know," she imitated him genially, and the friendship became firmer.

"Are you an author?" Tim suggested.

"Not exactly," she said. "I'm sort of a halfway author by mistake."

"That," Tim said, "is exactly what I am."

"Well," Inez laughed, "we have a *lot* in common. What kind of stuff are you a halfway-by-mistake author of?"

"Let's not go into that." Tim said. "I write like a plumber."

Inez was more intrigued than ever. This wasn't the way the few other authors she had met in her work had talked about their writing. "That's what I call bending over backward to be modest," she said.

"I'm not modest at all," Tim said. "Now, for instance, if you were to ask me if I were a good insurance executive, you'd get quite a different answer."

The charming and charmed smile on Inez's lips slowly straightened into an expression of shocked astonishment. "D-d-d-did you say insurance executive?" she stuttered.

"Sure," he said. "That's what I am."

Tim could think of no reason why she should look so frightened, so he decided that what was on her face was something as close to disapproval as her lovely features would allow.

"I hope you're not disappointed," he said. "I mean, I hope you haven't got anything against insurance people."

"Oh no! I—I'm very interested in insurance."

Tim smiled. "Thanks," he said, "but you don't have to be polite."

"No," she said. "Insurance fascinates me. But what would an insurance executive be doing at a party like this?"

She seemed so genuinely and deeply interested that Tim decided to tell her. "Well," he said, "when I was a salesman, I used to get awfully tired of sitting around in the outer offices of big gears, waiting for them to see me. So just because I thought it might be more fun to write a book than to read one, I used all that time to turn out a manuscript."

"What did you call it?" Inez interrupted, and held her breath.

"'The Sun Sets in the East'"—Tim laughed—"and wait till I tell you why I called it that."

Inez let out her breath. Then she laughed, with such enormous amusement that Tim felt he had to tell her, "Wait. It isn't funny yet. Wait till you hear the rest."

"I want to," Inez said. "Oh, yes. I do want to very much." And then she laughed again.

At that moment Mr. Burrows came tripping by them.

"Hello there, Grimes," he nodded. "Glad to see you two getting on so famously."

And he was gone again.

"I'm glad to see it myself," Tim said to Inez.

"So am I," Inez said, "very glad."

"By the way," Tim said, "if you really wanted to see Burrows, that was he."

"I know," said Inez. "But I don't want to see him anymore. I'm very happy right here."

"Wonderful," said Tim. "Do you want to hear the rest of this very silly story?"

"Sure," she said. "From beginning to end."

So Tim told her how he had written the book bit by bit, confessing that he was completely unqualified to write it, that he had titled it by whim alone, that his sister Helen had sent it to Sheraton House, and that the whole thing amused him but also gave him something of a guilty conscience.

"Oh, you shouldn't feel that way," she told him.

"The only thing that really bothers me," he told her, "is that Burrows dumped the whole thing into the lap of some poor old duffer named Atherton. He's been working on it for months, though what they think they can do with it is beyond me. But I did warn them. I did do that."

"How do you know Atherton is an old duffer?" she asked. "Maybe he's a pretty nice guy."

"Oh, I'm sure he's a fine old fellow, all right," Tim said. "But his letters make him sound a little prissy. Know what I mean? Stiff, formal, no warmth, sort of old-maidish."

"Old-maidish?"

"Yeah," Tim said. "He sounds like a guy who ought to crawl out from behind the bookshelf and take a look at life one of these days. Fall in love or gamble his life savings or join the circus. Know what I mean?"

"Do you really think so?" she asked.

"Well," Tim laughed, "maybe falling in love is asking too much. I doubt if he's heard about the two sexes."

"No," said Inez, "but who knows? Maybe he's willing to learn."

"Can I get you a refill?" Tim asked, pointing to her empty glass.

"Sure," she said. "I'll be waiting for you. Thanks."

Tim struggled back through the swarm of cocktailers in the next room. At the bar, he met Helen.

"Where have you been?" asked Helen. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Let's go home."

"Home!" said Tim. "Why?"

"You were right," she said. "This is terrible. I'm sorry I did this to you."

"I'm having a fine time," Tim said. "I don't want to go home."

"Tim!" she said, "I don't believe it. You're teasing me. Come on. I apologize. But take me home. Please."

"I can't right now," he said. "I'm busy."

"Busy with what?"

"A wonderful girl! A marvelous girl! Come on, I'll introduce you to her."

He dragged Helen back through the crowd and into the room in which he had left Inez.

"What's her name?" asked Helen. "Who is she?"

"Come to think of it," Tim said, "I don't know. I'll have to find out."

But Inez was not there. It was not her fault she was not there. She had wanted very much to stay with Tim, or better still, to leave with Tim. But Mr. Burrows, two famous authors, and two directors of Sheraton House had found her sitting alone, waiting for Tim to return with the drinks. They had surrounded her and gone on the offensive, and by the time Tim returned she was back in the main room, hemmed in by a disproportionate percentage of the male guests present. Tim took one look at the situation, after finally locating her, measured the hopelessness of extricating her, and sadly agreed with Helen that it was time to get on home.

"But how," he asked Helen on the way home, "will I be able to find her again?"

"They're a dime a dozen at those la-de-dah cocktail parties," said Helen, who had taken one quick look at Inez and succumbed to the inevitable female reaction to her.

"She's magnificent," Tim said, "and what's more she's smart."

"Smart!" said Helen. "If she could write her name, I'd be surprised. Women like that aren't smart, too. God doesn't make them that way."

"God wasn't looking this time," Tim said, and receded into silent concentration on what a fool he had been to leave without finding out who she was.

A week later *The Sun Sets in the East* was released to the public. Three days after that Sheraton House had reorders from every bookstore that carried it, plus new orders by the bagful.

An excerpt from a typical review will indicate why.

> Into a book that might otherwise have been a conventional, run-of-the-mill, historical costume piece, Mr. Grimes has injected a vivid, almost inflammatory, passion. *The Sun Sets in the East* is a love story, or rather a series of love stories crossing and recrossing each other, that bursts out of the Civil War period setting and flows over into all ages in which men and women have found their physical differences interesting to one another. Mr. Grimes has managed this always absorbing subject without leaning to the obscene or filling his pages with the clinical discussions of sex all too frequently found in less subtle, and consequently less effective, novels. *The Sun Sets in the East* is not a great novel. At times it seems close to amateurish. But that it will be popular, this reviewer has no doubt, and it will be a popularity that no honest reader can rightfully begrudge.

Inez was expecting the letter from Tim. She knew it would come, after she read the reviews, and she didn't know what she was going to do about it. She had meant to tell him, at the cocktail party, that she was I. Atherton, but she had been unable to bring herself to do it before he went to refill her cocktail glass. Then it had been too late. She had let it go too far, and she was miserably sorry about it. Now he would surely never forgive her.

And what surprised her was that she wished mightily to be forgiven. She wished she had not allowed things to appear as if she were making fun of him. She wished there were some straightforward, easy way to clear up the nonsense about the book and to get on with what she knew, with her unerring instinct in such matters, could and should be a far more suitable relationship than that of editor and author.

Tim's angry letter had made that seem the most remote possibility.

> DEAR MR. ATHERTON: I dare say you feel you and Sheraton House are to be congratulated on the reviews of *The Sun Sets in the East*. I do not. My own astonishment upon reading the reviews, and then the book itself, was nothing compared to that of my business associates. It is all very well for a professional writer to be billed as the author of the panting prose you have published under my name. It is *not* all very well for a professional insurance man. Isn't there something we can do about it? I realize that my own indifference to this whole thing is largely at fault. But I never expected this! Sincerely.

In despair and frustration, Inez immediately replied:

> DEAR MR. GRIMES: I was sorry to learn your reaction to the reception given your book. I'm afraid it is a little too late to do anything about it now. If you have any suggestions, we would be more than happy to have you write them to us. Yours, I. ATHERTON.

A week went by, during which Inez brooded so deeply she was unable to work. She thought she ought to call Tim and explain, but each time that simple solution occurred to her, she was able to see a dozen reasons why it was no solution at all. He would be furious with her. He would hang up on her. He would

think she was a smug little smart aleck. She had embarrassed him with the rewrite of the book, and he would certainly now feel that she had made a fool of him by not saying who she really was at the cocktail party. The quickest way not to reach a man's heart, she had reason to know, was to hurt his pride. No, it was simply impossible to explain it and expect anything but the most unsympathetic response.

She thought of resigning her job, but then realized that would help nothing. She did, however, ask Mr. Burrows for a couple of days off, feeling that if she got away from the problem for a while, she might come up with the answer.

THE MORNING she returned to her desk there was a letter on it from Tim. She was hesitant about opening it for fear that it might contain another outburst of disfavor and thus make it even more hopelessly out of the question to reveal who she really was.

When finally she tore through the flap and spread the letter out, she read:

DEAR MR. ATHERTON: I think if you will answer just three questions, we might come to a most pleasant understanding, both for the present, and I dare to hope, for the future. Let me state these questions frankly:

1. Will you have drinks and dinner with me, and spend the evening in my company on this coming Wednesday?
2. If the answer to that is yes, will you wear the same dress you wore to the Sheraton House cocktail party?
3. Do you believe in love at first sight?

Sincerely,
TIMOTHY GRIMES

Inez read the letter twice. Then she put it back in the envelope, and tried not to cry. Then she took the letter out of the envelope and then she read it two more times and then she did cry. Then she laughed. Then she thought very hard for several minutes and then she picked up the office phone on her desk.

"Mr. Burrows," she said, a moment later, "did Mr. Grimes come into the office while I was gone?"

"Oh, hello, Miss Atherton. Welcome back," said Burrows. "Yes, Grimes was in. And—er—ha-ha—I must say it was all very confusing. Naturally, I knew nothing of the incident at the cocktail party. By which I mean to say, Miss Atherton, I naturally assumed when I saw you and Grimes chatting together that he knew who you were. I must say that when I inadvertently divulged your identity during his visit here, the effect was rather startling. That is to say, he—ahem—literally flew from the chair in which he was sitting. If I were you, Miss Atherton—"

"Thanks, Mr. Burrows," Inez interrupted, "thanks very, very much. That's all I wanted to know."

Inez slipped a piece of paper into the roller of her typewriter. It took only a minute to write the letter. It said:

DEAR MR. GRIMES:
In reply to the three queries in your recent letter, the answer to all three is yes, yes, oh yes, yes, yes.
Love,
I. ATHERTON

THE END

Lead Soldiers Never Die (Continued from page 49)

have no desire to take up a career marching in parades. I merely wished to —go out in my old uniform."

Mrs. Merriam said she was sure she understood, and squirmed out of it, but just as she was leaving, she made a second incredible blunder.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"Fine," the major said promptly into his newspaper.

"Please look. Please tell me."

He glanced at her. "The uniform shows to better advantage," he said precisely, "now that you've filled it out."

"Of course," she said uncomfortably. She paused at the door. "Do you think you'll go over and watch the parade?"

"I will not. They may have their parade, and they know what they can do with it."

Now it was the Army's fault.

Mrs. Merriam left, and the major threw down his newspaper and got up and walked around the apartment.

For several days after this, he was sullen and morose; he seemed burdened with his years, almost with life itself. He spoke only when spoken to, even at the office. When the doorman of the apartment building, who had been a Signal Corps sergeant in the first war, saluted him and addressed him as "Major," which he had done for years, he returned the salute with his usual precision and verve, but this now seemed the hollowest of gestures, a mockery, for he knew that his military career had come to its end.

Of course, he could buy a new uniform; certainly he could reduce. But there was a little something not served by any such device: something nebulous, a tender nostalgia that lay deep in the major's heart. Although he had served only in time of war, as a citizen-soldier, the two tours of duty now seemed to have added up to most of his life.

No, the major decided, no device would do. All was over.

ONE EVENING about two weeks after the Army Day parade, just when he was beginning to be his old jolly self, he and his wife went to a movie, and during the stroll home, he stopped short in front of a small store on First Avenue.

"Look!" he said. Mrs. Merriam looked. The window was full of lead soldiers.

For a moment, he just stood there. Then, taking a rather deep breath, he said, "Well!" Then, "Well, well, well! Why, I haven't seen any lead soldiers since I was a kid. You could buy a regiment for less than a dollar. Now look at these: all nations; and cavalry, infantry, artillery . . . "

The major went on, pointing out the various arms represented and so forth, his enthusiasm so far outstripping his capacity for expression that in the end he stood there sputtering.

Most of the lead soldiers were displayed in shallow paper boxes, where their enameled beauty—especially in such colorful items as the French Foreign Legion and the British Grenadiers—was shown to stunning advantage. But on the floor of the show window, somebody, doubtless some babe who never had been in a major battle in her life, had attempted a sort of diorama of the armed services in action, and this part of the scene quickly brought the major to another tack: He pointed out soldiers marching in formation straight into the jaws of death, machine gunners so placed that all they could shoot was each other.

"Wiped out to the last man!" he said.

What had been a leisurely walk home now became a forced march, the major's shoulders well back. When he missed a curb and nearly fell on his face and his wife said, "Careful, dear!" he seemed to take offense, and had nothing to say until, following an hour of reflective silence just before bedtime, he said suddenly, "To the last man!"

"What?" his wife asked.

"You heard me," the major said curtly.

The next evening he came home from the office carrying a flat parcel that, Mrs. Merriam knew even before he opened it, contained lead soldiers. There were only two dozen, but the major scarcely could wait till supper was over and the table cleared so he could set up this new command. He placed his soldiers in various parade and drill formations, explaining each one, but he so clearly was handicapped by the number of troops at his disposal that his wife was not at all surprised when he brought home more soldiers the next night—two boxes.

He was rather apologetic about it. "I felt I needed a reasonable complement," he explained. "Of course," he added, when he saw his wife nodding in gentle agreement, "even so, I'll have to use single soldiers in some instances to represent whole platoons. Perhaps companies." He hesitated, feeling his way carefully. "A battalion in some cases. For a proper parade, you know."

This brief discourse rang a distant bell in Mrs. Merriam's mind, a pealing that she did not at the moment recognize but that became as clear as a carillon within the week, when her husband arrived with several more of the flat boxes that she had come to understand contained no nylons.

The major now moved to the living-room floor. The table had become too small for the actual maneuvers he now undertook.

A few days later he openly brought home some more soldiers, but within ten days he had begun to cheat. What had started as a casual pastime had now begun to take on the proportions, he realized, of a major vice. He held a position of trust and responsibility with one of the larger banks, and he possessed enough property in securities and real estate so that his financial position was secure. What had begun to worry him was the psychological view; his pastime long since had passed the joking stage. At the office, he would sternly remind himself that tonight he must go straight home, or perhaps limit himself to a single sergeant major that he especially needed —only to find himself not only in the store, but leaving it armed to the teeth.

He figured he was, in a way, an addict to the mania extent. He hated to face his wife.

The cheating itself was simple enough. All he had to do upon entering the apartment was go directly to his room and hide the soldiers in secret places.

In the end, this secrecy, of course, defeated itself: There was no use having so many lead soldiers if they couldn't be deployed. So, little by little, the major began to visualize a great battle. The idea grew. He kept books on all the elements of his command, both those his wife knew about and the ones of which she was ignorant. He divided this latter group into two categories, Immediate Reserves he felt he could break out without courting divorce, and his Potentials, or bottom-bureau-drawer troops.

He bought a relief map, cut it to size, and mounted it on a card table in his room, now a sort of War Room, or G.H.Q. He sketched in his communications and supply situation, and wrote out complicated battle orders. And presently he came to the point where it would have to be worked out in graphic portrayal on the living-room floor, or he would burst. This meant using his hidden troops.

HE SAID one evening to his wife, casually enough, "Dear, I have in mind a major operation."

She looked at him in alarm. "Darling!" she cried. "What on earth for?"

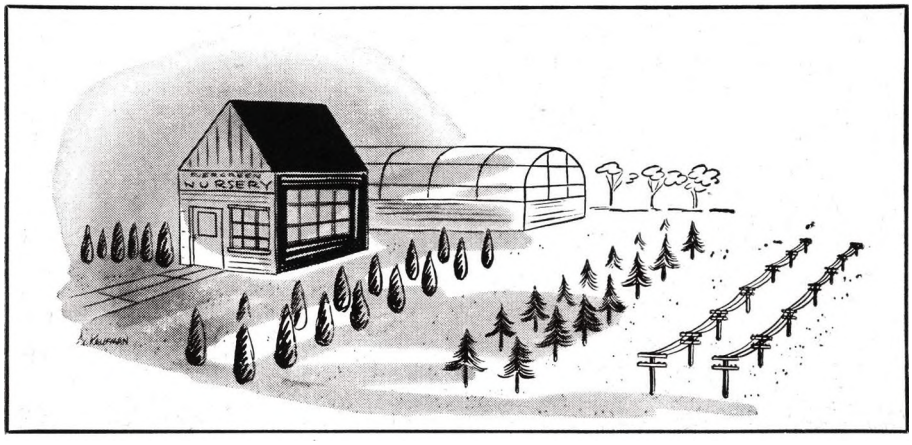
"I refer to an operation in the military sense," he said quickly and a bit stiffly. "A climactic battle."

"Oh," Mrs. Merriam said.

"Yes." The major waited a moment. "Of course, I'll have to . . . ah . . . invest in a few more units. And as I see it now, I'll have to leave certain elements in position. It would be impossible for me to keep picking up the whole thing every evening, then putting it down the next evening. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Merriam looked at him in dismay.

"I know what you're thinking," he said, "but all it means, really, is a simple rearrangement of a few pieces of furniture to cover basic installations during the day. Then in the evenings, or on weekends, I could"—he hesitated—"I could pile the furniture in one end of the room. Get the idea?"



"I—think I understand what you mean."

"Fine. Have you any objections?"

"I guess not," Mrs. Merriam said slowly. "Of course— Do you suppose the battle could be arranged— I mean, it would be nice to have the room livable."

The major laughed shortly. "I will try to adjust the battle," he said patiently, "to fit the furniture as well as I can."

"Do you mean you'll have both sides? Both armies? Do you have enough soldiers for that?" (At this point, Mrs. Merriam probably could have bitten her tongue off, but she didn't.)

"I'll have to block in the attack," the major said, and here he probably would have liked to bite his own tongue off. He sat late in his G.H.Q. that night, thinking it over, looking at it from the delightful point of view his wife had suggested. Plainly he needed another army—you can't have a battle all by yourself. His heart beat a little faster as he started a new set of books, boldly labeled, THE ENEMY.

He realized now that this was no mere routine engagement.

This was war.

A COMPASSIONATE and understanding person, Mrs. Merriam had realized the depth of her husband's feeling about the parade, and far from deprecating, she had welcomed his new hobby. The only serious mistake she had made was when she once referred, innocently enough, to his "playing with lead soldiers." This had not sat well at all.

The major put in some difficult weeks awaiting the new army he had ordered. Up to now, his soldiers had been on the miscellaneous side, ranging all the way from American Colonials (he even had a smattering of Redskins, or Injuns) to modern operational units, including one paratroop battalion. He realized that too many had been bought with an eye to color and novelty. Now, with war imminent, he felt the need for consolidation, for choosing up definite sides.

From the way things looked in the newspapers, the Russians were on one side and everybody else on the other, so this heterogeny didn't matter too much. The trouble lay in procuring the Russians. The lead-soldier store hadn't a Russian in stock. The solution was to take a lot of other soldiers, selected at random, and simply have them dipped in red enamel at the factory. The major didn't especially go for this unreality in uniform, since the Red Army wore the same color as other modern armies. But he bowed to the expedient on the side both of symbolism and of keeping the Russians from getting mixed up, in the heat of battle, with non-Soviet elements.

During his two weeks' wait, a really maddening delay, the major had thought of other things. Air power, for example. The day he remembered air power was decisive in respect to his whole war. He was in a store buying a few tanks when he saw the toy airplanes.

He was struck with the full force of his oversight. No wonder he never had attained the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Army! Here he was starting a whole new war, and he thought of air power only by accident! And, good Lord, where was the navy? Was the war to be won without some kind of naval support? He could have kicked himself.

He purchased token forces of the air and naval arms at once.

The first thing he came up against

when he got home was, of course, no coastline and no ocean on the living-room floor. And for that matter, no air, on a practical basis. However, he worked out a plan. Although the logical scene of action was Alaska, according to the radio, he would substitute a flatter and more simple Florida, backing up a bit into Georgia. This he would mark out in chalk on the carpet, then establish the enemy feint, attack, and diversion, and rough in the basic countermoves of the defense forces. This phase done, he would erase Florida as a whole and re-chalk about a third of the state on a larger scale as the issue closed in. Then, climactically, he would come down to his final battlefield, each successive blowup of his map covering the entire room.

For air power, he planned to run strings across the room—a foot above the floor for attack, two to three feet for bombardment. The strings would be fastened to the walls with heavy thumbtacks and the aircraft hung on them by means of screw eyes. Aircraft would actually move, the direction of the attacks controlled by the strings. It was ingenious.

While awaiting the arrival of the Russians from the lead-soldier factory, the major drew up detailed plans in his War Room for the final phase while still carrying on the others. The furniture in the living room had to be rearranged during the day to cover his dispositions. He managed to conceal the bulk of his mobile reserve beneath the davenport, but more active components were not so easy to handle, with the result that some chairs and odd items, such as the coffee table, were in such juxtaposition that when, on occasion, friends of Mrs. Merriam's dropped in for tea, they had to sit facing in odd directions and at peculiar distances from each other: one in a corner, sitting just over a tank unit; another, covering a mine field, let us say, touching knees with the occupant of a chair beneath which lurked the advance elements of a motorized division, virtually in position to start firing.

Evenings, of course (and more and more in the daytime, as the major increasingly lost interest in going to the bank, looking on banking as a nonessential civilian activity), the furniture was simply shoved aside or piled up.

He had some trouble with the initial, or all-Florida phase. The soldiers were too large, or the map too small—the limitations of the living room had infuriated the major—and on top of that, after he so carefully had chalked in a scale map, laboriously transformed by tape measure and foot rule from the master map in the War Room, the maid, Janice, had spent upward of an hour (Mrs. Merriam being absent) in taking the whole thing up with the vacuum cleaner.

The major nearly went to pieces when that happened.

"MY DEAR," Mrs. Merriam said with a strange calm, as she looked at the roll of barbed wire he had brought home, "what have you there?"

"What does it look like?" the major snapped. He was tired.

"It looks like barbed wire."

"Well, it is."

His wife weighed her next question. "What's it for?" she asked mildly.

"Defenses."

"On the carpet?"

"Of course, on the carpet. Did you think I was going to fortify the bathroom?"

"I didn't know," she said helplessly. "But how will we get around?"

"Walk!" the major said. He started to his room to take a nap, but she stopped him. "Now, listen," she said ominously, looking him straight in the eye. "I think there's such a thing as going a bit too—"

"Take it easy, Alice," he said. "I'm going to cut some of it into short lengths, a foot or two, and just *lay* them on the carpet to indicate wire and other defense installations, and only for the final action."

After supper, he cut off pieces of the wire with pliers and straightened or curved them as his plans indicated. This took over an hour and cost him three slight wounds.

When he had finished, he took a handful of soldiers to the kitchen, turned on the largest burner of the gas range, held a soldier in his pliers, and thrust him into the flame. He looked around to see his wife standing in the doorway.

"And now what?" she asked pleasantly.

The major cleared his throat. "I'm fixing up a few casualties."

"I should think you could just twist them with the pliers."

"All you'd get would be a few broken arms and legs. For a real casualty, you've got to have a completely relaxed look. Melted. All over."

Before Mrs. Merriam could comment, the phone rang, and she went to answer it. "For you," she called.

Muttering impatiently, the major put down a badly damaged infantryman and went out. It was the manager of the lead-soldier store following instructions to phone the minute the new army arrived.

"The Russians are here, Major," he said.

"Thank you, Harold," the major said. "Tomorrow."

The phone rang again as the major was turning away, and Mrs. Merriam answered it. After a moment, she held her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to him. "It's Mary," she said. "She and the general are driving up to Danbury in the morning to look at some property, and they want us to go along. Tomorrow's Saturday, you know."

The major thought quickly. The general was Charlie Abbott, president of the bank of which the major was a vice-president. On the other hand, the Russians had arrived, and there was nothing on earth he needed more, right now, than a whole uninterrupted day, all to himself—

He shook his head. "I honestly don't feel up to it, dear, haven't been myself lately at all, but I know Mary would want you along, so you just arrange to go. Tell the general I'm feeling a bit rocky."

Mrs. Merriam reported the message and hung up. "They're calling for me at nine in the morning," she said. She frowned a little. "Dear, I didn't know you weren't feeling well."

"It's nothing. Absolutely nothing. I didn't want to go."

"I see. Well, in that case, you'll have a whole day to play with your lead soldiers."

The major looked at her. "Alice," he said gently, "if you use that expression just once more, so help me, I'll see my lawyer!"

BY THE time the major had lugged part of the furniture into the dining room and piled the rest of it against the wall, using the davenport as the keystone of this domestic arch, he was puffing badly, but he allowed himself only the briefest rest before breaking out the Russian Army, which he had hurried over to get the minute his wife and the Abbotts had left.

The factory had done a fine job; the Russians were beauties.

At the end of two hours, he had all armies in position, ready for his climactic maneuver. He made himself a double whisky and took it to his quarters to sit down at his maps and charts. It was raining out, but very cozy and nice here at G.H.Q. The whisky hit the spot.

Just as he was finishing his drink, the major had an idea so staggering that it—well, it staggered him. For weeks now, he had been working on the floor, bending down, standing up, kneeling, moving his torso left and right, squatting, unsquatting, sitting down, reaching.

Perhaps his uniform would fit!

He got up and took off his coat and pants and found the uniform in the very back of his closet. When he got it out, he saw that all he had was the blouse. He went back in, but the slacks were not there. What on earth had Alice done with them? Well, never mind . . .

He put the blouse on and pulled it slowly together. It met! He buttoned up—the buttons held!

He was delighted beyond measure. He started to reach for his civilian pants but let them go: he'd just wear the blouse a little while to see if the buttons held.

Now, with added authority, he carried out his maneuvers in the living room. All the way through he had tried his best to maintain a strictly objective view of the great battle. That is to say, when he was handling one side he tried to forget what the other side was doing, except to the extent that reasonable intelligence operations would be expected to keep him informed. Nevertheless, the Russians were being relentlessly driven back toward the sea.

Now the major converged his air power, hung across the room on strings, on the center of Russian weakness. In for the kill!

Then the major thought of something—the atomic bomb!

How in the hell had he overlooked, of all things, the atomic bomb? Of all the damn—

Well, at least he could use it for the *coup de grâce*. He looked around the room. Nothing like an atomic bomb was in sight. One of the two lighting fixtures in the ceiling was just about over the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MIRACLE DRUGS

Richard Armour

Chemists brew them,
Skeptics boo them,
Bureaus test them,
Rivals best them,
Docs prescribe them,
Sick imbibe them,
Druggists sell them,
I can't spell them.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Russian position. That might do. No, no use being ridiculous.

Perhaps the kitchen . . .

When he saw the rather small honeydew melon in the refrigerator, he knew he was in. The only problem now was to find a way of suspending it from the lighting fixture. He got some of the string left over from his aircraft installations and tried to make a net for it, but the melon slipped through when he lifted it. But his luck had not run out. Upon opening a drawer beneath the sink, the first thing he saw was a skewer. He took it out, pushed it slowly into the melon, and lifted the ensemble by the skewer's loop. It stuck!

He tied one end of a piece of string to the loop, the other end to a Red Army soldier. The only thing available to stand on in the living room was the coffee table. This was a fragile affair with a polished top. The major placed it in position not quite under the ceiling fixture, took off his shoes, and slowly mounted the table, testing it. It creaked a little, but held. He tossed the soldier over the fixture, caught him, and tied the melon at the desired height, about a foot above his head.

He looked down at the battle. Yes, the atomic bomb seemed in about the right position. Too high, perhaps. It appeared that the bomb might well take effect, in part, on friendly forces. How to find out?

He had an idea. A year or two before, he had gone into a flurry of photography, and among several cameras he owned was one with an attached synchronized flash apparatus. It occurred to him that if he were to hold this just under the bomb, pointed down, and take a flash, he could produce a print that would show the actual range and effect of the bomb so far as its initial blast was concerned. Just study the lights and shadows!

The major found the camera in the hall closet. It was loaded with film and flash bulb. Again he stood upon the coffee table. It creaked some more, but he figured it would hold.

He held the camera up and over, beneath the bomb, aimed at the floor. Just as he was pressing the lever, he was conscious of a movement of some sort at his left, and he glanced at the entrance to the living room and saw standing there General and Mary Abbott, and Alice.

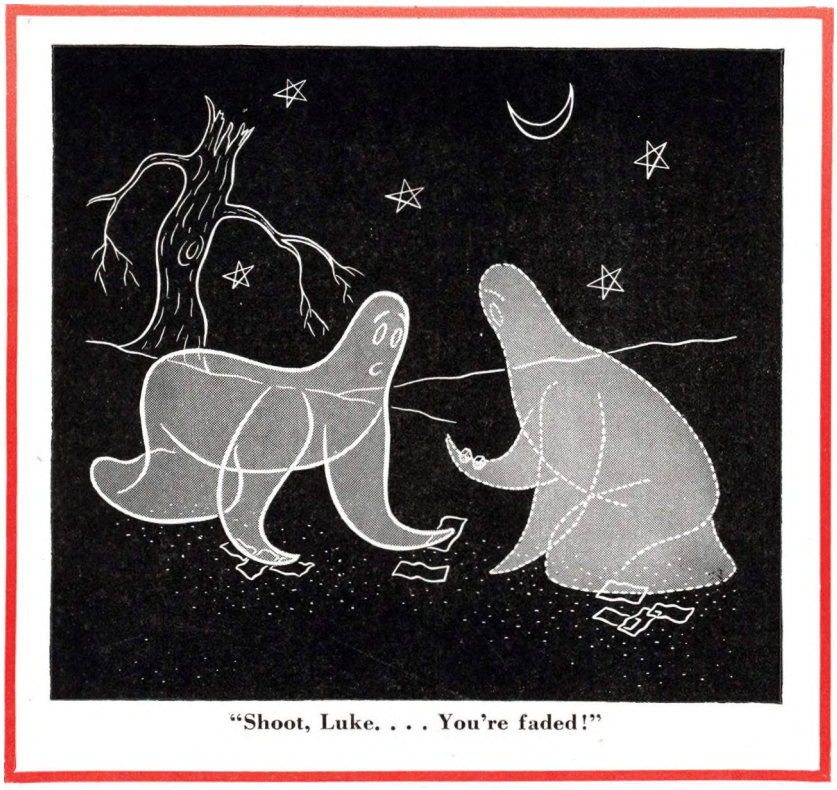
"ALL RIGHT," said Harrison MacGowan, chairman of the board of the bank, looking at Charlie Abbott across his large desk. He leaned back in his chair and made a tent of his hands, fingers touching. "Go on, General. You say a melon hit him on the head. But where did the melon come from?"

"I don't know. There was a flash, then the coffee table gave way—"

"What flash? Confound it, start at the beginning again. I'm lost."

"When everything happens at once, there is no beginning. But I'll try. We invited them to drive up to the country with us on Saturday. He declined, through Alice, who said he didn't feel up to it. So we picked up Alice. She repeated that the major wasn't feeling quite himself. She said something to the effect that it was because of this that he had been skipping so many days at the office, which I should have guessed because I remembered that on the days he has come in lately he hasn't seemed just —right. Preoccupied. Forgetful.

"Well, we ran into a heavy storm in



"Shoot, Luke. . . . You're faded!"

Connecticut and decided this was no day to look at property. So after lunch, we returned, the idea being that we'd have a couple of cocktails at their place and see if the major felt up to having dinner someplace in town. We went into the apartment when we got back and were just entering the living room when I saw the major. At this instant came the flash. I was blinded momentarily, and as I have said, the major began to fall. He had something in his hand. I don't know what it was, possibly a camera. That may have been the flash. The thing flew over behind a chair. The furniture, by the way, was all piled up along one wall, things on top of each other, a frightful mess. As the major tried to catch his balance, the melon hit him on the head, rolled over toward us, and came to rest against Mary's foot. It was a honeydew. At this instant—"

"Hold it. What was the major doing? I mean, what was this all about? The overall thing? The—pitch?"

Charlie Abbott scratched his head. "Look, Mac, one minute you want me to go on through, and then you want me to skip around. Which is it?"

"Okay. Tell it your own way."

"Well, as he got off the coffee table, he stepped on a piece of barbed wire. He—"

"A piece of *what?*"

"Barbed wire. It sort of—"

"A piece of *what?*"

"Barbed wire. It sort of stuck to his foot. He reached down and jerked the wire out of his foot, gave us just one look, brushed past us without a word, went into his room, and slammed the door."

MacGowan nodded. "Odd," he said.

"Quite. Of course, one reason may have been his attire. He wasn't in full uniform."

"In full—what?"

"Uniform. I guess I didn't mention that. In any case, all he had on was his blouse and his belt. And a pair of light-blue shorts. No shoes. Alice hurried to the door of his room and tried to get in—she was in the Red Cross during the war, you know, and it was plain that the major was hurt. There were spots of blood on the carpet. She called to him—the door was locked—she called to him, 'Dear, please let me in. I want to fix your foot.' No answer.

"Right here, I turned back to the living room and saw what the major had been doing." Charlie Abbott paused. "He had been playing with lead soldiers."

They looked at each other steadily for fully a half-minute, then the chairman of the board swung his chair and looked out the window.

"I'M SORRY, Mac," Charlie Abbott said. "These soldiers were all over the room. There were airplanes above them, on strings. When the major got off the coffee table, he broke a couple of the strings and a number of the planes fell down. Crashed. That was when"—he hesitated—"that was when the melon hit him."

MacGowan took a deep breath. "You still have no theory about the melon?"

"None. Mary and I left about then. We thought it best. As we left, Alice was still at his door, begging him to let her put some iodine on his injured foot."

"And he hasn't been in since?"

"No. I phoned on Sunday, and Alice said he was all right, the foot was responding to treatment. That was Sunday. When he hadn't come in by Wednesday, I phoned again. Alice said he was out, and she'd have him phone in when he returned. No word. This is Friday."

MacGowan made another tent with his hands.

"Tell me," he said slowly, "a little more about the lead soldiers. Were these soldiers just scattered around, or was there some semblance of order? I'm no psychiatrist, of course, but—"

"Oh, the opposing armies were well defined. There was no confusion, if that's what you mean. One was the Russian Army, evidently. All the soldiers on that side were red, which I presume was significant."

MacGowan thought it over. "I see. Now, just one more question. You were a general in G-3, Operations. Were you able to get any idea of how the battle was coming? Which side was ahead?"

Charlie Abbott's lips tightened. "I had hoped you wouldn't ask me that," he said quietly. "I didn't have time really to study it, you know. But I did gather . . ." He picked up a pencil and let it drop to the desk. "Well, the Russians plainly enough were winning in a walk."

Again the chairman looked out the window. "The major was a good man," he said. "He was an honest and honorable man, and he did well, although I never felt he really was cut out for banking. Somebody must have got to him. Those people will do anything, you know. Oh, by the way, have you—ah—looked into the major's accounts?"

"Naturally. Everything perfectly okay."

"Hmm— Well, General, a case like this must be looked at with charity, sympathy, and understanding. I believe the war did something to our friend the major. Looking back, I think we can call the major a casualty."

Charlie Abbott met the chairman's eyes as he nodded, slowly.

THE DOORMAN snapped to salute. "Good evening, Major."

The major returned the salute. "Good evening, Sergeant. Nice day."

"Fine, sir."

The major rode up to his floor. He let himself in. "Alice!" he called. There was no response. He walked through the apartment; she was out. He went to his room, opened the closet door, took down a number of flat boxes from the shelves, and spread them out on his bed and on his desk (G.H.Q.) and on the map table. He opened each one and began neatly arranging the lead soldiers in them.

All the while, he was whistling softly.

When he had finished, he stacked the boxes. There were a great many of them. (One whole pile for the Russians alone.)

The whole job took nearly two hours.

Just as he was finishing, he heard the apartment door open, and the next moment Alice stood there.

"Well!" she said. She looked at the boxes. "My goodness!"

The major grinned at her. "My last campaign," he said. "I stopped in at the bank this afternoon."

"At last! Oh, Sherwood, I'm so happy!"

The major chewed his underlip thoughtfully. "You know, dear, I'm no longer a young man. The time has come when I will have to carry on, in whatever I'm doing now, for the rest of my life. It must be a—happy thing. For the sake of both of us. For our life together. So I didn't even consult you, as I should have. I'm so sure it's right. That's why I went down to the bank. To say good-by."

His wife stood there.

The major looked at the boxes of lead soldiers. "Yes," he repeated, "I went down to say good-by. Every one of these lead soldiers, of course, will go back in stock." He went to her and took her in his arms and kissed her, then held her off at arm's length and looked at her; and it seemed to her that he had lost a dozen years, perhaps more, for just at that moment, he looked like a very young man.

"I've bought the store," he said.

THE END

Gorgeous Gussie

(Continued from page 55)

observers, than once around Gussie's thirty-six-inch sweater.

That defeat was lost sight of, however, in view of the fact—and quite a view it was, too—that this was The Year of the Lace Panties. Somebody undoubtedly won at Wimbledon last year, but it would be necessary to go to the record books to discover who it was; Gussie was the only one the papers, radio commentators, and newsreel cameramen paid any attention to. The winners' names were printed in exceedingly fine type, and Gussie got the headlines.

ALL THIS hoohah began with a call made on Gussie by a British gentleman named Colonel Teddy Tinling. Colonel Tinling, it seems, was the official host, for twenty-one years, of the Wimbledon Tournament, which is to tennis what the National Open is to golf, the World Series to baseball, and Atlantic City to bathing-beauty queens.

Colonel Tinling is, apparently, a man with varied interests. Aside from his duties as official host at Wimbledon, the colonel has a hobby, which is designing dresses and other articles of wear for ladies. The colonel greeted Gussie and told her that it would give him intense pleasure to design her a tennis outfit suitable for someone of her impressive stature as a tennis player and as a girl.

It is unnecessary to describe the results of Colonel Teddy's labors, as they have been pictured so frequently, but let's do it anyway, because it is so much fun to dwell on the subject. It was a white-silk dress with a minuscule skirt designed to sway and shift with every movement and every breeze. Gussie admired it. "But," she asked, "what do I wear underneath?" The colonel was stopped, but only momentarily. "Why," he said, "your regular underthings."

Gussie entered a demurrer. "Oh, no," she said. "I have to have matching panties. And make them feminine."

"We will," said Teddy Tinling, unwittingly making an historic utterance, "put lace on them."

And he did. And Gussie wore them. Her English debut, and the first public appearance of her panties, was at a tennis tea party in a London suburb on the eve of her opening at Wimbledon. Before the dawn of a new day, all of England, all the world, indeed, was apprised of the lace on Gussie's panties. The British newspapers—usually erroneously described as "staid," which one or two of them are—went all out. Although they were then limited to six pages because of scarcities, the papers printed Gussie's picture in her charming tennis garb on the front page every day for a week.

Gussie was acclaimed Queen of England's Vacationland by an adoring male populace (the female populace thought otherwise), an underwear manufacturer pleaded to be allowed to change the name of his trademarked undergarments to "Gorgeous Gussies," that name was given to a race horse, and the Marx Brothers, then playing in London, invited her to join their act.

Despite this massive approval, Gussie left off the lace when she learned that Queen Mary was to be among the audience. "I thought," she said thoughtfully, "the Queen would think me undignified."

Back home in Santa Monica, her father, Harry C. Moran, a motion-picture sound technician, and her mother, Emma, shook their heads in wonderment and found it difficult to believe that it was their daughter who was being described and photographed so abundantly. "Around the house," said her mother, "Gussie is down-to-earth. She never wears make-up, and she goes barefoot most of the time." Mrs. Moran hasn't yet got over her amazement.

"It was startling," says Jinx McCrary, "because as long as I'd known Gussie, more than fifteen years, she was so quiet. And I don't think she's really changed, underneath. I'd say she was a sort of tomboy, and not much interested in clothes, or attracting attention. She was like any other kid out there in California. She liked to swim, and eat, and play tennis, and she wasn't much interested in boys. Anyway, I never knew her to be serious about any boy."

Maybe Gussie wasn't then, but for quite a while now, she has been more or less serious about a number of "boys," and one in particular. Among those with whom she has been romantically linked are Burgess Meredith, the actor, who flew to England to be near her and to see her play; Philippe Washer, a wealthy Belgian tennis player; a young Englishman engaged in the shipping trade in Calcutta; and Pasquale (Pat) Di Cicco, scion of what has been described as a "fortune founded on broccoli" and the former husband of heiress Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski. Di Cicco, who is engaged in the operation of a chain of movie theatres, is handsome, highly polished, and forty; he, apparently, is the man on whom she has set her heart. Gussie has impulsively announced several times that they were engaged to be married, but when she was asked about the status of the engagement recently, she said, without marked happiness, "We have no plans; nothing is happening."

Gussie's greatest triumphs in tennis this year were in places like Egypt, where she won the singles, doubles, and mixed doubles, and where she created headlines, *this* time by wearing black panties; India, where she won the All-India Hard-Court Women's Title, and where she was credited with killing a leopard in a hunt organized by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar ("I don't really think I shot that leopard," she has confessed. "I think the Maharajah is such a good host he must have had a sharpshooter planted to hit the animal that I was aiming at"); and Germany, where she and U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy, were victorious against Lady Elizabeth Macready, wife of the British economic adviser, and her partner, an official on McCloy's staff. But at Wimbledon, Gussie Moran wound up in the quarter-finals.

GUSSIE'S defeats are blamed by experts who have studied her play, and have known her a long time, on a sense of inadequacy. They insist that she could have been the foremost woman tennis player in the world years ago because she has the natural ability. But usually in the crucial moments when a champion glitters most brightly, she blows up and throws the game. "That's true enough," says Gussie. "When I get mad, I deliberately give points away."

When she was eighteen, and lost out in the competition for the National Girls' Championship, Gussie announced she was quitting tennis for good. She was quitting, she said, because someone had told her she would develop legs as knotty as a lady acrobat's if she continued to play, a statement that her competitors greeted with raised eyebrows and a significant glance at their own unknotted limbs.

Gussie quit tournament play, but she continued to play what is called "social tennis," at the homes of Charlie Chaplin, David O. Selznick, and other luminaries whom she had met through her friendship with the tennis-playing Falkenburg family. It was through her friendship with Jinx that Gussie got work in the movies. She had several tiny bit parts of her own, but mostly she was a stand-in for the glamorous Jinx, who is several years her senior.

"Gussie has always felt," says a mutual friend who has known both girls well for many years, "that she was just a sort of stand-in for Jinx, and not only on the movie sets, either. She's been around Jinx so long, since she was a highly impressionable kid, that she's acquired many of Jinx's mannerisms and characteristics. She walks like Jinx, and her tone of voice and her intonations are exactly the same. On the telephone, they're often mistaken for each other, and once, when Gussie was interviewed on the radio by Jinx's husband, Tex McCrary, they got a lot of phone calls and letters from people who wanted to know what was the idea of Jinx's making believe she was Gussie Moran."

This friend's theory is that Gussie's sudden and spectacularly successful bids for attention were made in an effort to escape from what she believes is the influence Jinx has had on her, and to create a definite personality of her own.

In support of the theory, he recalls an incident of several years ago that led to a break in the friendship, a break that lasted almost two years.

"JINX was making a picture," he said. "Gussie was her stand-in. They were having dinner one Sunday night, and Jinx was talking about the shooting that was to take place the next day. Suddenly, Gussie broke in and said she wasn't going to stand-in for her anymore. When Jinx asked why she had made such a sudden decision and reminded her that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a suitable stand-in on such short notice, Gussie burst into tears.

"'I'm sick of it,' she cried. 'Everybody tells me that I've got to stop trailing you around all the time, because I'm copying you, and I'll never get anywhere that way.' And she jumped up and left the table. Gussie and Jinx didn't talk after that for a long time, until Gussie's brother, Lieutenant Harold Moran, Jr., was killed in the Pacific during World War II, and Jinx sent her condolences."

Gussie has said that two men, neither of them tennis authorities, have had a good deal to do with shaping her recent life. They are the Drs. Sigmund Freud and Karl Menninger. "I'm lots happier since reading Freud and Menninger," Gussie says.

Gussie carries the books of the two eminent psychiatrists wherever she goes these days. "Like the lace panties," says a friend, "those heavy books add a certain *je ne sais quoi*."

They sure do. THE END

Well-Meaning Wolf *(Continued from page 32)*

bright enough in the head to scare you; he needed summer school like I need high heels.

We were having one of those June warm-ups. Maybe it was the heat; anyway, Pel and I had words. That is, I tossed around some careless rhetoric, and he listened. He's a terrific listener; his eyes get very still and brown and fathomless; he listens clear down to the rug, clear above his cocker-spaniel hair. He even hears the things you don't say.

And then he said good-by with a quick handshake—"I'll be seeing you some weekend"—and he went calmly off to summer school—leaving me out on a limb; on two, a pair that enjoys going places in the summer, as who does not?

The bottom dropped out. I had a good mope for myself during the next two weeks, hating men on a diminishing scale.

One navy-blue Monday morning, Dazey Morse called up. Dazey is a fragile and conspicuously helpless blonde who was graduated by the skin of her pearly teeth, and—not to be catty at all, just honest—Dazey likes having me around for contrast, I being tall and dark and perfectly capable of opening a door.

"Jenny," she said, "Lees is home from Stanford, and you should see what he brought with him."

"Oh?" Polite unconcern.

"I know you've been going steady with Pel, but—"

Cristopher Blaine. Cristo. Just under nine feet, more or less approximately, the color of a seasoned football, pickled-pine hair, and the coziest smile I ever saw; plus a tan convertible dolled up like a station wagon. I mean he was what used to be called rich and handsome before that got obvious. A sophomore, a great, big, college sophomore. *Look at you, Jenny Keith: and how do you like your vacation now?*

THE FIRST day, they drove out to the house for me, with the horn trumpeting like crazy half a mile ahead until even the cows were alerted—we're three miles out in the country. It wasn't juvenile, just gay. I wore my Guatemalan skirt and a blouse of all little tiny ruffles —you know how certain clothes make you feel more frivolous than other clothes?

This Cristo: he slid out from behind the wheel in just one long, fluid motion and tucked his arm through mine. He said, "My real name is Christopher Columbus and look what I discovered—the answer to Ava Gardner!"

He said, "Jenny-penny, we're a pair. Tell the opposition I'm a dangerous man when crossed."

He said, "Lees, you drive. I just got promoted to the back seat." He looked down with that cuddly grin. "We must do this more often."

A sweeper: a sweeper-off-your-feet. I'd heard of them. What a technique! Grant must have had it when he took Richmond.

Cristo picked me up and sat me in the back, and I weigh more than I look, the way tall girls do. Up above, the sky filled with memories I began having. With a beautiful disdain for doors, Cristo stepped over the side and in, and regarded me like a collector who had just found a lost Rembrandt.

Oh, my, I thought, so this is how they do it.

Driving along, we looked like a full-page ad. An important inertia came over me, on an adult level. To look at me, you'd never suspect I knew we looked like a full-page ad; I could accept it with a mature indifference. Well, after you've been waiting to live for eighteen years and it finally happens, you seem to feel a sweet ironic amusement toward your past adolescence. Back there when. And somebody named— Let's see—was it Pel?

The Morses have a huge back lawn like green plush, and in the middle of it, a pool happens. My last year's yellow bathing suit looked all right; it looked fine, the seat-patch hardly showed. Mama had dipped it to freshen the color. I waited for it to come off on me, but it didn't, so I stopped waiting. My suits take hard wear as I am three-quarters genuine seal, Papa says.

Cristo was all seal. He could swim the length twice underwater. I could make it once. Something met me underwater. Something kissed me and floated on. I guess you haven't really lived until you are kissed underwater. But it wasn't real; it was ships that pass in the night. When I surfaced, it hadn't happened.

Dazey said, "Goodness, Jenny, you'd better come out and get your breath."

When I could look at Cristo again, why be mad? It didn't happen. This was vacation and nothing counted. Nothing got written down.

Lees dragged out four sun-bath mats

and placed them parallel in the melting sun; we fell prone and simmered and made lazy talk. Cristo, beside me on his emerald-green mat, was a great big bronze statue fallen down forward, resting from the arduous duty of holding up his magnificent shoulders. He had his arms crossed under his head, and his face in the crook of an elbow was turned toward me, his eyes like a sleepy cat's. He could say nonsense in a very intimate voice: "Jenny Keith with dreamy teeth," he said. "Jenny, the farmer's daughter. Jenny, the gorgeous hussy." I guess it didn't make me mad because I am the furthest thing from a hussy you ever saw. Smiling my new, indifferent smile, I let him rave on. Frankly, it seemed quite nice and natural, for a vacation. No one ever called me a hussy before. Just exactly what *is* a hussy?

Berkeley was far away; another land. In Berkeley, earnest people sat in classrooms listening to droning professors and making earnest notes in notebooks. Earnest people looked at hieroglyphics on a blackboard; they saddled up their brains and rode the problems. They went back to hot little rooms and studied more problems, while moths fluttered around the midnight oil, giddy moths— But what was that to me?

People trooped out across the green-plush lawn, bearing trays. They placed a tray at the head of each mat, practically beneath our chins. We managed to elevate our chins an inch and put away the crab Louis and the strawberry shortcake. Giving the trays languid little shoves, we lowered our exhausted heads and went to sleep. It was all very rugged.

When we woke up, there was swimming again. This time I stayed above-water. The boys went into the boys' side of the bathhouse and Dazey and I into the other side. We took showers, hollering things back and forth and singing rounds: "The trees to ope their trunks are never seen. How then do they put on their robes of green? They leave—them —out." "The trees their trunks, The trees their trunks—" *Did he take a trunk to Berkeley?* Did he take my picture, my graduation picture, the one with *"Don't forget, Jenny"*?

"Yours is the cute one," Dazey was saying. "That's no line, that's a lariat!"

We sauntered up to a flagstone terrace and began living dangerously on little bitty hors d'oeuvres like costume jewelry, and Sazarac cocktails, which taste like licorice but don't act like it. Holding my glass casually down beside the chair, I could let most of the contents dribble between the flagstones, on account of not knowing what alcohol would do to me and having no curiosity to find out; from time to time, I have observed what it does to other people. And if you already feel too good, how can you feel better? Everyone sat in attitudes of graceful indolence, the ideal vacation pose, and dawdled with suggestions on where to have dinner. The majority was for Lake Tahoe.

Dazey said she'd lend me a coat. I went in to phone home.

Mama talked, but not what she was thinking. She asked *non sequitur* questions: Who is driving? Are you having a good time? Is your hair dry? Where is Dazey's mother? Will you be home by midnight? She said, "The one named Cristo reminded me of Mitch Summers." You'd have to know Mitch, but I saw what she meant. She said wistfully, "Darling, don't grow up too soon. You're only old once."

First, ribbons of scarlet were in the sky; then purple; then a soft, gossamer blue. No one else existed; we flew like Pegasus through the high, thin, rarefied air. No sound came except our own echo in that close and capsule world, the world of vacation. Cristo was very instant, as if time wouldn't wait. He ignored all the majestic scenery. Looking only at me, he strung endless glittering words and dark, reckless looks on a chain of moonlight. He had delusions of Byron, I told him.

It is a good thing not to be susceptible, otherwise I would have been half in love with Cristo even before we got to Soda Springs. He badly needed someone to be in love with him. Attractive as he was, someone he had wanted to love him, hadn't.

After dinner, we strolled on a long piazza overlooking the lake. "By exclusive arrangement with my own personal guiding star," said Cristo, "that moon in the lake is for you." We danced. It was like being locked with him in a rapturous little room. All the other people weren't there, only the insinuating music. He went on ignoring everything except just what he was doing. He closed me in, he made me so aware of myself— I pushed away from him and held him away. He said, "Jenny, don't be absent with me," like a song, crooning, "Oh, Jenny, don't, Jenny, don't—" hypnotic. He was really kind of sweet, if only he didn't work so hard at it.

FOR THE next two weeks it was like that, with slight variations. "Miss Umbrage," he called me, only half playfully. "That's what she takes: umbrage." We went to different places all the time, never the same place twice. Corsages arrived, whole leis of gardenias, of weird little orchids, of great splashing camellias. We swam in other pools—round pools, square pools, pools from here to San Francisco. We had different food, all beautiful. We danced on different floors.

"Such a rush I never saw the like of," Dazey said. "Tell me, Jenny, is this about to become basic?"

It was the uttermost acme of vacations, all right. It was strictly out of this galaxy. It was a dozen times anything I'd ever dreamed.

I collapsed into bed exhausted every night and woke up to *What on earth will I wear today?* All my clothes seemed drearily twice-told, and my allowance was shot to birdseed. Papa grumbled a little, but he broke out an advance. I bought a yummy bathing suit and a formal that used me up practically until October. But when I looked at them, it was all perfect again.

Then something happened.

THE MINUTE things get too perfect around here, watch out. My mother, I sometimes think, can't leave perfection alone. She is a woman who can only do four things at once, like anybody's mother, and she was already up to her quota when this little-house business came up.

"The little house up the hill: the one that used to be the guesthouse," she identified for me. "You remember, dear —when you used to live here *ante Cristo?*"

Somebody, it seemed, had to clean up the little house and get it ready for those

people. The ones who were coming to help us. The permanent couple.

"What's the matter with Mrs. Mugwump?" I asked crossly.

"I told you, darling. Her daughter is having a baby"—in the vital-statistics tone.

"In *July?*" Somehow you don't think of people as having babies in July—it just doesn't seem a vacational thing to do. Any more than cleaning house is.

"And by the way, her name isn't Mrs. Mugwump. You're a big girl now."

Well, you can't argue with manifestations of Nature any more than you can with my mother. I mean, Nature takes its course, and so does Mama:

"No hurry about the little house," she said—a gift in tissue paper you can see through. "This is only Thursday; they won't be here until Saturday."

Doing mental gymnastics with dates—"What time Saturday?"

"That, dear, I wouldn't know. Any time from dawn on."

So there I was, trapped. Right now was the only time and no stalling. Friday, that tremendous day, Cristo and all of us were driving down to the city to a glossy shindig at the Mark Hopkins—hence new formal—and staying with Dazey's married sister that night. And now this.

Nothing was for it but to get at the little house, fast. I figured half a day would put it in good shape, maybe less; and then I had a better idea—

"Look, why can't the couple take care of it after they get here?"

The way Mama spun around, I was sorry for saying that. "Jenny, perhaps you weren't listening. These people," she said slowly, "are D.P.'s. That means Displaced Persons. You know what that means?"

I nodded. Of course I knew.

"They haven't had a home for almost seven years. They have had terrible and tragic experiences. Perhaps, once, they had a home as nice as yours; but then there was a war, and all they have now is a handful of pitiful belongings. So now they are coming here to a new country, with hope. Would your conscience allow you to start them off in a dirty house?"

I got out of there fast, and went fast up the hill to the little house. It looked like a miniature of our own house except it had just two rooms and a bath, and originally it was built for a guesthouse, but then, somehow, different arrangements were made for guests—which you can get lots of, Mama says, but help comes harder.

Well, it was a mess. No one had been in it since the summer before except some very aggressive mice and generations of spiders. The roof had leaked over the bathroom. One room had been converted to a kitchen; I looked it over. Horrors. It seemed a good idea to start there and get the worst over. Drawing a big, brave sigh and tucking my shirt in, *Better get some hot water going first.* The heater was in a little closet off the kitchen; nothing happened. The electricity was disconnected. *My mother,* I thought with laudable restraint. All right, cold water, then. Thrusting the mop bucket under a tap—no water.

A great, big, fine impasse indeed. Here I wanted to be obliging, I wanted to be noble, and everything wouldn't play.

Back down the hill, a note was stuck in the screen door: "Darling—Have gone to Mrs. Lind's—home from hosp. today—Forgot to tell you plumbing in L.H. disconnected account of winter freeze—Will attend later—Love—Mama. P.S. Do the best you can."

Yelling for Papa worked off steam, but that's all it did. He was off in a field on the hay baler, which made more racket than I could from there to Christmas. The only thing for it was to haul water up that dad-blamed hill. It seemed years since Dazey's swimming pool.

With two full water buckets sloshing into my shoes, I started out. And who should come strolling up the drive but Pelham Higgins Townsend.

The I'm-nome grin transfigured his whole face. "Hello, Jenny. Remember me?"

My heart just stood there, divided. "This is no weekend," I said absurdly.

"Got out on a pass." Automatically he took over the two buckets. "Where are you headed?" For a moment, it was exactly as if he hadn't been away.

"Up the hill"—nodding toward the little house—"big cleaning deal." I gave him a pained resumé of the situation, sparing my mother as a lady should.

HE RESTED the buckets and had thoughts. "It'll take more water than this if it's really the hell-hole-of-Calcutta job you describe. Why don't we"—glancing toward the garage—"why not take a good supply in the pickup? There's a road, isn't there?"

"Sort of, if you look quick." Which wouldn't matter to Pel. He'd been driving mountain roads that weren't there since he was fourteen.

"You round up some containers with lids. I'll back out the pickup."

An old milk can was in the cellar and some preserving kettles and a stone crock the pickles were out of, with a lovely spicy smell. These were filling with hot water when Pel came in. "How about the teakettle?" He turned the burner under it and then went to the cookie jar and casually began feeding cookies to both of us, meanwhile talking and looking around and getting incorporated again. I thought nervously, Oh, Lord, what if Cristo should take it into his head to drop in? Look at me, I'm a sight. And what about Pel? What would I say? Of course, how I looked didn't matter to Pel, or to me. Pel I was used to; he wasn't all the time using words like "gorgeous" that had you under constant obligation. With Pel, there was a kind of wordless exchange; we weren't pretentious together.

I SAID, "What have you been doing?"

"You mean me?" He looked amused. "Been leading the wild, untrammeled life with the calculus twins, differential and integral. In tangents up to here."

"Tangents? Are tangents in calculus? Too?"

"It's rumored that they find a happy home there. A tangent to a curve is a straight line that grazes the curve at a point." He grinned happily.

"Which point?"

"Any one of an untold number, I'm finding out. They determine the rate of change of a given quantity. In differential, that is. Differential treats the construction of tangents to curves and determines the rate of change."

I said, "Oh," and wondered if we were thinking of the same thing. "What's integral?"

"Well"—he leaned against the sink and

crossed his ankles for thinking. "Integral calculus has problems in two classes: one deals with such quantities as the amount of area enclosed by a curve."

"My goodness," I said.

"The second deals with the determination of a variable quantity when the law of its change is known."

I had no idea calculus was so personal. Maybe we'd better talk about something else. "Isn't there a girl in Berkeley?"

He shoved his hands in his pockets and stood there loose-limbed and kind of perplexed in his scholarly, horn-rimmed brown eyes, his mature and gentle and innocent eyes. "Nope," he said, "there isn't a girl in Berkeley."

"Well," I said, "how odd."

"There is no girl anywhere, Jenny, except right here."

I was quite busy filling another container and turning off the teakettle and things; the back of my neck felt hot.

Pel began tying the lids down on kettles. Then he carried them out to the pickup, while I rounded up soap and cleaner and the little stepladder.

We climbed in, and he drove up the hill so easy hardly a drop of water spilled. We carried in the things, and Pel looked around—estimating, not dismayed, removing his coat as he looked. Then he took off his shirt. With his shirt off, he has surprising muscles. With his glasses off. he looks naked, so he practically never takes them off because I once said, "Oh, please don't; I feel compromised."

He said, "I bid for the kitchen."

"Pel, no. This is ridiculous. Your first trip home, your good pants on—"

"Scram. Where's the broom?"

What could I do?

As long as he was using the broom, I started on the other room's windows, first shoving the two studio couches and the chest of drawers to room-center and piling the odds and ends on top. All at once the stepladder was there, with Pel up on it, taking down the old limp curtains; leaving the window-washing material handy. After the windows were done, the broom appeared by magic. I swept cobwebs down, the floor around the edges, but with all that stuff in the center— "What do you say we heave the furniture outside?" Pel asked.

WE WORKED in companionable silence for the next hour and a half. I did my room very thoroughly because it had to pass inspection, and you don't want to admit a man can clean house better than you can.

A dry-mop head appeared around the doorway. "Hey, don't you ever feed the help around here? I'm starving."

We walked down the hill. I began rolling on a loose stone and Pel caught my hand; it seemed natural not to take it back. A picnic lunch was rustled out of a meager in-between-day refrigerator. "Where shall we take it?"—hoping he'd say to the little house, and he did. When we got back up there, he said, "You wait out here a minute," and went inside with the basket. I sat on some piled-up junk on the little front porch and gazed out through the climbing rosebush while things clinked in the kitchen. "All right," he said, "come on in."

The kitchen fairly glistened. Honestly, I had no idea the place had such possibilities. "Why, Pel. Why, Pel, it's absolutely darling!" He beamed modestly. *If it had some gay curtains and some pretty shelf paper and—*

"Yoo-hoo. Let's eat."

But it *could* be absolutely *darling.*

A tea cloth that looked suspiciously like one of mama's best ones—I guess he swiped it—was spread over the kitchen-table oilcloth, and the lunch was set out. That was the best lunch I ever had in my life. "Nothing beats canned beans," Pel said.

The day was hot, with a breeze in fainting puffs; for a drowsy moment after lunch, I thought about finding a cool spot under a tree; but of course there wasn't time. Pel was cruising a measuring eye at the cupboards. "They could use touching up," he said. "And around the sink. Where do you keep the white enamel?"

"Tool shed. And listen, see if you can find a green to match the bathroom ceiling—"

By the time he got back, I was well into scouring the bathroom. With cute curtains, and clean, folded towels on the racks, and a mat, and fresh cakes of soap— Well, it would be just *darling.*

"I'm going down to the house a minute." He was busy painting and scarcely flicked a glance. "Anything you want?"

"If you happen to run across a sheet of sandpaper—"

SHEET. *Sheets.* Of course. In the linen closet were some lovely pale-green sheets, just the ticket. And some big yellow bath towels—yellow is always so nice in a green bathroom. And other things. Presently I had a clothesbasket loaded. The curtains from the upstairs bathroom were just darling; I knew they would be.

Pel said, "This paint seems to jump. I'm going down to the house for newspapers. Anything you want?"

I couldn't think of a thing. But, "You might bring up those blankets on the stair landing. And a bottle of milk. Oh, and Pel, in my closet is a little green clothes hamper with roses painted on it. I never use it, so will you please dump out the shoes and bring it along?"

He looked at me peacefully. "And some cookies?"

"And hurry. The hamper will be just darling in here."

He was loaded clear to the eaves. While I unloaded him, I said, "Let's move the furniture back in. I want to try it different ways."

With the furniture back in, it was furnished all right; but the place had absolutely no character. It yelped for rugs and lamps, for pictures and curtains, for magazines and ashtrays. You know?

We stood in the doorway looking at it, and it *could* be so *darling.* I caught hold of Pel's hand. "Let's go explore the attic."

The only curtains were old green velours things, but a light went on in my head: *couch-covers.* A pair of sort of sulphur-yellow chenille rugs with only small holes in them was unearthed, and a couple of pretty good picture frames. There was a perfectly monstrous old curly-iron lamp base; we sat down on trunks and figured how the doodads could be hammered off.

But still no curtains. Downstairs I collected a few magazines and ashtrays en route, and when we got back up the hill it was four o'clock and the bathroom ceiling wasn't painted yet. After a swig of milk, Pel put newspapers in the bathtub and the ladder on them and went to work on the ceiling while I tried the furniture here and there; he had to get down all the time to come look. The rugs were just darling, one in front of each couch. Some magazine pictures went in the frames. The green draperies could sort of

"Dear Sir, or Madam . . ."

be tucked in the couches until I learned to sew. Why hadn't I taken sewing instead of chorus? I could sing already.

"Pel"—I went to the door—"how soon do you think a person could learn to sew?"

He pulled a neck-breaking preoccupation off the ceiling. "Why—I imagine that depends on what you want and how badly you want it."

"I know how to run the machine; theoretically, that is. Do you think I could make curtains by Saturday?" *Someday you'll wish you knew how, dear, but I won't urge you—*

Pel rested his brush and sat on top of the ladder. "Why not just buy them?"

"Well. That's a long story. The fact is, I'm broke; just about. But with three dollars and seventy-some cents, I thought some inexpensive material . . ."

He said, "I could help you out on it."

"No. No, Pel."

"Now, wait a minute. Here's a business proposition: I happen to have ten dollars lying around loose that was scheduled to take you out to dinner. But—"

I all but tore down the ladder. "Listen! The first thing tomorrow as soon as the stores open, we'll go to town and get curtains for the main room—yellow organdy?—and for the kitchen, some little cute ones, and if there's enough, for the bathroom, too—I have a feeling Mama'll want hers back. Pel, what do you think for the kitchen? . . . Come on down. Let's look. Red-checked gingham? Or blue? Or do you think white with sort of different-colored rickrack, and ruffles?"

The pickup horn blew a long blast, footsteps clattered on the porch, a voice warbled, "Genevieve, sweet Genevieve! Oh, Jenny-penny?"

I had exactly enough wit to say, "Excuse me a minute," and to close the bathroom door behind me.

Cristo took a shocked look. "Good Lord, where was the explosion?"

HE WAS nice; he'd been terrifically nice. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. He was a well-meaning wolf, he'd done me no harm, and never mind what his intentions were at this late date. He was simply a great big, beautiful apparition I once knew, slightly.

"Cristo"—might as well be direct about it—"I can't go tomorrow." It was an emergency; the people arrived Saturday and all that.

He was charming; he was distantly polite; he regretted in a perfunctory way; he was already going over San Francisco phone numbers in his mind. I thanked him for all the lovely times. We were as far apart as two people can be, on either side of a screen door.

The vacation was over.

I went back to where Pel was. He glanced down through the green spots on his glasses. "Who was that?"

"Just a man. Hand down your glasses. Goodness, how can you see anything?"

But he gazed at me through them, a slow grin warming his face. "I can see." He stepped off the ladder quite suddenly, put his arms around me, and said, "Everything." Who minds a little paint?

Three years, I was thinking. *What's three years?*

A little later, "Pel, do they give summer courses in sewing at Berkeley?"

And only a minute later he said, "Jenny, you know what? If I really work at it, I can make it in two years."

THE END

Woman . . . Loved *(Continued from page 62)*

was silent. He studied her as she typed his brief. She was a plain girl, thin, long-featured, and humorous. For some reason, she always seemed a little tired, but he was sure it was only an attitude of mind. She had a small mole on her right cheek, near the jaw, and wide streaks of premature gray in her hair.

He wondered what she would look like to him if he fell in love with her. Would her features blur in his mind the way Anne's had? Would he feel a sense of complete togetherness? And after they had been married a long time, would he finally be able to see her just as he was seeing her this moment: a plain, simple girl with graying hair and a small brown mole?

He supposed so. Closing his eyes for just a moment, he pictured Anne. He could see her as clearly as he had seen Miss Branch: round-faced, with a snub nose, bunched-up cheeks that turned cherry red in the winter, crow's feet at the corners of her eyes from much smiling, a slight indentation in the forehead where a horse had kicked her once . . .

He suddenly laughed.

"What's so funny?" Miss Branch asked, smiling.

"It just struck me," he said. "The genuine article is always imperfect."

"That sounds like my fiancé," she said. "He's always theorizing. Don't you think you'd better telephone your wife?"

He nodded. For just a moment longer, he gazed out at the bridge, at the hammered-gold sunset and the immeasurable distances of the west. Then he dialed his home number.

"I'll be about an hour and a half late," he said.

She was cool. "Do you want me to tell the Cummingses not to come?"

"No. Of course not."

"I'll delay them, then."

"Did they want to play bridge?"

"I didn't ask them. I thought we could play the piano and sing some songs."

He laughed a little. "You'd better not try to rope the Cummingses into that."

"People surprise you sometimes."

"Well, I'll be home."

"All right."

He hung up.

He sat still for a moment. He was comparing that conversation with the conversations of their courtship. There was one big difference, he thought: In the beginning, they had talked about each other, and now they talked about—what? Living, perhaps. Living was what seemed to get between them. The stress and strain of the commonplace—laundry bills, bargain counters, fish instead of steak. And love at the wrong time . . .

Well, he thought, no couple could remain profoundly interested in each other indefinitely. But the trouble was deeper than that. For there seemed to be a little too much interest in living and not enough in love. There seemed to be too few of those moments when a man and woman turned from the periphery to the center, from the distractions of living to the deep, private reassurance of one another. So few, in fact, that sometimes he was actually jealous of living.

GETTING UP, he went over to the window. After a while he said, "Come here a moment, Miss Branch."

Obediently she got up and stood beside him.

"Do you see how the river comes down?" he asked her.

"Yes. Beautiful, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Do you see the bridge? Well, I suppose this will remind you of your fiancé, but what I'm trying to do is to get across that bridge."

"I can understand that," said the girl. "I used to think about it when I was a kid." She smiled. "But I'm afraid that all you find on the other side is Wilkes-Barre. Or East Orange."

"Do you mean you shouldn't try?"

"I'm not even sure that we're talking about the same thing," she said. "But I think I made that mistake for a long time—trying to get across the bridge. No, I don't think you should try. You have to come to terms with bobby pins and hair curlers and cold cream."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

Craig looked at her thoughtfully. In the brilliant light from the sunset, the tiny imperfections in her features stood out distinctly. The skin was a little rough. He noticed the brown discoloration of the mole on her right cheek and the small, fine lines of weariness under her eyes. And looking at her that way, he felt a deep sense of compassion. She was real. She wanted to cross the bridge, too. But she couldn't—because her skin was rough and she had a mole—

"Wait a minute," he said.

She waited.

He shook his head. "I almost understood something," he said.

She laughed. "You're trying too hard."

"You go on and finish that thing so you can get home," he said. "I'm going to think this out."

IF IT HADN'T been for his memory of the togetherness, he reflected, he couldn't even be sure that he and Anne had lost it. But he could remember it distinctly. He could remember even his first overwhelming experience of it.

They had quarreled that night. It had been one of those absurd, youthful disagreements when she had wanted to do what he had wanted to do, and he had wanted to do what she had wanted to do. Both of them had been stubborn, and so they were reduced to doing nothing at all. Just sitting at opposite sides of her parents' living room, furious at themselves and at each other, and unable to mend the breach.

At last she went to the piano and began to play. After a while he suggested "Begin the Beguine."

"I have a better idea," she said. And playing softly, she sang "Abide with Me."

Her voice was clear and warm and true. When she was finished, he was silent for a time. Then he smiled. "I haven't heard that since I was a kid."

"Did you sing hymns then?" she asked, not looking at him.

"Oh, sure."

"Do you know this one?"

She played the melody. Presently she looked over at him. He was smiling. She smiled back. "Can you sing it?"

He rose and went over beside her. She began again, and in a moment he sang—

> Day is dying in the west,
> Heaven is touching earth
> with rest. . . .

She joined him. In the silence that followed their singing, he knew that for

the first time in his life he had known a perfect communion of mind and heart and spirit with someone loved.

So togetherness was real. It was just as real as the genuine article. They were both real, but one was real in the heart, where it was always perfect, and the other was real in fact, where it was always imperfect. And it was the imperfection that got in the way. You couldn't reach the one because of the other.

Miss Branch's voice broke into his thoughts. "Have you crossed the bridge yet?" she asked, making an erasure.

"Not yet," he said.

"You've had a fight with your wife?"

"How did you know?"

"Oh, I can always tell." She hesitated, blushing a little. "Don't you want to take her some flowers?"

"No, I don't think that it's really necessary."

"You never know," said the girl. "Women need a little friendliness from men once in a while."

He was silent for a time, gazing out the window. At length he said, "Miss Branch, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

"No, of course not."

"This young man of yours—is he what you imagined for yourself when you were a girl?"

"Heavens, no"—amusedly. "He's half-bald."

"How do you account for the difference?"

"Well," said the girl thoughtfully, "I'm not sure I'd love him so much if he weren't half-bald. You see, I didn't expect to be prematurely gray."

He frowned and then shook his head. "There's some deep truth in that remark," he said, "but I'm not sure what it is."

She was on the last two pages of the brief. The light of the day had dimmed to a quiet, antique gold. Except for the typewriter, there was no sound in the room. In another few minutes, he knew, it would be too late; all the slow, painful progress he had made toward understanding would be gone—and he and Anne would be just where they had been—which was misunderstanding.

He had a queer feeling that he was close to the solution. One more step, one more—and he would understand. He would understand his loneliness. He would understand the misunderstandings. He would even understand what to do.

But his thoughts grazed off. They went back to the trouble of the night before.

It hadn't been a quarrel. Just a misunderstanding. It had started when he was in the bathtub, and she came in to brush her teeth.

"Dave Homan was in today," he said, scrubbing his arms with the fingernail brush.

"You shouldn't use that brush for that sort of thing," she said, looking at him.

"It's stiffer than the other one."

"The other's just worn out."

"Then we ought to get a new one."

She started to say something, but thought better of it. "What'd Dave have to say?"

"He's going to divorce his wife."

"That's a shame!" she exclaimed.

"She's been running around with someone else."

"It's still a shame!" Indignantly. "They just don't know what they're losing."

"He wanted me to handle the case."

"Would you do it?"

"I sent him over to Hurst."

That was the start. There had been a tiny, intangible thread of edginess in that first interchange, he realized, thinking back. But the hurt had come later, when she was at the dressing table and he was ready for bed.

"I always like to watch you brush your hair," he said lazily.

She smiled at him in the mirror. "Even when it's short?"

"Even when it's short."

"Well, I'm glad," she said simply.

He watched her. Her shoulders sloped a little; and she had a great deal of trouble with her feet, because she had run in sneakers too much as a child; but she had a nice body. Not girlish. Despite her small size, she was full and quite womanly.

She saw him looking at her. "You better go to sleep now," she said.

"Oh?"

"That's right," she said, smiling a little.

"Damn." He punched the pillow. "I wish we could time these things a little better."

He had said it without even thinking. But he saw her stiffen. In a moment, she turned out the light. She got into bed beside him without a word. When he touched her, she moved away. No one except themselves could have known that anything had happened, but he knew, and he was not surprised to find her stony-faced and silent at breakfast. He ate without speaking, helpless to mend the breach, and when he left the house, he was assailed by the same sense

of loneliness and self-reproach that had been with him all day.

Now he sat quietly at his desk. He realized he hadn't done what he had set out to do. He still didn't understand.

"I'm finished," said Miss Branch, putting the sheets together. "Do you want to proofread it with me?"

"I'll read it over at home," he said.

She gazed at him for a moment. Then she rose and stood by the window. "The gold is all gone," she said quietly.

He went over to where she stood and gazed out. "I'm afraid I didn't cross the bridge," he said.

"Perhaps you were trying too hard," she said. Sitting down on the sill, she rested her head against the wood and stared out at the last colors of the day. "I used to be sad that I wasn't more beautiful," she said, still in the same far-off tone of voice. "But I gave up wanting to be different than I was—and after that, it didn't seem to be so important. Then I was sad because I wasn't loved. But after a while, I stopped looking for it—and all at once, it seemed I was loved. I don't know how it happened. I seemed to understand something."

"I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me what it was you understood," he said.

"I don't know," she said. "Isn't that funny?"

In the deep amethyst of the early evening, the lights of the city seemed yellow and remote, as though submerged. Far off beyond them, the river flowed down to the sea, deeply, silently. And beyond the river, beyond the high, fragile silhouette of the bridge, the hills went off to the last light of the sky, far off and soft beyond the earth.

She looked at him. After a moment: "How did you get that scar under your lip?"

He smiled. "When I was a boy," he said. "Falling downstairs."

She smiled, too. He looked at her. He saw the lines of her face again, and the tiny imperfections. And once more he was moved by that strange sense of compassion, of the infinite distance between this one imperfect human soul and the far light of the day, out there beyond the hills. For a moment they were quiet, looking at each other. Then, moved by some impulse beyond his understanding, he leaned forward gently and kissed her.

It was a moment of perfect mutuality. Through them both flowed the currents of the great river, the sadness of mortality, the warmth of human contact, and the quiet ending of the day.

When their lips parted, he smiled at her. She smiled at him.

"I think I understand," he said.

"What do you understand?" she asked softly.

He straightened up and looked off at the distant sundown. "You have to start with the genuine article," he said.

The early autumn night was mild and clear. He walked slowly from the station to his home, under the million silences of the stars.

It was all clear to him at last.

He had been making a mistake. He had been making the same mistake that almost everybody made, and that was natural enough, because life was arranged that way. He had begun with the perfection, which was love. But then he had discovered the imperfections, which were life. And because he hadn't begun by loving the imperfections, they were always getting in the way of love. Unconsciously, he was rejecting them. He kept wanting to go back to the beginning.

Well, he thought, the only way back to the beginning was to start out in the opposite direction. It was to put away the unfair contrast of enchantment for a while and learn to love the imperfections, just as by the window in the office, he had loved them in Miss Branch. It was to begin with the inevitable and poignant separation, with bobby pins and curlers and cold cream. And then if you managed to cross the bridge—Well, that was a gift from God. And when you came back, as you always had to do, you didn't return to misunderstanding; you returned to love.

He thought of Anne. Anne was real. She had a slight dent in her forehead where a horse had kicked her, and sometimes her feet hurt. Those were differences that made her Anne. But so were her moods, her temperament, and her habits; her unexpected indignations, her excitements, her rare depressions, and her times of irritability and of high happiness and love. They were all Anne. And unless he loved them as much as he loved her love—why then he didn't love her at all.

He had to learn to love Anne for being Anne.

Craig looked up at the stars. He was filled with a sense of the poignancy and limitations of ordinary human beings. They were all in this thing together, men and women both. And what was it Miss Branch had said?— "Women need a little friendliness from men once in a while."

That was it, he thought. Friendliness. He had enough love, love for the beauties and the enchantments and the secret high places. What he needed was more friendliness—for the limitations, the poignant, heartbreaking differences, the strange funny pathos of human beings trying to reach each other. Friendliness even when it was difficult. Love, not only as a joy, but as a duty—

He stopped.

How strange. He had never thought of it before. Love was a duty, of course. It was a duty to one's neighbor. It was a duty to one's enemy. But love as a duty to a woman loved . . .

He stood at the entrance to his own home, overcome by the completeness of his understanding. The house was quiet. He thought of Anne sitting inside there, waiting for him to come home and his heart was moved by the beauty of fidelity and the sorrow of misunderstanding. He had come a long way without her, and she wouldn't know the change that had taken place in his heart.

But that was all right. For if he was going to begin all over again, it was better to begin at the beginning.

He went on to the door. As he did so, he realized that someone was playing the piano inside. He paused, holding the key in his hand. In a moment, he heard his wife's soft voice—

Abide with me,
Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens;
Lord, with me abide.

For just an instant he stood motionless. Then, gripping the roses in his hand, he turned the key. THE END

Too Many Blondes (Continued from page 68)

ready for any assignments that might come in. "I got a hundred dollars and expenses," she said happily, "just for sitting near a swimming pool in my bathing suit for half an hour." A blonde girl named Phyllis Riggs, elaborately dressed in a long, lace dress, a big picture hat, and long white gloves, came into the booking office, looked at her assignment sheet on the wall, and then wandered into the "rumpus room," a large space just outside the booking office, furnished with several benches and hundreds of magazine covers on the walls. After a while, Elaine called her and told her about a client in the garment district who had asked for four girls to be sent to his showroom.

"It's a part-time steady," said Elaine, "and a good one, so grab a cab and rush down there quick. I've already sent three girls, and I think he's probably called some other girls himself." When Phyllis had wandered out, stopping to primp, as if magnetized by a large mirror in the outer office, Elaine explained that "part-time steady" means a job that lasts for several weeks, but requires only part of the day. In this case, the job would pay each model seventy-five dollars a week for two hours a day.

AN HOUR or so later, Phyllis came back into the office. "How'd you make out?" asked Elaine. Phyllis shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I didn't," she said. "He already had all the girls he wanted." "Did you take a cab, like I told you?" asked Elaine. "No," said Phyllis. "It was such a beautiful day, I walked."

A tall, well-dressed, middle-aged woman wandered into the office and introduced herself as an associate editor of a magazine. She said she was looking for a half-dozen models to illustrate a picture story she was working on. "We're doing something called 'The Six Ages of Beauty,'" she said, "and I'm looking for six kids from thirteen to eighteen years." Elaine sent her across the hall to the children's department. "See Marge McDermott over there, and she'll take care of you on the kids."

Miss McDermott, a friendly, motherly type, was seated calmly in front of a desk with several phones, which seemed to ring continuously. She carried on rapid-fire telephone conversations with utter disregard for the bedlam in her small office, the walls of which are plastered with cut-out illustrations of nursery rhymes, and pictures and stories of the children who work for the Conover agency. Children were all over the place. Two toddlers were crawling around on their hands and knees; one small boy, about four, was scribbling on the office door with a heavy, black pencil; an eight-year-old boy was poring over a pile of comic books, which are part of the office equipment; and the mothers of the children sat in chairs along the wall, reading, knitting, and gossiping, with one eye on their offspring. One little girl, with long golden curls and a stiffly starched dress of the kind that small girls customarily wear only for parties, was going through a pile of photographs of child models. "Oh," she kept exclaiming, "isn't she *cute!*" and she would hold up a picture of a little girl for her mother to see. "Look at her, Mother," the little girl said. "Isn't she sweet? Isn't she adorable?" The mother looked at the picture and snorted. "That's you," she said coldly. The little girl squealed with surprise. "Me, is that *me?*" The other mothers in the room laughed, and the little girl's mother flushed with embarrassment and pulled her child away from the pile of pictures.

There are several hundred children listed with the Conover agency, said Miss McDermott, but only about a hundred of them are "active" at any one time. The active ones get at least one job a day, and work anywhere from one hour to three or four. Their rates are ten dollars and twelve-fifty an hour, of which the agency gets ten per cent, as it does in the case of the more adult models. (A half-dozen dogs also work for the agency, and they pay ten per cent commission on their earnings, too.)

"I USED to work for the restaurant Twenty-One," said Miss McDermott, "and Mr. Conover used to watch me operate the switchboard there. One day, he said, 'Marge, the way you handle these celebrities is just the way children should be handled. If you ever want to leave your job, come over and see me.' Well, after a while I did want to leave, and Mr. Conover put me in charge of his children's department. I never had very much to do with children before, but they *are* just like celebrities—unpredictable and temperamental."

The agency is always on the lookout

for new children, she said, because of the peculiar things that happen to them. "All of a sudden," she said, "our most popular child model will lose a couple of teeth, and his career is finished. And then, they grow out of their cute ages so fast. One day a child will be absolutely cunning, and the next he'll look like an absolute monster, and behave like one. And they keep getting those children's diseases."

The door of the children's department opened, and a mother came in leading a child of about three whose long mane of hair was so blond it was almost white. "How old is she?" asked Miss McDermott. The mother smiled with a superior air. "It isn't a *she,*" she said, "it's a *he*. He's a boy." Miss McDermott looked faintly disgusted. "What's he got that long hair for?" she asked. "Why don't you give him a haircut?" "Aha," said the mother, "that's just it! I let his hair grow so he can pose as a girl, in case you need girls. But when I put his hat on, he looks like a boy, so he can pose as a boy *or* a girl." The child's mother produced a cap, gathered up her son's hair, and put the cap on him. He did look unmistakably like a boy then. The mother whipped the cap off, the hair came tumbling down, and the child looked like a girl once more. "See?" said the mother. The other mothers looked on with fascination, and Miss McDermott looked more disgusted. "We can't have anything like that," she said severely. "We wouldn't deceive our clients that way. If they say they want a girl, they want a *girl,* not a boy. You go home and give him a regular boy's haircut and bring him back. Then we'll see."

BACK IN the adult section, the reception room was crowded with girls, all of them working with great concentration on application forms, which would later be inspected, as the girls themselves would, by Harry Conover. They were all dressed in what were obviously their best clothes, and all of them were keyed up to a high pitch of excitement. Every time the door opened and a girl with a big hatbox, the hallmark of the professional model, walked in, the girls on the couches along the walls looked up from their application forms and followed her with their eyes. In his office, a big room about thirty feet long, Harry Conover waited for the applicants to be brought in.

"We've got about a hundred and fifty models on our active list, aside from the children," he said. "About twenty of them are men; there are a half-dozen dogs that work fairly regularly; and the rest are girls. We've got to keep looking for girls because they keep dropping out, either because they go into the movies, television, or stage work, or they get married, or they get fed up and go home. When they have no experience, they start at a rate of seven-fifty an hour; then they go up to ten dollars, and fifteen. If their type of beauty is rare, or if they're good actresses and can adapt themselves to different kinds of modeling, they can establish themselves at a twenty-dollar, twenty-five-dollar, or thirty-dollar-an-hour rate. We've got a number of topflight girls who get all the work they can handle at twenty-five and thirty dollars an hour. But the average girl makes anywhere from a hundred to a hundred and fifty a week."

Conover's wife, who was famous as Candy Jones when she was a topflight model and television actress, and who is now his assistant, came into his office, bubbling with excitement. "We've got another call for Claire Kallen," she said. "That makes the third today—one for a soap ad, one for a cigarette ad, and now this one for a magazine cover." Conover whistled, with a note of enthusiasm, when his wife told him the name of the magazine. "This Claire Kallen," he said, "has just started with us, and we've just begun sending her pictures around to clients. She's only sixteen. She's an orphan. As a matter of fact, she lives in an orphanage over in New Jersey, where she's been since she was a small child. The superintendent of the orphanage, who is her legal guardian, brought her to us when she was thirteen, but we couldn't do anything with her then. They did fine work with her over there, and now she's a regular little lady, poised with a fine speaking voice, and she looks and acts as if she had had every advantage." Conover rummaged around her desk and came up with a picture of a lovely young girl with big eyes, a winsome expression, a dimple in her chin and a gorgeous shape. "She'll go far," said Conover.

JEAN MILLER, Conover's secretary, came into the office with the first of the applicants. She announced her, and then left the girl to walk the thirty feet toward Conover's desk. Conover watched the girl closely as she ambled toward him. "Sit down," he said, smiling and making a strenuous effort to put the nervous girl at ease. She was a short blonde, vivacious young woman.

"Have you got your application form?" asked Conover, still smiling broadly. She handed it to him, and Conover read it rapidly, murmuring the while, "So you want to be a model?" The girl giggled. "Well," she said, "it's not my idea; it's my husband's. He says I'm too beautiful to sit around the house all day, and that I might as well make some money from being beautiful." Conover laughed appreciatively. "Yes," he said, "that's a good idea. How old are you, er, er, Florence?" Florence said she was twenty-seven. "Any children?" asked Conover. She had two, a boy and a girl. "That's hard work," said Conover, and Florence said, "You can say that again," so Conover said obligingly, "That's hard work." They chatted about children for a while, and then Conover asked her to stand up and show him first one profile and then the other. When she was seated once more, Conover began the speech he was to make to all but one of the thirty or so girls he interviewed that day—a speech he has worked out over the twelve years he has been in the model-agency business as being the kindest possible brush-off to girls who want to be models, but who are, in his opinion altogether unsuited for so demanding a field.

"A model agency," he murmured, while Florence listened raptly, "is like a department store. A department store sells pianos, and pots and pans, and brushes. We deal in beauty. Now, a department store can't stay in business if it becomes overstocked in pianos, or pots and pans, or brushes. They have to keep the merchandise moving. And we have to keep our beauties moving. And we can't keep them moving if we become overstocked. A department store, of course, can put a dust cover over its pianos, but we can't put a dust cover on a girl, now, can we?" Conover laughed heartily, and so did Florence. "It may seem strange to you," continued Conover, "but we can become overstocked, just like a department store. We can become overstocked if we have too many girls who have the same type of beauty. Now, you're a petite blonde. Offhand, I can't say just how many petite blondes we have in stock. Here's what we'll do. Between now and tomorrow, I'll look over our files, and I'll make a decision about you, as to whether you'll fit into our lists without too much competition. You wouldn't want to just sit out there on a bench, without getting much work, because we've got too many petite blondes, would you?" Florence

"Would you mind taking off your veil, Gert? I keep thinking I've got double vision!"

snook her head, smiled, and said of course she wouldn't.

"Fine," said Conover, "fine. Tomorrow, at, say two o'clock, you call Miss Miller, my secretary, and she'll tell you what the decision is." Florence rose and left, smiling happily. When the door closed on her, Conover sighed and marked on her application the letters TDO.

"That means," he said, "that she's turned down. Tomorrow, when she calls, Miss Miller will tell her we've got too many blondes on our list, and her feelings won't be hurt. You can't tell a girl she's not beautiful enough to be a model, because if she comes here, she obviously thinks she is. Maybe it would be kinder, but I'd have an office full of hysterical, angry women all the time. This way, it's pleasanter and easier. They don't go away mad at me, but they *do* go away."

One tall, blonde girl, who said she had come up to New York from Virginia, had a gold front tooth, which shone brilliantly and disconcertingly every time she opened her mouth. She told Conover proudly that she had had several movie and television offers. "But the men who made me those offers were all wolves," she said. "They made passes at me." Conover chuckled politely, had her stand up and show her profiles, asked her to walk to the door and back to his desk again, and then gave her the department-store routine. When she left, he marked TDO on her application form. After making the same note on several application blanks, he called his wife into his office. "Take over, will you, Candy," he said. "I'm getting woozy."

THE FIRST girl who came into his office after he left was startling. She was a ravishing young beauty. She was tall and blonde, with big, green eyes, a lovely complexion, a charming smile, and a personality that radiated warmth. Candy Jones looked at her with evident approval. Her name was Helen Jacques; she was nineteen and lived in Newburgh, New York. Her application blank said she attended the State Teachers College, at New Paltz, and that although she wanted to try her hand at modeling, she wanted, eventually, to be a school-teacher. Candy had her walk back and forth several times, and then asked her to adopt an erect stance and show her profiles. The girl was wearing a very becoming white suit. "How big is your fanny, dear?" asked Candy, and Miss Jacques blushed. "Well," she said, "it's a little too big, I know. I think I'm thirty-six around the hips." Candy threw her a tape measure. "Measure it," she said. Miss Jacques put the tape measure around her hips and turned her back. "Is this right?" she asked. "A little lower," said Candy, and the girl lowered the tape. "It's thirty-six-and-a-half inches," she said, blushing again.

"Don't worry about it, dear," said Candy; "we can fix that easily. You go right out today and buy yourself a latex girdle that's twenty-three inches around the waist, which will be tight on you, and then do this simple exercise—just lie down on the floor and roll around on your fanny. In a week, you'll take an inch off, and in two, you'll be fine."

Helen Jacques listened absorbedly and kept nodding. "Do you think it will work?" she asked. "I know it will," said Candy firmly. "Now go back to the waiting room, because I want Mr. Conover to see you."

Conover came back to the office and interviewed a dozen other girls, all of whom he marked TDO, including one extremely nervous little girl who said she wanted to do "hand modeling." She showed Conover pictures of her hands, and then he asked her to hold them up so he could see them. She put her elbows on his desk and held up her hands, which trembled like the hands of a man in the last stages of delirium tremens. They *were* beautiful. "You're nervous," murmured Conover. The girl flushed, and her eyes filled with tears as she nodded. "Well," said Conover, "I'm nervous, too." The girl laughed, and her hands suddenly stopped trembling. After a while, when Conover had given her his department-store routine, she left. "She's got lovely hands," said Conover, "but we can't have specialists."

HELEN JACQUES was ushered in. Conover sat up straight in his chair, and his flagging spirits seemed to revive. Miss Jacques walked back and forth across the room for him, and then she showed her profiles. "Now tell me," he said delicately, "what do you measure in the hip department?" Miss Jacques blushed. "Well," she said, "my, er, hips are a little too big, but Miss Jones told me what to do about getting them down." Conover was glad to hear that his wife had seen Miss Jacques, and he told her happily that he had no worries about her possibilities as a model. "You just do the exercise she told you about, and come back and see me one week from today. You'll start right in working—"

In the booking department, Elaine Urdang, Sally Laning, and Conover's secretary, Jean Miller, were trying—wearily, for it was close to the end of the day—to get in touch with girls to give them their assignments for the next day. Most of them hadn't got home, but Sally managed to reach a girl named Judy Jenks to tell her to show up at a photographer's studio with three slips one pink one, one white one, and one black one, very frilly with a lot of lace. Miss Jenks said she didn't have a frilly black slip, and Sally said coldly, "Then go out and buy or borrow one, dearie."

A girl named Helen Hagen balked at going on a photographic assignment the next day because, she said, she had lost the caps from her front teeth that day while on a swimming assignment. "They've got divers looking for them on the bottom of the swimming pool, but they haven't found them yet." Elaine interrupted her. "Listen, Helen," she said, "it's for Jon Whitcomb." The model on the other end of the wire squeale with excitement. "Oooh," she said, "*him*. Well, I'll go, caps or no caps."

All the girls deserted the telephones and the models in the rumpus room dashed into the booking department when a lovely, vibrant young blonde named Jean Golden walked in. She had just been married, and the girls all "ooohed" and "aahed" as she showed her rings. Pleased with this success, the beaming bride showed them her marriage license and a picture of her husband, across which he had written belligerently, "I love you, and you knov it." The girls liked that, too, which inspired Miss Golden to invite everyone out for a drink to celebrate her marriage on which pleasant note the office was closed for the day.

A WEEK later, Helen Jacques returned to Conover's office. Candy Jones measured her, er, hips, and found she had lost precisely one inch. "I did just what you told me to," Miss Jacques said happily, and Mr. and Mrs. Conover beamed at her. "Good girl," said Conover, "You'll go far." THE END

Saucy Sign Language *(Continued from page 51)*

Pacific crossing near Needles, a local junk dealer consolingly advertises, "Go ahead and take a chance! We'll buy what's left of your car!"

When all the rooms in a California hostelry are occupied, the reception clerk slaps this sign on the desk: "Don't go away mad; just go away." A notice near the newsstand of an inn at Rochester, Minnesota (home of the Mayo Clinic), begs, "Please do not discuss your operation in the lobby." Elliot Paul actually purloined a sign from a small hotel in Illinois that reads, "Do not take lady friends up the back stairs. They have just been painted." Certainly the most elegant piece of sign language extant in a hotel today adorns the Rice bootblack stand in Houston: "Your pedal habiliments artistically lubricated and illuminated with ambidextrous facility for the infinitesimal remuneration of fifteen cents per operation."

Interested in keeping trespassers off your lawns and shrubbery? Try one of these gentle hints: "Don't ruin the gay young blades"; "Your feet are killing me"; "These flowers are under your personal care." Last year fire-prevention authorities in Pennsylvania achieved notable results with signs portraying a huge match labeled "This is the forest crime evil." The head of a Florida maternity hospital can't understand why so many people stop to chuckle over a sign on the front lawn stating "No children allowed here."

SOME OF the funniest signs I've heard about were crudely lettered, hastily contrived affairs intended for very special occasions. Like the placard posted by barrack mates over the bunk of a GI who had boasted of superhuman achievements with the fair sex on his leave in Louisville: "Temporarily out of ardor." Or the warning on an entrance gate of an Iowa farm: "Beware of shooting anything on this place that isn't moving. It's probably my hired man." Or the legend painted on the back of a two-ton truck. "This vehicle stops for red lights, railroad crossings, blondes, and brunettes. For redheads, it will back up fifty feet."

Our fellow citizens obviously mean to go on expressing themselves in their own vernacular and according to their own peculiar bents despite carpings of purists and conformists. Should you think, perchance, that perpetrators of some of the above signs and exhortations strained too hard to be original, or failed to achieve quite the effect they desired, at least give them an A for effort. It was their way of building better mousetraps. They were determined, if the ghost of Robert Burns will forgive me, to forget not only auld acquaintance, but auld long signs as well. THE END

The Misfit Who Became a Hero

(Continued from page 71)

States; he sneered at capitalism while yearning for capital. Maybe he was a Communist at heart. He despised the war and preferred staying in the jungle to registering for the draft.

A man who'll endure jungle nights unarmed and alone doesn't lack courage; but while men died at Bastogne and Iwo Jima, Frey searched for Bonampak.

In society's eyes, he was a sponger. His parents, both of whom came from Switzerland when they were children, live on the outskirts of Staunton. His father, now sixty-nine, is a coal miner. From 1930 to 1933 they were on relief; in 1934, his father lost one eye; in 1942, their home burned; in '44 his father broke his arm, and in '46 he broke his foot in the mine; yet during the years their son was searching for Bonampak, they sent him a total of $3,180, often in the form of a twenty-dollar bill in an envelope. The money was to help feed and clothe him and make his expeditions possible.

Archaeological exploration is usually financed by wealthy foundations, but the money that gave the world Bonampak was furnished by simple parents at the sacrifice of comfort and security.

Frey not only accepted this money; he asked for it. He "hated to ask"—but he kept asking. Moreover, he wrote pie-in-the-sky letters assuring his parents that next month or next year or next expedition, he'd find the big ruin and be able to repay.

What the parents have to show for their sacrifice is a grave they can never visit, two half-Indian grandchildren they can never see, a packet of letters—and Bonampak. And when you get down to it, what the hell is Bonampak? Molding, crumbling old masonry in the middle of a jungle. Bonampak means "painted walls" in Mayathan. The walls may excite a few professors—they may attract tourists for the United Fruit Company—but what can they mean to coal miners in Staunton, Illinois? Everyone in Staunton knows that little, white-haired Mrs. Frey is stooped because she worked so hard after her house burned. Everyone knows that with that $3,180, the parents could have bought security for their old age.

So instead of being a hero, wasn't Herman Frey simply a wastrel? Didn't he exploit his parents and squander his life? And didn't his parents waste their sacrifice?

I ASKED his mother these questions in her modest, old-fashioned living room. She is seventy-one and has shiny white hair. She smiles easily; her eyes still twinkle.

"Her-mann had the wanderlust," she said with a slight German accent. "He got it from me. As a girl, I came from Switzerland to Chicago. If I had been a man—well, maybe I would have searched for lost cities, too. But here you can find your answers."

She offered me all that is left of Herman Frey—his letters, his maps, his press clippings, the water-marked diary taken from his body. We spent two days studying them, talking about Herman, trying to reconstruct him so I would be able to judge him.

On October 1, 1946, he wrote to his only

brother, a Government worker in Washington:

> Dear Gil: I can understand why you like to go back to Staunton each summer and visit Mom and Dad and your friends. You should understand why I can't go back. In 1930-33 when Dad wasn't working and we were on relief, you were too young to suffer much, but I was just old enough to catch it on the chin. In high school, I wore patched overalls. They called me "Humpy Herman," and I had to fight every bully in town for calling me that. Was it my fault that I was tall and lanky and hungry-looking and had a slight curve in my spine?
>
> You remember how hard I trained to win the mile race the last year? I had the race won; I was within ten yards of the tape; I was breezing past the leader when he swerved and tripped me, and I fell on my face. I cried my eyes out. Do you remember how I rode the football bench? I was good, but I was "Humpy Herman" from the other side of the tracks. In the last big game, we were leading 40 to 0 and the coach used every player—every one, that is, but "Humpy Herman," and that night I cried my eyes out again.
>
> By the time you were in high school, the mines were open and Dad was working again. You didn't have to wear overalls; you had friends; you rode around with them; you weren't "Humpy Herman." Did anybody ever invite me to ride in an automobile with boys and girls or to go to parties? So you like to go back; but I'll never go back. That's why I keep begging you and Mom and Dad to come to Mexico to see me.

June 18, 1944, to his mother:

> Mom, I want you to understand that I have changed my name. I know Herman is Dad's name and my name, but when I think of it I think of "Humpy Herman." So down here I have changed it. My name now is Carlos Frey. I speak Spanish, and all my friends know me as Carlos. So please don't ever address my letters in any other way except Carlos.

January 1, 1946, to his brother:

> I do wish you'd come to visit me and meet my friends. You'd realize then that Mexico is a much better place to live than the United States. An American amounts to something after he leaves the U. S. We aren't anybody in the States, but we're somebody down here. Why does a British clerk prefer to work in India?

FREY'S FIRST job was at the Chicago World's Fair, stamping the Lord's Prayer on a penny for a nickel. He worked Midwestern state and country fairs with an airplane advertising outfit: the plane towed signs. Whenever he stopped overnight at Staunton, his father always urged him to take a job in the mines; so at sunrise, he'd be back on the highways traveling in any direction he could hitch a ride. He never paid for transportation, seldom for lodging: he slept in cars. When the San Francisco fair opened, Frey was a guide on the elephant train.

"Herman loved strangers," his mother said. "Even when he was a baby he'd go, laughing, to anybody. He could hitchhike to California faster than you could go by bus. And, oh, the stories he'd tell. He'd bring strangers here; I'd feed them; then they'd be off."

In 1939, while the San Francisco fair was temporarily closed, he worked his way to the Mexican Isthmus of Tehuantepec. He was so fascinated that he returned to the fair for only one purpose: to accumulate money. He slept in a warehouse; he ate scraps; and when he had a thousand dollars, he returned, in 1940, to southern Mexico and began a series of amazing treks.

He reduced his possessions to a thirty-pound pack, including a hammock. He walked in cheap huarachos. Within two years, he had visited every known Mayan ruin in the Mexican states of Chiapas, Tabasco, Campeche, Yucatan, and the territory of Quintana Roo, as well as in Guatemala and British Honduras. He spent a week at the Mayan mecca, Yaxchilan, which is in a bend of the Usumacinta River, the boundary between Chiapas and Guatemala. At first he identified himself to the authorities as a "student"; then as an "archaeologist."

On May 8, 1941, he wrote his mother:

> I know now, Mom, what I am supposed to do in the world. I'm an archaeologist; I should have realized it when I used to hunt arrowheads after rains. There are people who make their livings just exploring for ruins and writing about it. I met two of them, Dana and Ginger Lamb. They are in Chiapas trying to find the "lost city" by flying over the jungle in an airplane. Right now money is my problem.

June 4, 1942, to his mother:

> Today I received your letter, and what a relief it was. The nervous strain had been so tense that I expected to have a breakdown. For ten days now, since I returned to civilization, I have been forced to wear the same ragged clothes in which I left the jungle. I was able to borrow a size-twelve shoe; I was able to sew up my pants, but what a mess! I was afraid of being picked up by the police for vagrancy. If that had happened I would have been sent right back to the States. Your twenty dollars saved my skin!

It is unlikely that Frey could have passed an Army physical examination, but his mother wanted him to register for the draft. His father, however, is one of the original isolationists; he tried to persuade me that the United States should have avoided both world wars.

In 1943, Frey attempted to solve the food and clothing problem by becoming a Chiapas "rancher." Near Ocotzingo, at a cost of about six hundred dollars to his parents, he built a thatched hut on land loaned him by a friend and planted several acres of corn. He stocked the place with pigs and chickens, and on July 7, 1945, he acquired as a wife an illiterate part-Indian girl named Caralampia Solis. He enclosed her picture in a letter:

> I have to have a wife, of course, on the ranch, and a girl from the United States is out of the question. What would a girl from Staunton do if you took her into the jungle, handed her a machete, and asked her to help you build a place to live? The Mexican girls are undependable: they like to live in cities. But an Indian girl is the perfect wife. She'll work and stay

at home and you don't have to buy shoes for her. Lampia is fifteen. She is pretty. You might think something about her not wearing shoes, but down here shoes don't matter much; and I think women look kind of graceful without shoes on. And shoes cost money.

APPARENTLY the union was legal and reasonably honorable. It is possible that a native wife helped secure Frey's position in Mexico: he had to make two anxious trips to Mexico City to keep from being returned to the United States, where he would have been arrested as a draft dodger. He never mentioned his wife to friends he later made in Mexico City, but his letters contain many references to her and to the two children.

On November 27, 1945, he wrote:

> My wife was supposed to have a baby on the twenty-fifth of November. About the twenty-fourth of October she had a bad attack of malaria. I couldn't give her quinine because that would cause a miscarriage. The fever persisted. Our midwife lived on the other side of the river. It started to rain. The night of October twenty-sixth the river was way up, and I couldn't cross in a dugout. About midnight, labor pains started, and my wife had a high fever. I was plenty nervous. Luckily I had a book for midwives. Every hour I would go and look at the river. It was impossible to cross. The pains became worse, and I followed the stages in the book. Finally the baby came, and somehow I managed. Next day I crossed the river and got the midwife. She examined my wife and the baby and said they were okay. The baby is a boy and his name is Carlos Kayon Frey Solis—the last the mother's surname—custom here.

June 26, 1946, from Tenosique, Tabasco:

> Received your letter and check. Thanks a million. . . . I have received news that my baby boy is fine. He has been so sick. He must be as tough as his father to have pulled through everything including malaria. I wonder when you will ever see him. He is light with reddish brown hair and big brown eyes. You have never told me what you think of the picture I sent of my wife. What do Gil and Katie [his brother and sister-in-law] think?

October 27, 1947:

> I arrived today in Mexico City. The trip was hard and long, and I am still very tired. I had to do some of it by horseback. When I left, the baby was still very thin. He still has the whooping cough. The worst is that I could not find anyone to buy milk from, even though it is a cattle region. While I am here, I must send dried milk and breakfast food. I took pictures of the baby to show to some doctor to see what is wrong and what medicine is good. It has an enlarged stomach while the rest of the body is too thin. It doesn't walk very well even though yesterday was his second birthday. If he were only fat or a little heavier, he would be handsome.

A second child, name unknown, was born a few months before Frey's death, and Caralampia and her children are

now living with her parents at Altimarana, Chiapas. Frey's parents are worried over how to discharge their responsibility to the children. They have been advised against trying to bring the family to the United States. They send money to Caralampia and receive acknowledgments written for her. A Mexican rancher who knew Frey arranged to care for his family, but Caralampia's father insisted on her living with him after the first check arrived from Frey's parents.

Frey (far left) with the Lacandons, who speak Mayathan and live primitively.

AS EARLY as 1941, Frey had made his first contacts with the Lacandon Indians. Last of the Mayas, this primitive tribe lives nomadically in the Chiapas jungle. They use bows and arrows, call themselves Caribs, and are so nearly extinct (less than two hundred are left) that brothers frequently marry sisters, and albinos are common. They still worship at some of the ancient ruins, but their religion forbids them to show their temples to outsiders.

Frey cultivated one Chambor, a young Lacandon descended from their priest clan. Chambor had a sister, Margharita, and after Bonampak had become headlines, the more imaginative Mexican newspapermen credited the fabulous discovery to a "jungle romance" between "tall, handsome Carlos Frey and the beautiful Margharita of Bonampak."

In a manner of speaking, the discovery of Bonampak is a result of World War II. The war not only kept Frey with the Lacandons, but, with East Indian chicle supplies cut off, it also sent hundreds of "chicleros" into the Chiapas jungle for chicle for the American market.

The chicleros brought the common cold to the Lacandons. The Lacandons fear the cold more than any other disease. Sneeze among them, and they'll flee in terror. During the epidemic caused by the chicleros, even though they prayed at their temples, many Lacandons died. This set Chambor to doubting his gods, and he told Frey that as the gods had allowed his people to die, he would show Frey the temples. Chambor accompanied Frey on three major expeditions.

The first of these treks was in 1943, and Frey and Chambor were joined by Frans Blom, an archaeologist long associated with Tulane University. They found five ruins, but the trek was cut short when Frey and Blom fell ill.

When the war was over, the United Fruit Company again began publicizing Mayan ruins as a tourist attraction. They sent a photographer, Giles Healey, into Chiapas to photograph the Lacandons and some of the ruins. Healey was accompanied by a young adventurer, John Bourne, of Los Angeles. They sought out Frey and induced him to accompany them on an expedition. This party found five ruins but did not reach the big ruin, or "lost city," which Chambor had told Frey was in the Lacanjá Valley.

In January, 1946, Frey and Chambor, accompanied only by John Bourne, went back into the Lacanjá Valley, and this time, on February 9, 1946, the three of them reached the site now known as Bonampak. Frey made maps and wrote extensive descriptions, which he deposited with the Museum of Natural History and Anthropology in Mexico City. He urged a fully equipped scientific expedition for excavation and study, but, unable to obtain such help, he returned to his ranch.

As often happens, the months following Frey's big discovery were the bitterest of his life in Mexico. On June 10, 1946, he wrote his mother from Tenosique:

> So much has happened to me that I haven't felt like writing or anything else. I am in ruins. Since last November I have been on two successful expeditions; I have found the "lost city," the biggest ruin of all, but I can make no money. I have been promised all sorts of help and money, but I get nothing.
>
> When I returned to my ranch I found the biggest ruin of all. Forty small pigs had died, and I had lost my crop of luffa. My neighbors had run cattle and mules in my cornfields. In the months I was exploring I lost nearly all my crops and animals. Besides this, my baby has been in very bad condition. At six months, it weighed only eight pounds. I took my wife and baby to some missionaries. I left both of them there, sold the few pigs that were left, and came here to Tenosique.
>
> I am lower than ever, financially and every way. I have no idea what I will do for the future. I have given up my ranch. I think I will go and live with my in-laws in San Carlos and try to write a book. Everyone tells me I could write a best seller of my experiences. I'll write a whole book, then look for a ghost writer. It's the only hope I have left.
>
> Does Sears or Montgomery Ward sell battery radios yet? What does the cheapest set cost that has short and long wave? If I could take a radio along when I move in with my in-laws I will be more welcome, and because of the radio they will keep me as long as possible. If possible also could you send me some more baby food of concentrated fruits and vegetables. I can't get any here, and the baby needs them very badly.

But Frey's troubles had only begun. Once a temple is shown to an outsider by the Lacandons, they no longer attempt to keep its location a secret. In May, 1946, Healey reached Bonampak with complete photographic equipment. United Fruit's big publicity department lunged into action. At a press conference in New York, Eddie Bernays, public-relations counsel for United Fruit, introduced Healey, and most of the reporters present understood Mr. Bernays to say that Healey was the "discoverer of Bonampak." So reported the press associations. The London *Illustrated News* ran an eight-page spread, *Life* Magazine ran four pages in full color, and both spreads featured Healey and United Fruit, with no mention of Frey. Carnegie Institute readied its first expedition on the assumption that Healey was the discoverer, and Healey cashed in on photographs and lectures.

WHEN FREY, broke and sick, realized what was happening, he made his way to Mexico City and began what appeared to be a hopeless struggle. First against him was his appearance: he looked like an emaciated Robinson Crusoe. His teeth were falling out; he was dangerously underweight; he wore borrowed shoes and clothes. His feeling of inferiority and frustration made him so nervous that when he was invited to state his case on a radio program, his effort was pathetic. He was still "Humpy Herman" from the other side of the tracks, being tripped short of the finish line. He was a draft dodger challenging Healey—a Yale man backed by United Fruit and the Carnegie Institute.

Powerful natural allies rushed to Frey's assistance. The favorite punching bag of many Mexican newspapers is United Fruit, the "thieving Yankee exploiters," and Carnegie Institute is a close second. Wormwood to proud Mexicans is the fact that many of Mexico's

On photo of his Indian wife, Frey commented, "How do you like her figure?"

art treasures have been discovered and exploited by Yankee dollars. And here was a little "Mexican" named Carlos Frey, a humble farmer-explorer underdog, married to a daughter of Old Mexico, being robbed by the Yankee corporations.

Moreover, Frey had impressive proof. Healey was said to have "discovered" Bonampak in May, 1946. But in March, 1946, Frey had filed completely accurate maps and descriptions of Bonampak. Objective Mexicans were willing to concede Healey and United Fruit full credit for

"development and advertising," but there was no reasonable doubt that Frey had been first to reach the site.

DURING the next few months, Frey got more publicity in Mexico than the atom bomb. After the newspapers had tired of using him to denounce United Fruit, magazines and newspapers exhausted every angle of his story. Famous people like Blom, Diego Rivera, and Alfaro Siqueiros invited him to big houses. There was talk of an all-Mexican expedition to Bonampak to be led by Frey. It was even suggested that a department of exploration be created so that the government could hire Frey as an explorer.

It is ironic that this period cost Frey the most heartaches—and his parents the most money. He bore two crosses. He could get plenty of publicity in Mexico, but almost none in Staunton, Illinois; and he was a famous man with social opportunities but no money except what came out of the coal mine.

The bitterest day in Frey's life was the day he learned that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which is *the* big newspaper in the Staunton area, had published Healey's Bonampak story with vast illustrations—and not a line about Frey.

The local paper in Staunton is the *Star-Times*. For years, Mrs. Frey regularly carried items about her son and his explorations to the paper, but there was an enormous lack of interest. In 1948, some United Nations delegates were photographed with Frey showing them a replica of Bonampak. He was so certain the picture would appear in the *Post-Dispatch* or the *Star-Times* that he wrote his mother a special-delivery letter to look for it. She never found it. It reached the *Star-Times* by the usual publicity channels, but it was overlooked. Someone, however, dug a proof out of the wastebasket and gave it to Mrs. Frey.

All of this, of course, Frey blamed on "the power of United Fruit and Carnegie to intimidate the so-called free American press." His letters during this period are painful to read:

> . . . Here I am, famous but broke. I know you wish I had a job. I can't now. I feel that I am too close to the threshold. If I got a job, the luxury of steady living would make me afraid to give it up and return to exploring. I feel there are too many people who depend on a job and may have done great things if they hadn't been afraid of starving and a hard life. I only feel so bad that all the weight must fall on your shoulders. I hope you feel that you are getting something in return. I feel sure that when Bonampak is mentioned I will be known as the discoverer for as long as the world lasts. I prefer that to a job.
>
> . . . Forget the Staunton paper. If they are not interested in me the hell with them. I guess the news that so-and-so went to St. Louis and visited Forest Gardens and a good time was had by all interests them more.
>
> . . . As we live in a small town, I know for years people have been asking you if I have been getting ahead. I remember my aunts and cousins during the time I was broke and unemployed in Staunton in 1937 —how they would ask when I was going to work again, and I remember how I was about stuck in a coal mine and had to leave for Mexico not to have that happen to me. . . . But just think, after so many explorers

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A's earn $4,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A's examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A's. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 1055-H Chicago 5, Ill.

over so many years have failed to find one important ruin, I have discovered the greatest of all Mayan ruins, and the other explorers were either wealthy or had the backing of rich institutes. I laid the groundwork on my own, and you and Pop were my backers. Don't forget that I have recognition in Mexico, and I shall always fight until I get recognition in the States. Please tell everyone that you believe I have accomplished something in my life. . . . A newspaperman who died a few months ago told me when we were drinking that he knew how to write and had had good jobs in New York, Paris, and Havana, but he always wanted to free-lance and try to write novels. But he always had a fear of not having a salary. When he found out that I had not worked for anyone for so many years he said he didn't admire me so much for bravery in exploring jungles with jaguars, snakes, rivers, etc., but for my courage in sticking out my free-lance archaeology.

. . . Got the money. Thanks a million. I must have a suit, so I am going to an Indian town to buy some hand-woven tweed very much like Harris tweed from Scotland and pure wool. It is very cheap, and I should get a suit that will last for years for thirty dollars. If I can get two suits, I will. I guess clothes do make the man. It will also be hand-tailored.

. . . Last Saturday I got the suit from the tailors. It is hand-tailored and turned out very nice. Quite a few people have already asked if it is Harris tweed from Scotland. Someone said I look like an Englishman. I should get another suit so I can have one change. Also a few slacks, at least five shirts, some ties, socks, underwear, and at least two pairs of shoes. Then I would be set—also a sports coat. I sure need money, but I hate for it to fall on you.

. . . I sure feel different since I had a bad tooth pulled and the others filled. I have gained four pounds in two weeks. I hope to get a bridge soon. A good one that doesn't show costs $50. I hate to say it, but I could use some more money. Now that I am here in Mexico City and famous it costs so much. We are organizing the big expedition. Now that I have a suit, I am busy. Going on the radio will help. I am willing to start at the bottom as long as it's archaeology. Nothing else will do. It's like show business to get established and make money. I am now established but so far no money.

. . . I do have fame here now, but it doesn't help financially. I know personally two members of the President's cabinet, a few Senate members, and a governor. But it doesn't help here—lacking clothes and money. We are working to get backing for the expedition, but it's hard. I am like Pop, always giving expert services for nothing. I guess a book is my best bet. I'm a gambler, and I can't see myself working for someone else. If a book hits only moderately, it's more money than many years' work. I have more than enough material. After all, I have found more ruins than any man living or dead. It's all in presenting it.

. . . Well, I'm in Acapulco for a little while. A friend of mine has a house here and convinced me I need to calm my nerves. All I pay for is the share in food. No rent. I was

Frey shows model of the temple at Bonampak to officials of United Nations.

looking forward to the rest I should have taken after typhoid. Well, I have been here a week and bad sick. I haven't been to the beach yet. The doctor says I have an intestinal infection. I have been getting shots of sulfathiazol. If I don't get better, I'll return at once to Mexico City and see the Institute of Tropical Diseases for a real analysis. I received the check. Thanks a million. Fame is damn holler without money.

. . . I received the checks today. I am sorry it's costing so much. I don't blame Pop for grumbling. I hope this is the last as I am receiving a nice build-up, and the expedition is coming along. I am to be organizer and technician. Next week we will see President Aleman. I now know many world-famous people, and they are with me. We hope for $20,000.

. . . Last Thursday I was at a meeting of bankers we had got together. Diego Rivera and David Alfaro Siqueiros were along. They are two of the four greatest living painters. We asked for 35,000 pesos—about $7,000—and one man alone started with $2,000. In a half hour, we had $6,500. By tomorrow, all the money should be in. Of course, you understand that this time I don't work for anyone. I am boss and technical organizer of the expedition. I organized it and also was the one to get the money. I am the first person ever to get a big chunk of money for an expedition here in Mexico; all the money has always come from the States. So I am starting at the bottom, and if it is a success I will have the inside track on getting more. I hope to continue to explore and get up to $400 a month and expenses.

BEFORE he left on the trip that cost him his life, Frey experienced his greatest satisfaction. Carnegie Institute officially recognized him as the discoverer of Bonampak. He wrote home:

I am enclosing a copy of Dr. Kidder's letter whereby I get full recognition for the discovery of Bonampak. No recognition could be higher. So, you see, I have made my mark in the world, although I am

broke. In archaeology I will be known for at least five hundred years. So please show this to the people who think of me as a bum. I only hope you and Pop feel you have got something out of it. I feel physically worse than people who have a steady job all their lives; I'm shot full of every disease of the tropics; but morally I feel that I have done more than millionaires. I hope you realize my satisfaction in winning against such odds. I am sending a clipping, which I will translate: "Quietly an expedition to Bonampak is being organized —this time by Mexicans—to the fabulous city of the painted walls discovered more than two years ago by Carlos Frey. The new trip will be financed by the President personally. Bonampak was made known to the world through an expedition that was contracted for by United Fruit."

Frey's last letter is dated March 21, 1949—to his mother:

Thanks for the money. I have been busy buying for the expedition. In addition to everything else, I have bought a number of gifts for the Lacandons. I must never forget them, for they helped me get where I am. I'll leave any day now, so this will be my last letter. I think all the troubles are about over, Mom, and from now on I can start repaying you and Pop. I hope the expedition is a success. It will be hard, as so many are going, and we lack money. We are taking along a sculptor, three painters, a chemist in paints, an archaeologist, an architect, a photographer, an art critic, a newspaperman, and a doctor. I have the responsibility for all of them—to transport and feed them and keep them from getting hurt. Practically all of them are greenhorns. But we'll make it, and I'll write as soon as I get out. I just hope you and Pop can feel some of what I feel today. Good-by.

After his death, the Staunton *Star-Times* carried this story on page one:

Charles H. Frey, deceased son of Herman Frey of this city, has been given official recognition by the Carnegie Institute for discovery of the important Mayan ruin known as Bonampak.

Frey lost his life in the treacherous Lacanjá River near Bonampak in Chiapas, Mexico, while leading a scientific expedition to this now-famous ruin. The expedition was sponsored by the National Institute of Finer Arts of Mexico City. Death occurred in an attempt to save a fellow expeditioner, a young artist named Franco Gomez, when their canoe capsized in the strong current. Both men were drowned.

The surviving members of the ill-fated expedition informed the world at a press conference held upon their return to Mexico City that Frey's insistent claim of having been first to discover Bonampak has been verified beyond doubt by the almost-extinct tribe of Lacandon Indians who live in that area. Frey was led to the ruin by a Lacandon in February, 1946. As often happens, official recognition came too late, though his claim had been accepted for some time by the press.

The discovery of Bonampak has been acclaimed as one of the greatest ever made in Mexico. It has been referred to as being to Mexico what King Tut's tomb is to Egypt, as Bonampak offers the highest degree of Mayan culture found to date.

International

In Staunton, Illinois, Frey's parents admire a rug he sent them from Mexico.

As I was leaving Frey's parents, they followed me into the yard to admire the new car I had rented at the St. Louis airport. They don't own a car. Mr. Frey, crippled at sixty-nine, could retire on a hundred - dollar - a - month pension, but "We have our two grandchildren in Mexico to think about," he said, "and we are sending food parcels to Germany."

Mrs. Frey said, "As to the money we sent to Herman—we have no regrets. He did what he thought he had to do, and we helped all we could. But what do you think? Do you think we wasted our money, and he wasted his life?"

I told her I'd like to consider the story for a day or so, then I'd write her my answer. And, for what it may be worth, here is a portion of my letter:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Frey: . . . No, I can't believe that Herman wasted his life or you your sacrifice. It's true that with $3,180 you could have bought a new washing machine, a car, and some security. But most folks set too much store on washing machines and cars and security. Compared to Bonampak, convenience and security aren't very important.

As for Herman's having been a bum, well, among the men who have counted in the human procession, quite a few have been bums. There was a French painter named Paul Gauguin; an English writer named Oliver Goldsmith; a couple of Americans named Edgar Allan Poe and Stephen Foster. You don't have to be rebellious, tormented, and restless to achieve, but no comfortable, satisfied man would have found Bonampak.

I doubt that Herman was a good, sound, bankable risk—nobody else would have financed him, and he would never have repaid you—but if parents start thinking like bankers, who will finance the dreams of men?

I'm sorry, Mrs. Frey, that you don't have a nice, new washing machine. I hope that every tired, stooped mother in the world someday gets one. But when all the parents of the earth start preferring washing machines and social security to a chance on Bonampak, the human procession is likely to halt and mankind will be about ready for the hydrogen bomb.

As one member of the procession, let me express my thanks to you and to your son, Herman, for Bonampak.

THE END

MY FAVORITE COLUMN

FRANK CONNIFF

Each month, COSMOPOLITAN will present a well-known newspaperman's choice of the favorite of all of his own columns

Frank Conniff, columnist for the New York Journal-American *and other newspapers, selected the following as his favorite column. His sudden departure to cover the war in Korea, however, prevented his explaining the reasons for this selection. We think the column speaks for itself.* —THE EDITORS

Leave for a moment the world of strife and ferment and come with me today to an austere cubicle in St. Francis Xavier's College at 30 West Sixteenth Street.

A priest sits quietly at his desk. His fingers rustle softly across the ridged projections of a braille reader, the only sound in the cloistered hush. Words form silently on the moving lips.

With infinite patience, as avidly as a schoolboy, he spells out the story of George Washington.

He is seventy. He is blind. He lost his sight in a Japanese prison camp. He is Father Arthur McCaffray of the Society of Jesus.

And now, at the ripe eminence of three score and ten, he is starting life anew, studying braille.

"Braille is pretty hard," he says. "When you're seventy, it's pretty hard to learn anything. But so many young men suffered worse handicaps in the last few years that I can't complain."

Father McCaffray, like the "many young men," is a casualty of war. For thirteen years he labored as a missionary in the Philippines. When the Japs stormed Manila, he was thrown into the prison camp at Los Banos.

His diet consisted of cracked rice in the morning and a kind of gruel at night. His eyesight, already dim, left him completely as a result of malnutrition.

His determination to salvage intellectual order from the chaos of darkness may hearten other wartime victims striving to adjust maimed bodies to the realities of "peace."

"It was a terrible blow," says Father McCaffray. "Blindness was one thing for which I wasn't prepared."

Father McCaffray chuckles. He has square, blunt features topped by a shock of white hair.

"Twice a week, I go to the Lighthouse on Fifty-ninth Street to study braille," he says. "They're really wonderful to me.

"My affliction has taught me how little we understand how crippling the disabilities of others can be. For instance, did you ever realize that only one person in five can master braille?"

I hadn't. I had thought braille was available to everybody. Concentration and study, I had always believed, could unlock the printed page to every person willing to try.

But I am not blind. I have the well person's indifference to the manifold problems of the unfortunate—the harassing details they seldom mention.

"Some of us have a terrible time," said Father McCaffray. "My own personal problem is that I don't seem to have a feeling for horizontal dimensions. My fingers keep wandering off all over the page. Just watch me."

His fingers probed straight across the page for a few seconds, then angled waywardly into another line. In music, it would be a "clinker." In blindness, it might be tragedy.

Father McCaffray only smiled.

"There I was reading about Washington's part in Braddock's retreat," he said. "And I wound up in the Revolution. I'll have to keep trying.

"Another thing I've learned: the facilities that might help blind people aren't available to all. Think of the underprivileged blind who can't afford phonographs on which they might play magazine stories and articles.

"In New York, there are sixty-five branch libraries, and not one is devoted to the poor and needy blind."

Father McCaffray smiled—a smile so deep and compassionate that the woes of the world outside, the strikes, the disputes, the turbulence, seemed petty and shameful.

"But I should never complain," he said. "I'm back in America. Through God's will, I'm back in the only country in which a person like myself can hope to improve."

When I left his room, Father McCaffray's lips again were moving silently as his fingers followed the "writing" on the pages. Peace dwelt within those ascetic walls.

For the young in heart do not recognize despair.

Football Weekend

(Continued from page 56)

or wool dress, a cocktail dress (a strapless with a matching jacket plays a double role), and if you can beg, borrow, or buy it, a warm fur coat. In the deep South, you can shed the fur coat, but you will need the other items. High heels, low heels, or fur-lined stadium boots are worn at the game. Hats are optional, but baby, if it's cold outside, just tuck a babushka into your purse! You'll wear the suit or wool dress to the game, and the strapless cocktail dress and jacket should see you through anything from a formal dance to a beer bust. There'll probably be a Sunday luncheon or tea dance, at which the suit, with a pretty blouse, will insure social security, but if you have a dressy (but not *too* dressy) silk or wool, bring it along for Sunday maneuvers. By the way, don't bring along any expensive jewelry other than what you'll be wearing. Be sure to bring a bathrobe. In small college towns, not every room is equipped with a bath. You may have to trek down the hall.

Is my date expected to meet my train?

Yes, he should be at the station when you come in, but if, for some unavoidable reason, he's not able to be on hand to greet you, he should send a buddy as a welcoming committee and to see that you get checked in at your dorm or hotel. When you write your letter to say that you'll be present and cheering, be explicit about which train you're taking, so he doesn't have to meet four or five of them.

As soon as you get checked in, be sure to phone or wire home and advise your parents how you can be contacted quickly in case of emergency.

What shall I do about drinking?

If you don't care for beer or rum punch, don't be afraid to say no politely, but no eyebrows will be raised if you drink in moderation. However, if your liquor is showing, you're not only a bore and a chore for your date, but for everyone else around you. Nobody is more depressing or embarrassing than a girl who gets sick. Beware of the hip flask that's passed to you during the half, for those slugs of whisky creep up and hit you about the time you reach your first cocktail party after the game.

Is it all right to make a side date with an old friend from home when you're somebody else's date at a man's college?

If a girl has any old (or young) friends to look up, she should first drop a hint to "the boy what brung her," and suggest they *both* pay him a visit. Never sneak off for a rendezvous with another friend. If your date finds out, he's sure to feel hurt.

Boys always think girls are stupid about understanding a football game, and they're partly right. How can a girl learn the simple rudiments of the game beforehand so she'll know a block from a pass?

There are plenty of beginner's books on football in every library, and even the encyclopedias explain the history and fundamentals of the game, but that's not enough if your date's a big pigskin enthusiast. Make a habit of following the local sports pages so you'll be familiar with the scores and players of other college teams. But remember—the wide-eyed dumb-bunny look is never appreciated when a gent plunks down cash for two good stadium seats!

THE END

Ethel Merman's Hit Parade

(Continued from page 35)

the Atlantic, La Merman was attending a birthday party in honor of Dorothy Stickney. Miss Stickney is the lovely lady who created the part of Mrs. Day in "Life With Father." She is also the wife of Howard Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay writes plays and musical shows in collaboration with a fellow genius named Russel Crouse. In fact, Lindsay and Crouse wrote "Life With Father." Well, the birthday party took place in the late spring of 1949. Mrs. Lindsay confided to Miss Merman (who in private life is the wife of Robert D. Levitt, a newspaper executive), that she was desperate to find a quiet, informal place for the summer, where you didn't have to dress up in order to get into the dining room. Miss Merman said she knew just the place—a hotel at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where the climate is very good for people suffering from asthma, hay fever, and sinusitus—and if you don't have any of these ailments, the climate is so refreshing you want to rush right out and contract one. The next thing that happened, the Lindsays, the Levitts, and the two Levitt children were all out at Glenwood Springs.

IN Colorado, while Lindsay was studying Miss Merman, strictly from a detached, artistic point of view, his creative gears suddenly began meshing. "You know," he remarked thoughtfully, "I never realized what an outdoor, Western type you are, Ethel. I've got an idea for a show. A show about Perle Mesta. How would you like to play Perle Mesta?"

Miss Merman enthused all over the place, and Lindsay immediately headed for a telephone and woke up his collaborator, who was peacefully sleeping in Massachusetts. Miss Merman reports: "When Crouse heard the idea, he got so excited he nearly went through the phone." Lindsay and Crouse started working on the libretto of "Call Me Madam" in September, 1949, and they were hard at it until May, 1950. Leland Hayward, who had produced one or two little trifles like "Mister Roberts" and "South Pacific," said he would gladly produce "Call Me Madam." He started raising the two hundred and fifty thousand necessary to put on the show. And Irving Berlin started conjuring up one of his typically melodious scores for the new show.

The plot revolves around Sally Potter, the American ambassadress to Lichtenberg. Being a Broadway musical comedy, Madam Potter naturally has to fall in love with the prime minister of Lichtenberg, played by Paul Lukas.

"It's one of those big political frammis type of shows," Miss Merman explains. "Satire and stuff. I told Lindsay and Crouse I wanted my dialogue to be as important as the songs. I wanted this to be a real big acting part—and it is." Among the songs she will warble is one entitled, "The Hostess with the Mostes' on the Ball."

Miss Merman felt that she didn't dare go any further until she had cleared it with the minister herself. Believing in direct action, she phoned Madam Mesta at the Luxembourg ministry and dished out the dirt. Madam Mesta said she was

charmed and couldn't think of anybody she'd rather have playing Perle Mesta than Ethel Merman.

"And you've got to come to New York for the opening," cried the singer.

"I wouldn't miss it, darling," said the minister. She added that iron curtains couldn't keep her away from the Imperial Theatre.

"Then you've got to come on the stage and take a curtain call with me," Miss Merman said breathlessly.

"I'd love it," the minister to Luxembourg replied.

THIS INCIDENT is typical of Ethel Merman's direct, honest, exultant approach to show business, which there is no business like, as Miss Merman pointed out in the finale of "Annie Get Your Gun."

For twenty years, Ethel Merman has occupied a unique position on the American stage as the undisputed queen of musical comedy. She has appeared in ten musical shows, with sole star billing in the last three. Not one of her shows has been a flop (a hit is usually figured as a show that runs a hundred performances or more). Her weakest show, "Stars in Your Eyes," ran well over a hundred performances. Gershwin, Porter, and Berlin all have rated her as the greatest show singer of her time. She has earned over a million dollars and commands the highest fee in musical-comedy circles. For playing the lady ambassador in "Call Me Madam," she will not only receive a salary of eight per cent of the gross (which will come to around forty-five hundred a week), but Hayward has given her a ten-per-cent ownership in the property so that she will earn an income from "Call Me Madam" in New York, road companies, movie sale, and subsequent revivals.

In drama, the competition for the number-one position is evenly divided among Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, Tallulah Bankhead, and Gertrude Lawrence (Miss Lawrence occasionally dabbles in musicals, too). But in musical comedy, there has been only one reigning luminary—Merman. The only female star who can even hope to be mentioned in the same breath is Mary Martin. After Miss Martin opened in "South Pacific," somebody stopped Ethel Merman as she was leaving the theatre and asked her what she thought of Martin's performance.

Miss Merman shrugged and said, "Oh, she's all right—if you like talent!"

Ethel Merman has such serene self-assurance bubbling up from inside her that she is quite nonchalant about competition. Far from envying her rivals, she actually seems to savor their abilities and their success. She was nonchalant even when she was only eighteen years old and fresh out of a stenographer's job in Long Island City. She had been singing in small night clubs when a frenetic agent named Lou Irwin plucked her out of obscurity, got her an arranger, teamed her with a pianist, and booked her into the Brooklyn Paramount. Two days later, producer Vinton Freedley needed a singer to inject some rhythmic adrenalin into a new George Gershwin show, "Girl Crazy," starring Ginger Rogers and Willie Howard. Irwin sold Freedley a bill of cadenzas on the unknown warbler. Freedley liked her voice and brought her over to Gershwin's penthouse on Riverside Drive. Gershwin liked her voice—deep, rich, throaty, and clear as a bell. So he sat down at the piano and played the three songs he had in mind for Miss Merman to sing. She smiled and nodded but didn't say anything. She was thinking how she could phrase the music. Gershwin, hurt by her lack of enthusiasm, said, "Miss Merman, if there's anything about these songs you don't like, I'd be happy to make any changes."

And the eighteen-year-old kid from Astoria just replied breezily, "I think these'll do okay, Mr. Gershwin."

Gershwin goggled at her in bewilderment. Those were the days, remember, when Gershwin was top man on Broadway, and it was considered a big deal just to have the most famous American composer say "hello." But Ethel wasn't going to be bowled over by anybody—no matter how celebrated.

On Wednesday evening, October 14, 1930, this unknown girl from Long Island,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LADY AT THE LOOKING GLASS

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

A lady doesn't stalk a man.
(Powder up your pretty nose.)
Convention says she never can.
(Don your very sheerest hose.)

The lad must be the one to woo.
(Paint your mouth but be discreet.)
Well-born females don't pursue.
(Silver sandals for your feet.)

A gentlewoman lays no traps.
(Pile your hair in silken curls.)
A lady waits; love comes perhaps.
(Throats are softer under pearls.)

A nice girl never sets a snare.
(Perfume subtle, just a thought.)
Proposing is the man's affair.
(Wear the black; he's good as caught!)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

in a shimmering red blouse and a tight, black-satin slashed skirt, swaggered out on the stage of the Alvin Theatre and, as they say around Broadway, murdered a hard-boiled, sophisticated audience as she informed them that she had rhythm, she had music, she had her man, and who could ask for anything more? As the applause cascaded around her, she gave out more and more choruses of "I Got Rhythm." By the time the reviews came out, a new star was born, and Ginger Rogers was playing second-soprano to Ethel Merman.

Miss Merman is so relaxed—even when she works in front of an audience—that she can chew gum or peanut brittle and still give a smooth performance. During the run of "Girl Crazy," she became obsessed with peanut brittle, and munched it all the time, even on stage. The late Willie Howard often stood in the wings when she tore off a few choruses of "I

Got Rhythm" and watched in fascination as she chewed and swallowed peanut brittle, while her larynx manipulated the high, hard notes of "I Got Rhythm" —without missing a beat or a syllable. Sometimes, he would hand her a particularly large chunk of brittle and lay her a bet that she could not eat the entire chunk while singing "I Got Rhythm." La Merman always won.

AFTER "Girl Crazy" closed, George White, who was producing the 1931 edition of his "Scandals," decided his revue needed Ethel Merman. The "Scandals" had been in rehearsal for five weeks and had had a very limp tryout in Atlantic City. The sketches were good —but the show needed a jolt in the music department, and Ethel Merman had become the rage of New York. But Miss Merman had an ironclad contract with Freedley, and Freedley wouldn't release her. White's yearning for her talents gave the young singer a sweet sense of revenge because three years before she had pleaded for a job as a singer in one of his shows. White hadn't even auditioned her. In 1928, he could have hired her for peanuts, or peanut brittle, but in 1931, he not only had to pay Freedley twenty-five thousand dollars to buy her contract, but he also had to pay her a salary of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week to sing four songs a night. Besides this, he had to allow her to double into the Central Park Casino where she got another fifteen hundred a week for doing three songs at the midnight show. The Long Island nightingale had achieved fame and fortune without any struggles, defeats, hard work, or long hours of practice with singing coaches.

A year later she appeared with Jack Haley in another memorable extravaganza of the 1930's—"Take A Chance." It was in this show that she strutted about and bellowed out the biographical information that a certain charmer named Eadie had class with a capital K. That Miss Merman is cool and self-possessed at all times was to be demonstrated several times during the run of this operetta. One of the important properties in this show was a pin, which Jack Haley is, even now, continually raffling off. (Miss Merman doesn't remember the plots of most of the shows she has been in. Nobody remembers the plots of Broadway musicals. Even the writers of several of her shows couldn't remember the plots when I asked about them.) At any rate, there was a big scene where Haley dashed out, opened a box, and with a great deal of fanfare, handed her the pin. One night, he dashed out, opened the box—and it was empty. His valet had forgotten to put in the pin —a big, fancy, diamond affair. Haley dashed off to get the pin and Miss Merman ad-libbed a few lines. Haley returned—and whispered the shattering information that nobody backstage could locate the pin, and the entire development of the plot depended on the pin's being pinned on her. Miss Merman turned to the audience and announced unself-consciously:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the part where I'm supposed to get the pin. You can't see it—but it's there. Isn't it a lovely piece of junk? All right—now I got it on. Haley, take it from here." And he did!

Another night, the stagehands got into an altercation over something backstage. The buzz of conversation got so loud it could be heard out front, and finally Miss Merman, who has a reasonal prejudice against having her songs interrupted, stopped in the middle of singing "Rise and Shine," turned her back on the audience and yelled, "For cryin' out loud, will you guys shut up so I can finish this thing?"

Stagehands are usually a very independent and highhanded group of individuals, protected as they are by one of the toughest unions in the American Federation of Labor, but that night Miss Merman slapped them down quicker than Taft and Hartley ever managed to do.

MISS MERMAN is known to other performers as a "red-hat." Around Broadway, a red-hat is someone who "breaks up" easily when another performer on the stage does something just for his benefit. Jack Benny is an outstanding red-hat. Some actors love to break up people like Ethel Merman on stage. They'll do something funny just for her benefit, and see how long she can keep a straight face and go on speaking the regular dialogue of the show. Miss Merman can hold herself in just so long, and then she explodes in tremendous gusts of healthy, exuberant laughter.

Jack Haley and Sid Silvers, the two comics in "Take A Chance," discovered that Miss Merman was allergic to cross-eyes. At every chance they had, Haley and Silvers would throw away what was left of the plot and start crossing their eyes at her. Haley, for instance, would have her in his arms, while they sang a tender love duet. Then Haley's eyes would start wandering wildly until they nearly met—and Merman would start shaking with repressed laughter. When it finally got to be too much for her, she would break up in hysterics.

When she sang her "Eadie Was a Lady" number, she wore a beautiful gown with a long train. Haley figured there was a laugh somewhere in that dress. Finally he got an angle on it. One night, just as she swept through a door to the stage, he closed the door on her dress. She got so far—and then had to pull back. She wrenched and wrenched, but the dress wouldn't come loose. She tried to open the door, but it was stuck.

"Folks," she told the audience, "there will be a slight pause for station identification." Then she gave a tremendous yank and left most of the dress in the door. She did the song, but, she recalls, "Ethel was no lady that night!"

One of her most exalted moments came three minutes after they rang up the curtain on Cole Porter's "Anything Goes" in 1934. The scene was a cocktail lounge. William Gaxton was sipping a glass of champagne. La Merman was holding a glass but not drinking. Then she sang the biggest song of the show—"I Get a Kick Out of You."

This was a daring maneuver. Putting the biggest number of a show right at the beginning had never been done on Broadway before. Usually the best tune is saved for the number preceding the finale of Act I when the audience has been warmed up. Miss Merman was equal to the situation. She has an overwhelming, elemental force that fills a stage, and she dominates an audience.

"I don't care what Grandma Moses does—*I'm* going to paint *my* way."

She knocked the totally unprepared audience for a loop. Russel Crouse, who co-wrote the libretto of "Anything Goes" with Lindsay, recalls, "After she finished 'I Get a Kick Out of You,' she just couldn't do anything wrong."

Ethel Merman will get lost in a song when she sings it—whether she's singing at a party for friends or in a theatre to an audience of fifteen hundred—whether she's singing a tune for the first time or for the three-hundredth time. In "Annie Get Your Gun," whenever she sang "Moonshine Lullaby," her eyes would get all wet with tears. She feels the words and melody of popular songs in an intense, almost mystical fashion, and she communicates her feeling to her audience.

"Ethel," Peter Lind Hayes told me, "could sing all by herself in Central Park, and if it was a sad song, she'd cry."

"ANYTHING GOES" was a landmark in Merman's career. For the first time, she was given not only an exciting musical score, but also brilliant, witty lyrics by Cole Porter. (Most people think "Anything Goes" is Porter's greatest score.) They weren't easy lyrics to sing —"You're the Top," for instance, had twelve choruses, each filled with references to things like the Eiffel Tower, the Colosseum, Grant's Tomb, the Louvre Museum, and various objects. It was a hard lyric to remember and a hard one to speak clearly—but Merman's diction is so clean, precise, and loud that not even the last row of the second balcony missed one syllable of "You're the Top." "Unlike many singers in shows," Lindsay points out, "Ethel doesn't vocalize around the words. She sings the lyric so everybody in the house knows what she's singing about."

By 1936, she had become sufficiently important to costar with Jimmy Durante and Bob Hope in "Red, Hot and Blue." Hope quickly discovered that Merman was a red-hat, and he soon devoted more energy to trying to amuse Merman than trying to amuse the audience.

No matter how many plaudits the critics heap on her, and no matter how excited audiences get, Miss Merman always takes a serious attitude toward her work, as Josh Logan, who directed her in "Stars In Your Eyes" in 1939, discovered. Logan was then a young director. He had not yet achieved such triumphs as "Mister Roberts" and "Annie Get Your Gun." He was still wet behind the script, and Ethel Merman was already one of the sparkling luminaries of the Big Street. But she took direction as meekly from Logan as if he had been a big gun. She never comes late to a rehearsal. She listens carefully and is very patient in taking direction. She is a perfectionist about learning her dialogue and her songs. She never talks back to a director or a composer.

"Listen," she explains, "me tell Cole Porter or Irving Berlin somethin' is wrong with a lyric? You kiddin'? If a song isn't good for me—Berlin will know it before I do—and he'll know just how to fix it up—and he won't be satisfied until he fixes it up before we open in New York. I just keep my nose out of it—and sing."

Her association with Buddy De Sylva —who was the first producer to see that she was more than just a great singer, that she also had the makings of a superb comedienne—started in 1939 when he produced "DuBarry Was a Lady," in which Merman shared billing with Bert Lahr. In temperament, Lahr is completely the opposite of the serene and relaxed Merman. Lahr is one of the most intense worriers on Broadway. He constantly tears buttons off his suits as he nervously twiddles with them. During rehearsals, he was convinced the show would die in New Haven. After the opening, to rave notices, he was convinced it wouldn't last. No matter how loud the audiences laughed, he would always tell Ethel, "I must be slippin'—didn't get many laughs tonight."

Most stars don't eat their big meal of the day until after a performance, in fear of tense stomach. Lahr is so nervous he can't even eat much *after* a performance. Anyway, of all the nervous moments in a show, probably the most nerve racking is the first night out of town when, at last, the actors will go through their paces for a paying audience. This is the time when all the flaws in the script, all the weaknesses of the performance are irrevocably out in the open.

When "DuBarry Was a Lady" tried out in New Haven, Miss Merman ordered a dinner of cream of asparagus soup, steak, fried potatoes, string beans, Harvard beets, hearts of lettuce, apple pie, cheddar cheese, and tea. As she was energetically putting away the refreshments, Lahr stared at her in amazement. "I don't see how you can eat such a heavy meal just before the show," he said.

"I'm hungry," she replied simply.

Just before the premiere of "Panama Hattie" in 1940, Mary Healy, the wife and partner of comedian Peter Lind Hayes and one of Ethel's closest friends, asked her if she ever got nervous on opening nights.

"Get nervous?" she exclaimed. "Are you kiddin'? I know my part, and I know my songs. The people out front who paid twelve bucks a ticket—they got more to worry about than me. I can't understand this being nervous. If those characters down in the audience could do as well as me, they'd be up on the stage performing, wouldn't they?"

"Panama Hattie" was her first starring role. She played the sympathetic part of a Canal Zone floozie who falls in love with a cultivated fellow from Boston who has a small daughter by a previous marriage. Hattie Maloney figures she isn't good enough for the man and certainly isn't respectable enough to be a proper mother to the little girl. Her efforts to improve her grammar and tone down her gaudy clothes not only made for a lot of belly laughs, but also created a genuine emotion. One scene, in which the little girl gives her a speech lesson and then cuts off the garish bows on her organdy dress while the two of them chorus "Let's Be Buddies," warmed the cockles of everybody's heart.

If there were any doubt that Ethel Merman was a superb star who could take command of a show, that doubt was eliminated with "Something for the Boys," a 1943 entry. The libretto was weak, and the score was not one of Cole Porter's best. But Merman's exuberance and personality made audiences forget the verbal and melodic shortcomings. "Something for the Boys" was a one-woman romp, and Miss Merman, single-larynxed, carried that show for an extraordinary run of nearly two years.

HER BIGGEST role—musically and from a character viewpoint—came in 1946, when she played Annie Oakley, Girl Sharpshooter. She did everything in "Annie Get Your Gun"—love songs, rhythm songs, comedy songs, character songs, and even an Indian tribal dance. Of the fifteen songs in "Annie," Miss Merman sang nine. When she made her entrance in the first scene, garbed in a dirty piece of red flannel tied with a rope, black stockings, moccasins, and a brace of quail tied to strings, and proceeded to warble "Doin' What Comes Naturally," she created a genuine rustic character that may well live on in people's memories like Joseph Jefferson's portrait of Rip Van Winkle.

Her "goon look" was the funniest piece of business Broadway had seen in years. It was director Josh Logan who first suggested Ethel give Ray Middleton the "goon look" whenever she wanted to express her adoration of him. In the "goon look," Miss Merman's jaw dropped six inches, her eyes bugged out, and her whole body was literally sandbagged by passion.

Berlin, who wrote the best show score of his great career for "Annie Get Your Gun," makes no bones about his admiration for the ebullient Ethel. "She's the best," he says. "You give her a bad song, and she'll make it sound good. You give her a good song, and she'll make it sound great. And you better write her a good lyric, because when she sings the words the guy in the last row of the second balcony is going to hear every syllable of it. She's a lyric writer's dream. She times a lyric as carefully as a good comedian times a laugh line. She has a beautiful feeling for the mood of an audience. I love to write songs for Ethel. I guess it's like a dress designer's getting that extra kick when he dreams up a gown for a beautiful woman with a perfect figure."

After "Annie Get Your Gun" opened in New York to a triumphant reception, the first telephone call Ethel made the next morning was to her grocer.

"Listen," she said to him, "when I paid last week's bill, I told you you

charged me for *two* cans each of pineapple juice and grapefruit juice, but you only sent me *one* can of each. You said you'd make it up this week. I've just been checkin' the bill and you didn't send me *the extra cans of juice*. Tell me, what gives?"

She has no secretary and keeps track of all her domestic and professional affairs—contracts, correspondence, bills—herself. She is still pretty fast with Pitman hooks and curves, and she types all her letters.

She plans the dinner menus, orders the food, and usually eats home because she'd rather eat with her husband and children than decipher French formulas on The Colony menu. She rarely accepts cocktail-party invitations, because she wants to be around when her children go to sleep. Her offspring—Ethel II, age eight, and Robert, Jr., age five—show the effects of the outpouring of love and adoration she has given them. Both of them are lively, natural children, who are unrepressed without being spoiled. They talk to their mother as easily as if they were talking to a friend. Howard Lindsay recently remarked, "It's beautiful to watch Ethel with Little Ethel. There's something basically unsophisticated, almost childlike, about Ethel Merman, and when she's with Little Ethel, it's like two children meeting on a common ground."

DURING the run of "Annie Get Your Gun," little Ethel said she wanted to see a Saturday matinee. Mama was delighted, but her joy faded when Ethel II said she intended to bring a book along with her.

"Then in case there's any part I don't like, I can read," she explained to her mother.

"No, you don't!" Miss Merman cried. "You don't bring any books to my shows, Ethel!"

Aside from this understandable incident, her children come first. Columnist Leonard Lyons arranged an elaborate dinner party for twelve guests, the main purpose of which was to bring Perle Mesta and Ethel Merman together for the first time. The dinner was scheduled for seven. La Merman arrived at eight-forty. Her son had just come down with the measles. The old nurse had left. The new nurse had just started in. The doctor didn't know the new nurse. And Mrs. Levitt wasn't going to leave her son just to be on time for a big-shot soiree. When she arrived—while everybody was finishing dessert—the first words she said to Madam Mesta were, "Say, Perle, have you ever had the measles?"

They took to each other immediately.

Later that evening, when Madam Mesta sang "Remember the Night" with Berlin playing the accompaniment, Miss Merman remarked to Margaret Truman, "Get a load of that Mesta. If Perle's goin' into my racket, I may ask your father for a diplomatic job."

Madam Mesta took a good deal of interest in the actress who was going to play her. She discussed her coiffure as compared to Ethel's. (Ethel wears her luxuriant brown hair in a high pompadour which her daughter calls a "bush." The purpose of the bush is to give her a few more inches of height.) She also was worried about the jewelry problem. Miss Merman was wearing short earrings that night. The Minister to Luxembourg said, "Ethel, I have short diamond earrings just like yours. Maybe I better wear them from now on."

"Oh, no, Perle," Miss Merman insisted, "I have long diamond earrings like yours, and I'll wear them in the show."

"I've got a better idea," Mrs. Mesta continued, "when I get back to Europe, I'll have my Paris jeweler design a set of black-pearl earrings for you to wear in the show."

"Okay," Miss Merman said, "and we'll put in the program credits—costumes by Mainbocher and jewelry by Mesta."

And don't think Ethel Merman won't do it, either! THE END

SONGS ETHEL MERMAN INTRODUCED

1930 "GIRL CRAZY"
I Got Rhythm
Sam and Delilah
Boy! What Love Has Done to Me

1931 "GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS"
Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries
My Song
Ladies and Gentlemen, That's Love

1932 "TAKE A CHANCE"
Rise and Shine
Eadie Was a Lady
You're an Old Smoothie

1934 "ANYTHING GOES"
I Get a Kick Out of You
You're the Top
Anything Goes
Blow, Gabriel, Blow

1936 "RED, HOT AND BLUE"
It's De-lovely
Down in the Depths, on the 90th Floor
You've Got Something

1939 "STARS IN YOUR EYES"
A Lady Needs a Change
This Is It
It's All Yours

1939 "DUBARRY WAS A LADY"
Friendship
But in the Morning, No!
Do I Love You

1940 "PANAMA HATTIE"
My Mother Would Love You
Let's Be Buddies
Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please
I've Still Got My Health
I'm Throwing a Ball Tonight

1943 "SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS"
Something for the Boys
Hey, Good Lookin'
He's a Right Guy
By the Mississinewa

1946 "ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Sun in the Morning
Anything You Can Do
They Say It's Wonderful
Show Business
Doin' What Comes Naturally
You Can't Get a Man With a Gun
Lost in His Arms
Moonshine Lullaby

The Day They Took the Vote Away

(Continued from page 61)

today passed laws under which President Jones and his probable successor, George, Jr., can tell you—

1) What you can think and what you cannot think
2) What you can eat and what you cannot eat
3) Whom you can associate with and whom you cannot associate with
4) What jobs you can hold and what jobs you cannot hold
5) What labor unions you can join and what labor unions will be abolished
6) Where you can live and where you cannot live
7) What you can hear and cannot hear over the radio, see on television, and read in your newspapers
8) What religion, if any, you may profess

and everything else in life that is dear to you and me.

Did anyone in Congress attempt to stop this tragic action today? Yes, there were thirty-four Representatives and six Senators who voted against it. That was all they *could* do, because they were stopped from making speeches against the legislation. *Where are they now?* No one knows where they are or what has happened to them.

AMERICANS, rise up and fight back! . . . They're breaking down the door to the studio room here. . . . I have but a few seconds left. If the power lines to the station have not been cut, those of you tuned in on the telecast will see what happens to a VOTELESS AMERICA and a VOTELESS AMERICAN like myself who demands the return of his right to vote.

You will see before your own eyes—if the Government hasn't already confiscated your television set—what happens to me and what will happen to you if you don't surrender your soul to President Jones as you surrendered your vote when you did not use it to insure your freedom.

Wake — up — America! *And if you live to get your vote back,* don't be content with just voting every time you can *—guard your right to vote and keep your freedom by making everybody vote on each and every election day!*

THE END

TO THE READERS OF COSMOPOLITAN

What you have just read may seem farfetched or needlessly alarmist. Unfortunately, it is neither. Many broadcasts such as the above were heard during the late thirties in countries that had long enjoyed freedom. No matter what your politics, no matter how inconvenient it may be, no matter how hard it rains or snows, no matter how small the issues or unimportant the candidates—vote! The vote is the mightiest muscle America has—but it will be lost to us if we do not exercise it!

Cosmopolitan Conveyances *(Continued from page 20)*

for the President of the United States.

From eight to fifteen cars may be needed—diners, Pullmans, club cars, service cars must be assembled. Some may be called in from a thousand miles away. Other connecting roads must be notified, regular train schedules rearranged, train crews selected. Each station on the way must prepare for extraordinary safety measures, such as the spiking of every switch before the Special passes. Railroad police must guard every grade crossing, bridge, and station.

The private car itself is tenderly ministered to by B. F. Scheyette, Pullman general foreman. All 285,000 pounds of it (twice the weight of a regular Pullman) are jacked up, first one end and then the other, for underside inspection. Over two tons of air-conditioning ice and four hundred and fifty gallons of water are put aboard.

When the President's train moves, all other traffic in the vicinity stops, crack passenger trains as well as freights. A pilot train, engine and one car, precedes the Special to make sure no Communist has bombed the track. Opposing traffic stands still until the Special passes, and no train can follow closer than fifteen minutes behind.

For Franklin D. Roosevelt, the train ran thirty-five miles an hour, but Truman likes to travel fast. He covers as many miles a year as Roosevelt did, but uses the Presidential plane more often.

Jim Rowley of the Secret Service sends scouts ahead to make safety arrangements with the local police at each stop, and to select the precise spot where they want the President's car to be when the train stops. There were fifty-five whistle stops and eight city stops on the last big 6,400-mile tour in May. Whenever the train halts, even at a water tank in the dead of night on a deserted prairie, S.S. men pile out of the train and form a guard around the President's car.

Sometimes the guarding seems overdone, but on an average of once a week, the President gets a letter threatening his life, and the Secret Service plays it safe. When Hoover was President, inspectors caught a man pulling up spikes from a stretch of track near St. Paul just before the Special reached that point. There have been other nipped-in-the-bud incidents to show that it could happen here.

The U.S. No. 1 is always on the rear of the train. The car in front of it carries Secret Service men and their artillery, train-control men, loud-speaking equipment, and floodlights to be used when the President talks from the rear platform. Other cars are placed from rear to front in this order: the White House staff car for secretaries and aides, with its own buffet; a work car with typewriters and mimeograph machines; a diner, where movies often are shown in the evening; then as many cars as are needed for the newspaper people and railroad personnel, with one car stripped of seats and fitted with writing tables along both walls; a club car; the communications car equipped with radio teletype operated by the Army Signal Corps; possibly a car to carry the President's armored automobiles; and the engine.

THE PRIVATE car itself, the first car the government ever owned for the exclusive use of the President, was rebuilt from the old Ferdinand Magelland to its present armor-plated proportions shortly after Pearl Harbor. The Association of American Railroads paid for the job and sold the car to the Government for one dollar.

Its exterior is a dull Pullman green, and there is no identification on it except for the Presidential seal on the railing of the oversized, speech-making observation platform. Its interior is comfortable, but not blatantly luxurious. There are four bedrooms for the President's family and guests; a shower-bathroom; an observation room large enough to seat fifteen; a dining section paneled in pale limed oak with a table that can seat twelve; a kitchen, pantry, and quarters for the steward.

It lacks some conveniences of newer cars. It does not have running ice water, and the tiny kitchen has only a battered coal stove.

The President's bedroom has a stationary bed, running crosswise of the train for smoother riding, and a many-drawered bureau, both painted dark blue. Two metal bars, a horizontal one attached to the wall back of the bed and a vertical one near the door, are reminders of the late President Roosevelt, who because of his physical disability needed the bars to pull himself upright.

The bath connects both with the President's room and the room occupied by his wife.

Mitchell, the steward, well and favorably known to longtime Potus Special travelers as "Mitch," is the sole keeper of the keys to the private car, and he and his helpers keep the household machinery running smoothly. Also aboard are the President's valet and perhaps Mrs. Truman's personal maid. Pressing and some light laundry are done on the train.

The Trumans leave menu-planning to Mitch. He knows what they like—steak, fried chicken, apple pie. When the train stands still long enough, he has the cook bake a chocolate or coconut cake.

MITCH SEES that the car gets a thorough house cleaning before each trip, and he stocks up the big icebox with as much as seven days' supply of food. ("I go to the market myself and buy every bit of it personally," he says.) He jingles the twenty-five or more keys on his big key ring and goes around to make sure everything is ready. Is there enough stationery in the President's drop-leaf desk? Is the liquor cabinet well-stocked? Champagne is seldom served, but it is always there, in case. Are there enough spoons to allow for inroads by souvenir hunters?

Fresh flowers are placed in every room —and the White House on wheels is ready to welcome the President.

The President can conduct business as usual from aboard the train. Radio teletype makes it possible for him to keep in touch with Washington, and through Washington, with the rest of the world. At any stop, train phones can be connected with a local exchange to establish regular phone service.

The Presidential way of traveling is expensive, and it is probable that the railroads lose money on most trips. The President pays for his own guests and staff; the Secret Service, the Army, the newspapers pay for their own people. But the railroads waive the usual fee for private-car specials, and there is no charge for the superservice.

THE END

COSMOPOLITAN
DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT • 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. • LYLE BRYSON, *Director*

MIDDLE ATLANTIC—BOYS

Perkiomen BOYS TAUGHT HOW TO STUDY
Remedial program for each boy's needs with individual teaching. Grades 7-12 & post-grad. All sports. Convenient to N.Y. & Phila. Fully accredited. Founded 1874. *Summer session.* Catalogs.
Albert C. Rogers, Hdmr., Pennsburg, Pa. (near Quakertown)

FARRAGUT
Fully accredited college preparatory. Prepares for all colleges, gov't academies. Jr. School. Testing, guidance, remedial reading. College Board center. Naval-military training. Sports, band, boats. Non-profit. Catalog.
Admiral Farragut Academy, Box F, Toms River, N. J.

★ **Carson Long** ★
Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college, life or business. Character building supreme. 114th yr. Rates $700.00. Extras about $230.00.
Box A, New Bloomfield, Pa.

PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY
Accredited preparation for all colleges. Small classes. 117th year. Highest Govt. rating. Athletic Program for all. Swimming pool. Sr. & Jr. Schools, grades 5-12. 40 miles from N. Y. Tel. PEekskill 7-0381. Catalog.
Headmaster, Box 110, Peekskill, N. Y.

Valley Forge Military Academy
Your boy trained for responsible leadership. College Prep. & Jr. Col. Ages 12-20. Small personalized classes. Guidance & Testing Bureau. 32 modern fireproof bldgs. 2 Gyms. All sports. Motorized Field Artillery, Infantry, Cavalry. Sr. ROTC. Band. Catalog. Box E, Wayne, Pa.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC—GIRLS

Penn Hall 2-yr. College, 4-yr. Preparatory School. Recognized by major colleges, universities. Liberal Arts, Career and Professional courses. 192-acre campus 94 miles from Washington. Riding, golf, swimming pool. Connecting shower baths. Dr. Sarah W. Briggs, President, Penn Hall, Box N, Chambersburg, Pa.

Edgewood Park Accredited college prep.
Advanced courses in cultural and practical arts, fine arts, sec. sc. real estate, med. asst., home ec., drama, interior decoration, merchandising, kindergarten. Sports. Moderate rates. Box C-10, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

ROSE HAVEN FOR GIRLS 4-14 Years
Kindergarten to 9th grade. Small classes. Excellent preparation stressed. Languages, creative art, dramatics, ballet, music. Beautiful campus. All sports. Personal care. A school of rare charm and definite accomplishment. 1 hr. from N. Y. City. Est. 1920.
Director, Box C, Rockleigh, N. J., P. O. Northvale

Linden Hall JUNIOR COLLEGE AND SCHOOL for GIRLS
Cultural and Vocational. Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Studies. Fine and Commercial Art. Dramatic Art. Preparatory and General Courses. Beautiful Campus. All Sports. Riding. Swimming Pool. Endowed. Moderate Tuition. *Catalogues.* Address:
BYRON K. HORNE, D.D., Box 10, Lititz, Pa.

WASHINGTON & VICINITY—GIRLS

MARYLAND COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN
Estab. 1853. A.B., B.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts, Merchandising, Home Economics, Music, Kindergarten Training, Secretarial, Riding, Sports. Near Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis. Catalog. Box 10-C, Lutherville, Md.

WASHINGTON & VICINITY—BOYS

THE BULLIS SCHOOL
Annapolis, West Point, Coast Guard, College Preparatory
Accredited. Academic courses of grades 9, 10, 11, 12. Modern fireproof buildings. Athletics. Rates moderate. Applications now being received. For catalog address: Wm. F. Bullis, U.S.N.A., '24, Prin., Box C, Silver Spring, Md.

EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS
Individualized Plan—Each Student a Class
For those with educational problems—successful college preparation and general education. Our tests discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and science of study. *Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 44 years' experience.*
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster.
OXFORD ACADEMY
Box J-95 Pleasantville, N. J.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY PREPARATORY
Fully accredited college prep. Small classes. Guidance program. ROTC. Highest Gov't rating. Varsity & Intramural sports. Swimming. Band. 129th year. *For catalog write,*
C. R. Moll, Dept. 2, Chester, Pa.

SOUTHERN—BOYS

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY
★ Distinguished academic record. Successfully prepares boys for college. Fully accredited. Business courses included in curriculum. Thorough military training develops posture, poise, self-reliance. ROTC unit. Army's highest rating. Intramural athletics. Varsity teams excel. Superior health record. Separate Junior School 6th, 7th, & 8th grades. Catalogue:
Sup't., Box C-10, Staunton, Virginia

Fork Union Military Academy
Develops Character, Initiative, and Discovers Aptitudes. Accredited Preparatory for College or Business. Two gyms, 16 mod. bldgs. Swim pool. athletics. Highest ROTC rating. Separate Junior Sch. 53rd Yr. Catalog.
Dr. J. C. Wicker, Pres., Box 110, Fork Union, Va.

Tennessee MILITARY INSTITUTE
Recognized as one of America's really good schools. Grades 8-12. Over 90% of graduates enter college. Small, friendly classes. High scholastic standards. All sports, incl. golf. ROTC. Mild climate, near Smoky Mts. 77th year. Catalog. Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt., Box 313, Sweetwater, Tenn.

FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY
One of the outstanding schools of the South. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Separate Junior School. Individual attention to every boy. All-inclusive rate $1,250. Limited enrollment. Col. Walter B. Mendels, President. Box 2, St. Petersburg, Florida.

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY ★★★
Outstanding record. R.O.T.C. Winter Home at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida. All athletics. Separate school for younger boys. Progress guaranteed. All-inclusive fee. *For illustrated catalog, address* Gen. Sandy Beaver, Pres., Box 210-C, Gainesville, Ga.

FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL
Accredited college preparatory emphasizing academic excellence. 71st session. All sports, social program. Individual guidance. ROTC, highest rating. Catalog. Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box C, Waynesboro, Virginia.

SOUTHERN—GIRLS

Sullins College Fully accredited Jr. Coll. and 2 yrs. H. School.
Virginia traditions. Liberal Arts program, also Music, Art, Secretarial, Dramatics, Speech, Radio, Home Ec., Physical Ed., Dancing. Each room has connecting bath. 327 acres. Lake. Indoor pool. Riding. All sports. Write for literature:
W. E. Martin, Ph.D., Pres., Box C, BRISTOL, VIRGINIA.

GREENBRIER COLLEGE
For 138 years, a school for girls, in the southern manner. 2 yrs. H. S. 2 yrs. Standard College work. Art, Music, Dramatic Art, Secretarial. Coordinated social, recreational, athletic programs. Modern fireproof student residence hall. Address: French W. Thompson, Pres., Box 210, Lewisburg, W. Va.

SOUTHERN SEMINARY & JUNIOR **COLLEGE**
Accred. Jr. Coll. & H. S. for girls & young women. Blue Ridge Mts. Music, Art, Drama, Home Ec., Phy. Ed. Sec'y., Mdse., Kind. Tr. 83d. Yr. Margaret Durham Robey, Pres., Box 920, Buena Vista, Va.

MIDDLE WESTERN—BOYS

WENTWORTH
Military Academy and Junior College
71st Yr. 4 Yr. High School. Separate 2 Yr. College. Sr. ROTC. CAA Flying. All accredited. Heart of America. Large Gym. Indoor pool. All sports. Riding. Marksmanship. Country Club. Summer School. Catalog. Col. J. M. Sellers, 2100 Wash. Place, Lexington, Mo.

★ **ST. JOHN'S** MILITARY ACADEMY
Accredited college preparation in heart of Wisconsin's land o'lakes, within easy driving distance of Chicago. Grades 7-12. Balanced program. Excellent faculty. Riding, golf, rifle marksmanship, sailing. Winter sports. Flying. Summer session. 66th year. Catalog. 2100 DeKoven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL
High School & Junior College—106th yr.
Accredited education with military training. ROTC. Small classes. Varied social, cultural, recreational programs. Sports for all. Pool. New stadium, gym. Catalog.
Director of Admissions, 8100 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL
Thorough academic training in spiritual environment. Accredited college preparatory, business courses. Potential Achievement Rating gives each boy a goal. Small classes. Jr. School Sr. ROTC. Sports for all. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 4100 Academy Place, Howe, Indiana.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SCHOOL
Modern school based on practical democracy. Limited to 35 boys headed for college. Beautiful suburban campus. Faculty hold degrees from Harvard, Yale, Cambridge. Interscheol sports for every boy. Non-profit. Accredited. Catalog.
ROBIN C. McCOY, M.A., Headmaster, St. Louis 23, Mo.

CULVER MILITARY ★ ACADEMY
(On Lake Maxinkuckee)
Prepares for leading colleges and responsible citizenship. Catalog 103. Pershing Drive, Culver, Ind. ★

PACIFIC COAST—BOYS

Page Military Academy
The Nationally Famous "Big School for Little Boys." High Academic Standards. Well-equipped asphalt playgrounds. Swimming Pool. Organized athletics. Music. Boys 5-14 yrs. Grades 1-9, 43rd year. For catalog write Major & Mrs. Earle R. Vaughan, 1207 S. Cochran Ave., Los Angeles 35, Cal.

PACIFIC COAST—BOYS & GIRLS

BROWN MILITARY ACADEMY
San Diego, California
Highest award of War Department. A million-dollar plant. 7th grade through jr. college. Affiliate school—
BROWN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS Glendora, California
First grade through twelfth, inclusive. Beauty spot of the West.

Colleges and Schools listed in the Cosmopolitan Educational Guide *merit consideration*

RADIO BROADCASTING

NATIONAL ACADEMY of BROADCASTING

America's pioneer school of broadcasting offers job-getting training in radio speech, writing, acting, production. Correspondence courses, too.
WRITE FOR FREE DETAILS
3338 16th STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON 10, D. C.

SPECIAL

TROWBRIDGE

• Est. 1917 •

For unusual children • Outstanding in the West
Medical and psychiatric supervision. Experienced teachers. Individual special training. Home atmosphere. Approved by A.M.A. Enrollment limited. Pamphlet.
E. H. Trowbridge, M.D., 1820 Bryant Bldg., Kansas City 6, Mo.

Martin Hall for Speech Defects

Acute stammering corrected. Delayed speech developed. Organized residential program for children and adults. Also special teacher training course. Approved under G.I. Bill.
Marion Bouman Giles, Director, Box C, Martin Hall
Bristol, Rhode Island

ALGONQUIN SCHOOL

For the retarded child. Individual teaching and training. Special therapy for delayed speech. Enrollment limited to 25.
W. Lee Knight, Dir. Saranac Lake, N. Y.

THE BROWN SCHOOLS

Exceptional Children. Educational & emotional problems. Four locations. Suburban & ranch. Year-round. Graduate nurses. Pool. Ernestine B. Blackwell, Ed. D., Psychologist; Paul L. White, M. D., F.A.P.A. Medical Director; Bert P. Brown, Director, P. O. Box 4008, Austin, Texas

BUSINESS & SECRETARIAL

LATIN AMERICAN INSTITUTE

Diplomatic Service School: Preparation for foreign service, export, international administration. Foreign Commerce School. Complete secretarial training in English, Spanish, Portuguese, French. Degrees. Catalog. Director of Admissions, 900 Park Ave., New York 21; 716 N. Rush St., Chicago 11; 650 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles 14

BRYANT COLLEGE

B.S. degrees in 2 years in Business Administration, Accountancy and Finance or Executive Secretarial (majors in Management, Merchandising, Advertising). Also 1-yr. sec'l diploma. Attractive dorms on campus. Coed. 88th yr. Catalog. President, Providence 6, R. I.

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS. No signs; no symbols; no machines, uses ABC's. Easiest to learn, write and transcribe. Speedily prepares you for a better job. Surprisingly low cost. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Booklet FREE. (27th Year.)
Speedwriting
Speedwriting, Dept. 5910-A, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y., 18

RIDER COLLEGE

Career Education for Men and Women

Regular or accelerated programs. Accredited B.S. degree. Accountancy, bus. admin., admin. sec'l, medical sec'l, social sec'l, journalism. Also 1, 2-yr. diploma courses. Fraternities, sororities. Placement bureau. 85th yr. *Catalog.*
Rider College, Box C, Trenton, N. J.

Katharine Gibbs

Outstanding secretarial training. Resident facilities. Catalog: Assistant Director, 90 Marlborough St., Boston 16; 51 East Superior Street, Chicago 11; 230 Park Ave., New York 17; Montclair, N. J.; Providence 6, R. I.

FINE & APPLIED ARTS

CHICAGO ACADEMY of FINE ARTS

Founded 1902

DIRECT PROJECT TRAINING
Dress Design • Fashion Illustration • Interior Decoration • Cartooning
Art Essentials • Commercial Art Illustration • Drawing • Painting.
Day, Eve., Sat. and Sun. Classes.
Write for free Catalog
18 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

COMMERCIAL ART INSTITUTE, Inc.

All branches Commercial Art taught as a profession. Sign Painting, Air Brush, Illustration and Layout. Skyscraper studio classrooms, prominent faculty.
COMMERCIAL ART INSTITUTE, Inc., Dpt. CM-10, 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

Practical courses in all branches of Commercial and Fine Art. Faculty with international reputations. Enroll now.
Frank H. Young, Dir., Dept. 1100
25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

750 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. X, Chicago
Professional Courses in Advertising, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display, Dress Design, Styling and Fashion Merchandising, Millinery, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration. G.I. Approved. Coeducational.

MEINZINGER ART SCHOOL

Develops native ability in fine and vocational art. Professional courses in Advertising, Fashion Illustration, Layout, Lettering, Design, Photo Retouching, Portraiture, Automotive Rendering. Accommodations obtained. G. I. Approved. Free literature. Dept. 3, 12 E. Hancock, Detroit 1, Mich.

HOME STUDY

CALVERT SCHOOL

With the Calvert system, mothers can give their children a sound, modern education at home. Kindergarten through 9th grade. Easy-to-follow instructions. All lessons, supplies sent anywhere. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. Catalog. 610 W. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md.

SPEECH CORRECTION

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

New booklet, "Stammering, and How to Stop It," sent free to any stammerer upon request. Write today. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 502, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

LATE REGISTRATIONS

Last-minute enrollments may be made in some schools and small colleges during October. If your school problem has not been solved write immediately to the schools represented in this directory. The coupon below is for your convenience if you have a problem.

ART INSTITUTE OF PITTSBURGH

Diploma courses, 18 months, in commercial and fashion illus., interior decoration, dress and millinery design. Postgrad. illustration. Practical individual instruction. Many student commissions. Own 8-floor building. 30th year. Catalog C.
Willis Shook, Dir., 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION

Four Months' Practical Training Course starts October 2nd. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Period and modern styles, color schemes, all fundamentals. Send for Catalog 2H. Home Study Course for those who cannot come to N. Y. Starts at once. Catalog 2C. 515 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

TRAPHAGEN

1680 BROADWAY NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

FASHION DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION. Sketching, Styling, Draping, Patternmaking, Dressmaking, Remodeling, Fashion Writing, Interior Decor., Window Display. Day or Eve. Send for Cir. 4. Phone Co. 5-2077.
TRAPHAGEN TRAINING PAYS LIFETIME DIVIDENDS

FASHION ACADEMY

FASHION DESIGN • STYLING • MERCHANDISING
Direction EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN, America's Foremost Fashion Instructor. Resident and Home Study Courses.
812 Fifth Ave., Dept. C-10, New York 21, N. Y.

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Professional School.
Fine, Industrial, Advertising Arts, Dress Design, Interior Decoration, Teacher Training. Diploma, Bachelors' and Masters' Degrees.
Box 58, Michigan Ave. at Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

CENTRAL ACADEMY OF COMMERCIAL ART

Professional training in all branches of Advertising Art.
Fashion Illus. Design. Faculty with professional reputation. For illustrated catalog write Jackson Grey Storey, Director, Dept. C, 1647 Clayton St., Cincinnati 6, Ohio.

MUSIC & DRAMATIC ARTS

BESSIE V. HICKS SCHOOL

Acting, Stage, Screen, Radio, Television, Voice, Diction, Direction, Production, Script Writing, Broadcasting, Teacher Training, Public Plays.
Attended by students from every state. Highest standards for over 30 years. Veteran approved.
New term Jan. 29, 1, 2, 3 year courses. Write for booklet C. 1425 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 2, Pa. RIttenhouse 6-7653.

FEAGIN SCHOOL OF DRAMA & RADIO

Intensive individual training for professional work in STAGE—SCREEN—RADIO—TELEVISION
36th yr. Public appearances. Courses in Diction, Public Speaking, Poise. Veteran approval. Day & Eve. Fall Term Oct. 2. Also Teen-Age & Children's Dept. Cat. C.
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 5TH AVENUE, NEW YORK

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. Founded 1884. Courses furnish essential preparation for the Theatre, Radio, Television, Teaching, and Directing. Fall class opens Oct. 26th. *Catalog.* Room 144 Carnegie Hall, New York 19, N. Y.

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music

Est. 1867. Operated under auspices Cincinnati Institute of Fine Arts. Affiliated with University of Cincinnati. Complete school of music. Faculty of international reputation. Degrees, diplomas, certificates. Dormitories, 10-acre campus. *Address* C. M. Benjamin, Registrar, Dept. C, Cincinnati 19, Ohio.

YOUR INQUIRY will be answered promptly by any of the schools and colleges whose announcements appear on these pages. In requesting catalogs, please give as much information as possible about the prospective student's requirements.

Members of our staff, who have visited schools and colleges all over the country, will be glad to advise you if you need assistance.

Just fill out the coupon below, or telephone Cosmopolitan Education Department, Col. 5-7300, Ext. 450.

Oct. 1950 Please recommend Schools ☐ Colleges ☐ to meet the following requirements

NAME ..... (PLEASE PRINT) STUDENT'S NAME .....

STREET ..... CITY ..... STATE .....

Age ..... Sex ..... Church Affiliation ..... Location Preferred .....

Previous Education ..... Approximate Tuition .....

Type of School or College, major interests, etc. .....

Mention any Colleges, Schools, you are now considering .....

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, 57th ST. AT 8th AVE., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Midnight at the Pentagon

(Continued from page 76)

is none of your business. The Pentagon has a word for it—"Classified."

12:40 P.M. Lunch hour at full blast. In the Executive Dining Room and the Generals' and Flag Officers' Dining Room, and in the Officers' Cafeteria, where the prices are low and the talk is high-level. In the public cafeterias and snack bars, girls with military secrets locked beneath their coiffures sip Cokes and iced tea and guard their figures with thin sandwiches, while uniformed men let thirty-cent hot lunches grow cold as they unfold their newspapers and read of Taegu and Yongchon. Outside, in the tree-lined park that lies at the hub of the wheel, men and women recline on the grass in the warm sun, relax in beach chairs with faces turned upward for tanning, cluster around tables beneath gaily colored beach umbrellas, and try to forget that here, the center of the Pentagon, is a beautiful oasis in a crumbling world.

(In the Concourse flower shop, a tow-headed lieutenant orders a corsage of fresh-cut roses, to be picked up later, for the business of making time, which is running out. . . . A naval officer stands before the jewelry-store window, gazing speculatively at the display of rings. . . . At the newsstand counter, a slim young army major browses through the pages of a publication called *125 Designs for a Beautiful Home*. . . . And in the center of the Concourse, to mock them all, stands the great bulletin board, surrounded by anxious faces, and above the maps and thumbtacked communiqués are the large letters in red and blue: "SITUATION—KOREA." . . . And for those who do not know how to read a battle map, there is another bulletin board near by: here are such unmistakable signs of the times as: "FOR SALE—50-Ft. pleasure cruiser. MUST SELL IMMEDIATELY." "SACRIFICE! House for sale. Owner leaving area.")

Maneuver through the $83,000,000 maze, up the many escalators, down 150 stairways, from floor to floor and ring to ring, and look for The Little Things. See the new yellow stickers that disfigure walls and rest-room mirrors: "DISCUSSION OF CLASSIFIED MATERIAL IN RECEPTION ROOMS AND PUBLIC PLACES IS DANGEROUS!" And the red-bordered sign in the STAFFCOMM message room, with the red dagger dripping red blood on the words: "What We Read . . . And What We Hear . . . When We Leave . . . We Leave It Here."

(A messenger boy on a tricycle scoots by, and a visitor calls out, "I thought you fellows used roller skates." "Naw," the messenger calls back, "that was during the *last* war." . . . A lieutenant colonel hurries down Corridor 7, with a folded newspaper in his hand. "Looks like we've got a long way to go yet," he mutters to the officer walking beside him. And he does not seem to be talking about the corridor. . . . In Press Information, a blue-eyed sergeant wearing the badge of a combat infantryman pours hot coffee from a thermos and serves it in Dixie cups to a lanky captain and a visiting reporter—the Army's version of afternoon tea. "Well, *I'm* happy," the sergeant says, "and you know why? Because in another week I'm gonna be off this hard chair, out from under this doggone desk.

Planning Your Career

• The young man or woman seeking entrance into business without adequate preparation limits his or her possibilities for advancement.

• We suggest that you investigate the business schools listed on the opposite page. Below are the major courses offered by schools which are recommended by Cosmopolitan Education Department:

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
FINANCE AND INVESTMENTS
MARKETING
ACCOUNTANCY
ADVERTISING
REAL ESTATE
SALESMANSHIP
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING
MERCHANDISING
BOOKKEEPING
OFFICE MANAGEMENT
SECRETARIAL
COMMERCIAL LAW
MEDICAL SECRETARIAL
LANGUAGES
FOREIGN TRADE

• If you wish to have suggestions from this department, the coupon opposite has been arranged for your convenience.

I'm gonna be training replacements. That's where I *belong.*" The captain stares reflectively at his muddy coffee. "I'd sure hate to be stuck here"—his sour expression takes in the whole Pentagon—"if something is going to be going on out there." The calendar on the wall, near the map with its Scotch-tape battle-lines, says "1950." But the words in this room turn the calendar back. Back to 1940.)

5:00 P.M. The homeward rush to peace has begun. Desk drawers slam shut; filing cabinets bang closed; there are cries of "G'night," and the lights click off in a thousand offices. Now, the tap of high heels and the tread of Government issue on hard stone floors. Down the escalators and down the wide ramps they go, stampeding to the busses and cabs and private cars that will take them to Annandale, Falls Church, Alexandria, Rosslyn, Fort Myer. In the Concourse, a WAC lieutenant stops off at the dry cleaners' for her fresh uniform. . . . A secretary pauses at the underground bakeshop to pick up the night's dessert. . . . A dumpy, aging telephone operator goes into Brentano's bookstore for her evening date with a detective story. . . . And before the Mall and River Entrances, handsome women in handsome automobiles wait for their officer husbands, like wives meeting the 5:37 at Scarsdale or Evanston or Burlingame. Later that night you will see some of them at La Salle Du Bois, at the Embassy Room of the Statler, at The Shoreham Terrace and The Colony, and at the Army and Navy Country Club in Arlington. . . . A hush slowly falls over the building. The offices are almost empty; the corridors are almost deserted; the Pentagon is almost at rest now.

Almost.

But do not be deceived by the sudden exodus, the darkened lamps, and the silent rooms, or you will fail to hear the sounds of battle seven thousand miles away. For The Secret Pentagon is still here. Twenty-four hours a day, around the clock, in the hidden recesses of the giant structure, the real machinery of defense continues to operate—and it can best be sensed when the clamor of day is done.

It is **midnight** at the Pentagon now. The parking lots are enshrouded in darkness. Here and there, a car, waiting—a few hundred of them, lost in the acres of emptiness. In the distance across the Potomac, the dome of the Capitol shines with pale light. A police jeep cruises by, looking for trouble, and finding none, moves on.

The Pentagon is under heavy guard now—there are special police at every entrance—and only those with proper identification cards can get in or out. Inside, the escalators lie frozen in silence. The footfall of a special policeman—one of 465—echoes down an empty hall. Scrubwomen drag weary feet over hard stone floors, while porters with quiet brushes sweep away the day's debris. This is the night clean-up squad, 450 strong, and the cigarette butts are shorter and the ashtrays fuller since the 38th Parallel was violated.

(And somewhere in The Secret Pentagon lies a vast and noisy room: COMMCEN—the Communications Center—net control station of an Army-communications system that keeps the Pentagon High Command in constant touch with every United States command post in the world. There are hundreds of them toiling in there now, civilian and military both, in the clatter and chatter of tape-transmitting banks, in the radiant heat of radio racks and humming transformers. The conveyor belts on the ceiling bear endless streams of unclassified messages from the near-by clearing house of the Staff Communications Office. Pneumatic tubes beat out a steady rhythm as they plop enciphered messages into waiting hands from a hidden, secret Crypto Room upstairs. Quickly the messages are transformed into perforated tape, then fed into automatic radio-teletype circuits, and a few moments later the process is being reversed on the receiving end at communications headquarters in far-off places: Heidelberg, Frankfort, London, Berlin, Anchorage, Honolulu, Tokyo . . . wherever the United States must be ready, in the danger spots of the world. Armed infantrymen stand guard at the COMMCEN entrance; steel bars line the exit doors at either end. Inside, faces strain and blouses stain with sweat, for the chips are always down. Here, in the jumble of noise and heat, are the vital lifelines that link the Joint Chiefs of Staff with the field telephone of an advance patrol somewhere south of Yongdok in embattled Korea; with the radio microphone of an observation plane hovering over the Panama Canal; with the hotel-room extension of an Intelligence officer somewhere behind the Iron Curtain; and with the telephone that stands on the night table beside the sleeping form of a man, in a room in the temporary White House.)

1:10 A.M. In the Adjutant General's Office, the night-duty officer, an affable major, sits at his desk behind a mountain of paper work, waiting for the phone to stop ringing. Somewhere, sometime long ago, the American public acquired the notion that A.G.O. has all the answers—and so the phone rings again. An irate girl in Buffalo demands to be told at once if her husband actually *is* in the Army. . . . Chicago calling: Sir, would you mind settling a bet? Was Pershing a five-star general? . . . A stay-up-late in near-by Baltimore, incensed by the evening's headlines, demands to know where he can enlist right *now*. . . . And a man with a thick-tongued voice calls, lets off a loud stream of profanity, and hangs up. The major smiles. "You'd be surprised how many times men nursing beefs against the Army find relief merely by calling this office and swearing into the phone. But we haven't been getting many blowing off like that lately—hardly any at all."

(And somewhere in The Secret Pentagon there is another room—The War Room. Where is it? What does it look like? Who is cleared to enter it? Who is in there now? . . . At G-2, an Intelligence officer on night duty throws up his hands and turns away, shuddering. "I didn't even *hear* your questions!" . . . A captain at G-3, Operations, looks up, startled. "We're wide awake twenty-four hours a day. That's all I can say. And now, if you'll excuse me—" And he looks away hurriedly, as though even his eyes might betray the topmost secret.)

2:25 A.M. Men stir restlessly in the Air Force Headquarters Command Post. The first reports have just begun to trickle in on the day's fighter and bomber assaults in the Seoul-Inchon area; soon advice will be flowing out of here back to Lieutenant General Stratemeyer's Far East Air Force headquarters in Japan. And the men stir restlessly because the Pentagon does not have bomb bays or wings. . . . In the office of Chief of Naval Operations, a gray-haired, bushy-browed captain who prowled North African waters with his destroyer in World War II, growls, "Dammit—just missed this show out in the Pacific by two weeks." And he stands at the window, legs braced against the unheaving floor, and gazes into the blackness outside as though trying to see the Seventh Fleet lurking off the coast of Formosa. . . . On another floor, a thin, bespectacled civilian with rolled-up white shirt sleeves hastens out of the empty, all-night cafeteria carrying a freshly filled thermos of coffee, and disappears through a doorway marked: "RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT BOARD—Restricted Area." . . . On the Concourse far below, in the dispensary, which is open all night "For Emergency Cases Only," the sergeant in charge of quarters sits and waits for nerves or bodies to crack under the strain, and waits in vain.

(And somewhere in The Secret Pentagon, beneath an archway emblazoned "OFFICE OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF," an entire wing of the building is sealed off from the rest, and a police guard stands with gun on hip before the only entrance. Are they in there now—Collins of Army, Sherman of Navy, and Vandenberg of Air? Are they seated around a table talking in urgent tones of Pusan, and Formosa, and West Berlin? Or are they in another room, the soundproof, security-proof Telecon Room, putting their thoughts on paper, to be handed to a keyboard operator, to be flashed before them on the glass screen labeled "Washington," to be read simultaneously by Douglas MacArthur in distant Japan, and replied to immediately, with his thoughts streaming across a companion screen labeled "Tokyo"? Or if they are not thus immersed in a high-level teleconference, are they in their quarters in Fort McNair, and Washington, and Fort Myer, sleeping fitfully, waiting for the harsh awakening of the emergency that all hope will never come?)

Through the long night, the great building squats in darkness, revealing nothing. Its many eyes are closed in feigned slumber.

Outside, a gray police jeep cruises by.

Above the roof, radar probes the sky, sniffing for trouble.

In hidden rooms, sober-faced men carry on, knowing that the fate of free peoples everywhere may someday hang in the balance of their present judgments.

Dawn comes, and finally, the morning sun.

It is **8:00 A.M.** now, and they are all coming back again. Over the bridges and up the clover-leaf roadways they come, from Virginia and Maryland and the District of Columbia. The parking lots are filling up, and soon there will be laughter in the corridors and the sound of ten thousand typewriters, and if you listen carefully you will be able to hear the sounds of battle seven thousand miles away in the Far East.

Another day of crisis is beginning in the Pentagon.

But in The Secret Pentagon, the day does not begin again.

It never ends. THE END

The British Empire and the apes of Gibraltar

Nobody knows how these strange animals got there, but Englishmen insist they must remain. An extraordinary tale with a dash of mystery and history • *By John Kobler*

TURN TO NEXT PAGE

Why Churchill, interrupting his war duties, saved Gibraltar's fabled apes from extinction

I have searched the war memoirs of Winston Churchill in vain for some reference to a forgotten episode of peculiarly Churchillian flavor. Not even a footnote hints at how the prime minister, though beset by crises on every front, came to the rescue of a colony of Barbary apes. Posterity demands that this lacuna be filled.

The ape crisis, which a sojourn on the Rock of Gibraltar enables me to record for the first time, is instructive to students of the British character. Only a people as engrossed by tradition as the British would have worried about it; only an archtraditionalist like Mr. Churchill would have paused, amid the pressing anxieties of the period, to meet it.

Barbary apes were mysteriously roaming the Rock when the British captured Gibraltar from the Spanish in 1704. Their natural habitat lies across the strait in Morocco, they cannot navigate worth a damn, and how they got to Gibraltar in the first place still baffles zoologists. One theory argues that when the Moors invaded the peninsula a thousand years earlier, they brought along some Barbary apes as household pets. Personally, I prefer the legend that pictures a pack of foot-loose apes blundering into an undersea tunnel between the two continents and persisting until they emerged on the other side.

Whatever their migratory method may have been, the Barbary apes (or *Macaca sylvana,* to dignify them by their Linnaean nomenclature) stuck around to make life miserable for Gibraltar's successive conquerors. A tailless, yellowish-green species, weighing around sixty pounds at maturity, with a naturally manic-depressive disposition, they have frequently dropped down from their craggy lairs atop the Rock to cavort in Gibraltar's main street, charge into shops with a view halloo and pillage the merchandise, nip the children, insult the women with coarse gestures, and generally vent their antisocial humors. As emotionally unstable as Jack the Ripper, they have even turned upon each other, scattering portions of *Macaca sylvana* all over the Rock.

The annals of Gibraltar fairly shriek with pained comments about the ape population. An early Spanish historian noted: "[They are] the true owners. They are active, cunning, and sly, and jealous of their ancient dwelling; they defend themselves against the ambitions of their neighbors by throwing stones at working parties." The first official British mention of the apes is a bitter jest by a harassed governor general. He proposed to levy a poll tax on them. More recently, a senior naval officer submitted a bill for fifty-seven pounds to cover ape damage to his billet. A merry band, sixty strong, had torn off the roof, stripped the fruit orchard clean, and pulled apart the garden wall. Around the same time, a lieutenant colonel of the Royal Engineers complained that a bull ape had stolen his regimental trousers.

Still, the Gibraltar apes enjoy the protection of one of the most cherished traditions in British lore. According to this tradition, if the apes ever disappear from the Rock, so will the British. Also, the newcomer to Gibraltar who fails to see the apes within three weeks of his arrival will leave his bones there.

Primatology has assumed the status of a regular topic of intergovernment memoranda. At a yearly cost of approximately £150 (about $423), the apes receive heaping rations of groundnuts, lettuce, tangerines, bananas, and other delicacies seldom seen anymore by the average British human. For the winter colds to which they are highly susceptible, they get whisky, and there has been some talk lately of trying antihistamine. Spacious, scrubbed cages await the less rugged members of the pack who may wish to take refuge when tempers run high. They are protected from the hand of man by ordinance. Anybody molesting an ape on Gibraltar faces prison and/or a fine.

The windy heights of the Rock where the apes normally congregate are also occupied by the gun emplacements of the Royal Artillery, and it is the traditional responsibility of whoever happens to command that regiment to supervise the apes' welfare. This hard-pressed officer carries the added title in all communiques of IC/Apes (In Charge of Apes). He must turn the other cheek when, as he once reported after pursuing an ape who had run amok among the A.A. batteries, "The casualties inflicted were two bites upon myself and another officer. The time consumed in recapturing was four hours."

IC/Apes has the further duty of naming each addition to the pack. He usually chooses the name of some British notable. At the last semiannual census, the pack included Monty II, named after the Viscount of Alamein (Monty I had to be destroyed when a playmate chewed off his hand), and Nicky and Penny, named after the grandchildren of the governor of Gibraltar, His Excellency Lieutenant General Sir Kenneth Arthur Noel Anderson.

The daily activities of these pampered monsters, from the shedding of their winter coats to mating, are promptly communicated to the Office of the Colonial Secretary and are there filed among important state papers. "IC/Apes to Col. Sec. [reads a typical entry]: Re serial Nos. 17, 18, and 19, it has not yet been possible to approach closely enough to determine accurately their sex."

As a result of this loving care, the apes were in the pink when war came. Then, practically overnight, the progress of two centuries was nullified. In the atmosphere of emergency, they went to pieces. After air raids on Gibraltar, they would sit around moodily for days, biting their fingernails and muttering to themselves. They picked at their food. When stricken by colds, they showed no response to whisky. They ceased to breed. (According to an atrocity rumor then current, Nazi saboteurs were contributing to the disaster by slipping into Gibraltar from Spain with poisoned groundnuts.) IC/Apes did what he could to comfort them, but he had a good many other problems on his mind. By 1943, the pack, which once numbered almost two hundred lusty specimens, had shrunk to a puny, languishing half dozen.

Happily, word of their decline reached the prime minister, who was himself convalescing from influenza in Morocco. In London at two o'clock the following morning, General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was roused from his sleep by an urgent, top-secret telegram. The Germans were overrunning Russia. The Italian campaign had stalled. Intelligence reports were full of a terrible new enemy weapon—the V-1. Bracing himself for the worst, Sir Alan read: "Distressed to hear ape population below strength. Please take immediate steps. Churchill."

Alert to the gravity of the situation, the general got in touch with the secretary of state for the colonies, Colonel Oliver Stanley. The resulting flurry of inquiries, orders, and counterorders continued throughout the war and involved, in addition to high-echelon British officials, those of two foreign governments. I quote from these unique documents:

Telegram from Sec. of State to Gov. of Gibraltar. Prime Minister views with alarm ape situation. He is eager apes not repeat not be allowed to die out.

Memorandum from Gov. of Gibraltar to Col. Sec. The survival of the Rock apes is a matter of the keenest personal concern to the prime minister.

Dispatch from Col. Sec. to IC/Apes. In behalf of the prime minister, I would like prompt notification of any further mortalities among the apes.

Letters from Col. Sec. to H.M. Consuls in Rabat (French Morocco) and Tetuán (Spanish Morocco). I hesitate to burden you with what may strike you as a trivial request, but you are perhaps aware of the time-hallowed tradition here. We would be extremely grateful if you would send us some new apes, either male or female.

Catching apes all in one piece is a delicate maneuver, and several weeks elapsed before the Rabat consul became host to a large, homicidal male. "We trust," said a gift card from the fun-loving French, "that this engaging creature will behave himself like a loyal British subject."

Shortly after, H.M. Consul, Tetuán, was able to inform Col. Sec., Gibraltar: "This is indeed an auspicious day. Hard on the news of our victories in Italy, I learn that two more apes are en route from the mountains."

As the consulates began filling up with apes, however, pending arrangements to fly them to Gibraltar, a distinctly plaintive note crept into the correspondence. "As soon as we acquire one," wrote the Rabat consul, in a model of understatement, "we are rather desirous of speeding him on his way. A consulate has no facilities to speak of in which to accommodate a lively, full-grown ape."

Allied airdromes in Morocco were instructed to give the apes operational priorities, and thereafter the consuls' plight improved somewhat.

In 1944, Mr. Churchill, restored to rude good spirits and resplendent in his R.A.F. uniform, put down in Gibraltar for a tour of inspection. High on his agenda was a review of what was now

referred to in ministerial circles as "the ape position." What he found reassured him. The pack numbered twelve, most of whom seemed to be their old, hearty, repulsive selves. Several females had resumed breeding, and IC/Apes' latest entries sparkled with gay little domestic incidents. "Daisy," the prime minister read with marked satisfaction, "presented the pack with an addition at 1010 hr. 13 June. . . . Eileen and Joan will be ready for mating soon. . . . It would appear that an exchange nursing system obtains in the pack. When Beatrice has finished feeding her baby, she hands it over to Bessie, who hands it back when asked to do so. This is most interesting because the mother customarily becomes ferocious if anybody touches her child, and even the males defer where mother and offspring are concerned. . . . Peggy has been discharged as nurse's aid to Belinda's infant daughter. Instead, the father, Stanley, now holds the baby himself, and she is taking riding lessons on her sire's back. . . . "

By some calculation Mr. Churchill did not reveal, he decided that ape strength should never be permitted to fall below twenty-four, and H. M. consuls were urged to redouble their efforts. As a result, when I visited Gibraltar, there were thirty-seven apes on hand, most of them mating like mad and eight of them pregnant. In fact, so many had achieved maturity ("The critical period," says IC/Apes, "is three or four years, when they are cutting their eyeteeth and are apt to be hysterical") that for the first time in the history of Gibraltar a few were donated to zoos in England.

NO MAN to defy tradition, I hastened, upon setting foot on the Rock, to seek out the apes. They are rarely to be encountered anymore in the city streets due to a system that has eliminated their chief incentive to drift: their meals are served same time, same spot every day at a safe remove from civilization on the Upper Rock.

Equipped with the passes required to penetrate the heavily fortified Upper Rock and flanked by security officers, I ventured into ape territory at the midday feeding hour. On a ledge high above the harbor stood a leathery, square-jawed little soldier conversing amiably with a score of apes. He wore the khaki beret and battledress of the Royal Artillery, and with both hands, he held a stalk of bananas at chest level. He had the serene countenance of a man in love with his work.

This, a security officer pointed out, was Gunner Wilfred Portlock, who has spent nearly half his forty years in intimate association with apes. While his immediate superior, IC/Apes, pursues the grand strategy of ape colonization, it is Portlock who executes the finicky details of education, diet, and obstetrics. So firm is his mastery of ape psychology that he has been relieved of all the ordinary functions of a Royal Artilleryman to devote himself exclusively to his life's passion. The Lawrence of apedom can, it is believed, not only understand and speak the language of apes, but think like an ape and at times even feel like one.

Both the ledge and Portlock were acrawl with apes when I nervously approached. A small one squatted on Portlock's head, poking horny fingers into his ears. A barrel-shaped male, whom he addressed as Maurice, had become entangled with his feet and was quietly nibbling them. A female suddenly reared up, trying to dislodge a banana. "Now, then, Kathleen," he murmured, "wait your turn like a lydy." Kathleen curled her lips at him contemptuously and took another swipe at the stalk. " 'Ere, 'ere," Portlock scolded with a pretended anger that fooled nobody, "any more of that and you go without."

He thereupon bent his head back and uttered an horrendous sound, something between a tobacco auctioneer's chant and a hog call. It fetched more apes out of the trees, and he began stuffing whole bananas into their cavernous maws.

As I surveyed the tender scene from a discreet distance, Portlock called to me, "You may advance, sir. There's 'ardly an ounce of 'arm in 'em, 'ardly. Though I shouldn't 'old out me 'and to 'em, if I was you, sir."

"What would they do?" I asked with superb calm.

"Bite it rather severely, I expect, sir."

I stayed where I was.

When he had disposed of the last banana, Portlock withdrew from the ledge, and smiling contentedly to himself, walked over to me. "Never seen 'em so peckish, sir," he announced. "We feed 'em all the food they really need, but they will forage for more. Greedy little blokes. Caught 'em way down by the Y.M.C.A. last week, I did, sir. Fortunately, they're quite fond of sweet h'almond blossoms which, I am 'appy to say, grow plentifully on the h'Upper Rock. Delicious they are too, I might say, sir. I've tried 'em meself."

I sensed the completeness of Portlock's rapport with the primates when I inquired casually as to the size of his family, meaning wife and children. "Thirty-seven, sir," he replied with pride, "and 'ight more on the way."

Leading me into a shed of corrugated iron where the daily records are filed, Portlock plied me with illuminating facts about *Macaca sylvana*. I was intrigued to learn, for example, that the bodies of those who die natural deaths are seldom recovered. What happens to them nobody has ever figured out. A supposition, which Portlock rejects, is that the pack heaves them into the sea.

Those who die with their boots on, so to speak, are usually found where they fall; for these unfortunates, Portlock maintains a cemetery in his garden, embellishing it from time to time with floral wreaths and statuary.

PORTLOCK feels that ape personalities are as sharply differentiated as those of humans. "Tike Monica, for instance, sir," he explained. "A sweeter nature you couldn't 'ope to find. Always cheery, always 'appy to 'elp the other fellow. Now, Wendy, she's just the opposite—sulky, selfish, always me, me, me. Or Madison over there"—he indicated a chesty male who was making little pig eyes at three tittering females—"bit of a lad, Madison— But I never show favortism. Wot's fair for one fair's for t'other, I always say, sir."

Maurice, who appeared to be listening to this exposition, came loping toward me with an expression that clearly said, "What's this joker want?" I edged away, and Portlock looked hurt. " 'E wouldn't bother you none, sir. Gentle as a lamb as long as you don't 'andle his women. 'E won't tike that even from me, sir."

I assured him I would sooner attempt a swan dive from the top of the Rock.

A nasty situation is sometimes created by the sexual ambitions of a male ape. Upon maintaining manhood, he may try to pre-empt all the females as his own private harem, beating up any other males who dare look at them. Mostly the competition narrows down to the two toughest members of the pack. When this climax threatens, Portlock splits up the pack by establishing two widely separated feeding points.

"If you care to see the others, sir—" he suggested, guiding me back along Queen's Gate Road. He had, meanwhile, produced another stalk of bananas. But before he could rally the second half of the pack around, an immense bull ape of crushingly authoritative mien leaped at him from behind a rock, snatched the entire stalk and, chuckling evilly, dove into underbrush. "H'excuse me, sir!" said Portlock, diving after him.

Presently, I heard from afar, "Come back 'ere, Winnie! Winnie, you bahstid . . . "

THE END

A Kindred Spirit (Continued from page 31)

wrote and she wrote. She also on occasion went hungry. And there were nights when, lonely and light-headed from an emptiness both of stomach and spirit, she cried herself to sleep. She was even less attractive when she cried, her thin-lashed eyes inflamed, the tears trickling crookedly down the red roughness of her cheeks. Still, luckily in the darkness there was no one to see or hear her.

What she wanted to be, what at that period she wanted more than anything in the world to be (except to be loved), was a modern Jane Austen. However, the rejection slips accumulating in her desk drawer made it increasingly evident that she was not a modern Jane Austen, or at any rate that no one recognized her as such, and consequently—it was at this point that she finally began to develop her happy ability to trim her sails to the wind—she stopped, turned around, and embarked in quite a different direction.

But still as a writer. It was in both self-amusement and self-contempt that she started her first detective novel, but it was with the legitimate pride of an honest artisan that, some months later, she finished it. There were still lingering echoes of Jane Austen in it, though not enough to bother anyone. She was satisfied with it, as much as a writer can ever be satisfied, but in no sense excited. Whereas with her previous efforts she had hardly been able to wait for the postman to bring the bad news, and it had invariably been bad, with this one she was so calm as to be almost indifferent. She signed it with the pseudonym "Elizabeth Darcy" (again the frail-wristed, blue-veined hand of Miss Austen), for she intended to reserve her own name for later and more significant works, sent it out to a more-than-reputable publisher (why not aim high?) who sometimes dabbled in the mystery field, and almost—but not quite—forgot about it.

And of course three weeks later it was accepted and the following spring it was published, with a considerable critical if not commercial success. Its title was *The Limping Hare,* and connoisseurs of Elizabeth Darcy still value their first editions.

NEITHER the sales of that book nor of those which came after it, one appearing regularly every two years and each anticipated as a genuine event, would have permitted Miss Lynch to live and travel as she did in comfort and even a degree of luxury. The fact was, and she was not unproud of it, that Elizabeth Darcy was caviar to the general. Not for her the many emoluments accruing from the widespread serialization of an Agatha Christie or an Eberhart or a Leslie Ford. And not for her, either, even the prospect of dividends from Hollywood, for no one had ever been able to figure out how to rig lights and a camera inside her characters' heads, which was where much of the action took place. No, her audience was much more restricted and select. True, a carping minority of critics sometimes complained about the maddening erudition and self-complacency of her lady sleuth, Felicia Flint ("The most irritating literary figure since Philo Vance"—*The Chicago Tribune*), but to a compact and almost fanatic public—including Oxford dons, nuclear physicists, Supreme Court justices, and even, inexplicably, certain baseball players—Felicia was a creature of unfailing enchantment, wise, witty, and magnificently infallible.

The not surprising truth was that Felicia was merely an extension and glorification of Miss Lynch herself, and especially of herself as she grew older. (Felicia, naturally, never grew older, always remaining at the ripe perfection of twenty-nine.) She was intellectually refined, even rarefied, she was urbane, humorous, gently satirical, perceptive, she was gifted with enormous tact and at the same time enormous energy, she had both warmth for the be-wintered and coolness for the fevered, her tread was light and graceful, and her voice was as soothing as the rustle of harp strings. Indeed, she was a compilation and distillation of all the best in all the heroines who ever lived, and some who didn't. Mostly those who didn't. A more modish Candida, an unerrant Irene Forsyte, a Mrs. Miniver who never had to bother with household chores, an adult and sophisticated Pollyanna, a less stern Portia—meld all these into one Mainbocher-garbed and impeccably groomed form, of course adding Jane Austen also, and there you would have Felicia Flint. And there too, but for the grace of God, you would have had Miss Lynch.

There were only two differences between the begetter and the begot, always allowing for the sad circumstance that the begetter, Miss Lynch, was confined to being more or less human. The first difference was that Felicia was beautiful—startlingly, even divinely so. And the second difference was that in her personal and non-sleuthing life, never presented directly but frequently alluded to with delicious hints (a disciplined mistress of her art, Miss Lynch was above diluting blood with the saccharin of he-and-she), she was married—and very happily married, to a man named Ambrose Flint, a prince without a title and a paragon beyond a doubt. The full ecstasy and harmony of this made-in-heaven union were never expatiated upon, and its privacy was never invaded. You had to accept it as Felicia herself accepted it, as the topmost twinkling diadem in the tiara crowning her ideal Womanhood.

Her devoted readers envied and adored her.

But although they adored her, there were not enough of them to yield her creator more than a steady eight thousand dollars a year, including foreign rights and reprints, and that was only half of what was needed to support Miss Lynch in the style to which she ultimately became accustomed. The other eight thousand came to her, not long after the publication of *The Limping Hare,* as the annual income from the inheritance left her at the deaths of first her mother and then her father. The one died of a heart ailment aggravated by the gloomy certainty that she had borne an ugly duckling, a bluestocking too, and the other just died. Miss Lynch had loved them both deeply—if her affection for her mother had been curdled by her resentment of her prettiness, that was the fault of neither of them—and for a time she was inconsolable. However, and this was one more evidence of her fortunate faculty for being able to face reality, there was no denying that it was easier to be inconsolable with an additional eight-thousand-a-year than without it.

SO IT WAS then that she started on that series of far-flung nomadic journeyings which was to last for some eighteen years. Her motive for that initial excursion, a once-over-lightly grand tour of Europe, had been to seek surcease from her sorrow, but gradually travel became a habit to her. First a habit, and then a professional necessity. For wherever she went, and eventually she went everywhere, Felicia Flint followed her—usually about two years later, one of them being devoted to the gestation of her material and the other to its parturition. Thus to the uninformed it might mean little that a Miss Naomi Lynch was spending the winter in a small provincial town in the Midi, but to the initiate it signified the heartening news that within the next twenty-four months Felicia Flint would be riding again, under the expert guidance of the one and only Elizabeth Darcy. (Result: *Rue Sangre*—". . . signaling a further development of her filagreed workmanship." "Elizabeth Darcy: Cult and Catharsis," *Partisan Review.*)

France, England, Stockholm, Morocco, Majorca—the labels on her luggage crusted into varnished strata, the purple visa stampings on her passports became so thick as to be indecipherable, customs men on four continents greeted her by name. And each country she visited had its own memorial, bound in aquamarine boards and decorated with the gold, ruby-eyed scarab which symbolized Felicia Flint (it was the sole jewel she wore) and selling at two dollars and a half in that era when ordinary "whodunits" sold for two and at three dollars when the price of the common run was raised to two-fifty. *Loosestrife, Skoal to the Skull, Ferment in Fez*—their enthusiasts need no reminder of their sequence. Trace it, and you trace Miss Lynch's itinerary.

She soon discovered that her dual personality was an asset to her. As Miss Naomi Lynch she was able to enjoy anonymity whenever she wanted it, which most of the time she did. She could reside—she had resided—for an entire year in a Cornish village without having her meditations disturbed by anything more personal than consultations with her cook-housemaid and the visits of a vicar. On the other hand, should she be lying in a deck-chair next to some fellow traveler (of either sex) who gave promise of being congenial, she could, if she so wished, remove her mask and reveal herself as Elizabeth Darcy. And the compliments which inevitably ensued, the awed tributes, the requests for her autograph—these were pleasant, as heady and warming as strong drink. But, like strong drink, they were to be taken in moderation and so she did not indulge herself often.

Through the years and over countless miles of both water and land she had made many acquaintances, some of them delightful, but few could have been called friendships. And it was her good fortune, particularly as time went on, to come less and less to feel the need of friends. The progress of her reclusion can best be indicated by a comparison. On a warm, starlit evening during her

first, brief (forty-eight hours) view of Venice she had sat alone somewhat stiffly and self-consciously in a gondola as it floated down the Grand Canal, a single lady propelled by a liquid-eyed, honey-voiced young gondolier who sang "Santa Lucia," and her thoughts had been forlorn, self-pitying, morose. Ten years later she found herself in Venice again, though for a far longer stay, and once more in a gondola on an evening just as warm and just as starlit and with a gondolier just as liquid-eyed and just as honey-voiced—and who also was singing "Santa Lucia." But her thoughts then, on that second occasion, were of a different nature. They were of Felicia: "Now if the stiletto *had* been hidden under these pillows here and if the Count *had* dropped it into the canal, then Felicia would immediately deduce . . ." (See *Palazzo*.—"My Dear Miss Darcy: I am not one normally addicted to writing 'fan' letters, and indeed this is the first time I have ever done so. But after reading *Palazzo* I cannot forbear to tell you how much I . . ." An unknown correspondent in Little Fleecings, Sussex, England.)

Inescapably, the war interrupted her well-established routine, as it interrupted that of others. 1939 drove her from Europe, and 1941—she was in Shanghai at the time of Pearl Harbor—from the Orient. The major part of the next three years she spent in the Aleutians in the uniform of the Red Cross, handing out doughnuts and comfort—she was more successful with the former than the latter—to a glum, homesick, and not too grateful group of enlisted men whose interest in the art of fictional detection began and ended with Dick Tracy. It was not her happiest period. In the first place she had magnanimously underestimated her writing as a wartime nonessential, like nylons and French wines and similar refinements, and having decided to abandon it for the duration she felt lost. In the second place the Aleutians proved to be one of the few backgrounds against which she could not possibly envision the ever-soignée Felicia. She could imagine people being murdered in them all right (there were one or two she wouldn't have minded murdering herself), but she couldn't imagine Felicia being in the slightest degree concerned about it. In any event, regretfully and wastefully, they were unemployable as material.

Still, the war didn't last forever, though there were bleak moments when it seemed as if it were going to, and when it ended she shook the tundra grass from her shoes, blew the fog out of her lungs, and resumed her schedule. But somehow it wasn't the same, it wasn't the same at all. Either something had happened to the whole realm of vagabondage, or something had happened to her. She tried England—too hopeless. She tried Italy—too heartless; Rome, anyway. She even tried South America, which she had always found to be a brilliantined bore—and it still was. Could it be that she had seen too many places too many times? Could it be that she had walked too many strange streets, unpacked and repacked under too many strange roofs, slept in too many strange beds, so many and so often that by now the novelty of their strangeness had been dissipated? Could it even be that she was perhaps a little—tired?

"I think," thought Miss Lynch, "that I'd like a home of my own. For a while, anyway."

And so it was that in the autumn of 1949, at the age of forty-five, she returned to New York.

She had been in New York often, of course, since first leaving it those long years ago. It had been her central base, and after one voyage and before the next she had always come back to it in order to refuel—to go to her dentist, to have the prescription for her glasses changed, to arrange her financial affairs, to consult her publishers, to see her agent. But she had seldom remained for more than two or three months at a time, and although the suite she took at the same quiet, expensive hotel off upper Madison Avenue was pleasant and comfortable it was nevertheless as impersonal and as monotonous as any other hotel suite. Now she discovered that she wanted her own possessions around her, most of them long since in storage. She wanted that buhl cabinet she had picked up in Paris, she wanted that delftware from Amsterdam, she wanted those Sheraton chairs which she had bought for a song (in fact a whole opera, she had thought somewhat sardonically later—what shall I ever do with them?) in, of all places, Penang. All those she wanted, and would have. And obviously there would be other things which she would have to have which she now didn't have—such as, for instance, a bed and a mattress, neither of which she had ever owned in her life. And sheets and towels and some floor wax and a potato masher and . . . Unlike most people who set up housekeeping, she would be starting with the luxuries and would have to acquire the necessities. The Sèvres lamps she already had. The bread knife she would get.

And it was in that manner and that mood, somewhat to her amazement yet also to her pleasure, that she found herself signing the first lease she had signed since the one for that dark, cramped Greenwich Village basement. The first American lease, that is. Not for a villa, not for a chalet, not for a hacienda, not for a mews—not even for a flat. For just a plain, ordinary New York apartment.

But not too plain and not too ordinary. Those starveling days back on Horatio Street had taught her all she ever wanted to know about the grubbier aspects of bohemianism, and so the place she took now—and she had to rent it from plans—was high up in a newly erected and not yet opened building in the Fifties, overlooking the East River (and a sewage disposal unit and a sanitation plant and an assortment of belching brick smokestacks). It was by no means a low-cost housing development. In fact since it had no pre-war ceiling to conform to, its rentals verged on the stratospherical—but there was a compensating factor, to Miss Lynch at least, in that there would be no other occupancy before her. And when the building was at last fully completed and she was able to move in, this factor evidenced itself in concrete form. No previous griefs had clouded the panes in the corner windows of her long, large living room, no unknown tears had been shed behind the locked door of the master bath. Conversely, none of the rooms—there were two bedrooms, one of which she turned into a study—had known laughter, either, but that too she regarded as an advantage. For she felt that somehow the echo of ghostly laughter—and of endearments called out lovingly: "Darling, I'm home! Where are you?"—would have been even more distracting than the echo of ghostly sobs.

Mine will be the only personality associated with it, thought Miss Lynch agreeably, and I'll be able to start from scratch. It should be very nice.

And it was very nice, especially when furnished. The process of the furnishing lasted three months, a busy, dizzy interval, and each supplementary selection was chosen by Miss Lynch herself, personally. This was because she preferred her own taste to that of any decorator and also because she was certain that most decorators would have held up their hands in horror if confronted by as many different styles and periods of pieces as were represented in the collection which she had little by little, through the years, brought back from the four quarters of the globe. But she felt that she knew how to fuse them into

harmony, and the pleasing result proved that she did know how. More than once in the past, even at the moment of purchase, she had wondered why on earth she should be burdening herself with this sandalwood table or that candelabrum when the only possession really essential to her was a portable typewriter, yet now all her acquisitions had justified themselves. It was as if, prowling through those bazaars and those small, back-street shops of so many widely separated countries, she had even then unconsciously foreseen that the day would come when an English print would be just the thing to fill that wall space there and a cloisonné vase absolutely right for high-lighting the foyer. There was even a wood-burning fireplace—she had always wanted a hearth of her own—for the King Charles andirons ("Lynch's Folly" she had dubbed them the day after buying them) which she had once unearthed long ago on a gloomy Sunday afternoon in a small village in Wales.

Then at last it was finished—nothing more to be done. The general effect, she congratulated herself, was quite perfect. Add one more ash tray and there would be a clutter, take one away and you would have inadequacy. To celebrate the occasion, and to display the end-product of her careful planning, she gave a small housewarming (it had to be small because so was the reservoir of her potential guests) consisting of her publisher and his wife, her agent and her husband, three critics whose reviews had been exceptionally flattering—one male, one female, one unclassifiable—and a doctor whom she had first met in 1935 when he had removed her appendix and whose advice she had since often sought on the more abstruse literary points of *materia medica*. They were all duly admiring, the drink was ample and the buffet prepared by her excellent by-the-day colored maid both plentiful and succulent, and on the whole the evening went off, she believed, very well indeed.

And the next day—high time, too, for not only had the furnishing of the apartment been a drain on her finances but also the industrious and justice-seeking Felicia had already been left in idleness far too long—she went to work.

OR RATHER she went back to work. The manuscript on which she was engaged, which was almost a third completed, dealt with a Brazilian art-and-other-things-fancier whose unhappy but deserved lot it was to wind up on the top of the Pão de Açúcar, very dead and with human teeth marks in his throat. The Pão de Açúcar would be known to most of her readers as Sugar Loaf Mountain, though it was never designated as such by her: one of the many reasons her faithful following admired her was that in her omniscience she never condescended to give them an even break. This was her second use of a Latin-American locale, her first having been in *Tango* ("With this subtle nightmare, Miss Darcy exceeds all her previous accomplishments"—*The New Yorker*), and it was a token of her most recent tour. For she was still continuing her practice of regurgitating last year's sights and sounds in the form of next year's novel, a custom which she had begun as far back as *The Limping Hare*, whose grisly train of events had taken place in St. Louis—or, rather, St. Louis as seen through the cosmopolitan and amusedly indulgent eyes of Felicia.

As always, she wrote slowly and cautiously, for every Darcy book was an intricate mosaic. Once again Felicia emerged from her unspecified retirement—spent in serene domestic bliss with Ambrose, no doubt—and sniffed her chiseled nose as she caught the scent of the chase. The sparse but fair clues were delicately planted, the devious trail circled round complicatedly on itself and then narrowed, hot Latin blood began to flow—"Chapter IV. Señor Diaz was not a man to inspire trust, and in Felicia least of all. She had not trusted him at Copacabaña, and she did not trust him on this second meeting in the Avenida Rio Branco when he . . ."

IT WAS hard work, fascinating work, but it was exhausting work. And now with her household in smooth running order and with the cross-referenced, almost illegibly interlined pages gradually thickening in their folio, Miss Lynch's increasing fatigue, both physical and mental, brought her to the realization that she was in need of some diversion, some relaxation. But where to find it? Heretofore, amid foreign scenes, sightseeing had always been the answer—this cathedral, that gallery—but she could not very well go sight-seeing in New York because she was already thoroughly familiar with it. True, she could walk—and she did walk, a conscientious two miles each day—but walking was a tiresome chore, little better than ambulatory calisthenics, when one had no destination in mind. She had passed the wax models in the Fifth Avenue shop windows so often that she felt she could identify many of them individually, she had dutifully trod the cinder-path around the Central Park Reservoir until it had come to have all the attraction of a prison yard, and of course she had no friends on whom to call. Or at least none on whom she wanted to call. Those few people she had known in her Village days had presumably long since scattered, going either down, through drink and disaster, or away, to the sedateness of the suburbs. And she had no wish to impose herself too often on the small group she knew now. Furthermore, she had secretly come to the conclusion that most of them were a little tedious, even boring.

Well, she decided, as she had on occasion decided before—and as has been at one time or another decided by every solitary who has not taken refuge in the anodyne of alcohol or the dark, dangerous deeps of over-introspection—I suppose I'd better do some reading. She decided it briskly, and if the briskness was somewhat forced, that is only a tribute to, again, her long-established and determined self-sufficiency.

She had always read a great deal ("Such a little bookworm she is," her mother used to say uneasily); almost every variety of printed matter with the single, notable exception of detective stories, the majority of which she disdained as being primer stuff, far too childishly naïve. Why plow through three hundred pages only to reach a solution which in nine cases out of ten had been evident the instant the puzzle presented itself? When she had been younger her literary taste had been so non-selective and catholic as to be embarrassing when viewed in retrospect, but now in her middle years it had become extremely fastidious and discriminating—and usually several jumps ahead of those who considered themselves to be the most fastidious and discriminating. Thus she had undertaken to re-read the works of Henry James—all of them, no small task—at least five years before the popular quotation on that long-neglected gentleman took its wild, improbable leap. Thus she was already familiar with Kafka when by most people, even by the alert *avant-garde*, the name was mistaken as that of either a pastry or a cough syrup. And thus she was equipped to discuss Sartre (but with whom?) at a period when existentialism was even less understandable than it later came to be.

But voracious reader though she was, she possessed almost no permanent library worthy of the name. This was chiefly due to her many years of travel. Bought books—except for the life-saving Tauchnitz and Penguins, which cost so little that they could be left in trains and on hotel bureaus without harm to either purse or conscience—were expensive to cart about, and also a bother. Borrowed ones fulfilled the same function. Therefore except for the dog-eared and much-thumbed five volumes of the Chapman edition of Jane Austen which she had carried all over the world and which were as indispensable as her toothbrush, she owned only a few shelves of standard reference works—dictionaries in several languages, a thesaurus, an atlas, a Bartlett, and a Bible, this more for its prose than its piety. And a medical encyclopedia, for should she ever lose her touch for writing, she sometimes comforted herself, she could always earn a living in pharmacy, particularly in its more baneful phases. Without ever having taken a degree in the subject, she knew enough about poisons to kill a thousand different people in a thousand different ways.

Periodically these basic texts were enlarged by the addition of numerous authoritative tomes relating to whatever specialty she happened to be involved with at the time—the mating habits of the Australian egret (*Plumes for My Lady*—"quite stirs by its scintillation," *The New Statesman and Nation*), the penalties for arson in Yugoslavia (*Trial by Fire*—"surely her most provocative to date," *The Times Literary Supplement*), or artificial insemination as practiced in the Upper Crimea (*Seed of Death*—"ideologically frivolous but undeniably well-written," *New Masses*). However, when these sources had served their ghoulish purposes she had no further use for them, and she either sold them, junked them, or gave them away, the latter being sometimes difficult to accomplish because of their esoteric nature.

In any event, at this point Miss Lynch surveyed the Spartan stock of reading matter on her work-desk, most of it Brazilian and hence strictly utilitarian, and thought, "Well, a lending library seems to be indicated. I shall have to pay a call on Mr. Womrath." Miss Lynch was very careful in the use of her "shalls" and her "wills," for her years abroad had caused her speech—and Felicia's too—to become determinedly Anglophile.

SHE DIDN'T call on Mr. Womrath, because it turned out that he wasn't available in her neighborhood. Instead she investigated several near-by stationery stores in each of which, among

a jungle of bubble-gum, racing forms, greeting cards, and children's pinwheel hats, she found a small section devoted to books. But such books! Historical novels with full-bosomed heroines adorning their jackets, chocolate-bar-smudged best-sellers whose main content was a not overly inventive variation of the verb "to fornicate," rows of garishly blurbed mysteries whose only mystery was why anyone should ever want to read them. In none of the stores did this latter lot, she was more pleased than pained to note, contain a single Elizabeth Darcy.

"Looking for something, lady?" she was asked by a succession of acne-faced, linen-coated youths and small, squat women jingling coins in the pockets of black alpaca aprons.

"Yes," she replied on each occasion, and walked out.

Was this the intellectual measure of America? Was this the level to which the culture of an upper-bracket district in the nation's largest city had been reduced? *O tempora!* thought Miss Lynch, *O mores!* Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey . . .

AND THEN she found what she was seeking—scarcely two blocks from her building, so convenient as to be practically under her nose. She had a hunch that she was on the right track when she paused by the window filled with nineteen identical copies of *The Essence of Gide: A Monograph* and when she pushed open the antiqued door lettered "The Book Nook" and nearly stumbled over a knee-high pile of the latest issue of *Horizon* she was certain of it. To her left stood a tweedy, bearded, pipe-smoking, horn-rim-spectacled man vehemently arguing the merits of Ronald Firbank with a non-tweedy, downy-cheeked, Ascot-scarved youth whose streaky hair, shaggy under its beret and badly in need of cutting, had been overexposed to either the sun or some bleaching extract. To her right an intense young woman clad in a black turtleneck sweater and green corduroy slacks was leaning against a book-laden counter with a slim volume open in her hand while softly reciting certain fragments of the *Ash Wednesday* of T. S. Eliot. And at the rear a frizzled, wizened ancient leading two Siamese cats on a leash and wearing a yellow slicker with "Provincetown, Mass." emblazoned on its back was croupily demanding of the clerk if she had the earlier works of Cocteau in stock, in the original French, and if not why not.

Shades of Eighth Street, thought Miss Lynch, more in wonder than alarm, one would hardly expect to encounter this sort of thing *this* far uptown. Yet as she looked around at the bulging, ceiling-high shelves, the sheaves of prints of the newer abstractionists, a framed Dali with its quaintly familiar limp watches and trailing intestinal organs, she breathed a sigh of satisfaction, even relief. This was what she had been on the trail of. This was more like it.

A woman not without her own small vanities, she headed first, unerringly and instinctively, toward the department reserved for rental detective stories—and one brief glance at it told her all she needed to know. Simenon, Innes, Hammett—um-hum, very nice, very encouraging. And Dorothy Sayers and Ngaio Marsh—rather good those two, she believed, though she did not think that she would care for the one's whimsey-Wimsey and the other was said to refer a bit too much to an offstage spouse who was almost as invisible as Felicia's Ambrose, though surely far less charming. (Not, to repeat, that Miss Lynch actually *read* her competitors; that is, if she could be said to have had competitors. But one couldn't help gathering impressions.) And then as her eyes continued to rove the bright bindings she was delighted to see no less than four Elizabeth Darcys, including *Cameo,* which had always been one of her favorites as well as that of the critics (*"un vrai camée, aussi un diamant de premier eau"*—Les Temps Modernes). It would have perhaps been even more delightful if she had found them out rather than in, but it still was delightful enough.

She spent an hour greedily browsing, storing up the titles of future selections which she planned either to buy—after all, she had a place to keep them in now—or to rent. Finally from the rental shelves she chose one of the more technical discussions of atomic energy, for nutrition, and, as dessert, the latest Marquand. Granted that you always knew in advance what a Marquand would be about, still how pleasant and enjoyable it was to re-encounter it. And how easy it must be to write it—to deal merely with human emotions and not to be circumscribed by the vexing necessity of clues. For one like herself it would be a real holiday. (Those abortive failures at the "pure" novel in that Horatio Street basement had taken place long ago, so long ago as to be handily forgotten.)

Her selections under her arm, she approached the desk at the rear, presided over by a stout, whitish-haired, uncommunicative woman whose elegantly syllabled name, as she later learned, was Mrs. Thais de Vere. Her manner was brusque, taciturn, and while at the moment Miss Lynch did not know her at all, she was also never to know her any better.

"Member?" said Mrs. de Vere now, as the two books were deposited before her.

"Of what?" said Miss Lynch, somewhat startled.

"Library."

"No. But I should like to join."

"Dollar," said Mrs. de Vere, and reached for a blank card. "Name?"

Miss Lynch hesitated. Should she give her own name, or that of Elizabeth Darcy? The general atmosphere indicated that this was one place where self-identification as Elizabeth Darcy would be bound to be appreciated. Still, she decided, better not. For while Darcy zealots could be pleasing, they could also turn out to be pests.

"Lynch," she said, placing the dollar on the desk.

"First name?"

"Naomi." She was always embarrassed when she had to say that, for she sensed the irony of it even if others didn't. Because it meant "my sweetness," and she was only too well aware that she was not and never had been—except possibly to her parents as an infant—anyone's sweetness. Nor was she ever likely to be. She had more than once reflected on how much more considerate she had been in christening her own daughter Felicia, which meant "happiness." And in addition to happiness, and as a consequence of the inner peace which she brought to Ambrose and he to her, Felicia's radiance had caused her to be regarded as the sweetness of many admiring people who passed her on the street and had never even been introduced to her. Which might have been one reason—knowing little about such matters, Miss Lynch did not venture to judge—why she was happy.

THE FEE paid, her address given, the record of her items noted, she picked up her books and started cheerfully out of the shop, conscious that the evening looming ahead, which had previously threatened to be a rather empty one, now promised to be either instructive or entertaining or both. A driest of dry martinis sipped while leafing through the newspaper, one of Annie's good dinners garnished by the cultured strains of WQXR, and then afterward a comfortable armchair, a dish of bon-bons at her side—Miss Lynch was very fond of bon-bons, and with her figure she could afford to eat as many of them as she liked—and a choice of either wandering

among the isotopes or ambling along the brambly paths of Mr. Marquand's New England–New York ambivalence. Who could ask for anything more?

And as she closed the door behind her, she glanced at the gilt lettering on it. The Book Nook, she thought. Well, she would be coming back there often.

And she did go back there often. In fact she developed into one of the shop's best customers, and gradually Mrs. de Vere seemed to warm to her not only as a lucrative source of income—it was doubtful if many of her patrons were interested in buying a complete set of the works of William Blake, illustrated in full color—but also, presumably, as a person. In any case, her conversation became less monosyllabic and from time to time even broadened to include loose, random comments on the weather. But she was never to become really chatty, and as one not given to a free exchange of confidences herself Miss Lynch respected her for it. Such reticence was a refreshing change from the cozy familiarity of the average book-store salesman or saleswoman (more frequently saleswoman), who, in addition to thrusting unasked-for recommendations on one and being affronted when they were not accepted, often seemed to regard mutual literacy as an invitation to pry into one's social, economic, and sexual history.

But not Mrs. de Vere. Mr. de Vere, if there was any, was never explained or even mentioned. Perhaps she owned the shop, perhaps she merely clerked in it. For the rest, and for all Miss Lynch ever learned, she might as well have had no existence outside these book-lined walls and, like some obese silverfish, might well have made her bed among them each night. . . . No, she had no complaints to make about Mrs. de Vere at all. Mrs. de Vere was admirably suited to her work.

SO THE winter wore on, pleasantly, profitably. The unfortunate art-fancier had by now been found on his aerie in a gruesome condition. Within two or three months the relentless Felicia could be depended upon to discover who had killed him. (Needless to add, Miss Lynch herself knew who it was already, and had known it before she had even typed out the first sentence. It was his mother.) Meanwhile the apartment continued to prove as livable and as attractive as she had hoped it would be. True, since the housewarming the number of people who had been privileged to view its attractions could have been counted on the fingers of two hands, and they chiefly comprised such itinerants as the man who came to wash the windows, the Fuller brush man, and a brace of mendicant nuns. But Miss Lynch did not regret the absence of others. "Companion none is like unto the mind alone," had sung the poet, one Sir Thomas Vaux who had died in 1556 and whom few except Miss Lynch had bothered to quote since. She agreed with him.

It was on an evening in January, not not long after Christmas (always a melancholy, disagreeable season despite her annual resolve to ignore it as the commercialized carousal it really was), that she first became aware of the name W. Brown. That is, it was then that she first became consciously aware of it, for subconsciously she must have been aware of it before—otherwise, obviously, she would not be noticing it now. The hour was late, and she had just finished the last cogently reasoned sentences of Arthur Koestler's *The Yogi and the Commissar,* and as was sometimes her custom when any particular book appealed to her she flipped to the final fly-leaf, where the names of the borrowers and the dates of their withdrawals were inscribed in Mrs. de Vere's microscopic calligraphy, in order to see how popular it had been. It hadn't been, very. There were only six names, her own of course the most recent on the list—"1-3—Lynch." Like hers, most of the others were more or less individual—Kurnitz, Wilkinson, Jebb, and so on—and Mrs. de Vere had not found it necessary to precede them with any identifying initial. But Brown was more common, and lest it be confused with other Browns it had been given its special earmark—the W. There it stood, immediately above Miss Lynch's own name: "12-24—W. Brown."

She looked at it, glanced upward, then looked at it again. W. Brown, she thought idly, the tip of her finger tracing beneath it. Haven't I seen that name before? Wasn't it in that copy of those Virginia Woolf essays which I took out last week and which I liked so much? And wasn't it also in the Evelyn Waugh? . . . For Miss Lynch's professional training had caused her to become unusually observant about such details—names, the varying shades of light as it slants through windows, the grey flakiness of cigarette ashes, the way footfalls ring on a marble stair. After all, you never knew what would turn out to be grist for the mill. At the age of fifteen she had once even spent three solid, rapt hours watching an internal combustion engine at work (the insides of her father's Pierce-Arrow), not because she had any enthusiasm for internal combustion engines as such but because she believed that sometime—though how, in the school of Jane Austen?—a description of them might prove useful.

And so now her attention had been drawn to, and remained centered on, this W. Brown. At least it remained centered on it for possibly thirty seconds, at the end of which she shrugged, yawned, laid both Yogi and Commissar aside, rose, switched off the lights in the living room, and proceeded to take a leisurely hot bath and to go to bed—and at once to sleep. For surprisingly enough, she was not and had never been a bedtime reader. The instant her head touched its pillow she was always off, and with no dreams to encumber her. That was one of the benefits of having a clear conscience, as she sometimes laughingly remarked. . . . Those nights of crying in the darkness of the Horatio Street basement had been, as has been said, long, long ago.

She did not think of the name W. Brown again that evening, and in the morning she did not recall having thought of it at all.

IN ADDITION to being extraordinarily observant she also, as another tool of her trade, had cultivated a memory more retentive than the average. Therefore when she came across the same name again a few days later ("1-6 — W. Brown") in the back of a collection of short stories translated from the Gaelic she definitely recognized it and, on this occasion, gave it more attention. And shortly after that when it appeared twice within the same week, once in a digest of Toynbee and once in an Elizabeth Bowen novel, she gave it still more attention. How odd it was, she mused, how curious, that this W. Brown's tastes should so coincide with her own—should be so meticulous, so intelligent (she was not accustomed to vaunting her own virtues, but it was silly not to face a fact when you saw one), and yet at the same time so diversified. Together they had both enjoyed—that is, she supposed W. Brown had also enjoyed them—the same novels, the same essays, the same short stories, the same philosophical discussions, and the same examinations of world crises. It was as if they were—kindred spirits.

The image of W. Brown, but only as a name, came into her mind at fleeting intervals during the next few days—came and then quickly went, though on each occasion it imprinted itself a little more indelibly. She did not allow it to linger, because she had more weighty affairs to occupy her—Felicia, for one, who was beginning to breathe hard down the neck of the art-fancier's mother. However, toward the end of that week when she brought home a rental copy of Huxley's *Ape and Essence* and again found that W. Brown had been there before her she began to speculate, though still impersonally. Really, she thought, this was becoming *uncanny!*

WHAT WAS W. Brown's attitude, she wondered, toward poetry? Did it tend toward the modern, the oblique, the rarefactive, as hers did? Or was it content with more traditional forms? And so the next time she happened to be in the Book Nook she paused casually in front of those shelves given over to verse and, fingering out volume after slim volume, scanned an assorted group of fly-leaves. For some reason she had not expected to be disappointed, and she wasn't, for there in all of them—in Eliot, in Spender, in Auden, in Cummings—was that by-now-familiar "W. Brown."

How fascinating and how absurdly gratifying it was, she thought, that the subtle delicacies craved by two entirely separate literary palates should be so identical. One might well have said that she was following W. Brown's preferences to the letter. And then as she stood there, both amused and bemused by the coincidence, the question occurred to her, suddenly, was there any possibility that W. Brown could be persuaded—by mental telepathy, extra-sensory perception, or whatever the right term was—to follow *her* preferences?

And she decided, with equal suddenness and in inspiration, to try to find out. Prankishly, experimentally, half ashamed of her uncharacteristic curiosity concerning someone whom she had never met and yet at the same time being strangely titillated by it, she singled out two highly disparate selections for withdrawal, one some cantos by Ezra Pound which she had read thoroughly before but in the back of which the telltale name had not yet appeared, and the other, which she lifted out gingerly and also furtively—how this had ever managed to make the Book Nook grade she would never know—entitled *Rugged Rhymes of a Rollicking Ranger.* However, as usual, Mrs. de Vere's impassive face displayed no emotion when confronted by either. In fact she didn't so much as flick a muscle.

That was on a Tuesday, and on Wednesday she returned both books, each with its record of having been taken out on 1-17 by one Lynch. Then she settled down to wait, though "settled down" is too calm a word for the impatience she felt. On the following Saturday—somehow the intervening days were long ones, and the normally tractable Felicia turned perverse and proved difficult to handle during them—she came back in order to see if her trap had been sprung and her bait swallowed. It had been, at least half of it had been. The *Rugged Rhymes* were still in their place (*naturally*, she thought with chagrin, W. Brown wouldn't be the sort to be taken in by *tricks*—how unworthy of either of them that had been), but the Pound cantos were gone.

Her heart leapt.

Still, she decided shrewdly, trying to suppress her elation—she didn't want to be hasty about this—there was always the chance that they might have been withdrawn by someone else, a stranger. (A stranger? And what was W. Brown, pray?) So she had to wait again, all through the week-end, and that was even more of a strain. Why it should have been a strain, and why she should be so perturbed about such a foolish and inconsequential matter, she was unable to understand. But the fact remained that she was perturbed. During the week-end she even found that, for the first time in years, she was having trouble in falling asleep at night. Insomnia now, at this late date—and for so stupid a reason? It was incredible, laughable. Or so she told herself—and yet she did not laugh.

But the wear-and-tear on her nerves was repaid when she came into the shop on Monday, oddly breathless and a little flushed, and, attempting to appear unconcerned and pretending even to herself that her steps were aimless—there were four or five other customers present, and it seemed to her that the eyes of every one of them were riveted on her back—went directly, at a pace she wished might be faster, to the poetry section. Yes, there were the cantos again—there they stood! And she fumbled as she felt for her glasses and her hand holding the book trembled slightly as she opened it at the last fly-leaf. Yes, and there it was, too—"1-18—W. Brown"!

Then he *had* read it! He had taken it out on the very day she had returned it!

And now as she stood there she abruptly straightened, realizing that for the first time she had identified W. Brown with a sex. "He"? What made her so certain that it was a he? She asked herself the question, but when the answer came it was based on intuition rather than on logic. She *knew* it was a he, that was all. It *had* to be. Her—her feelings told her that it was.

Closing the book, she replaced it on the shelf, and as she tucked it into its former position she let her hand rest on it a moment, in the manner of a caress—as if it were still warm from someone's touch. . . .

AND SO it began for Miss Lynch.

It had begun partly as a caprice and partly, in the fashion of a bus-man's holiday, as an exercise in detection. But from then on it ceased to be either. What interested her, what held her captive, was not the possibility that there might be some mystical thought-transference between herself and W. Brown. That idea was nonsense, and she was still sensible enough, as yet, to know it. It didn't matter at all whether she took a book out first and he read it later, or vice versa, and his having withdrawn the Pound poems so soon after she had returned them had undoubtedly been, as she realized in the cooler climate of the days that followed, merely a freak of chance. It was nice, it was amusing, but it was unimportant.

What did matter, what mattered supremely, was that the two of them were *sharing*, that what the one liked and admired the other liked and admired also. She was a middle-aged woman, Miss Lynch, and she was well aware that by some she was regarded as eccentric, peculiar. Certainly she had never dared to hope—indeed, the thought was so inconceivable that it had never even occurred to her—that at forty-five, after a lifetime alone, it would be her lot, her luck, her blessing, to encounter a mind and a heart, for although the printed word is absorbed by the mind it often reaches down to the heart too, which felt as hers did, which reacted as hers did, which understood her. To some that greatest of boons never comes at all, and she had taken it for granted, without complaint, that it would never come to her. But it had come, though late.

The mind and the heart, she thought—but was she ever to meet the man himself? . . . For such is human gratitude. Given one thing, you always ask for more. And Miss Lynch was human, perhaps increasingly so.

The man himself, echoed her query—and as time went on she was more than ever convinced that it was a man, it must be. Analyzing her certainty, she now tried to think back and remember what associations of gender she had connected with the name W. Brown the first time she had become alert to its frequent, almost constant repetition. Had there been any? Yes, presumably there had been. Presumably, automatically, she must have thought of her as being a woman, if only because circulating libraries were mainly patronized by women. Yes—her subconsciousness was stirring itself now, ransacking drawers, ruffling through old diaries—she had undoubtedly thought of her as a woman. Probably a woman of about her own age, and maybe, like herself, living alone and therefore more dependent on books than others were. She might even have visualized, during that early stage, the possibility of their eventually becoming acquainted, of their occasionally having dinner together, of going to the theater and to concerts. At first she would address her as Miss or Mrs. Brown, whichever it was, and then later on by her first name—Winifred, Wilma, whatever it turned out to be. They would have long, bookish chats, they would meet for tea, they might even take an interest in each other's clothes and go shopping together—"I really think that suits you very well, Naomi" and "Winifred, have you ever considered trying blue?" In short, W. Brown would become her friend—and a true friendship is never to be lightly valued, especially by one as friendless as Miss Lynch.

YES, ALL that is what she *had* thought, as she organized it in retrospect. But now that W. Brown was a man those futurities were nullified, and she had to reorient herself. It took a little doing, too. Because other possible futurities now occurred to her, the more sentimental of which she instantly and indignantly rejected as being romantic twaddle and the more startling as being erotic fantasy. (How very, very sorry and really *hurt*, she thought guiltily, both shocked at and annoyed by the fertility of her invention, the always decorous Felicia would be, if she knew.) Well, she concluded, the thing to do was to get herself in hand, and quickly. If she had been able to envision W. Brown as a friend when she had supposed her to be a woman, why couldn't she still think of W. Brown as a friend now that he was a man? Why should this active imagination of hers, on which in the past she had always prided herself and with the aid of which she had for years earned a very good living, suddenly become unmanageable and insist on forecasting an eventual relationship with W. Brown more—intimate than friendship? *She* wouldn't want that, and she doubted if W. Brown would either. That is, in case

they should ever happen to meet, which was highly unlikely.

Such were the dialectics defiantly churned out by Miss Lynch's mind on its rational level. But there were other, deeper levels, most of them long unexplored, and they too were operating. . . . They conveyed certain messages and, protest against them though she might, she had to accept them.

Little by little all this started and little by little it went on—slowly, surely. It was like the steady drip-drip of a tap from which water must sometimes gush out, or like the soft rapping on a door which must eventually be opened—or broken through. The outgoing warmth which she had originally felt toward W. Brown, that special outgoingness which previously she had reserved for puppies in pet-shop windows—though her habits of travel had always prevented her from buying one—was now being altered into something stronger, much stronger.

Who was he, she began to wonder, where did he live, what did the W stand for—Warren, Wallace, Walter, William? William it probably was, she finally decided, and so the first thing she did—the first of many things—was to look for the name in the telephone directory. She found it all right. In fact she found eleven plain William Browns and some thirty others which had William in conjunction with a second name or initial. Furthermore, none of them had an address very near that of the Book Nook. Not that he would necessarily *have* to live near it—if his literary thirst was strong enough and the well which quenched it deep enough, he would come from any distance, even the Bronx or Brooklyn—but it seemed likely . . . No, the telephone directory proved to be of no help at all. It merely added confusion to confusion.

There was of course one simple way to satisfy her curiosity, which day by day—and night by night—was in the process of transforming itself from a mere curiosity into an obsession, and that was to ask Mrs. de Vere who W. Brown was and, if it were feasible, to point him out to her. But this she had no intention of doing, for a variety of reasons. In the first place, she could hardly picture herself going to Mrs. de Vere, like some teen-ager trying to ferret out the whereabouts of a movie star, and attempting to wheedle such information from her. In the second place she doubted if Mrs. de Vere, being who and what she was, would wheedle easily: words were rare coins to her, and were paid out grudgingly. And in the third place, she, Miss Lynch, was supposed to be an expert in detection. In her time she had solved mysteries which anyone else would have given up as hopeless. Surely she should be able to solve this one too, shouldn't she? It was a challenge to her, and never yet had she allowed herself to run away from a challenge.

MEANWHILE their parallel pleasures, hers and W. Brown's, were continuing. He had been reading *The Seven Storey Mountain* last week—so far that had been his sole lapse into bestsellerdom, but then she reminded herself of her own sneaking fondness for Marquand—and she was reading it this week. She had returned the first two of the Osbert Sitwell memoirs on Monday, he had taken them out on Thursday. The agreement of their choices was of course not *always* certain. There were usually at least two rental copies of each book, and sometimes, as she later verified, the name W. Brown never appeared in any of those which she selected for withdrawal. Contrariwise, she supposed that it no doubt did appear in books where hers didn't, and never would. But in most of those she read, or so it seemed, the dual record sooner or later established itself. She even found, gradually, that she was deriving more enjoyment from the fact that a book had only recently come from his hands or was shortly going to them than she did from the book itself, and often it lay open and neglected in her lap while she gazed pensively at the rosy pools cast by the lamps of her fire-lit living room and mentally attempted to construct the background in which he at the moment was seated with *his* book—what sort of chair he was occupying, what kind of light was at his shoulder, what table at his side. Eventually she succeeded in contriving a whole room and in furnishing it completely. Understandably enough, it was much like her own.

SHE HAD already, naturally, examined those rental copies of Elizabeth Darcy on the Book Nook's shelves in order to see if his name was in them—and it was, in every one of them. (He *would* be a Darcy fan, she thought proudly—part of the pride being allotted to him, part to herself. That was inevitable.) She had also already, equally naturally, begun to examine the customers of the shop, the male ones, that is, in order to try to figure out which of them would be the most likely candidate to fit her dreams—and by this time she was having dreams. Was it that short, fat one over there? She hoped not, for, being tall and thin herself, she hated men who were short and fat. Could it be that tremored, doddering one whose white head kept waggling like some erratic metronome? No, surely not. She was prepared for maturity, expected it, demanded it, but not senility. Then how about that willowy, languid one with the affected accent and the habit of addressing everybody as "Dear"? Oh, *goodness*, she hoped it wasn't that one. That would be *awful*. But what if it were that balding one with the merry eyes and the nice smile? Now he wouldn't be so bad. And she didn't especially mind a man's being bald. What was the saying about it—something about grass not growing on a busy street? . . .

And so now she became a sleuth in truth—and more so in her personal life than in her professional one, for the Brazilian imbroglio was making practically no progress at all. ("My dear," seemed to be Felicia's gently reproving comment, "both Ambrose and I have been wondering what in the world has got *into* you—so woolgathering you are. Really, we must be more on our mettle. First thing we know, that wretched man's wretched mother will have scampered away scot-free, and then what will happen to my reputation? *And* yours.") She was always watching, always waiting. But to no avail. Some of the men she watched while she loitered near the desk, a blatant eavesdropper, were eliminated when she overheard Mrs. de Vere speak their names—"Evening, Mr. Carmody . . . Mr. Sellew . . . Mr. Hatch." Others eliminated themselves by the nature of the books they presented for withdrawal or return. *The Shootin' Kid from Bar-Z Ranch*—now *that* certainly wasn't W. Brown. *Fifty Ways to Fool the Plumber*. Nor was that. . . . One by one, either by Mrs. de Vere or their own taste, they were crossed off the list. It dwindled, it finally melted away entirely.

THEN, ON a snowy evening toward the middle of February—she was going to the Book Nook at all times of day now, and in all kinds of weather—she had a rather nasty fright. She was standing by the fiction shelves and moodily wondering what selection to make—actually she didn't feel like reading at all, she was sick to death of reading—when she suddenly became alert, and her very blood seemed to congeal, as she heard Mrs. de Vere call out, "Oh, Miss Brown!"

Miss Brown?

MISS Brown?

Turning her gaze to follow Mrs. de Vere's, and aghast at the possibility of what might meet it, she saw that a pale, discontented - mouthed, sullen - seeming young woman who had been about to leave and whom she had idly noticed a few moments earlier was now heading back toward the desk.

"Yes?" said the young woman haughtily, as she advanced.

Oh, *God*, thought Miss Lynch in despair, had she been lavishing all her ardor—and she knew now that it was ardor—on this?

In answer to the young woman, Mrs. de Vere was holding up a book the title of which Miss Lynch, from her present position, could not see. But the young woman could, and when she did see it she thawed visibly.

"Oh, so it came in," she said.

Mrs. de Vere nodded.

"I'm so glad. I'd read the other two, you know. And so I wanted to read this one."

Terrified, horrified, both attracted and repelled, Miss Lynch drew close enough to note the title of the book as the young woman reached out her hand for it.

Her face went white. It was *Great Morning!* the third volume of the Osbert Sitwell memoirs.

Oh, God, she thought again, even more desperately, she could be the one, she *could* be.

She watched the young woman as she went aloofly on her way, and then she turned to Mrs. de Vere. There had been a time when what she was about to do would have been beneath her dignity, but she had lately lost her dignity—along with much else. She made an effort to speak, but achieved only a croaking rasp. Her throat ached, her voice was tight.

"That wasn't *Winifred* Brown by any chance, was it?" she managed finally. . . . Poor Winifred, whom she once might have liked but whom she now loathed.

As usual, Mrs. de Vere's desk was a littered rat's-nest of subscriber's cards, invoices, receipts, and leaflets, and as usual she was peering around it searchingly. Without bothering to glance up, she shook her head.

Miss Lynch's first reaction was one of immense relief—but it vanished instantly. After all, there was still the dread chance of a Wilma, even a Wilhelmina. So she forced herself to go on; forced herself, too, to make a further raid into Mrs. de Vere's precious hoard of words. Or

rather this would be the first one, because as yet Mrs. de Vere hadn't spoken at all.

"What *is* her first name?" she persisted.

Mrs. de Vere continued to paw among her papers. "What?" she said abstractedly.

"I said what is her first name?" Oh, please, she silently implored, don't make it any more difficult for me than it is. Don't play games.

"Whose?"

"That Miss Brown's who was just here." Was the woman trying to torture her? Was she being deliberately cruel?

"Oh." Mrs. de Vere's grasp pounced triumphantly as she unearthed one paper from at least a score of others and lifted it up to peer at it near-sightedly. "Ethel."

A moment before, Miss Lynch could cheerfully have killed her; now she could have kissed her. She gazed down at her, so flooded with joy that tears of gratitude were almost welling in her eyes. So elated was she that she had to restrain her impulse to hug that wide waist, to chuck that many-tiered chin, to pinch those pudgy cheeks and cry, "Oh, you sly thing you! How could you *do* that to me?"

But all she said was, stammeringly, "Well, I just wondered. I knew of a Winifred Brown once. She was a friend of a very dear friend of mine. She—"

However, Mrs. de Vere had risen and with a tread that caused the floor-boards to vibrate was now heading toward the stockroom. " 'Scuse me," she called over her shoulder, garrulously, "Back in a sec."

Miss Lynch didn't wait for her. Instead she went home, walking on air. Able to breathe again, able to live again.

And yet that narrow escape, harmless though its end had been, had made her wary, had sharpened her defenses. She made up her mind that she could not risk a second experience like that—the agony of it, even though lasting for only a moment or so, had been too painful, too intolerable. It was not that the incident had in any way sapped her own intuitive conviction that W. Brown *was* a man. No, that remained as firm as ever, founded on the rock of faith. But as a supporting girder to it she now wanted—and she had to have it, she deserved it as self-protection, she was entitled to it—external proof. She wanted the sort of thing termed "incontrovertible evidence." And in one way or another she meant to get it.

But she was wise enough not to go to Mrs. de Vere for it. Instead she went, and the very next day, to the relief girl who sometimes took Mrs. de Vere's place, a girl suitably called Goldie, perhaps because of the metallic content of her tresses or perhaps for her golden disposition. She was a far more conventional book-shop type, Goldie, but not because she was in any sense an intellectual. In fact Miss Lynch doubted that she ever had recourse to anything weightier than the *Daily News*. "I just make with the pencil and the files and the money," she had once heard her remark airily, in Mrs. de Vere's absence. "Life's too short to spend it reading books. I've got better things to do." And in view of her being such an unusually filial, home-loving little body, Miss Lynch had occasionally wondered what they were.

However, and this was what made her a more typical book-store clerk, she was extremely voluble, even loquacious. Unlike Mrs. de Vere, the trick with Goldie was not to start her talking—it was to stop her. Normally Miss Lynch avoided her, not because she disliked her—as a matter of fact she rather liked her—but because a conversation with her, in addition to restricting the party of the second part almost completely to the rôle of listener, was apt to consume so much time. But now she intentionally sought her out, at the noon hour when Mrs. de Vere, who while otherwise wholly dedicated to the Book Nook still had to eat, was likely to be absent from the shop.

SHE WAS absent from it, or at least not visible, and Goldie sat at the desk in her stead, a nicely rounded, vividly cosmeticized girl wearing scarlet crepe, ten strands of pearls, and, as always, a cheerful smile.

The amenities were observed—"Hello, Goldie," "Howdy, Miss Lynch. Miserable out, isn't it?"—and a chat ensued, initiated, probably somewhat to Goldie's surprise, by Miss Lynch. She enlarged on the subject of the weather, referred flatteringly to Goldie's dress, inquired as to the health of her ailing mother (a rather lengthy monologue on the part of Goldie followed here), offered passing comment on the current prevalence of the common cold, and then, at last—but craftily and skillfully, in the Elizabeth Darcy manner—began to get down to bedrock.

"Your work must be rather complicated, isn't it, Goldie?" she said, picking non-existent lint from her cuff.

"Not terribly," said Goldie, uncooperatively.

"Still, all those books to keep track of—and the names of the people who take them out."

"Oh, well," replied Goldie, who was something of a philosopher, "it's easier than Macy's."

"I suppose some people have the same name, and that must be confusing. You know—Smith, Jones, and so on."

"Well, in that case," said Goldie, gaily tripping straight into the trap, "we always use the initial."

Miss Lynch seemed to have got all the lint off, or almost off. She gave a final brush to her sleeve. "Are there many of those?"

"Not many.—You see, Miss Lynch, like I was telling you, when Mama had her *first* attack she couldn't keep a thing on her stomach, and that was when the doctor said—"

However, Miss Lynch was not to be diverted. She realized that by her insistence she was walking on thin ice, but she had to forge onward. "Brown, for instance. Do you have many Browns?"

Goldie cupped her cheek against her palm, thoughtfully. "Mm—let's see. No, only two. There's an E. Brown—that's Ethel." And then, to Miss Lynch's present satisfaction and future use, she launched upon a brief character sketch. "She's sort of a stuck-up piece, though maybe I shouldn't say that, because actually I don't think the poor girl is too well. No color. Now if she'd just use a touch of rouge—"

"And the other?" It was an interruption, and rude, but it had to be. Either you interrupted Goldie, or you were at her mercy.

"The other what?"

"The other Brown." Her hands were trembling, and she had to put them out of sight by thrusting them into her pockets.

"The initial, you mean?"

She nodded.

"Oh." Goldie deliberated. "Now what *is* that one?" And then she snapped her fingers briskly. "Oh, I know—W."

"W?"

"Um-hum."

"For what?"

"For Willard."

There it was at last, she sighed in inward relief though no particular surprise—the proof, the evidence. Willard. Will. Willie . . . No, just Willard.

"And what is *he* like?"

"Oh, he's a long, thin drinka water. But very nice, really. Very polite."

"Tall?"

"Oh, *yes*—one of those skyscrapers."

Within her pockets, her hands were clenched taut. She was truly on thin ice now, very thin indeed. "I wonder if he could be the Willard Brown *I* know," she said. "Youngish—with sort of blond hair and a small moustache?"

Poor Goldie, she was as putty. "No, this

one has brown hair and no moustache at all. Also, he's middle-aged. In fact he must be even older than—" She had glanced up to survey Miss Lynch, estimatingly, but now she hastily looked away. "Well, as I say, he's middle-aged."

A hundred further questions were on the tip of her tongue—what color were his eyes, did he wear glasses or didn't he, what kind of ties did he affect. Yet she had to suppress them, because all this was dangerous enough as it was. However, there were two questions which she *must* ask, and she proceeded to do so, though neither was phrased in the form of a question. The first of them occurred to her only now, alarmingly, on the spur of the moment. The second—a horrible possibility—had been vaguely haunting her for some weeks, but only at this instant did it crystallize itself.

"No, they wouldn't be the same," she conceded. "Anyway," she added casually, "*my* Willard Brown isn't married." It was bait to which Goldie might or might not rise, but she would have to take that chance.

Nobly, Goldie did rise to it, and shrugged. "Don't know as this one is either. At least I've never seen his wife with him. And—" she laughed, genially —"he doesn't seem to have a married look. You know?"

Miss Lynch did not know (how could she?), but the statement provided her with a lead into her second question. "Perhaps he's—" she groped for the right word or phrase, and discarded several as being either too flippant or too clinical for Goldie's understanding—"perhaps he doesn't care for women." That was in memory of the languid, willowy young man who said "Dear." From time to time he had been worrying her.

"You mean he's queer?" said Goldie, disdaining euphemisms. "Oh, I don't *think* so. That is, as far as a person can judge. You never can be sure these days—and in this shop." Her eyes rolled. "Heavens, some of the people who come in here! I often say," and Miss Lynch had no doubt that she often did say it, "that they must crawl out of the woodwork."

IT WAS at this exact point—it could have been desirably later but on the other hand it might have been regrettably sooner—that Mrs. de Vere emerged from the stockroom wiping crumbs from her lips and with a small dab of peanut butter clinging to one of her chins.

"O.K., Goldie," she said, approaching the desk. "Back to inventory."

"O.K., Mrs. D.," said Goldie, docilely, and, rising, retreated toward the stockroom herself. "Byee," she waved toward Miss Lynch. "See you."

Four minutes later Miss Lynch was in a phone booth in the nearest drug store —she couldn't wait to get to her own phone—and turning the pages of the directory for a list of its Willard Browns. There proved to be three of them, each with an address that would not have been illogical. What she would say to any one of them, should she be able to reach him and should he turn out to be the right one, she had no idea and did not stop to ask herself. All she knew was that she wanted to hear his voice, had to hear his voice. And so, fumbling nervously for nickels, she called each of them in turn. The first was in Florida and had been there for two weeks, which eliminated him because her Willard Brown had returned Cyril Connolly's *The Rock Pool* to the Book Nook only three days ago. The second had been dead for six months. And the third had never had any existence at all, it being merely the corporative title used by a haberdashery firm which was actually headed, as a tired voice informed her, by a man named Katz.

Outside again, on the sleet-covered sidewalk, she stared up at a grey, fathomless sky.

Who is he? she thought. *Where* is he?

It was on that same night that, for the first time in her life, she took a sleeping capsule, obtaining a box of them by the simple process of phoning her doctor and asking him to give her a prescription. Being a great admirer of her work, and being familiar with the technical accuracies of its lethal content, he would have willingly and without question prescribed anything she requested, including arsenic.

And yet, she tried to reassure herself as she awakened the following morning disappointingly unrefreshed despite an unaccustomed nine hours of sleep, she was making *some* progress. She knew *certain* things. She now knew, for instance, not only that W. Brown was definitely a man—though she had known that in her heart before—but also that he was a tall, thin, middle-aged, brown-haired man whose first name was Willard. And who was in all likelihood unmarried. And who had no moustache. And who was "polite." (She vacuumed and re-vacuumed the fabric of her conversation with Goldie, and minutely examined the resulting silt in the dust-bag, fearful that she might somehow have missed a grain.) Therefore, what was the next step? Now what should she do? What would Felicia have done—Felicia, who had been left so long to her own devices down there in Rio with only the consolation of the lengthy letters she probably was writing to and receiving from Ambrose? That is, in the event that Ambrose was not in Rio with her. He might be, or he might not be. Being unfamiliar with that private aspect of Felicia's life, Miss Lynch had no way of knowing.

At any rate, she was well aware of what Felicia would have done, and she did it. During the succeeding week she frequented the Book Nook constantly, even oftener than before—in the day, in the evening—watching for a man who might fit the description she had. Becoming embarrassedly conscious that both Mrs. de Vere and Goldie were finally beginning to eye her with unconcealed curiosity, she even stationed herself in first a delicatessen doorway across the street and then that of a shoe-repair shop, in both dry weather and wet, and watched from there. Once in the former she stood for two straight hours, with only the delicatessen cat mewing about her ankles for company.

She saw no one who could possibly be Willard Brown, no one at all. . . .

However, and this was what was maddening, during that same week he had been in the Book Nook not only once but twice, as her subsequent arduous investigation of its shelves proved. He had taken out an I. Compton-Burnett novel on 2-21 (that had been Tuesday, the day of that bitter wind) and he had taken out the collected poems of Hart Crane on 2-24 (Friday, when it snowed so hard). So he must either have left a moment before she arrived or appeared a moment after she had gone. In any case, she had missed him, he had escaped her.

She herself had abandoned all reading now and had reached the point where she was taking out books only because he had taken them out previously. She chose them not for their titles, not for their authors, not for their content, but because they had "W. Brown" written on their final fly-leaves. The book itself —its style, its words—had no meaning for her whatsoever, and was completely dead. It derived a meaning only due to the fact that he had read it. Then, held in her hand, it warmed and became alive. And, brought home and placed on a table in her living room, or on her night table, or—disgraceful fetishism this was, she admitted, and she had done it only once and even then had fought against the impulse—on her pillow, it served as a companion during those long hours when she had nothing to do (her work had been stopped dead in its tracks, and it had been days since she had even touched her typewriter) but think of him.

But even though she never read them, she often leafed through them—and her single-purposed selections yielded one kind of reward, at least. For it was along about this time that she began to find, and then frantically to hunt for, certain infrequent and dissimilar items which had been left within the pages of the books, apparently through forgetfulness. She had on occasion come across such things in other books before—a pressed flower, the wrapper from a stick of gum, a burnt-out match employed as a place-marker—and had always tossed them aside impatiently as being evidence of the general untidiness and negligence of the human animal. Books, she had at such times always thought scornfully, were intended to be treated with respect. They were not meant to be used as wastebaskets.

These new deposits, however, were far more valuable—some of them, that is. Certain specimens—two stubs of tickets to a roller-skating derby, a newspaper clipping of an advertisment for a bosom developer, a child's paper cut-out of Donald Duck—were inconceivable as having been left by Willard. (For he had become Willard to her now, always Willard.) But there were others which had more significance, and these she brooded and speculated upon with an intensity worthy of a more important study. A tailor's swatch, for instance—a scrap of fuzzy brown Shetland cloth. Now did that represent the sort of suit or jacket he wore? If so, she thought his taste good, excellent—and the brown would go well with his brown hair. And this page torn from a monthly WQXR program—she *knew* he would be fond of music, and the same sort of music she was fond of; though she had found recently that she was no longer able to listen to it, to the Brahms and the Mozart and especially to the lonely melodies of Tchaikowsky, because instead of relieving her solitude it emphasized it, achingly.

ONE BY ONE she stored up these small memorabilia—though there weren't many of them of any variety and only a few which were definitely identifiable as Willard's. This receipt for payment on a return ticket from Montauk Point, for example—that might have been his or it

might not. If it had been, what could have made him want to go out to Montauk Point in the middle of winter? But this little toothpick-thin cardboard jackstraw with the knave as its head was almost sure to be his—and she knew exactly where he had got it, for she had a tiny carved ivory box of them right here on her living room table, having picked it up years and years ago in a certain small shop in Nairobi, Kenya. That meant that he must have been in Kenya too. She knew it, she was positive of it. Like her, he also had been a traveler.

So she pored over the books in the manner in which an archaeologist, trying to reconstruct a long-gone way of life, might pore over some ancient diggings. But the relics to be discovered in these diggings were far from ancient, were last week's, yesterday's, last night's, and the life they suggested was still being lived. She shook each volume by its binding, she clapped the covers together, she ruffled the pages. Unfortunately, her gleanings—at least those she could accept—were sparse. A crumpled tissue of the kind used to clean lenses, the same kind she herself used—ah, and so he *did* wear glasses. A leaflet from the Van Gogh exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum—she must go to see that too (and she did, the very next day). An announcement of a General Motors stockholders' meeting—was he well-to-do? Still, he might own ten thousand shares or he might own only one. Once—the intimate touch—in a copy of Stefan Zweig's *Three Masters* she noticed a minute, encrusted spot of brownish-red at the top of a page, and devoted almost a whole afternoon to trying to analyze it. Perhaps it was ink. Perhaps it was catsup, though she doubted if Willard would be likely to corrupt his palate with so ordinary a condiment. Finally she decided that it was blood. Yes, undeniably it was blood. Had he cut himself, and if so how? Did it hurt? Had it healed? Was he all right now?

It was this accumulation of trivia (not that any of it was trivia to her) which prompted her to make an experiment of her own, one and one only. In order to do it she was forced in this one instance to leave off her habit of following wherever he led, and to choose a book on her own decision, a book in which his name had not yet appeared. What she chose, after some debate, was Eudora Welty's *The Golden Apples*—ultimately, with his appreciation of style, he would be bound to get around to that—and once having taken it out and brought it home she was faced with a further debate. What to leave in it, as a message from her, as a token? A slip of paper bearing her name and address and telephone number? No! To begin with, it wouldn't mean anything to him—or if it did, it would mean merely the simpering flirtatiousness of some coy woman, and he would only smile in either pity or scorn. For if she knew Willard, and she did, he was not the type to be interested in anyone who would stoop to such an obvious, vulgar come-on.

She *could* of course give the name of Elizabeth Darcy, with the same address and phone number. But in that case, if his enthusiasm for her works was such as to cause him to trace her down, either by phoning direct or by querying the building attendants, who accepted mail for her in both her names and who therefore were aware of her alias even though it signified nothing to them, what would his hitherto high opinion of Elizabeth Darcy be? It would be no better than his opinion of Naomi Lynch. He would have every reason to conclude that each of them, whether together or apart, was—well, she preferred not even to think of the word or words by which he would have a right to describe her.

No, she had neither the desire nor the hope to establish contact in this fashion—that was impossible. And yet she did want to send some sort of message, really more for her own satisfaction than for his. But what should it be? A few rose petals adroitly scattered through assorted pages? No—too banal. A poem, copied out in her own handwriting, which might be interpreted as having a special symbolism? No, no, *no*—too schoolgirlish. Still, that was the general idea. Something both elusive and allusive, something subtle, something—

And suddenly, in a flash, she had it. Perfume.

But what kind of perfume? Her own, which she used sparingly, was an extremely delicate scent, and if a sensitive nostril detected it at all—so far none ever had, or at least no one had ever commented on it—it would probably be likened to the very faintest bouquet of lilac. For a few moments she considered going out and buying a more exotic brand, one of those heavy, musky, bizarrely titled products which, at least as advertised, were guaranteed to lure men from a distance of no less than five miles and, once having lured them, reduce them to groveling, jibbering slaves. However, she soon dismissed this idea. She had no wish to sail under false colors, and also she could not imagine a man of Willard's acute discernment being attracted by the same blandishments which were so impartially sprayed out by chorus girls and night-club singers.

Therefore she brought out her own chaste, prosaically designed flagon ("Tranquillity" was its modest and at the same time satiric name: she had never felt less tranquil), and brushed its stopper lightly on one of her handkerchiefs, one of her best ones—a small, white film of lace. For as far as her apparel was concerned it was in her choice of handkerchiefs, and in them alone, that Miss Lynch's femininity—those frills and flounces which as a girl she had had to wear, and which she perhaps would still have liked to wear if it weren't that she had enough sense not to—asserted itself. Her suits were unadorned, her blouses almost as plain as a man's shirt, and her hats, when she wore any, anonymous bits of untrimmed felt. But the handkerchief peeping from her cuff or from her breast pocket was always of the wispiest, most fragile, and most impractical variety.

And this one was no exception. Mussing it slightly first, to add realism, she inserted it into the middle of *The Golden Apples* and then as a precaution—there were other rental copies in the Book Nook, as she knew—she with considerable difficulty managed to pry loose the tape holding the transparent cover protecting the jacket, slip a small strip of blue ribbon down against the spine of the binding, and after that re-seal the tape. There, she thought, holding it at arm's length and inspecting it critically, now that was a blue-ribbon book indeed, and it bore its own emblem by which she would be able to single it out from its duplicates even at a distance of several feet. Should his hand, or any hand, go out toward it while she was standing near-by, on guard, she would know that it was this book and this one only which contained the handkerchief.

For days—three days, five, a full week—no hand went out toward it at all, at least on those occasions (and there were many of them) when she was present. Other copies of *The Golden Apples* were withdrawn, and were eventually returned, but hers stood alone, neglected, forlorn, mutely offering its small gift of sentiment which no one, apparently, cared to accept. Time after time, often several times a day, she came back to the shop—"I was just passing by, Goldie, so I thought I'd drop in and say hello," "Mrs. de Vere, I didn't happen to leave a silver fountain pen in here, did I?"—and on each occasion one well-aimed though

seemingly casual glance told her what she wanted to know, or rather what she didn't want to know. It was still there. It was *always* still there. What was the matter? Did people think it had germs in it? Did they think that by handling it they would expose themselves to leprosy? Was her cherished handiwork being shunned as the equivalent of a Typhoid Mary?

AND THEN on the tenth day she had a scare, one almost comparable to that which had lacerated her when she had heard Mrs. de Vere call out "Oh, Miss Brown!" and had turned to see Ethel. This was in the afternoon, a freezingly cold afternoon, and she had been standing with her hands outstretched over the radiator, her current pretext being that she had stopped in to warm herself. Suddenly as she looked over her shoulder she saw that a woman, a pleasant-looking, chubby, matronly woman who might have posed as a model for the cartoonist's conception of a clubwoman, had paused in front of the fiction shelves and was directing her roving, meditative gaze close—perilously close—to *The Golden Apples,* of which, at this particular time, only one copy, Miss Lynch's copy, was available. And then, stiffening in horror, she saw a plump glove reach out for the book, take it down, and open it—though so far only to its title page.

She shan't have it! she thought in desperation, as her bare hands fell back against the steaming radiator without even feeling its heat. I won't *let* her have it! I'm sure she's a very nice person, but rather than have her get hold of it I'll snatch it from her by force! I'll bump against her and knock the book to the floor and slip the handkerchief out of it somehow! I'll—I'll . . .

Tranquillity indeed.

The woman had now turned to the inside of the front cover and was reading the blurb. Halfway through the first paragraph, she lifted her head and spoke across the room to Mrs. de Vere, enthroned at her desk.

"Mrs. de Vere," she said, "do you think I'd like this?"

"What?"

The woman held up the book. "*The Golden Apples.* It's such a sweet title, I wondered if perhaps . . ."

Oh, please God, prayed Miss Lynch, not normally given to being over-devout. *Please* God! *Please!*

Mrs. de Vere uttered neither a yes nor a no—at least in words. However, after what could have been scarcely a second though it seemed to Miss Lynch to be an eternity, she did shake her head, briefly, negatively. And then she said, "The new Caldwell just came in. Want that?"

"The new Caldwell?" said the woman, with a distinct note of joy, and she replaced her rejection without so much as another glance at it. She started eagerly toward the desk. "Of course I want it! Aren't I the lucky one?"

You and who else, thought Miss Lynch, grimly, as she relaxed—or, rather, as she attempted to relax. But, as she took the trouble to make certain a moment later, the handkerchief was still there. Stroking it with fingers that were damp from perspiration, and the perspiration was not due to the heat of the radiator, either, she hesitated. Wouldn't it be wiser to remove it altogether, and so avoid the recurrence of another possible catastrophe? But no, she finally decided, she would give it one more day. Just one more.

That was the night when she found that a single capsule no longer sufficed to bring sleep, and began to take two.

And the next morning—early, before ten o'clock, with the Book Nook barely opened and with Mrs. de Vere still flourishing her feather duster ("Don't mind me, Mrs. de Vere, I just popped in on my way to the bank")—the blue-ribboned *Golden Apples* was absent from its shelf.

He *got* it! she thought, triumphantly—and immediately was visited by a second, less welcome thought. That is, at least somebody got it.

But when would it be coming back, when would she be able to have definite verification of either the success or the failure of her small, lacy emissary? How long, oh Lord? How long?

LATER she wondered how she had ever been able to survive those endless days of waiting—there were six of them, all told—which intervened between the withdrawal of the book and its return. She found that she could not bear to remain in the apartment—she felt pent-up in it, claustrophobic. Instead she spent long afternoons sitting in motion picture theaters, watching double features and seeing neither of them. She roamed the rainy streets—there was more rain than snow now, for this was late March and there seemed to be an as-yet-still-dim prospect that sometime spring might come—took bus rides to nowhere, fervidly inspected *objets d'art* in Third Avenue antique stores without having the slightest interest in any of them, had her hair shampooed and done in one shop at noon and then had it shampooed and done in another less than three hours afterward. She not only learned how to kill time, she learned how to tear it into small shreds—though never small enough.

And yet all of that still left the evenings—those dreadful, *dreadful* evenings.

And the nights.

However, at last, as all must pass, those days did pass. It was odd, how they ended—how unexpectedly calm she was on that sixth afternoon when she entered the Book Nook, how fatalistically certain. Today it will be here, she assured herself; I know it will be here, I feel it. And it's just as well that I do feel it, because I don't believe I could go on as I have been for even one more minute. . . . And the book was there—she glimpsed the familiar apple-green tint of its binding with the blue ribbon still in place while she was still some distance from it. Quietly, with an inner contentment that was soothing even though it wasn't to last for long, she lifted it out and turned its pages. Yes, the handkerchief was gone. And then after that, but still with remarkable composure and self-control, she turned to the list of names in the back. Her eyes rested peacefully, so peacefully, on the most recent name: "3-25—W. Brown."

With her finger she touched it—just once, gently. Then, closing the covers but still keeping the book in her hand, she went toward the desk, which at the moment was occupied by Goldie.

"Goldie," she said, "do you ever sell rental copies of books—used copies?"

"Sure," said Goldie. "If we can get away with it.—Why?"

"Because I'd like to buy this one," and she held it forward.

Goldie tapped her pencil against a brilliant set of teeth, all of them her own. "Well, I don't know, Miss Lynch. I'd have to ask Mrs D. You see, that one really hasn't been all the way through the grinder yet. I mean, we could still rent it out. So I don't expect we could allow you much off on it."

"That wouldn't matter. I'm willing to pay the regular publisher's price."

Goldie looked up at her in considerable astonishment—and later Miss Lynch was to berate herself for not having been warned by it. "But wouldn't you rather have a new copy? A sale copy? We've got scads of 'em."

"No," she said, still in her mood of placidity and also still in her unawareness. "I prefer this one."

Goldie's astonishment was increasing, and bewilderment had been added to it. "You do?" Her head shook in wonder. "Honestly, Miss Lynch, you must be *nuts!*" After which she hastily added, "That is, if you'll excuse the expression." And then she shrugged. "Still, I suppose it's none of my beeswax, is it?—Sure, you can have it. Let me see the number first, though, so I can check it out."

Not wanting to yield the book over for even an instant, she flipped its cover herself. "Copy five, it says."

"Copy five," said Goldie, reaching an equal number of scarlet-tipped fingers for the box containing the file-cards. "O.K. That'll be three-o-six, with tax. Want me to wrap it?"

"No," she said. "No, thanks. I'll take it as it is. And charge it, please."

And so she did take it as it was, and as she walked the two short blocks which led to her building—dusk was falling, along with a fine, misty drizzle—the seed of uneasiness, now sown and destined to bear a double fruit, began to germinate. Echoing hollowly within her mind were first a word and then a phrase. Nuts, ran the repetition. Am I nuts? Nuts. *Am* I?

But by the time she reached the apartment she had driven both word and phrase out of her mind, had forced them out, temporarily anyway. However, by then the second consequence of her rash and foolish action had occurred to her. Placing the book on a table, she gazed down at it, glad that she had it but now sorry—suddenly and extremely sorry—that she had gone about obtaining it in that particular way.

WELL, SHE accused herself bitterly, that transaction had certainly cut her off from Goldie. How much better it would have been if she had argued with her about the price, had tried to bargain. (Oh, Felicia would have been smarter than that, so much smarter—was Elizabeth Darcy losing her touch? But it was her momentary peace which had been responsible, which had caused her to relax her guard.) For now Goldie had been alerted, was ripe to become suspicious, and she would never be able to extract Willard's address from her without making herself vulnerable. Because although Goldie was self-admittedly not an intellectual, she was by no means unintelligent. She was, in fact, shrewd. If she, Miss Lynch, should ever go to her now and ask where Willard Brown lived, Goldie would undoubtedly add two to two and come up with the correct and inevitable answer. Even if she didn't

(as she very well might) recall Miss Lynch's having queried her about W. Brown, his first name, what sort of person he was, and so on, she would, in all probability, recall the curious incident of *The Golden Apples* and would consult the file-card on copy five to see if it could possibly be of any significance. And what would she discover? She would discover, to her combined gratification and amusement, that the last rental customer to have taken out copy five of *The Golden Apples*, since sold to Miss Lynch at no reduction and not even a request for one, had been—of all people—W. Brown.

YES, THIS discovery would be made to her gratification and amusement—and also, because of her romantic nature, to her pleasure. She would become jocose, facetiously skittish. "Why, Miss Lynch," she would say, "have you got a crush on that Mr. Brown? Why didn't you *tell* me? I could have fixed it up ages ago." And there were even direr possibilities. Out of the goodness of her heart she might even take it upon herself to act as an intermediary, a Cupid—Miss Matchmaker. "Oh, Mr. Brown," she was capable of saying, "have you ever noticed that tall lady who comes in here so much? The one who looks so kind of mannish?" (Her motive being benevolent, it was doubtful that the description would be too unflattering.) "Well, do you know what? She's that way about you. No kidding. She's carrying a torch you can see from here to Jersey. And—I bet you'd never guess this in a million years—she's never even laid *eyes* on you! Now isn't that a scream? So it seems to me it's up to you to do something about it. Huh? What say?"

But what *could* the poor man do, unless he immediately ran in panic? What *would* he do? Nothing, of course, being the man he was—and even allowing for the fact that he was "polite." For how could any acquaintance, much less a lasting friendship, still much less an out-and-out intimacy, be initiated with such a preface to it?

Miss Lynch continued to gaze down at the book, symbol of her potential betrayal, and when she placed a hand against her cheek she found it was burning.

Oh, stupid, she thought. Oh, stupid, stupid, *stupid!*

She went into the bathroom to apply a damp cloth to her face, more to cool it than to cleanse it, and when she returned to the living room Annie had lighted the fire and was setting the table in the dining alcove. It was not a "dinette" or a "breakfast nook"—this particular building did not cater to such domestic modesties—but merely an extension of the room itself. And now Annie was preparing it for use. A tall, bony, angular West Indian with a dignity of her own, a Harlem home-life which was apparently so happy as seldom to require comment, and what amounted to more than a mere flair for cooking, she was laying out the Irish linen place-mats, the Danish silver, and the Georgian candlesticks. For although Miss Lynch always took her meals alone, she never merely ate. She dined, and in style.

"Good dinner tonight," remarked Annie now. Miss Lynch felt that Annie liked her, genuinely liked her—not simply because her job was a comparatively easy one, almost a sinecure, or because their similar figures enabled her to wear her discarded clothes, later much ornamented. "And," she added ominously, for she had come to adopt a protective, even a maternal attitude toward her employer, "you better eat it. Don't want any of this picky business I been getting lately."

"All right, Annie," she said, obediently, though she had never felt less hungry in her life. She had moved to the corner windows and was looking out through the rain-rivuleted glass at the blurred lights of Welfare Island. Where did those lights come from, she wondered idly, and how did it happen that she had never noticed them before? Oh, yes, the hospital over there. Mental cases many of them, weren't they?—She turned away.

Nuts. Nuts . . .

The folded newspaper lay waiting on the coffee table, but she didn't pick it up. The radio stood behind her, but she didn't switch it on. The ingredients for a martini were ranged in the buhl cabinet but she didn't mix them, for recently she had found alcohol to be a depressant. Instead she merely sat, her eyes fixed unseeingly on the broad arm of her chair and a fingernail nervously scratching at the glaze of its chintz. How ironic it was, she reflected, that at this period when she was more in need of them than she had ever been in her entire life, she should now be able to find no consolation or diversion in any of those things which she had always previously relied upon to compensate for her lack of companionship. She could no longer read, she could no longer listen to music, she could no longer even work. In fact she could no longer concentrate at all, except on that one person on whom, for her own good, since it seemed to be achieving nothing except frustration, she probably should not concentrate—and meanwhile he, innocent, unaware, remained totally ignorant of the effect he was exerting. And there recurred to her once more the line from Sir Thomas Vaux which had sometimes reassuringly recurred before: "Companion none is like unto the mind alone." However, on this occasion the suceeding lines, which she had always considered to be equally perceptive and no less favorable to her security, also followed it: "For many have been harmed by speech; through thinking, few or none."

Companion none is like unto the mind alone, she thought wryly, drily—and how right wise old Sir Thomas had been, though he had neglected to point out that there can be evil companions as well as good. As for that "few or none" never having been harmed by thinking—it wasn't true. It had probably not been true in the middle of the sixteenth century, when it had been written, and it was certainly not true in the middle of the twentieth. She would have liked to have had Sir Thomas here with her now—right here in this room, over on that sofa perhaps or perched here on her chair arm. She could tell him a thing or two about the mind, and about thinking. She would curl his hair, if he had any. She could tell him, from personal experience, that by his so-called "harmless" thinking it was quite possible for someone to lose everything she had once held dear. She could tell him that it was quite possible for her to be—melodramatic though the phrase was, she took a cheerless pride in it—destroyed by a dream.

"READY now, Miss Lynch."

Glancing across the room, she saw that Annie, of whose leisurely in-and-out shuttlings she had been vaguely conscious—Annie might be "slow," but she was sure—was standing with her chair drawn back for her. The candles had been lighted, and there was the smell of food. No doubt enticing to many, to most. But burdensome to her.

"Oh," she said, rising. "Thank you, Annie."

It was fried chicken, and fried as only Annie could fry it—golden, tender, crisp yet not dried out. And she tried to do her best with it, she really did. But all she was able to manage were a few nibbles from a fork, a twist of lettuce from the salad, a listless dab at the peas. In the meantime she became increasingly conscious of a sense of expectancy, almost a belligerency, beyond the closed kitchen door. In the end she

had to give up. It was no use. So she tinkled the silver bell.

"It was delicious, Annie," she said. "Really delicious."

However, Annie was not to be fooled —or to be charmed. She stood looking down at the barely touched plate, and her expression was less grieved than it was worried.

"Miss Lynch," she said, "you got no appetite at *all*. It's been this way for weeks now."

"I know," she said, subduedly. "I know."

There was a frown on the *café-au-lait* face, and a beige thumb rubbed against its forefinger. Then the deep contralto tempered its severity with humor. She spoke lightly, indulgently. There was neither realism nor ridicule in her words, nor did Miss Lynch interpret them as containing any.

"Guess you must be in love," she said.

Miss Lynch stared at the reflections of the candlelights in the mahogany. Yes, Annie, I am, she thought. Yes, I am in love. I'm in love with a man I've never seen. . . . But she made no comment.

Annie was reaching for her plate. "Now how about some dessert?" she said, cajolingly, coaxingly. "It'll do you good. And you got the sweet tooth. You know you have."

"No, thank you, Annie."

"It's my chocolate cream. I made it special. It—"

"I said no thank you," she repeated, sharply, in a tone she had never allowed herself to use with Annie, and with only few others. "Didn't you hear me? I don't *want* it!" And, flinging down her napkin, she rose.

WHERE SHE went, immediately, not pausing to glance backward and evaluate the silence she was leaving behind her, was into her study, and there she stood in the darkness for a moment with her fingers pressed tremblingly to her lips. I shouldn't have done that, she thought. I shouldn't have been so short with her. She was only doing what she believed was best for me. Why did I have to be so irritated? I've never been like that before. . . . And then she felt for the switch of the brass, green-globed student lamp (Bond Street, Piccadilly, 1937), and turned it on. What met her eyes was the dustless Pliofilm cover on her typewriter—dustless not because she had been using the typewriter but because of Annie's antiseptic efficiency.

It's my not working, she thought. That's what makes me so edgy and so cross. (A crabbed, peevish old maid—she had always taken pride in the fact that whatever else she might be she at least wasn't that.) But how *can* I work? How could I be expected to? . . . And she remembered that when she had been younger and had occasionally attended cocktail parties, usually literary cocktail parties in that era when there had been literary cocktail parties, she had sometimes mused on the almost pathetic gregariousness of those present, the holding out and the reaching for of human contacts, and she had often congratulated herself—without envy, and even condescendingly—that she was absolved from the necessity of all that. Yes, it might be pleasant enough now —but who could tell what was to come? The dear friends might quarrel and never wish to see each other again, the at-the-moment rapturous couples might divorce, one of two lovers might within the next hour go out into the street and be killed in an accident—and then what would become of the one who was left behind?

Only she was really safe, she had at those times reflected. She alone would always be able to carry on, no matter what happened. Because she had her work. She had Felicia.

But now she didn't have her work, and she didn't have Felicia, either. The flame was out, completely out—not a spark left and no reserve of oil there to re-kindle it. And Felicia had fled. Maybe she was dead, as dead as the art-fancier whose shocking obituary would now never appear. Miss Lynch didn't know, and she didn't care. Yes, she probably was dead. In any case, she might as well be. She was certainly dead as far as her creator was concerned.

She fingered the plastic cover as a mourner—except that she wasn't a mourner, for she was unable to summon up any interest in Felicia at all—might finger the lid of a casket. Perhaps that was the difference between talent and genius, she thought, between Elizabeth Darcy and—Jane Austen; though it was barely possible that even Jane Austen might have had an unrecorded yearning or two. Perhaps if you were a genius your work, in whatever field it was, *could* be sufficient; perhaps, in a genius, the flame never did go out, and burned strongly enough to warm you through. However, she herself was not a genius, and had never—except possibly at the age of sixteen—considered herself to be one. Her books were superior to many, and she knew it, valuing them at their true worth, but she had no illusions as to their permanence.

She snapped off the light. Well, she thought, for better or worse my love is for the living now. And I suppose it's high time.

In the other room the alcove table had been cleared away, its candles snuffed and their candlesticks replaced in their proper geometric positions.

From the kitchen came the small clatter of Annie at the dishes. Miss Lynch went toward it, and swung open the kitchen door. She didn't enter. She just stood in the doorway.

"I'm sorry I spoke to you like that, Annie," she said. "I shouldn't have done it."

Annie's interest was centered in the sink, and she didn't look up from it.

"It's no matter," she said.

"And why don't you take the rest of the chicken home with you—and the chocolate cream with it? I'm sure your husband would enjoy them, and your boy too."

There was no reply. Still, the apologetic gesture had been offered—and presumably accepted. She started to swing the door back, and then paused as Annie finally did look up. Her face was somber. Now what was this? Not a resignation, she hoped.

"Miss Lynch."

"Yes?"

"You sick?"

INVOLUNTARILY her hands clenched, so tightly that the knuckles whitened and the nails dug in. For an instant she was about to lose her temper again, and to say, "Sick? What do you mean—am I sick? Why bother me with such a silly question? If I were sick I'd be having a doctor, wouldn't I?" However, she restrained herself from all that, from any of it.

"Sick?" she repeated, then, after a moment. "Why, no.—Why do you ask?"

Annie's eyes were looking into hers—looking straight into them. Their gazes held for what seemed to Miss Lynch to be an almost endless length of time—and hers was the first to turn away. Then Annie's turned away too, and went back to the sink. She poured more soap flakes into sudsy water, and swirled a dish-mop around it.

"I just wondered," she said.

MISS LYNCH let the door swing shut, and walked slowly across the living room, not toward the armchair which was usually her favorite anchorage for the evening but toward the sofa, where she almost never sat. She sat on it now, though, erectly, rigidly.

Nuts . . .

First Goldie, and now Annie.

Should she have a doctor? she now for the first time asked herself. Should she consult her own doctor? And she began to speculate as to what he would say if she went to him. Having listened to a recital of her symptoms, her inability to work and all the rest, and having been told of their origin—her chance discovery that her intellectual tastes were shared by a man she had never met—would the doctor laugh? No, she doubted that, for he was a kind man. Then what would he do? Would he try to reason with her, as she at infrequent intervals—too infrequent—had futilely tried to reason with herself? Would he patiently explain that the first basic requirement for either friendship or love is that the two parties concerned at least be acquainted? Would he point out that love, and she would not attempt to conceal from him that it *was* love she was feeling, is dependent on more than mutual literary likes, that its springs are in the heart and not the head? Would he cite instances in which Jack Sprat could read no Proust, his wife could read no Runyon—and yet the two of them were able to get along very amiably? Would he suggest her going away, taking a little vacation, breezing it out of her system?

Well, if he did any of that, she would have her counter-reasons ready, and appropriately phrased in literary terms. That not impossible he. Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments. . . . She would have those, and she would have the dictates of her heart, which in her case was functioning not independently of but in conjunction with her head, the one having completed what the other had begun.

However, she did not believe that her doctor *would* do any of that. In the first place, he was not that obtuse—if he were, she would have dismissed him long ago. In the second place, though a kind man he was also a blunt man, and he had never minced words in discussing either her own illnesses or the usually fatal ones of her characters. What he would be far more likely to say was, "Naomi" —he and her publisher were the only men who knew her well enough to call her by her first name—"Naomi, this sort of thing really isn't within my jurisdiction, but I'm going to give you a diagnosis anyway, because I'm an old friend and maybe I can soften the blow." And here he would probably suck on his

pipe, because he was always sucking on his pipe. "The fact is, you're in a bad way. And do you know the root of your trouble? Do you know why you're so wrapped up in this Willard, whoever he is? Think back to how it started—through your finding out that he liked the things you liked. Well, the answer is simple. That is, it's not exactly simple, but at least it's understandable in a person who's lived alone as much as you have. And also, in a woman your age." And here he might remove the pipe from his mouth and begin to prod at it, without facing her. "You're in love with yourself, Naomi, that's your complaint. And it's narcissism—though there are nastier terms for it. Still, that's nasty enough. Look. Take my advice. Let me send you to a psychiatrist."

She got up from the sofa, walked three steps from it, and then sat down again, bending over and placing her head between her hands, her thumbs pressed against her temples.

Yes, she thought, that would undoubtedly be her doctor's reaction—and his prescribed course of action. But—and she knew this too, knew it instinctively and finally—she would not go to him, nor would she ever go to any psychiatrist whom he or anyone else might recommend. Throughout her years of reading she had acquired a smattering of psychiatry herself, even more than a smattering, and she knew that one of its principles was that there is no use in attempting to cure a drunkard—or the victim of any other obsession—until he is willing and ready to get rid of his drink. Well, she was not willing and not ready to get rid of hers—and she never would be. It was all she had. It was all, now that it had deprived her of so much else, that kept her alive.

Suddenly she lifted her head and glared into space, defiantly, as if facing some invisible accuser. And she was *not* in love with herself, she thought, her rancor rising. It was *not* narcissism—or anything remotely like it, and she was not going to let herself be terrorized by any such medical mumbo-jumbo. For another thing she knew about psychiatry was that one of the few points on which it and the purely ethical, non-scientific, either acknowledgedly religious or self-restrictively moralistic groups agreed was that in the last analysis, the most extreme and the most irreducible, loving, whether the loved one is God or man, is giving. That was the primary definition of it. And for the first time in her life she *was* giving—she was giving constantly, giving everything she had, every thought and impulse of her waking hours and even the dreams of her sleeping ones. And all she asked, the only thing that would make her happy and lift her out of this abyss she was in, was to be able to give more. To give more—and to know, somehow, that her gifts were being received. Was that too much to demand? It seemed to her to be little enough for one human being. And others had it. Why couldn't she?

"Night, Miss Lynch."

Startled, she turned and saw that Annie was standing in the kitchen doorway, her hat and coat on and carrying a paper bag which probably—she hoped it did, anyway—contained the chicken.

"Oh—good-night, Annie."

"See you in the morning." That was always the standard signature to Annie's nightly farewell.

"That's right." And that was always hers.

The door started to swing shut, creating a fleeting small breeze in the room. It oscillated back and forth briefly, wavered, and then was still. After a moment she heard the service door closing. She was alone.

SHE LOOKED down at her hands. Yes, she thought, even Annie has the balm—the balm of being able to give directly, not blindly. What she offers is taken, and she has the bliss of seeing it taken. And I'm glad she has that, because she probably doesn't have much besides it.

And suddenly she rose from the sofa. But why can't I have it too? she thought. Why can't I?

She began to pace the room. In fact she eventually went into all the rooms—into her study again, into the bath which connected it with her bedroom, into the bedroom itself, into the kitchen and the foyer, even peering into the closets—and paced each of them. She turned on lights, gazed dully at what she saw, then turned them off again, sardonically reflecting on the zest and vigor which she had expended in lining this cozy nest—and how little either it or its furnishings meant to her now. This Queen Anne embroidery frame in her study which she had delved up out of French's—she had been so eager to see how it would look in the place she had reserved for it that she had bundled it into a taxi and brought it home herself. And now it had become just a piece of wood. This pottery urn which she had come across many years ago in Athens and of which she had thought, the first time she had seen it in its present setting on the mantel, "Oh, I'm so glad I had the sense to buy it and to keep it. How absolutely tragic it would have been if I hadn't!"—what was it now? It was baked earth, no rarer than the ground one walked on, and it might as well be back in the warehouse where it had for so long rested. And the supposedly unique paint on this bedroom wall she was looking at, the blending of which she had personally supervised—what was so remarkable about its shade? Call it what you like, rose, terra cotta, anything, the fact remained that it was pink. Pink, that's what it is. Pink paint, and on a wall.

Returning to the living room, she continued to pace—and finally paused at the corner windows, leaning her forehead against the coldness of one of their panes. She deliberately avoided looking at the lights on Welfare Island, and instead looked at those of the bridge, mistily festooned and a shapeless blur in the rain. For it still was raining, not hard but steadily. Rain, rain—she loathed rain. And there had once been a time when she had liked it for the sheltered intimacy it lent. A rainy night, a good book (*was* there such a thing as a good book? she wondered now, savagely), a leaping fire—that had been something to anticipate with pleasure, something in preference to which she would even have declined an invitation to go out, should she have been issued one, which she seldom was.

Oh, lonely! she thought. Oh, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, *lonely!*

She rubbed her brow against the pane, pursuing her anatomy of melancholy. She believed, she decided, that she had never really known what loneliness was, or could be, until this evening; no, not even during those fledgling, impoverished days back on Horatio Street. For then, though poor, she had been young and resilient. Then, at that time, tonight's moodiness and solitude were bad—but tomorrow might well be better. The tears you were shedding now could be erased by a smile in the morning. There was always the future.

But *this*—this was different, as different as double pneumonia is from a sneeze. *This* (mere loneliness was an inadequate word for it, maybe there was no adequate word) had a future too, and that was exactly what caused it to be so unendurable. It could go on and on and on until you either went mad or—

Abruptly she turned away from the window and then, though with no goal in mind, strolled to the center of the room, where she halted. *Felicia* had never had to go through an evening like this, she thought, with a surliness which not only lacked any regret for her passing but which almost amounted to actual

dislike. For on those occasions when Felicia hadn't been with her, the two of them intently engrossed on the problem of the moment, she had of course been with Ambrose, her precious Ambrose. Well, she gloated, Ambrose was probably dead now also, having expired from sheer pining away—and much good might it do him. "The grave's a fine and private place, but none, I think, do there embrace." All right, let the ghost of Felicia—always so clever, always so brightly competent—try to figure *that* one out. Let her put *that* in her ectoplasmic pipe and smoke it!

She started to move on, stopped. It was the silence of the apartment which was unnerving her now, its deafening, screaming silence—not a sound, not a single sound, not even the quick crackle of a cockroach, the dubious comfort of which had at least been afforded her on Horatio Street. Even the ashes in the grate had ceased to drop, for the fire had died—let it die, its snug cheerfulness was only a mockery here—and only a few glowing embers remained. Then, still aimlessly, she continued on to the far end of the room, where she stood gazing down at the copy of *The Golden Apples* on her sandalwood table—the latter once also a much-prized trophy, though no longer so. Listlessly, apathetically, less on impulse than as a whim, she slid open the drawer where were stored the mementos which she had exultantly seized upon, winnowing them out from the trash, and had avidly collected—a tailor's swatch, a carefully smoothed-out tissue for the wiping of glasses, a ragged page from an obsolete WQXR program, a cardboard jackstraw. These and one or two more.

My jewels, she thought, staring at them. My treasures. Others have eyes to look into, hands to touch, arms to enfold them, and lips to meet their lips—but I have these. And they're little enough to show for three months' anguish.

Idly, she flicked a finger against the jackstraw.

"Willard," she said aloud. "Oh, Willard."

And then, still staring, she glanced up and into her own eyes, reflected back at her from the smoky depths of an oval, gilt-framed mirror reputed to have once been the property of Marie Antoinette. I've got to find him, she thought, I've *got* to. I've got to find him now—tonight, this very evening. I've got to find him not only because I love him but for my own self-preservation. He may not be able to return my love, but at least he will accept my friendship. I'll call the Book Nook. I don't care whether it's Goldie who answers or Mrs. de Vere—and I don't care what either of them may think. All I want is his address, and it doesn't matter how I get it.

WITHIN the space of an instant she was in her bedroom, where the phone was, and hurriedly leafing through the pages of the directory for the Book Nook's number. Once having found it, she dialed it quickly, her fingers shaking from her haste, and as she waited for the connection to be completed she thought—should I try to make up some excuse for my wanting the address (a Red Cross solicitation? his having been recommended to her by a friend as a possible purchaser of certain antiques she wished to sell?) or should I just be direct about it, without any preliminary explanation? Much better to be direct about it, she decided. Much better just to say, simply, to whoever answered, "This is Miss Lynch. You have a Willard Brown who is a customer there. Would you please give me his address and if possible his phone number?" Though it was unlikely that they would be able to supply the latter, since that information was not included in the basic dossier.

Oh, she thought, in self-recrimination, why didn't I have the courage to do this *weeks* ago?

However, no one answered at all, for what she now heard was the irritating buzz-buzz-buzz of the busy signal. She slammed the receiver down, though she still kept her hand on it. Now that would undoubtedly be Goldie, she calculated—Goldie rambling on endlessly to somebody about the condition of her mother's gallstones. It could hardly be Mrs. de Vere, whose telephone conversations were usually limited to "Book Nook," "yes," "no," "goodbye." Immediately she dialed again, and once more her ear was rasped by that exasperating buzz-buzz-buzz. The receiver crashed down for a second time, with even more force.

Suddenly, fearfully, she glanced at the watch on her wrist. Ten minutes to nine. Oh, God, she thought, and at nine they close! For an instant she hesitated, looked at the phone again, fingered it—and then made her decision. Once launched into the details of her home life, Goldie was capable of elaborating on them for hours. Therefore, rather than stand here waiting, she would do better to go to the shop herself—it wasn't far, it wouldn't take her long. She did wish, however, that she could have accomplished her object through the sightless medium of the phone. To face Mrs. de Vere or Goldie, especially Goldie, in person might be a little embarrassing. Still, no matter how embarrassing it was she was ready to do it. The time for caution, even discretion, had passed.

She didn't pause to turn off any of the lights, she didn't pause for anything, not even a hat. And the coat which she snatched from the foyer closet was not the waterproof one she would have chosen if she had taken more time and if she had given any consideration to the rain. It was an untrimmed tweed, and she was still draping it around her shoulders as she jabbed at the elevator button—and jabbed again. She couldn't even hear the drone of the car ascending—and it couldn't very well descend, because her apartment was on the sixteenth and top floor.

Oh, this *service*, she thought, tapping her foot—this awful service! Two elevators, and only one of them ever in operation. Something really should be done about it. And probably Joe was on tonight. Yes, it would be just her luck to have Joe on. And very likely, as was his widely known custom, he had run the car down to the basement so that he could swap dirty stories with the engineer.

Finally, after what seemed more like two years than the two minutes her watch indicated it to be, there was a convulsive thump somewhere below her and then, as she breathed in relief, she had the satisfaction of hearing the gentle hum made by the car on its slow, majestic climb upward. Nearer and nearer it came, and in its own good time the door was opened.

"Well!" she said, stepping in. "At last!"

It wasn't Joe. It was the meek, pale, ordinarily prompt one they called Ernie. She had always rather liked him, though she had never been able to decide whether he had a nice personality or none.

"Sorry to be so long, Miss Lynch. I—" he cleared his throat—"I was in the basement."

But not, she imagined, telling dirty stories. Not Ernie.

"That's all right," she said. It was definitely not all right, but she nevertheless was regretting her show of impatience—that irritability again, she would have to be careful about that.

The car had to stop for other passengers, of course—oh, yes, it *would*. It stopped at the twelfth floor to pick up a somewhat drunken couple in evening clothes, at the eighth for a taut-leashed, stiff-legged, sniffling wirehair leading a short, thickset man smoking a short, thick cigar, and at the third for a teen-aged girl whom Miss Lynch catalogued abstractedly as probably a baby-sitter. But eventually the lobby was reached, and she moved swiftly through it, outdistancing the others. The paunchy, portly Fred was on the door, his batwing collar gleaming starched and white, and he held it open for her.

"Wet out, Miss Lynch," he warned. "Want a taxi?"

"No, thanks, Fred," she said, hurrying past him. "I'm not going far."

It was not only wet, it was also surprisingly warmish—even slightly and unseasonably muggy. A curiously disagreeable night it was, its mistiness and the dim shapes of the passers-by being reminiscent of similar though colder nights she had known in London. Through the drizzle each street lamp shone faintly like some vapory nimbus, and they mirrored themselves shimmeringly in the dull sheen of the pavement. Walking briskly with strides even longer than her normal ones, bare head bent downward with the dampness accumulating on it, her hands plunged into the pockets of the tweed coat, Miss Lynch reflected that the winter was almost over—and she was thankful that it was, for it had been by all odds the most unsettling winter of her life. Still, its problems were at last on the threshold of being solved—and, she hoped, satisfactorily. Then spring would come, relief would come. . . .

"Willard," she said, again aloud. "Willard."

SUDDENLY, as her spirits continued to rise, she had an idea, an idea which was so brilliant and so completely suited to the moment and her mission that it could only be termed an inspiration. Whoever was in charge of the Book Nook tonight was going to be treated to a surprise—yes, and a rare surprise. For she was going to do something which she did only infrequently—she was going to let her, whether it was Goldie or Mrs. de Vere, in on the secret of her second identity. She was going to tell her that for all these months the woman whom she had possibly thought of as that drab Miss Lynch was really—Elizabeth Darcy!

The more she dwelt on the idea, the more appropriately timed it seemed. To begin with, it was symbolic—away with furtive cowering, away with artifice, away with fear. Also, it had its practical side. For she wanted something, she

wanted something very much—specifically, an address. Well, what better way could there be to go about getting it than to give out, first, as a sort of genteel bribe, another item of information which, though unsought and even unsuspected, was almost sure to be received with gratitude? A confidence offered invites a confidence returned.

Yes, yes, she thought, excitedly—it would be perfect. It would be so—so *right.*

And then as she was passing a street light she glanced again at her watch, having to squint at it because she had left her glasses on the telephone stand, and saw with dismay that in one more minute it would be nine o'clock.

She started to run, and she ran the rest of the way.

When she entered the shop, breathless, panting, she saw that it was Mrs. de Vere who was at the desk—and she realized, belatedly, that she ought to have been able to predict that, since Goldie had been on duty in the afternoon. There was only one other customer present, a woman, and while Mrs. de Vere waited on her she stood by impatiently. It seemed that the woman wished to take out a certain book—Miss Lynch never did learn the title—but first wanted Mrs. de Vere to check and see if she had already read it. (It was finally established that she hadn't.) Meanwhile Miss Lynch was glancing around the room with a new objectivity, almost as if viewing it for the first time—the untidy shelves, the mounded tables, the general clutter. After tonight, she decided, she would never come in here again, for she had been too unhappy here. Her lows had been too low, her highs—this afternoon, when she had discovered the handkerchief gone—not high enough. All this room had really ever meant to her was misery.

She managed to control herself until the woman had closed the door behind her, and then she turned to Mrs. de Vere.

"I *phoned* you," she said, stressing her words with the importance attached to each. "I couldn't *get* you. All I could get was the *busy* signal."

Mrs. de Vere was putting the change box into one of the drawers of the desk, preparatory to shutting up for the day. She spoke with her customary calm. "When was that?"

"Just *now.*"

Mrs. de Vere locked the drawer. "There was a call," she said. "It didn't last long, though."

She had made a bad beginning, thought Miss Lynch—had been too imperative. So now she began anew. Resting her hands on the desk, she leaned forward and smiled warmly.

"Mrs. de Vere, do you know who I am?"

For the first time, Mrs. de Vere looked up at her. "Why, of course I know, Miss Lynch," she said, after an instant. "Don't you?"

"No, no, you don't understand. I mean, do you know that I'm actually two people?"

"Really?" said Mrs. de Vere, quietly. "Are you?"

She nodded jubilantly. "And do you know who the other one is?"

The remaining drawers were being locked now. "No. No, I can't say that I do."

She allowed a dramatic instant to intervene—and then, triumphantly, whipped off the cloth and exposed the rabbit. "It's Elizabeth Darcy!"

"The writer?" The response was too immediate to be really satisfactory. There should have been a far greater show of amazement—the jaw falling open, the eyes popping, or at the least a "For heaven's sake!" "Well, now isn't that nice?"

"You *didn't* know, did you?" she said, feeling vaguely let down.

"Of course I didn't."

"Well, aren't you surprised?"

"Very much."

She straightened from the desk, and suddenly eyed Mrs. de Vere with suspicion. "Don't you believe me?"

Mrs. de Vere was not looking at her. Instead, she was clearing her blotter—that is, as much as it was ever cleared. "Of course I believe you, Miss Lynch. I never said I didn't, did I?"

Hm. She pursed her lips, put her hands into her pockets again, and stood irresolutely. This wasn't the way she had pictured the scene, it wasn't the way she had pictured it at all. Granted that Mrs. de Vere was not essentially an emotional type, still you might reasonably have expected *some* sort of display. And then she felt around in her pockets, hoping that she might encounter something—a fan letter, perhaps—which would substantiate her claim. But all that met her seeking fingers was the alluvial debris of chocolate crumbs, a broken cigarette, and a match folder. And of course—she remembered now—she had neglected to bring a handbag with her.

Well, she thought, stifling her disappointment at the anti-climax, after all it wasn't that important—and she could always prove her statement later. Certainly she had no intention of arguing about it now. The important thing was to—get the important thing.

"However," she said, leaning forward again, though with less warmth, "that isn't what I came over to tell you. I mean, it's not the main reason. What I really wanted was an address."

Mrs. de Vere was emptying out an ash tray, and had peered down into the wastebasket to see that there were no sparks. "Whose?" she said, without turning.

"Well, you have a customer here—a Mr. Brown. Willard Brown. I want to know where he lives." How simple it was, in the end. How easy.

The tray was set back on the desk, and now Mrs. de Vere did look up at her. "Ah—may I ask why?"

She straightened again, rebuffed, and she could feel her face begin to flush. "Well, really, Mrs. de Vere! I do suppose I'm trustworthy, am I not? What are you imagining—that I intend to burgle him?"

"I'm not imagining anything," replied Mrs. de Vere. She spoke calmly. "But this is a city. A big city. Strange things happen in it. And I have to be careful."

She bit her underlip, even painfully. Was she going to have to demean herself by pleading—was this last veil of self-respect to be taken from her? Yes, obviously it was. Still, it would be worth it, well worth it. "I assure you, it's quite innocent, my reason," she said. "It's a—it's a personal matter. Between Mr. Brown and me. I can't explain it to you, but he would understand. And I'm sure that he would *want* you to give me his address."

Mrs. de Vere interlocked her plump fingers, and rested them on the blotter, gazing down at them meditatively. Then at last, but only after what must have been much consideration (what *did* go on under the short-bobbed, tightly crimped permanent of that yellow-white head?), she reached for the file which contained the record of her customers. An almost unbearable impatience clutched at and constricted Miss Lynch's throat—she even seemed to hear the beat of the small pulse there—as she watched the stubby fingers drift slowly over the alphabetized cards, settle on one, lift it partially out, then put it back.

"Thirty-eight Sutton Place South," she said.

Somewhere in the room a floor-board creaked.

"Thirty-*eight?*" repeated Miss Lynch.

There was a nod.

She giggled, once, shortly—and then quickly cupped her hand to her mouth. Oh, no, she thought—oh, *no,* it *couldn't* be! And yet, and this knowledge came

to her with the sharp, sudden illumination of jagged lightning flashing across a dark sky, of course, it *had* to be! There had been miracle enough in her having amid seven million people accidentally come across the trail of the one person among all others who could give her life a core and a meaning, and it was even more of a miracle that that trail should finally lead to her own building. Yet, after all, what was a miracle, actually? The land is arid and barren, rain falls on it—and men look upward and say, "It is a miracle." A roaring sea threatens to engulf the shore, it recedes —and men say, "It is a miracle." But the nourishing rain and the subsiding sea are *meant* to be. The one begins and the other stops because each was meant to begin or to stop—and at that exact, particular instant. And so it was with her and Willard. Their instant had been a long time coming—for her, forty-five years. So this information which had just been imparted to her was no more of a miracle than it was a coincidence. For even if she had been spending those forty-five years on one side of the globe and he on the other, the inevitable and predestined end would have always been the same—Thirty-eight Sutton Place South.

Her hand drew slowly away from her mouth as she became aware that Mrs. de Vere was gazing up at her, fixedly. Did Mrs. de Vere know that their addresses were the same, hers and Willard's? she wondered. Well, perhaps—perhaps not. She had had to consult the files in order to locate his, so maybe she would have had to consult them in order to locate hers. In any event, it was unimportant. Whatever Mrs. de Vere was thinking, or might be thinking, was completely irrelevant. It couldn't have mattered less.

"Thank you," she said now, turning away from the desk. "Thank you very much."

And as she headed rapidly toward the door she thought, neither hostilely nor affectionately, Goodbye, Mrs. de Vere—goodbye forever. You have served your purpose. We shall meet no more.

AFTERWARD, she had no recollection of her passage through the dark, wet, almost deserted street: the mist and the fog were there, and she was a wraith enveloped in them. All she knew was that at one moment she was closing the door of the Book Nook and that at the next moment she was beneath the dripping canopy of Thirty-eight Sutton Place South and opening its door—and gazing into the ruddy face of Fred, coming forward tardily and uselessly with his half-expanded umbrella.

"Never heard you, Miss Lynch," he said, shutting the umbrella. "I must have been—"

"Fred," she interrupted, "that Mr. Brown who lives here—Willard Brown. What floor is he on?"

He propped the umbrella against the chromiumed, mirror-topped lobby table. "Him? Mm—let's see. Sixteen. Yeah, that's right. Sixteen. Same as you."

Oddly, the answer did not surprise her at all. She had not paused to consider the possibility of it during her swift progress homeward—the state of her mind had been such that she hadn't paused to consider anything—but now that the fact had presented itself, it came as being natural, logical, inevitable. Yes, she thought. Yes, that too was meant to be.

"And which apartment?" she asked. But she asked the question almost cunningly, already knowing the reply.

"C," said Fred.

Um-hum, she nodded, in self-confirmation. And that also. Apartment C—and hers was B. They lived next to each other. For all these months they had been living next to each other. . . . And yet inwardly she did not complain against the cruelty and the caprice of her having been kept for so long in ignorance. She was too grateful to do that. Also, that was the way life was. It was no bed of roses. You had to endure things, plod your way through them, work, worry—and then, if you were lucky, you had your reward. In order to get at the sweet you had to swallow large draughts of the bitter.

She started toward the elevators, and as she went she spoke over her shoulder.

"Is he in this evening?"

"Couldn't say," said Fred. "I came on at six. But of course he might have gone out before that.—You want to leave a message for him?"

"No," she said, continuing on. "No, thanks." She did have a message, but only one person could deliver it.

In the elevator, during its ascent, she stood gazing at Ernie's spindly, uniformed shoulder-blades, as properly squared as those of the Radio City Music Hall—and not seeing them. She was the sole passenger, and although the ride was a slow one its slowness did not infuriate her as much as the previous and even slower descent had done. In fact it didn't infuriate her at all. Such petty annoyances were losing their power to disturb her, because she felt as if her nerve-ends were gradually becoming untangled and relaxed by a sort of warm bath of contentment, of security, seeping and lapping gently, gently, gently. So maybe the car didn't operate with the speed of a rocket? What of it? It would reach its destination eventually. Everything did.

And it did too. She stepped out, and the door slid shut behind her—and she stood in the hall looking straight ahead at another door, the first door which greeted the eyes of anyone who stepped out of the elevator and which had so often greeted hers, a green door with a gilt "C" on it. Its sill and lock were so constructed that no gleam of light, if there were one, could filter through them —though actually, at the moment, she wasn't seeking any. All she wanted to do now, for the present, was look at the door. And so she did. She looked, too, at the brown bristles of the mat placed neatly in front of it, with its darker brown monogram of "B." She must have passed that door and this mat at least a thousand times. What with waiting for the elevator, she must have spent an accumulation of hours on hours beside them.

And to think, she thought now, that she even knew what his apartment was like! For she did know, to the square inch. Not that she had ever been inside it, but she had seen it on a blue-print—the entire layout. Because before the building had been ready for occupancy, and when she had been making her selection from the floor-plans, she had almost chosen this unit instead of her own, the two being identical in arrangement—two bedrooms connected by a bath, the same-sized and same-shaped living room, the same foyer, the same kitchen facilities. The only difference was that the arrangements were reversed. In this apartment, you entered and turned to the right to go into the living room; in hers, you turned to the left. And so now she dimly recalled having hesitated between the two and having finally decided on her present location because it was farther from the elevator bank and therefore might be quieter.

Oh, dear, she thought, half-smiling—it's funny, it really is funny. And I'm glad that I can see that it's funny. We'll laugh about this later, both of us.

And then she took a step forward and reached out her arm—and as quickly withdrew it. It was not that she had been about to knock. It was that she had been tempted to place the palm of her hand against the door, lightly, briefly. However, she conquered the impulse. That was the kind of silly, sentimental, even morbid gesture which was no longer necessary now that fantasy had been replaced by reality. Instead she turned and headed for her own door—and then stopped as she remembered that she was without her key. Therefore she returned to the elevator, and rang its buzzer. The car took as long as ever to come up, but this time she didn't mind waiting. She had the door with the "C" on it to look at.

"I'm sorry, Ernie," she said, "but I forgot my key. Could you let me in?"

"Surely, Miss Lynch," he said, reaching for the hoop with the master-key which hung next to the control lever.

ONCE INSIDE—"Good-night, Ernie. Thanks a lot"—she tossed the tweed coat onto the sofa and proceeded directly to her bedroom, where she stood looking down at the telephone. She did not look toward the directory—there would have been no point in that. For she knew that his number would not be in it any more than hers was, or any more than that of any other resident of the building was. Because the building had been opened just too late for its phones to be listed in the most recent directory, and the new one had not yet been issued.

Putting on her glasses, she looked at her watch. The hour was not yet ten. Should she call now, or should she wait until the morning? Yes, she decided, she would do better to call now. After all, she wanted to reach him before Goldie, via Mrs. de Vere, had a chance to get at him. Also, and this was a most unpleasant thought, there was the bare possibility that Mrs. de Vere herself might get at him, might even have already got at him. Could it be that Mrs. de Vere might have taken the trouble to secure his number and had phoned him after she, Miss Lynch, had left the Book Nook? Could it be that she might have said to him, "A Miss Lynch who lives in your building" (or who lives someplace) "was in here just now, asking for your address. She refused to tell me why she wanted it, but she was so insistent that I gave it to her. I felt I ought to let you know."

It was the sole cloud on her horizon, and even it was small. However, she managed to dissipate it without much difficulty. No, she reasoned, that wouldn't be at all characteristic of Mrs. de Vere. Mrs. de Vere kept herself to herself. She lived and let live. She was not one to interfere.

Still, she'd better call him tonight, and in any case she might as well get the number. So she dialed Information and

after a reasonable interval was in contact with a disembodied voice which announced itself by that name.

"I should like the number of a Mr. Willard Brown," said Miss Lynch. "His address is Thirty-eight Sutton Place South."

"Surely."

WHILE waiting she gazed at the pink wall by which she stood and on the other side of which must be, she knew, a bedroom, perhaps his bedroom. Her spirits had risen again. There it was, she thought, that wall of loneliness. And now she did allow herself a gesture—though a harmless, playful one. Knotting her hand into a fist, she struck at the wall, gently, softly. And she began to hum to herself (how long it had been since she had had the heart to hum): "I'm gonna wash that wall right out of my hair . . . tear it up, break it down, push it in, pry it out . . . I'm gonna wash that wall right out of my hair and send it on its *way*—"

"The number," said the voice, returning, "is Plaza 2-3745."

"Thank you," she said, replacing the receiver—and reached for a pad and jotted it down. Not that she was likely to forget it.

All right, she thought, so now she had his number, and then as she seated herself on the brocaded boudoir chair beside the phone she began for the first time to figure out, in detail, word by word and phrase by phrase, how to put it to its most effective use. She meditated various openings. "Mr. Brown, you don't know who I am, but . . . Mr. Brown? I hope I haven't disturbed you . . . Mr. Brown, this is Miss Lynch, in the apartment next to you, 16-B . . . Mr. Brown, this is Elizabeth Darcy speaking—"

Yes, that was it. That was definitely it. The "Elizabeth Darcy" would at least be an attention-getter. He would hardly be likely to hang up on her if she began with that—though he probably wouldn't be likely to do so anyway, being "polite" as he was.

She rested her hand on the phone. But the next part would be by far the trickiest, the most delicate. For whatever approach she pursued after that, whether she mentioned the Book Nook first, or a particular book which they had both read, or made vague reference to their having "mutual interests," her tone and her trend must be above all things not arch, not flirtatious, not even remotely in a romantic vein. Because she realized again that it was only right, only wise, to keep forewarning herself and protecting herself against whatever the outcome of this venture might be. It might or might not result in a romantic finale. If it did, the ideal would have been attained. But even if it didn't, and the ideal is not always attainable, she would still have—friendship, a hand to grasp now and then, a smile to see, a voice to hear. That would be the less desirable of the two denouements, but it would certainly be much more than she had ever had before and much more than she had now. Therefore this whole long quest of hers was not and had never been just a matter of romance, or more crudely of sex, though to an outsider it might have appeared to be that. It had been and was that partly, as she was honest enough to recognize, but by no means wholly. What it was essentially was a matter of —human communication. . . .

Well, and she took a deep breath and then exhaled slowly, so at last the time had come for her to communicate. And, quickly, she dialed the number.

After an instant she could hear the faint burr of a bell in the next room. (So it *was* his bedroom, for wouldn't that be where his phone was?) She had never been conscious of hearing the bell before, probably because she had never been listening for it, but she heard it now. The muffled, precisely spaced repetition of a ringing. On, and on, and on.

He was out.

Re-cradling the phone, she took off her glasses and toyed with them in her lap. Well, she thought, she might as well have her bath and prepare for bed. Then, if it wasn't too late, she would call again. In any case, she had not hoped to arrange a meeting for tonight. All she had wanted to do was to effect a self-introduction. And since the hour was still relatively early, that might still be possible.

AND SO she did have her bath, rushing it a little, and then creamed her face, skimpily, and twenty minutes later she was at the phone again. But there was still no answer. She looked toward the ivory clock on her night table. The time was now almost ten-thirty, and she regretfully accepted the fact that it would be inadvisable for her to try him again this evening. Even if he came home within the next half hour, and she managed to reach him, he would have every reason to be much surprised by her calling with such a message at so late an hour. He might even—disagreeable possibility—assume that she had been drinking.

No, much better to postpone it until the morning, when he would be fresh and she would be also. You didn't usually yield to mere whims in the morning. He would appreciate that.

After brushing her teeth and removing the pleated spread from the bed, folding it carefully over a chair, she flicked off all the lights except that on her night table and then proceeded to raise one of the windows slightly. Suddenly she had an idea, and she put it into action. Raising the window to its full height, she leaned as far out as she could lean—it was still raining, though colder—and, first placing her hands on the stone ledge for balance, looked toward her right, toward the windows of the next room. She was able to see only the far edge of one of them, and not much of that, but she could see enough. It was dark.

Her head turned, and for a moment she looked out at the bridge, a murky haze silhouetted against one only slightly less murky. Somehow it reminded her of a huge liner plowing blindly through the sea. Ships, she thought. Ships. The ships that pass in the night. . . . And immediately she had a further, more comforting thought. Their ships were not to pass. They would be having their rendezvous, and soon.

Then she lowered her own window again and, wiping her hands on a handkerchief to remove the grime, went back toward her bed. She stood by her night table, reflectively, fingering the belt of her robe. Should she take a capsule tonight, or shouldn't she? For the first time in many weeks she now could foresee the possibility of there eventually being nights when she wouldn't require them at all. Still, better be safe. She wouldn't take her customary two, but she would at least take one. And so she opened the drawer of the table and lifted out the small purple box and selected one of its minute yellow cylinders.

And I'm going to wash *you* out of my hair too, she addressed it with silent, vindictive satisfaction. But nevertheless, reaching for her water carafe, she swallowed it.

Then she got into bed and turned out the light.

BUT SHE couldn't sleep. For what must have been almost two hours she tossed, she turned, shifted her pillow to find its cool side, pummeled it, shifted it again. Finally admitting defeat, and realizing that this was probably not the night to start a new leaf so abruptly, she switched on the light and took another capsule. This one, she comforted herself as she settled back in the darkness, would do the trick. This one, in company with its predecessor, she could rely

upon. Taken together they had never failed her yet.

But they were failing her now. She might have become a little drowsier, but she was still far from being drowsy enough. In fact certain of her senses seemed to have become even more acute. Through the partially opened window—the time was well after one by now, as the hateful, luminous figures on the clock dial kept reminding her—she could hear the night noises of the city as they gradually diminished, the automobile horns sounding at more infrequent intervals, the traffic thinning. No buses now, fewer trucks. The noises would not vanish entirely—they never did—but they were decreasing as much as it was possible for them to decrease. At last there was only an undefinable hum remaining, the only quiet the city ever knows.

It's like the Haydn "Candlelight," she yawned—the instruments ceasing to play, one by one. The symphony trickling away to a mere nothing. And at the end only the bare stage.

Wide-eyed, she gazed through the darkness at the pink wall, invisible to her.

Willard, she thought. Have you come home? And are you lying awake too? Are you?

Finally, and belatedly, she isolated the source of her wakefulness. She had been closer to happiness this evening than she had been for a long time; yes, closer really than she had ever been in her life. But it is not the imminence to happiness, its tantalizing nearness, which insures a sound sleep; it is either its presence or its afterglow. In fact the nearer the proximity, the more the restlessness. A blessing that may befall you next year can be awaited stoically; one that may befall you tomorrow affects the mind like Benzedrine. It was for that reason, as she now remembered, that children slept less well on the night before Christmas than on Christmas night itself.

Well, in a fashion this was *her* night before Christmas, so what else could she expect except sleeplessness? And how would she look in the morning if it went on much longer—her face haggard and drawn, her eyes circled? She would be a fine spectacle for Willard to see, should they meet either then or later in the day.

Angry with herself that she had not analyzed her state sooner, she once more turned on the light and once more reached for the water glass and the box of capsules. All right, she thought grimly, as she lifted out the third one—the only third one she had ever taken on the same night—this ought to do it.

And it did do it, almost immediately—like a half-ajar shutter being suddenly slammed tight. However, her last protesting, struggling thought as she plunged into oblivion was one of fear. She had never bothered to ask the doctor about the strength of the capsules, and he had never told her—she had just tested them out for herself. It was implausible that a mere three of them could constitute too large a dose, but still—but still . . .

"What if I should never wake?" she thought, groggily, her final thought. "What if I should never meet him?"

SHE DREAMED. She dreamed, and as always in her recent dreams, her only dreams, he was with her—a faceless, formless, brown-haired presence. The action was ever-changing, the backgrounds many. She was ushering him into her living room for the first time and he was saying, "How nicely you've done it." Then *she* was being ushered into his living room for the first time and she was saying, "You've done yours nicely, too." With a pearl-strung Goldie and a curiously cowed Mrs. de Vere the two of them were enjoying a picnic on the white (was it snow, or was it sand?) beach of Montauk Point, and she was urging Mrs. de Vere to have a hard-boiled egg, or at least a bit of fried chicken ("You must—it's delicious!"), and Mrs. de Vere was bursting into tears and exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Brown, I don't deserve it! You are so good to me and I was so mean to you!" Then, again with Willard, always with Willard, she was in some unplaceable setting—a cloud? the frothy top of a vanilla ice-cream soda?—in company with Felicia and Ambrose, and Felicia was saying, "Dear Naomi, I'm so delighted that you've at last found the happiness Ambrose and I have known for so long. We'll all have many jolly times together—a true foursome." And after that she was walking arm-in-arm with him past a delicatessen doorway and pointing to it and saying, "There was where I stood—for two hours. And it was so cold," and he was saying, "But darling, you *must* have seen me. How could you have missed me?" And then they were still again alone, just the two of them, seated together in a gondola, her cheek against his fuzzy, Shetland-clothed shoulder, as the gondola glided lazily along a canal in, illogically, Nairobi, Kenya, while stars twinkled above them and a resonant tenor sang "Santa Lucia." . . .

But they were never in the Book Nook together, or in the hall waiting for the elevator, or in the elevator itself, or in the lobby. Not in her dream, anyway.

So she dreamed, and then she wakened. What she was first and immediately conscious of was a hot, parched mouth, a dullness in her head, eyeballs that stung, and a heaviness in her limbs. However, as she turned on her pillow toward the light, blinking, and saw the beauty of the day—its clearness, its brightness, its freshness—she forgot the effects of the sediment of the drug and remembered only what this day was and what it meant to her. The rain had gone, and it had washed the air clean. The sun was flooding into the room, tinting the pink to a rosier pink, and she could tell by the way it had inched up to the second drawer of her dressing-table that the time must be almost ten. There were not many mornings like this, at least not in Manhattan and not in late March. The atmosphere was so pure that she seemed able to see roof-tops sparkling almost halfway to Westchester. This was spring indeed. April might not yet have arrived, but the spring had arrived before it.

The better the day, she thought, as it occurred to her that the perfection of the weather was the final seal on the perfection of her search, the better the deed.

Quickly, surprisingly quickly—but her spirits had soared high above her physical torpor and were directing and forcing her body to an animation of which it would not otherwise have been capable—she scrambled out of bed, elbowed herself into her robe, slipped her feet into their waiting mules, and padded swiftly out into the living room and through the foyer to the apartment door, which she opened. Ordinarily this daily errand would have been deferred until she had dressed, but this morning there was a cause for its promptness. It was not that she was in a hurry to bring in her paper; it was that she wanted to see if he had brought in his. That is, if he had a paper delivered at all. Until now, she had never noticed or had reason to notice.

He did have one delivered, and as she glanced down the hall she saw that it was still there, slung carelessly onto the bristles of the mat. Well, and so evidently he had come in late—and was sleeping late, too. That meant that whatever his business or profession was, his position in it must entail a certain independence. And leaving her door partly open, she edged past her *Times* and tiptoed down the hall far enough to be able to make out what his morning diet of newsprint was. Naturally, obviously, inevitably, it proved to be the same as hers.

Well, she thought, as she tiptoed back and stooped for her own copy, it was barely possible that in the distant future the *Times* might be losing a subscriber. And, closing the door and tossing the paper onto the foyer table, she smiled. Poor *Times*. Poor little thing.

HER SUCCEEDING actions were energetic, direct, purposeful; as she moved about the apartment the sluggishness in her limbs seemed to lessen, even to disappear. First she picked up her tweed coat from the sofa and hung it in the foyer closet. Then she took a shower, running the water as cold as she could stand it. And after that she dressed, choosing the skirt of a suit which had only recently come from her tailor and which she had not yet worn—somehow she had had little interest in it—and, to go with it, a blouse which was equally new.

Standing in front of the door-mirror of her closet and regarding herself critically, she decided that on the whole, and especially in view of her bad night, she looked fairly presentable. She felt that she would do. At least she would do as well as it was within her capacity to do. After all, she wasn't asking the impossible.

Her next move was toward the kitchen, for like most of the sleep-out maids in the building—and practically all of them did sleep out—Annie did not put in an appearance until around eleven, in time for her to wash the dishes left from the breakfast which Miss Lynch would previously have prepared for herself, make a start on the cleaning, get her a sandwich tray-lunch, and thus embark on the day's activity.

For the past few months now, Miss Lynch's breakfast had been increasingly small, and for the past several weeks it had reduced itself to the minimum of one cup of black coffee—and that of the powdered, instant variety. But this morning she felt hungry, genuinely and agreeably hungry. She wanted real coffee, the kind that bubbled briskly in its percolator—and she made it. Also, she wanted orange juice—and from real oranges, not frozen from a can. So she squeezed out that too. And toast—two slices, well-buttered and with generous spreadings of marmalade. She even fleetingly considered bacon-and-eggs, but she rejected them as being too much trouble and settled instead for a much-sugared dish of cereal.

It was a good, hearty, substantial breakfast. She enjoyed it.

AFTERWARD, when it had been consumed—and all of it was consumed, every crumb and every drop—she made one more check on the *Times* which proved to be still lying in the hall, for she didn't want to risk his getting up and going out without her having had a chance to phone him first, and then she found her steps heading, as they had not willingly headed for some months, toward her study. There, casually at first, more as a time-filler than anything else, she stood at her desk and traced an idle finger across the untitled top page of the unfinished—and as of last evening never-to-be-finished—Brazilian manuscript. Oddly, it now rather attracted her whereas before it had held no interest for her whatsoever. Was it possible, she wondered, bending closer, that Felicia might not be quite dead after all? Was it possible that there could still be a lingering breath of life stirring in her, enough so that it could be quickened with the aid of a respirator—and some good hard work? Not that Felicia could ever again be the be-all and the end-all of her existence, or that she would ever want her to be, but she might at least be a part of it.

And how nice for Ambrose also, she reflected, how very nice. For with Felicia again alive, she could visualize him—that is, as much as she had ever been able to visualize him—as being alive too. She could picture him resurrecting himself—picking the earth out of his eyes, brushing away the worms, pushing himself upward. And calling. "Felicia? Oh, Felicia! Wait, darling—it's Ambrose!"

Well, now let's see, she thought, musingly, leafing the pages over to the one on which she had stopped. Now if Señor Diaz is the cad-and-bounder I *know* he is, and the cad-and-bounder Felicia *suspects* he is, then he would undoubtedly . . .

Her meditations, however, were of a dual nature, even a triple one. Part were devoted to the art-fancier's ogress mother and how to trap her. Part, an important part, were concentrated on a paper lying in a hall. And part went out, again and again, toward Ambrose. In fact he began to creep increasingly into her thoughts, whereas previously she had always respectfully kept away from him as being, really, none of her affair; only Felicia's. Except obscurely in her dream, she had never even *seen* him. But she began to see him now, or at least to glimpse him. He was tall, thin, brown-haired. . . . Yes, that's how he looked, and what he was like—and she had sometimes wondered. He was like Willard. He was like Willard, only he was transcended by him. The two fused into one.

Willard, she thought. Willard . . . And Ambrose, so briefly met, so soon forgotten, began to fade away, even as a name. All that was left was Willard, and a paper on a mat.

It was here, or somewhere in here, that she first became aware of the sounds, though as yet she hadn't identified their source. Annie had already arrived by then and had already sung out her usual "Morning, Miss Lynch!" and had been answered with a cheerful though abstracted "Good-morning, Annie!" Now, however, as she raised her eyes from her manuscript, which for the past several minutes had been merely typed print to her rather than words with meaning, Miss Lynch became gradually conscious of a disturbance. But from where was it coming? Was it within the apartment, or outside of it? It seemed to be coming, as a matter of fact, from both within and without. There were noises in the hall—movement rather than identifiable steps—and there were also noises, strange and unaccustomed noises, in the kitchen. And the latter could not be coming from Annie alone. Part of them were, for beneath the others she was able occasionally to detect Annie's low voice. But the stranger ones were emanating from someone else. There were shrill sobs. There were high-pitched gulpings. There was even, it seemed, hysteria.

Leaving the study, she moved into the living room—and there halted for a moment as the sounds in the hall became clearer. She recognized a voice now—Joe's voice, shouting raucously. "For Christ's sake," he was shouting, "get the *super!*" And somewhere a door slammed.

Well, thought Miss Lynch. Well?

And then her attention was diverted, forcibly, to the noises in the kitchen, which were growing louder. She had already come close enough to be able to single out certain of them. One was an agonized, female, "Oh, *Gawd,* you shoulda seen him there!" followed by a soothing "Now, honey. Now, honey, you just try to relax" from Annie, whose own tones were unnaturally strained. Another was the first voice, treble in its terror, almost screaming, repeating, "Oh, *Gawd,* I'll always keep seeing him! I know I will!" And so now Miss Lynch passed through the living room and pushed open the kitchen door. And what met her eyes was a scrawny, skinny, scared whippet of a girl whom she had never seen before—scarcely nineteen she could have been, and darker-skinned than Annie—who was crouched in a kitchen chair in what was clearly a shivering, quivering panic, while Annie bent over her and vainly tried to calm her.

"Oh, Miss Lynch!" said Annie, as she saw her. "This is my friend. This is Eunice." And she straightened. "It's awful, Miss Lynch. It's terrible!"

Miss Lynch had no opportunity to ask what was awful and what was terrible—although perhaps dimly, intuitively, she already knew, even then, at that very instant—for the frightened girl lifted her tear-streaming eyes toward her and immediately proceeded to tell her, her voice rising to a shriek. No strident squeals such as these had ever before shattered the quiet of Miss Lynch's apartment, and although her profession had often necessitated her describing scenes of disaster none had ever been done with such stark, harsh, unsubtle realism. There is an art which achieves its effect by mere suggestion, and Miss Lynch was expert in that. But there is another kind of art, or perhaps it should not be termed an art at all, which relies on the swift, ugly daub. This was the girl's.

"And I was the one that found him!" she shrilled, her whole body shaking. "I was the one that had to call down and tell 'em!"

"Now, Eunie," said Annie, ineffectively, bending toward her again. "Eunie . . ."

She might as well not have spoken, for the girl wasn't even noticing her. She went on, her face staring up into Miss Lynch's. "There he was in the tub, all stiff and with his bathrobe and pajamas all wet and red! He musta been in there for *hours!* And his head was jerked down onto his chin, but I could still see that his neck—his neck—"

"Eunie," commanded Annie, "you got to stop. You *got* to!"

BUT IT was as if she couldn't stop. Taking time out only to increase her sobs, she hurried onward as if she wanted to get it all out of her system, as a sort of purge. "And I looked at him and I saw that there was only one little spot on the tiles, where the blade dropped, and he'd pulled the plug out and left the water running so that there wasn't hardly anything in the tub and if you scrubbed it it'd be as good as new."

"Eunie," murmured Annie, though without much force. She had apparently given up all hope of checking her. "Eunie, don't."

The tide was at full flood. "And I remembered the way he was when I left him last night after dinner and how I'd said, 'See you in the morning' and how instead of saying 'Good-night, Eunice'

FAMOUS PROBLEMS

THE TWELFTH KNIGHT

By Richard L. Frey

Because the Princess Elena was as wise as she was beautiful, her father, the King, proclaimed that she would be given in marriage only to the knight who could ask her a question that she could not answer.

Each suitor was allowed to ask a total of twelve questions, one on each of twelve successive evenings. However, it seemed that Elena must possess all the knowledge in the world, for eleven of the wisest knights in Arthuria had taken the test and none had succeeded in asking a question she could not answer.

The twelfth knight, Sir John of Redwood, seemed destined for no better success. For ten nights he had propounded questions and, though each was difficult enough to puzzle an Einstein, Elena had easily answered all of them. Then, on the eleventh evening, he thought of a question that must assure his success, even if there were nothing Elena did not know.

What question did Sir John ask on the eleventh evening?

ANSWER: He asked, "What is the question to which you do not know the answer?" If Elena were unable to give the suitable reply to that question, Sir John would already have won. If she could answer it, Sir John would know what question to ask on the twelfth night.

---

the way he always did before, he just said, 'Thank you, Eunice. Goodbye.'" Her hands wrung themselves together, then beat at her breasts. "And so I looked at that clean floor and I thought, that's him all right, that's him, never wanting to make trouble for anybody, that's my good, kind, wonderful Mister!"

She broke. She broke completely.

Miss Lynch had not moved. And now she spoke to her for the first time, and the last. "Your Mr. who?" she said, in a far-away voice which didn't seem to be her own.

The girl's convulsive shoulders could not be stilled even by Annie's soothing hands.

"My Mr. Brown!" she sobbed.

For an instant Miss Lynch still remained where she stood, motionless, frozen. Then, turning, she went out, and the door against which she had been standing swung shut of its own momentum. Again it fluttered back and forth briefly, and was quiet. It was the only thing which was quiet, however, for the girl's incoherent babble continued, even though Miss Lynch was no longer hearing it. The sounds in the outer hall were continuing also—they were definitely steps now, many of them, running, racing—but she didn't hear those either.

Her eyes were dry. She had no thoughts.

THE INTERVAL which followed was one which she would never afterward be able to piece together, for it was as if that period of time—those minutes, however many there were—had been ripped completely out of her consciousness and all the fragments forever lost. Had she stood at the corner windows staring out at the sunny sweep of the bridge and the bright blue river beneath it? Had she paused by the sandalwood table and gazed sightlessly down at a book? Had her wandering, groping hands encountered certain objects—not objects of any particular significance, merely the curve of a sofa back, the arm of a chair, the shade of a lamp? Had she moved here, had she moved there?

She did not know. She would never know.

All she knew was that now she was in her bedroom, seated in her bedroom, seated in the boudoir chair beside the telephone, and looking at a wall. And someone was in the room with her. Annie. Annie starting to make the bed. Annie throwing back the blankets and the sheets, and talking.

"That poor little Eunie," Annie was saying. "I didn't like for her to bother you like that, Miss Lynch, but she needed help. She needed it bad. She thought the world and all of that poor man, she really did."

And a pillow tossed here, and a pillow plumped there. And the sorrowful voice lapping like waves, exhuming its sadness, fingering it broodingly, almost lovingly.

"She was always telling me how nice he was to work for. Never any fuss from him, and never any mess—because nobody ever came there and he hardly ever went out. Not even married, and never *been* married. 'But what's he *do*?' I used to ask her. 'He must have a business to go to or something.' But she said not. She'd asked him about that herself once, she said, and he told her he was retired—but he never told her what from. I guess he must have had money, though, because he'd been all around the world—Eunie said the place was full of things he'd brought back from Europe and all over."

A sigh. A series of sighs. And a touch of philosophy.

"Well, a person never knows, do they? A person never can tell." One last sigh, a deep one. "So there he used to be, Eunie said, in there all day by hisself, reading mostly. He read a lot, she said."

Miss Lynch turned toward her, slowly. All power of speech had been lost to her. Now she would have to cultivate it again, to relearn it, to find how to operate it.

Her lips opened, closed, then reopened. "What color were his eyes?"

Puzzled, Annie looked at her from across the bed. "Why, I couldn't rightly say. I never seen him myself. Eunie did use to say that he wasn't exactly what you'd call a *handsome* man, but—"

"Ask her. Go ask her."

Annie let a blanket fall. "Sure," she said, after a moment. "Sure." And she went out.

Miss Lynch waited, though she would never have been able to have estimated the length of that interval either. But at last—it could have been soon or it could have been not soon—Annie was back.

"She says she don't know, Miss Lynch. She never really noticed."

Miss Lynch made no acknowledgment. Instead, after a moment, she rose and went out. The living room was quiet again now, and the kitchen too, for the girl was gone. She sought for a place to sit down, stood waveringly by the sofa, and then chose her armchair. Her head bowed, she looked at her hands.

"Oh, my friend!" she thought. And then as she stared at her limp hands she thought again, "Oh, my love! Oh, my husband!" And remembered the long years behind her and behind him too, and had still another thought: "Oh, our children! Oh, our daughters, oh, our sons!"

And as she lifted her eyes she saw the grey archway leading into the years ahead—but only the archway. Her hands went to her face, covered it.

"Oh, myself!"

IT WAS April now, early April, true April ("April is the cruellest month, breeding lilacs out of the dead land, mixing memory and desire") and on a warm afternoon Annie had come up from the basement with a mound of laundry in her arms and was standing in Miss Lynch's bedroom. Miss Lynch was sitting, merely sitting.

"Miss Lynch," said Annie, extending something toward her, "isn't this one of yours?"

Miss Lynch glanced at it, without interest—a wisp of lace it was, slightly wrinkled and with a faint fragrance—and nodded. She had been looking at the drawer of the small table beside her bed. Her head turned toward it again.

Annie placed the laundry on the bed. "Well, now that's what I told Eunie. *She* didn't know who it belonged to, but she didn't see how it could be *his* because no woman was ever in there, except her. But there it was, in his things. And the minute I saw it I said, 'Why, I know. That's one of Miss Lynch's handkerchiefs, one of her prettiest too, and we must have got it mixed up sometime when we were down here doing the wash.'" She laid it on the dressing-table and patted it. "Well, I'll wash it out tomorrow and put it with your others."

"No," said Miss Lynch, without looking at her. Her eyes were still on the drawer of the night table. "No, you keep it, Annie. I shan't want it any more."

THE END

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

The king-size horns

that rouse a kingdom

1 **"The whole country listens** when giant Alpenhorns bellow through the valleys of Liechtenstein," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Up on the ramparts of the medieval Schloss Vaduz, royal palace of this miniature Alpine monarchy, I took a crack at blowing an Alpenhorn myself. I huffed and I puffed and . . . haroo-o-o-m!

2 **"From Switzerland on one side** to Austria on the other, I could hear the echo bouncing from peak to rocky peak. And when I stopped for breath, I nearly fell off the wall. That big horn had taken everything I had.

3 **"Across the border in Hergiswill,** I watched a Swiss craftsman fashion an Alpenhorn, hollowing out both halves of a huge wooden stock. In the Middle Ages, these horns summoned knights to feudal wars. But I wondered why anybody sounded them today . . .

4 **"'The beautiful echoes** satisfy the inner man,' my host explained back in Vaduz. I saw something else to satisfy *my* inner man . . . Canadian Club!

5 **"Ancient customs linger on** in tiny Liechtenstein, but here . . . as in every land I visit . . . *the best in the house* today means Canadian Club."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon —yet there is no other whisky that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS . . . THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

90.4 PROOF

Imported in bottle from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky.

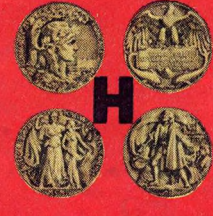
...it's always a pleasure

I.W.HARPER

since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY BOURBON



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, KENTUCKY REGISTERED DISTILLERY NO. 1, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY