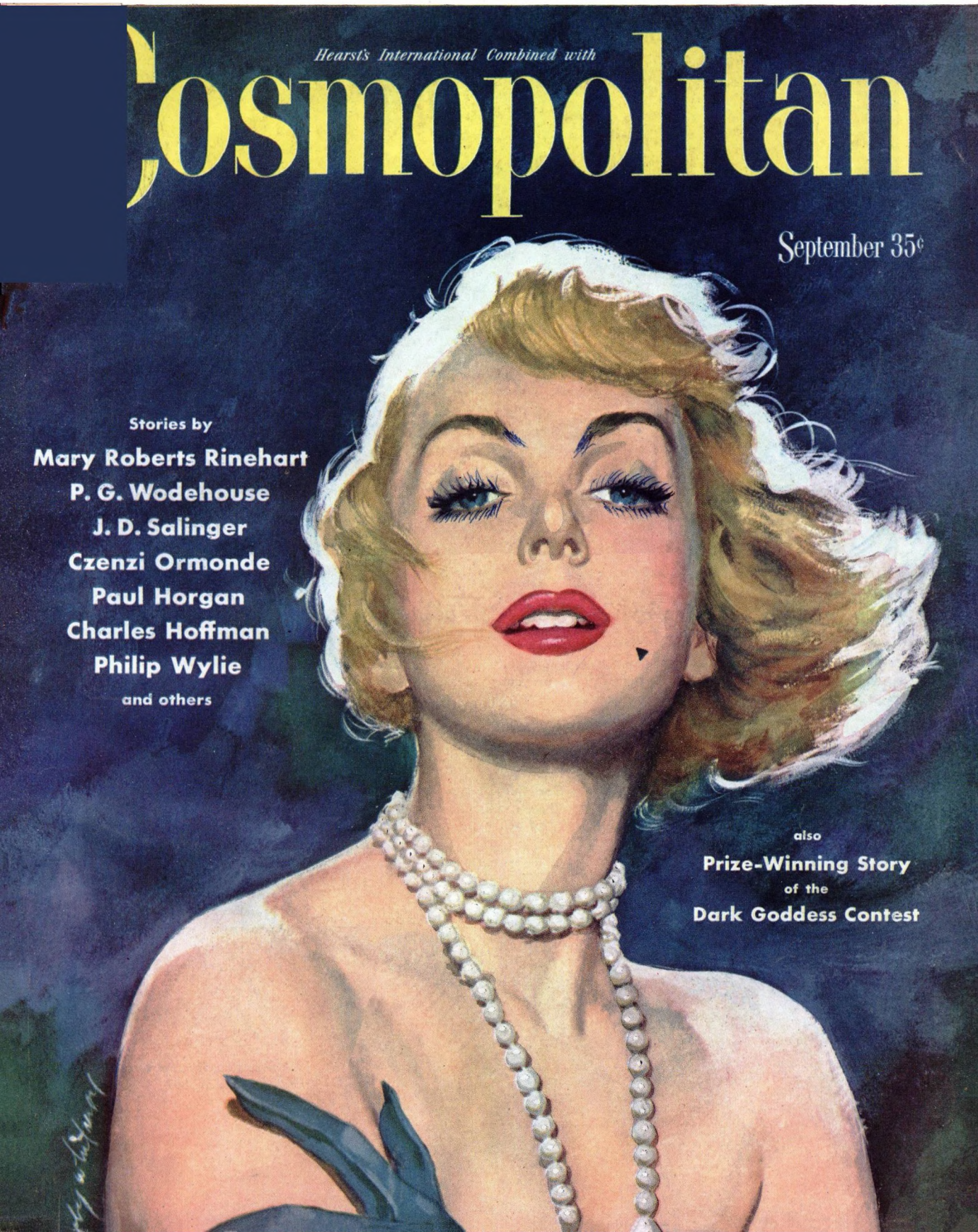
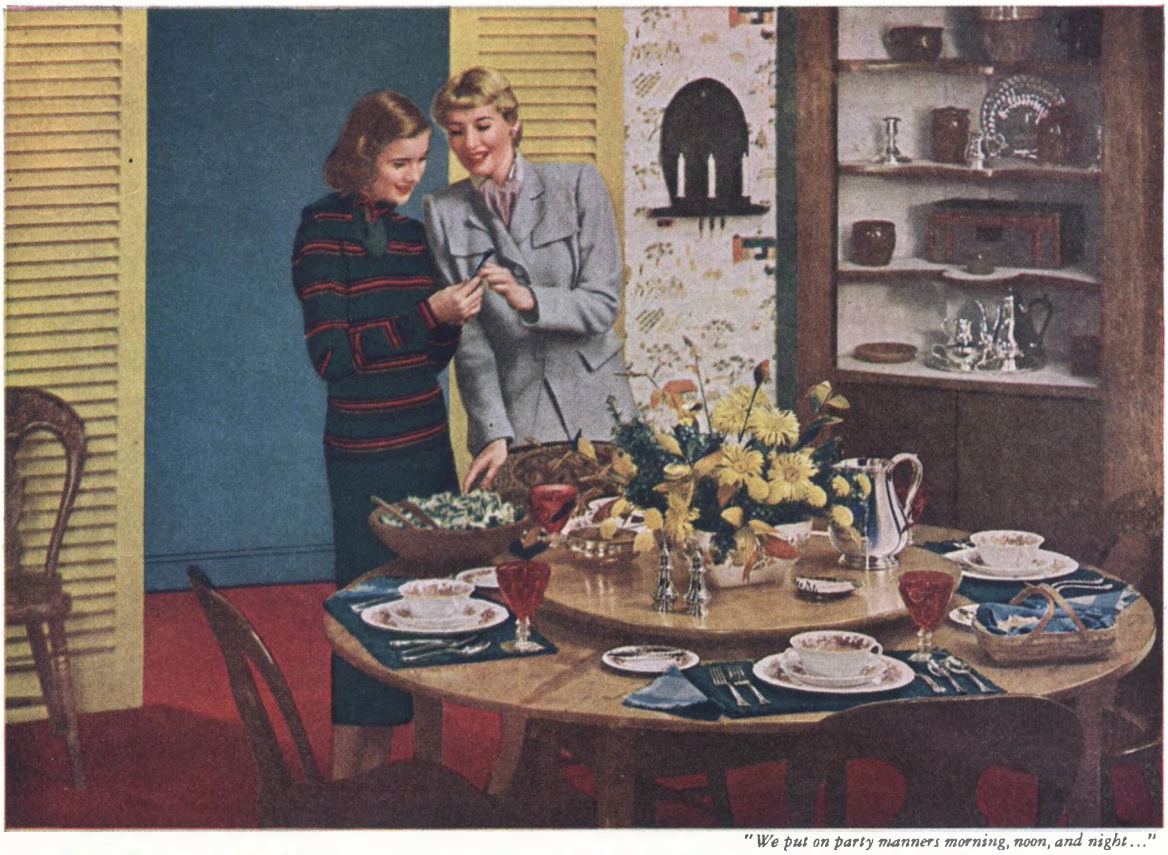
Joshua Liebman's Last Article!





"We put on party manners morning, noon, and night..."

Aunt Em, we use our Sterling every day!

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Gorham Sterling grows more beautiful when used frequently. Tiny "use scratches" form a rich patina that adds character, an ever-growing beauty, and richness. *Today* your Gorham place-settings are an inexpensive investment. *Tomorrow* they will be your most precious possession. And always, the charm and distinction of Gorham Sterling compliment your good taste...your wise planning.

Buy sterling in units of six-piece place-settings, costing about $23.00 (Fed. tax incl.), depending on which pattern you choose. Send for illustrated book, "Entertaining—the Sterling Way," 10¢ (outside U. S. A., 40¢). The Gorham Company, CO -911, Providence, Rhode Island.

Gorham Chantilly (shown at the right) was designed in 1895. Inspired by the French romantic period of painting, it is truly debonair.

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STERLING
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But will you be showered with attention, Sugar?

Don't let that bath-freshness fade—stay sweet to be near!

A star-spangled evening *begins* in your bath, it's true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to *keep* underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

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Product of Bristol-Myers

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Safer for clothes—No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

LASSIE
in
"HILLS OF HOME"
co-starring
EDMUND GWENN • DONALD CRISP
TOM DRAKE • JANET LEIGH
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG
Suggested by the Ian Maclaren Sketches
"Doctor of the Old School"

Directed by.....FRED M. WILCOX
Produced by.....ROBERT SISK

When "The Green Years" appeared on the screen a few years ago it was hard to imagine there could be another tale so wonderful in sentiment, a love story so tender. M-G-M found such a narrative in "Hills of Home" and has now dramatized it magnificently in Technicolor.

The story was fashioned from the well-known sketches by Ian Maclaren. William Ludwig did a screen play that really tugs at the heart, and the director Fred M. Wilcox wielded his megaphone superbly. Robert Sisk, the producer, had the guiding hand in the production.

It has been cast with skill. No one but Edmund Gwenn could play so brilliantly the beloved Dr. MacLure who shared the joys and heartaches of his people. It is another Academy Award performance, equal to his well-remembered "Miracle on 34th Street".

Only Lassie could portray so intelligently the dog who at first outrages the Scottish homeland with his cowardice and ineptness in the stern tasks of the hillside. His attachment for the old doctor leads to what in human terms, would be called regeneration.

For the character of the Highland youth whose courage overcame great obstacles—the natural selection was Tom Drake, young hero of "The Green Years". His sweetheart, and most attractive, is talented Janet Leigh.

You will wart to visit the "Hills of Home" because, as Tom Drake whispers to his sweetheart in the picture: "The very hills of the Glen are special hills. The sweetest hills of all. The hills of home."

M-G-M is proud of this motion picture and rightly so. It lifts the screen a notch. It is important because it is good.

(Advertisement)

SEPTEMBER 1948
Hearst's International combined with Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Cosmopolitan
ARTHUR GORDON
Editor
RICHARD E. BERLIN
President

Vol. 125, No. 3

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This delightful aid does so many things to help you be proud of your hair.

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The "Bottle Bacillus", scientifically known as "P. Ovale", called by many dermatologists a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN

The editors of Cosmopolitan did not have any idea of what they were letting themselves in for when they got mixed up with The Dark Goddess Short-Story Contest.

We thought it was going to be just a little thing. There was no carefully planned promotion campaign with a series of newspaper ads and radio announcements. We simply published one single announcement in our March issue. It showed a painting of a black statuette of a Javanese goddess with a few wet roses scattered beside it. And it invited our readers to write a short story that might fit the illustration. We offered two thousand dollars for the best story submitted and ten one-hundred-dollar prizes for the next best entries. That was all. No added inducements, such as a washing machine or a set of encyclopedias for everybody who sent in a manuscript. No week ends at the Waldorf for newly wedded contestants.

Everything considered, it was a difficult contest. Writing a short story is hard work. We did not limit the competition to unpublished amateurs, so everybody knew that the competition would be tough and the chances of winning slim. The prize was not particularly big, as contest prizes go these days.

With this in mind, and being well aware of the fact that there had been only one announcement, we did not bother to hire extra help to handle the mail. We expected to receive, at the most, twenty-five hundred entries, and some of us figured that there would be no more than fifteen hundred.

What happened? The response from all over the United States and all over the rest of the world was enough to make an advertising man drool with envy.

A few weeks before the closing date of the contest, when the manuscripts began to pour into the office at the rate of two and three hundred a day, we began to realize that we had created a Frankenstein. On the last day, we received 1,839

Pendleton Hogan.

bulging envelopes. At the last count, there were almost six thousand entries.

They came from every state in the union (more from California than any of the others) and from Mexico and three hundred from Canada. There were twenty-five from England, several from Eire and from South Africa and others from Turkey, Germany, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, the Panama Canal Zone, Japan, Hawaii, Brazil, Chile and Argentina. A Patagonian girl enclosed a note, saying that this was probably the first manuscript we had received from a Patagonian, and we guess she was right. One manuscript came from a nine-year-old boy and another from a woman of eighty. A man in Peiping wired us to ask for a

Further editorial wails, wherein

we give birth to a Frankenstein,

have a reader go berserk

and run smack into a Maine calm

dispensation if his story arrived a few days late. (It arrived on time, but we're sorry to say it didn't quite make the grade.)

Every one of these stories was read and carefully considered, although the job drove all of us into a state of collapse. For ten successive days, five editors and six manuscript readers did nothing except peruse the contest entries from early morning until late at night. Our routine work—getting out the next issue of the magazine and dealing with regular contributors—went to the dogs. On the eighth day, one of our readers, a normally quiet girl named Suzanne Eppes, broke under the strain. She dropped the manuscript she was reading and walked into the ladies' room where she changed into a black jersey jumper and black ballet tights. She put on black gloves, pulled a black nylon stocking over her head and face and reappeared with a red rose in her mouth, her arms and hands posed like those of The Dark Goddess.

The secretarial work involved was staggering. Under the supervision of Dorothy Pabst, who will never be the same again, and with the over-the-shoulder assistance of Russell, our irrepressible office boy, every manuscript was entered on our records when it arrived, acknowledged, assigned for reading, checked upon to make sure it was not being neglected, and finally returned to its author, with its departure also noted in our records. The correspondence concerning the contest was enormous. Somebody was always sending us two new paragraphs that he wanted inserted on Page 12 of his manuscript. One woman in Flatbush wanted to see the original painting of the goddess. She didn't get enough inspiration, she said, from the colored reproduction that had appeared in the March Cosmopolitan. The goddess moved hundreds of people to write verse, which they submitted to us. One poem from Florida ended with these two lines:

"I love that Javanese dancer!
What's more, I love to
DANCE ! ! !"

Several people informed us that the statuette was not authentic. Nudity, it seems, is frowned upon in Java. A married woman in North Carolina wrote us that the goddess had made her want to go to Java. "I must see the towering rasamala trees in bloom and the dancing girls of Surabaya," she said.

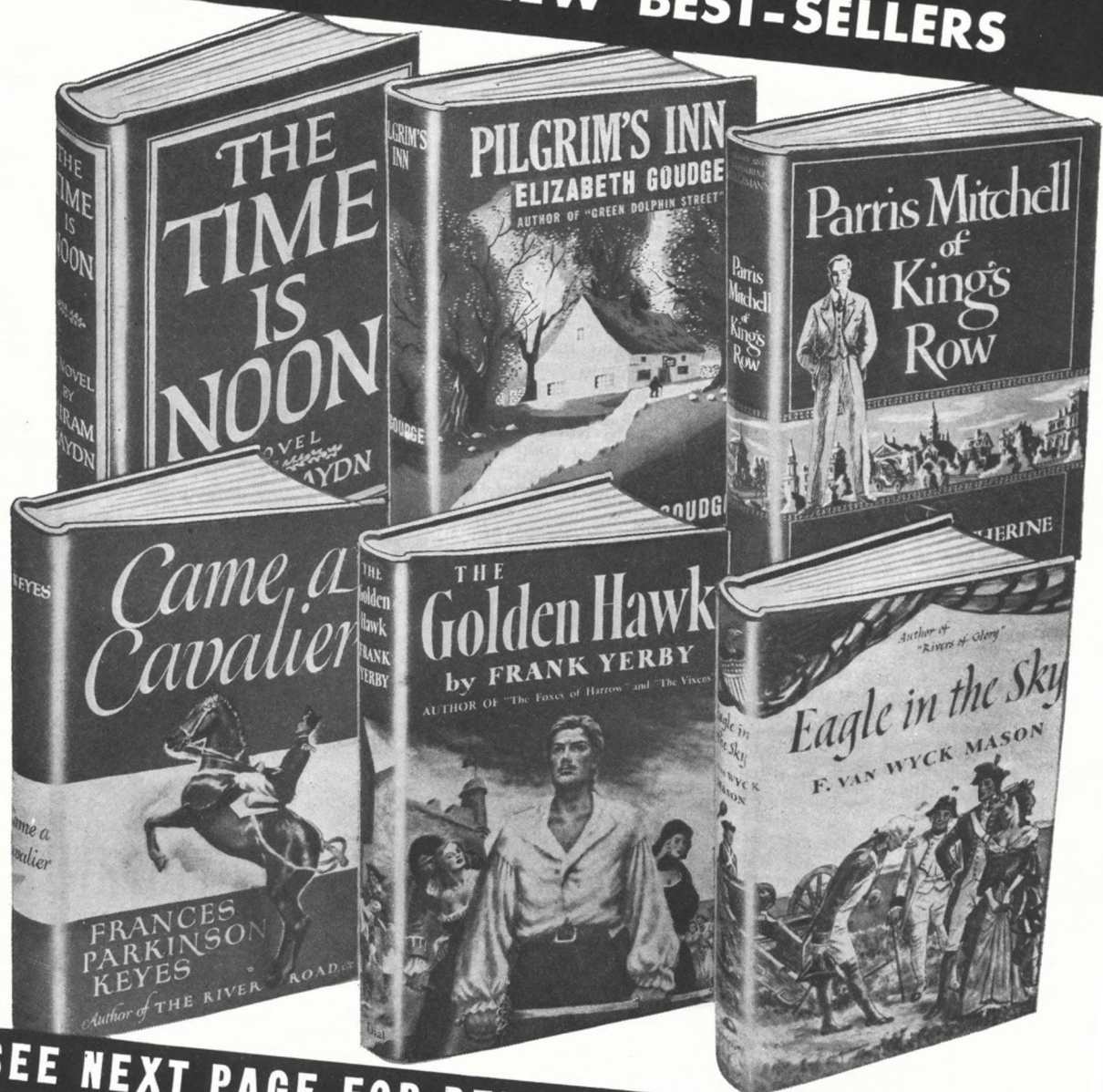
Barbara Turner.

Two of the entries were Sherlock Holmes stories, as told by Doctor Watson. In another manuscript the goddess destroyed all vegetable and some animal life in her immediate vicinity; she had been at Hiroshima when the bomb fell, and she was radioactive! There was

(Continued on page 16)

ANY TWO

OF THESE NEW BEST-SELLERS



SEE NEXT PAGE FOR DETAILS OF THIS OFFER

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This splendid historical romance tells the story of three young doctors, the women they loved, and the part they played in the Revolution! Here's intrigue, high adventure, tremendous action on land and sea—for hours of breathless reading! Publisher's edition, $3.00.

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COSMOPOLITAN
MONTHLY
FEATURE

I Knew Jimmy Doolittle When

by LAWRENCE TIBBETT

This opera star remembers witnessing Jimmy's first flight in 1910 — when he crashed from the great height of five feet

The reason Jimmy Doolittle and I became such good friends in high school was that we had nothing to be rivals over. Jimmy was stocky, loaded with muscles, a star athlete. I was tall, skinny and partial to singing and school dramatics.

Jimmy had a motorcycle which he rode to school, z o o m i n g around corners and frightening people half to death. He broke his leg twice in spills, but he seemed to heal overnight. He always came back for more.

This was at Manual Arts High in Los Angeles, the year it opened in 1910. Not satisfied with the motorcycle's speed, Jimmy decided to build his own airplane from a model he saw in a magazine.

One day, in the hilly country on the road to San Pedro, I had the privilege of watching Jimmy's first flight. He had no money for a motor, so he had to rely on foot power to get his flimsy spruce and muslin crate off the ground. He started from the top of a hill, ran as fast as he could for the take-off.

He got about five feet in the air—then crashed. I thought he had been killed, but he came up with strut wires hanging around his neck, and said, "Just need a little faster start, that's all."

It took a month to make the repairs, and then Jimmy tried again. This time he hitched the plane to the back of a friend's automobile for a faster start. He crashed again — this time even harder than before, but he suffered nothing worse than a few bumps on his head. Still determined, he rubbed his bruises and said, "I'm going to put the motorcycle engine in it."

He might have succeeded after all, except that the night before he completed his repairs, a storm blew up. The gale scattered the fuselage all over the countryside, and he finally had to admit he was licked.

Here began a long period of the kind of kidding that schoolboys like so well. I kept insisting that anyone who tried to fly in homemade planes was crazy. Jimmy, in turn, insisted that anyone as skinny as I had no right to be in the human race.

I must have taken him pretty seriously because I secretly installed a horizontal bar in my back yard and began a rigorous schedule of exercising to become as tough as Jimmy.

By *(Continued on page 108)*


SHOW THE WORLD
A LOVELIER SKIN!
BIGGER—LOTS BIGGER!
MORE LUXURY!
MORE LATHER!
SAME FINE,
SMOOTH TEXTURE!
DELICATE,
FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!
BE LOVELIER—
HEAD TO TOE!
BEVIES OF BEAUTIES
ARE SINGING
ITS PRAISES!
CAMAY
Making a Sensational Splash!
Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!
CAMAY
CAMAY
New Large Bath Size
CAMAY
NOW IN 2 SIZES!
Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.
Bath-Size Camay
FOR YOUR
CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

THEY BOTH PICKED SERVEL...

Stays Silent Lasts Longer

(no moving parts in its freezing system)

Ann looked at *all* the new refrigerators. "What I want most," she said, "is lots of room for fresh and frozen foods... and plenty of ice cubes." So Ann picked Servel for its food-keeping conveniences.

But Ted insisted, "The important thing is the freezing system. Let's ask the neighbors what their experience has been." He learned that only Servel *stayed* silent, lasted years longer. It gave no noise or trouble even after 18 and 20 years, owners told him. The reason? Only Servel has a different, simpler freezing system with no moving parts at all. No motor or machinery. Just a tiny gas flame does the work.

So Ann got what she wanted—and Ted did, too. A beautiful new refrigerator with every new feature—operated by the only freezing system that can't wear or get noisy. A famous silent, long-lasting Servel Gas Refrigerator.

CHECK FOR YOURSELF

- ✓ A big frozen food compartment
- ✓ Plenty of ice cubes in trigger-release trays
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- ✓ Convenient meat storage tray
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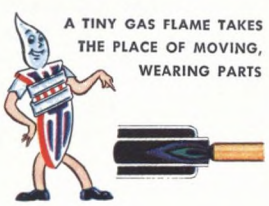
- ✓ Handy egg tray
- ✓ Dew-action vegetable fresheners



STAYS SILENT... LASTS LONGER

Servel

The GAS Refrigerator

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Bluebeard and the Armchair Sleuth

Drawing by Fred Siebel

In which an amateur detective delivers a murderer to Scotland Yard by **ALAN HYND**

In the motion picture "Monsieur Verdoux," Charlie Chaplin plays a modern Bluebeard who is happily married and who goes off on trips to woo, marry and murder other women merely to earn a livelihood for the one woman he loves. Not so many years ago in England, there was a real-life counterpart of Verdoux—a singularly inoffensive-looking little man named George Joseph Smith.

In his middle forties, Smith, who lived in a London suburb with his common-law wife, just didn't seem to have the knack of making a living. His wife, to whom he was utterly devoted, threatened to go home to mother. Smith begged her for just one more chance, packed on overnight bag and went off on a trip.

Assuming another name, Smith married and insured one Constance Mundy in Herne Bay. He took her to a boardinghouse, spread among other boarders the fiction that his poor bride was an epileptic, then held her head under water while she was taking a bath. The local coroner ascribed death to accidental drowning during an epileptic fit.

The murderer returned to London with the insurance money, paid off his debts and informed his wife that he had become a traveling representative for an antique dealer. The story of the dead bride in the bathtub was printed in a Sunday newspaper supplement.

A year later, Smith journeyed to Blackpool. There, under another assumed name, he married Alice Burnham. She, too, came to her end in a bathtub under circumstances identical with those that had surrounded the death of the bride in Herne Bay.

When the Sunday papers carried the story, only one man in all England recognized any connection between the Herne Bay and Blackpool bathtub drownings. A sort of armchair detective, this man had an inspector friend at Scotland Yard to whom he suggested that the two deaths might be part of a murder pattern. The inspector good-naturedly informed him that if he stuck to his business, the Yard would stick to its business.

Similarly, the next year, brief newspaper mention of the bathtub death of a bride in a London rooming house failed to attract the attention of Scotland Yard, but the amateur was not to be put off. He talked with the dead woman's kin and learned that she had not been, as her husband had represented at the rooming house, an epileptic. The eager investigator next communicated with the landladies of the the boardinghouses where the two previous deaths had occurred, and established that the husband of all three brides had apparently been one and the same man. Acting on this evidence, the Yard caught up with George Joseph Smith, who might have carried on his Bluebeard business indefinitely had it not been for the alert newspaper reader, a middle-aged physician, spiritualist and detective-story writer, Arthur Conan Doyle.

A Cosmopolitan True Murder Case

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

by LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

There is a masterpiece for you to see this month. And I am not using the word "masterpiece" in any light Hollywood exaggeration. I am talking about Laurence Olivier's film version of "Hamlet," and I tell you that if you miss it, you will deny yourself a magnificent emotional experience. This is art, great art. Ever since Shakespeare's immortal drama was originally presented in London, (about 1600), the world's greatest actors of all generations have taken their turns at playing it.

I have personally seen many Hamlets—John Barrymore's, Leslie Howard's, more recently, John Gielgud's and Maurice Evans's to mention only a few, but how I wish that I could be among the lucky people who, watching this tremendous picture, will encounter this work of genius for the first time, as well as Laurence Olivier's mighty portrayal of its vastly demanding central role.

I cannot see how there can ever be a more beautifully spoken "Hamlet" than Larry's, nor one that so combines fluid physical grace with such subtle searching and understanding of the moods of this tormented young prince. With the camera in almost constant motion, director Olivier has eliminated the static quality which the soliloquies have on stage. And yet he has not harmed their deathless poetry, but magically has made it more clear and beautiful. To his artistic credit as star, producer and director he has not sacrificed *(Continued on page 159)*

BEST MALE STELLAR PERFORMANCE

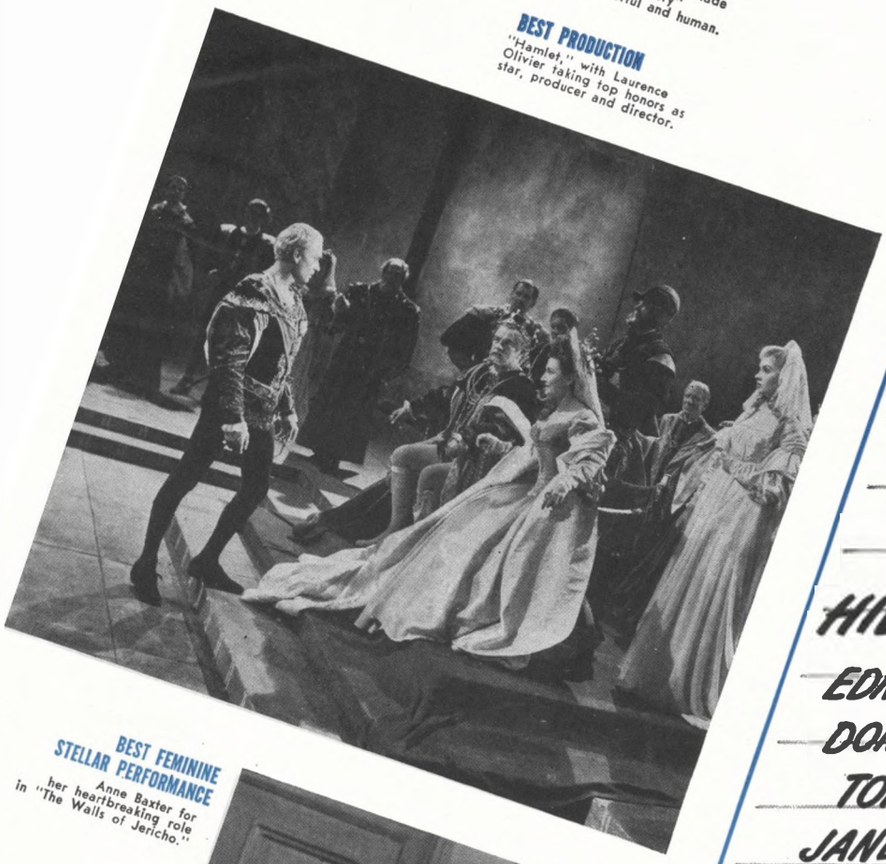
William Powell in the hilarious "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," an original Cosmopolitan serial. Ann Blyth is the mermaid.

BEST DIRECTION

Roy Del Ruth, who has made "The Babe Ruth Story" sensitive, colorful and human.

BEST PRODUCTION

"Hamlet," with Laurence Olivier taking top honors as star, producer and director.



BEST FEMININE STELLAR PERFORMANCE

Anne Baxter for her heartbreaking role in "The Walls of Jericho."

M·G·M memo

HILLS OF HOME

is too wonderful to miss!

M·G·M presents

LASSIE IN HILLS OF HOME

CO-STARRING

EDMUND GWENN

DONALD CRISP

TOM DRAKE

JANET LEIGH

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG
Suggested by the IAN MACLAREN SKETCHES
"DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL"

Directed by FRED M. WILCOX

Produced by ROBERT SISK

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

COSMOPOLITAN MONTHLY FEATURE

What's New in Medicine

by LAWRENCE GALTON

Keep Up to Date Each Month on Medical Science's Unceasing War Against Disease

Congestive heart failure sufferers, who number approximately one million in the United States, have been given new hope by a six-day treatment which has produced excellent results in ninety percent of the cases treated. After a first dose of 1.2 milligrams of digitoxin and digitaline nativelle, the patient is given, daily, a single tablet of 0.2 milligrams plus an intramuscular injection of a mecurial diuretic. Under the new routine, the patient drinks a quart of milk a day as his only nourishment, and a glass of water every three hours. Possibility of coronary thrombosis and other complications is lessened considerably by the patient's ability to become active in such a short time.

Irritability and abnormal behavior in children may be caused by a chronic food allergy, one pediatrician recently reported. Although any food taken in frequent feedings may be guilty, the most commonly encountered sensitivity is that to wheat and corn. The child may be either chronically tired, sluggish and depressed, or, on the other hand, excessively active and excitable. In either case, the child tends to be maladjusted in both home and school, and schoolwork often suffers because of impaired memory and difficulty in concentrating. These may be the only symptoms exhibited, although usually there are others, such as rashes.

The skin disease, mycosis fungoides, may be helped by the war gas, nitrogen mustard. The ailment is a chronic one in which painful reddish tumors appear on face, scalp, chest and body, with a tendency to spread and ulcerate. No claim is made for cure, but nitrogen mustard immediately improved the condition in six patients who were no longer helped by X rays.

For epileptics, mesantoin has proven itself a highly valuable anticonvulsant drug, and combined with dilantin sodium, its predecessor, it has been more effective than any previous technique in freeing epileptics from convulsive fits. Mesantoin has been found most valuable for grand mal epilepsy but of little or no use for petit mal. In a two-year study, ten epileptics who had previously received no medication were given from two to eight tablets of mesantoin daily, in gradually increasing dosage. Seven of the ten suffered less than one seizure in six months, although previously they had averaged one convulsion a month. Two others showed "considerable improvement," and the tenth "slight improvement."

For intestinal infections an effective new drug has been developed, called phthalylsulfacetimide. Besides saving lives in the recent cholera outbreak in Egypt, it has also shown great effect against bacillary dysentery, diarrhea, colitis, ulcerative colitis and other diseases. The drug, which seems to have no bad effects on patients, has the advantage of concentrating at the point of intestinal infection and penetrating the intestinal wall without being absorbed into the body.

Eleven children, critically ill with acute infectious mononucleosis were apparently cured in a few days by commercially pooled human blood serum. Injected into their veins in daily amounts of 250 cubic centimeters, the serum made swollen lumph glands and spleen decrease in size and got rid of fever, headache, sore throat and loss of appetite.

The intense facial pain of trigeminal neuralgia in a woman who had had the condition for sixteen years has been relieved by administration of pyribenzamine and benadryl, the anti-allergic drugs. The attacks of pain showed a definite seasonal pattern, occurring usually in spring. It is believed that they were brought on by some agent which caused release of histamine in her system, since it was noted that in pain-free periods, an attack of trigeminal neuralgia could be induced quickly when histamine was injected. Since treatment with the two anti-allergic drugs, however, not even histamine injections produce any ill effects.

Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician.

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WHAT GOES ON
AT COSMOPOLITAN

(Continued from page 5)

one with the second-wife theme of "Rebecca" and "Jane Eyre." In that story, the statuette held the ashes of the cremated first wife.

Quite a few stories opened with the hero or the heroine reading the announcement of the contest in Cosmopolitan and turning in surprise to his wife (or husband) and exclaiming, "Why, Jane (or John), isn't this statue exactly like the one your Uncle Fred gave us?" With that, the narrative would be off to a flying start. One story of this type even went so far as to make the editor of Cosmopolitan one of its characters.

We hope that the contestants who requested detailed criticism of their individual stories will realize, upon reading this, that the large number of entries made such work impossible. On the whole, the quality of writing in the contest was exceptionally good. It left us with a high regard for present-day educational methods. Although the entries came from people in every walk of life, manuscripts were neatly written with correct spelling, accurate usage of words and proper grammar. If you tried to pin us down to a certain widespread weakness in writing technique that we might have noticed, we would probably point to the beginning of the average story. Many manuscripts started with pages of endless description in which nothing happened. On the other hand, just as many tried very hard to shock the shirt off you in the first sentence. "The girl left her hotel room," one story began, "and went downstairs and out the door and walked two blocks to the East River and jumped in." We feel that a middle course somewhere between these extremes might be more reliable.

We awarded two first prizes because the votes of our staff were evenly divided between the story of Pendleton Hogan of Washington, D. C., and that of Barbara Turner of Bridgton, Maine, and both sides refused to compromise. Mr. Hogan has written three novels and has contributed fiction and articles to Collier's, The New Yorker, Town & Country and the Virginia Quarterly Review. He served in China as a lieutenant colonel in G-5 and, as you can tell from his story, he liked the country. His story is a good example of the approach and the methods that can be used on this sort of subject by a skilled professional.

Mrs. Turner's story, on the other hand, is the work of an inexperienced writer who makes up for her lack of polished technique by displaying a warm and moving feeling for people and a genuine talent for getting emotion and excitement into her scenes. Mrs. Turner, a twenty-nine-year-old mother of a five-and-a-half-year-old boy, has never had her work published before. She attended Bates College, where, she says, she thought she knew a lot about writing. "Since then I've learned how little I know," she adds. "The prize money will come in handy because my husband and I recently lost our shirts in a resort-hotel venture." When we called her on the phone to tell her that she had won, Mrs. Turner accepted the news with typical Maine calmness. "That certainly is a surprise," she said. "What do I do now?"

Suzy Eppes
breaks under the strain.

THE END

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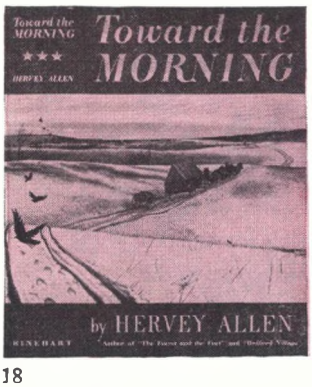
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

interview

with a best-selling author

HERVEY ALLEN

by ROBERT VAN GELDER



The author of "Anthony Adverse", contends that historical novels should be historical, and not just a background for some hoop-skirted heroine's misbehavior

"One danger for a novelist," said Hervey Allen, "is that he may become a big brass monkey in the eyes of his family. He is a student of life; he speaks with some authority. A certain amount of lionizing from outside the family is all right, but it's not appropriate when you're sharing a bathroom."

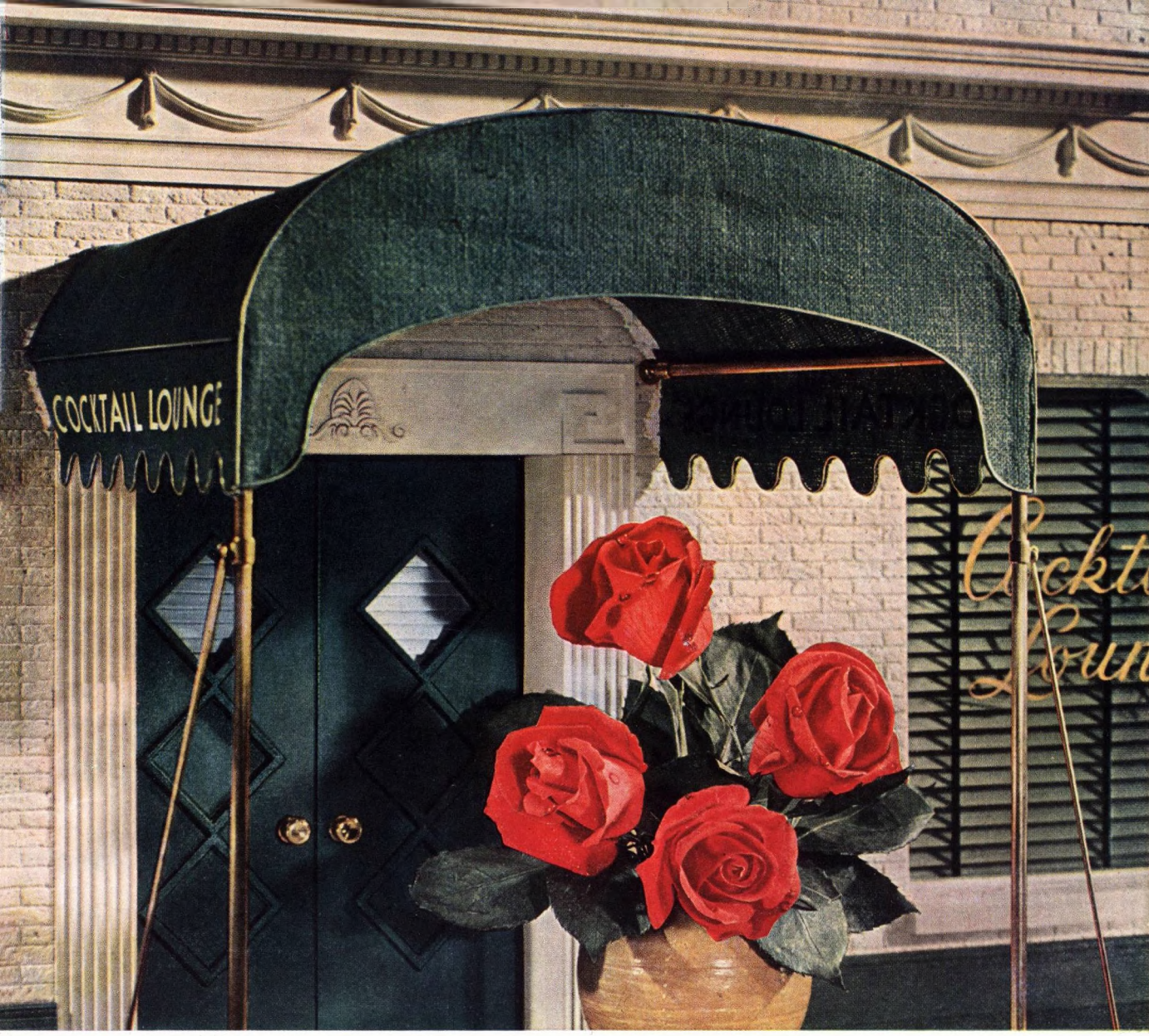
Allen was in New York after three years of work on "Toward the Morning"—his third novel of life in colonial America which carries on the story begun in "The Forest and the Fort," and continued in "Bedford Village"—and a good bit of lionizing was going on. A million letters were being sent out over the nation by the Literary Guild to publicize the novel; parties were being arranged; Allen was squiring his blond, attractive wife and their two college-age daughters through the shops of Fifty-seventh Street helping to choose dresses because, as Mrs. Allen put it, "When you like a dress, Hervey, it's just right."

Allen had recently had a lot of teeth pulled, and he had been masking his smile, but his grin was wide when he heard that.

Allen has disposed of his beautiful estate, Bonfield, which stretched between two rivers on a cove of Maryland's Eastern Shore. Bought with the profits of his spectacular best seller "Anthony Adverse" in 1933, the estate had to go, Allen said, because "to keep the place meant the sacrifice of the convenience of the family.

"Place means a great deal to me," he said. "When I settle in any place I learn its history, and make up stories about the people who were there before me. When you read 'Toward the Morning' notice how important the places are to the action. It was a wrench to give up Bonfield, but there was no school handy for our twelve-year-old-boy, and there were other factors that made it impractical to keep it.

"I want to play out my life as a family man. I feel sorry for the lonely egotist who bucks the biological scheme; the great powers of nature are lined up against him. It's family life that keeps you close to the centers of satisfaction." He went on to say that there always are three generations in the world and that it is good for them to live together—that a *(Continued on page 110)*



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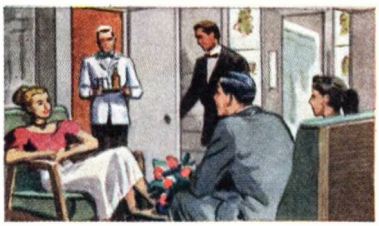

You drink a toast to your Hawaiian vacation which began the moment you stepped aboard the new Lurline. "Bon Voyage"... or as they say in Hawaii "Aloha nui!"

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COSMOPOLITAN MONTHLY FEATURE

Romance and tragedy form the backdrop for the spooks that roam the corridors of Denmark's famous castles

by IB MELCHIOR and AAGE HEINBERG

Denmark Ghost to Ghost

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

This stirring outcry by the ghost of Hamlet's father rings out each year from the battlements of Kronborg, Elsinore Castle, in Denmark. For some years now a famous "Hamlet" and his company have spoken their lines from an open-air stage in the very shadow of the four-hundred-and-eighty-five-year-old castle where Shakespeare laid his immortal drama.

It is no wonder that the bard chose to place a ghost in a Danish castle. Denmark's countryside, with its rolling meadows and beech forests, is liberally dotted with ancient castles, all of them boasting a haunting phantom.

In the long dark hallways of these century-old manors it would be considered a fairly common occurrence to meet a slightly luminous, woebegone figure appearing out of nothing, carrying his head under his arm.

Guests visiting Baron Zytphen-Adeler at his fourteenth-century castle, Dragsholm, near the old provincial town Holbaek on Sjaelland Island, may encounter an unearthly apparition wandering in the long, dark castle corridors, wringing its hands and mournfully whispering, "Mary . . . Mary . . ."

They have seen a world-famous spook, the ghost of the Earl of Bothwell, one of England's most dashing adventurers.

Bothwell, who was first the lover, and later the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, fled from England when Mary was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth. Caught and imprisoned by Elizabeth's friend, King Frederik II of Denmark, he finally died under mysterious circumstances in the dungeons of Dragsholm castle, where his restless spirit today—especially when the moon is full—wanders about, mourning his unhappy fate, regretting his numerous love affairs, and wistfully whispering the name of Mary, Queen of Scots, the only woman he truly loved.

His more material remains can still be viewed in a cave under the floor *(Continued on page 142)*

College Jury Reveals

DEB DATE FORMULAS

at the Prom

Eight leading college men took over the jury box at Cosmopolitan's Male-Tested Fashions show this month and came up with two formulas of real interest to every young woman: one for the type of clothes which attract men of her generation, and the other for the personality these men expect in the girls they date the most.

In session at Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club, our jury included: Stanley Lawler, Lehigh; Dwight Schoeffler, Princeton; William Jepson, Cornell Medical; Paul Sack, Harvard; Paul Keil, Syracuse; Richard Crooks, Jr., Yale; Ernie Gay, Columbia; and Larry Washer, Philadelphia Textile.

And here is their clothes formula for Miss Popularity:

At the prom: There's nothing like red for evening; with lace trim ming it is even more interesting.

At the fraternity house: The best dress is one that will go from afternoon into evening. Long sleeves are appropriate.

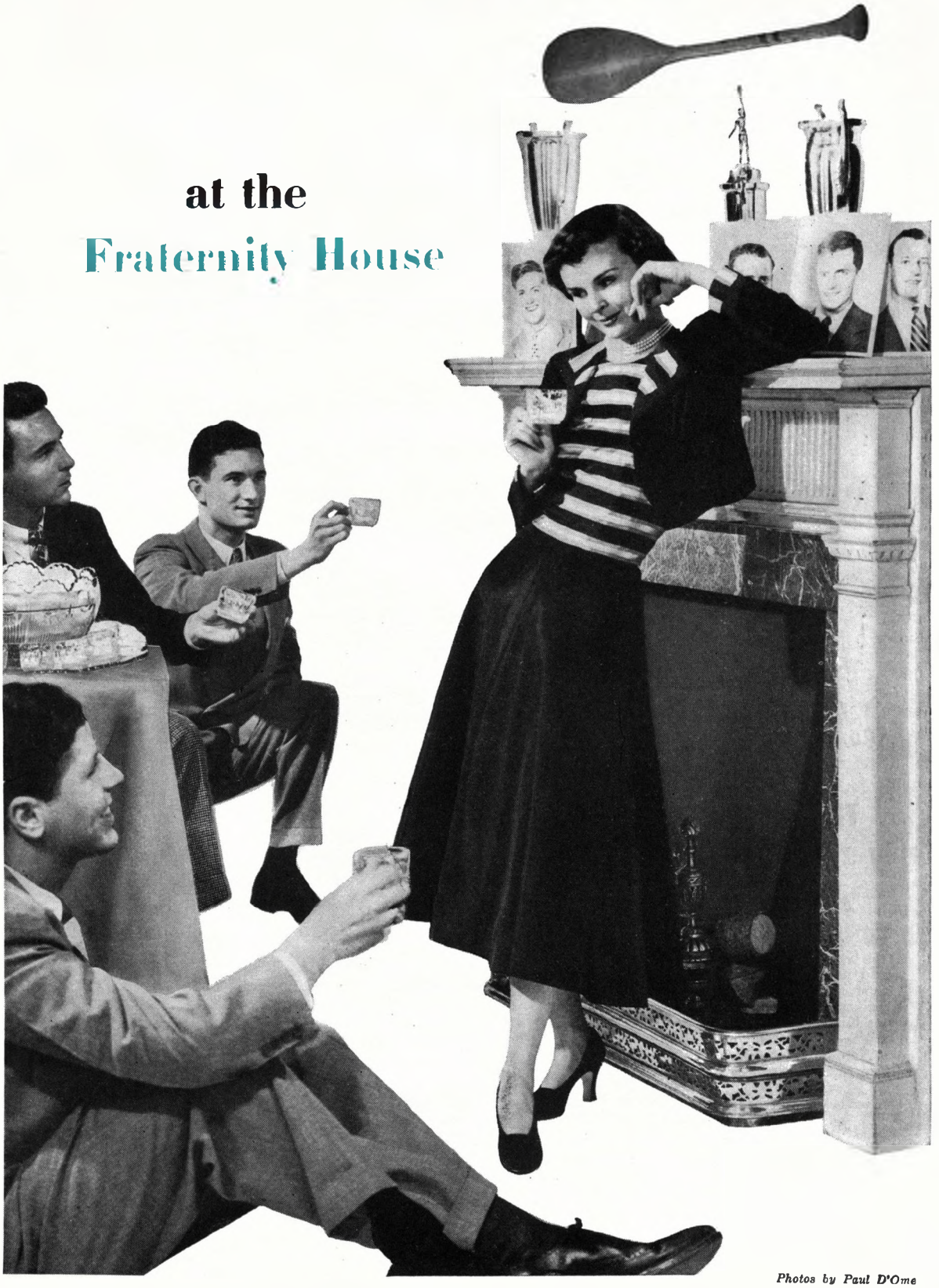
In the country: Bright plaids are perfect, because the girl must compete with the foliage.

At the theater: Velvet is the thing because it's rich-looking, particularly in dark green. High necklines in velvet dresses make lovely showcases for costume jewelry.

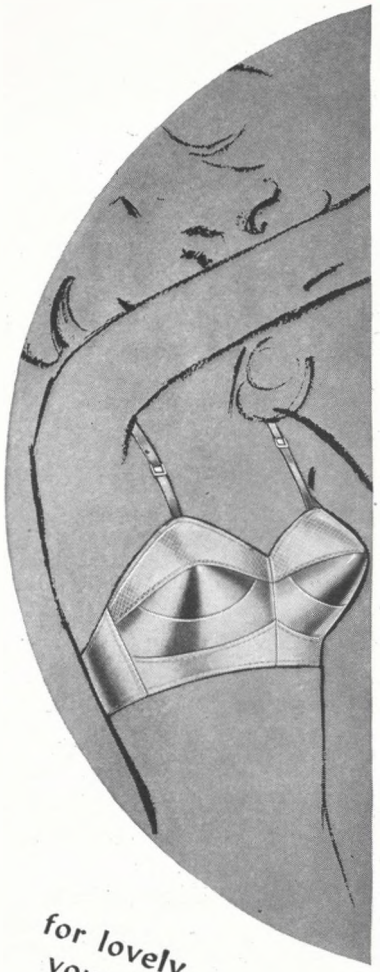
On these four pages are shown the dresses voted best-for-the-occasion. Personality formulas appear in The Chatterbox on page 26.

Male-Tested Fashions by Kay Wister

at the Fraternity House



Photos by Paul D'Ome



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BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Another "Hickory" Success

in the Country

at the Theater

COSMOPOLITAN'S
Male tested fashions

See Page 161 for "Where to Buy" Male-Tested Fashions

The Chatter box

Here are the formulas for datable personalities in the eyes of our eight college jurors. As you can see, they know what they want!

Stanley Lawler, Lehigh: I stick to the intellectual camp myself. Also, I want my girl to be able to take care of my business friends. You know, attract the male but not run off with him.

Dwight Schoeffler, Princeton: I think a girl should not overdress. That alienates men. Moreover, I don't like older girls wearing their hair long. They should realize they're grown up.

William Jepson, Cornell Medical: A girl should look clean-cut and simple most of the time, but I like to know that if she has to, she can look sophisticated in twenty minutes.

The judges, left to right: Dwight Schoeffler, Stanley Lawler, Ernie Gay, Richard Crooks, Jr., Paul Sack, Larry Washer, William Jepson, Paul Keil.

Paul Sack, Harvard: I'm going with a girl, who, I think, is about my ideal. She has a very good figure, she can dress awfully fast, and she's not too intelligent. Also, her father has a swimming pool.

Paul Keil, Syracuse University: My ideal girl would be able to talk intelligently about athletics, philosophy, world events and what have you. She also should be able to talk about me and my interests.

Richard Crooks, Jr., Yale: I like the homey type with small children. I particularly like small children, female, between sixteen and twenty.

Ernie Gay, Columbia: I like a girl to have good horse sense and not be too intellectual. I would like to talk to her about philosophy, but she doesn't have to know too much about it.

Larry Washer, Philadelphia Textile Institute: I like an interesting conversationalist—one with personality and looks. She must love sports, dance well, be intelligent. I don't think this woman is made yet.

—Kay Wister, Fashion Editor

$4,000-a-week Butler

This Butler's name is Frank. He ran a Bond Street wardrobe and a flair for writing into one of Hollywood's steadiest, most lucrative careers

by **STANLEY FRANK**

Nobles of the movie industry, constantly searching for the simple, enduring truths that sell tickets at the box office, do not quite know what to make of Frank Butler, creator of some of the pleasantest and most successful film fables of our time.

Butler always finds the answers in a manner that is highly disconcerting to the Hollywood hierarchy. He writes an unaffected screen play about likable people who behave with reasonable intelligence in plausible situations. This revolutionary technique has brought Butler a salary of about two hundred thousand dollars a year, a six-thousand-acre ranch and twenty-two years of continuous employment in his notoriously precarious profession.

But watchdogs of studio budgets are not in the habit of paying four thousand dollars a week, every week, to a mere writer. Butler, who won the Academy Award in 1944 with "Going My Way" and established the enormously successful formula for the Crosby-Hope-Lamour "Road" pictures, does not get that kind of money, even in Hollywood, just for telling stories. Paramount Pictures treasures him for a rarer talent.

He is the studio's chief consulting specialist on sick scripts, a job that frequently finds him working on four pictures simultaneously. That still does not fully describe the unique nature of Butler's services. Before any Paramount picture goes into production, its plot and characterizations must be approved by him.

"When I examine a picture that's causing trouble, it's always easy to spot the reason," Butler says. "The characters are not honest, and the story lacks simplicity. The plot is so complex or contrived, so dull, that you can hear the pen creaking. A man who starts with a synthetic plot invariably finds himself in a mess at the end of act one. He may hurdle it by inventing a synthetic situation, but that merely compounds his difficulty until he is absolutely helpless to extricate himself by act three."

An example of Butler's craftsmanship in molding a creaking story into something honest and credible was "Wake Island," one of the finest of war pictures.

The writers originally assigned to the picture had tried to inject a love theme into one of the great stories of the war—the heroic stand made by a Marine garrison against overwhelming superior Japanese forces. The first eighteen pages of the script were devoted to building up a romantic angle, which made it impossible to bring the picture to a climax that would be acceptable to a child.

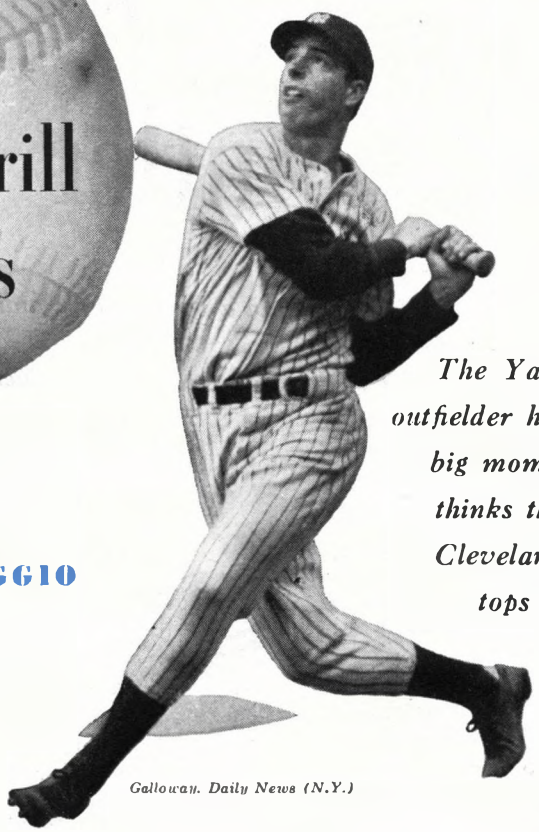
After a battle with the big brass of Paramount, Butler threw out the love story. He reduced the first eighteen, slow pages to two quick shots: one, showing an inscription on a cigarette case, established the fact that Brian Donlevy, the hero, was a widower with a ten-year-old daughter; the other was a single brief close-up of Macdonald Carey, the secondary lead, saying good-by to his young wife at Pearl Harbor. Butler devoted the rest of the movie to a day-by-day account of the Marines' struggle, and it had the stark, dramatic impact of a newsreel filmed on the actual scene.

Butler, a tall, urbane, unmistakably British gent with a diffident Ronald Colman charm, does a lot of his work under tremendous pressure. He has lost count of the pictures he literally has written behind the camera. The cast and crew of "Incendiary Blonde" were on location in Arizona when a hurry call was sent for Butler. Relays of cars raced between *(Continued on page 140)*

My biggest thrill in sports

The Yankees' great outfielder has had a lot of big moments, but he thinks that game in Cleveland last May tops them all

by JOE DIMAGGIO



Galloway, Daily News (N.Y.)

I guess I've had more than my share of big days in baseball. When I was a kid in school, I used to think that hitting a home run in a world series would be just about the biggest thing that ever could happen to a man.

Well, it was a great thrill. It happened to me first in 1937, in the fifth game of the series against the Giants. When I heard the crowd roar as I stepped on home plate, I thought to myself: I'll never feel this good inside again if I play baseball for a thousand years.

I believe, however, that the biggest kick of all came this season. Maybe it's because this day is freshest in my mind. Maybe not. Maybe it's because a lot of people were saying that after the heel and arm trouble I had last year I was about washed up.

Anyway, we were playing in Cleveland last May before the biggest crowd that town ever saw—78,431 paid—the second biggest baseball crowd drawn anywhere. The Indians were leading the league, and we were running at them, two games back.

Bob Feller was pitching against us. I got a single off him first time up, but the Indians ran up four runs off Allie Reynolds in the first inning, and things looked pretty hopeless. Feller's fast ball was jumping, and his curve was breaking off. Give him a four-run lead and beat him? Fat chance!

Still, Allie settled down after that bad start and the Indians couldn't touch him. Then in the fourth inning, Tommy Henrich worked a walk off Feller. I came up and picked out a good one. I knew the instant my bat met the ball that we were back in the ball game. You get so you feel the long ones without looking.

Four to two now, but I had two for two, and the percentages would be running against me the rest of the game.

And don't think that I wasn't thinking about the percentages when I came up for my next turn in the sixth inning. Henrich had walked again, and, after that, Charlie Keller had got on with a single. Feller would be bearing down more than ever, and the percentages were running for him now.

I watched two go by—and then—there it was again. That big one!

We were out front now, five to four, and when I rode a pitch off Feller's relief, Bob Muncrief, out of the park next time up, it was almost an anticlimax. About the only thing I could think of, while I was rounding the bags on that one, was that this was one of those days when I couldn't do anything wrong. We won six to five. I had a single and three home runs in four times at bat and drove in all six runs. That was it. I can't imagine a bigger thrill.

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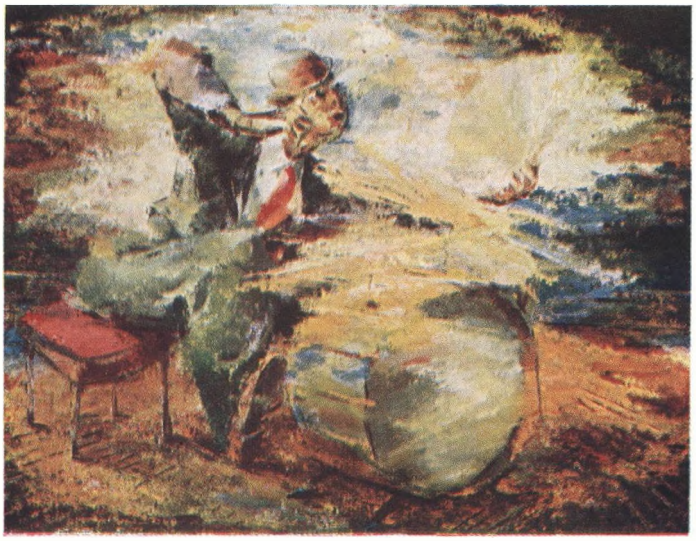
What do you know about Modern Art?



From the Encyclopaedia Britannica Collection of Contemporary American Painting. © William Benton

"Sharp Drummer" By Iver Rose

by **EMILY GENAUER**

Author of "Best of Art"

An artist wandered through the streets of New York's Harlem one night, looking for new subjects to paint. The crowded sidewalks should have been full of them: ardent young couples promenading; shabby old men still full of dignity and pride; tired young mothers, catching a breath of air at their tenement windows before going to bed.

But it wasn't on the streets that the painter, Iver Rose, finally found his subject. And it didn't turn out to be a person or a scene, so much as an idea. In a Harlem ballroom, he was fascinated by the performance of a drummer twirling his sticks, foot-thumping his pedal bass, whacking his clanging, quivering brasses. As the painter watched the performance, it struck him that here was a most appropriate subject for the modern artist. The derby-clad drummer couldn't have existed in any other day. Here is the essence of jazz in the late 1940's. But, as he watched the performance, the painter saw that, for all its frenzy and violence, the boogie-beat was a thing of perfect timing and rhythm. In this untaught improvisation by a dance-hall drummer the artist saw the inevitable and timeless seed of all art, old and new: the expression of human, emotional, vital material in carefully controlled, rhythmic form.

"Sharp Drummer" is an excellent example of the employment of another theory of modern artists, a theory shared by many of the old masters. Color, they hold, should not be used primarily to suggest or duplicate the colors of nature and reality. It should be chosen for its own emotional and symbolic properties. In a painting which has jazz as its theme such an approach is very appropriate. The artist used lots of high, brassy yellow, and then contrasted it with deep, sad blues. He didn't confine his colors tightly within the borders of special areas, either. They spill over. The yellow of the cymbals, for instance, runs off into the atmosphere, enveloping the player, piercing the blues. So, you may be sure, did the music itself, as it poured out over that Harlem ballroom the night Iver Rose saw "Sharp Drummer."

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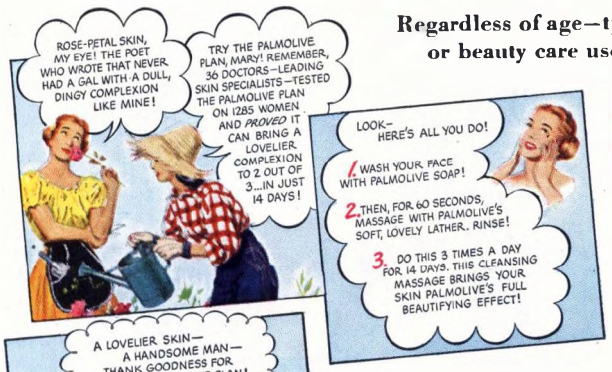

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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Sis Says She Just Went Out!

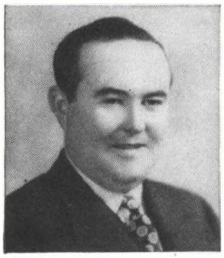
Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date!*

Cosmopolitan September 1948

The People Behind the Kremlin

Some accurate reporting based on the observations of a prominent newspaperman who was in the Soviet Union during the critical months after V-E Day

by **DREW MIDDLETON**



New York Times

Between the gaunt shacks that look out onto the oily swells of the Pacific and the crumbling apartment houses within sight of the Admiralty spire in Leningrad live nearly two hundred million of the people we call Russians.

They are, of course, not all Russians. They are Kazaks and Tartars, Uzbeks and Mongols, Chinese and Latvians, Eskimos and Poles. For better or for worse they are caught in the tight net of Communist Russia, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Of them all, the inhabitants of European Russia are the most important. Let us look at them today in the thirty-first year of the Communist state.

Daily contact with the Russians left me with two deep impressions. The first is that they are a fine, strong warm-hearted people with no more control over their Communist masters than over the movements of the stars. The second is that in this wonder-working century—under a system which promises to wipe out inequalities, feed the hungry, succor the poor and provide security—they live in poverty, fear and uncertainty.

The Communists boast they have brought freedom and plenty. They have brought neither. There is one freedom in the Soviet Union: freedom to do as you are told, whether it is to believe what the government says about the United States or to accept a new and hazardous job in Siberia because of the whim of some bureaucrat. There is plenty only for the few. Economic and social inequality flourish.

There have been improvements in the standard of living since the Revolution of 1917. But improvements on a much greater scale have been made elsewhere in the world, and the people have not had to pay the price of tyranny.

Often in the United States one hears the words, "After all, the Russians are people like *(Continued on page 165)*

Kodachromes by Camera Cliz, Triangle, Sovfoto

The Red Army is fed on propaganda.

Skilled workers are still scarce.

The Kremlin control is absolute.

Russian man power is inexhaustible.

On the Beach

There were three of them, and they were all in love. Trouble was, Jake loved Hannah, Hannah loved Lindy, and Lindy loved almost any pretty girl

A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELETTE by **CHARLES HOFFMAN**

Their names were—and still are—Jake and Hannah and Lindy. And they lived, and perhaps still live—at least two of them still live—on Poinsettia Terrace in San Diego, California. They were—and for a long time should continue to be—the world's three most beautiful people: the way Jon Whitcomb's people are beautiful, or Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's. And they were in love with each other. Or, rather, Jake was in love with Hannah. And Hannah was in love with Lindy. And that was the only part of the picture they made which wasn't perfect Because Jake and Hannah were married. To each other. And Lindy was just a bluejacket in the background. Or, to be more specific, "on the beach." Which, among other things, meant he was around a lot when Jake wasn't.

My wife, Doris, was finishing a novel on Poinsettia Terrace in San Diego, California, last summer, and so I was there making with the vacuum cleaner and arguing with the butcher and winking at girls selling magazine subscriptions and taking care of our six-year-old Fiend Incarnate, Letitia-Louise (named after the heroine of Doris's novel, "Ashes, the Story of a Woman"—217pp., Sybarite Press, $1.75), otherwise and obviously known as Tish. And that is how we knew Jake and Hannah and Lindy.

Although, peculiarly, I knew Lindy first. Because I picked him up on the highway ten miles south of San Jose, California, one afternoon when I was driving down from San Francisco, where I had gone to talk to a magazine editor about a little literary endeavor *I* had turned out called "Salt," which was an article on salt. I too experiment with the written word, although not with Doris's success—which will explain why I am so erudite for a house-husband, if you were wondering.

The editor didn't like the article but the trip led to my meeting Lindy, which in turn led to our discovering we lived next door to each other, which may sound slightly coincidental, although life (as Doris philosophizes in "The Lost Love of Lorna Livingston"—211 pp., Sybarite Press, $1.75) is really merely a string of coincidences, a chain, a "necklace of casual connections worn around the velvet throat of time." Well, anyway, that's how Doris puts it.

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The war was over for many people in many ways last summer, but for a lot of the boys in blue or khaki, strung along the coastal highways with their thumbs winking at your coupes or convertibles, it was still considerably more than a memory, and so whenever I saw one I usually gave him a lift, because I had a very guilty conscience in my bad eyes and my high blood pressure.

I saw Lindy. And gave him a lift.

Lindy was twenty years old last summer, and he was built the way you like to think you were at twenty, with no hips and no stomach and the shoulders in italics, and his skin was what you spend your summer Saturdays on beaches or the tops of office buildings with a bottle of oil trying to achieve, and he had

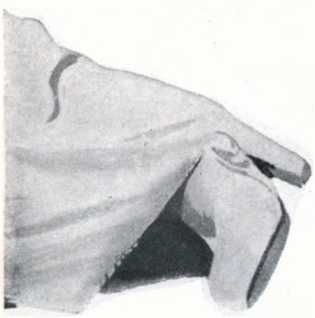
the little additional touches which have been distributed with such parsimony among us *homo-sapiens*—the cleft in the chin, the wide stubborn handsome mouth, eyes with a glaze of light gray laughter across them, the dark forelock sprouting from under his white cap. When he talked, which was practically not at all until I bought the beer in Paso Robles, a fine unstudied animation played upon his face. And when he laughed, which was even later, I felt acutely aware of each of my thirty-five years—it was so young, that laughter. So spontaneous, so clean.

"Hi."

He said, "Hi," and got in the car. "Going south?"

I nodded although I thought

"Lindy," she begged, "stay here with me. I'm afraid . . ."



the direction I was headed was obvious.

We rode for a little while in a silence punctuated with the usual monosyllabic remarks. And then even these ended, and when we had passed through Morgan Hill and were headed through the rolling country of Santa Clara County toward Salinas, I looked around, and he had fallen asleep. There was something about him, I don't know what—anyway, I had never felt particularly fatherly toward twenty-year-old sailors before, but I did toward him. And I turned the radio off and rolled up the window on his side of the car and was very gentle going through Salinas and King City so he could sleep.

However, when I stopped in Paso Robles for gas the attendant commotion woke up my sailor.

"The car and I are both dry," I said, almost apologetically. "How about a beer?"

His fists worked on his eyes, and he stretched sleepily. "Sure," he said. "I could use a beer."

"I'll get a couple. We'll drink 'em on the way. Save time."

He stretched again. "Okay."

Among the other things about Lindy I'll always remember were —and are—the things he says. When he talks. Or, rather, the way he says them. His first sentence over the first beer, as we turned east from town and headed toward the Taft cutoff, contained expressions which will always be my all-time favorites.

"Sorry I hit the ragtime," he explained, "but my 'Frisco captive crawled all over me this week end and I haven't caulked off since Friday." (Which, translated, reads: Sorry I took a nap, but I had a big row with my girl in San Francisco and haven't been asleep since Friday.)

I said "Come again?" and he looked at me puzzled and then grinned a little.

"Sorry," he said. "We forget you land crabs don't speak English."

I told him I was learning, and introduced myself. And he told me he was Lindy Farragut from San Rafael, California, at present stationed in "Dago," where he was decommissioning destroyers ("trimming flivver decks," was the way he put it) and thus was "on the beach." Or, rather, not at sea. I still didn't know this Lindy Farragut very well, and I didn't tell him then that I was going through to San Diego. On pickups, sailors or otherwise, I've usually found it's better to leave yourself an out.

"What was the matter in San Francisco?" I asked.

"Oh, brother!" he said. "She thought we were going to commit merger, but I pulled anchor." (Translation: She thought we were going to be married, but I backed out.) "That's the trouble with captives!" (Women.) "Anyway"— he fished in one of those little pockets sailors fish in and came up with a ring—"I got this back." He patted it affectionately and put it away again. I mean *stowed* it away.

"She actually *did* have the ring?"

He nodded, and then shrugged casually. "Yeah, but she was on Hannah's page eight, so I dusted off."

I made that out fairly well, with what had gone before. All except the "Hannah" part.

"Jake's squaw," he explained, when I asked him.

I said, "Oh."

"Jake and I heave together."

I lost the key to that one. "What?"

"He's my buddy," he said slowly, so I would understand. "He's hitched to Hannah." He whistled appreciatively. "And what a captive! She really rolls!"

"And this Hannah—who's married to your pal—she didn't like the—the captive from 'Frisco?"

Lindy shook his head. "Put her right down on page eight. From the beginning. So I had to get my ring back. That's why she crawled all over me."

"I see," I said. "And does this Hannah pass on all your love affairs? To lapse into a vernacular."

"Sure," he said. "She gives every seagull the gravy-eye. Probably keeps me out of a lot of trouble. Sure like to have you meet her. What a captive!"

"I'd like to meet her," I assured him, "but let me get this straight. She's married to your buddy——?"

"Yeah," he said. "But you know how it is. Like a sister to me. Don't know what I'd do without her."

"Sure," I said. "Sure. I know."

Because *(Continued on page 85)*

The Art of Happiness

In this, the last article written before his untimely death, the famous author of "Peace of Mind" gives every family a key to its own well-being

by JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN

American parents lead the world in providing clothes, food, amusement and education for their boys and girls. But all too often the concept of *honoring* children, by acknowledging them to be personalities with rights, privileges and responsibilities of their own, has been pitiably left out. I believe, therefore, that we need not only the Biblical Commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" but another equally important commandment, "Honor thy son and thy daughter." For unless we achieve a new clarity concerning the relationship between parents and children, we may as well forget all hope of a peaceful society and a better future for humanity.

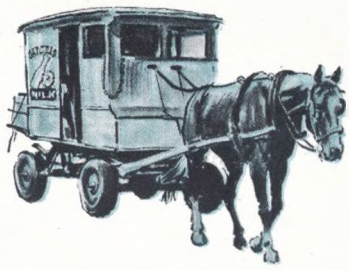
Oftener than we suspect, a child becomes the scapegoat for the misery and unhappiness of the parent. It is too bad that there are no laws protecting children against this subtle cruelty. We do have laws in America for the protection of minority groups, but no statute covers children who find themselves in the position of minority groups in the home. Many are the lynching parties that occur in this domestic society, when talented, sensitive boys and girls are strung up on the high invisible trees of parental contempt.

The goal of familial relationships should be to make the home a little democracy. Religion has written an enormous Bill of Rights for parents; now the time has come when we must declare a Bill of Rights for children. We must have in the home a system of "checks and balances" which will avoid, on the one hand, the extreme of tyranny whereby the father plays the role of dictator, or the mother stars as the omnipotent leading lady. At the other extreme, our family democracy should avoid the anarchy in which there are no laws, rules, responsibilities or disciplines. Sons and daughters cannot develop their full potentialities either in tyranny or anarchy.

In the little republic of the family, parents must recognize that their sons and daughters are individuals, *persons*, not mere pawns on the chessboard of parental ambition or vanity. What a great liberation will come to the world when fathers and mothers realize that they do not *own* their children merely by virtue of the biological accident of birth. The little infant, the growing boy, the adolescent daughter, possess inalienable rights given to every human soul by God, and not merely bestowed by the omniscient and all-powerful parent.

Of course, all children are not angels. The best of them often would try the patience of a saint. Nor do I suggest that they should not be disciplined when the occasion demands firmness. As a matter of fact, boys and girls seek firm discipline as well as devotion and love. But the firmness should be well-defined and mutually understood, not some angry whim or parental caprice. "Predictability" and "probability" are now great words in science; without them no mastery of physical nature is possible. Boys and girls need *predictability* in the *(Continued on page 98)*

Four A.M.



by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

What did the patient in Room 12 have to do with the murdered man in the house across the street? That's the mystery—and the queen of mystery writers solves it for you

When he told her it was almost four, she sat up abruptly.

The day the new intern arrived at the hospital Anne Elizabeth Ward went on night duty.

It seemed unimportant at the time, except that she could never sleep in the daytime, what with the noises in the street, the other nurses moving through the dormitory hall, and the ambulance going out with its siren shrieking.

Also, as her hours were from midnight to eight in the morning, it gave her a good many empty evenings, especially as Miss Winifred Ogden—privately known as Winnie—ran her training school rather like a convent.

But it only seemed unimportant. As a matter of fact, Anne Elizabeth did not care for interns, having divided them between the ones who made passes at her and the others—she had been at this hospital two years—who did not. Nor did she particularly care for duty on the Front, which was where the private patients had their rooms.

Yet it was the new intern, George Swayne, who helped her solve the murder in the house across the street. And it was the restless woman in Room 12 who proved to be mixed up in it. The chief of police, however, gave all the credit to Anne Elizabeth.

"But it was really very simple," she told the chief later. "You see I'd lived in the country every summer for years."

She liked her nursing job in this small town. She especially liked working in the wards—and the wards liked her. Even the women's, which was unusual. She would trot in briskly in the morning and survey the rumpled beds, and the faces all turned to her.

"Well, how's everything? Been good in here last night?"

They would smile at her, these people who came from every walk of life, having only certain things in common: sickness and poverty and dependence on private charity. And she would smile back.

Quite often she was alone, for nurses were scarce. Then the ambulatory cases would try to help her, changing the beds and dumping the piles of linen down the chute, or carrying water and bedpans. But now Winnie had put her *(Continued on page 132)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM A. SMITH

"Don't try to stop me, Doctor," she said. "I've got to get out of here."

A day in the life of a JOCKEY

by **W. C. HEINZ**

Ted Atkinson is one of the country's leading riders. That means he drives a Cadillac and owns a winter home in Florida. But it also means he must work long hours, risk his neck and hear himself called dirty names by the people who watch him work

Kodachromes by Henri Adan

What little light of early morning seeped into the room came in gray strips between the slats of the Venetian blinds. The jockey lay there waiting for it to be five minutes to six, and then he reached over and shut off the alarm clock. He waited for it to be six o'clock before he got up.

Always he resents this part of it, but this is the way to do it. You get to the clock first, because if you don't, and it gets to you while you're still asleep, it leaves you a little dizzy, as if somebody has been hitting you on the temples.

He went to the bathroom, and he washed, and he brushed his hair. He walked back quietly, so as not to wake the rest of the family, especially the kids. In the half-light he put on his underwear and socks, and he got into his jodhpurs and the buff-colored sweater with the turtle neck. The cleanness and the quality of the clothes was pleasing, like the full carpeting on the floor and the furniture and the house itself. It was an assurance of affluence, of the money he makes, but it could not make him like this part of it.

Downstairs he walked, almost silently on his stockinged feet, into the kitchen. He turned on the small radio to hear the weather report, and he heated a pan of water, and then he put a spoonful of coffee powder into a cup, and he poured the hot water in on top of it. He sat at the table, stirring the coffee, half listening to the news on the radio, waiting for the coffee to cool a little.

Arcaro—Eddie—quit this two years ago. He doesn't work horses any more in the morning. Now he just gets up in time to go to the track. You can do that when they start running after you with the big-stake mounts, but this is still best. You'll never like it, but if you're going to work at being a jock this is the way to do it. You know for sure about one o'clock when you see that the rest of the world is up. You feel better on your first mount. Then you don't start resenting it again until it's time to go to bed.

" . . . and now for the *(Continued on page 153)*

Riding a horse
into the winner's circle
is Ted Atkinson's favorite
habit. He's won close
to 1,800 races in ten years.

Bane for most jockeys
is "making the weight."
Not so with Atkinson, who strips
at 101 pounds, without aid
of the sweatbox.

Last-minute riding
instructions for such able
jockeys as Atkinson frequently
boil down to the simple request,
"Go get the money."

Millicent and the Tiger

Want to know what's going on here? Read the story!

Can a man suffer a worse fate than being tormented by his wife? Why, yes — he can be tormented by his ex-wife

by GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

"Hello, Millicent," said the tiger, whereupon Millicent fainted dead away.

Two clerks, a floorwalker and a zebra hurried over to her. Several of the more feminine customers gasped audibly, while a Mrs. Longstreth, recalling her wartime training in first aid, shouted, "Give her air," a superfluous piece of advice since the book department, in common with the other departments of Nashton-Culver, was air-conditioned. The younger set, ranging from four to twelve, watched with morbid curiosity while the tiger and the floorwalker carried Millicent into the book buyer's office.

During all this, Carolina Upton Trent, author of a score of best-selling juveniles, sat neglected and forgotten, behind a desk in the center of the book department, with pen poised lethally in mid-air. A moment before, she had been surrounded by enthusiastic mothers and their less enthusiastic offspring, clamoring politely for autographed copies of her latest book, "The Tiger, the Zebra and the Fox." As an added fillip Nashton-Culver's publicity department had thoughtfully provided a tiger, a zebra and a fox. In private life they were known respectively as Mr. Sommers, Mr. Childs and Mr. Dahl, and with the exception of Mr. Sommers, the tiger, they were being paid five dollars apiece to impersonate the leading characters of Mrs. Trent's book. Now these impersonations, together with the portly presence of Carolina Upton Trent, were forgotten. Millicent, as usual, had stolen the show.

In all fairness to Millicent, it must be said that she was unaware of her theft since she was still unconscious. However, it was not long before the book buyer, a Miss Field, had unearthed a bottle of smelling salts, left over from the time that a literary doctor had described an emergency skull operation in such detail that a male clerk, one of Miss Field's favorites, had passed out. One short whiff of the salts, and Millicent began to revive. A second whiff, and she was in sitting position, ready to take notice.

The first thing she noticed was Mr. Sommers. Out of consideration for Millicent's seizure, he had removed his head, or rather the tiger's head, revealing a pleasant but worried head of his own, mounted on the mangy body of a tiger. For a moment it seemed as if Millicent might faint again, but she rallied and settled for an angry scowl in the direction of Mr. Sommers and the simple declarative statement, "Well, really!"

"I'm sorry, Millicent," said Mr. Sommers. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I forgot I was a tiger."

"You're always forgetting," said Millicent petulantly and unfairly, since it was doubtful if Mr. Sommers had ever before this forgotten he was a tiger.

Miss Field suspected a previous relationship, but she was never one to jump to conclusions. "Do you know each other?" she asked.

Mr. Sommers, feeling that it was time for the amenities to reassert themselves, smiled politely at Millicent and proceeded to introduce her. "This is Miss Field, our book buyer; Mrs. Turner in light fiction; Mr. Harrison, in charge of the fifth floor; and"—he halted as his gaze met *(Continued on page 78)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

Lady Bullfighters

With their skill and daring in the ring, five pretty Mexican girls have captivated the fans

A bullfighting team of five young Mexican girls has been giving the prize bulls of South America a hard time. In the bull rings of Mexico and of South America these daring young ladies, whose ages range from fifteen to nineteen, have gradually overcome the prejudices of the bull-ring fans who used to think that woman's place was in the hacienda.

The manager and trainer of this troop is a dapper, gallant gentleman named Eugenio Alvarado, whom the girls call "Maestro." He claims that his girls are the only female bullfighters in the world. The Maestro has divided his group into three banderilleras, who taunt the bull, and two matadoras whose job it is to run a sword between El Toro's shoulder blades. The girls have fought one hundred sixty encounters over the past three years, and although there have been three disasters—two gorings and a broken leg—the group is presently at full strength.

For an afternoon of bullfighting, the matadoras receive five hundred dollars each; the banderilleras, two hundred and fifty dollars each. Alvarado has final say on the bulls to be used, and he is especially careful to select animals which would be considered worthy even of the top male bullfighters. However, in small towns where there are only a few bulls available, the Maestro often has to pit the girls against tame bulls. Because they charge for the body and cannot be distracted by the cape, they are considered extremely dangerous.

When the girls are not on tour, they perform in Mexico City and follow a rigid

The girls take turns at ing being bull and matadora in practice sessions held daily.

Early morning road workout in Mexico City's Chapultepec Park is part of rigorous program for keeping fit.

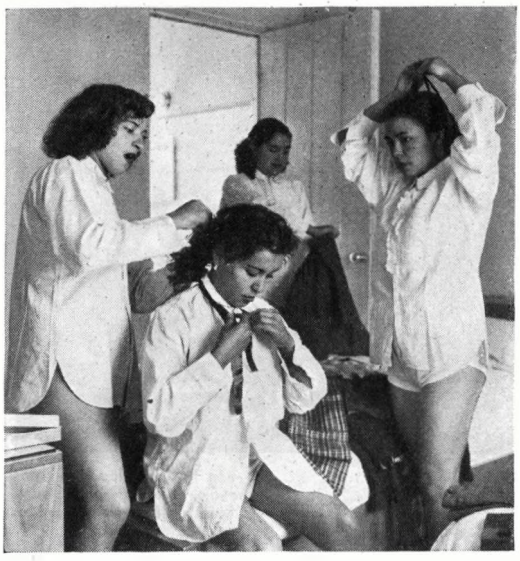
Teresa Andaluz, first matadora, maneuvers for the kill. This bull has been hurt by banderillas which have been placed in his shoulders to enrage and weaken him.

training program. This means leg exercise and road work from seven to eight o'clock every morning, and from five to seven in the afternoon, they practice at El Condado, a small practice ring on the outskirts of the city. During the day, two of the girls work in a dress shop, and the others work in a match factory, perfume shop and beauty salon.

There is only one tailor in Mexico City who can make their expensive intricate costumes. They cannot wear any types of protective apparel lest they impair their agility, the bullfighter's greatest weapon of defense.

Before killing the bull, the matadora usually throws her hat to some prosperous-looking gentleman in the stands and offers to make him her sponsor and dedicate the killing to him. The sponsor puts an appropriate sum of money in the girl's hat as payment for this honor. Eighteen-year-old Esperanza Garcia holds top honors in this respect, having once tossed her hat to a gentle-

The girls dress meticulously for the ring. Only one tailor in Mexico City knows how to make their costumes.



Eugenio Alvarado, a bullfighter himself, is the manager and trainer of the girls. His biggest problem is to get the consent of their parents. He has no fear that the girls will marry and leave him. "They are already married to the art of bullfighting," he says.

Teresa Andaluz, first matadora, has been in the bull ring since she was fifteen. She tackled her first bull after three months' training, has never been hurt in three and one half years of combat. Her ring excellence has earned her thirty silver ears and a corresponding number of real ones.

Catalina Valdez, banderillera, is nineteen, nicknamed "La Chata" which means "Pugnose." On the eve of her marriage, Alvarado offered her a position on the team; she canceled the marriage and jumped at the opportunity. "My ex-fiance and my parents think I am crazy," she says. "I am not. I am happy."

In the practice ring, girls learn to handle cape. In background is Maestro Eugenio Alvarado.

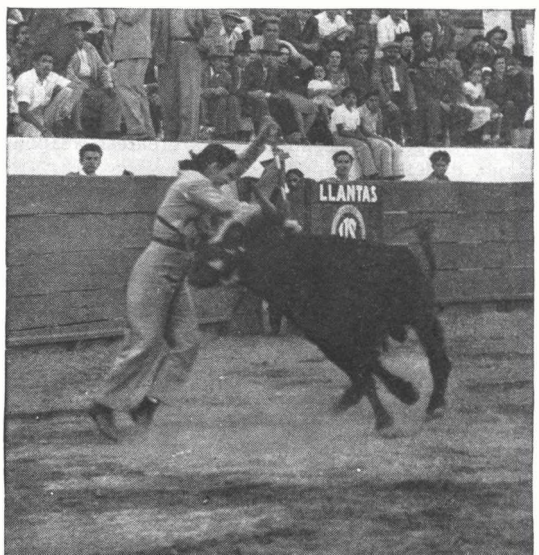
man who tucked five hundred dollars in the hatband.

When, in Senor Alvarado's opinion, a girl has given a particularly good account of herself in the ring, he gives her a tiny silver replica of a bull's ear which she wears on her charm bracelet.

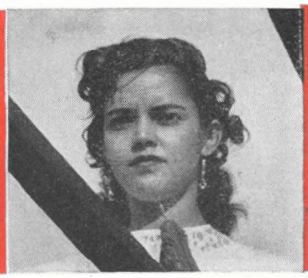
If the performance takes place in the capital of any state or in Mexico City, Alvarado presents a gold ear instead of the usual silver one. He also carefully snips off one ear and the tail of the slain bull—the ear goes to the matadora, the tail to the banderillera.

On the day of a fight, the girls go to Mass together, and each asks her special saint for four things: a good performance, protection from injury, good luck and the approval of the public.

An enraged bull swings his horn, goring Maria Luisa under the ribs as she places a banderilla.



Esperanza Garcia, second matadora, is called "La Gitana" (The Gypsy) by her teammates. She has been thrown and stepped on but never gored. Her body is marked with "baretasos" which are long-lasting burns caused by a bull's horn grazing her body. She has sixteen ears awarded her for excellent performances.

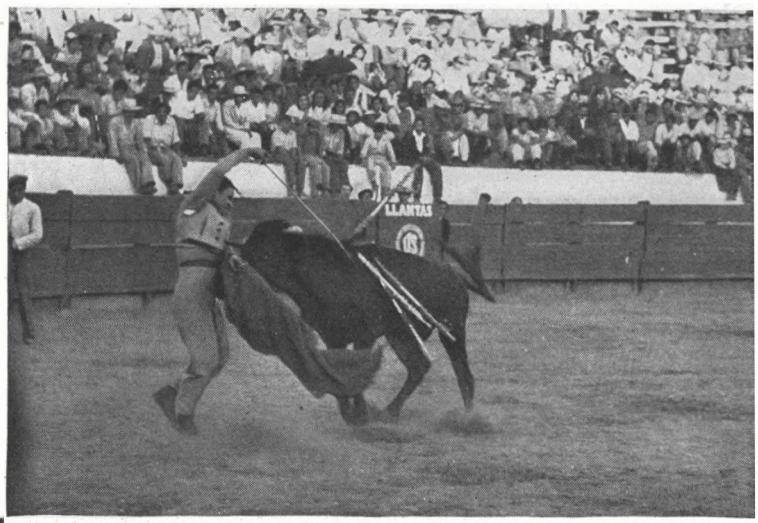


Maria Luisa Rangel, first banderillera, is eighteen. She became a bullfighter when Lorenzo Garza, the great toreador, told her, "Baby, you have a beautiful body and gypsy face. Why don't you go in for bullfighting?" She applied to Alvarado who finally gave her a chance when a banderillera got hurt.

Guillermina Guzman, banderillera, is fifteen, learned bullfighting with money she earned from dressmaking. When she applied to Alvarado, he told her, "You are a child who should be playing with dolls. Bulls have horns and hit hard." But he let her join after he saw her perform in the ring.

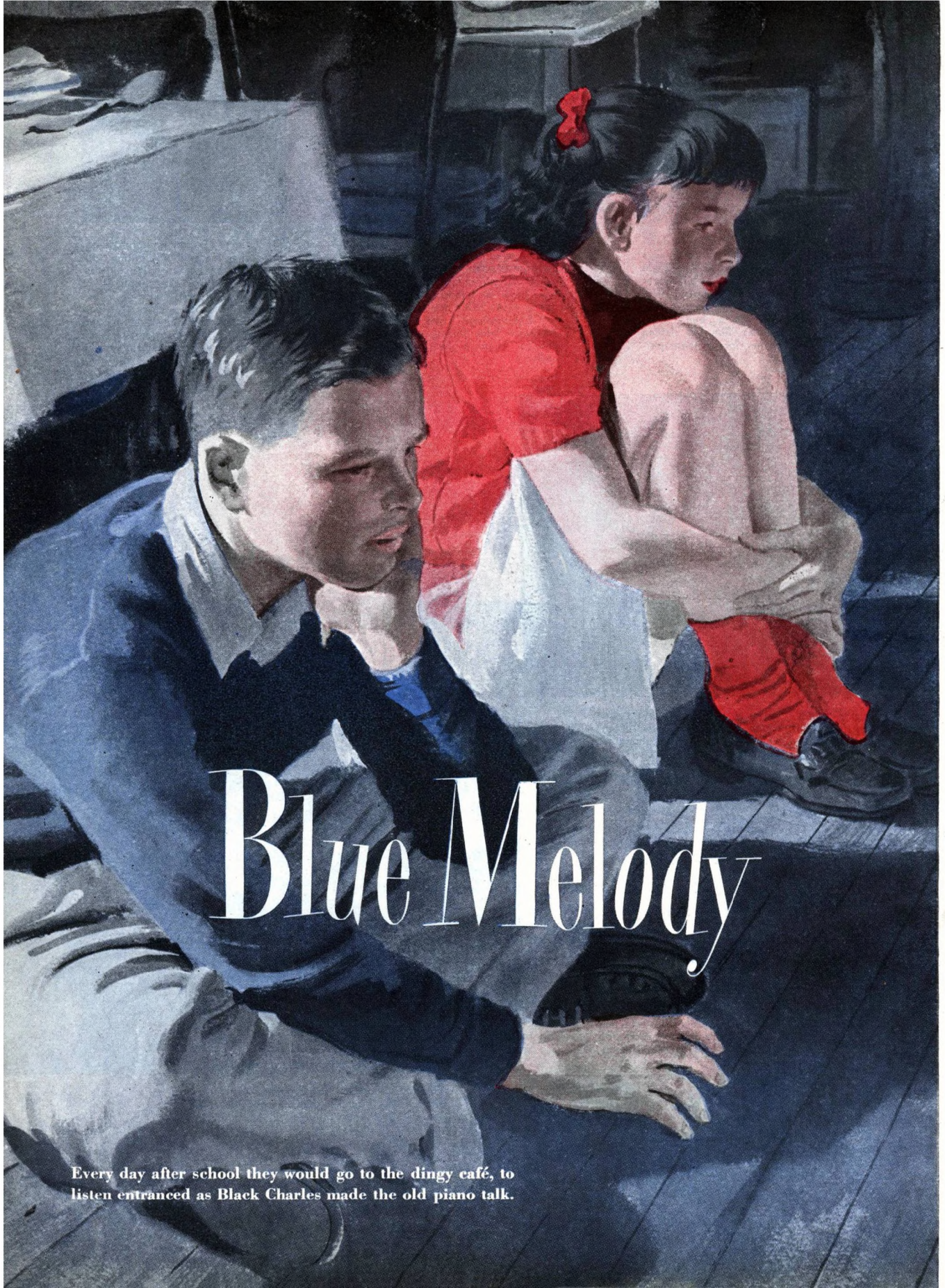
After every fight girls eat a large meal at the Palace Restaurant which is a bullfighters' hangout.

Photos by Helen & Alfred Puhn



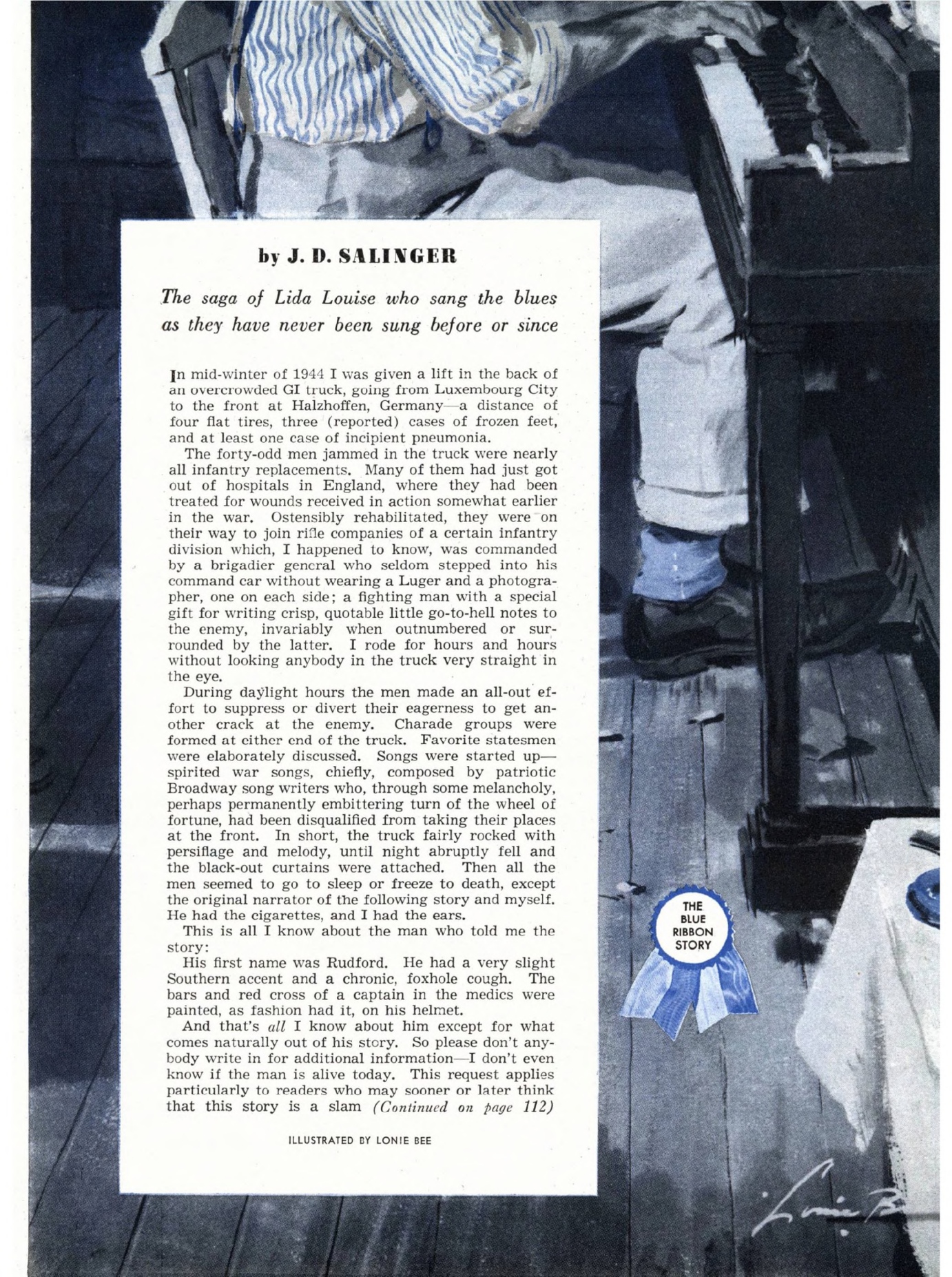
Bullfight's most exciting moment—the kill. As the agonized bull charges the cape, the sword is deftly plunged in his back.

Esperanza, Maria and Teresa on way to the bull ring with their capes over their arms.



Blue Melody

Every day after school they would go to the dingy café, to listen entranced as Black Charles made the old piano talk.



by J. D. SALINGER

The saga of Lida Louise who sang the blues as they have never been sung before or since

In mid-winter of 1944 I was given a lift in the back of an overcrowded GI truck, going from Luxembourg City to the front at Halzhoffen, Germany—a distance of four flat tires, three (reported) cases of frozen feet, and at least one case of incipient pneumonia.

The forty-odd men jammed in the truck were nearly all infantry replacements. Many of them had just got out of hospitals in England, where they had been treated for wounds received in action somewhat earlier in the war. Ostensibly rehabilitated, they were on their way to join rifle companies of a certain infantry division which, I happened to know, was commanded by a brigadier general who seldom stepped into his command car without wearing a Luger and a photographer, one on each side; a fighting man with a special gift for writing crisp, quotable little go-to-hell notes to the enemy, invariably when outnumbered or surrounded by the latter. I rode for hours and hours without looking anybody in the truck very straight in the eye.

During daylight hours the men made an all-out effort to suppress or divert their eagerness to get another crack at the enemy. Charade groups were formed at either end of the truck. Favorite statesmen were elaborately discussed. Songs were started up—spirited war songs, chiefly, composed by patriotic Broadway song writers who, through some melancholy, perhaps permanently embittering turn of the wheel of fortune, had been disqualified from taking their places at the front. In short, the truck fairly rocked with persiflage and melody, until night abruptly fell and the black-out curtains were attached. Then all the men seemed to go to sleep or freeze to death, except the original narrator of the following story and myself. He had the cigarettes, and I had the ears.

This is all I know about the man who told me the story:

His first name was Rudford. He had a very slight Southern accent and a chronic, foxhole cough. The bars and red cross of a captain in the medics were painted, as fashion had it, on his helmet.

And that's *all* I know about him except for what comes naturally out of his story. So please don't anybody write in for additional information—I don't even know if the man is alive today. This request applies particularly to readers who may sooner or later think that this story is a slam *(Continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LONIE BEE

There were certain yellow days of summer when all the other days of the year, rushing and stumbling over each other like bad-mannered children, stopped awhile to rest and listen quietly in the sun.

In the early afternoon, one by one, Lida's aunts came in, pushing back the little damp hairs that curled at their temples and pulling at the spots between their shoulder blades where their dresses clung from the heat.

Aunt Tilda eased out of her shoes and gave a big sigh. That meant Tilda and her family would have to stay for dinner because her feet would swell, and she wouldn't be able to get her shoes back on. Not for hours yet. And if Tilda stayed for dinner, so would the other aunts, and they'd say, "Well, it is a sensible thing to do this weather, make only one hot kitchen."

Mama didn't mind because it meant lots of help with the dishes afterwards, and anyway she couldn't get out of cooking this night. There was to be a guest: Father Sebastian.

Aunt Tilda groaned. "To talk about the church furnace!"

"A fine man," Mama said. "He has to think ahead. It's part of his business. He has to see that the church this winter is warm when we pray. . . . Tonight it is string beans. Whoever goes into the kitchen next, bring them out, please, in a pan."

"You having goose with dumplings?" Aunt Tilda said.

"No," said Mama with great pride. "I am frying chicken like in Mississippi. I have a recipe. Good Southern style."

"Oh," said Tilda. "She can't cook without onion, mushroom, wine and paprika. Southern style in this house it will start to be—ends up always southern Bohemia."

Lida sat on the steps and watched a line of black ants march, like an African safari in Uncle Jaroslav's travel books. She was going to Africa someday; Seattle too.

She got up and walked away. It was hard to go to Africa with string beans and chicken, Southern style, in your ears. A few steps from the woodshed was the alley, and once in the alley, she was practically miles from home. She walked slowly in the dust, running a stick along the pickets of back fences, and the dogs hung out their tongues as she passed and said, "What a perfectly grand day to go to the park! What a beautiful gingersnap day!"

Lida's father always furnished the gingersnaps from a big jar in his restaurant. If she were going as far as South America he would put an extra cookie and a wedge of cheese in the sack. This was all free. On the house, Papa called it. He always wanted to know what land she was visiting when she went to the park, and when she returned he always asked how it was and how was business in those places.

She reached the main avenue and, when she saw Father Sebastian and the Presbyterian minister across the street walking slowly toward Papa's place, she hurried. She had to get there before they did, otherwise wait in one of the booths until they were all through talking. Only then could she ask for the cookies. One never interrupted men of the church.

In the window of Papa's restaurant was a big colored poster, advertising the annual Caledonian picnic to be held tomorrow afternoon at Half Moon Lake. She didn't wait to read the printing; she knew it all by heart. What a program there was going to be! The speeches, the music, the Robert Burns poetry, the dancing—oh, the dancing!

Two of the uncles, Emile and Zdenek, were sitting at the counter, but only Emile was having beer. Poor Zdenek. A tragedy. He couldn't drink beer if he had to plead a *(Continued on page 100)*

Lida's First

The fling turned out to be the Highland type,

and Lida turned out to be . . . well, read it for yourself,

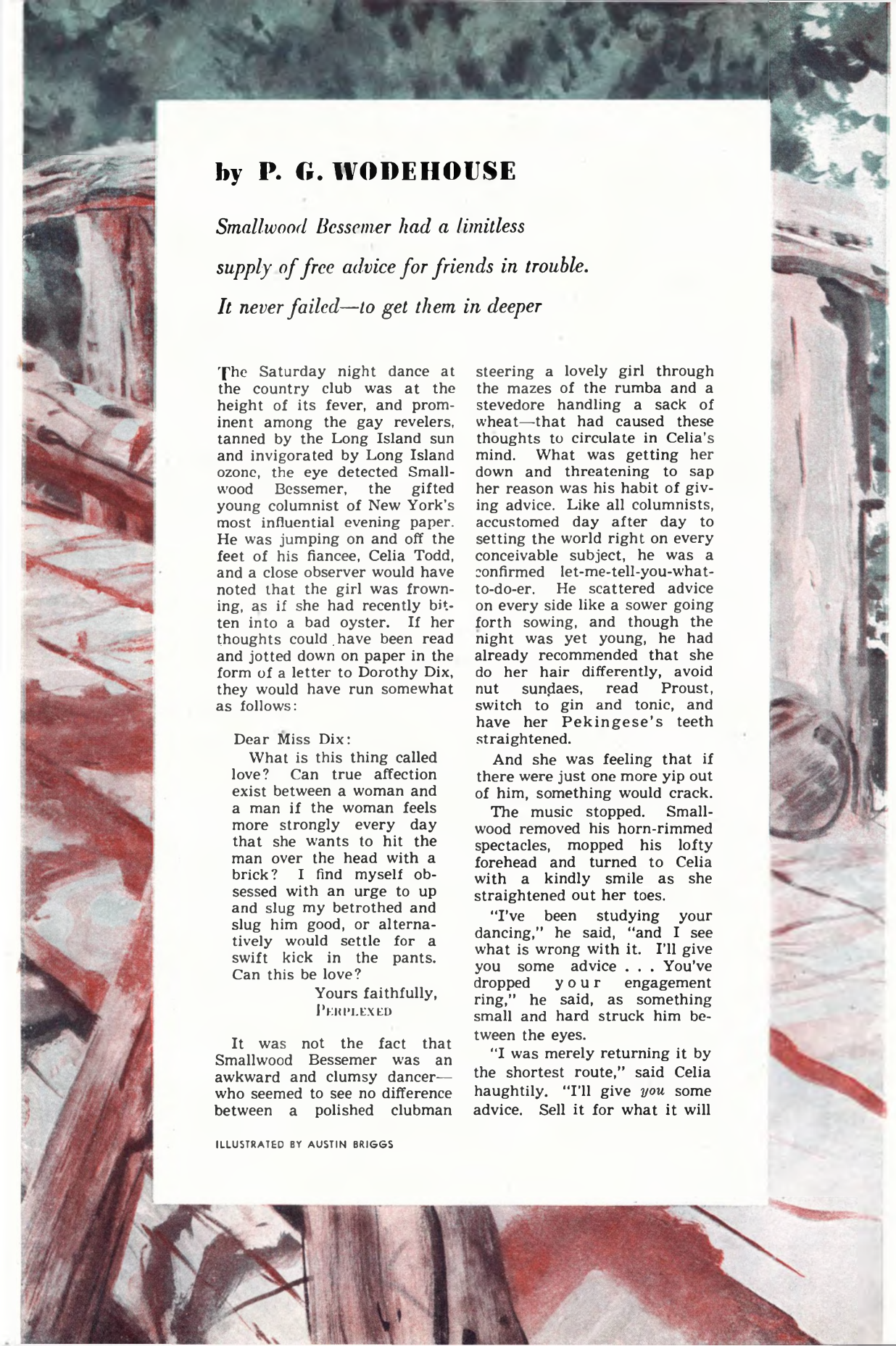
the seventh in America's favorite short story series

by CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

Lida knew no one could dance like Annie. Her heart pounded madly as she waited her turn.


Spluttering to the surface, he found himself grasping something wet and furry.
"I'll give you some Advice"



by P. G. WODEHOUSE

Smallwood Bessemer had a limitless supply of free advice for friends in trouble. It never failed—to get them in deeper

The Saturday night dance at the country club was at the height of its fever, and prominent among the gay revelers, tanned by the Long Island sun and invigorated by Long Island ozone, the eye detected Smallwood Bessemer, the gifted young columnist of New York's most influential evening paper. He was jumping on and off the feet of his fiancee, Celia Todd, and a close observer would have noted that the girl was frowning, as if she had recently bitten into a bad oyster. If her thoughts could have been read and jotted down on paper in the form of a letter to Dorothy Dix, they would have run somewhat as follows:

Dear Miss Dix:

What is this thing called love? Can true affection exist between a woman and a man if the woman feels more strongly every day that she wants to hit the man over the head with a brick? I find myself obsessed with an urge to up and slug my betrothed and slug him good, or alternatively would settle for a swift kick in the pants. Can this be love?

Yours faithfully,
PERPLEXED

It was not the fact that Smallwood Bessemer was an awkward and clumsy dancer—who seemed to see no difference between a polished clubman steering a lovely girl through the mazes of the rumba and a stevedore handling a sack of wheat—that had caused these thoughts to circulate in Celia's mind. What was getting her down and threatening to sap her reason was his habit of giving advice. Like all columnists, accustomed day after day to setting the world right on every conceivable subject, he was a confirmed let-me-tell-you-what-to-do-er. He scattered advice on every side like a sower going forth sowing, and though the night was yet young, he had already recommended that she do her hair differently, avoid nut sundaes, read Proust, switch to gin and tonic, and have her Pekingese's teeth straightened.

And she was feeling that if there were just one more yip out of him, something would crack.

The music stopped. Smallwood removed his horn-rimmed spectacles, mopped his lofty forehead and turned to Celia with a kindly smile as she straightened out her toes.

"I've been studying your dancing," he said, "and I see what is wrong with it. I'll give you some advice . . . You've dropped your engagement ring," he said, as something small and hard struck him between the eyes.

"I was merely returning it by the shortest route," said Celia haughtily. "I'll give *you* some advice. Sell it for what it will

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

bring, for I have no further use for it."

She strode out on to the terrace, and Smallwood Bessemer, having blinked once or twice like a man who has collided with a lamppost, went to the bar to restore himself with a quick one.

There was only one man in the bar, and yet it seemed well filled. This was because Sidney McMurdo, its occupant, was one of those vast, muscled individuals who bulge in every direction. He was sitting slumped in a chair, scowling beneath beetling brows, his whole aspect that of one whose soul has just got the sleeve across the windpipe.

Sidney was not in any sense an intimate of Smallwood Bessemer. They had met for the first time two days previously, when Bessemer had advised Sidney to cool off slowly after playing golf, as otherwise he might contract pneumonia and cease to be with us. Sidney, who was a second vice-president of a large insurance company, had taken advantage of the all-flesh-is-as-grass note thus introduced into the conversation to try to sell Smallwood his firm's All Accident policy. No business had resulted, but the episode had served to make them acquainted and they now split a bottle.

The influence of his share on Sidney McMurdo was mellowing enough to make him confidential.

"I've just had a fight with my girl," he said.

"I've just had a fight with *my* girl," said Smallwood, struck by the coincidence.

"She told me I ought to putt off the right foot. I said I was darned well going to keep right along putting off the left foot, as I had been taught at my mother's knee. She then broke off the engagement."

Bessemer nodded sympathetically. "Women," he said, "are all alike. They need to be treated firmly and brought to heel. You have to teach them where they get off and show them that they can't go about the place casting away a good man's love as if it were a used tube of tooth paste. Let me give you some advice. Don't sit brooding in bars. Do as I intend to do. Go out and start making vigorous passes at some other girl. This arouses jealousy in the bosom. The subject

"You've dropped your engagement ring," said Smallwood, as something struck him between the eyes.

"I was merely returning it by the shortest route," said Celia haughtily.

thinks. She reflects. And pretty soon she comes dashing back, pleading to be forgiven. I shall now leave you and go and look about me to decide who shall be my assistant in the little psychological experiment which I propose to make."

He returned to the dance floor, and his eye fell on Agnes Flack. Agnes was the female golf champion of the club, a fine, large girl built rather on the lines of Popeye the sailor. He went over to where she sat, and presently they were treading the measure. He saw Celia appear at the terrace window and stand looking in, and he intensified the silent passion of his dancing, trying to convey the idea of being something South American which ought to be kept chained up in the interests of pure womanhood. Celia sniffed with a violence that caused the lights to flicker, and an hour or so later Smallwood went home, well pleased with the start he had made.

He was climbing into bed, when the telephone rang and Sidney McMurdo's voice boomed over the wire.

"Hoy!" said Sidney. "You know that advice you gave me."

"Did you take it?"

"You betcher. I grabbed a girl immediately, but a rather disturbing thing has happened. I've gone and got engaged to her."

Smallwood clicked his tongue sympathetically. "I should have mentioned that there was always that risk," he said. "The danger on these occasions is that one may overdo the thing and become too fascinating. Nice girl, I hope?"

"Far from it. A frightful pie-faced little squirt named Celia Todd," said Sidney, and hung up.

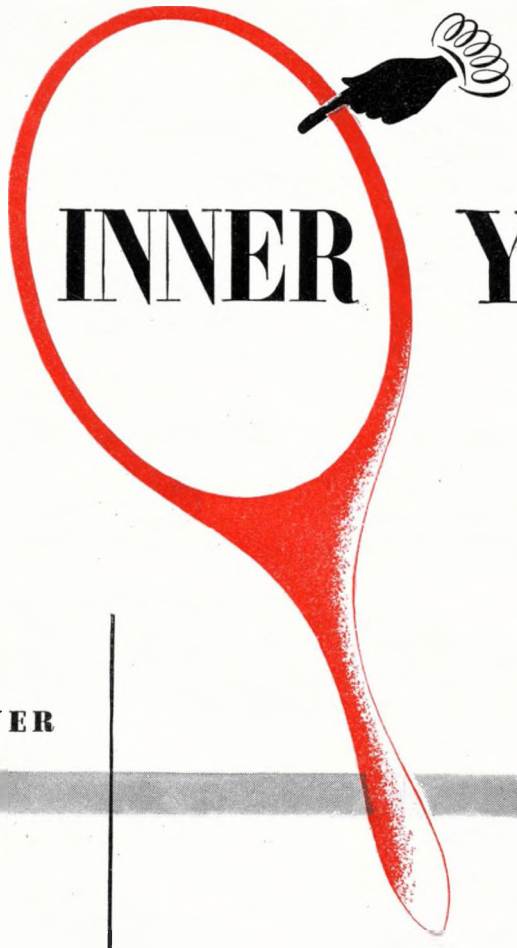
To say that this information stunned Smallwood Bessemer would scarcely be to overstate the facts. For some moments he sat motionless, his soul seething like a welsh rabbit. He burned with rage and resentment. It seemed to him imperative that he make some virile gesture which would show Celia Todd how little she mattered in the scheme of things. He looked up Agnes Flack's number in the telephone book and gave it a buzz.

"Miss Flack?"

"Speaking."

"Sorry *(Continued on page 75)*

The INNER You



by A. E. HOTCHNER

Take a look at your personality as it appears under the microscope of the Character Research Laboratory

Do you like to watch ants building an ant hill? Would you rather be clean than curious? Do you think a man should ever kiss another man? Would you like to be a radio announcer? Do you think that sex is the most important thing in marriage? Does anyone hate you?

A lonely young lady, very anxious to find a boy friend, answers an exhaustive "expressionaire" containing four thousand questions similar to these. Two weeks later she is introduced to a young man who has answered the same four thousand questions. They are informed that they are made for each other.

This boon to the lonely-hearts club is not yet reality, but there is every reason to believe, from the way things are going, that within the next few years the expressionaire can graduate from the experimental stage and begin to solve the mystery of the American personality.

The expressionaire is a product of Washington University's Character Research Laboratory which has been studying character and personality traits since 1931. Working on the theory that science must deal with the personality in much the same manner that it deals with medicine and physics, the laboratory has examined and studied a great variety of behavior patterns ranging from alcoholism to sex. The work has been very slow. A great many tests have to be given before the laboratory can begin to analyze re-

SEX OPINIONAIRE

If you agree with a statement, answer "yes"; if you disagree, answer "no."

1. The marriage laws of our country should be made more binding. Yes ☐ No ☐
2. Contraceptives should be sold only to married couples, if at all. Yes ☐ No ☐
3. A girl cheapens herself by necking on a first date. Yes ☐ No ☐
4. The fewer sex relations of any kind a person has before matrimony, the better his chances for a successful marriage. Yes ☐ No ☐
5. If a man runs around with many women before his marriage, there is a greater chance he'll be unfaithful after marriage. Yes ☐ No ☐
6. Homosexuality is a moral disease as insanity is a mental disease. Yes ☐ No ☐
7. Illegitimate children will inherit their parents' low moral standards. Yes ☐ No ☐
8. Oppositely sexed children over three years old should not bathe together. Yes ☐ No ☐
9. A happy marriage is more likely if a man knows more about sex than his wife. Yes ☐ No ☐
10. A boy will not respect a girl who talks about sex on a date. Yes ☐ No ☐
11. Trial marriages are dangerous and generally lead to unhappiness. Yes ☐ No ☐
12. A man needs sex relations to stay healthy (physically). Yes ☐ No ☐
13. An extensive course in sex should be a required high school subject. Yes ☐ No ☐
14. Girls should have as much right to propose dates as boys. Yes ☐ No ☐
15. Women are as well-suited for the role of a surgeon as men. Yes ☐ No ☐
16. A man should not be a virgin when he marries. Yes ☐ No ☐
17. It is all right for a man to kiss another man. Yes ☐ No ☐
18. Spending money being equal, a girl should spend as much on dates as a boy. Yes ☐ No ☐
19. Abortion should be legalized. Yes ☐ No ☐
20. The Army should institute regulated brothels for the use of soldiers. Yes ☐ No ☐
21. Thorough medical examinations should be required before marriage. Yes ☐ No ☐
22. Divorce by mutual consent would be better than our present system. Yes ☐ No ☐
23. It is all right for women to be placed in authority over men. Yes ☐ No ☐
24. Man has no duty to marry. Yes ☐ No ☐

To score this opinionaire, count one point for each "yes" answer to statements one through twelve; and one point for each "no" answer to statements thirteen through twenty-four. For an interpretation of your score, turn to page 96.

RADICALISM OPINIONAIRE

If you agree with a statement, answer "yes"; if you disagree, answer "no."

1. The age of six is the logical time to start school. Yes ☐ No ☐
2. Not young men, but the old, should fight wars. Yes ☐ No ☐
3. Negroes should be permitted to attend schools with whites. Yes ☐ No ☐
4. Spelling should be simplified. Yes ☐ No ☐
5. Capital punishment will someday be done away with. Yes ☐ No ☐
6. At the age of 21, people should be privileged to change given names. Yes ☐ No ☐
7. Freedom of teaching, allowing teachers to teach what they think is the truth, is real education. Yes ☐ No ☐
8. Our present system of athletics in America is at fault in that it does not provide for mass participation. Yes ☐ No ☐
9. The naval custom for a captain to stay with his ship until she sinks is outmoded, sentimental and unnecessary? Yes ☐ No ☐
10. Hopelessly deformed babies should be put to death at the outset. Yes ☐ No ☐
11. The world needs a new religion. Yes ☐ No ☐
12. Workers in industry should receive part of the company profits in addition to salaries. Yes ☐ No ☐
13. Three meals a day will always be the best general rule. Yes ☐ No ☐
14. Cleanliness is a more valuable trait than curiosity. Yes ☐ No ☐
15. The proposal to change the calendar to one with 13 28-day months is unsound. Yes ☐ No ☐
16. Even in an ideal world there should be protective tariffs. Yes ☐ No ☐
17. Cat meat is out of the question for the human diet. Yes ☐ No ☐
18. Married women should not be allowed to teach in public schools. Yes ☐ No ☐
19. Trial by jury has been, and always will be, the most effective way to get justice. Yes ☐ No ☐
20. It's impossible to invent an ice cream which could be made merely by opening a tin can and exposing the contents to the air. Yes ☐ No ☐
21. Science will never create life. Yes ☐ No ☐
22. No individual, even though he feels that life is not worth living, is justified in committing suicide. Yes ☐ No ☐
23. Advertising is worth while because it increases purchasing power. Yes ☐ No ☐
24. Most men should wear neckties. Yes ☐ No ☐

To score this opinionaire: count one point for each "no" answer to statements one through twelve; and one point for each "yes" answer to statements thirteen through twenty-four. For an interpretation of your score, turn to page 96.

HAPPINESS OPINIONAIRE

Get a line on yourself by answering "yes" or "no" to each of these questions.

1. Do you like to go swimming? Yes ☐ No ☐
2. Are you of a very enthusiastic nature? Yes ☐ No ☐
3. Do you usually feel well-rested in the morning? Yes ☐ No ☐
4. Do you feel yourself capable of handling large groups? Yes ☐ No ☐
5. Do you like to read scientific magazines? Yes ☐ No ☐
6. Do you adapt yourself easily to new conditions? Yes ☐ No ☐
7. Would you wear the clothing of the opposite sex if you found it more comfortable? Yes ☐ No ☐
8. Are you generally glad to start a new day? Yes ☐ No ☐
9. Are you as popular as you would like to be? Yes ☐ No ☐
10. Do you like to meet a new person? Yes ☐ No ☐
11. Do like raw oysters? Yes ☐ No ☐
12. Do your parents understand you? Yes ☐ No ☐
13. Is your home life quite pleasant? Yes ☐ No ☐
14. Are you afrajd of high places? Yes ☐ No ☐
15. Are you greatly annoyed when a person crowds ahead of you in line without waiting his turn? Yes ☐ No ☐
16. Does it annoy you to have a small child continually asking you questions? Yes ☐ No ☐
17. Would you like to be a novelist? Yes ☐ No ☐
18. Are you frequently somewhat absent-minded? Yes ☐ No ☐
19. Would you like to earn a million dollars? Yes ☐ No ☐
20. Would you characterize yourself as restless? Yes ☐ No ☐
21. Do you feel handicapped by lack of social accomplishments, such as swimming, dancing, bridge? Yes ☐ No ☐
22. Would you like to be a manufacturer? Yes ☐ No ☐
23. Do you laugh with a tinge of bitterness when you think back over the hopes and ideals of your youth? Yes ☐ No ☐
24. Do you like to overhear an argument? Yes ☐ No ☐
25. Do you often feel very awkward? Yes ☐ No ☐
26. Would you characterize yourself as more timid than the average? Yes ☐ No ☐

Now score yourself. You get one point for every "yes" answer to questions one through thirteen; and one for every "no" answer to questions fourteen through twenty-six. See next column for interpretation of score.

sults. Even now, with the files crammed with the results of seventeen years of testing, conclusions are only tentative, but they will form the basis for further tests, eventually constituting the master expressionaire.

The basic test which the laboratory now gives is a three-thousand item expressionaire which is continually being analyzed and revised. When the laboratory wants to gather further data on any particular section of the expressionnaire, it pulls that section and gives it as a short-form "opinionaire," like the happiness quiz on this page. If you score eighteen to twenty-six points on this opinionaire, it's a sign you're a pretty happy person; if you make from nine to seventeen, you can considr yourself moderately happy; a point total of eight or below indicates that you must not be getting much fun out of life.

One of the opinionaires that has provided the laboratory with considerable useful data, is the one on alcoholism, or what the laboratory formally calls, "Personality correlates of alcoholic-beverage consumption." All of the people tested were young (under thirty), and had at least a high-school education. The group did not include chronic drunkards. Among this relatively homogeneous group of men and women, the laboratory found a wide divergence of personality between people who said they drank moderately and those who said they never touched the stuff. The drinker is more moody, cynical, argumentative, stubborn, pessimistic and restless than the nondrinker and, feels more misunderstood.

Here are a few samples of the test questions which brought a high "yes" from imbibers; a heavy "no" from total abstainers:

Did you ever seriously consider running away from home?

Do you habitually contradict people?

Do you believe you can't get anywhere in this world without money?

Would you rather have ten thousand dollars than a college education?

Would success be just as pleasing to you if gained through money and pull rather than through your own efforts?

Do you think the continental attitude towards mistresses is saner than ours?

Would you send your children to school in Europe?

Is it your opinion that, on the whole, women are unsuccessful and unsatisfactory in political office?

Do you favor a United States government lottery as a means of raising revenue?

Do you feel that Turkish people should not be admitted to our country as citizens?

Does the thought of living your whole life with only the members of your own sex make you despondent?

Would you rather be dead drunk than lose one hundred dollars?

The laboratory has concluded that drinkers like the company *(Continued on page 96)*

Cosmopolitan announces The Prize Winners in

The Dark Goddess Short Story Contest

Co-winners of first prize—$2,000 each

PENDLETON HOGAN
Washington, D. C.

BARBARA TURNER
Bridgton, Maine

Consolation prizes—$100 each

CARL L. BIEMILLER
Haddonfield, New Jersey

TED CARMACK
Los Angeles, California

CLEVE CARTMILL
Corona, California

AMLETO R. CICCARELLI
The Bronx, New York

BARBARA GRANTMYRE
Nova Scotia, Canada

PAUL HUGHES
Phoenix, Arizona

CHARLES L. CLIFFORD
Red Bank, New Jersey

MARY SELLARS
Minneapolis, Minnesota

EVELYN E. SMITH
New York, New York

BARBARA STAAB
Toledo, Ohio

Five thousand, nine hundred and sixty-five manuscripts were submitted. While it was our original intention to award only one first prize, the vote of the editors on the two finalists was split evenly. Consequently Mr. Hogan and Mrs. Turner were both awarded two thousand dollars, and both stories will be published, the first on the following page, the second in the October issue.

For more information about the contest and the winners, turn to "What Goes on at Cosmopolitan," page 4.

THE EDITORS

The Dark Goddess

by **PENDLETON HOGAN**

He had a wife, a child and a conscience — but the dark goddess drew him back to a girl in Shanghai

As Jonathan Miles stepped into the room, two hotel houseboys following with his luggage, a premonition swept over him that it was a mistake to have come back to Shanghai. He turned to the Number One Night Boy—a small Chinese of perhaps fifty, in a long white robe and black sateen slippers—who was switching on some lights. "No," he said firmly. "I did not ask for a sitting room too. The hotel has made a mistake."

The Number One Boy made no effort to stop the Number Two Boy, a small Chinese in faded yellow cotton coat and trousers, from carrying Miles's bags into the bedroom. "Please," Number One said softly, "is more better Master have two rooms." He pronounced the word Master with a broad "a."

Miles stood uncertainly; he hadn't made up his mind yet. Without quite knowing what it was, he knew he was gaining something. "Why?" he said.

"For face," Number One said instantly. His long brown eyes never left Miles's cool gray ones, and Miles suddenly realized he was being tested. "Number One people come to Master. Master give little dinners. I fix for you. Ching fix everything."

Miles smiled, and his spirits began to lift. Like an unexpected rush of wind, the feeling of China, of its incalculable complexities, was coming back. But he would not be defeated by complications; his return was inevitable. He remembered that there is no ally in the world like a Chinese "boy," an Indian "bearer," any Oriental manservant—if he likes you; there was no change in this boy's eyes, and yet almost imperceptibly they had lighted. In those few seconds of standing there with the Western-world hotel furniture about them, Ching had weighed the American from every angle: financial, social, intellectual. It pleased Miles to feel that he had passed. "All right, Ching," he said agreeably. "You win. Two rooms more better."

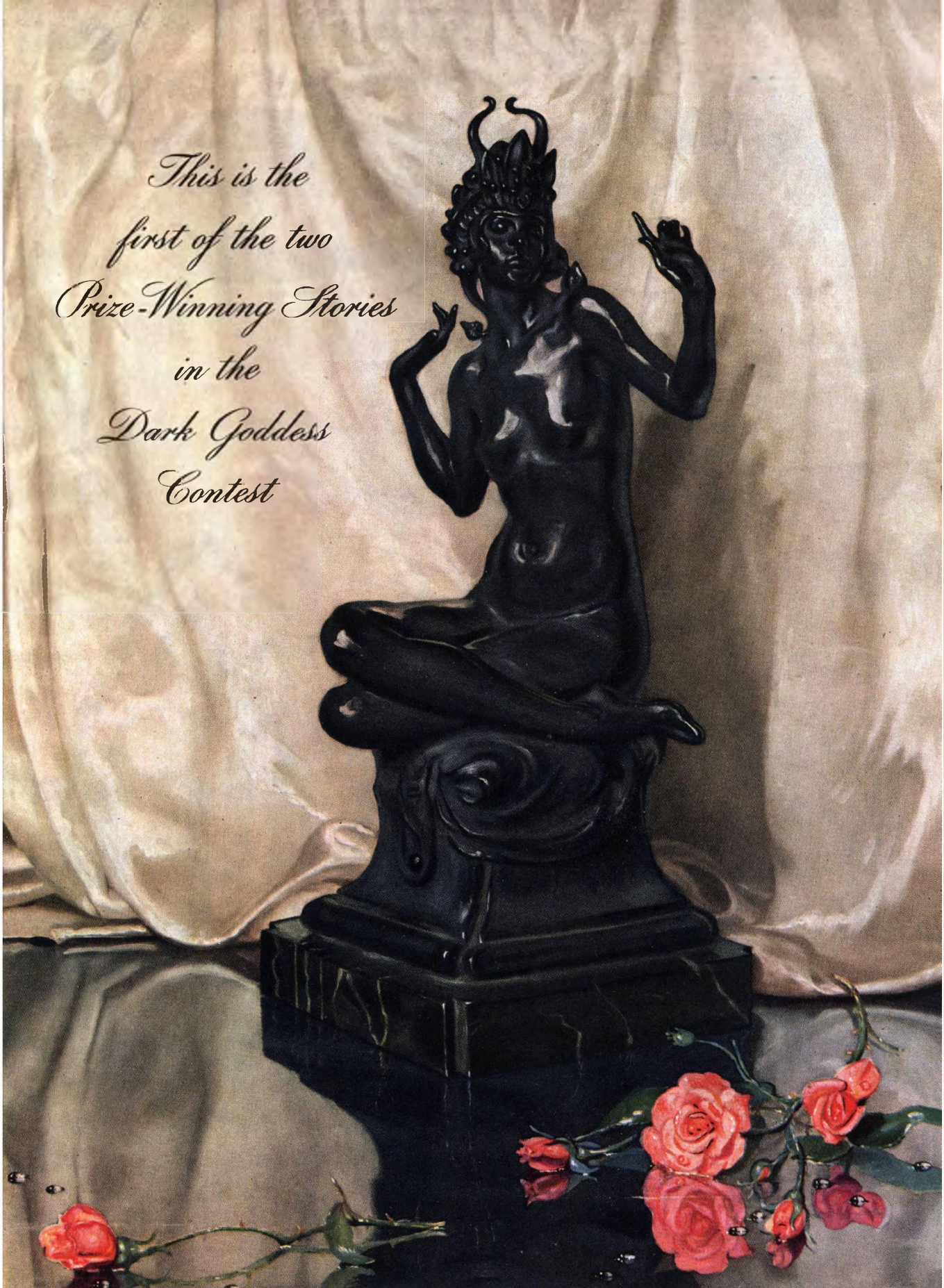
The Number Two boy came from the bedroom and went out. Miles reached for his wallet. Ching took the money and bowed. "Missy no come Shong'ai, too?" he asked gently.

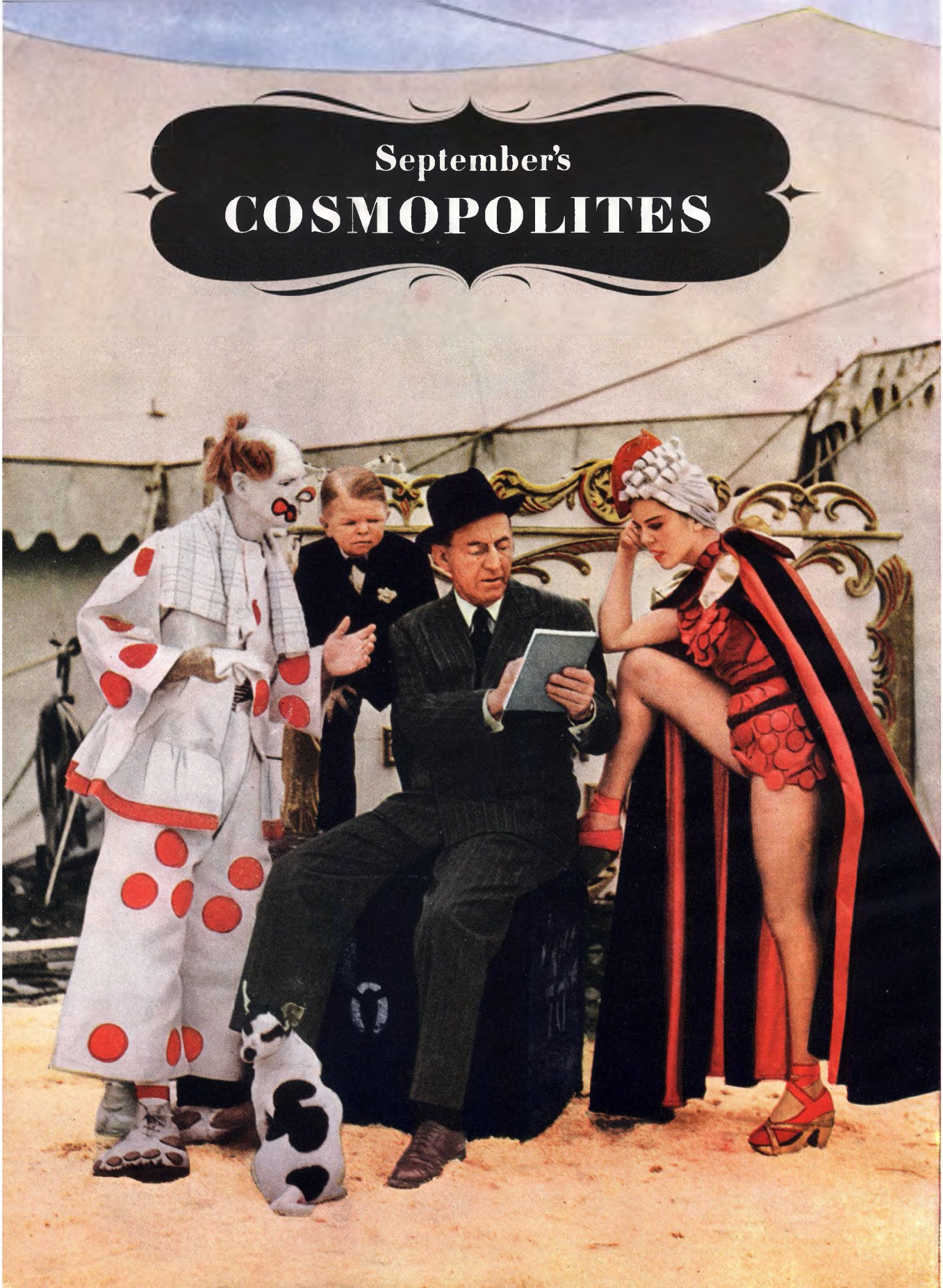
A frown crossed Miles's forehead; he walked to the windows and looked *(Continued on page 144)*

The day before Ena disappeared I took her to tiffen. She looked really ill.

DRAWINGS BY EUCLID SHOOK

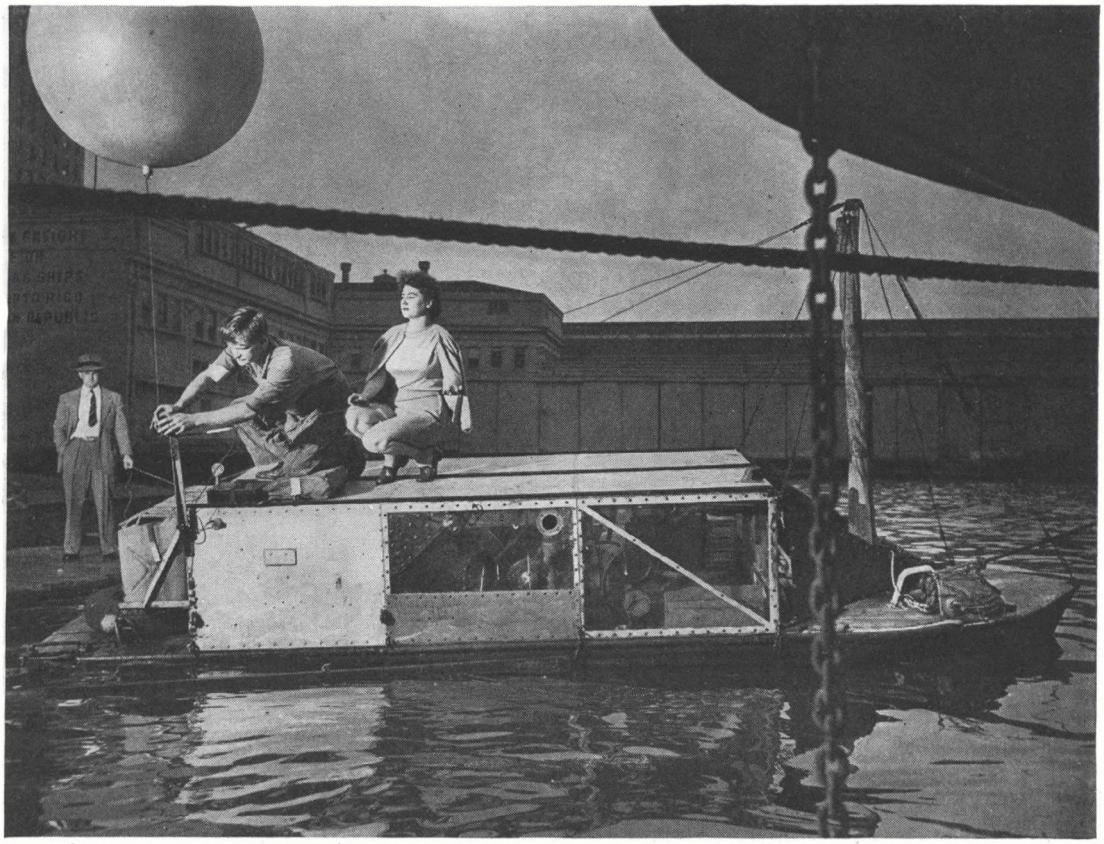
PAINTING BY RAYMOND P. R. NEILSON


This is the
first of the two
Prize-Winning Stories
in the
Dark Goddess
Contest


September's
COSMOPOLITES

COSMOPOLITE:

One who is a citizen of the world.

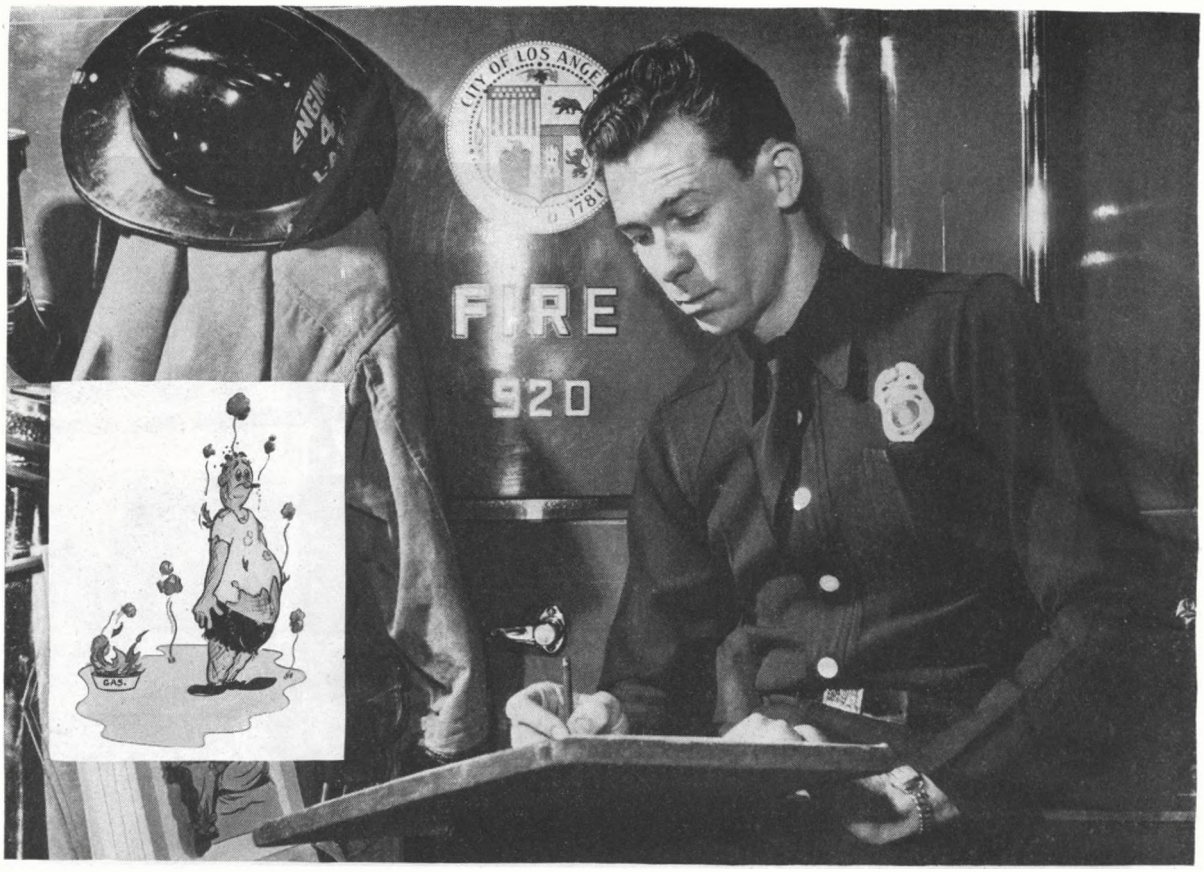


James Snyder

Amphibious Globe-Trotter During the war, an Australian named Ben Carlin, who was serving as a major in the Indian Army, fell in love with Elinore Arone, pretty American Red Cross worker. They planned that after the war they would get married and go on a honeymoon around the world. Since his release from the Army, Ben has been reconverting a surplus Army duck, which has an estimated land speed of about 30 mph. water speed, 4½ mph. Recently, Ben Carlin married Elinore in Boston. Starting from New York and traveling eastward, with the Azores as its first stop, the Penguin I is now on its round-the-world journey, via wheels and hull. By the end of the year, the Carlins should be back in New York.

Circus Solomon Dapper, soft-spoken Pat Waldo who supervises the personnel of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, functions unofficially as a combination Dorothy Dix and Mr. Anthony to whom the circus people come with their troubles and squabbles. If a midget and clown fall in love with the same lady bareback rider, they are likely to ask Pat Waldo to arbitrate their feud. Pat has been with the circus longer than he can remember, something like thirty-seven years. In the course of that time, he has been a juggler, boomerang thrower, tightrope walker and clown.

Leslie Gill Photo



Globe

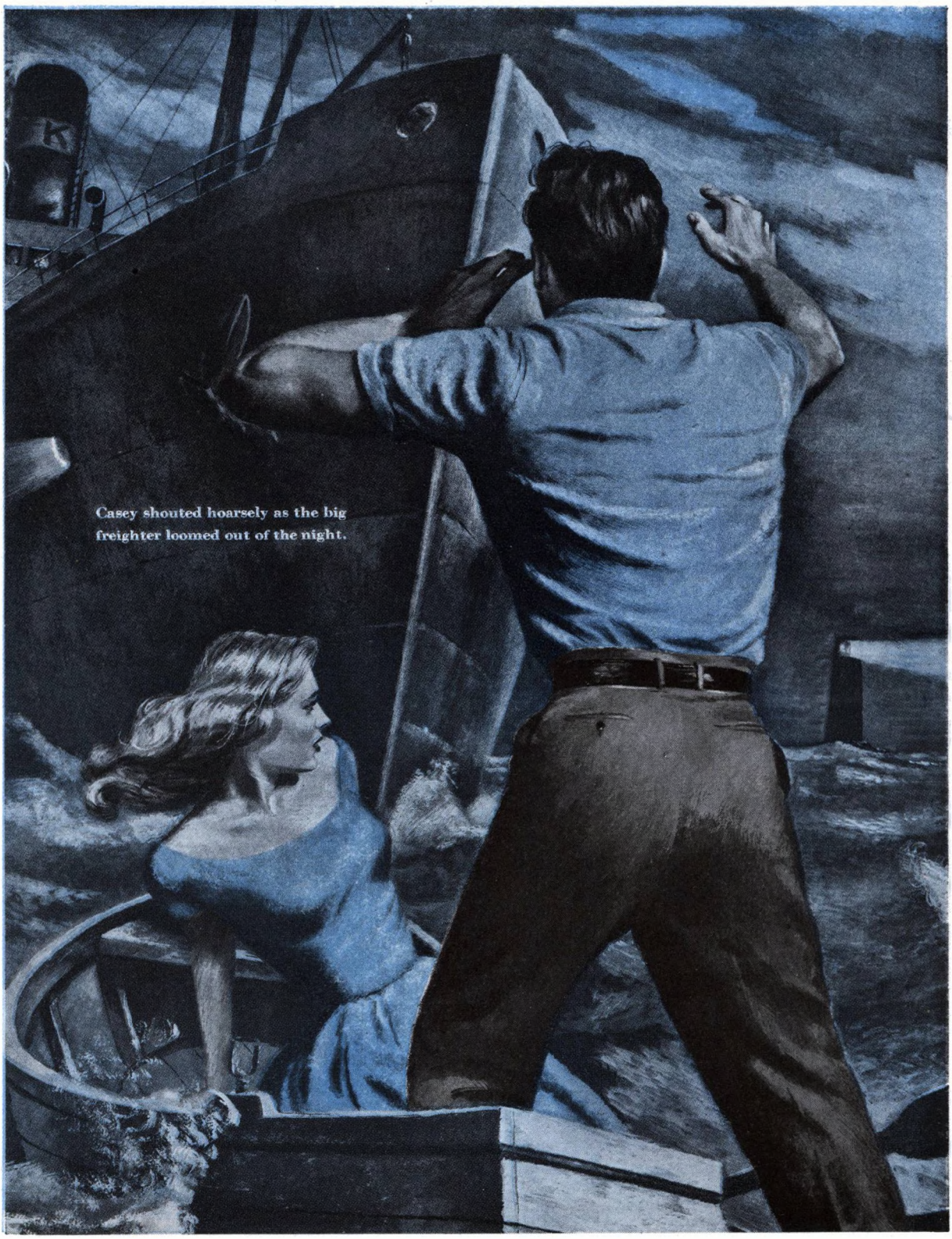
International News

Apple Artist A retired Chicago piano teacher named Alice Daye has perfected the rather unusual art of making dolls out of apples. The kind of apple she uses does not matter. Mrs. Daye leaves the apples in dry alum for four weeks, then puts them on the roof for two weeks to dry under the sun. She peels the apples before she starts carving the features of the doll. Beads are inserted for eyes, red oil paints are used to color the cheeks and lips. Mrs. Daye makes the body of the doll out of wire and cotton and designs their costumes from sketches she finds in history books. The clothing itself is fashioned out of scraps and fabric remnants. She has made about two hundred apple dolls and is convinced that the apple heads are much more durable than those on ordinary dolls.

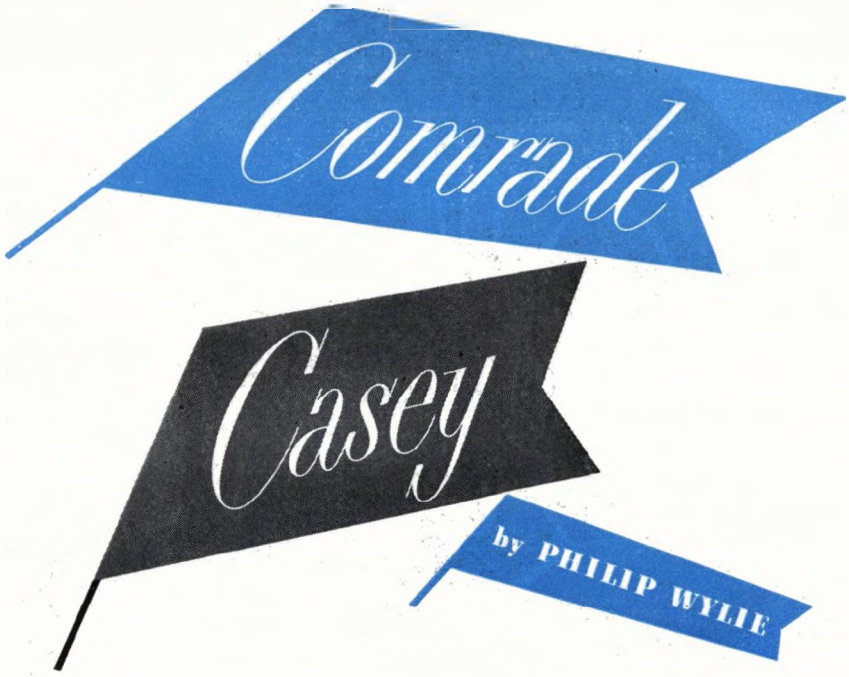
Firetoonist A twenty-eight-year-old fireman attached to one of Los Angeles's hook and ladder divisions, has been conducting a one-man campaign to put out fires before they happen. A Navy veteran with two children, Robert Patterson keeps a drawing board in the station house and between fires draws humorous cartoons which teach fire prevention. Fire departments from all over the country have sent for Bob's cartoon series in order to help teach fire prevention in their communities. Sixty of Patterson's cartoons are used as illustrations for lectures which are being given throughout the Los Angeles school system. Bob started "firetooning" when the chief saw him drawing caricatures of other firemen in the station house and asked him to try illustrating fire prevention.

Shirley Two-Voice Shirley Dinsdale was severely burned when she was five years old and spent an extremely unhappy childhood. But when Shirley was thirteen, her mother finally discovered something that held her attention—a ventriloquist's dummy. Shirley had a natural flair for throwing her voice. Edgar Bergen listened to her, encouraged her to undertake ventriloquism as a profession. Shirley created a little girl dummy whom she calls Judy, and within a short time she was performing for charities, invalid homes, Bible classes and other local audiences. During the past year she made a tour of veterans' hospitals throughout forty-three states, not only performing for general audiences but also working with doctors in aiding the recovery of phychoneurotic patients.

Globe



Casey shouted hoarsely as the big freighter loomed out of the night.



Part Two of a Two-Part Novel

THE STORY SO FAR: Angus Casey had inherited his uncle's chain of sixty-eight bakeries, in forty-seven cities, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Or a more confused one. Because Casey was an avowed communist, though not a party member. The party thought him too hotheaded.

So he came to Miami headquarters to look the situation over before he decided whether to take over the chain and manage it, or let it go by default to three cousins whom he loathed. What he wanted to do was turn the whole shebang over to the workers, but a joker in the will prevented this.

Horace Bevlan, his uncle's manager, did not at all fit Casey's conception of a capitalist oppressor. He was friendly, sympathetic —more like a professor than an executive. And Horace's granddaughter, Xantha Kennedy — a golden girl who knew her Marx from cover to cover and thought it piffle—would have constituted a sore temptation to any commissar to desert The Cause.

In order to think things out, Casey hired himself on as mate to Pop McVeigh, who earned his living by renting out his boat to rich fishermen. The first day was without significance except that, in rescuing from dangerous waters the son of Pop's troublesome client, Casey earned the skipper's respect and affection.

That same evening, Casey found himself on the town with Xantha, whose straightforward thinking and talking, whose obvious appeals to emotions and instincts which had nothing to do with The Party, had him on the ropes. Grasping for reason, he could only be insulting. "Principle," he said, "is something American women don't remotely understand."

"I expected you would be a fanatic," she told him. "But I hoped you might, on the other hand, be intelligent. The worst part of all is, you're so damned attractive!"

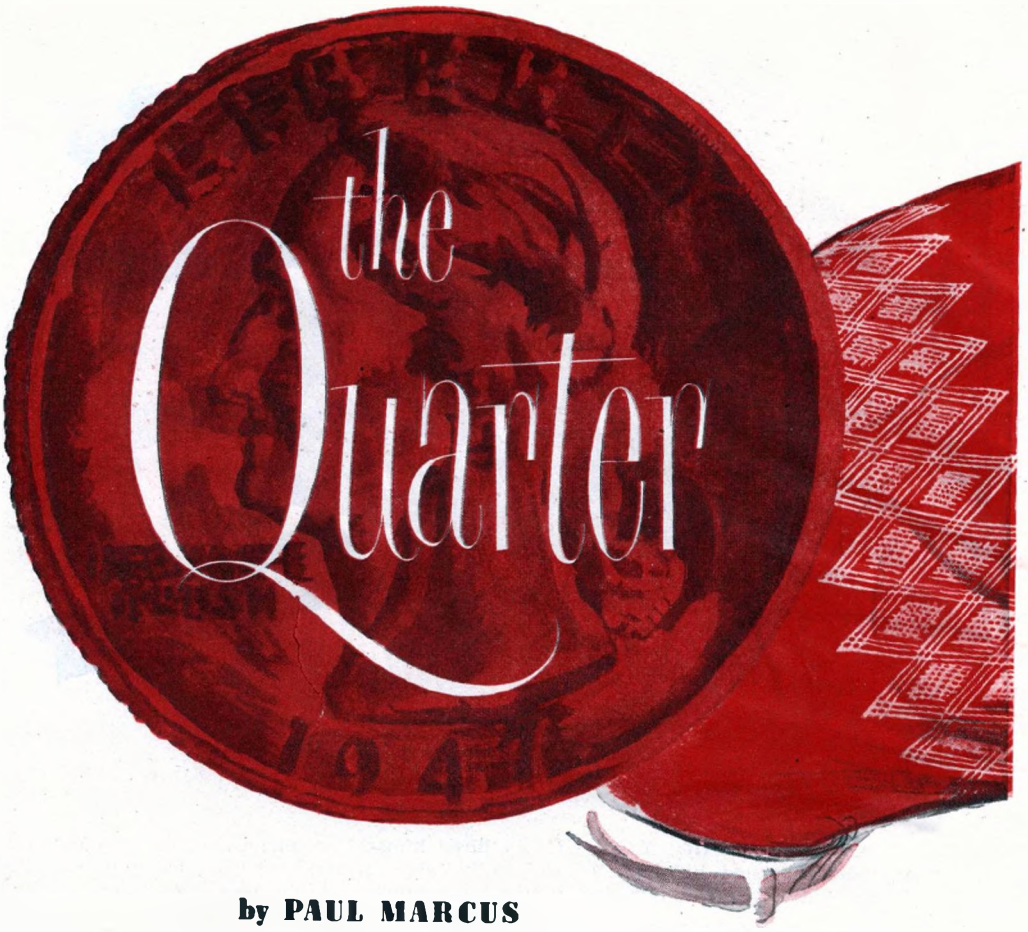
* * * * *

The morning after his startling date with Xantha Kennedy, Casey reported to the dock and found that Pop McVeigh had no charter for that day. The boat was spic and span. Casey, nevertheless, went over it as if it were valuable china on which a dust speck was offensive. While he worked, he tried to find in himself some attitude or emotional strength which would enable him to erase Xantha from his mind and to free himself of the intense feelings she had set up in him. That effort failed. Also, as Pop worked beside him, Casey learned that the busy and thriving appearance of the sports fishing fleet was illusory. It had not been a good winter for the guides. Summers, they expected to be slim. Pop himself was worried.

"The Angel," he said, during their discussion, "is a two-faced lady. She earns her keep—and keeps my wife and me—but she never does more. You've got to love the sea, and the sight of a big fish striking, more than you love security—to be in the charter-boat business."

This both pleased and worried Casey, and the two emotions were a clue to his nature, as well as to the *(Continued on page 120)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS



by **PAUL MARCUS**

The elements in this short-short story are simple: a quarter, a small boy and a father. But if you are a parent you will not soon forget it

Ed Wilson was tired of having his lawn mower nicked up on pebbles, old bones and assorted nuts and bolts. It was astounding how much rubble could be created by two small boys and a Welsh terrier named Taffy. Since it was Saturday, Ed decided to rake the lawn.

The day was cool, though pleasant, so Ed started on the south side of the house where the sun warmed his back as he worked. When his rake hit something metallic he stopped and picked it up. If the object seemed useful, he kept it; if not, he tossed it into a basket. Whenever the basket filled, he carried it to a trash pile in back of the house.

"Hey, Pa!" Ed heard his son call. "Where are you?"

"Up in front!" Ed shouted. "Be quiet; the baby is napping!"

"You're making the noise," Tommy said, as he came around the house with his friend Pete, and Taffy. "Hey, guess what!"

"What?" Ed said.

"That's what."

Ed groaned. "When are you going to stop that silly gag?"

"I don't know," Tommy said. "Pete's got something to show you."

"What is it?" Ed said. He thought that both their bright, nine-year-old faces had an unpleasant smirk, but the impression was fleeting.

"Flower," Pete said, nodding down toward his chest.

An inner voice warned Ed, but too softly. "So it is," he said, and bent toward the boy to examine the yellow plastic gadget.

Water shot into Ed's face.

The boys shouted jubilantly and Taffy ran in a circle for sheer joy. Ed clenched his

Ed grabbed Tommy and broke the gadget into bits. The boy stared in horror and disbelief.

hands and controlled himself. He couldn't kill the brat; that would be murder.

"Very funny," Ed said.

"It's got a rubber tube," Tommy said, "and a bulb you put in your pocket."

"Very funny," Ed said.

"Can I have a quarter to buy one?"

"I should say not!"

"Why?" Tommy yelped. "All the kids have got 'em!"

"Because," Ed said firmly. "Because . . . well, what did you do with your allowance? You just got it yesterday."

"I bought a baseball magazine," Tommy said.

"Spent your whole quarter, eh?" Ed said triumphantly.

"It had a picture of Joe DiMaggio," Tommy said.

"Okay, but you've spent your dough, and now you've got to wait until next week, see?"

"Aw, gee!" Tommy said, his face puckering. "A quarter ain't what it used to be."

"All right," Ed said. "But you've got to learn how to handle money. Every time you get your allowance you spend it all the first day, and then you go nuts

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

during all the rest of the week."

"I'll ask Ma," Tommy threatened.

"Go ahead," Ed said. On this point Marge and he had a firm agreement.

"C'mon, Pete," Tommy said ominously, and the two boys and the dog ran into the house.

Five minutes later the boys came out again, and Ed could tell by the storm in Tommy's face and the set of Taffy's tail that Marge had stuck by her guns. Ed went on raking. He was repeatedly distressed by the fierceness of Tommy's desires; when the boy wanted something, he wanted it with every cell in his body. Tommy had to learn, Ed felt, how to deny himself some things in order that he might get other things, or he wouldn't have much of a life.

Ed moved over to the north side of the house, where it was noticeably cooler. He had just shied the broken wing of a toy airplane into his trash basket, when the front door opened, and Marge came out. She looked angry. "Listen to me, Ed Wilson," she said, "I thought we had an agreement not to give Tommy any money over his allowance."

"We do," Ed said.

"Then what do you mean by this sabotage?"

"I didn't give Tommy money."

"You didn't?" Marge's face changed color. "He's down behind the tool shed with one of those flower contraptions."

Ed and Marge looked at each other with dismay.

"Do you suppose——" Marge said.

"I thought he was over that," Ed said miserably.

"I'm going down and ask him," Marge said. She walked toward the tool shed.

A year ago there had been a brief period when Tommy almost openly stole small change from Marge's purse. They had punished him and thought the whole matter ended. But now, Ed thought, it looked bad. The kid just had to learn some control; certainly he had to learn not to steal to get what he wanted.

Marge came back across the lawn.

"He says he found it," Marge said. "He says he was playing back of the house, and he just saw a quarter lying there."

"Gosh, that's hard to believe!" Ed said.

"I asked him if he took it from my purse, and he said he didn't."

"What do you make of it?"

"I don't believe him."

"I guess I'd better talk with him," Ed said.

Ed and Marge together walked to the tool shed. In back of it were Tommy and Pete, standing toe to toe, joyously squirting water in each other's face. Taffy was barking at both impartially. On the ground was a Mason jar of water for supply. The boys' shirts were plastered to their young bodies, and their faces were flushed and shining.

"Tommy," Ed said, "where did you get that quarter?"

The duel stopped, and Tommy said, "I found it."

"That's quite a coincidence, isn't it?" Ed said.

"What's a coincidence?"

"Well," Ed said, "first you ask me for a quarter to buy that gadget, and I turn you down. Then you ask your mother, and she turns you down. A few minutes later you find a quarter. Now, don't you think that's hard to believe?"

"I don't know," Tommy said. His expression was inscrutable.

"We think maybe you found the quarter in your mother's purse," Ed said.

"I didn't!" Tommy cried, his face red and his eyes filling.

"I'm sorry, but it looks that way to us," Ed said. He seized Tommy by one arm, took the gadget from the boy's shirt, and broke it into bits.

Tommy watched him with horror and disbelief.

"You've got to learn that you can't steal, Tommy," Ed said. "You stole the money for this, so you can't keep it."

Ed and Marge turned and walked away, Tommy's expression burning in their minds. They walked over the lawn in silence. Marge glanced at Ed's face and spoke quickly. "You had to do it," she said. "It was the right thing to do."

"I guess so," Ed said.

Marge went into the house, and Ed began raking again. As he worked, Ed could hear Tommy sobbing behind the tool shed, while Pete tried to console him.

"You can use mine," Pete said, "as long as you want to."

"I want my own!" Tommy cried.

"C'mon, take this," Pete said. "I don't want it any more."

But Tommy only sobbed louder.

Ed raked with desperate energy, forcing his thoughts elsewhere. The lawn was looking better. He caught Taffy stealing an old bone out of the trash basket and chased him away. His rake hit another metal object, and he stopped to pick it up.

Ed straightened slowly, his face red and strained; he looked at the object in astonishment. It was his pocket knife. He put his hand into his right trouser pocket and turned it inside out. There was a hole in it, and all his change had fallen out, too.

A great sweat broke out on Ed's face and trickled off his chin as he thought of all the times he had walked to the back of the house with his trash basket. His whole being was shaken by confusion and misgiving. He might apologize, or try to explain, but he knew that no matter what he did he could never right the wrong, and he suffered on the cross of his fallibility for all the parents there ever were or would be. THE END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I'll Give You Some Advice

(Continued from page 57)

to disturb you at this hour, but will you marry me?"

"Certainly. Who is this?"

"Smallwood Bessemer."

"I don't get the second name."

"Bessemer. B for bubonic plague——"

"Oh, Bessemer. I'll write it down. Good night, Mr. Bessemer."

"Good night, Miss Flack."

It was just after Smallwood had finished breakfast next morning and was roughing out a column advising the government on its foreign policy that Sidney McMurdo came lumbering over the threshold. "Hoy, Bessemer," said Sidney. "Can you give me some advice?"

Smallwood started like a war horse at the sound of the bugle.

"Or, rather, information. Suppose a fiend in human shape steals a fellow's girl, and the fellow tears him limb from limb, is that murder?"

"Manslaughter, I should say. The unwritten law and all that."

"Good. Then I can go right ahead and attend to this wolf in the grass who has stolen Agnes Flack from me."

Smallwood's heart did a quick buck-and-wing step. "Ag-ag-Agnes Fuf-fuf-Flack?" he quavered.

"My late fiancee," explained Sidney. "She called me up just now and told me she was engaged but couldn't remember the man's name. She wrote it down, but has mislaid the paper. However, a few inquiries will soon put me on his track."

Smallwood Bessemer tottered to the closet on the other side of the room and took from it a bottle of tonic port. He had fallen into the habit of drinking a little of this when he felt low, and reason told him he was never going to feel lower than of even date. Usually he confined himself to a single glass, for the stuff had a powerful kick in it, but a glance at his visitor's colossal frame and twitching hands made him feel that this was a special occasion. He drained a second bumper, and a sudden idea came to him.

"I wonder, McMurdo," he said, "if you remember what you were saying to me the other day about the advisability of my taking out an All Accident insurance with your firm? I have been thinking it over and am strongly inclined to do so."

"It's the sensible thing," said Sidney McMurdo. "You never know when you may get badly smashed up."

"Exactly. So if you have a form . . . You have? Good . . . I will sign it at once."

He had just done so and had pressed upon his visitor a check for the year's premium, when the telephone rang.

"Yoo-hoo, sweetie-pie!" bellowed Agnes Flack, who had now found the missing paper. Sidney McMurdo stiffened and started looking like a mass murderer, though his face lacked the geniality you sometimes see in mass murderers. When Agnes Flack spoke on the telephone, there was never any need for extensions to enable the bystander to follow her remarks.

At the conclusion of the conversation McMurdo fixed Smallwood with a bulging eye. "That was Agnes Flack," he said hoarsely.

"Er—yes," said Smallwood.

"She called you sweetie-pie."

"Er—yes. An odd expression. Equivalent, I imagine, to 'Dear Sir' or something formal like that."

"Formal my right eyeball!" said Sidney McMurdo, breaking off a corner of the mantelpiece and shredding it through his fingers. "I see it all. You're the wolf I was chatting about just now." He gave a hitch to his shoulder muscles, which were leaping about under his coat like an Agnes de Mille chorus. "So when you gave me that advice about making passes at another girl, it was all a vile plot."

"No, no."

"Of course it was a vile plot," said Sidney McMurdo, petulantly twisting the poker into a lover's knot. "You did it purely in order that you should be left to steal the girl I love. If that wasn't a vile plot, I don't know a vile plot when I see one. Well, well, we must see what we can do about it."

It was the fact that Smallwood Bessemer at that moment sprang nimbly behind the table that eased the strain of the situation. For as Sidney McMurdo stooped to remove the obstacle, his eye fell on the insurance policy and he stopped, staring at it as if spellbound.

Smallwood, scanning him anxiously, could read what was passing in his mind. Sidney McMurdo was a jealous lover, but he was also a second vice-president of the Jersey City and All Points West Mutual and Co-operative Life and Accident Insurance Co., Inc., an organization which had an almost morbid distaste for parting with its money. If, as the result of any impulsive action on his part, the Inc. boys were compelled to pay over a large sum to Smallwood Bessemer almost before they had trousered his first check, there would be pursed lips and raised eyebrows, not to mention reproachful looks and harsh words. He might even be stripped of his second vice-president's desk.

For what seemed an eternity Smallwood Bessemer gazed at a strong man wrestling with himself. Then the crisis passed. Sidney McMurdo flung into a chair and sat moodily gnashing his teeth.

"Well," said Smallwood, feeling like Shedrach, Meshach and Abednego, "if there is nothing further you wish to discuss . . . I am a little busy . . . My column, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"Just a moment," said Sidney McMurdo.

He took up the insurance policy, studying it intently for a while. But it was as he had feared. It covered everything. He strode from the room with bowed head, and Smallwood finished the bottle of tonic port.

The days that followed were dark days for Smallwood Bessemer. It is never pleasant for a young man to lose the girl he worships, and it more or less twists the knife in the wound when on top of this he accumulates another whom he not only does not love but knows that he can never love. Smallwood Bessemer respected Agnes Flack. She would always fill him with that sense of awe which is inspired by anything very large, like the Empire State Building or the Grand Canyon of Arizona. But the thought of going through life with her looming up across the breakfast table every morning frankly appalled him.

Once he went so far as to hint to her that his proposal of marriage had been just a little joke, an airy pleasantry at which he had expected that no one would laugh more heartily than herself, but the results were not encouraging. Agnes Flack, looking stonily at him as if she were something Gutzon Borglum had carved on a mountain, stated specifically that if there was anything even remotely resembling funny business—if, in other words, it should prove that he had been trying to make her the plaything of an idle hour--she would know what to do about it.

"Know what to do about it?" faltered Smallwood.

"Know what to do about it," said Agnes.

"Know what to do about it," repeated Smallwood thoughtfully. "Yes, I see what you mean. Know what to do about it."

"You do love me, Smallwood, don't you?" said Agnes.

"Madly. Devotedly. Wholeheartedly. Passionately," said Smallwood.

There were only two small streaks of silver lining in the cloud wrack which encompassed him at this juncture of his affairs. One was that Agnes Flack proved a far more cordial recipient of advice than ever Celia Todd had done. The substantial girl hung upon his lips, and every time he said, "I'll give you some advice," she took it. Guided by him, she had changed her hair-do, the color of her sweaters, her shoes, her hats and the diet of her wolf hound, Cyril. She had given up shouting "Fore!" at people on the golf links as if she were a master sergeant addressing a p.f.c. with whom he was not in sympathy, and in her daily reading she was now substituting W. H. Auden for Earle Stanley Gardner. This gave Bessemer a sense of power, and when the heart is broken one can always do with a sense of power.

The other bright spot was the grow-

ing cordiality of his relations with Sidney McMurdo. Misery loves company, and it frequently happens that a mutual brokenheartedness draws men together. After that first tempestuous encounter Sidney had shown a softer side to his nature. He liked to look in on Smallwood and smoke a pipe and cry a little and tell him what in his opinion was wrong with women. And Smallwood would smoke a cigarette and shed a tear or two and tell Sidney what he thought was wrong with women. Sidney's remarks were music to Smallwood's ears, and Smallwood's remarks were music to Sidney's ears.

On the evening before the final of the Woman's Club Championship, Smallwood was crossing the links with Agnes, who had just won her semifinal round after a gruelling contest, when they observed Sidney practicing moody putts on the eighteenth green.

Smallwood waved a genial hand. "Hi-ya, Sidney," he called.

"Hi-ya, Smallwood," responded Sidney.

"Did you get that tonic all right?"

"Yay. Good stuff, you think?"

"You can't beat it," said Smallwood.

Agnes seemed surprised. She said that she had not known that they were such buddies.

"Oh, yes," said Smallwood. "Sidney and I are excellent friends. He drops in at my place a good deal and we—er—talk of this and that. I was able to do him a good turn today. He is very anxious to watch tomorrow's match, and his fiancee wanted him to go into New York and bring out a specialist for her Pekingese, Pirbright, to whom she is greatly attached and who, it appears, is off color at the moment. I gave him some advice. 'Don't bother about specialists,' I said. 'I'll send you a bottle of that tonic port I drink. Give the animal a shot of that, and it will put him right in no time.' So he will be able to watch the match, after all."

They arrived at the clubhouse, and Smallwood proposed a cooling drink.

Agnes shook her head. "I'm going straight home," she said, "to give myself a good going over with Rubbo. I don't want to be stiff for the final tomorrow."

Smallwood frowned. "Rubbo?"

"It's the lotion I always use."

"Then stop using it," said Smallwood. wood. "I'll give you some advice. For preventing stiffness, strains and soreness of the muscles use Gubbo. I'll look in at the drugstore now and send you up a bottle."

She thanked him, and he said, "Not at all." He was always glad, he said, to give people the benefit of his advice.

It had been Smallwood's intention, for he had a strong sense of duty, to be present at the final on the morrow, encouraging Agnes with his support and possibly giving her a word of advice from time to time, but an unexpected telephone call from his editor soon after lunch made it necessary for him to go into New York. And what with dropping in on friends and telling them to stop doing what they were doing and do something else, as recommended by him, it was late afternoon before he left the station on his return journey and started to walk home.

The short cut to Smallwood's bungalow took him across a corner of the links and over the wooden bridge that spanned the water at the ninth hole, and he was just about to set foot on this bridge when he heard voices. A couple, male and female, were leaning on the rail. They were too far away for him to identify them, but he was on the point of hurrying forward and advising them not to risk catching cold by standing there, for it was quite chilly, when the female member of the duo spoke his name, and he recognized the familiar boom of Agnes Flack's voice.

"In telling me not to beat out Smallwood Bessemer's brains (if any) with a niblick," she was saying, "you may be right, Sidney darling. One wishes, if possible, to avoid the electric chair. But I shall certainly break every bone in his body the moment I see him. I owe it to myself as a woman."

Those who knew him were inclined to look on Smallwood Bessemer as purely the man of intellect, what might be described as the thoughtful, introspective type. But he now showed that he could, if the occasion demanded it, be the man of action. With scarcely a pause for reflection he left the spot on which he stood, and with an easy, effortless leap, he dived headforemost into the clump of bushes which bordered the tenth tee. One moment he was there; the next he had vanished. Performing fleas could have taken his correspondence course.

His mind was in a whirl. What was all this "Sidney darling" stuff? Had a reconciliation taken place between these two human behemoths? And, arising from that, what did Agnes Flack mean about breaking every bone in his body?

Sidney McMurdo was endeavoring to soothe and to pour oil on the troubled waters. It was evident that he was disconcerted by this talk about breaking the bones of a client of the Jersey City and All Points West Mutual and Co-operative Life and Accident Insurance Co., Inc.

"But, darling, you've got back your little Sidney, darling."

"Yes, darling."

"Then why bother your head about Smallwood Bessemer, darling?"

Agnes Flack demurred. "It's all very well for you to talk like that," she said. "You weren't up all night feeling as if you were on fire as the result of that vitriol the hound Bessemer advised me to rub on myself. You didn't lose the Women's Championship owing to not getting a wink of sleep. Him and his Gubbo! No, the show must go on. I shall confront Smallwood Bessemer and, having first told him what I think of men who advise innocent girls to rub themselves with liquid fire, I shall break every bone in his body."

Smallwood Bessemer's jaw had already fallen almost to the limit of its capacity, but at these words he found himself letting it out another notch. He realized now what had happened. Probably because he had been distrait at the moment, he had advised her to rub herself with Gubbo, forgetting that it was a liniment designed exclusively for the use of horses. No wonder it had tickled up the more sensitive skin of an Agnes Flack. What he had meant to recommend, of course, was Dubbo. Just one of those mistakes which so often occur, but he doubted whether an explanation to this effect would go very far toward removing hard feelings. No, there was nothing to be done but remain where he was until she had removed herself from the bridge and hope that eventually Time, the healer, would do its stuff.

Crouching in the bush, he gave himself up to thought.

The sweet was mingled with the bitter in his meditations. On the one hand, all the evidence seemed to point to the fact that his engagement to Agnes Flack was at an end. This was a substantial bit of velvet.

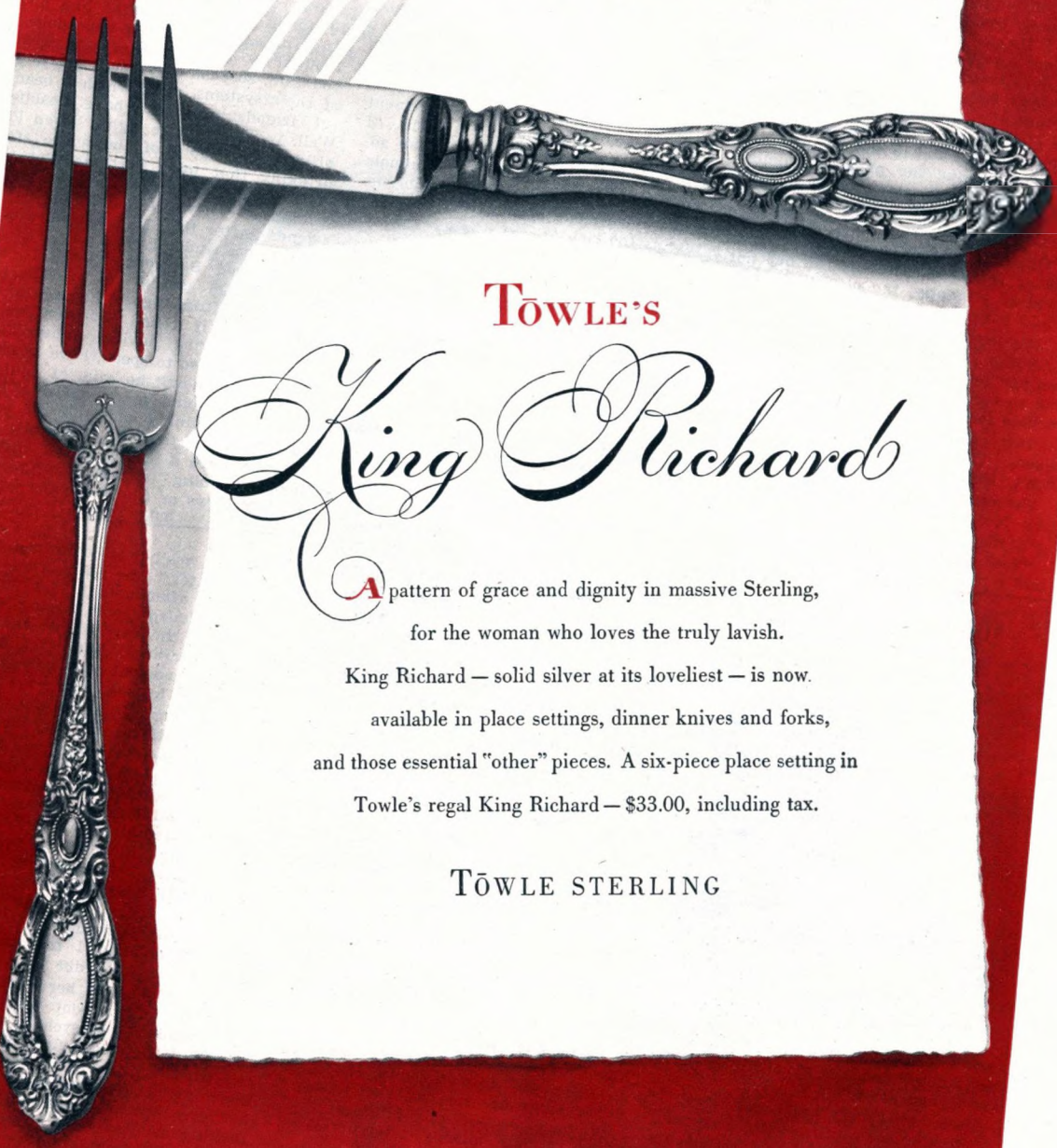
Against this, however, must be set the fact that, with the girl in her present militant mood, the future would hold much that must inevitably be distasteful to a man who liked a quiet life. As long as he remained in the neighborhood, he would be compelled to exercise ceaseless vigilance and would have to hold himself in readiness, should Agnes Flack appear in the offing, to pick up his feet and run like a rabbit. This was not so good.

But worse even than that was the thought that he had lost Celia Todd, the only girl in the world for him. If Sidney McMurdo was going to marry Agnes Flack, both Smallwood and Celia were, of course, once more in circulation. But how could he hope that after what had occurred he would ever be able to win her back? A bitter reflection. He wondered for a moment what advice he would have given to a friend who found himself in such a position.

For a considerable time now there had been silence on the bridge, and it seemed reasonable to suppose that Agnes and Sidney had decided to call it a day and that it would be safe for him to emerge. He left the bush, accordingly, and had paused in the middle of the bridge to shake from his person a few of the spiders which had parked themselves on him, when there came to his ears the sound of footsteps. A woman's form loomed up in the gathering dusk. She was coming toward him across the bridge. And then suddenly a cry rent the air.

Smallwood Bessemer was to discover shortly that he had placed an erroneous interpretation upon this cry, which had really been one of agitation and alarm. To his sensitive ear it had sounded like the animal yowl of an angry woman sighting her prey, and he had concluded that this must be Agnes Flack, returned to the chase. Acting upon this assumption, he stood not on the order of his going but immediately soared over the rail and plunged into the water below. Rising quickly to the surface and clutching for support, he found himself grasping something wet and furry.

For an instant he was at a loss to decide what this could be. It had some



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of the properties of a sponge and some of a damp hearth rug. Then it bit him in the fleshy part of the thumb, and he identified it as Celia Todd's Pekingese, Pirbright. In happier days he had been bitten from once to three times weekly by this animal, and he recognized its technique.

The discovery removed a great weight from his mind. If Pirbright came, he reasoned, could Celia Todd be far behind? He saw now that it must be she, and not Agnes Flack, who stood on the bridge. Greatly relieved, he sloshed to the shore, endeavoring as best he might to elude the creature's snapping jaws.

In this he was not wholly successful. Twice more he had to endure nips, and juicy ones. But the physical anguish soon passed away as he came to land and found himself gazing into Celia's eyes.

"Oh, Smallwood!" she cried. "Thank heaven you were there! If you had not acted so promptly, the poor little mite would have been drowned."

"It was nothing," he protested.

"Nothing? To have the reckless courage to plunge in like that? It was the sort of thing people get expensive medals for."

"Just presence of mind," said Smallwood. "Some fellows have it; some don't. How did it happen?"

She caught her breath. "It was Sidney McMurdo's doing."

"Sidney McMurdo's?"

"Yes. Pirbright was not well, and I told him to go into New York and get a really good vet. And he talked me into letting him try some sort of tonic port. We gave Pirbright a saucerful, and he seemed to enjoy it. Then he suddenly uttered a piercing bark and ran up the side of the wall. Finally he dashed out of the house. When he returned, his manner was lethargic, and I thought a walk would do him good. And as he came onto the bridge, he staggered and fell. He must have had some form of vertigo."

Smallwood Bessemer scrutinized the animal. He was able, despite the evening shadows, to discern in its bearing all the symptoms of an advanced hangover.

"Well, I broke off the engagement right away," proceeded Celia Todd. "I can respect a practical joker. I can admire a man who is cruel to animals. But I cannot pass as fit for human consumption a blend of the two. The mixture is too rich."

There was a silence.

Smallwood coughed. "Let us marshal the facts," he said. "You are not going to marry Sidney McMurdo."

"I certainly am not."

"And I am not going to marry Agnes Flack."

"You aren't?"

"No. So it almost looks——"

"Yes, doesn't it?"

"I mean, each of us being at a loose end, as it were . . ."

"Exactly."

"Celia!"

"Smallwood!"

Hand in hand they made their way across the bridge. Celia uttered a sudden cry.

"I haven't told you the worst," she said. "Sidney McMurdo had the effrontery to assert that you had advised the tonic port."

"You don't say!"

"I knew it could not be true. Your advice is always so good. Do you remember some time ago when Pirbright met Agnes Flack's wolfhound and it insulted him? The little angel was just rolling up his sleeves and starting in to mix it, when I snatched him away. And you said I shouldn't have done it. I ought to have let them fight it out, you said, so that they could get it out of their systems, after which a beautiful friendship would have resulted. Well, you were quite right. When Pirbright dashed out of the house after drinking that tonic port, he met the wolfhound and cleaned it up in under a minute. They are now the best of friends. After this, I shall always take your advice and ask for more."

Smallwood Bessemer mused. It was his habit of giving advice that had freed him from Agnes Flack. On the other hand, if it had not been for his habit of giving advice, Agnes Flack would never, so to speak, have arisen.

"Do you know," he said, "I doubt if I shall be doing much advising from now on. I think I shall ask the paper to release me from my columnist contract. I have a feeling that I shall be happier doing something like the Society News or Children's Corner."

THE END

Millicent and the Tiger

(Continued from page 45)

that of the zebra's, who still retained his striped head—"I'm afraid I don't know your name."

"Jonathan Childs," said the zebra.

"Mr. Childs," continued Mr. Sommers. Then, with a graceful flourish of his paw in the direction of Millicent, "This is Mrs. Sommers."

"I am *not* Mrs. Sommers," said Millicent huffily. "And I'll thank you not to forget that, too."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sommers, including the others. "She *was* Mrs. Sommers—ten years ago."

"Well," said Miss Field inanely, "you two must have a lot to talk about."

"Indeed we have," Millicent said.

There seemed little more to be discussed, so after assuring herself that Millicent had recovered from her vapors, Miss Field ushered Mrs. Turner back to the light fiction, Mr. Harrison back to the guardianship of the fifth floor, and Mr. Childs back to being a zebra, leaving Mr. Sommers and the ex-Mrs. Sommers to pick up the threads of the past where they had dropped them.

"Really, Arthur," Millicent said, "I never thought you'd come to this."

"To what?" asked Arthur.

"Letting yourself be rented out in that ridiculous costume."

"I'm not rented out," said Arthur. "I work here."

"As a tiger?" asked Millicent scathingly.

"Oh, no. I'm in the publicity department." Millicent arched her eyebrows dubiously. "You see, I arranged all this. I mean the autographing party for Caroline Upton Trent. It was my idea to have the animals, only the tiger didn't show up. He had rheumatism."

"I don't see——" said Millicent.

But Arthur quickly interrupted. "I volunteered to take his place."

"Whose place?" asked Millicent.

"The tiger's. We're about the same build."

"You've put on weight," said Millicent irrelevantly.

"I have not," said Arthur, and he sounded pained. "I only look this way because I'm padded." To illustrate his point, he patted his fur-lined abdomen.

Millicent was not to be downed. "Your face is fatter," she said. Then as a triumphant afterthought, "It's puffy."

Arthur inhaled deeply, hoping thereby to give his cheeks a gaunt and cadaverous appearance, but after an uncomfortable moment or two, he decided it was better to look puffy.

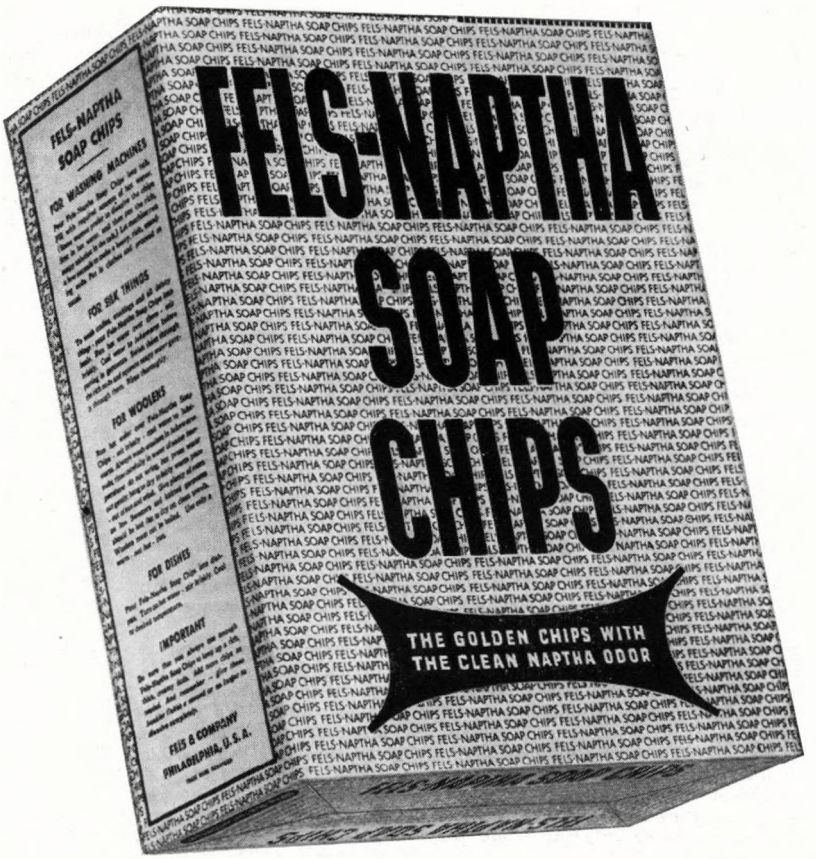
Millicent studied him carefully. "Yes," she said pontifically, "you're stouter."

For a moment Arthur was tempted to argue the point, but the memory of a long procession of arguments all routed by Millicent's inimitable brand of logic, halted him. "Oh, well," he said, with an air of what he hoped was devil-may-care, "we're not getting any younger." It was the wrong thing to have said.

"Speak for yourself," said Millicent coldly. "Personally I feel and look a lot younger than I did ten years ago."

Arthur looked at her critically. She might be lying about how she felt. That would take a psychiatrist to determine, but there was little doubt about the truth of her looks. Millicent was blooming. Her hair was soft and shiny, her eyes lustrous, and her mouth as inviting as ever. And yet he had not the slighest temptation to accept the invitation. Somehow this made him feel disloyal, so he salved his conscience by telling her that she not only looked well, but remarkably young. For the first time since their encounter, Millicent smiled. It was a triumphant smile—the smile of a boa constrictor who has just sighted a succulent rabbit.

THE LARGE ECONOMY PACKAGE



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Arthur, feeling a great deal like the rabbit, shuddered. Then, deciding that the occasion called for more than a shudder, he asked her if she felt any ill effects from her faint. Millicent's smile disappeared. "I have a splitting headache," she answered, and Arthur remembered, almost nostalgically, that all of Millicent's headaches had adjectives in front of them. He had never known her to have a simple, unadorned headache. To emphasize her suffering Millicent stroked her forehead, winced as if she had touched an open wound, then, satisfied with the effect this produced on Arthur, proceeded to recarmine her lips. Suddenly there was an apologetic cough, and Mrs. Turner in light fiction stood in the doorway.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sommers," she said, "but Anne Darron just phoned. She didn't want to disturb you, so she left word she'd meet you for dinner to night. Seven thirty at The Copper Club."

"Thank you, Mrs. Turner," said Arthur, and his words sounded like a Thanksgiving prayer.

Mrs. Turner beamed at him proudly, as though she personally had arranged the dinner date, and went her way.

Millicent looked at Arthur suspiciously. "That can't be *the* Anne Darron," she said, daring him to contradict her.

"That's who it is," answered Arthur with just a touch of pride. "You know, the novelist. She wrote——"

"I know what she wrote," interrupted Millicent. "I've read all her books. Every one." Millicent always read all of everybody's books.

"How do you happen to be having dinner with her?" she asked. Then, being Millicent, she provided the answer. "Business, I suppose."

"No," said Arthur. "We're friends."

Millicent frowned. "How odd," she said.

"What's odd about it?" asked Arthur.

"That you should be intimate with a famous writer. You never read anything."

Arthur tried to think of an answer, but obviously Millicent didn't want one. She went right on talking. "I'm very partial to her work. I'd like to meet her."

Arthur stiffened. It was bad enough being alone with his ex-wife without having Anne exposed to her. He realized only too well how, even after ten years, his personality became pale and wispy in Millicent's presence. The occasional romantic overtures that he had had the courage to make to Anne had been met with a friendly but unmistakable rebuff. She seemed to like him, but that was all. The moment he attempted to push their relationship beyond the bounds of the impersonal, Anne pushed back. He still hoped, but it was an elusive hope, born of man's optimism and his love of a woman. If Anne ever saw Millicent's effect on him, that last fond hope would be shattered forever.

"I know what," said Millicent abruptly. "Let's all have dinner together. I'm in town with my husband, and we could join you."

"Oh, no," cried Arthur, so profoundly upset he forgot to conceal his horror.

"Well, really," said Millicent. Under stress her vocabulary became limited.

Arthur blushed. "I didn't mean it that way," he said. "I merely meant that"—for a moment he floundered, then recovered partially— "you see, we're going on—to the theater."

"That's all right," said Millicent graciously. "We're catching a train back home after dinner. Where is The Copper Club?"

"It's miles from the station," said Arthur hastily.

"Our train doesn't leave until ten. We'll have all sorts of time." Then, noticing that Arthur was still in a state of noncapitulation, she thought of a clincher. "I want you to meet my husband. I know he wants to meet you, too."

"I'd be delighted any time," said Arthur, "only——"

"There's no time like the present. We may not be back here for ages," said Millicent. "Besides, you owe me a dinner for having made me faint."

Thousands of arguments flooded Arthur's brain, but not one of the thousand seemed sufficiently potent to deter Millicent. Then he had a thought. He'd phone her later. He'd tell her that Anne was ill, that he had to work, that the plans had changed—anything to keep her away from Anne.

"Well?" said Millicent.

"That'll be fine," answered Arthur, trying to sound convincing. He didn't, but Millicent, having won her point, was satisfied. All she needed now was the address of The Copper Club. Arthur was tempted to give her an address some sixty or seventy miles out of town, but that would be, at best, a delaying tactic. Every taxi driver knew The Copper Club and its location. So he wrote out the address for her, and, gentleman to the last, steered her into the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department, where he finally made his escape.

An hour later, Arthur, no longer a tiger but a raging hyena, paced his office floor, stopping only occasionally to groan and mop his brow. He'd forgotten to ask Millicent where she was stopping. By the time he'd realized his oversight, she had vanished from Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, much to the relief of a saleslady, who had found her not only impossible to satisfy, but truculent in the bargain. No sale—no address. He'd thought of canvassing the hotels, only to remember with a start of panic that he did not know her married name. There was only one out. He'd have to phone Anne, break the date, and face Millicent and her husband alone. Then came the final blow. Anne was out, and her secretary had no idea where she could be found until seven thirty at The Copper Club.

And so Arthur paced, frantically trying to devise some scheme to keep the two women apart. Supposing he failed to arrive at The Copper Club? He could always phone Anne there at the last moment and invent an excuse for his absence. No! That wouldn't work. Millicent would instantly recognize and appropriate her. Anne's picture not only adorned the jacket of her current novel, but it appeared in advertisements in book sections throughout the country. A female author as decorative as Anne was far too rare to be overlooked. Millicent would insist on Anne's having dinner with her and her husband, and Arthur wouldn't even be there to defend himself. There was only one hope. If, by some miracle, Anne, who was always late, were to arrive at The Copper Club before Millicent, he might be able to persuade her to dine elsewhere.

At seven sharp, Arthur was ensconced in a chair in the foyer of The Copper Club, his eyes fixed hopefully on the revolving door. Each time it revolved he sprang up, much to the annoyance of an elderly gentleman seated opposite him and trying to concentrate on an article on metabolism. When Arthur had risen and fallen back for the sixteenth time, the gentleman not only lost the trend of the article, but was in imminent danger of losing his own metabolic balance. At seven thirty, the hall clock struck the half-hour. Arthur leaped nervously to his feet, and the old gentleman, with a discouraged grunt, bade farewell to the study of metabolism and disappeared angrily into the nether regions of the club.

Simultaneously, the door revolved, and Anne Darron appeared, an incandescently lovely answer to Arthur's prayers. He turned from the vision only long enough to retrieve his hat from the table beside him. When he turned back the vision had multiplied. Standing beside Anne were Millicent and a balding stranger. What made it even more frightening was that they were grouped in a tableau of casual intimacy. With faltering steps Arthur approached the group, at the same time making a manful effort to compose his features into a semblance of pleased hospitality.

"Well, you're here," said Millicent needlessly. Before he could confirm the statement, she was off on a tangent. "The strangest thing happened," she babbled on. "Just as George and I were leaving the hotel, whom should we see in the lobby but Miss Darron! So we introduced ourselves, and here we are."

"Hello," said Arthur, lacking the strength to say more.

"Hello," said Anne, and there was a note in her voice as though she too had suffered.

"You haven't met George," said Millicent. "George, this is Arthur." She made it sound as though she were calling her husband's attention to a flaw in the plumbing. The two men eyed each other indifferently and mumbled greetings. Then they all adjourned to the bar.

Once there, Millicent relinquished the floor only long enough for them to order drinks, and then she launched the attack. "I've been telling Miss Darron about your being a tiger," she said.

"When I was a boy I once went to a masquerade as a dog," said George, and it was the last thing he said all evening. It was difficult to know whether his silence was induced by indifference,

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by Millicent, or by his desire to relive broodingly his short career as a dog.

Millicent smiled at George as one would at a backward child and redirected her offensive, this time toward Anne. "My dear," she said without affection, "I wish you could have seen Arthur. He looked so silly."

Arthur caught Anne in the act of giving him a furtive look, and he could almost feel the mangy fur of the tiger enveloping him once more.

"I don't suppose," said Anne, "that it's very easy to look anything but silly if you're dressed as an animal." Arthur gave her a grateful smile, but Anne chose that moment to study the buoyancy of the olive in her Martini.

"We'd better get in to dinner if we're going to the theater," said Arthur.

"Oh, there's plenty of time," said Millicent, who wasn't going to the theater.

Finally, however, the drinks were consumed and they repaired to the dining room, but only after Millicent had confided to Anne that Arthur (a) was hardly the type to play a tiger; that Arthur (b) was more the type to play a jack rabbit; that Arthur (c) had only one thing in common with a tiger, namely a tendency to growl over the least annoyance; and so on down the alphabet. This fascinating zoological discourse lasted through the hors d'oeuvre.

During soup, Millicent waxed literary. She dwelt very briefly on Anne's accomplishments, and this brought her naturally to Arthur's revolting lack of interest in all things cultural. "Anne," she said (Millicent inevitably called people by their first names after her first drink), "I'm willing to bet he's never read your books." Anne opened her graceful mouth to contradict this statement, but Millicent's mouth had not only grace but fluidity. "Oh, he's probably told you he's read them," she said, "but don't you believe him. I'm sure he never got further than the description on the jacket."

It might have been Arthur's imagination, but he could have sworn that Anne looked at him suspiciously.

Roast beef brought with it a new topic: Arthur's phobias. It seemed that Millicent had never met a man with so many phobias. First, there was the train phobia. He always got sick on trains. When Arthur reminded her that only once in their married life had he been taken sick on a train, and that was when he had influenza and a hangover, Millicent's laugh was so disparaging that Arthur felt like giving himself up for perjury.

The second phobia was known as the dog and cat phobia. Arthur loathed dogs and cats, down to the youngest and most beguiling puppy and/or kitten. According to Millicent, who was a firm believer in the psychiatric approach, this hatred was brought about by fear. Arthur, with a futile upward glance to the heavens to bear him witness, declared that, on the contrary, he loved dogs and cats, and just because he had hated Millicent's Pekingese . . .

Before he could conclude his defense, Millicent had cut it off with one of her philosophical truisms. "If you're a real dog lover, like me, you love all dogs."

The third, and by all odds the most repellent, phobia was the one that finally resulted in the dissolution of their marriage. This rather endeared it to Arthur, but not enough to have it flaunted before Anne. It was entitled the responsibility phobia. Arthur hated responsibility. He had always been a dependent child. Age had not withered this dependency.

"Why, do you know," said Millicent, "he wouldn't even buy a suit of clothes unless I went with him."

To an extent that was true. He had once or twice bought a suit of his own without Millicent being present. The results had been devastating. He could still hear the tone of voice in which Millicent greeted him and his new suit. "Well, really," he could hear her say, "you look like an undertaker."

"And it wasn't only clothes," continued Millicent, when suddenly, to Arthur's relief, George had a ferocious coughing spell. For a brief and peaceful moment, Millicent transferred her attention, explaining to Anne that her George was sickly, a fact that seemed to afford her a vast amount of pleasure.

By the time dessert had arrived Millicent was in a playful mood. It took the form of mock contrition at having exposed Arthur's fallibilities. After all it was barely possible, though not probable, that Anne might have overlooked one or two of his shortcomings. "Mustn't tell tales out of school," said Millicent, laughing inordinately at her happy phrase. Then, with a flight of the imagination, she evoked the notion that Arthur might not like to be discussed in front of someone in whom he was so obviously interested.

"Oh, you needn't blush," she said to Anne, who was growing paler by the moment. "I know the symptoms. He gets red and starts stammering and drops things." Arthur instantly got red, stammered an angry denial, and dropped a glass of water on George. "You see?" said Millicent, as she mopped her husband.

"Suppose," said Arthur, with a superhuman effort at self-control, "that we talk about something else."

"He's getting mad," Millicent confided to Anne. "You can always tell when he's getting mad. His nose twitches."

Automatically Anne's eyes went to Arthur's nose. It was vibrating at a terrific rate. Then, suddenly, things happened. With a roar of rage Arthur sprang to his feet, upsetting another glass of water on the still damp George. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. He'd lost his pride, lost Anne, and now he lost his temper.

Members and employees of The Copper Club still speak reverently of the farewell address that Arthur Sommers delivered to his ex-wife. No one had ever heard anything quite like it.

It started with classical simplicity. "Shut your mouth!" shouted Arthur, thereby capturing the fascinated attention of everyone in the dining room, except a Mrs. Jennifer, whose ear instrument happened to be tuned out at the moment. "For once I'm going to do the talking!" he continued, and before Millicent could recover from her shock, he was well into his speech.

He spoke of many things, largely autobiographical. He dwelt briefly on the horror of his married life. "For two long, terrible years," he said, "you made me so miserable that it took me ten more years to recover. Now, just as I was beginning to be able to forget that you ever existed, you come back and mess me up all over again. And just when I've found somebody I like"—without a pause he turned to Anne—"yes—I'm talking about you, but much good it does me to feel the way I do. You think I'm a spineless weakling, someone who's only fit to be pushed around. I don't blame you. But she made me that way."

This brought him gracefully back to the subject of Millicent. He performed quite a brilliant analysis of her character—brilliant despite a tendency toward repetitiveness. The words "harpy," "fishwife," and "shrew," came up a trifle too often.

Next he presented his listeners with a short but eloquent discourse on the predatory woman that, in a less conventional gathering, would have brought a round of applause.

Finally he summed up with an indictment of the former Mrs. Sommers that many of his audience, including Mrs. Jennifer who had tuned in by then, felt to be a minor masterpiece of oratorical expletive. True, there were those who thought his ending a bit weak. His last words were "So there!"—hardly a fitting climax to so colorful a speech, but the rest of it had been so rewarding that those present considered it petty to carp over two words.

As he finished, a regretful hush fell over the room. For a moment he paused as if wondering if he'd forgotten anything derogatory, then, with a final look of hatred at Millicent, he made a clumsy but nonetheless effective exit.

"Well, really," said Millicent, and her mouth hung open as though she expected an apology to be administered to her on a medicine spoon. George, on the other hand, gazed after the departing Arthur with a look of affection, mixed with a touch of reverence.

It was raining when Arthur reached the sidewalk outside the club. Fortunately a taxicab was just disgorging a party of four. Their exit was slightly incommoded by Arthur's trying to get in as they got out, but they finally made it.

Once inside, Arthur dropped limply on to the seat and was about to give his destination, when the door of the taxi opened and Anne jumped in.

"What do you want?" said Arthur, with an unusual lack of gallantry.

"You," said Anne with simple directness. "Darling, you are a tiger."

Whereupon Arthur emitted a low growl and crushed her in his tigerish embrace. It was quite a long time before the driver, a Mr. Emilio Sabbati, could find out where they were going.

THE END

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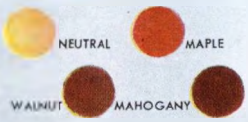

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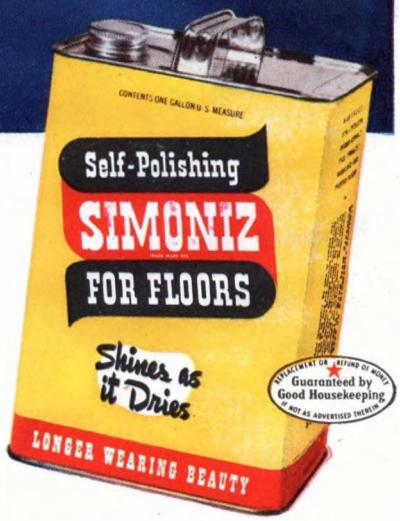

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On the Beach

(Continued from page 37)

I did. I don't read Doris's novels for nothing. And there was something about this that was fresh out of "Rowena, His Brother's Wife" (209 pp., ditto, ditto). Jake and Lindy. Who heaved together. And Hannah. With the gravy-eye on every seagull. And I couldn't help thinking about the captive from 'Frisco and feeling a little sorry for her. Even though I'd only heard of her ten miles back. Fresh out of an engagement ring, the way she was—and fresh out of this sailor, with the cleft and the laughter and the forelock. And down on Hannah's page eight.

"Well," I said, "you've got a long way to go, Lindy. Better keep that ring out of sight for a little while."

"I bought it," he said. "I gotta use it."

Which came at the same time we ran out of beer and more or less ended the prologue.

The "velvet throat of time" was certainly wearing its necklace that night, because it turned out that Lindy not only lived on Poinsettia Terrace (or, rather, that Jake and Hannah lived there and Lindy lived with them as much as he could), but that he lived directly next door to us. From the little that was said going up the Grapevine I began to suspect this, and it was cinched at Lebec over roast-beef sandwiches when he described the house they had just rented. He didn't know the address because they had only been there a week, but there was no doubt about it, it was the house next door.

I hadn't paid much attention, the Sunday before when Tish had skated through my study while I was finishing the last of "Salt" and said, just before she crashed into my typewriter stand, "The fleet's in." But at supper later, Doris had amplified this with the information that a very pretty girl and two sailors had moved next door and did I think something should be done.

I said if she was pretty and they were sailors something *would* be done, and Doris said that wasn't what she meant, and I said that so far as I was concerned I didn't want to get into trouble with two sailors; in fact there was no such a thing as two sailors; there were either no sailors or thousands of them. Doris said she was a *very* pretty girl, and it didn't seem possible that—but was interrupted by Tish who volunteered the startling information that both the sailors were the lady's husband.

"You're getting tired," was the way Doris handled that.

"No," said Tish, putting an elbow into her creamed chicken, "I *know* they're her husband because I heard her tell them both to stop drinking beer and get to work."

Doris looked at me. "Lick the supper off your arms, Tish," I said. "It's bedtime."

"The way you two keep putting things off," Tish sighed, "there's going to be an awful lot for me to find out when I'm older."

Which was true, if irrelevant.

Anyway, I finished "Salt" that night and left for San Francisco early the following morning, and all I heard about the people next door was in the one letter I got from Doris that week in which she said the girl next door seemed to have settled down to one husband, which was a good thing as she (Doris) could now settle down to her novel again ("The Past of Pauline Poole"—219 pp.).

"Your friends," I said to Lindy at Lebec, "they aren't by any chance named Taylor, are they? Along with Jake and Hannah?" (Tish had learned that from the postman).

"Yeah," Lindy said, with some surprise. "Yeah. They are. Taylor. How did you know?"

I said, "I'm the people next door."

Lindy glanced up from his apple pie. "You mean the ones with the horrible little girl?"

I nodded. "That's Tish. And, among other things, it's a very small world. Poinsettia Terrace division."

We hit "Dago" about midnight and our diggings some minutes thereafter, and the lights were on in both our houses when we drove up the driveway between them.

"Looks like Hannah's waiting for the hot flash from 'Frisco," he said. "Boy, will she register!"

"What about Jake?" I asked. "Will *he* register?"

"He's probably asleep. It wouldn't make any difference to him if I married Rita Hayworth."

"It *wouldn't?*"

"He's a cool one. But Hannah"—Lindy shook his head—"watches over me like a sister. Come on in. I want you to meet her."

"Not tonight," I said. "It's late. And I have a waiting wife. I hope."

He grinned. "I know what you mean. Well"—we shook hands—"thanks for the wings."

I said, "Good night, Lindy," and went my way and he went his, but I heard Lindy's voice from the darkness say, "Hiya, Hannah. Hiya, captive."

And I heard this other voice, this throaty voice which only goes with one kind of woman ever, anywhere, say, "Oh, Lindy—Lindy, darling!"

And I went in and upstairs quietly and started to unpack my bag without speaking to Doris, who was reading in bed. Because it gave me pause. I don't know why. I don't know what there was about it different from any other triangle. Just that the points were a little sharper, maybe. Or maybe just because he was so terribly young. For his years. And she was so much older. For hers. Or *sounded* so much older. Centuries older. As if she were lying in gilded splendor on a festooned barge in the River Nile, she sounded, instead of standing in a dark doorway overlooking San Diego Bay . . .

"What," Doris asked, after a quite a long moment, "is eating you?"

"Nothing," I ran my hand across my forehead. "I'm bushed, that's all. It's a long drive. I want to hit a little ragtime."

"You want to *what?*"

"Sorry," I said, starting into the bathroom. "I forget you land crabs don't speak English."

"Charlie"—Doris's voice put the book down and followed me into the bathroom and stood leaning against the door while I brushed my teeth—"I've asked you not to drive if you're going to drink. At least until we get two cars."

I brushed my gums up and down like the dentist told me instead of back and forth like it's easiest.

"Didn't they like the article on salt?"

I went back into the bedroom and put on my pajamas. "No," I said. "They didn't."

"Well," Doris sighed, "it isn't a very romantic subject."

I got into my bed and turned out the light. "Maybe not, but it's good on celery and to keep ice cream from melting."

"And speaking of romance," she went on, ignoring the remark of the century. "I've met the girl next door, and Tish was wrong. She only has one husband, and she's crazy about him. His name's Jake. The other one is his buddy, and she's just like a sister to him."

"I know," I said.

"What do you mean, you know?"

"They're all like sisters," I yawned.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Doris," I said, "stop crawling all over me." And went to sleep.

The following morning I met Jake. Or, rather, the following morning I was washing my car and this carrot-colored Adonis materialized on the porch next door, drinking a beer. I know Adonises don't usually come in the reds and rusts, but this one did. His hair was red, and a generous rash of red freckles ran across his wide face and spread across his bare shoulders and down his chest and his back to the top of his red-checked swimming trunks. And underneath and around them the rest of him was a healthy salmon color too, and his bare feet were red. He looked like a sunset in swimming trunks drinking a beer. And he also looked great. He looked like lifeguards and discus throwers. And he looked like two of Lindy Farragut. In any color.

"Hi," he said.

The hose I was washing the car with slipped just as I opened my mouth to answer and drowned out the words, and almost me.

"I hear you drove our boy home last night. How about a beer?"

"No thanks," I said, "I'm not very thirsty. You must be Jake."

"That's me," he said. "Jake." He sat down on the steps of his porch and looked at me and then when he saw *I* saw he was looking at me, he looked at his bottle of beer. I'm not built like a discus thrower, and I'm a little short on clefts and forelocks but until that morning I seldom hesitated about putting on trunks and flexing what I liked to think of as an occasional muscle. Since that morning however, or rather since Jake's *look* that morning, I never appear in public except in a bathysphere.

"Lindy's sure a steady Joe," Jake said. "He and I've heaved together for four years."

"He told me."

"And Hannah's nuts about him—she's the missus. Treats him like a kid brother. Won't let a captive near him, not even on a dummy run."

"What," I asked, "is a dummy run?"

"Practice maneuvers," Jake explained. "If she sees they're getting serious, down they go——"

"——on page eight," I finished.

"Yeah." This didn't surprise him any. "On page eight."

"And do—many of 'em get—serious?"

"Sure. They all do. So does he."

"He's young," I said. "He can wait."

"That's what I tell him," Jake agreed. "But, oh, no; not Lindy. He bought a ring so he's got to get married."

"That doesn't seem like much of a reason."

"It does to him. We were out three years before we hit the States. And three years is a long time. Particularly for a barefoot boy like Lindy. If you know what I mean."

"You mean he has to have a ring on the finger first?"

Jake leaned forward on the step, confidentially. "Believe it or not, but just between you and me he's still a——"

I knew what Lindy was, that's the way he looked. Unadulterated. But before Jake could tell me himself, this girl was opening the door on the porch above him and coming out into the sunshine and saying, "Breakfast's ready, Jake," and then looking at me and turning on a smile they could have hitched the Colorado River to and just forgotten Hoover Dam and saying, "Good morning, Mr. McAllister. I've heard a lot about you from your wife and Tish and from Lindy. Thanks for bringing him home to us."

It was a pleasant and polite sentence, spoken modestly and sincerely by a pretty blonde on a porch in San Diego, and yet there was something about it—as there had been something about the same voice the night before, on the same porch, but saying other things. It was lying on a Nile barge with its hands under its head, that voice and that sentence, and Nubian slaves were waving peacock tails and asps were crawling around.

Beautiful beautiful Hannah in a pair of woven sandals and Kelly-green pedal pushers and a scarf splashed with tropical fish doing double duty above a bare midriff. With hair the color of champagne and eyes like wide lapis lazuli stars (instead of the old fashioned five-pointed silver type) and the crimson invitation she used for a mouth and the wonderful windflower way she stood (and still stands) and moved (and still moves) with her slim body out in just the right places and back in others, smelling faintly of clover although there probably was no clover within a hundred miles, and creating a sleek shimmering illusion of . . . I'm missing, Hannah, because you can't put it into words. Not the way you looked that morning. Not the way you'll look, ever.

"That's all right, Hannah," I said, breaking the windshield wiper on the car, "I mean, Mrs. Taylor. I like to bit that I'm doing my feel, too. I mean I like to feel that I'm——"

She smiled, and a storm that was five hundred miles off the coast, and bearing on San Diego, turned the other way; it couldn't compete with that smile. "How about having a waffle with us?" she asked. "I've made dozens. And at least a gallon of coffee."

"No, thanks," I said. "I'm on a diet. I want to look like the two sailors next door."

"Well, you and your wife come over whenever you can," she said. "We'd love to have you, and we're always home. At least *some* of us are always home."

"She's always home, and usually Lindy," Jake said, standing up. "Me, I'm not so lucky. I get shipped out now and then."

"We'll be coming out of your ears," I said, which I thought was going to sound sharp but sounded pretty flat, instead. But they both laughed at it and linked arms and walked into the house. Just as Tish came around a corner on her tricycle.

"What's the matter, Daddy?"

"Nothing." I pulled my eyes back from the Taylor's doorway, a retreat similar to the one at Dunkirk.

"Well, I don't think you should look at other women that way. Mommie wouldn't like it."

"I wasn't looking at other women——"

But she ignored this, taking off across our zinnias. "I know just how Red Riding Hood felt," she remarked, en route, "with an old wolf around."

I think that was the same afternoon Doris got a wire from her publisher telling her they were accepting her novel, "Desire on the Danube" (206 pp.) and, as has always been a family custom, we tossed a little soire'e. One of the many reasons we were living in San Diego was that we had too many friends elsewhere, but when it came to preparing a guest list for the pigsticking, we suddenly discovered we were very short on names of people we could reasonably depend upon not to burn the place down. Among the handful were, of course, the various Taylors.

And so it happened that the following Saturday night I was adding more rum to the punch and Doris was slipping a little phenobarbital into Tish's dessert when they arrived. That is, when Jake and Hannah arrived. Lindy would be a little late, Jake explained. He'd run into town to pick up his newest captive.

"I don't know how he finds 'em," he grinned, preparing to execute a double-gainer into the punch bowl, "but he says this one's really a fever frau."

Hannah took a cup of punch and sat down. "She doesn't sound so hot to me," she said distantly. And Hannah sounded hot to *me*. And bothered. Oh, she also sounded very pretty. Because she had on a wonderful little silver bracelet of bells that jingled when she moved her arm. And she had on a new long quilted-taffeta skirt which swished crisply. And her voice, at its most unpleasant, would give a nightingale pause. But there was no getting around it. Lindy's newest conquest was already down on page eight.

"Take off the green glasses, baby," Jake told her, pleasantly, "You haven't even seen the doll."

"I just don't like it," she said. "Every girl he sees——"

"Well," Jake said—and was there a touch of something in his voice, an edge; or was it the punch?—"let's not make it a neighborhood problem."

Some other people arrived just then, and Doris came in with canape's, and Hannah had another glass of punch and Jake had eleven more, and pretty soon Lindy arrived with his captive, whose name was Constance Bennett, which is a very good entrance line. She wasn't *the* Constance Bennett, but she was definitely a Constance Bennett. And, as even a thirty-five-year-old writer of articles called "Salt" would know, she was also definitely a fever frau.

She was very small, so that when you looked down at her you automatically felt a little like Gary Cooper, which is a nice feeling for any girl to bring out in a man. And she was what some unimaginative poet before me has described, for lack of better words, as cute as a bug in a rug. A five-foot, redheaded, dynamite bug in a rug. She had on a black satin dress which, if not chic, was tight, and, as she was stacked like the Congressional Library, the general effect was one which might not have appealed to a human being of Hannah's type but could reasonably be expected to appeal to a human being of Lindy's. Or mine. Or yours. She wore shoes like Carmen Miranda's (the kind that start about a foot above the floor), and she had on quite a lot of make-up, primarily lipstick. And so did Lindy. In fact he had on as much lipstick as Connie did. Only not on his lips. More on his neck and his right ear.

"You create quite an effect," I whispered behind a door, as I slipped him my handkerchief, "but is Mamma going to like?"

He grinned, ignoring this—too obviously. "Waddya think of the captive?"

"If she has a sister," I told him, "do you know a convenient wife-poisoner?"

"I'll tell you a secret," he said. "We're mortgaged."

"You *are?*" I didn't want to appear too ignorant.


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"Yep," he said. "Slipped her the handcuffs tonight."

"Oh, you mean you're engaged?" Even to old broadminded me, this seemed a little sudden. "How long have you known the—er—her?"

"Met her this noon. Love at first sight."

"Lindy," I cleared my throat paternally, "I don't want to seem old-fashioned, but——"

"Trot out the hiccoughs," Lindy said quickly, a little too quickly, indicating the punch. "Let's drink to the bride."

We drank to the bride. We drank to the groom. We drank to the bride's mother and the groom's mother. We drank to Harry Truman and the Inkspots and the Dionne Quintuplets and Stanley and Livingston. We drank to Stanley and Livingston's mothers. We drank to *the* Constance Bennett and to all Constance Bennetts. An' their mothersh. And we would have drunk to Hannah, I'm sure, only Hannah disappeared about the same time the third bowl of punch did, and I was picking Jake out of what had once been a card table on which had been a cold ham and bread and butter sandwiches and heading him toward the showers, when Doris intercepted me.

"I think you better do something," she said.

"Yes," I agreed. I momentarily let go of Jake and he sat down on Jennifer Strunk whom we don't know very well. Now. And also her piece of cake and her cup of coffee.

"No, not about him," Doris said. "About Hannah. She's gone."

"I wish they were all gone," I said.

"She left in a huff."

"As a writer," I remarked, "you know that gives me several very dull openings." I picked Jake up off Jennifer. "I'll sober him up. After all, he's had thirty-seven cups of punch. And a man can only stand so much crushed pineapple——"

"It isn't him," Doris said, "It's *him*."

I looked in the direction she indicated and saw that Lindy was evidently familiar with the fundamentals of jujitsu and was explaining them to Connie. Or, rather, demonstrating them upon same.

"They're in love," I said.

"So's Hannah."

"Doris," I said, "stop talking like one of your books. Hannah's married to Jake."

"What?" said Jake, through a heavy rum miasma.

"I said, Hannah's married to you."

His eyes widened, then narrowed again thoughtfully. "She ish?" he said —and there was something about the way he said it, that made me look at Doris and made Doris look at the ceiling. "Well," he laughed, "who'd know it?"

I took his arm. "Come on, old boy —how about a nice cup of coffee?"

He shook his head. "I've got a nishe cup 'scoffee all over the seat of my pants. Howsh about another cup 'spunch?"

"No more spunch," I said. "Spunch is all gone."

"Like Hannah," he said.

"Like Hannah?"

"All gone," he said. Doris gave him to me with a little gesture of her shoulders and hands, and left. "Y' know, Charlie," he said, "there'sh one thing abou' women." He swayed back and forth across my line of vision like a metronome. "Without 'em, it would be a man'sh worl'."

On which bit of whimsy I was forced to concur. Even as I loaded him over my shoulder and carried him home.

Hannah's voice came from their bedroom as I started up the stairs with the body. "Who's that?"

"Jake," I said. "With me under him."

She appeared in the hallway above, in a pale blue housecoat, her hair tied back with a pale blue ribbon, a thin coating of night cream giving her face new high lights and shadows.

"I'm so sorry this happened." Even her voice was pale blue.

"You needn't be," I assured her, depositing Jake on the bed. "He had a good time."

"I didn't mean that," she said quickly, "Jake always passes out. I meant about Lindy and that—that creature."

"Constance Bennett?" I asked. "I think she's cute. As a bug in a rug."

"Oh," she said, with a touch of annoyance, "you would. You're a man. But from a woman's point of view——"

"Do you want me to undress him?" I asked, indicating Jake.

"——she's so cheap!" she went on, ignoring my offer. "So common!"

"Do you want me to put Jake to bed?"

"As long as Lindy's so determined to get mixed up with a girl, I do wish he'd find someone with more class. I haven't approved of a single——"

"Mrs. Taylor," I said, "would you like me to remove your husband's clothing and deposit him between the sheets?"

"Oh"—she tried, rather vacantly to pull herself back to what I was saying—"oh." She looked at him. "Oh, no—no, thank you—if we leave him just the way he is, he'll wake up feeling fine. If we put him to bed, he'll have a terrible hang-over." I saw that her fists were clenched at her sides, and I noticed that her lower lip was trembling just a little as she shook her head suddenly, nervously. "But what can we do, Mr. McAllister? How are we going to save him? We just can't have him marrying her! We can't!"

"As the saying goes, include me out," I said. "But don't make a scene about it, Hannah. Let him have it gently. Because I want to sleep in the morning, and I won't be able to if Doris is trying to hear what you're saying."

Lindy didn't marry Constance Bennett, of course. He didn't marry her, and he didn't marry Celeste or Maggie or Allison or Mildred or Elly or Bubbles.

He didn't marry the wonderful blonde with the Varga body and the vacuum brain he met at Coronado, and he didn't marry the Older Woman with fifty gees and an eye for sailors he met in the Sky Room of the El Cortez Hotel. He didn't marry the pretty little senior from San Diego high school, and he didn't marry the friend of his cousin's from San Rafael, who looked him up. He almost married the friend of his cousin's, only Hannah stopped it. She had to take ten nembutal tablets to do so, and spend three days in the hospital. But it worked. After all, you can't get married when your buddy's wife accidentally takes an overdose of sleeping pills and almost kills herself.

"Things seem to be verging on the spectacular," I said to Doris. "Hadn't we better go back to nice quiet conservative Hollywood?"

Doris turned away from the window. By then, she had spent so much time behind a Venetian blind her face had a strange latticed look. "I want to see how it ends," she said.

"When it gets to the suicide stage," I argued, "I don't think it's a very healthy environment for Tish."

"Oh, don't mind me," Tish sighed. "After all, I'm from a neurotic family."

"Just the same," I said, "somebody ought to leave."

Somebody did leave. The very morning following the above conversation. Only the wrong somebody. Jake left.

I was washing my car again. It was September and leaves and other things were turning. Doris was busy on a new book and Tish was enrolled in a local nursery school, which doubled its insurance, and to all outward appearances Poinsettia Terrace in San Diego, California, was a typical quiet street in a typical American residential district that morning. When Jake came out of his house, his dunnage over one arm and Hannah over the other.

If I hadn't already decided to call this little saga "On the Beach," I might have called it, "Hannah in September." I know "Hannah in September" doesn't make sense, but Hannah in September was, and no doubt still is, really something. As a title, or anything else.

Even with turning leaves, September is hot and humid in San Diego, and that sultry afternoon Hannah had on white shorts and a sleek white sweater with her initials splashed in scarlet across where initials are often splashed on sweaters, and her hair was tied back with a scarlet ribbon, and she had on scarlet sandals. She had on the bell bracelet again, so that she brought her own musical accompaniment with her, and she was tuned in to the right wave length on laughter and, considering that she was arsenic in play clothes on a sailor's arm that afternoon, Hannah was what any male would trade in his better dreams for.

"Hi, Charlie," they both said simultaneously as they came down the steps.

"Hello, you sailor," I replied, turning off the hose, "and you gorgeous doll."

"You mean good-by you sailor," Jake corrected me. "I'm putting out to sea."

"Mother told me never to marry a sailor," Hannah laughed. "Will you come and hold my hand while he's gone?"

"Of course," I said. "As soon as he's gone." But I thought, "Stay away from that, Charlie. You're old enough to know when not to light a wick." I turned to Jake. "How long is this little

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hitch, or whatever you call it, going to last?"

He shrugged. "Maybe a few days. Maybe a few months." He indicated Hannah and, although he was very casual, there was something about him that wasn't casual at all, something about him that was wound up tight—like a spring, like an alarm about to go off. "I'm expecting you and Lindy to take care of the queen for me."

Those are the words, but that really isn't what he said at all. What he said was, "You know the spot I'm in, Charlie. But what else can I do? It's up to you, as a friend of mine, to help keep my house in order."

I said, "I'll battle the watch, Jake"—which, in Navy lingo (I was an expert by then) means to do the best you can when the odds are against you. It made sense to Jake, who nodded thoughtfully, and apparently it even sounded legitimate to Hannah because she laughed again and clung to him a little more tightly and said, "Oh, brother! What chance am I going to have with Uncle Charlie breathing down my neck? I won't even be able to turn around!"

"That," I said, "depends on what you turn around. Or whom." And Hannah looked at me for a minute, and I looked back, and we understood each other then. Even if we hadn't before.

Months was how long Jake was gone. But, although it was inevitable, it didn't happen quickly. It didn't happen at Thanksgiving, when we had Hannah and Lindy over to dinner, and it didn't happen at Christmas, ditto, and it didn't even happen on New Year's Eve.

It might have happened on New Year's Eve, in fact, I suppose it began to happen—because that was, and still is, the only time I ever saw Hannah a little tight. But Lindy was a little tight too, and when the midnight bells were ringing and "Auld Lang Syne" was in the air and Hannah was putting her arms around his neck and saying, "Kiss me, Lindy—kiss me!" he looked at her as if he saw three different Hannahs, and leaned down and kissed her all right—but not the way she wanted, not at all—and then grinned sort of foolishly and turned and kissed Doris the same way and then started to kiss me before he saw who it was.

And Hannah looked at him, both flushed with desire and pale with anger, and then turned and hurried out, dragging streamers of serpentine around her ankles as she went, some of which broke when Lindy accidentally stepped on them en route to kiss another woman. Which was a symbolic touch, if little more.

But that's how it didn't happen on New Year's Eve.

It happened in February. On Valentine's Day, to be exact. Or, rather, Valentine's Night.

You may remember last Valentine's Day in San Diego. You may have been the colored laundress whom the handsome young sailor proposed to on the corner of Poinsettia and Y. Or you may have been the housewife the handsome young sailor proposed to one block farther north. Or you may have been standing in the traffic island on State Street when the handsome young sailor picked up the girl in the yellow oiled-silk raincape. And remember it for those reasons. More than likely, however, you remember it because it was the day the rains came.

Sky-juice, as Lindy called (and probably still calls) it came down that February afternoon the way it came down on Sadie Thompson. It came down in the usual menagerie—cats and dogs, bullfrogs and tadpoles. It came down in the usual hardware and furnishings—buckets, sheets, pitchforks, bolts and blazes. It came down Poinsettia Terrace in a river of mud and children's rubbers and Tish's tricycle and somebody's doormat and a case of blended bourbon.

The air cried, that afternoon.

"Good Lord," I said to Doris, taking the meat loaf I'd just made out of the oven and setting it down on the breakfastroom table while Doris picked up the carving set, "look at it!"

"Surprisingly," she said, "it looks like a meat loaf."

"I didn't mean that," I said, giving the potatoes a final whip. "I mean the rain. Isn't it ever going to stop?"

"It always stops," Tish said.

"I think it completes the setting," Doris said. "Like the wind in 'Wuthering Heights.' I feel like I'm going to have a baby."

"What do you mean completes a setting" I said, taking off my apron and sitting down. "Are you!!!!"

"Am I what?"

"Going to complete a set—I mean, have a"—gulp—"baby????"

"Of course not," said Tish. "At her age?"

Doris looked at me. "Whatever gave you that idea?" Then she looked at Tish. "What do you mean, my age?"

"You just said—" I began.

"I said I felt like I was going to have one," she explained patiently. "Not that I was going to have one."

"Is that," I asked Doris, "a usual feeling?"

"I just feel as if something's going to happen—n-e-x-t d-o-o-r." She spelled it out.

"M-e comma t-o-o," said Tish.

"What do you know about it?" I asked sharply.

"Nothing," Tish said, putting her elbows into the jam dish.

But Tish was right. And so was Doris. Something was going to happen. And the rain completed the setting.

Hannah was going to wear the exotic silk lounging pajamas Jake sent her from China for Christmas. With the high collar and the great golden dragon across the back. She was going to wear a big crysanthemum behind one ear. And someplace somewhere incense would be burning, and glass chimes would be singing in the rain.

Lindy was going to wear his sailor's suit, of course, and the forelock and the cleft and—after the cocktails, after all the cocktails—while he was eating the Valentine's Day dinner she had prepared ("You'll have to stand in for Jake, Lindy," she had said, over the phone. "After all, he's in Manila"—after all, after all . . .), on the coffee table in front of the fire, she was going to watch him, her eyes narrowing slightly and her breath coming more and more quickly; finally her hand upon his, her eyes on his, her lips a crimson invitation again, saying, "Hello, sailor." Which would mean so many things.

And though Jake knew in China, and even Tish knew next door, being Lindy, he wouldn't know—not even then. So that he was to grin, "Hello, Captive," and give her hand a little brotherly pat and then stand up quickly, crossing the room and turning on the radio and wheeling in a modified jitterburg-step back to her, arms outstretched, whistling. And after a long moment, Hannah would move close, her forehead brushing the stubble on his chin, one arm circling his neck, and his arm around her waist. And outside the rain was to fall across this tableau in a silver curtain. And the glass chimes were to whisper and to wait.

"Lindy——"

"Hmmmmm?"

"Lindy"—a long pause—"Lindy, what do you think of me?"

The innocent eyes looking down at her and crinkling in a grin. "Waddyamean, what do I think of you? You know what I think. I think you're merchandise, Hannah. I think you're the cream. Both of you."

"I didn't mean—both of us, Lindy. I meant me. Without Jake."

The shrug. The little laugh. "You? Without Jake? Sounds like ham without eggs. Sounds like——"

She would break away from him then, turning toward the windows. And, because he still wouldn't know, he would follow her across the room, turn her to him. Look down. And see the tears.

"Hannah"—he'd begin, and she would push past him quickly, crossing back and switching off the radio—"Hannah, what's biting you? Hannah——"

"Nothing, Lindy. Nothing." The quivering chin, the quick intake of breath—squaring her shoulders, raising her chin. "I—oh, Lindy, don't you see?"

"See? See what?"

She would sit down on the love seat—the worn, beer-stained, borrowed love seat—lighting a cigarette and curling her feet up under her and blowing a thin breath of smoke toward the shadowed ceiling. "Lindy, Jake—Jake's in Manilla. . . ."

Beside her, his knees spread and his hands hanging limp between them, Lindy would look around a little and grin again. "He sure is! And that's where I should be! Heavin' with him. Instead of trimmin' flivver decks!"

Disregard this, Hannah. Overlook it. Go on. Cautiously, yes. Feel for the words. But go on, Hannah. "And I'm here, Lindy. In a six-room house in San Diego. All alone, Lindy. All alone Thanksgiving. All alone Christmas. All alone New Year's Eve. Maybe all alone Valentine's Day——"

"All alone? Get her! You were with me Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's Eve! Me and Doris and

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"BEYOND GLORY"

with

GEORGE MACREADY · GEORGE COULOURIS
HAROLD VERMILYEA · HENRY TRAVERS

Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS · Directed by JOHN FARROW

Original Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer, Charles Marquis Warren and William Wister Haines

Charlie. You call that all alone? And I'm hero right now!" One fist would bang into his other open palm. "I like that, all alone!"

The tremor that was to run through her body could be recorded on a seismograph, and when she raised her cigarette to her mouth she would notice her hand was trembling. Only Lindy wouldn't notice that. And again there would be the shortness of breath he couldn't see. "You were with me Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's Eve, all right, Lindy. But after that, after you had gone—have you ever thought about how it feels to be a woman, alone, Lindy? Week after week, month after month!"

The fist which was tight against his palm would relax slightly now, unfolding upturned while he looked at it, studying the lines in it. And then his face would come around again, his head still down slightly so that the forelock would fall away from his forehead, and the whites would show below the pupils of his eyes, and the cleft in his chin would be buried in shadow. And for just a minute it wouldn't be his face at all—these lips so suddenly colorless, these gaunt cheeks highlighted with rouge pats of anger. Not Lindy Farragut's. "What are you trying to say, Hannah?"—the voice flat and cold.

She would move over then, her hand on his arm, fingers touching him lightly at first, then the pressure tightening as they would dig into his muscle. "Lindy, would you—would you—stay here—tonight? The rain—I don't know, I'm afraid—I . . ."

"Here?" That's all it would be. One word. Flat, like the others.

"I—I need you, Lindy."

"Why, you"—a long moment, an indrawn breath, the search for words as dawn came, angry dawn—"you chiseling little seagull!"

"Lindy——"

"You two-timing burlap!"

"Lindy, please——"

On his feet, grabbing his hat. "Waddya think I am?"

"Don't you see, Lindy—I love you?"

"Love? You call this love? Making a pass at your husband's best friend!" No Navy lingo now, just plain straight American sentences.

"But you must have known, Lindy!"

"Me?" He would shake his head, and his young honest voice would be tinged with sarcasm. "Not me, Hannah. I'm just a green kid. I don't catch on. I'm muscle-bound between the ears!"

"Lindy, listen to me——" Her hands on his arms, face turned to his imploringly.

But he would pry her clenched fingers loose. "No!" Sharp and firm and deliberate. "No, Hannah. I've listened to you! I've listened to you for a couple of years! And now I do see what you've been trying to tell me! I mean, 'She's too young for you, Lindy' or 'But, Lindy, will your mother like her?' or 'She's just not your type, Lindy. I don't know why you can't see it.' Now I know that isn't what you meant at all! What you meant all the time was, 'Wait, Lindy. Wait. Wait until Jake gets shipped out. Wait until he gets to Honolulu. Or Guam. Or Midway. Or even further, like Manila. Wait, Lindy Wait until some night when it's raining, when I have on lounging pajamas, and you've had too much to drink, and we're alone, together. Wait, Lindy. Because the time will come. Then you won't need some other seagull.'"

And Hannah would sink down on the love seat, her face in her hands.

"Am I right, Hannah? Was that it?"

And slowly, her head would go up and down between the sudden sobs.

"Well, sister—you've got it coming, and you're going to get it! I'm not staying here tonight. I'm walking out that door and getting in my car and I'm going to latch on to the first seagull I see! Understand? And I'm going to make it a life job!"

"Lindy!"

But he would be gone.

Times and tenses change and changed. Tish went to bed. Doris was having a brandy and a cigarette and outlining Chapter XIV of her novel, and I was just starting to do the dishes when the back door slammed open and Hannah rushed in, soaked from the torrent which descended upon her as she crosses the drive, her chrysanthemum askew and most of the make-up washed from her beautiful face.

"Charlie!"

Doris looked up from the table, and I dropped one of our best cups.

"Good Lord!" I began. "Hannah, you——"

"Charlie, you've got to stop him!" She really didn't say that, at all—she blurted it out, staccato and senseless. "Charlie, you've got to stop him!"

"Who?"

"Lindy! He's going to marry the first woman he sees!"

"Sit down," Doris said gently. "Now wait a minute, Hannah——"

Hannah shook her head. "Somebody has to do something! He's gone—Charlie—do you hear me? Gone—"

"I hear you," I said.

"—to marry the first woman he sees!"

Doris pushed Hannah firmly down into a kitchen chair.

"I don't know what I can do," I said. "If he wants to marry the first woman he sees, there's no way I——"

Doris looked at me. "Men," she said.

"Well, I can't help it——"

"I give them to you!"

"Thanks."

"This poor girl——"

"This poor girl my——"

"Charlie!"

"Well, you do something!"

"Charlie, don't crawl all over me!"

So I didn't. I didn't crawl on anybody or to anyplace. Just out of that kitchen and into the hall in my apron, still holding the dish towel, and part way up the stairs to sit down and light a cigarette and let the women take it from there.

"Daddy?" Tish's voice cut the darkness like a small tow-headed knife. "That you?"

"No," I said.

She came and sat beside me. "You see what I meant, Daddy?"

"Yes," I said. "I see."

"Mommie isn't going to have a baby. Hannah is."

"Tish!"

"I saw——" she stopped.

"You saw what?" I asked after a moment, timidly, and as if I didn't care. As if I didn't!

"I saw her kiss Lindy. A couple of weeks ago. On the porch."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Tish, people don't have babies just because they kiss each other."

'Really?" said Tish wistfully.

Lindy didn't marry the first woman he saw, of course. The first woman he saw was a Negro laundress named Heavenly Music Jones, en route from doing a day's ironing on Poinsettia Terrace to a buffet supper in Father Divine's local Valhalla. Actually, Lindy almost didn't see Heavenly Music at all, because of the rain, and when he did, and proposed to her, she turned him down cold. Heavenly Music, as she told him, was already spoken for.

He didn't marry the second woman he saw, either. She was a Mrs. Bathsheba Bender, who listened to his proposition with some awe and then threatened to turn him in to the police as a sex fiend. Which is no basis for a love romance.

But if you were standing in a traffic island on State Street when the handsome young sailor in the battered black coupe with the leaky top picked up the girl in the yellow oiled-silk raincape. you saw the woman he did marry. For just a moment, in the driving rain, before she jumped into the car at the sound of its horn and they pulled away through the downpour.

"Lindy Farragut!" The girl with the gay green eyes and the riot of poppy-colored freckles across her nose shook rain off the hood of her raincape and let the hood hang loose upon her shoulders, revealing a mop of dark red curls cut halo-fashion around her pert head. "Where in the world have you been keeping yourself?"

"Hello, Holly," Lindy said. "I thought that was you. I've been busy. Trimmin' flivver decks. I'm on the beach."

"We've missed you. Mother wanted to ask you to Christmas dinner, but I didn't know where to get in touch with . . . Lindy, what are you doing?"

He pulled the car to a stop at the curb, and the rain came through the top as he turned to the girl, and punctuated the following with cold wet commas, "Holly, will you splice with me?"

"What?"

"Get bundled. The two of us. Right now. We can go to Mexico and in half an hour——"

She looked at him, bewildered. "You're—you're sure you know who I am, Lindy?"

"Of course I do, Baby. You're Holly Ransome. Ned's sister. And I want to lash you to a mast. Now. Just like that!"

"But you've only seen me three times in your life! The first time was when Ned brought you home, that night you both got back from Japan, remember?

Only I was just fifteen, and you didn't know I was alive. The second——"

"This hasn't anything to do with the number of times we've seen each other, Holly. Will you marry me?"

"What are you," she asked, "drunk, or on a scavenger hunt?"

"In a way," he said frankly, "I'm a little of both. But I'd be a good husband, Holly—really I would. I'm honest. And usually I'm sober. And I'm not bad-looking. I mean——"

He fumbled in the little pocket where the ring lived, and came up with it—slipping it on Holly's finger and holding her hand up so that the fleabite diamond momentarily caught the headlights of a passing car.

"Why," Holly said, breathlessly, "it's—it's beautiful, Lindy"—and she shook her head very slowly as she withdrew the ring—"but you—you didn't buy this for me."

"Yes," Lindy said, "in a way, I did. I bought it for—well, for the captive, Holly. And I think—you're her, Holly. I mean, you're she."

"But you don't love me, Lindy. And—I'm not sure I love you."

"You did when you were fifteen."

"Yes," she admitted slowly.

"And you can't love a person once in your life, and then never again."

Her eyes widened to startled green exclamation marks. "Why, Lindy! That doesn't sound like you, at all."

He gulped. "No," he admitted, "it doesn't. But there's more where it came from. I don't always talk tar terms. Now if you'll tell me the most direct route to Tia Juana from this part of town——"

She shook her head and tears stood on her thick eyelashes. "I can't marry every sailor who picks me up at a streetcar stop."

"No," he agreed, "just me. I mean, just I."

She was running the ring up and down on her finger nervously. "Marriage is a serious proposition."

He nodded. "That's why I stopped the car."

"And I"—she looked at him and, through the tears, he swam in and out of focus— "I—no, I can't— I mean——"

"You mean——?" She gulped, and the tears cleared, and he was looking down at her. " You mean——?" he repeated.

"I mean—I mean yes, Lindy. Oh, yes! Take the first turn to the left."

In her novels, Doris always *goes back* and ties things together at the end. I think this is called a "frame" or a "flashback" device, only I'm not sure because it's something you don't have to do in articles called "Salt." But perhaps it's a good thing to do in true stories called "On the Beach." And it's something I have to do, because this can't be ended without going back to the beginning. Or, rather, without going back to a Sunday morning when I was washing my car and Jake materialized on the porch next door, drinking a beer.

Although it really wasn't like that at all, at the end—the morning after the night before. The only thing that was like that was that I was washing my car. Again. With the rains blown away as quickly as they had come. And Jake came out of his house again, with a bottle of beer again.

"Well," I said. "When did you blow in?"

"About six this morning," he said. "What cooked while I was afloat?"

"Oh," I said, "the usual holidays. Tish lost a tooth. Doris sold a novel."

"I don't care about Tish's teeth, Charlie. Come on, give. Why all this fake stardust in Hannah's eyes?"

"Stardust?" There hadn't been any stardust in Hannah's eyes, fake or otherwise, at midnight eight hours before when Doris had walked her home. There had been fear in her eyes at first, and then anger and then humiliation and then a couple of shots of my best bonded bourbon. But stardust? No.

Jake looked at the bottle of beer and pretty soon he talked to it. "You'd think the doll really missed me. The way she put on the Niagara act when I got home. And the way she's acting right now, in the kitchen making with the popovers and the tra-la-las."

(For "Niagara act" read "cried.")

"Maybe she's glad to see you," I said.

"For a writer," Jake commented, "you certainly wade in daisies. Maybe when I find out what's happened to Lindy, I'll salt down." (For "salt down" read "know the answers.")

"What," I asked in my Bopeep voice, "happened to Lindy?"

"I don't know. That's what I——"

But he didn't finish the sentence, because at this most crucial moment two things happened: (1) Hannah came out on the porch behind him and (2) Lindy's little jalopy, replete with Lindy and his wife, bounced into the driveway, and died of double pneumonia practically at Jake's feet.

Hannah stopped short on the porch and Lindy stopped short on the seat of the car, and then Hannah spoke coolly and smothly. "Breakfast's ready Jake—and here's Lindy!" And Lindy paused for a moment and then got out of the car, grinning the old grin and said, "——And have I got a surprise for you!" And Lindy hurried around and opened the car door and the girl in the yellow oiled-silk raincape got out. "Here she is, boys and girls, the ball and chain! Meet Holly Farragut!"

"Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!" Jake said, looking Holly over as if he had to give somebody a detailed estimate. "Where did you come upon this luscious bit of fluff, Lindy?"

And Lindy's voice put its thumbs through imaginary suspenders, rocked back on its heels, and examined its nails. "At a streetcar stop," he said idly.

"Lindy!" Holly laughed a little protesting laugh that could have come out of a freckled nightingale and made Hannah's laugh sound like a needle that needed changing. "I've really known him for ages," Holly said, "only he's kept me——"

"——under wraps," Lindy finished. "The baboon in riggin's Jake Taylor," he explained to Holly. "We heave together." His eyes went up to Hannah. and hers met them. "And the captive

in the shorts is Hannah. She shares Jake's bunk."

Holly gasped. "You mean they're not——"

"Oh, they're hitched," Lindy assured her. "In fact, they're my father and"—he gave Hannah a long level look—"mother," he finished.

"Me"—Jake put the beer bottle down and advanced to throw seige lines around Holly—"I kiss brides!' Hannah came down the steps, passing Lindy without a glance and, put her hand out to Holly and said, "How do you do, my dear? I hope you and Lindy will be very happy." In much the same warm tone you would expect to come out of your dead aunt. "Come in, won't you? We're just about to have breakfast."

"We've had one——" Holly began.

"——at her folks," Lindy grinned, indicating his chin. "Filled up to here. Guess they're glad to get rid of her."

"Well," Jake said, "we'll have to break a bottle of champagne over the bride."

Holly went up the steps, and then Hannah—slowly, almost as if she were carrying the train—and then Lindy.

Before Jake followed, he stepped over to me quickly. "So that's how it was, eh? She made a pass, he didn't complete it, and he went out and put the bee on the first captive he saw!"

"For a sailor," I told him, "you're positively clairvoyant."

"Yeah," he said. "Me and my crystal ball! I ought to kick her teeth in."

I agreed. "Just don't let her——"

"——put Holly down on page eight? Don't worry. I have a little surprise for everybody. I'm on the beach. As of this morning. And Lindy doesn't know it yet, but he's headed for Hululand. That leaves an extra captive——"

"Jake." I stopped him.

He looked at me innocently. "Something bothering you?"

"We're almost broke," I said. "Doris has to finish her novel. And unless she can learn to write on a Venetian blind, we can't afford another——"

"Don't worry," he assured me. "I'll be just like a brother to her."

I went into the house. Doris was at her typewriter. "The people next door are throwing a wedding breakfast," I said. "Want to go over?"

"I don't think so, Charlie. You haven't done the dishes yet, and——"

I ignored this. "Hannah certainly got out of that easily. He should have brought back something with a ring in her nose. Serve her right."

Doris shook her head. "She's served right. She didn't get out of it easily. You couldn't see the look on her face. But it was like a scar. It'll never come off——" She paused, reacted, repeated the words aloud "The look on her face was like a scar . . . I like that! I'll have to use it." She began to type . . .

I went out to the kitchen and started scraping breakfast plates. Across the driveway a lone cork popped. And then it came to me. Just all of a sudden. I had a story! I took off my apron and sneaked into the maidless maid's room and sat down and started to type. And, brother, when Doris found the dirty breakfast dishes three hours later, did she crawl all over me!

THE END

The Inner You

(Continued from page 60)

of other drinkers and are particularly interested in exciting pastimes like playing poker and attending murder trials, and in the opposite sex. The elbow benders are considerably more materialistic and selfish, less loyal to friends, fonder of money—of which they have less.

Most of them had unhappy childhoods, but as adults they consider themselves generous and affectionate; the laboratory credits them with a keener sense of humor than nondrinkers. The drinking man easily condones unconventional behavior, and he seems to be more liberal politically and more international-minded. But he has more race prejudice and frequently maintains that woman's place is strictly in the home.

Married people tend to drink more than bachelors, and contrary to popular belief that a college education stimulates interest in the bottle, the tests indicate that college graduates drink less than noncollegiates.

Sifting the flow of fragmentary information from the opinionaires, the laboratory workers isolate and tag each new facet of the personality as it shows up in their complicated measuring machinery. When it comes to recreation, they know that poker players like to go dancing and visit carnivals much more than non-poker players do; they also know that the non-poker people dislike smoking pipes and playing chess. Chess players, on the other hand, like to go on field trips; non-chess players dislike collecting butterflies. People who enjoy arguing invariably like to organize clubs and read long books, whereas non-arguers are averse to these pursuits as well as to repairing an auto and playing chess.

For the most part, internationally minded people like to read poems, watch ants build an anthill, study the stars; while the nationally minded score high on doing crossword puzzles, playing cards and attending football games.

Many of the test results surprise the laboratory. For example, it had never occurred to anyone there that the reading of poetry would be an important determiner of personality. But the tests proved unmistakably that, as opposed to people who have no acquaintance with Milton and Shakespeare, poetry readers like to read the society section of the Sunday newspaper, do not think "modern society is a bunch of stuffed shirts," think the universe is friendly, would like to have some Chinese friends, dislike movie and true-story publications, like to do creative writing and heartily dislike playing solitaire. Apparently, a frequent reading of poetry develops a friendly, tolerant and happy personality.

After the outbreak of World War Two, the laboratory wondered how much opinions change in time of war. Was there a psychological shift in the thinking of the nation. In 1936, an expressionaire had been given to a large group of young people in St. Louis. The laboratory decided that if the very same people could be given the same test they had taken in 1936, some measure of opinion change might be possible. The task of contacting these people was difficult, but over half of them were given the same expressionaire, question for question, that they had answered in 1936.

On some matters, opinions remained the same:

The Star-Spangled Banner is the most stirring and noble theme in sentiment of national anthems.

Americans are more intelligent and enterprising than people of any other country.

Radical foreigners who wish to visit the United States should not be admitted.

National patriotism is one of the greatest causes of war.

The Nordic race has been the source of all fundamental progress and civilization.

However, many answers reflected considerable change in the opinions of the group.

In 1936, sixty-five percent of the group answered "yes" when asked, "Were the American churches wrong in supporting World War One?" Only thirty-two percent answered affirmatively in the 1943 test.

Other significant changes were noted in the percentages of affirmative answers to the following questions:

Should the United States join a league of nations? (35% to 76%)

Would it be a good plan to have a United States of Europe? (60% to 80%)

Do you agree that race prejudice is useful in that it prevents intermarrying? (48% to 31%)

Would it be undesirable to have a Chinese family move next door to you. (52% to 33%)

Should segregation of different colors be encouraged? (41% to 25%)

Do you believe that the white race is superior to all other races? (53% to 72%)

The opinionaires on pages 59 and 60 were extracted from the expressionaire which was given to this opinion-change group. If you score from seventeen to twenty-four on the sex opinionaire, you may regard yourself as highly conventional in your views on sex. If your score falls between eight and sixteen, you have moderate views; if you score seven or lower, you are distinctly unconventional.

The radicalism opinionaire on page 59 will indicate whether by nature you are too conservative or radical. Conservatives will score from seventeen to twenty-four, middle-of-the-roaders, eight to sixteen, radicals, zero to seven. The essential principle in the conservatism-radicalism difference among persons is the degree of opposition or favor towards change. Viewed from the conservative angle, this difference may express itself not only in opposition to

the new but also in skepticism as to the probability of change and unwillingness to invest time or energy in an attempt to bring about change. The radical insists that we cannot have progress without change; the conservative says change does not necessarily mean progress. After you have taken the test, examine each of your answers with this distinction in mind.

The laboratory plans to assemble the opinion-change group again in 1948 and give them the expressionaire for a third time. On the basis of what they learned from the first comparative scores, the laboratory has concluded that the United States citizen is becoming more inclined to accept international intervention, that he is becoming more liberal in his attitude toward sex, religion, politics and economics and that he is showing a marked decline in racial prejudice.

Recently, a race opinionaire was given simultaneously to a group of white members at a Protestant church meeting in St. Louis and to a group of Negro church members of the same denomination meeting in another part of the city. Both groups were asked: Would you be willing to have the Negro-white race problem discussed before an impartial jury (like Chinese, etc.) and to abide by the decision? Sixty percent of each group said "no." They were then asked: Should the Japanese Exclusion Acts be abolished? Sixty percent of the Negroes replied "yes." Only thirty percent of the whites answered in the affirmative.

Asked: Would you be willing to have as your neighbors or even guests Jewish families who were expelled from Germany? eighty-four percent of the whites said they would, but only fifty-seven percent of the Negroes answered "yes."

When they were asked: Would you under any circumstance marry a Chinese? nineteen percent of the whites answered affirmatively, fifteen percent of the Negroes replied "Yes." Eighty-three percent of the Negroes said they would be willing to give a portion of their income (two percent or more) to help pay for a survey of the race problem, but only forty-two percent of the whites indicated their willingness to go along with such a plan.

Each group was asked: Would it not be better for every race to occupy a continent and to live and to rule itself as it desired, with all yellow people in Europe, all whites in the Americas, all blacks in Africa, etc? Sixty-four percent of the white group thought this was a fine idea, but it met favor with only ten percent of the Negroes. Sixty percent of the white group thought the race problem was the Negro's problem more than the white man's, and sixty percent of the Negro group agreed. Asked whether Negro criminals should be tried only by an all-Negro jury under a Negro judge, thirty-seven percent of the Negro group replied affirmatively; but seventy-seven percent of the white group thought that white criminals should be tried only by an all-white jury under a white judge.

Answering a final question: Will the Negro-white problem ever be solved? fifty-six percent of the Negro group were hopeful, but sixty-seven percent of the whites answered a flat "no."

The Character Research Laboratory is the personal handiwork of Theodore F. Lentz, a professor of educational psychology in Washington University's department of education. Dr. Lentz has been thinking, talking, urging personality study since 1923. A friendly, unassuming man with a lot of laugh lines on his face and a pungent, Midwestern drawl to his speech, Lentz prowls the campus, carrying on casual conversations which often help him in his exploration of the personality.

"How much there is to know about ourselves," he says, shaking his head, and "how little we know! What a great thing it will be when man understands man. I think our laboratory is a small step in that direction, but we're so young compared to other sciences. People expect us to have all the answers already, but look how long it took to develop the electric light and vaccine. Well, we must keep steadily about the business of gathering facts. We know, for instance, that people in the higher economic status are more liberal than people in the lower brackets. This conclusion will eventually dovetail with other observations and give us some truth about our characters. I can tell you this: When I find out the character traits of the typical American, I can go anywhere in the world—England, Hongkong, Istambul—and I'm sure I'll find that the traits of the people there are about the same."

Asked about the Gallup polls and other man-in-the-street surveys, Dr. Lentz says that the difference is that Gallup asks one question of a thousand people, and Character Research asks one person a thousand questions.

Lentz and his associates are presently more concerned with what the individual is doing about the atom bomb than they are with anything else. "It's possible to be sane in an insane world," Dr. Lentz says, "but it's only possible through improving character. When we're ready, we mean to use our results where they'll do the most good. We'll tell grade-school teachers and mothers what makes happy people, why some people are more advanced than others morally. We're beginning to evaluate the role of environment, and we're finding out a lot about heredity and the church and many other previously unknown factors. But, you know, if we can't avert an atomic war, we may as well forget the personality, because there won't be any left."

He points out that a while ago, this question was asked in a survey: If the people as a whole, in either Russia or the United States, had the final decision to make, do you think they would ever decide to start a war against each other? Eighty-seven percent said "no." But in answer to this question: Do you expect the United States to fight in another war within the next twenty-five years? sixty-three percent said "yes."

"Why does the common man expect a war which he does not want?" Lentz asks.

THE END

The Art of Happiness

(Continued from page 38)

attitudes of their parents, just as much as the chemist requires dependable law-abidingness in his laboratory.

Your child should be reared in a *dependable emotional climate*. It must be a temperate zone. A child cannot stand a parental environment which is ninety-eight degrees in the shade one hour, and then twenty degrees below zero the next. A certain stability in parents is obligatory.

By stability I do not mean rigidity. Indeed, my experience in pastoral guidance has shown me that only a *flexible parental strategy* creates the best-adjusted children. This strategy varies with the age of the child:

1—In infancy the child needs abunddant and unqualified love.

2—Puberty requires protection and the directing hand of parental wisdom.

3—Adolescence demands independence. Grant this privilege, fully and readily, to your growing children.

Fathers and mothers must be flexible in accordance with the new needs of the growing boy or girl. Some parents who are wonderful with infants, cooing, loving, anticipating the baby's every wish, seem to disintegrate when the child leaves the nursey and encounters the outer world. Such fathers and mothers really yearn to prolong the stage of helpless dependence, overprotecting their offspring, producing often the coddled and spoiled darlings who are never quite able to come to terms with the world of mature reality.

Likewise, when a son or daughter enters the strange grove of adolescense, some parents are completely bewildered. The techniques that worked in childhood are no longer valuable; indeed they are harmful. The parent must expand with the child. Too frequently this expansion just does not take place; the parent still insists on an infantile relationship when what the growing boy or girl needs is a greater measure of self-reliance and emancipation. Hence arise the tears, bickerings, accusations of disloyalty and ingratitude so common in family scenes.

How then can you really honor your son and daughter?

In the first place, give them your *unconditional* love, a love that is not dependent primarily on report cards, clean hands, popularity at dances or winning a place on the high-school football team. Do not allow your boy or girl to gain the impression that your love for him is contingent upon prizes or beauty or success.

Then, give your children a sense of wholehearted *acceptance*, acceptance of their human frailties as well as their abilities and virtues. Show them by your acts and words that you *like* them as well as *love* them, that you respect their interests and creative outlets even

though these may differ widely from your own particular pattern.

Above all, give your children permission to grow up and become mature independent men and women in their own right.

Unconditional love, acceptance and respect—these are three basic laws for the honoring of sons and daughters. There is a fourth important law: Prepare your child for the world as it is—a complex reality of good, bad and indifferent. Teach him very gently that the universe in which we live is filled with risks and dangers, peopled with ruthless men and women. In our own way, and at the appropriate moment, we must tell our children what Marcus Aurelius used to say to himself each morning, "Prepare, my soul, to meet today the liar, the cheat, the thief . . ." While at first this may seem the counsel of cynicism, an education for despair—it is quite the opposite. It is merely part of the realistic education of our sons and our daughters.

We should also tell them that they should be prepared to meet the wise, the good, the saintly. But we should not give them a false impression of what life is like, else someday they will batter their heads against realities for which they have been inadequately prepared. "Know the worst about life; work and hope for the best about life"—this is a motto that should be etched in the consciousness of fathers and mothers as they deal with their offspring.

Finally, honor your child by giving him a deep faith. Do not, because of your own mental indolence or spiritual indifferentism, rob your son or your daughter of the great blessing of a religious philosophy that will make life worth living and God worth serving. Children receive the contagion of a negative or an affirmative approach to the universe from the parental environment. You will honor your child, not when you make his soul a void, empty of any true belief in man or in God, but when you enable him to fill his spirit's reservoir from your own overflowing spring of faith.

A last reassuring word to fathers and mothers. As parents we should not demand the impossible of ourselves. If in our home there is a constant flow of love, acceptance and respect, our children can stand occasional lightning flashes of anger. They do not expect perfection of us—even as we should not demand perfection of them. It is not so much a matter of acting in this or that particular way on such and such an occasion. It is the total picture, the living context that it important. And this context is the family in which the loving authority of the parents is respected, and the aspirations, goals and dreams of the coming generation are guaranteed. When the noble commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" is supplemented by the new insight "Honor thy son and thy daughter," we shall begin the journey, all of us, that will lead at last to individual serenity, family unity and social peace.

THE END

Lida's First Fling

(Continued from page 52)

case the same day. He had a sensitive digestion and a great horror of belching in court.

Lida was untying the knot in the corner of her handkerchief. She put a nickel on the counter.

"Deposit on the bottle," she said to Papa. "I'll take strawberry this time."

Papa held up a gingersnap and raised his eyebrows at Lida in a question. She nodded quickly. He put six of them in a little sack, cut a wedge of cheese from the big round and put the soda pop in with the cookies.

"This will sustain you?"

"Oh, yes," said Lida. "I'm only going to Scotland. Papa, isn't anyone in our family Scotch, like the Guthries and the Logans and the Presbyterian minister?"

"Scotch?" said Papa. "Nobody in our family. But over here that doesn't matter. It did not stop you from learning the Highland Fling—six lessons."

"But it isn't the same," said Lida. "I practiced and practiced, and the Guthrie girls said I was doing fine, but I didn't *feel* Scotch. Isn't there something, even something bad-tasting, that you can drink at night and you wake up next morning Scotch?"

Emile choked on the last of his beer.

"You are mixed up," he said. "It is just the reverse."

The two holy men came in just then, and Lida slid off the stool. It was a rule.

The minister was a round pink man with a tiny mustache, like two pussy willows pasted on his upper lip. He patted Lida's head as she passed him and said, "Well, Lida, you ready for the big picnic tomorrow? Plenty of ice cream and cake and prizes for all the races. Bring your Uncle Emile. We will serve him tea."

This was a big joke, and all the men laughed and laughed. Even Father Sebastian forgot for a minute to look so worried.

"I will also have tea," he said to Papa. "With aspirin."

Lida, watching from a back booth, kept her eyes on Papa, hoping he'd ask her why she hadn't left; then without interrupting, she would be able to tell him he had forgotten to put the bottle opener in the sack.

"Not as effective as prayer," Papa said, "but easier on the knees. There is no change in the general situation?"

Father Sebastian shook his head. Such a gloomy face.

"I tell him his great love of music is a handicap," said the minister, "not a blessing. Fortunately"—he smiled—"I am tone deaf. Of course, I know only part of the situation, that this man with the horrible singing voice . . ."

"A bellow," said Emile, "like a sick bull. The whole congregation suffers."

"Who owns this animal voice?" said the minister.

Emile smiled. "Our brother Jaroslav."

"Oh, I beg your pardon." The minister's eyes blinked.

Father Sebastian sighed. "It is not easy to forgive a man for a sour note."

"Surely someone could tell him," said the minister.

"You see," said Papa, "Jaroslav has heard that the mayor of this town is soloist at his church. Therefore, suddenly, Jaroslav too must sing. It is not enough that he should be assistant county surveyor with his name printed on a door."

"A good soul," said Father Sebastian. "But what is to be done? He has offered to donate the fifty dollars I need to complete the fund for the church furnace."

"Fifty dollars with possible strings," said Zdenek.

"If I accept the money," said Father Sebastian, "it means I am obliged to ask Jaroslav to sing the solos, at least for weddings."

"A marriage with that send-off," said Emile, "would be handicapped indeed."

Lida stretched and wished Papa would look her way. The park was waiting for her. Look, Papa, look. I haven't gone yet, and why? No bottle opener in the sack. . . .

The hum of the men's voices became the bees she heard in the lilac bushes in the park—if only she were in the park. Lida folded her hands on the satiny brown wood of the table and propped her chin on them. Her eyes felt so heavy. There was nothing to be done, because Father Sebastian was talking worry talk, and when a holy man had worries it was a sad sad thing. The poor man had been trying for so many years to get a new furnace, and now it was within his reach and with it came a new worry: a baritone who sang like a sick bull.

Lida's eyes closed slowly, and the smell of varnish on the table mingled with the sun on her arms, and far far away the bees hummed . . .

Her eyes flew open and she sat up so suddenly her warm arms squeaked as they tore loose from the table. One side of her face was very hot where it had rested on her arm, and she was surprised to find herself still in the booth with the salt and pepper shakers. Someone had said her name.

"That Lida," somebody—maybe it was Emile—had said.

And then it sounded like Papa. "She has never been told. Later, perhaps, when she is not so tender in the feelings."

And Father Sebastian's voice said, "Never, oh, never have I been so embarrassed as at the grandfather's funeral. Such choking, such an agony in my throat. Fortunately no one knew my acute stage."

"It turned out all right. Nobody the wiser. They took it to be just your asthma," said Papa. "And while someone went for water, I corrected the cause of your distress."

"Did I ever thank you?" said the priest.

"No," said Papa, "but since a member of my family—since it was Lida who caused the incident—it is nothing."

"Well," said Father Sebastian, "never again in my life do I hope to be so red in the face. That Lida!"

Cautiously, Lida looked around the corner of the booth. Father Sebastian was wiping his eyes. He must be crying. Poor man. The minister and Zdenek had gone, but Papa's shoulders were moving up and down from the chuckling, and Emile said he had laughed so hard he was very thirsty.

Oh, what was this horrible thing she had done? Lida wanted to run, melt, and disappear. Oh, the shame!

When Papa turned his back to get the beer and the tea, Lida moved, silent and light as a bird. She hurried outside and ran behind the icehouse.

Something without a name hung heavy in her chest, like undercooked dumplings; heavy and sour and wrong—like Jaroslav's singing.

There weren't any gingersnaps to ease the suffering, or cheese to nibble on while she worried. In her hurry to get out of there, to cool the burning face of her sudden agony, she'd left her sack on the table. It didn't matter now. She couldn't go to the park and drift to Scotland on a breeze. She had done something dreadful, something long ago that made a priest red in the face.

She could never look at Father Sebastian again. Yet he was coming to her house for dinner, this very night.

She started home, dragging her feet, wishing she were invisible. When people smiled at her they were thinking: This is Lida, the one who made the priest choke at her grandfather's funeral.

When she got home the aunts and Mama were already busy in the kitchen. All the doors of the house were open, and the aunts' laughter bounced out of the house like bright rubber balls. It made Lida feel so strange. She'd never laugh again. Never.

Quietly she went upstairs to her room. She sat there wondering what she'd done. She tried to remember. That was hard to do. It was walking backward into that long-ago time when she was not yet nine years old, and waited and waited for Grandpa in the still winter sun, and felt so strange because somebody said she shouldn't wait, Grandpa would not walk in the woods today.

She had walked alone, sometimes running ahead and looking back over her shoulder, expecting to see that Grandpa was along after all, telling her stories of another land across the sea. Oh, she could remember that all right, because he held her hand and

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his eyes, golden almonds, would lose themselves in his yellow face. Such a beautiful yellow old man. Little beads of moisture always came in his eyes if there was a wind, and his slow steps, growing slower every day beneath the long black overcoat, walked over the dead leaves that had been crimson, crimson as the plumes on the white horses of the cuirassiers charging across the plains and down the hills of his old country.

So this was remembering. Opening a heavy door that creaked. Smelling again the blankets brought out of the big wooden chests and airing on the line because relatives and more relatives had arrived to wait outside the lonely still room where Grandpa lay. They had come from all over, from Nebraska and Illinois. They had swollen the big house on Cherry Street, their children sleeping some nights four in a bed, two at the head and two at the foot, like curly-headed sardines in sheets fresh from the sun. Grandma was wearing her best dress and, when Linda asked if she expected more company, Grandma nodded sadly and said in Bohemian that the last guest would arrive any moment, a guest with black wings, riding a white horse.

Lida took off her shoes and lay on her bed. Outside one of the aunts said, "Where is the little one; where's Lida?" And Mama's voice, clear and unworried, carried up the stairs. "She'll come home soon. Gingersnapping no doubt, and how her stomach stands it I'm constantly amazed."

Lida lay very still and waited for the remembering door to creak open again. Suddenly it was the door to Grandpa's room, and Papa was turning the knob quietly and pushing her gently into the dimness of the big bedroom, telling her to go on, go on now, because Grandpa wanted to see her.

Lida had stood there, her sun-filled eyes waiting for the dimness to give her back the familiar room, the dark frames around the family pictures on the wall, the table where Grandpa's knuckles had slammed hard to beat Father Sebastian at cards, and the workbench that had lately been moved upstairs under the window, cedar sweet, the woodworking tools gleaming softly, waiting for Grandpa's fingers to be quick again. She walked softly toward the white flat counterpane under which Grandpa lay like a man doll cut from golden paper, so light and dry, ready to blow away.

He was asleep. Lida sat beside the huge carved bed and held his hand. Well now, this was fine, to sit here with Grandpa, even though he wasn't as big as he used to be. In this room, usually so full of Grandpa's thunder, was space and quiet, the faint smell of cognac, long since forbidden, and the best bedspread in the family. Hand crocheted. Pineapple and cone design.

She started to hum the words of a song Grandpa had taught her. The leaf that was Grandpa's hand stirred under hers. She smiled at him.

"The woods are fine today, Grandpa," she said. "Shall we go for a walk?"

"I think," he said, "I would like to hear the rest of the song. Sing, little pigeon."

She sang the folk song, so sad and yet so happy.

When she finished, Grandpa's eyes looked up at the picture of himself, when he was a baby in skirts on his mother's knee.

"Another one?" said Lida.

He patted her hand. "The one about the indiscreet lady who dressed up in a gold jacket to go to confession—you remember that?" he said. "Sing, little fish."

Lida liked that one, "*Sla panenka k zpovidani . . .*" she sang.

Oh, she sang. She sang of old castles, meadows waving with grain, and brooks that had stories to tell, and the song about the old lady who instructed the bride to step on the groom's foot, gently, during the ceremony. Remind him who was going to be boss.

Grandpa sighed, and his eyes were filled with dreams.

"Ya, ya, the singing. And the card playing. But the dancing—that is for the light heart. For you. Never forget how to dance, young one . . . What goes on downstairs?" he said. "Red eyes, swollen noses—Amelia and Ilonka are crying?"

Lida nodded. "Why are they crying?" she said.

"Idiots," said Grandpa. "We waste life complaining about our fate, then cry when it is ended. Such nonsense."

"Grandpa," said Lida, "when do we walk again?"

"Maybe tomorrow," he said and looked at her slyly. "Past the confectioner's with its jewels of marzipan in the window? At half past eight?"

Lida nodded, moistening her lips with her tongue.

He frowned at something across the room. "Who in the name of heaven lights a votive light—so soon?"

Lida looked at the marble-topped table where a fat candle was glimmering through a red glass sconce.

"Aunt Amelia is praying hard for you," she said. "Her knees are sore."

"That does it!" said Grandpa. "Now I surely go to hell."

Grandpa's breath grew hard and loud like a loose shingle flapping in the wind. Lida wiped the moisture from his forehead with a clean towel and gave him a sip of water.

"Grandpa," she said, when his breathing was soft again, "why don't you want to go to heaven? Father Sebastian says you are a heretic, but you play pinochle like an angel."

"From him that is praise," said Grandpa, "but if I played with the angels I would certainly take my own deck of cards along."

"Do the angels cheat?"

"Sure. Why do you suppose they wear those big sleeves, eh? Answer that."

"To hide the aces?" said Lida.

Then someone had come into the room. The coughing had been heard, and the others were called.

Someone said, "All right now; you go out. Be quiet on the steps." And at the door Lida had turned around, hoping Grandpa's hand would be waving

at her, but the big people were around the bed.

At eight thirty the next morning she was in front of Schaeffer's window, her eyes swallowing the beautiful little candies, glistening with sugar dust—and she waited and waited, but Grandpa didn't come, and when she walked up the hill to his house the living room was filled with flowers, and the aunts were crying into their best handkerchiefs and thanking heaven that the priest had come in time last night.

Lida didn't cry. She wasn't going to be an idiot. She walked in the woods by herself and worried because Grandpa had gone to heaven where the angels carried aces up their sleeves, and that evening she'd crept into Grandpa's bedroom, empty now, and opened the little cherry-wood box where he kept his cards. She picked out a pinochle deck, and the next morning, while Grandma and the aunts were putting on their veils, she went down into the big quiet room where all the flowers were. Grandpa was there with candles all around, and he wasn't complaining about them at all. He was dressed in his best suit, the black broadcloth. Near one hand was a prayer book. A brand-new one because Grandpa hadn't owned one. Lida put it to one side and gave him the pinochle deck instead. Then she felt better and went outside to play ball with the cousins in the back garden where their voices wouldn't wake up Grandpa.

Now that was all she remembered. Everybody said later, "What a beautiful service! But what a shame the priest had such a fit, oh, such a fit of asthma just when he looked down to bless dear Grandpa."

Lida thought very hard, but she couldn't figure what she had done wrong.

She took a deep breath. From somewhere far below came the tantalizing perfume of the onions and mushrooms and sour cream that were happening to the chicken from Mississippi. Lida opened her door to smell it better, and there was Papa coming up the stairs. He had his coat off, and he'd put on a fresh white shirt. Size seventeen neck.

"Well," he said. "Dinner is ready. Your hands are clean? The priest tonight is our guest. Already downstairs."

"I can't go down," said Lida.

"No?" Papa said. "Why is this?"

"I—I'm not hungry."

He handed Lida a nickel. "Deposit back on the bottle. You left, too, the gingersnaps. This is unusual."

"I heard Father Sebastian say I did a terrible thing, never before or since was his face so red. Papa, what did I do?"

Papa thought awhile. "Think once. Here is the good man who helped your Grandpa sneak into paradise by the skin of his tooth. It was not an easy job, but Father Sebastian managed."

Lida nodded. "Important connections," she said. "Uncle Zdenek has them too."

"We skip Zdenek's connections," said Papa. "Suffice to say it is a shock to do all this difficult work for one soul

then look down and find in his hands not a prayer book but a pinochle deck."

"It was the cleanest one I could find," said Lida. "The prettiest too. A lady laughing with a rose in her hair and drinking beer on the backs of all the cards."

"Ya, ya, I know." Papa sighed. "It is, however, slightly unusual in our family to be buried with the compliments of the Supreme Brewing Company. 'For Good Health All Year, Drink Supreme Beer.'" Papa cleared his throat. "The important thing is what your Grandpa held in his heart, not the possessions he held in the hand." He got up. "Now, you come downstairs?"

Lida could see the golden drumstick waiting for her. But across would be Father Sebastian, and he would stare at her because she let Grandpa go to heaven with a deck of cards from a brewery.

"I'm not hungry," said Lida.

"So be it," said Papa. "Starve." At the door he turned and said, "Sooner or later you must learn to ignore your past. Better to face it than hide yourself."

"But I'm so ashamed," said Lida.

"A healthy sign," said Papa. "For that there is always the hope." He thought awhile. "So now, you think of something fine to do for Father Sebastian, eh? Compensation for the bad moment you caused. Maybe then you can forget your past, hold up your head again."

"But what can I do?"

"I am confident you can think of something," he said. "Ideas you always seem to have. Well, now, think it over once. Sleep on it."

"If I think hard, Papa, do you think the drumstick could be saved for me?"

"It is possible, this once. But not twice. Twice makes a coward, a soft baby. You a soft baby?"

"Oh, no, Papa!"

"Good," he said. "So be it."

He went down the steps, and Lida sat down to think hard about compensation, and slowly starve until the priest went home.

She heard the telephone ring downstairs and when Mama returned from answering it Lida heard her say, "Mrs. Guthrie. To make sure we all come to the picnic tomorrow."

Father Sebastian said, "No wonder the Presbyterians can be gay and have a fine picnic! Their choir is in tune, and the devil isn't pushing the sides out of their church furnace!"

Oh, the lucky people downstairs. No shame inside them. The fun they would have tomorrow. And where would Lida be? Hiding her face behind some tree every time she saw the priest. Such a coward, a soft baby. The Logans would be there, Mr. Logan in kilts because he played one of the bagpipes for the dancing. Very bony knees. The Bairds would give recitations, but the wondrous part of the whole affair was watching the beautiful Guthrie girls with their tartans and sporrans and the shining medals they had won by dancing all over the county. And the prizes! Oh, those wonderful Scotch people, those lucky Presbyterians!

In the confusion of filling the big picnic baskets the next morning, no one noticed that Lida was very quiet. At the last minute everybody was talking at once. Aunt Tilda was saying, "For once I hope Florian doesn't have a nosebleed. Every picnic day everybody having a fine time, singing and dancing, where am I? Over by the sauerkraut, holding ice on his neck!"

And somebody said, "How about Grandma? Did anybody ask Grandma?"

Mama said, "Indeed, she was invited, by Mrs. Guthrie herself. Our dear little mama told this fine woman she wouldn't be seen in the park with men who wore skirts! Such an apology I had to make . . . Now why doesn't Jaroslav come with the car?"

"Maybe he's home practicing his scales," said Emile.

The thought of Jaroslav's voice depressed everybody. Aunt Amelia moaned, "Always, Emile, you throw on a happy day the wet shirt."

"Blanket," said Mama. "Emile! Not yet. The potato salad is for the picnic."

Emile took his fingers out of the basket and asked Zdenek if he had remembered to put cards in his pocket.

"Nothing like pinochle under the trees," said Emile.

"With the bagpipes playing," said Zdenek, "it will be difficult to concentrate. I can never tell if they are playing music or still tuning up. A very confusing instrument."

The house was finally locked up, and everybody waited by the front gate for the automobiles. The Guthries were picking up one of the aunts and Mama. Aunt Amelia kept running back to the house to shake the door knobs, and Aunt Tilda tore a small piece of brown paper from a sack of cookies, rolled it up and put it in her purse. If Florian got a nosebleed the paper would be stuffed under his upper lip. At picnics Florian's nose was a great nuisance.

The Presbyterian minister passed by in his car and waved. Lida's heart bumped hard, and she hid behind her mother's skirts, because in front seat with the minister sat Father Sebastian.

Lida opened her mouth to say she couldn't go to the picnic, she just couldn't. But Papa had said you could hide only once. After that you were a coward. "I'm all right," said Lida. "No soft baby."

"What's she talking about?" said Mama, but nobody answered because the Guthrie car full of beautiful red curls, blue eyes and plaid kilts drew up, and Mr. Guthrie, a real card everybody said, let a blast of sound out of his bagpipes that were beside him.

Mama giggled like a girl. "What a joker! What a gay one!" she said. "Oh, what a day this is going to be . . ."

After Mama and one of the aunts piled in with Mrs. Guthrie and the girls in the back seat, more cars came, swallowed up more cousins and aunts and sisters, and finally Uncle Jaroslav's car came around and picked up Lida and the uncles. Papa was already in the back seat with the doughnuts. Huge baskets of them, fresh from the restaurant kitchen.

"So," he said as they all drove away, "a fine day to lock up the shop you bet and forget business, eh, Jaroslav?"

Uncle Jaroslav didn't look very happy. "I have an unpleasant duty to perform," he said. "It is a delicate situation. It will call for great diplomacy."

"That shouldn't worry you," said Emile.

"An assistant county surveyor is no bum," said Zdenek, "even if he can't sing."

"How did you know I can't sing?" Jaroslav was surprised.

"It is no secret," said Emile.

"But I, myself, just knew it today," said Jaroslav. "Do you suppose Father Sebastian also knows I can't sing?"

"Only too well," said Emile.

"Poor man," said Jaroslav. "Yet I am relieved he knows that much. Well, I feel better. I could eat nothing but a steak today I was so worried how to tell him I cannot remain in the choir. You're sure he won't mind?"

"It will be a surprise," said Papa, "but he will bear up."

"Of course I'll be glad to sing occasionally for weddings," said Jaroslav. "But hereafter I—ah—will be too busy for the regular choir practice."

"Uncle Jaroslav," said Lida from the back seat, "if you know now that your voice is like a sick bull's why do you want to spoil the weddings?"

The automobile jerked on and off the street car tracks, and Papa and the uncles coughed and tried to change the subject.

"Lida, have a doughnut," said Papa. "Take two, fill your mouth."

"Oh, thank you, Papa," said Lida.

"I am the best baritone in this town," Jaroslav said. "And the children of this family should be taught some manners."

"Let me understand this once," said Papa. "You say you can't sing in the choir because of other business?"

"I need more outdoor exercise," said Jaroslav. "Beginning this week I play golf—with clubs."

"Fine business," said Emile.

"A fine game," said Papa. "Tell me—the mayor too is lately taking up golf?"

"Why, yes," said Jaroslav. "How did you know?"

"You are too modest," said Zdenek. "The doings of prominent men like you and the mayor——"

"I suppose that's true," said Jaroslav. "I sometimes forget."

"I bet," said Zdenek.

"But the fifty dollars for the furnace," said Papa, "how about that now?"

"Well," said Jaroslav, "that is the ticklish business."

"Which means—no fifty dollars," said Emile.

"Well, not at present," said Jaroslav. "But I am a man of my word. I will donate the fifty to the church . . ."

"But first comes the fifty for the golf clubs," said Papa. "Eh, Jaroslav?"

"I can't play with toothpicks," he said.

Poor Father Sebastian! What a disappointment to have two people in one family treat him so badly. First Lida, now Jaroslav. By the time Uncle Jaroslav could spare the money, the old furnace would surely be in a million pieces, the people in the church would

freeze and somebody a hundred years from now would find them all kneeling like stone statues, icicles hanging from the ladies' hats.

Uncle Jaroslav parked his car near the picnic grounds, and everybody got out. Lida tagged along, ready to hide if she saw the priest.

What a crowd! The noise, the music, the shouts that went up when the peanut race was won! The flags and banners and bunting all over the place, especially the pavilion and the bandstand, had never been so gorgeous. It was a fancy picnic all right. All the ladies wore little aprons over their dresses as they set the big tables and took secret peeks into the other ladies' lunch baskets. They poured boiling water into beautiful china pots and, while the tea infused beneath the quilted cozies, they talked to each other in their soft Scottish voices.

A race was starting for girls under twelve, and somebody said, "Lida, you win that race; you're quick in the feet," but Lida just shook her head and ran away because the minister was bringing Father Sebastian over to take a look at all the fine food.

She ran so fast she bumped into Mr. Guthrie. In kilts.

"Look where you're goin', lassie," he said. Mr. Guthrie had a wheezy laugh and a pink nose. "Lida," he added, "we need another dancer for the big contest. How about it?" He leaned down toward her with his hands on his bare knees. "The girr-uls tell me you're a bonnie dancer."

This was playing, Lida knew. Mr. Guthrie never talked with thistles in his voice when he wore pants.

"I can't dance," said Lida.

"Can't ye now?" he said.

"Besides, I'm not Scottish," said Lida.

"That's what your head says, lass. Your feet don't know the difference."

Oh, he was funny! Lida giggled.

"We have plenty of contestants for the sword dance"—he winked—"perhaps because the prize is bigger. One hundred dollars. But there's two prizes for the fling. Seventy-five *and* a gold medal. That's first prize. Second prize, a gold medal *or* fifty dollars."

That was a magic sound. "Fifty dollars?" said Lida.

"My own girr-uls are in the sword dance contest. Annie Baird is dancing the fling this time. Now we can't just have one girr-ul in the fling."

"Annie dances good," said Lida.

"That's just it. Nobody wants to compete." Mr. Guthrie made a face and said he was going to cry.

Lida looked at his fine fur sporran. "I have no costume," she said. "And I have no purse with whiskers."

Mr. Guthrie made a sound like an engine turning over on a cold morning. It was very embarrassing. She was glad when there was a commotion down on the shore and everybody stopped watching her and Mr. Guthrie.

Before the eating started there were more races and games and the minister made a speech, welcoming everybody. He told them to have a good time, be gay, have light hearts.

That's what Grandpa had told her, Lida remembered. Dance, don't forget how, young one—and have the light heart.

Did she dare—did she dare even think of such a thing?

She was shy, terribly bashful. Everybody said so. She couldn't get up on a big stage like the one the minister was standing on, and let everybody look at her—oh, heavens no!

Papa applauded hard when the minister was finished and the bagpipe band played "The Campbells Are Coming." That was the minister's name: Campbell.

"Somebody in our church should compose 'The Sebastians Are Sinking,'" said Uncle Emile, nodding toward the priest. "Look at him."

Father Sebastian sat on a bench, looking very sad.

"Jaroslav finally got up courage to tell him," said Papa.

"By the way," said Emile, "he said not to mention his great worry to anyone here. He is now even sorry the minister knows. He's not proud that he has such a hard time raising an extra fifty dollars."

"He is a very dignified man," said Papa. "Like a Scotchman he wants to be beholden to no man. Won't even ask for credit on the furnace. A real cash-and-carry Christian I must say."

That reminded Emile of a joke, and by the time everybody sat down Papa was laughing and wiping his eyes.

What a feast! And how quickly it disappeared. Father Sebastian ate as much as anybody. Four helpings of potato salad that Lida counted. Yet with all this luscious food, she couldn't eat. She kept thinking of the awful, terrible thing she had done at Grandpa's funeral. "For Good Health All Year —Drink Supreme Beer."

This was a gay time for everybody but her. Jaroslav wasn't suffering. He was eating fine. He was sitting right beside the priest and with a long-handled serving spoon was showing Father Sebastian how to hold a golf club.

The poetry and singing started after the feast. People began to gather at the grandstand, but Lida stayed behind. She sat under a tree and was miserable. It was no fun being at a picnic when you were running away from someone all the time. She'd have to face the past, sometime.

She could hear Annie Baird reciting, and then the man who imitated Harry Lauder sang, "Beautiful Sunday—I Wish It Would Never Come Monday." How she had laughed at him, when she had been young, with a light heart.

Then everybody started singing all the old songs, and she saw Father Sebastian move away as far as possible when Jaroslav joined in. Even Papa was singing, "Coming Through the Rye." Such a happy day, for everyone else.

Then, with a shriek and flourish and with ribbons flying, the pipers really began. So many bagpipes! They let out a wail and a cry that brought the kilts flying from all over the park, some of them hurrying to get up on the big bandstand for the dancing contest. A stir and murmur went through the whole park, and Lida felt a tickling on her arms and the top of her head. Men dropped the horseshoes they were pitching; the Inverness ladies left their tea cozies and drifted closer to the big stage. Even the children stopped their games and said, "Sh, now comes the big thing."

Lida got up and walked slowly past the tables, piled with home-going baskets. She passed the big crock of sauerkraut that always showed up at every picnic, and there was Cousin Florian with the roll of brown paper stuffed under his lip and Aunt Tilda was holding the ice to the back of his neck.

Then Lida got a good look at the stage and forgot everything else. Up there on that magnificent stage covered with bunting was the most glorious spectacle in the world. The pipers, led by Mr. Logan in his kilts and Glengarry, were all around the back of the stage, and seated in front were all the dancers! What a splash of color! What a gorgeous plaid dream! The Guthrie girls, in green tartans, shawls held up with beautiful sparkling pins, were smiling out at the crowd.

While the pipers piped, Mr. Guthrie came forward, held up the swords for everyone to see, then crossed them on the floor. He announced the dancers. One by one they came out, took a position, and waited for the skirl of the bagpipes to send toes back, forth, this way, that way, in between the swords, faster and faster . . .

Lida held her breath but, after each dancer had finished, she couldn't clap her hands as everyone else did. She was too full of wonder and magic. When the Guthrie toes flashed like birds' beaks in between the flashing steel without touching a blade, Lida just curled up inside herself with awe and held her hands together tightly in front of her chest. What a beautiful pain. The sword dancers, flushed and happy, went back to their seats.

Mr. Logan, wiping his face with his handkerchief said the next was the Highland Fling, and Mr. Guthrie whispered to him up there on the stage. They had a discussion, then Mr. Guthrie said that inasmuch as there was no one to compete with Annie Baird, the second prize was to be held over.

Somebody in the audience called out, "Ask for volunteers!"

Mr. Guthrie said fine, and his short finger kept pointing at this one and that one in the audience. The girls giggled with nervousness, and he kept telling them not to be so bashful, "Come on, come on; it's a contest for everybody, anybody. If you fall down we pick you up, free of charge . . ." Oh, he was a card all right! Then his eyes lit on Lida, and he crouched forward just as he had earlier, but when she turned to run someone was in her way. It was Father Sebastian! He'd been beside her all the time!

"Well, Lida," he said, "if you blow the wind out of me how can I preach a sermon on Sunday?"

Lida's throat froze up. Everybody was looking, and she heard a lady say, "What a shame to tease the child."

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Associate Producer JOE KAUFMAN

Screenplay by BOB CONSIDINE · and GEORGE CALLAHAN

She was stiff and rigid all the way down to her flat patent leather slippers. From somewhere near came Papa's voice: "Soft baby?" The words brought her breath back.

Then she saw Father Sebastian smiling down at her.

"Lida," he said in his kind voice, "you don't have to do it, my child."

"I have to," she said, and it sounded like someone else's voice. High and squeaky. She said it again. "I have to."

Her feet that had been turned to run away carried her to the wide staircase leading up to the stage, and she said to herself, "This can't be me. It's somebody wearing my dress." Yet her dress, stiffly starched, walked right up the stairs and onto the stage and there she was—Lida, her name was Lida—there she was right in the middle of the plaid dream. She was sitting down on a chair, and she tried to remember to point her toes like the Guthrie girls. They were all smiling at her, and everybody was applauding. After a hundred years Lida lifted her hot face and looked out at the crowd. She saw Aunt Tilda leave Florian by the sauerkraut crock and come flying to see what on earth was going on. When she caught sight of Lida on the stage her mouth fell open. Even Uncle Emile got up off the grass and stared.

Lida looked in the crowd for Mama. She was standing beside Papa, but he seemed to be holding her up. She had a handkerchief pressed to her mouth, and it looked to Lida as if she were crying. But Papa wasn't. He was smiling and, when he could shift Mama to Zdenek's shoulder, he held both his big hands high up in the air, clasped them hard and shook them at her. Lida felt better. Papa was wishing her good luck! She put her hands together and waved them back at him, and a roar of laughter went up in the crowd.

Oh, how Annie could dance! Lida had never realized how beautiful the Highland Fling was from the rear. Annie's arms curved just right over her head, and she turned and whirled, light as a feather, and kept in perfect step with the bagpipes. That bothered Lida. She'd never danced to the pipes. Just her sister's piano playing—with the metronome.

Her heart was pounding so! She tried to count the measure of the pipes, but they were so noisy when they were close, blasting her eardrums. She gave up and said three Hail Marys instead.

Annie got wonderful applause. Everybody on the stage clapped too, so Lida did the same.

Then it was her turn. One of the Guthrie girls gave her a gentle push and said, "Dance good, Lida. Remember everything I taught you."

So she was out on the stage with nothing holding her up. Her hands were in the first position, and her toes were right. If she only could get a head start before the bagpipes began, then she wouldn't ever lose the beat because she'd forget they were there; that's what she'd do. She'd pull a door shut in her head and pretend she was listening to her sister playing the piano. She put one arm above her head, the other hand on her hip, and she started to dance. The pipers, caught unawares, blew out a storm of quick notes before they caught up with her, but Lida wasn't listening to them. Let them keep time with her. She was listening to the metronome; one-two-three-four—and all the bagpipes in the world couldn't bother her now.

They were playing, and she supposed they sounded as good as they had been for Annie Baird—one-two-three-four—now the other hand in the air, the other foot back; front, back, whirl; now the next step and whirl, and the next and the next . . . and . . . well, for goodness' sake, she was finished. That was the end of the dance. She walked back to her seat, and Mr. Guthrie couldn't get the audience quiet. Oh, she'd made a fool of herself. She couldn't dance; she shouldn't have got up here. Oh, would the shame in this world never stop piling up inside her!

Someone squeezed her hand and whispered, "Lida, I'm proud of you!"

It was one of the Guthrie girls! The one who had taught her to whirl.

The minister was called up to present the prizes.

Lida heard the prizes announced for the first contest. The Guthrie girls were getting new medals pinned beside their old ones. The men were getting their medals too for the sword dancing, and after each presentation there was applause. Then Annie Baird was called up. She got a check for seventy-five dollars and a gold medal. They asked Annie what she was going to do with the money. Well, she was going to save it for college, one year away. Then Mr. Guthrie called the last contestant, and he had to call her name three times because she was sitting there staring at the stage floor, so ashamed for getting up here with all the beautiful people. What would the family say?

Then the minister was asking her something.

"Lida," he said, "you have a choice. Are you going to take the gold medal or the fifty dollars prize money?"

She'd won a prize! It didn't occur to her that it *had* to go to her. She was the only other contestant who had danced the Highland Fling for the judges.

A gold medal! Think of pinning solid gold on her gingham dress, her sweaters, on her nightgowns—because, of course, she'd wear it to bed. She wondered suddenly what Grandpa would say to all this. Imagine, Grandpa! A gold medal. I didn't forget how to dance.

"I'll take the fifty dollars," she said.

Nobody in the audience could hear her because she talked so softly, but Mr. Guthrie shouted it out to the crowd. And he made a joke about Lida being Scottish after all.

Then they asked her what she was going to do with all that money.

"It goes to Father Sebastian," Lida said clearly, "for the furnace in his church."

The minister's little mustache twitched all over his face, and Mr. Guthrie's grape eyes twinkled with fun. A great coughing noise came from the audience. It sounded a little like Father Sebastian. She looked around for him and there he was, his face a bright bright red.

So the minister handed the check to Father Sebastian himself and said, "I hope when our furnace wears out we get the same co-operation."

Father Sebastian tried to smile.

"On his behalf," said Papa, "I thank you. There is nothing like buying a furnace with good Presbyterian money."

The minister and everybody laughed.

Lida waited for Father Sebastian to look at her. When he did he just shook his head. She smiled at him, and it wasn't hard to do at all. It was a wonderful feeling. She didn't have to run away from anybody any more. She wondered if there wasn't something left in the picnic basket. She was terribly hungry.

She hurried down the steps, in the growing dusk, while the bagpipes played "Auld Lang Syne," and she found some sandwiches and went to sit on a bench beneath a tree with thick leaves. The bagpipes seemed far away, so did the voices of all the people. Someone was coming toward her. It was Papa, and he was humming. He sat beside her and helped himself to one of her sandwiches. They didn't speak. It was nice not to speak. They sat and listened to the music and looked up at the sky. The faintest of stars were beginning to shine. "It will be fine tomorrow," said Lida. "Nice and warm."

"Ya ya," said Papa softly. "It will be a beautiful gingersnap day."

THE END

I Knew Jimmy Doolittle When *(Continued from page 8)*

the beginning of the wrestling season I decided that I was in shape. I went to the high-school gymnasium, walked up to the wrestling coach and told him I wanted to try out for the team.

It so happened that Jimmy, who was the school's wrestling and boxing star, was working out on the mat. The coach called him over and said, "All right, Tibbett, let's see what you can do with this fellow."

The match lasted exactly ten seconds. I wound up flat on my back with all the breath knocked out of me. The coach said, "Sorry, young fellow," and walked away to more important business.

As Jimmy and I went to the shower room. I confided to him about the weights and horizontal bar. "I've been trying everything," I said. "I worked out every day, but it hasn't seemed to help. What do you think I should do now?

"I think," said Jimmy, "that you should stick to singing."

I had my revenge in Jimmy's senior year, however. Jimmy had only one sweetheart in high school—a pretty girl named Josephine Daniels, who is

now Mrs. Jimmy H. Doolittle. Josephine had a role in the annual senior play, and it was her great ambition to have Jimmy in the same cast. Much against his will, he finally consented.

The night of the play, I helped him into the Tuxedo he had to wear. He felt uncomfortable—and showed it.

"All right, glamour boy," I said. "You've been making fun of me all these years for dressing up like Romeo. Now take a look at yourself."

He looked in the mirror and shuddered.

But after the play, he seemed to be momentarily smitten with the same thrill that nearly everyone gets from his first appearance on the stage. "Larry," he said, "I kind of like this stuff. Maybe I should go in for it. What do you think I should do next?"

His acting had been as bad as my wrestling. "Jimmy," I said, "I think you should stick to fighting."

After high school, Jimmy went to the University of California, where he went out for the boxing team and achieved amazing success. He was in the bantamweight class, but one day the coach asked him to work out with the school's *three* best middleweights.

Jimmy knocked out the first two in one round each and the third in two. He went on to win the West Coast intercollegiate middleweight class. The crowds used to laugh when he first stepped into the ring against the big boys—but he always won.

In fact, he was so good that after college he turned pro, fighting under another name so his mother wouldn't know, and won all but his last bout. In this match he ran into a veteran who pinned his ears back. Luckily for aviation he retired.

At the beginning of World War I our paths separated, Jimmy going into the Air Corps and I into the Navy. We didn't get together again until I was singing with the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Then one day, while I was still in the costume I had worn in "Rigoletto," Jimmy came backstage.

I recognized him right away, but with all my make-up he couldn't be sure about me. "I just dropped in," he said, "to see if you could be the same Lawrence Tibbett I knew in high school."

We had a grand reunion, and when he was leaving he said, "I see they're dressing you in those monkey suits, but you seem to be doing all right for yourself. Maybe there is more to that singing and acting than I thought."

Nothing that Jimmy has done ever surprised me. I wasn't even surprised when I heard that he had led the first American air raid on Tokyo.

Have you ever heard of a flight Jimmy made over the Andes Mountains from Chile to Bolivia in 1926? This was an assignment in itself, but a short time before the take-off, Jimmy had been in an accident and had broken both ankles.

What did he do? He had them strap his feet to the rudder controls, and he made the flight as if nothing had happened.

That was the kind of Jimmy Doolittle I knew in high school!

THE END

Interview With Hervey Allen *(Continued from page 18)*

smart old affectionate grandfather or grandmother comes in mighty handy.

"My wife's father died last winter. I miss him; he was one of the wise old men. When Ann and I became engaged her father sent me a puzzle. I tried to work it and couldn't so I told him I thought it was unanswerable. He nodded and said to look beneath it. I found only a line of type: 'Find out what the women want.'"

Allen leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. He is a big man, with a rangy build. He was a miler when he was a midshipman at Annapolis, but he ran too many miles, he said, and was dropped from the Academy for being fifteen pounds under the minimum weight.

"That was the biggest disappointment, so far, in my life."

He joined the Army for the Mexican border trouble; later, in the first World War, he saw a good deal of action in the front lines. In the course of a comment on how difficult it is to break loose from some secure job, such as that of teaching, and make the plunge into novel-writing (which he did, to write "Anthony Adverse," marrying one of his Vassar students at the same time), he said that most people are too scary to take full advantage of their abilities. "I haven't been scared since the first World War," he said. "I was badly frightened then, but I hope and believe that that fright immunized me. I worry every once in a while, but I haven't been seared for thirty years."

The Allens live on a fruit plantation outside Miami most of the year and go to Ann 's family home at Cazenovia (near Syracuse, New York) for summers.

Allen is a trustee of the University of Miami, a governing board member of St. John's College at Annapolis, and a trustee of a girl's school at Cazenovia. He sees many young people, and what most impresses him about them is "their desire and capacity for self-control."

"I've become used to hearing, 'No, I don't smoke,' and 'Thanks, but I don't drink.' When I was young the first thing we expected when we went calling was a shot of bathtub gin.

"But this generation has its mind on something else; it is in reaction against materialism, and knows that material ends are not finally satisfactory, that it is a man's ideas, his own interior view of himself, that counts."

"How do you think they'll make out?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Allen. "I think we're in for a tough struggle that will last for two generations, at least. Marxism, which pits the body of society against its head, will keep a good deal of the world either paralyzed or in that state of nervous twitch that destroys whole nations. In the struggle against it, who, young or old, can go his own way? The idealists will have to learn to work closely with many people with whom they disagree. As I said, the young people have exceptional self-control, they can say 'no' to things. I hope that they're not too inflexible to adjust themselves to the needs of the country in a critical time."

Allen made a generalization that most people who emigrated to America in colonial times either paid for their passage by selling a certain number of working years to ship captains, who, in turn, auctioned off these years, keeping the proceeds as the passage money; or else the emigrants came as prisoners, with criminal records, and also were sold as bond slaves. It is a myth, he said, that America was "founded by people who came here to worship God in their own way." Such religious refugees were a small minority.

I asked him how his own ancestors got here, and he said that on his mother's side he was descended from German and Swiss artisans who had been shipped over late in the seventeenth century, probably under contracts with Sir William Penn. His great-grandfather Allen was a bricklayer, who came to Pennsylvania from England in the 1830's, and paid his own passage and the passages for his wife and son.

The magnate of Hervey Allen's branch of the Allen family was a son of the bricklayer Allen, Col. Edward J. Allen, Hervey's grandfather. Edward Allen took the long walk from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Puget Sound. He apparently did well on the Pacific Coast, because he came back to Pittsburgh in time to raise a regiment and fight through the Civil War.

"He bought a farm that included the field where Braddock fought and was beaten by the French and Indians in 1755. A lot of relics of the battle were turned up by the plows, and I made up quite a collection of them. My grandfather had a fine, patriarchal house called Edgehill, on Braddock Avenue. It was in his library and in his museum that the past began to live for me."

He said there are two kinds of books in the field of the historical novel.

"One sort, the product of what I call the Bosom School, simply uses history as a backdrop in front of which a trollop performs. Such books have a long line of trollop literature behind them, but let's call them what they are and not confuse them with historical novels.

"The main business of the real historical novel—well, Americans are beginning to realize that they have a past. And a good thing we do because otherwise we'd be like a man afflicted with amnesia—he can't decide for the future because he has no basis of past experience. Facing a future filled with big decisions that we must make, we want, more than ever before, to know who we are and what we come from.

"The historical novelist tries to give his reader, as honestly as possible, a vicarious experience of the past. In 'Toward the Morning' I take the reader into the little stores, the churches, the lodge meetings of 1766, and show him, with all accuracy, what life was like when the emotions and ideas that formed this nation were burgeoning."

Allen feels that the full value of his

own contribution to American letters is not appreciated.

"Slip on your oilcloth vest for just a minute," he said. "I want to cry on your shoulder. I think I have a kick against the American critics. Because when one of them mentions the leading American writers he may talk of Faulkner, or Hemingway, or Lewis—but he never mentions Allen.

"They said nice things of me when my poetry began appearing about thirty-five years ago. My book on my World War One experiences, 'Toward the Flame,' was acknowledged to be first rate.

"What I'm getting at is—I was rated as a serious writer until I wrote a big best seller—that is, until 'Anthony' came along. Millions of readers were satisfied by 'Anthony Adverse.' What put off the critics? The big sale?

"It's happened before," he said. "Melville's 'Moby Dick' was read for decades as an adventure story before critics came along who could recognize it for what it was. Someday a critic will realize that, beneath the surface adventure and sex, 'Anthony' is a serious study of the deterioration of Western civilization, the story of one man's struggle to escape the creeping, growing materialism of his culture, then they will understand that at the end Anthony turns, because he must turn, to live in imitation of Christ.

"The Jesuits always knew that. The book was banned in Ireland and praised by the Jesuits at the same time. I've had letters lately from New Zealand; at first I thought the movie had been playing there, but it turned out that some Scotch-Presbyterian ministers had grasped that spiritual message of the book and were talking about it in their pulpits. During the blitz I had some four hundred letters from England, from people thanking me for spiritual help . . . The people know. Why don't the critics?

Allen claims that, when he writes, he hears voices and sounds and sees figures moving. He said, "There is always more material than I can use, crowding in on me; it is as though I were remembering the past, as though I had lived in it . . .

"I can't write to order or hurry a book through. The mind has no clock; it makes its own time. And if its ways are respected it can perform some amazing feats—perhaps even of ancestral memory."

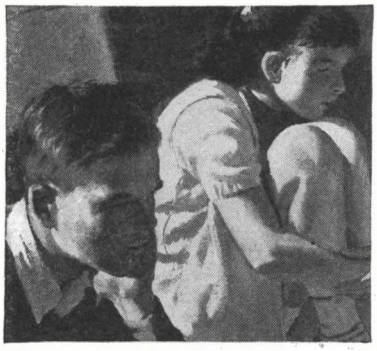
He told—and Mrs. Allen confirmed—the story, of an invitation to tea with Lady Udneys in London. Lady Udneys was anxious to check up on how Allen had obtained detailed information concerning some ancestral Udneys about whom he had written in "Anthony Adverse." He had described an Udneys house in Italy with meticulous detail. More astonishing, he had shown a curious knowledge of some family heirlooms about which nothing had ever been published.

"It was an amazing coincidence, for, you see, I've never been to Italy. When I wrote that passage of 'Anthony' I must have been remembering very well."

THE END

Blue Melody

(Continued from page 51)



against one section of this country.

It isn't a slam against anybody or anything. It's just a simple little story of Mom's apple pie, ice-cold beer, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the Lux Theater of the Air—the things we fought for, in short. You can't miss it, really.

Rudford came from a place called Agersburg, Tennessee. He said it was about an hour's drive from Memphis. It sounded to me like a pretty little town. For one thing, it had a street called Miss Packer's Street. Not just Packer Street or Packer's Street, but Miss Packer's Street. Miss Packer had been an Agersburg schoolteacher who, during the Civil War, had taken a few pot shots at some passing Union troops, from the window of the principal's office. None of this flag-waving, Barbara Fritchie stuff for Miss Packer. She had just taken aim and let go, knocking off five of the boys in blue before anybody could get to her with an axe. She was then nineteen.

Rudford's father originally had been a Bostonian, a salesman for a Boston typewriter company. On a business trip to Agersburg, just before the first World War, he had met—and within two weeks married—a well-heeled local girl. He never returned either to the home office or to Boston, apparently X-ing both out of his life without a jot of regret. He was quite a number altogether. Less than an hour after his wife died giving birth to Rudford, he got on a trolley going to the outskirts of Agersburg and bought out a rocky, but reputable, publishing house. Six months later he published a book he had written himself, entitled, "Civics for Americans." It was followed, over a period of a few years, by a highly successful series of highly unreadable textbooks known—only too widely, even today—as the Intelligence Series for Progressive High School Students of America. I certainly know for a fact that his "Science for Americans" paid the public high schools of Philadelphia a visit around 1932. The book was rich with baffling little diagrams of simple little fulcrums.

The boy Rudford's early home life was unique. His father evidently detested people who just *read* his books. He grilled and quizzed the boy even at the height of marble season. He held him up on the staircase for a definition of a chromosome. He passed him the lima beans on condition that the planets were named—in order of size. He gave the boy his ten-cent weekly allowance in return for the date of some historical personage's birth or death or defeat. To be brief, at the age of eleven Rudford knew just about as much, academically, as the average high-school freshman. And in an extracurricular sense, more. The average high-school freshman doesn't know how to sleep on a cellar floor without using a pillow or blankets.

There were, however, two important footnotes in Rudford's boyhood. They weren't in his father's books, but they were close enough to make a little quick sense in an emergency. One of them was a man named Black Charles, and the other was a little girl named Peggy Moore.

Peggy was in Rudford's class at school. For more than a year, though, he had taken little notice of her beyond the fact that she was usually the first one eliminated in a spelling bee. He didn't begin to assess Peggy's true value until one day he saw her, across the aisle from him, insert her chewing gum into the hollow of her neck. It struck Rudford as a very attractive thing for anybody to do—even a girl. Doubling up under his desk, pretending to pick up something from the floor, he whispered to Peggy, "Hey! That where you put your gum?"

Turning, her lips ajar, the young lady with the gum in her neck nodded. She was flattered. It was the first time Rudford had spoken to her out of the line of duty.

Rudford felt around the floor for a nonexistent ink eraser. "Listen. You wanna meet a friend of mine after school?"

Peggy put a hand over her mouth and pretended to cough. "Who?" she asked.

"Black Charles."

"Who's he?"

"He's a fella. Plays the piano on Willard Street. He's a friend of mine."

"I'm not allowed on Willard Street."

"Oh!"

"When are you going?"

"Right after she lets us out. She's not gonna keep us in today. She's too bored . . . Okay?"

"Okay."

That afternoon the two children went down to Willard Street, and Peggy met Black Charles and Black Charles met Peggy.

Black Charles's cafe' was a hole-in-the-wall hamburger joint, a major eyesore on a street that was regularly torn down, on paper, whenever Civic Council convened. It was, perhaps, the paragon of all restaurants classified by parents—usually through the side window of the family car—as unsanitary-looking. It was a swell place to go, in short. Moreover, it is very doubtful if any of Black Charles's young patrons had ever got sick from any of the delicious, greasy hamburgers he served. Anyway, almost nobody went to Black Charles's to eat. You ate after you got there, naturally, but that wasn't why you went.

You went there because Black Charles played the piano like somebody from Memphis—maybe even better. He played hot or straight, and he was always at the piano when you came in, and he was always there when you had to go home. But not only that. (After all, it stood to reason that Black Charles, being a wonderful piano player, would be wonderfully indefatigable.) He was something else—something few white piano players are. He was kind and interested when young people came up to the piano to ask him to play something, or just to talk to him. He looked at you. He listened.

Until Rudford started bringing Peggy with him he was probably the youngest habitue' of Black Charles's cafe'. For over two years he had been going there alone two or three afternoons a week; never at night, for the very good reason that he wasn't allowed out at night. He missed out on the noise and smoke and jump indigenous to Black Charles's place after dark, but he got something, afternoons, equally or more desirable. He had the privilege of hearing Charles play all the best numbers without interruption. All he had to do to get in on this deal was to wake the artist up. That was the catch. Black Charles slept in the afternoon, and he slept like a dead man.

Going down to Willard Street to hear Black Charles play was even better with Peggy along, Rudford found out. She was not only somebody good to sit on the floor with; she was somebody good to listen with. Rudford liked the way she drew up her racy, usually bruised legs and locked her fingers around her ankles. He liked the way she set her mouth hard against her knees, leaving teeth marks, while Charles was playing. And the way she walked home afterwards: not talking, just now and then kicking at a stone or a tin can, or reflectively cutting a cigar butt in two with her heel. She was just right, though, of course, Rudford didn't tell her so. She had an alarming tendency to get lovey-dovey, with or without provocation.

You had to hand it to her, though. She even learned how to wake Black Charles up.

One three-thirtyish afternoon, just after the two children had let themselves in, Peggy said, "Can I wake him up this time? Huh, Rudford?"

"Sure. Go ahead. If you *can*."

Black Charles slept, fully dressed except for his shoes, on a bumpy, ratty-looking settee, a few stacked tables away from his beloved piano.

Peggy circled the problem academically.

"Well, go ahead and *do* it," Rudford said.

"I'm fixin' to; I'm fixin' to. Go away."

Rudford watched her a trifle smugly. "Naa. You can't just shove him around and get anywhere. You've seen me," he said. "You gotta really haul off. Get him right under the kidneys. You've seen me."

"Here?" said Peggy. She had her finger on the little island of nerves set

off by the dorsal fork of Charles's lavender suspenders.

"Go ahead."

Peggy wound up and delivered.

Black Charles stirred slightly, but slept on without even seriously changing his position.

"You missed. You gotta hit him harder than that anyway."

The aspirant tried to make a more formidable weapon of her right hand. She sandwiched her thumb between her first and second fingers, held it away from her and looked at it admiringly.

"You'll break your thumb that way. Get your thumb out of——"

"Oh, be quiet," said Peggy, and let go with a haymaker.

It worked. Black Charles let out an awful yell, and went all of two feet up in the stale, cafe' air. As he came down, Peggy put in a request: "Charles, will you play 'Lady, Lady' for me, please?"

Charles scratched his head, swung his immense, stockinged feet to the cigarette-butt-specked floor, and squinted. "That you, Margar-reet?"

"Yes. We just got here. The whole class was kept in," she explained. "Would you please play 'Lady, Lady,' Charles?"

"Summer vacation starts Monday," Rudford enthusiastically put in. "We can come around every afternoon."

"My, my! Ain't that fine!" Charles said—and meant it. He got to his feet, a gentle giant of a man, towing a hook-and-ladder gin hang-over. He began to move in the general direction of his piano.

"We'll come earlier, too," Peggy promised.

"Ain't that fine!" Charles responded.

"*This* way, Charles," Rudford said. "You're going right into the ladies' room."

"He's still sort of asleep. Hit him just once, Rudford . . ."

I guess it was a good summer—the days full of Charles's piano—but I can't say for sure. Rudford told me a story; he didn't give me his autobiography.

He told me next about a day in November. It was still a Coolidge year, but which one I don't know exactly. I don't think those Coolidge years come apart anyway.

It was afternoon. A half hour after the pupils of the Agersburg Elementary School had pushed and shoved and punched their way out of the exit doors. Rudford and Peggy were sitting high in the rafters of the new house that was being built on Miss Packer's Street. There wasn't a carpenter in sight. The highest, narrowest, weakest beam in the house was theirs to straddle without annoying interference.

Sitting on a beauty, a story above the ground, they talked about the things that counted: the smell of gasoline, Robert Hermanson's ears, Alice Caldwell's teeth, rocks that were all right to throw at somebody, Milton Sills, how to make cigarette smoke come out your nose, men and ladies who had bad

breath, the best size knife to kill somebody with.

They exchanged ambitions. Peggy decided that when she grew up she would be a war nurse. Also a movie actress. Also a piano player. Also a crook—one that swiped a lot of diamonds and stuff, but gave some of it to poor people; *very* poor people. Rudford said he only wanted to be a piano player. In his spare time, maybe, he'd be an auto racer—he already had a pretty good pair of goggles.

A spitting contest followed, at a heated moment of which the losing side dropped a valuable, mirrorless powder compact out of her cardigan pocket She started to climb down to retrieve it, but lost her balance and fell about a quarter story. She landed with a horrible thud on the new, white pine floor.

"You okay?" her companion inquired, not budging from the rafters.

"My head. Rudford, I'm dyin'!"

"Naa, you're not."

"I am, too. Feel."

"I'm not comin' all the way down just to *feel*."

"*Please*," the lady entreated.

Muttering cynical little observations about people who don't watch where they're even *going*, Rudford climbed down.

He pushed back a hank or two of the patient's lovely black-Irish hair. "Where's it hurt?" he demanded.

"All *over* . . ."

"Well, I don't see anything. There isn't any abrasion at all."

"Isn't any what?"

"Abrasion. Blood or anything. There isn't even any swelling." The examiner drew back suspiciously. "I don't even think you fell on your head."

"Well, I did. Keep looking . . . There. Right where your hand——"

"I don't see a thing. I'm going back up."

"Wait!" said Peggy. "Kiss it first. Here. Right here."

"I'm not gonna kiss your old head. Wuddaya think I am?"

"Please! Just right here." Peggy pointed to her cheek.

Bored and enormously philanthropic, Rudford got it over with.

A rather sneaky announcement followed: "Now we're engaged."

"Like fun we are! . . . I'm leaving. I'm going down to old Charles's."

"You can't. He said not to come today. He said he was gonna have a guest today."

"He won't care. Anyway, I'm not gonna stay here with *you*. You can't spit. You can't even sit still. And when I feel sorry for you or something, you try to get lovey-dovey."

"I don't get lovey-dovey much."

"So long," Rudford said.

"I'll go with you!"

They left the sweet-smelling empty house and moped along the four-o'clock autumn streets toward Black Charles's. On Spruce Street they stopped for fifteen minutes to watch two irate firemen trying to get a young cat out of a tree. A woman wearing a Japanese kimono directed the operations, in an unpleasant, importunate voice. The two children listened to her, watched the firemen, and silently pulled for the cat. She didn't let them down. Suddenly she leaped from a high branch, landing on the hat of one of the firemen, and springboarded instantly into an adjacent tree. Rudford and Peggy moved on, reflective and permanently changed. The afternoon now contained forever, however suspensory, one red and gold tree, one fireman's hat and one cat that really knew how to jump.

"We'll ring the bell when we get there. We won't just walk right in," Rudford said.

"Okay."

When Rudford had rung the bell, Black Charles himself, not only awake but shaven, answered the door. Peggy immediately reported to him, "You said for us not to come today, but Rudford wanted to."

"Y'all come on in," Black Charles invited cordially. He wasn't sore at them.

Rudford and Peggy followed him self-consciously, looking for the guest.

"I got my sister's chile here," Black Charles said. "Her and her mammy just come up from 'gator country."

"She play the piano?" Rudford asked.

"She a singer, boy. She a singer."

"Why are the shades down?" Peggy asked. "Why don't you have the shades up, Charles?"

"I was cookin' in the kitchen. You chillern can he'p me pull 'em up," Black Charles said, and went out to the kitchen.

The two children each took a side of the room and began to let daylight in. They both felt more relaxed. The Guest discomfort was over. If there were somebody strange, some non-member, hovering about Black Charles's place, it was only his sister's child—practically nobody.

But Rudford, over on the piano side of the cafe', suddenly took in his breath. Somebody was sitting at the piano, watching him. He let go the blind string in his hand, and the blind snapped to the top; it slattered noisily for a moment, then came to a stop.

"'And the Lord said, Let there be light,'" said a grown-up girl as black as Charles, sitting in Charles's place at the piano. "Yeah, man," she added moderately. She was wearing a yellow dress and a yellow ribbon in her hair. The sunshine that Rudford had let in fell across her left hand; with it she was tapping out something slow and personal on the wood of Charles's piano. In her other hand, between long, elegant fingers, she had a burning stub of a cigarette. She wasn't a pretty girl.

"I was just pulling up the shades," Rudford said finally.

"I see that," said the girl. "You do it good." She smiled as she said it.

Peggy had come over. "Hello," she said, and put her hands behind her back.

"Hello y'self," said the girl. Her foot was tapping, too, Rudford noticed.

"We come here a lot," Peggy said. "We're Charles's best friends."

"Well, ain't that glad news!" said the girl, winking at Rudford.

Black Charles came in from the kitchen, drying his huge, slender hands on a towel.

"Lida Louise," he said, "these here's my friends, Mr. Rudford and Miss Margar-reet." He turned to the children. "This here's my sister's chile, Miss Lida Louise Jones."

"We met," said his niece. "We all met at Lord Plushbottom's last fortnight." She pointed at Rudford. "Him and me was playin' mahjong out on the piazza."

"How 'bout you singin' somethin' for these here chillern?" Black Charles suggested.

Lida Louise passed over it. She was looking at Peggy. "You and him sweeties?" she asked her.

Rudford said quickly, "No."

"Yes," said Peggy.

"Why you like this little ole boy like you do?" Lida Louise asked Peggy.

"I don't know," Peggy said. "I like the way he stands at the blackboard."

Rudford considered the remark disgusting, but Lida Louise's threnodic eyes picked it up and looked away with it. She said to Black Charles, "Uncle, you hear what this little ole Margarreet say?"

"No. What she say?" said Black Charles. He had the cover of his piano raised and was looking for something in the strings—a cigarette butt, perhaps, or the top of a catsup bottle.

"She say she like this ole boy on accounta the way he stands at the blackboard."

"That right?" said Black Charles, taking his head out of the piano. "You sing somethin' for these here chillern Lida Louise," he said.

"Okay. What song they like? . . . Who stole my cigarettes? I had 'em right here by my side."

"You smoke too much. You a too-much gal. Sing," said her uncle. He sat down at his piano. "Sing 'Nobody Good Around.'"

"That ain't no song for kiddies."

"These here kiddies like that kinda song real good."

"Okay," said Lida Louise. She stood up, in close to the piano. She was a very tall girl. Rudford and Peggy, already sitting on the floor, had to look way up at her.

"What key you want it?"

Lida Louise shrugged. "A, B, C, D, E, F, F," she said and winked at the children. "Who cares? Gimme a green one. Gotta match my shoes."

Black Charles struck a chord, and his niece's voice slipped into it. She sang "Nobody Good Around." When she was finished, Rudford had gooseflesh from his neck to his waist. Peggy's fist was in his coat pocket. He hadn't felt it go in, and he didn't make her take it out.

Now, years later, Rudford was making a great point of explaining to me that Lida Louise's voice can't be described, until I told him that I happened to own most of her records and knew what he meant. Actually, though, a fair attempt to describe Lida Louise's voice can be made. She had a powerful, soft voice.

Every note she sang was detonated individually. She blasted you tenderly to pieces. In saying her voice can't be described, Rudford probably meant that it can't be classified. And that's true.

Finished with "Nobody Good Around." Lida Louise stooped over and picked up her cigarettes from under her uncle's bench. "Where you been?" she asked them, and lit one. The two children didn't take their eyes off her.

Black Charles stood up. "I got spareribs," he announced. "Who want some?"

During Christmas week Lida Louise began singing nights at her Uncle Charles's. Rudford and Peggy both got permission, on her opening night, to attend a hygiene lecture at school. So they were there. Black Charles gave them the table nearest the piano and put two bottles of sarsaparilla on it, but they were both too excited to drink. Peggy nervously tapped the mouth of her bottle against her front teeth; Rudford didn't even pick his bottle up. Some of the high-school and college crowd thought the children were cute. They were dealt with. Around nine o'clock, when the place was packed, Black Charles suddenly stood up from his piano and raised a hand. The gesture, however, had no effect on the noisy, home-for-Christmas crowd, so Peggy turned around in her seat and, never a lady, yelled at them, "Y'all be quiet!" and finally the room quieted down. Charles's announcement was to the point. "I got my sister's chile, Lida Louise, here t'night and she gonna sing for you." Then he sat down and Lida Louise came out, in her yellow dress, and walked up to her uncle's piano. The crowd applauded politely, but clearly expected nothing special. Lida Louise bent over Rudford and Peggy's table, snapped her finger against Rudford's ear, and asked, "Nobody Good Around?" They both answered, "Yes!"

Lida Louise sang that, and turned the place upside down. Peggy started to cry so hard that when Rudford had asked her, "What's the matter?" and she had sobbed back, "I don't know," he suddenly assured her, himself transported, "I love you good, Peggy!" which made the child cry so uncontrollably he had to take her home.

Lida Louise sang nights at Black Charles's for about six months straight. Then, inevitably, Lewis Harold Meadows heard her and took her back to Memphis with him. She went without being perceptibly thrilled over the Great Opportunity. She went without being visibly impressed by the sacred words "Beale Street." But she went. In Rudford's opinion, she went because she was looking for somebody, or because she wanted somebody to find her. It sounds very reasonable to me.

But as long as Agersburg could hold her, she was adored, deified, by the young people there. They knew, most of them, just how good she was, and those who didn't know pretended to. They brought their friends home for the week end to have a look at her. The ones who wrote for their college papers sanctified her in glorious prose.

Others grew smug or blase' when foreigners turned dormitory conversation around to Violet Henry or Alice Mae Starbuck or Priscilla Jordan, blues singers who were killing other foreigners in Harlem or New Orleans or Chicago. If you didn't have Lida Louise, where you lived, you didn't have anybody. What's more, you were a bore.

In return for all this love and deification, Lida Louise was very, very good with the Agersburg kids. No matter what they asked her to sing, or how many times they asked her to sing it, she gave them what there was of her smile, said, "Nice tune," and gave.

One very interesting Saturday night a college boy in a Tuxedo—somebody said he was a visiting Yale man—came rather big-time-ily up to the piano and asked Lida Louise, "Do you know 'Slow Train to Jacksonville,' by any chance?"

Lida Louise looked at the boy quickly, then carefully, and answered, "Where you hear that song, boy?"

The boy who was supposed to be a visiting Yale man said, "A fella in New York played it for me."

Lida Louise asked him, "Colored man?"

The boy nodded impatiently.

Lida Louise asked, "His name Endicott Wilson? You know?"

The boy answered, "I don't know. Little guy. Had a mustache."

Lida Louise nodded. "He in New York now?" she asked.

The boy answered, "Well, I don't know if he's there *now*. I guess so . . . How 'bout singin' it if you know it?"

Lida Louise nodded and sat down at the piano herself. She played and sang "Slow Train to Jacksonville."

According to those who heard it, it was a very good number, original at least in melody, about an unfortunate man with the wrong shade of lipstick on his collar. She sang it through once and, so far as Rudford or I know, never again. Nor has the number ever been recorded by anybody, to my knowledge.

Here we go into jazz history just a little bit. Lida Louise sang at Lewis Harold Meadows's famous Jazz Emporium, on Beale Street in Memphis, for not quite four months. (She started there in late May of 1927 and quit early in September of the same year.) But time, or the lack of it, like everything else, depends entirely upon who's using it. Lida Louise hadn't been singing on Beale Street more than two weeks before the customers started lining up outside Meadows's an hour before Lida Louise went on. Record companies got after her almost immediately. A month after she had hit Beale Street she had made eighteen sides, including "Smile Town," "Brown Gal Blues," "Rainy Day Boy," "Nobody Good Around" and "Seems Like Home."

Everybody who had anything to do with jazz—anything straight, that is—somehow got to hear her while she was there. Russel Hopton, John Raymond Jewel, Izzie Feld, Louis Armstrong, Much McNeill, Freddie Jenks, Jack Teagarden, Bernie and Mortie Gold, Willie Fuchs, Goodman, Beiderbecke, Johnson, Earl Slagle—all the boys.

One Saturday night a big sedan from Chicago, pulled up in front of Meadows's. Among those who piled out of it were Joe and Sonny Varioni. They didn't go back with the others, the next morning. They stayed at the Peabody for two nights, writing a song. Before they went back to Chicago they gave Lida Louise "Soupy Peggy." It was about a sentimental little girl who falls in love with a little boy standing at the blackboard in school. (You can't buy a copy of Lida Louise's record of "Soupy Peggy" today, for any price. The other side of it had a fault, and the company only turned out a very few copies.)

Nobody knew for certain why Lida Louise quit Meadows's and left Memphis. Rudford and a few others reasonably suspected that her quitting had something—or everything—to do with the corner-of-Beale-Street incident.

Around noon on the day she quit Meadows's, Lida Louise was seen talking in the street with a rather short well-dressed colored man. Whoever he was, she suddenly hit him full in the face with her handbag. Then she ran into Meadows's, whizzed past a crew of waiters and orchestra boys, and slammed her dressing room door behind her. An hour later she was packed and ready to go.

She went back to Agersburg. She didn't go back with a new, flossy wardrobe, and she and her mother didn't move into a bigger and better apartment. She just went back.

On the afternoon of her return she wrote a note to Rudford and Peggy. Probably on Black Charles's say-so—like everybody else in Agersburg, he was terrified of Rudford's father—she sent the note around to Peggy's house. It read:

Dear kittys
I am back and got some real nice new songs for you so you come around quick and see me.
Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Lida Louise Jones

The same September that Lida Louise returned to Agersburg, Rudford was sent away to boarding school. Before he left, Black Charles, Lida Louise, Lida Louise's mother and Peggy gave him a farewell picnic.

Rudford called for Peggy around eleven on a Saturday morning. They were picked up in Black Charles's bashed-in old car and driven out to a place called Tuckett's Creek.

Black Charles, with a fascinating knife, cut the strings on all the wonderful-looking boxes. Peggy was a specialist on cold spareribs. Rudford was more of a fried-chicken man. Lida Louise was one of those people who take two bites out of a drumstick, then light a cigarette.

The children ate until the ants got all over everything, then Black Charles, keeping out a last spareribs for Peggy and a last wing for Rudford, neatly retied all the boxes.

Mrs. Jones stretched out on the grass and went to sleep. Black Charles and

Lida Louise began to play casino. Peggy had with her some sun-pictures of people like Richard Barthelmess and Richard Dix and Reginald Denny. She propped them up against a tree in the bright light and watched possessively over them.

Rudford lay on his back in the grass and watched great cotton clouds slip through the sky. Peculiarly, he shut his eyes when the sun was momentarily clouded out; opened them when the sun returned scarlet against his eyelids. The trouble was, the world might end while his eyes were shut.

It did. His world, in any case.

He suddenly heard a brief, terrible, woman's scream behind him. Jerking his head around, he saw Lida Louise writhing in the grass. She was holding her flat, small stomach. Black Charles was trying awkwardly to turn her toward him, to get her somehow out of the frightening, queer position her body had assumed in its apparent agony. His face was gray.

Rudford and Peggy both reached the terrible spot at the same time.

"What she et? What she done et?" Mrs. Jones demanded hysterically of her brother.

"Nothin'! She done et hardly nothin'," Black Charles answered, miserable. He was still trying to do something constructive with Lida Louise's twisting body.

Something came to Rudford's head, something out of his father's "First Aid for Americans." Nervously he dropped to his knees and pressed Lida Louise's abdomen with two fingers. Lida Louise responded with a curdling scream.

"It's her appendix. She's busted her appendix. Or it's gonna bust," Rudford wildly informed Black Charles. "We gotta get her to a *hospital*."

Understanding, at least in part, Black Charles nodded. "You take her foots," he directed his sister.

Mrs. Jones, however, dropped her end of the burden on the way to the car. Rudford and Peggy each grabbed a leg, and with their help Black Charles hoisted the moaning girl into the front seat. Rudford and Peggy also climbed in the front. Peggy held Lida Louise's head. Mrs. Jones was obliged to sit alone in the back. She was making far more anguished sounds than those coming from her daughter.

"Take her to Samaritan. On Benton Street," Rudford told Black Charles.

Black Charles's hands were shaking so violently he couldn't get the car going. Rudford pushed his hand through the spokes of the driver's wheel and turned on the ignition. The car started up.

"That there Samaritan's a private horspital," Black Charles said, grinding his gears.

"What's the difference? Hurry up. Hurry *up*, Charles," Rudford said, and told the older man when to shift into second and when into third. Charles knew enough, though, to make good, unlawful time.

Peggy stroked Lida Louise's forehead. Rudford watched the road. Mrs. Jones, in the back, whimpered unceasingly. Lida Louise lay across the children's laps with her eyes shut, moaning inter-

mittently. The car finally reached Samaritan Hospital, about a mile and a half away.

"Go in the front way," Rudford prompted.

Black Charles looked at him. "The front way, boy?" he said.

The front way, the *front* way," Rudford said, and excitedly punched the older man on the knee.

Black Charles obediently semicircled the gravel driveway and pulled up in front of the great white entrance.

Rudford jumped out of the car without opening the door, and rushed into the hospital.

At the reception desk a nurse sat with earphones on her head.

"Lida Louise is outside, and she's dying," Rudford said to her. "She's gotta have her appendix out right away."

"Shhh," said the nurse, listening to her earphones.

"Please. She's dying, I tellya."

"Shhh," said the nurse, listening to her earphones.

Rudford pulled them off her head. "Please," he said. "You've gotta get a guy to help us get her in and everything. She's *dying*."

"The singer?" said the nurse.

"Yes! Lida Louise!" said the boy, almost happy and making it strong.

"I'm sorry, but the rules of the hospital do not permit Negro patients. I'm very sorry."

Rudford stood for a moment with his mouth open.

"Will you please let go of my phones?" the nurse said quietly. A woman who controlled herself under all circumstances.

Rudford let go of her phones, turned, and ran out of the building.

He climbed back into the car, ordering, "Go to Jefferson. Spruce and Fenton."

Black Charles said nothing. He started up the motor—he had turned it off—and jerked the car to a fast start.

"What's the matter with Samaritan? That's a good hospital," Peggy said, stroking Lida Louise's forehead.

"No, it isn't," Rudford said, looking straight ahead, warding off any possible side glance from Black Charles.

The car turned into Fenton Street and pulled up in front of Jefferson Memorial Hospital. Rudford jumped out again, followed this time by Peggy.

There was the same kind of reception desk inside, but there was a man instead of a nurse sitting at it—an attendant in a white duck suit. He was reading a newspaper.

"Please. Hurry. We got a lady outside in the car that's dying. Her appendix is busted or something. Hurry, willya?"

The attendant jumped to his feet, his newspaper falling to the floor. He followed right on Rudford's heels.

Rudford opened the front door of the car, and stood away. The attendant looked in at Lida Louise, pale and in agony, lying across the front seat with her head on Black Charles's head.

"Oh. Well, I'm not a doctor myself. Wait just a second."

"Help us carry her *in*," Rudford yelled.

"Just be a minute," the attendant said. "I'll call the resident surgeon." He walked off, entering the hospital with one hand in his jacket pocket—for poise.

Rudford and Peggy let go of the awkward carry-hold they already had on Lida Louise. Rudford leading, they both ran after the attendant. They reached him just as he got to his switchboard. Two nurses were standing around, and a woman with a boy who was wearing a mastoid dressing.

"Listen. I know *you*. You don't wanna take her. Isn't that right?"

"Wait just a min-ute, now. I'm callin' up the resident surgeon . . . Let go my coat, please. This is a *hospital*, sonny."

"*Don't* call him up," Rudford said through his teeth. "Don't call up *anybody*. We're gonna take her to a *good* hospital. In *Memphis*." Half-blinded, Rudford swung crazily around. "C'mon, Peggy."

But Peggy stood some ground, for a moment. Shaking violently, she addressed everybody in the reception lobby: "*Damn you! Damn you all!*"

Then she ran after Rudford.

The car started up again. But it never reached Memphis. Nor even halfway to Memphis.

It was like this: Lida Louise's head was on Rudford's lap. So long as the car kept moving, her eyes were shut.

Then abruptly, for the first time, Black Charles stopped for a red light. While the car was motionless, Lida Louise opened her eyes and looked up at Rudford. "Endicott?" she said.

The boy looked down at her and answered, almost at the top of his voice, "I'm right here, Honey!"

Lida Louise smiled, closed her eyes, and died.

A story never ends. The narrator is usually provided with a nice, artistic spot for his voice to stop, but that's about all.

Rudford and Peggy attended Lida Louise's funeral. The following morning Rudford went away to boarding school. He didn't see Peggy again for fifteen years. During his first year at boarding school, his father moved to San Francisco, re-married and stayed there. Rudford never returned to Agersburg.

He saw Peggy again in early summer of 1942. He had just finished a year of internship in New York. He was waiting to be called into the Army.

One afternoon he was sitting in the Palm Room of the Biltmore Hotel, waiting for his date to show up. Somewhere behind him a girl was very audibly giving away the plot to a Taylor Caldwell novel. The girl's voice was Southern, but not swampy and not blue-grass and not even particularly drawly. It sounded to Rudford very much like a Tennessee voice. He turned to look. The girl was Peggy. He didn't even have to take a second look.

He sat for a minute wondering what he would say to her; that is, if he were to get up and go over to her table—a distance of fifteen years. While he was thinking, Peggy spotted *him*. No plan-

ner, she jumped up and went over to his table. "Rudford?"

"Yes . . ." He stood up.

Without embarrassment, Peggy gave him a warm, if glancing kiss.

They sat down for a minute at Rudford's table and told each other how incredible it was that they had recognized each other, and how *fine* they both looked. Then Rudford followed her back to her table. Her husband was sitting there.

The husband's name was Richard something, and he was a Navy flier. He was eight feet tall, and he had some theater tickets or flying goggles or a lance in one of his hands. Had Rudford brought a gun along, he would have shot Richard dead on the spot.

They all sat down at an undersized table and Peggy asked ecstatically, "Rudford, do you remember that house on Miss Packer's Street?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, *who* do you think's living in it now? Iva Hubbel and her husband!"

"Who?" said Rudford.

"Iva *Hubbel!* You remember *her.* She was in our class. No chin? Always snitched on everybody?"

"I *think* I do," Rudford said. "Fifteen years though," he added pointedly.

Peggy turned to her husband and lengthily brought him up to date on the house on Miss Packer's Street. He listened with an iron smile.

"Rudford," Peggy said suddenly. "What about Lida Louise?"

"How do you mean, Peggy?"

"I don't know. I think about her all the time." She didn't turn to her husband with an explanation. "Do you too?" she asked Rudford.

He nodded. "Sometimes, anyway."

"I played her records all the time when I was in college. Then some crazy drunk stepped on my 'Soupy Peggy.' I cried all night. I met a boy, later, that was in Jack Teagarden's band, and he had one, but he wouldn't sell it to me or anything. I didn't even get to hear it again."

"I have one."

"Honey," Peggy's husband interrupted softly, "I don't wanna interrupt, but you know how Eddie gets. I told him we'd be there and all."

Peggy nodded. "Do you have it with you?" she asked. "In New York?"

"Well, yes, it's at my aunt's apartment. Would you like to hear it?"

"When?" Peggy demanded.

"Well, whenever you——"

"Sweetie. Excuse me. Look. It's three thirty now. I mean——"

"Rudford," Peggy said, "we have to run. Look. Could you call me tomorrow? We're staying here at the hotel. Could you? Please," Peggy implored, slipping into the jacket her husband was crowding around her shoulders.

Rudford left Peggy with a promise to phone her in the morning.

He never phoned her, though, or saw her again.

In the first place, he almost never played the record for *any*body in 1942. It was terribly scratchy now. It didn't even sound like Lida Louise any more.

THE END

Comrade Casey

(Continued from page 69)

peculiar effect upon it of his belief. Because sports fishing was a luxury, and he was a commie, he felt forced to take a disdainful view of such waste for mere fun. Because he also had a sea-itch and because the sight of a big fish striking thrilled him, too, he was distressed by the news that a skipper had a hard time making a living at guiding. As for himself—working in a mate's berth—that was labor and perfectly correct, in Casey's book.

"Maybe," he said absently, "I'll charter the Angel myself for a cruise someday, and put you in the chips, Pop."

"You could if you weren't so pigheaded. If you took what's rightfully yours and met a man's challenge in a man's way."

"The pigheaded ones," Casey answered, "are the owners. Challenge? Maybe. A proud thing—a business—according to Horace. Blah!"

Pop stopped a deck swab in midstroke. "Have you looked over your potential property?"

"No."

"Why don't you, son?"

"No time for it."

"You've got the whole afternoon."

"I might stroll around and see a few bakeries."

"Horace Bevlan would be glad to send you in a car."

"And I'd rather do my own traveling."

"If you do"—the older man smiled—"try to put yourself in the shoes of everybody concerned. Think of your uncle's effort to build the business, making something from nothing and bringing good bread and cake and pie to a lot of folks—cheap. And think how you might feel yourself, if you had the same opportunity and the same responsibility."

Casey chuckled. "You were born too early to understand, Pop."

Later that day, Casey stood in the hot sun across the street from a yellow brick building that bore the block-long sign: Dixie-Sweet Home-Bake Corporation—Plant No. 5. Buses, cars and pedestrians passed in the street. The plant was shut. In front of it, pickets walked.

Casey crossed over and fell in step with one of them—a tall, lean, red-faced man. He walked lazily and carried his placard aslant.

"Been out very long?" Casey asked him.

"Three days."

"How's it going?"

"What's it to you? You a reporter?"

Casey shook his head. "I'm a union man. Mines. Came down here for my health. We were struck all last fall at my mine. Coal."

The other man grew more friendly. "My name's Sam Watt. I'm a pastry cook. You looking for work?"

"Could be," Casey said.

"They're taking on a few more pickets. Three bucks a day."

"Say. Thanks. Maybe I will." The idea of picketing a plant he owned—or could own with a pen-stroke—appealed to Casey.

"Personally," Sam Watt said, as he marched languidly on his beat, "I think this strike is a racket."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Why?" Casey asked.

"Because the men want to work, that's why. And because we signed a no-strike agreement that we're breaking."

"Oh." Casey pondered. "Working conditions all right with this company?"

Sam Watt peered at the yellow brick building almost with affection. "This plant—the whole chain—is run by a square shooter. Name of Bevlan. We've asked for three raises since the war—and got all three. This is the fourth asking. We have health insurance and an employees' club and hospitalization. Compensation above and beyond state requirements. We have baker's hours, naturally—but you get to like waking in the dark and seeing the old Florida sun come out over the mixers and around the ovens. In every city, Dixie-Bake has its own doctors. And that's more than Public Health requires. Doesn't cost us a cent. We've got a good old-age-retirement plan, and a free home in Florida for the people that get old. Truck drivers, bookkeepers, office help, bakers—everybody."

Casey had listened with increasing grimness. "Doesn't it sometimes make you feel kind of like a school kid, to be owned and run—cradle to grave—by a corporation?"

"It makes me feel dandy," Sam answered. "Which is why I'm against this walkout."

"What are you here for, then?"

"Because I don't want my face pushed in."

"How come?"

The tall, red-faced baker looked suspiciously at Casey. "If you're stooging for anybody——" He had an idea. "Lemme see that union card." He took it and read it: Angus Casey—hoist assistant. "Casey. Familiar name. Must be the song." He glanced back over his shoulder and then went on in a lower tone, "The trouble is, we're being taken over in our union by some birds from Atlanta and elsewhere. They got the strike vote. They made us go out. They threatened to push in our faces if anybody worked—or stayed home when wanted. And they meant it. They slugged a couple of bakers last night."

"Who are they?"

"That's the thing. That's what puts gravel in my teeth. Fellow named Borino and one named Wade. Couple of commie rats."

Casey's face reddened.

"They're just trying to make trouble," Watt went on. "Trouble, with them, is the same as policy. They don't care how much they hurt people, if they can hurt any company doing it."

"Wouldn't it be worth some trouble," Casey asked, "if you—and the rest of the workers—eventually could own the chain?"

Sam Watt's face contracted. "Hell, no! Number one—I wouldn't want to run the business end. So—number two—somebody else would have to: the government. And what would the government be compared to the management we have now? Ask yourself! Were you ever on the dole? PWA?"

Casey decided his new acquaintance was not ripe for the message. He went down to the corner again, however, and asked for a placard. For the balance of the afternoon, and for the sum of a dollar and a quarter, he carried back and forth a sign which read:

ON STRIKE
Dixie-Sweet Home-Bake is
UNFAIR
to Organized Labor

He was being paid off when Borino and Wade drove up in a large, new car to inspect the picketing. Casey hung around, and they were willing to talk to him. Two men—one fat and the other short and thin—in natty tropical suits. They asked who he was. Casey told them his name, and Watt vouched for his authenticity.

Borino—the fat one—aimed a cigar at Casey and said, "How would you like better dough? You look like a good, tough kid."

"Doing what?"

The organizer's gaze moved to the plate-glass windows in the long building. "Breaking them. Tossing a little paint around. Fixing some machinery so it won't work good."

For some hours, Casey had walked alongside the big edifice thinking—and trying not to think—that it could be his. As a result, this suggestion annoyed him. "When?"

"Oh, soon—maybe a week, if we don't win the strike?"

"Goon stuff!"

"Right. We'll put you on the payroll now, though, and you can carry a board till the time comes. Help—maybe—taking care of a few boys who don't like the strike."

"I'll think it over."

"Come around tomorrow."

Casey went back across the street. For a long time, in the gathering evening, he stayed at the bakery. It put thoughts in his mind. Thoughts of men like Watt, working hard, enjoying their lives. Thoughts of men like Borino, who, Casey knew, was nothing more or less than the agent of synthetic distress. He thought of Horace Bevlan, too, and Xantha, and the luxurious apartment in the Sapphire Vista.

A pedestrian stopped beside Casey and watched the evening shift of picketers. "Seems too bad," the man said, "not to have that hot-bread smell around

here. Understand commies have taken over the union, too. Lousy thing."

"Is it?" Casey asked truculently.

The man spit. "About two hundred million folks in Russia," he said, "and the only one can call his soul his own is Staleen. Deep South Negro's freer in a lot of ways than Russia's Number-Two man—that Mollytov. Hell of a thing, communism." He walked away.

Casey went back to his hotel feeling uncertain. In his box was a message from Horace Bevlan, asking him to phone. He went into a booth.

"Had an idea," Horace said cheerfully. "You still think you need time to make up your mind?"

"All the time I'm allowed," Casey answered emphatically.

Horace chuckled a little. "Your cousins, incidentally, have threatened to sue for a share of the business, if you do step in."

"Yeah?"

"They sure have. Does it needle you? I hope so."

"Would they have a chance?"

"Not if you were in there fighting 'em. It was a well-drawn will."

"I was down helping picket your plant," Casey said—still truculently.

To his surprise—and disappointment—Horace laughed. "I'll be damned! I must say, Angus, I admire your character! Look. Here's an idea. You intend to go on working for Pop McVeigh?"

"I gotta eat."

"There's that money I——"

Casey was embarrassed. "I'm bringing it back. Meant to, today. All but a little that I took for—for an emergency."

"You like the job on the boat?"

Casey was guarded. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Pop said he thought you did. Said you were a natural guide."

"I like fishing. And I like the sea. Being outside gives me a chance to study the mess I'm in."

"Pop could use a good charter?"

"Yeah."

"Would you object, then, Angus, if I took the Angel for a trip to Bimini for ten days or so?"

Casey said hotly, "Look, Mr. Bevlan. You can't buy me. You can't change my mind about the world by arguing with me for ten days—or ten years. Pop needs dough, and I'd like the trip—with anybody else. But in your case, I'd call it a capitalist sneak play. Besides—how come you're thinking of a fishing trip when you have a strike on?"

"That's exactly why I was thinking of a trip, Angus. This time, maybe it's management's turn to walk out cold and be unavailable."

"Suppose your men get sore and start busting up things?"

"My men," Horace answered firmly, "wouldn't bust their bakeries. So if the bakeries get busted, it'll be by outsiders. We've got police in this town for such."

"You go to hell."

Horace laughed again, as if he had heard nothing to offend him. "Hell? Nope, I'm going fishing. I'm going to Bimini with Xan for ten days—and that's settled. I just thought—if you weren't so damned sticky about everything— I could throw the trip Pop's

way. For all I care, you can stand on the canopy the whole trip and never speak to us. We're going after some big ones—and let the union see how it likes being in the cold."

"Pop could get another mate," Casey said in an uneasy voice. "I'll go down and sign off, so he can have the business."

There was a pause. "You scared of us?" Horace asked. "Is that it? Scared of us—and of yourself? Shaky about your convictions?"

"I'm scared of nothing!"

"Who's kidding whom?"

A longer pause. Casey's voice was flat. "Listen, Mr. Bevlan. I'm not scared. And I'll mate for you to prove it."

"Well—okay. Good. See you tomorrow morning, then."

When Casey hung up, he noticed that the receiver was slick with perspiration. Bimini. Ten days. And Xantha was going along.

The island of Bimini lies some fifty miles east of Miami, and it belongs to the British. It is actually two islands which enclose a large lagoon—islands with multi-colored native houses and a palm-tree and windmill skyline. The windmills have two blades only, like propellers, and generate electricity from the trade winds. The palms generate coconuts for which the Bimini kids clamber like monkeys. To the east of Bimini lie the endless reaches of the Great Bahama Banks; to the west, is the cobalt Gulf Stream, laving white beaches, invading mangrove tangles—and running north, then east, to England, the mother country—bringing warmth all the long thousands of miles. . Bimini is picturesque and tropical, a bland and glamorous haven that might well be in the equatorial Pacific rather than a few minutes, by air, from American railroads, United States Highway Number One, a big and busy city. No place could seem more tranquil. Few places contain, in their surrounding seas, a greater variety of marine wild animals. It is fisherman's heaven—but it is not a good place to maintain anger in the mind, political prejudices, or social self-righteousness.

After a few days of it, Casey found his thoughts were growing steadily more mixed and bemused. His childhood blended into his college years and his days overseas, and he could no longer clearly think of his political conversion as the turning point of his life: it seemed merely an incident. Every day some new, dramatic picture was added to his mind. Besides . . .

There was the first night when, after a trip across from Miami on a calm sea, he and Pop had been asleep on board the Angel. A great splashing in the harbor woke them.

"Tarpon!" Pop whispered. "You awake?"

"Yeah!"

"Want one?"

"Do I!"

Pop rigged the rod. A moon was riding among the low, far-spaced clouds, and Casey stood on the rickety Bimini pier watching vague foam curl in the dark tide. He cast, and immediately the

foam increased; his line burned under his thumb, and a silver fish crashed into the air, spattering the black current with phosphorescence. He lost that one and lost the next, too, after a dozen jumps—but he'd beaten down the third one finally and brought it, moonlit aluminum, to the dock. Pop released it—and Casey had been vaguely disappointed. He realized, as he went back to his bunk, that he had wanted Xantha to see it. He lay down and thought of her—asleep at the hotel, probably, with all that golden hair fanned on her pillow. Her head would be in the middle and the gilded silk would cover both sides so that a man beside her would lie upon it, also. It was a pity she had no social conscience. With all her education, she should be something more than a mere playgirl—though beautiful and strangely candid.

He slept . . .

There was the day he and Xan had gone swimming with glass-bottomed buckets. The beach was so hot it had burned their feet. The water was at least eighty-five degrees and blue as indigo. They'd waded out and gripped the buckets in their hands, chins on the rims, swimming along, looking down at the coral sea floor.

It was incredible. What seemed to the unassisted eye a mere ledge of irregular rock with the occasional flash of a small fish in it became, through the glass bottoms of the pails, a submarine paradise. The three-foot clefts and bushel-basket-sized scourings of the coral turned into a vast, mysterious kingdom where thousands of fishes swam—fish an inch long and schools of fish a foot long; sand-pale fish with wondering blue eyes and fish upon which Nature had stippled all the colors of Christmas-tree balls with the same iridescence: parrot fish and butterfly fish, Beau Gregorys, wrasses, surgeons, margates, jacks, pompanos, the many angelfish, snappers of various kinds, triggers and queen triggers, rock hinds, yellowtails, conch shells, turbots, rockfish, porkfish and many more even Xantha could not identify.

When they were tired of swimming and looking, they went ashore and lay on the sand where the easy surf cooled it.

"A guy," Casey said, marveling, "could spend his life doing nothing else."

"It must be the way primitive people see and feel the world. Not hunting or killing fish all the time—just looking, a lot of days, and admiring." Xantha sighed. "Everybody ought to be able to live so as to spend some time outdoors, admiring."

He nodded. "That's right. It gives you a feeling you know you are meant to have." He recalled his duty. "Still—the way the world runs—only a few parasitic rich have this sort of opportunity."

"What about the island natives?"

"Oh. Them. When industry hits this place, they'll forget what's here in the sea. Work. Make things. Produce. Help raise the world's living standard. Belong to civilization."

"And be miserable."

Casey said, "Let's—don't—this once."

She had smiled . . .

There was the day she almost caught the big tuna. They were outside, trolling, and Casey himself, on the canopy, at the controls, spotted the school; vast, pear-shaped beings, swimming just under the azure surface, shooting north in their perpetual, year-long circuit of the Atlantic.

"Tuna!" he yelled, and gunned the motors.

Horace insisted Xantha try for a fish. Pop set the big harness and the heavy rod in the center fighting chair. She took her place. They dropped back a big hook with foot-long feathers and a fourteen-inch strip of cut bait. Up topside Casey could see the monsters clearly now—two or three hundred of them in the school, ploughing north in formation. He pulled the Angel alongside and then ahead. The bait trolled a good hundred feet astern. Casey cut in front of the school and, in great excitement, slowed down until the feather-and-strip lure darted through the sea not fifty feet ahead of the great fish that led. For a minute it seemed the tunas would ignore it. Casey slowed down a trifle more until the feather was in the very mouths of the hurrying school. Then one tuna speeded up a little, swam behind it, and broke water with his dorsal.

"Get set, Xan!" Horace called.

Casey stood rock still.

The tuna struck with the violence of a car smash. Water splashed canopy high. The big rod bent. The girl braced her legs on the footrest and struck back to set the hook—again, and again.

For two solid hours, after that, she fought the tuna. Sometimes it zigzagged

near the surface; again it plunged deep—a hundred feet, five, a thousand—ripping line from the reel, making its oil smoke, straining every muscle in the girl's body. She had it whipped, finally, and brought it, inch by reluctant inch, to the point where Casey could grab the leader wire.

Pop was ready with the gaff. But at that last, critical moment, the hook pulled out. Their fish—five or six hundred pounds of blue and silver—swam down into the sea and out of sight with a slow, stately assurance, as if it had been certain the whole time that no human being could master it.

Casey was horrified at this last-minute disaster. He expected it would reduce Xan to tears and perhaps spoil the whole Bimini trip for her. But, when he looked back, he found her smiling.

"I'm kind of glad he got away," she said. She panted quietly for a moment. "After all, several have been brought in to Bimini. The natives don't need the meat. He's too big to have stuffed for a girl's boudoir. And I did prove I could catch one."

There was pride in her grandfather's voice. "Technically—you caught him, Xan. Angus had hold of the leader wire, so your work was all done."

"Which is the whole point," she replied. "I know I can do it, now. Before—I always wondered if I could last out a tuna."

That was that. She was as happy as if they had boated the fish. Casey admired sportsmanship: here was a consummate example . . .

There was one more major event. A night when Xan and Casey went out fishing together in a skiff. The seventh night of the trip.

They had their evening meal together at the hotel, as usual.

After dinner, with the sun still an hour and a half high, with the day-long breeze fallen dead, and the heat changed from the white blast of noon to the enveloping warmth that preceded twilight, Casey found himself with Xantha on the hotel porch. They were at loose ends, as if through conspiracy. Pop had gone to work on the boat. Horace was studying reports sent over by the Bimini plane. Xantha was just sitting there in a pale blue cotton dress, and she seemed to feel Casey's usual near-resentment.

"Grandpa and the skipper have thrown me at your head," she said.

He wanted to get away from the porch, from cooped-up talks, from her heckling about his ideas. But he did not want to get away from her. That was the trouble. "Let's go down and hop in that skiff and go for a ride——"

"Swell!"

"——and maybe take along a couple of casting rods. Last night I heard tarpon around the point."

"Outside?" She seemed doubtful.

"Barely offshore."

The skiff lay at the hotel dock. Casey held it for Xantha, got in himself, set the throttle, and gave the outboard motor cord a gingerly yank. To his surprise, the engine started. In the matter of outboard motors he was not very

confident. He headed down the lagoon, past anchored sailboats, rickety piers, and the fish-cleaning house built during the war, past the narrow white beach, through the throat of the channel and around the coral point. He cut the motor and rigged their rods.

They began to cast, not saying much. No tarpon rose. By and by, Xantha's rod bent, and she reeled in a blue runner. Casey unhooked it and threw it back. They watched it dissolve itself in the clear water.

Beyond them, toward the Stream, a school of small fish began to break the surface. Xantha studied the splashes for a while and said, "Let's try them! I think they're baby bonitas and they're wonderful on casting rods!"

Again, the motor started easily, and this time, they found some sport. The bonitas weighed about two pounds. But they struck at feathers as if they were the biggest fish in the sea, and it was difficult to stop them with a thumbed reel. The school drifted out, as it fed. Twice, Casey started the outboard to overtake it.

He was busy with a bonita when Xantha exclaimed, "Angus!"

"Present—and having fun!"

"What do we do about that?"

Off the beach of South Bimini Island, moving toward them, was a cone of uplifting sea, and above it a dark pillar, descending from a cloud. Casey had seen half a dozen waterspouts in the area; this was one in the making—or in the stage of dissolution.

"Get out of here is what we do about that," he said.

Without bothering to reel in, he tipped the motor back in to the water and yanked its rope. It started. He pushed the gasoline lever to full speed and turned the bow of the skiff away from shore to let the spout go by. Xantha watched it with interest but no evident anxiety. It came to within about half a mile of where they were. Angus held his course, straight out into the Gulf Stream. A ground swell began to lift and lower them.

Eventually the dark column of water divided, and the cone diminished. It had risen to a height of ten or fifteen feet. Now, like a pricked blister, it subsided. Where it had been there was froth on the darkening sea. Above the roily spot a stem of cloud still hung, like the root of a great vegetable.

Xantha wiped imaginary perspiration from her brow, laughed, and shouted over the motor, "Whew! Not close! But not too far off, either! I bet it would have swamped us, and this is no place to swim!"

The last few words she spoke were very loud. The outboard had stopped.

Casey said, "Damn!" and yanked the cord.

Xantha asked, "You look at the gas?"

"Plenty of gas. It just conked out. They do. I'll start her in a sec."

But he didn't.

Xantha watched him speculatively, as he fiddled with the motor. She took a long look at the shore. It was a good mile off now, and the skiff, borne by the Gulf Stream, was moving north. In Bimini, lights began to twinkle. The sun was a red globe—a paper hoop with a light behind, heatless and spectacular, rolling along the deep, deep blue horizon. Angus found a screw driver and a pair of pliers. He began to disassemble the motor and squint at its parts.

"You know anything about these things?" he asked. His voice was level.

"Not much."

"It looks okay to me." He tinkered for a while and tried the starting cord again. The motor emitted a defunct chug. Its small propellor made a brief, tiny wash. But there was no response from the cylinders.

Xan bit her lip. "I hate to say so, but I think we ought to stand up and wave. As long as the west is red, we'll make good silhouettes. And somebody on the beach side could see us easily. But the light isn't going to last too long."

"You wave. I'll try to get this—this engine going."

Xantha said, "Give me your shirt."

"My shirt!"

"To wave."

He looked at her uncertainly. "Listen. There's nothing to get excited about. Sure—we should wave. Let them know we're not sitting out here on purpose. But if we don't show soon, they'll come looking."

"Looking where? And with what?"

He took off his shirt and knelt at the motor in his jersey.

Xantha tied the sleeves of the shirt to an oar and stood waving it back and forth in a wide arc. The west faded gradually. The motor didn't start. Angus decided that a lot of pulling might be effective, and he yanked the cord—thrusting the boat ahead a couple of feet every time—until his jersey was soaked and he was panting. Until Xantha sat down and said, "It's too dark for them to see us from now on. We'll have to hope they did."

Horace Bevlan finished reading his reports—finished all the reading of them that his restlessness permitted—before sundown. He was in the mood for company, but, knowing his granddaughter's feelings about Angus Casey, he had no intention of looking for her. He would have stayed in his warm room with his work all evening rather than risk intruding. He felt sorry for Xan, because he knew the intensity of her enthusiasm, her ideals and her affections. He knew Angus Casey was far more than an enthusiasm of Xan's. He also knew how stubborn and obdurate the late Jerome Davis Casey had been, and nothing in Angus's behavior had made Horace believe the younger Casey was any less stubborn, or less opinionated and willful. The very meeting of Xan and Angus meant that there was going to be—in one of them if not in both—a fracturing, a fundamental change.

Smoking a long cigar, Horace strolled out of the side door of the hotel and down the King's Highway, under the trees, through the sibilant talk and laughter of the natives, past the small shops, the Commissioner's offices, and two docks, to the Angel. Pop had the deck hatches raised and was crouched in the engine room below. He heard Horace step aboard and glanced up.

Horace said it was a warm night.

Pop, eying a cryptic piece of carburetor, said that it was. He added that, according to the radio, it would blow up from the south and east soon and make the night cooler.

Horace felt welcome. He sat on one of the day beds and puffed his cigar. "What do you think of Casey?" he asked, after a long time.

Pop seemed to feel the question was natural: not probing for curiosity's sake—but the pursuit of a vital interest. "Casey's all right, I believe," he answered. "He needs growing. Maybe he needs a down-to-earth woman like Xantha. And it could be that he'll never grow up enough. For her—or you."

"In other words, you won't predict?"

Pop raised his head above deck level, his blue eyes smiling in the afterglow. "Nope. I could say I liked the guy—always would—even if I was against him. Even if I was fighting with him. That's all."

Horace smoked and thought. Once or twice, he shook his head, as if he were disagreeing with himself.

A young Negro pattered down the dock and peered under the canopy. "The boat isn't back," he said.

Horace looked at him. "I don't get you."

"That young gentleman and that young lady, they went out in a skiff, and she's still 'way out, but you don't see them any more. It's dark about now, sir."

Pop's head appeared again. "You hear their motor, Billiken? You mean Miss Kennedy and Mr. Casey?"

"That beautiful lady and Mr. Casey. And you don't hear a motor. The wind's wrong."

"Outside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Up north a bit. We were over on the point trying to get a horse-eye."

Pop's mouth was grim as he started—swiftly—to get the Angel ready to run . . .

Casey, who had been rowing ever since he had lost all hope of starting the engine, looked for the hundredth time toward shore and knew that the sprinkled lights of Bimini were retreating. Xantha had tried to persuade him of the futility of rowing and, when that failed, offered to spell him—without success.

Now, Casey gave up.

The waves were running evenly, four or five feet high, with small crests. As soon as he abandoned rowing, the skiff turned crosswise and water slopped aboard. Casey shipped both oars, turned about to take the seat in the stern, braced one oar against the useless motor, and, by clumsy sculling, brought the stern around. He could hold the boat parallel to the wind and at a right angle to the water.

The bow scooped one of the waves, and Casey felt a slosh on his ankles. He quartered the seas, then. And Xantha moved to the seat in front of him. They rode well enough for the time being.

Up until that time, such words as

they had exchanged concerned the Angel, the proper thing to do next and the hope of immediate rescue. There was no longer a good prospect of that.

Xantha sat still, her feet spread slightly to brace herself against the rocking of the skiff and her hands gripping the seat against its pitching. Intermittently, the moon came out. As far as Casey could tell in the moonlight, Xantha was all right. Not scared.

Like many uncounted men in the range of human life, Casey looked back bitterly at the series of small, mistaken decisions which had led to this catastrophe. He should never have left the lagoon, even in daylight: he knew too little about outboard motors and about the Stream. He should not have pursued the school of bonita away from the land. And, when they saw the half-formed waterspout, he should have run towards shore, not out to sea. He should not have wasted the last, invaluable hour of light fiddling with the engine: instead, he should have rowed toward land with all his strength. They might have made the island, somewhere along its upper end, before the full force of wind and current caught them.

Casey was not sure about the land beyond. Having exhausted a fury of blame upon himself—silently, while holding the skiff before the wind—he finally spoke. He put his question in a tone of the utmost casualness. "Know anything about what's north of here?"

"A lighthouse—then nothing."

"We'll drift past it—out of range?"

"I think so."

"Xan."

"What, Angus?"

"I'm sorry."

"You are?" She gave a very little laugh. "That's strange. I was sitting here giving myself the devil."

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"I know these waters. I was brought up near the sea. You weren't. I let you get us out here."

"Suppose we skip that one, from now on in?"

"All right."

"It's pretty serious, isn't it? Or is it?"

He saw her nod. "Yes. Where we're headed—the ocean just keeps getting wider. By morning, we'll be a pretty small speck on a whole lot of water. If morning comes."

"Going to blow harder?"

She nodded again. "I think so."

"We can bail."

"Until—maybe—the seas get twenty feet high. And go over us."

"This skiff will float, even upside down. We can tie ourselves to it."

She said, "Yes," and was still again. Occasionally they turned and looked at the lights of Bimini. But after a time, they ceased to do that. There were no lights to look at.

Around them the sea—black, glittering, tumultuous—hissed and thudded in the moonlight. When they rose to the crests they could discern an eye-baffling sweep of ocean that ended in a restless obscurity. When they sank down in the troughs, they could see only a sleek bowl with a foaming rim, and the pale, partial moon beyond the ponderous clouds. Water poured over a dipped gunwale; water sluiced on the bottom—rolled, bubbled, moved about their feet.

Whenever the water reached a certain depth, Xantha took the can from under her seat and bailed with a steady, incessant arm. Then she waited for more.

"Casey," she said. "You've been near dying?"

"We're a hell of a way from dying!"

"Don't kid. I want to talk. You've been near it. Is it the same as this?"

"How is this, then?"

"Not too bad. Not too—alone——" She looked at the water. "I don't feel alone!"

"Damn it! We won't get swamped. We'll ride it out!"

"I hope we do. But isn't it important to suppose we may not?"

"Why—in heaven's name?" He grunted as he heaved the oar against the torque of the sea.

"Because—if we do—we will have thought about it. Most people never get that chance. I always hoped I would. Some people lapse into coma while they're still hoping. Others get struck so fast there is hardly a moment. Only a few are quite clear in their heads—and have time—and can wonder about it."

"Are you sure you're quite clear in your head?"

"Perfectly. And you know it! So may I talk to you? Or do you have to be a beastly paratrooper out here—grim and steely—until a big-enough wave puts us under?"

"Go ahead," he said. "Talk, then."

"Casey." She said his name as softly as the wind allowed. "Casey. What did you hope to make that mean?"

He could steer a long time, if it blew no worse; all night—all day—all the next night. Steer—and talk, too. He grinned, and the presence of the grin sounded in his voice. "Casey was going to be the name of a guy who had done something—anything worth-while—for other guys who needed the doing."

She didn't respond.

After a time, he asked, "Xantha. What was that epitaph to be?"

"The same," she answered, "for some one guy. Not just any. One particular. To keep his house and have his kids and cheer him up and maybe prod him occasionally. To make love to him and to hope I could be love enough, knowing I sometimes might not." Suddenly she laughed gaily. "I've had an awful time with the family about that!"

Casey said quietly, "I can't see anything wrong with it. Not here—now."

"You can't? My mother says I ought to be a leader. Women's clubs. My brothers say the whole idea's corny. My father thinks I ought to try to supereducate the brain and be a mental inspiration for somebody with a string of big degrees. Horace thinks the cottage with the ramblers never did exist; he thinks a business education is the best beginning for a modern wife. You know: Suppose the alimony runs thin? Great family!"

"At least," Casey said slowly, "they all have some ambition. Most of my folks are content to sit in some darned Carolina hills and let time run by like

these damned waves. Forever."

"It might be nice."

"Once you get out of the mountains, you can't go clear back."

"I suppose not." Again silence fell between them. Then, she said, "You know, don't you, that I love you?"

For a while he stared through the murk. Then he shrugged. "You're cuckoo!"

A large wave hove the boat high and turned it so that it slid sidewise into the trough. Water poured aboard. He balanced the skiff with difficulty and got on the course again. Xantha began to bail. "It's decent of you to tell me you love me," he said presently, "but don't you think this is going to be a hell of a short romance?"

The wind picked up.

They stopped talking, stopped dreaming to each other about death and about love and about living.

They worked.

Each wave was a new, particular problem. Each came differently, with different wavelets on its face—amorphous, pushing riffles that warped the course and set Casey's muscles bulging. The gunwales gulped unexpectedly. The moon was damped out more often, by blacker clouds. In the darkness, the sea was ten thousand outlines, shapes, forces, energies, battering at them with absolute intention—and no hurry. Xantha bailed then without stopping.

In a dark passage, she cried suddenly, "What's that?"

And he had heard it too: a voice—a sob in the sea. A horrible fear possessed him, humiliated him, and was gone. But the sound came again—and with it, the edge of the moon.

"Look!" she cried. "Oh, look!" The purest dread was in her voice.

He saw—here—there—under the nose of the boat— alongside—the shoot and shimmer of huge shapes. They burst out of one sea and hurled themselves into the next. And from them came the hoarse, gasping sounds.

"Porpoises!" She identified them and tried to laugh. "Porpoises! That's how they sound——breathing!"

He saw a big one roll an oar's length away.

"They're playing all around us," Xantha said.

"Nice time for it," he answered. "If one hits us——!"

"They won't," she answered. "They don't. You watch. They'll go away after a while. I almost feel as if they'd stopped by to encourage us. I like porpoises."

For a moment, he was able to relax a little. He leaned forward and touched her knee lightly, grasping the oar again afterward. "Look, Xan. I like porpoises, too. I like a lot of things, and I want to see 'em again if possible. I like you. If it will help the melancholy little gadget you have for a mind, I love you like the very devil. Now bail, will you, for heaven's sake?'

Few people notice the exact phase of the moon unless it is full or brand-new. The hours of its rise and set are vague in the average mind. But with any struggle to maintain mere existence, times passage becomes obsessive.

Casey's watch had been stopped by the salt water. Xantha wore none. They were unable to tell the hour by the moon itself.

A difference in event was the only measure of time in the tempest.

Thus, at midnight — or earlier — or later—Casey decided that the skiff would be more manageable without the motor. By taking brief opportunities, he managed to turn its thumbscrews, detach it, and heave it overboard. The boat ran giddily after that until he relearned its control. It was a native craft, plankbuilt on the island, meant for sculling or rowing in the lagoon—heavy, long-bowed, without great seaworthiness. It skidded and floundered.

Casting away the motor made a time in the night.

A second mark was the appearance, passage, and slow vanishing of Great Isaac Light. They saw it—a glow to the north and east—from a crest. They kept watching as it increased in intensity, turned into a bright star, a beacon, and back to a star again—retreating east and south.

With the Light lost behind and only the ocean around them, they settled to the two chores—steering and bailing. Casey could see that Xantha was tiring. The wind had leveled off; but not abated, and while it held, there was no chance for him to help her. Every moment had to be spent working the oar or in readiness to work it.

The glimmer of moon—the ensuing dark as clouds covered it—the sense of universal wetness—the chill that came slowly in spite of their labor—these elements composed hours.

A third mark was put in the night by the appearance of another light to the north. For a time they hoped, without saying so, that it might be a vessel in search of them.

The light bore down and multiplied into a high light on the mast, port and starboard lights, and dim illumination between.

It was Xantha who said what Casey had been thinking: "They're about even—the red and green lights."

"Yeah."

"Which means she's coming right at us."

"Looks like it."

"Angus! We better start hollering! Suppose——?"

"Too far, yet. But the wind's toward them. I'll say when."

They yelled into the night as the hull rose before them. Yelled as loud as their voices could be made to yell. Over and over: "Help! Help! Help!"

The ship bore upon them; they dreaded they might be run down; then she changed course a little, heading out to sea, as if the watch on the bridge had spotted Great Isaac Light from his high point of vantage, taken a bearing, and moved a few degrees farther away from the Bahamas reefs.

She passed close to them—dumb to the voices that rent the boisterous night. A freighter, pitching evenly, throwing white water with her bows, and lifting into the moonlight at her stern a slow-revolving propeller that beat the sea and sank and pressed her forward. She steamed away—a planet of humanity and light that stuck insensibly to a course across a void and left them alone again.

Casey eventually found his mind dwelling upon the idea that the wind was dropping, and rejected the thought purposefully, as if the mere acceptance of it would weaken his will, or lessen his vigilance.

Xan said it. "Wind's going down."

It went down fast. One moment it blew hard and steady, the next less hard, ten minutes later, in hard but interrupted gusts, and after that in puffs that came gently. The sea immediately relaxed. Precipitousness went out of it; the white crests ceased to stretch out in the night—dwindled, vanished. The swells smoothed along summit and side.

The skiff shipped less, dug less often into a wet wall, skimmed up no more sea, and, for the first time, Xantha got the bottom dry. They could see, not by a wan and lowering moon, but by the gray beginning of daylight.

"That's why the wind went down," Xan murmured. "Dawn coming."

An hour later, Casey rested. The skiff turned broadside, wallowed, but did not take in the sea. He let his arms dangle and his head hang down. He let himself realize how thirsty he was—and how thirsty Xan would be.

She said, "We ought to have a drink. I'm parched."

He raised his head and grinned. "Let's skip the subject."

Astonishment came in her face. "Skip it? There's water on board. Didn't you know that? They keep it in these skiffs. You mean"— her eyes were frantic—"you mean you've been thirsty all night? Why didn't you say so? I just began to be!"

The water bottle held about a gallon. He drank as little as restraint would let him. A pint, perhaps. She drank afterward.

He watched Xantha. Her hair was soaked and salty. She still shivered a little—shivered although the wind was not blowing—because she was tired and because her dress still hugged her, as his soaked clothing clung to him. She rubbed her face with her hands and tried to comb her hair with her fingers. Casey saw that her fingers were raw where she had held the bailing can. Later he discovered how severely his own hands were blistered.

The sun breasted the undulant edge of the sea. The clouds seemed to scatter before it. The skiff rose and fell, rose and fell, monotonously, and he did not resume the effort to guide it. As long as it floated dry—direction did not matter.

The sun warmed them. Their clothes began to dry.

"Might be a long day," she said. "We'd better take turns sleeping and watching. I'll sleep first. Being chivalrous, you'd insist on that even if you were dying. Which you must just about be."

"I'm not. I'm fine."

"You don't look it. Your eyes are bloodshot. and your hair is all salty,

and you're getting one of those glinty beards. Very uncharming."

She lay down on the bottom of the boat and pillowed her head on an arm thrown over a seat. A normally fatigued person could not have slept in that position. Xan fell asleep immediately.

Casey sat still, watching the sky, the subsiding sea, and looking at the girl. Her lips were parted, lips that still faintly showed the bright red of her lipstick.

The plane located them in mid morning—cruising specklike in circles that magnified it as each sweep brought it nearer. Casey woke Xan when he saw it. They began waving much too soon, but, when the plane saw them, it did not seem that they had waved and wondered and worried for long. The wings dipped left and right. The pilot came down very low and roared round and round them. They could see his hand lift again and again, and his goggles peer and his teeth show white when he smiled. They could see him talk into his radiophone and see his hand point south. Then he took the plane higher and began to circle above them.

The Angel came finally. A native from Bimini at the controls—Horace beside him — the cruiser banging through the swells at top speed—then slowing, turning. Xantha and Casey were lifted aboard, and the skiff was left to its fate.

Everybody talked at once. Horace had tears in his eyes. Xantha, a mug of coffee in her hand, needlessly repeated that they were all right.

Very soon, Horace looked aloft at the plane and said, "We'll go get Pop."

The question was Casey's. "Where's he?'

"We found out you were lost, just about when the sun went down. We had a weather report, and we knew it would blow—though not bad. We knew that by morning, when planes could hunt, the wind and current might have taken you a long way which would have made the search area enormous—even for planes. And a skiff is hard to see. There was only one good way to get a check on how the current ran last night, where the wind would blow you."

Casey felt a kind of fear all through his body. "Another boat?"

Horace explained. "The Angel's dory is built for rough weather. Pop had a portable radio along, rockets, flashlights and a signal mirror. He insisted on going by himself because it wouldn't make sense to risk two people."

"You mean," Casey whispered, "he was out there all night. Alone?"

The older man peered at the sea and nodded. "He felt responsible. He knew the weather wouldn't be too rough for a good boat, well-handled. We put him in the water as close to where we thought you'd be as we could. He made a kind of living buoy. All night, he flashed us his position. This morning at dawn, we gave the Coast Guard our location. We'd seen a rocket from Pop an hour or so before, maybe five miles away. The Coast Guard picked us up

first, then phoned they'd spotted Pop. Then you. That's how we found you so soon. Pop rode the same currents on the same wind."

"Alone . . ." Xan repeated it, and that was when she wept.

"You kids," Horace said gently, "had better get below and sleep. I need some, too—and Pop will. We've got two extra men on board, and it's a long way to Miami."

"Miami?" Casey was surprised.

"You don't want to go on fishing now, do you?"

Pop would have liked the Casey grin. "We'd better get Xan home, I guess. But me—I'm just beginning to like fishing!"

The Angel was moored at the dock in Miami. Her customers had gone home; they had slept through the afternoon on the trip back. Now the sunset faded, and the outriggers of the cruisers pointed at the first stars.

Pop sat in a chair in the stern cockpit, smoking his pipe. Casey, who had also slept, said he was going to his hotel. But he hung around. Finally, the older man said, "What's on your mind, boy?"

"You," Casey answered. "Taking that chance for us last night. Being all alone in that sea. All alone."

"Wasn't so much."

"No? I know what it was—with company. Alone——" He shivered. "And we weren't where the search party would have looked. If you hadn't drifted with us, they might never——"

"Oh, they'd have picked you up eventually. Planes can see a long ways."

Casey dropped into the chair opposite Pop and watched two mates making fillets of a day's catch. "Damn it, Pop. I owe you my life. And Xan's."

The skipper's eyes narrowed. "You figure you're responsible for her, too, now?"

Casey thought that over and shook his head. "No. The gal loves me, Pop. She said so. Imagine that! And I guess I always will love her. But that's pointless. She's bourgeois. I'm a communist——"

"You could change——"

"I'd hate myself for changing."

There was a long silence as the evening darkened. "Funny," Pop said, "how hard it is for the wrongheaded to shift their minds, and how relieving it is, once you shuck off the mistakes, confess them, and see the light. I ought to know. I was a red myself, once."

Casey jumped. "What?"

Pop nodded and grinned a little. "A plumb radical. It was quite some years back. I was a down-with-the-rich, destroy-the-middle-classes, rootin'-tootin' son of a gun."

"How could you quit—if you knew?"

"Trouble was, I didn't know. Only thought I did. I cured myself." He meditated a moment. "In those days, I had a mate's papers in the merchant marine. Got a ship bound for Leningrad. Toured around in Russia."

"You've been in Russia!" It was an awed whisper. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Pop frowned. "Russia," he began, "is a country where many are equal because they're equally poor and equally uneducated. Where men wear burlap for shoes in the main streets of the biggest cities, and the women often are barefoot. It's a country where nobody thinks at all because nobody's known—for a generation—what the facts are. Every apartment house, every acre of slum, every sod hut and every farm, has ears in it. Government ears. There's a long, gloomy shadow over the land—the shadow of the prison. There's a one-way ticket for every person who tries just to be himself—ticket to a firing squad, or Siberia, or maybe a hellhole where they put clamps on you and break your bones one at a time. They don't really live on earth, because Russian education is, in a big part, keeping people from learning truth. And another big part is careful lying. And still another part is whoop-de-do. The speedup for labor. Nationalistic parades. Hooey. I been there. I know."

Casey said, "All that is just preparation for a better day—"

"All that," Pop answered, "is——" and he talked like a sailor, for a moment. "If you really believe," he went on, "that any ends justify whatever you have the plain conceit to imagine is right for everybody, you're a lost man to the human race, Angus. Remember that. I don't care if you're American and a patriot, or red as Lenin's tomb—you've got to stick to one principle: honest means toward whatever your ends may be. Because life, son, is means—not ends. The ends we dream about, we never live to see. All we see in this world—ever—is people using means toward ends. You start murdering people, jailing them, torturing them, spying on them, shoving them around—I don't care what you hope to achieve by it—all you will ever really do to people is slowly kill their spirits."

He paused, but Casey was silent. "Like that tuna Xan hung," Pop continued. "She didn't get it, but she was satisfied. Why? The means were the whole thing. The effort was clean and fair, and she proved herself—and the fact that the fish broke away when we went to gaff it was incidental to her. That's character, son. That's real. All this dreaming about utopia and trying to achieve it by behaving worse than the lowest Nazi—that's a nightmare. That's pure arrogance. That's saying you know mankind better than any other individual man knows even himself, and it's saying you know the future better than Time itself knows its own future."

"Guess I'll drag along," Casey said.

"Sit awhile," Pop answered. "Let me tell you just what I did see in the Soviet paradise."

Casey sat awhile and listened to the dispiriting, tragic picture. By and by, he went away silently.

He walked in the night. He felt that nothing in him or the world had been changed since his arrival in Miami. He was still the same, the beleaguered young man, the martyr, the soul sorely tempted by a vicious and scheming capitalist uncle. He walked in the dark—without supper—until nine o'clock—and ten. And finally he came to Plant Number 5—to have one last, long look. The pickets were still marching. The building was dark. But there was a certain bustle in the street at a guarded distance from the plant. Trucks pulled up—a block above, two blocks below. Men got out and began to vanish into vacant lots or to loiter on the street.

For a long time Casey watched the preparations, the traffic, the casual pedestrians and even the cop on his beat—people who did not perceive that riot was brewing. I ought, he thought, to go down and tell Borino I'm here to help. He also thought: I ought to turn in a police alarm; they'll wreck the place.

He tried, by peering at the building, to make himself see it as a grim and formidable symbol of capitalist oppression. He could see it only as a rather handsome place where amiable guys made pies and cakes and rolls and bread. Good quality—and inexpensive.

He was still standing there when, at a signal he did not catch, men rushed through the night from every side toward the building. Rocks flew. Voices bellowed. Traffic squealed to a stop. The plate-glass windows began to smash and to jingle onto the sidewalk. But, evidently, the plant-wrecking program had become known to many people—to many employees. For now, from around and behind the building, another small mob of men rushed forward, yelling at the attackers to quit.

Casey saw Watt among them and, in the glare of headlights from the stalled cars, a rock hit Watt on the temple.

The big baker stopped running, his mouth popped open, and he went down bleeding. Three or four of the men with him—employees who had decided to resist the plant smashing—picked him up and carried him back behind the yellow brick building.

Who is right?

That was the question Casey found in his mind. The men—plain thugs by any American definition—who were shattering windows and getting ready to enter the bakery because they, or somebody who had hired them, had a remorseless determination to break the system that had made America? Or the men who fought to keep their equipment intact so there would be work to do when they were allowed to return to it?

Casey saw another man go down, and a third. He heard the first police siren, far away. He thought—or felt: That's my plant! My uncle worked his life away to build it. They're wrecking it.

Borino and two other men hurried along the sidewalk. Casey followed them. Borino was giving orders. "Get out those acid cannisters, now. Rush them in. Open the refrigerator and foul up the butter and lard——"

Casey didn't think any more.

He hit one of the two men before he knew he would be attacked. The second turned as the first fell, and Casey got him. Then there was Borino. And Borino had reached into his pocket. His hand came out holding a gun.

"Stand still," he said. He looked at Casey. "Didn't you come to me a week or so ago? Who are you?"

Casey said, above the uproar, "I own

the Dixie-Sweet Home-Bake Company."

"What!"

This moment of shock was Casey's opportunity. He moved like light. He grabbed the gun. Borino swung his free fist. And missed.

Casey said close to his ear, "Do you want to join your pals in the dirt?"

"I've got rights here!" Borino said. "I'm a union organizer, just trying to stop these crazy fools——"

"Yeah? With acid?" The siren came closer, and Casey bore down on the fat, ponderous arm. "Come on, pal."

Xantha had finished telling her mother about the Bimini trip. There were tears in her eyes, and she apologized. "I've been weepy all day—when we found Pop out there; and again, now."

Mrs. Kennedy looked at her daughter. "You love that boy," she said.

Xan nodded.

"I mean—the hopeless way—the way I love your father . . ."

Xan nodded again.

"Have you thought of turning communist?"

Xan's voice was firm. "Yes. I've thought it all through. I won't."

Her mother's hand squeezed her shoulder a little. "Then it's really going to be tough, Xan. You'd better go away. Being around here will only salt the hurt every minute."

The phone rang, and Xan answered.

"Congratulate me, Xan," Angus said.

"On what?"

"I've just made myself President of Dixie-Sweet. I wanted you to know."

She sat down limply.

"We'll want you down early," he went on. "There's a lot to do. Strike's over. We had trouble at Plant Number Five this evening, but it's all ended now."

"Where are you?" she asked.

"It's after eleven," he replied, with a seeming irrelevance that she nevertheless understood.

"I don't care if it's five in the morning! Where are you?"

Casey's voice was light. "Well—I'm at the police station as a matter of fact. But I was on my way to the Sapphire Vista. Thought I'd sleep there tonight. Might as well start getting used to it."

"Angus."

"Yeah?"

"The band plays till two thirty. And I could change in a sec. And it'll only take forty-five minutes . . .

"Well," he said, "you're one girl who doesn't need beauty sleep. So we might have a rumba or two."

They had several. And they remembered the bench on the beach where she had asked him to kiss her. She didn't ask, now. There was no need . . .

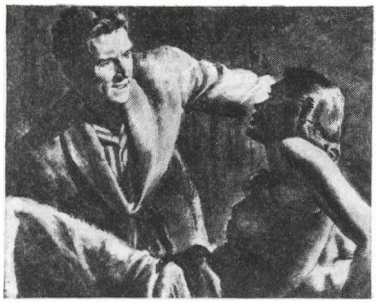
It was a significant night. Communism lost a disciple during the early part of it, and business gained a young man of great promise. In the same night, Horace Bevlan embarked upon his first really sound sleep since he had read the will of his late partner, Jerome Davis Casey. And much later, Angus noticed a pearly aura over the sea. "The moon's coming up," he said.

Xantha, who was more practical, took a careful look. "You dope! It's the sun!"

THE END

Four A. M.

(Continued from page 41)



on night duty on the Front, and private patients usually slept from midnight to eight A. M. If they did not, they raised a row and got a sleeping pill from their own doctors.

So Anne Elizabeth had two weeks of boredom before she ever even saw George Swayne. She had heard about him, of course—that he was tall and good-looking. One thing she could not know about, however, was the interview between him and Winnie on the morning after his arrival.

He had breezed into the office to find Miss Ogden sitting in a sort of awful majesty behind her desk.

"Morning, Aunt Winnie," he said, and grinned at her. "Who would have thought years ago, when you saw me in diapers, or without them——"

"That's enough, George," she said coldly. "In the first place my name is Winifred, not Winnie, and hereafter please remember that I am Miss Ogden to you. Our relationship is a private matter and purely accidental."

"Good heavens, Aunt Winnie!" He gave her a horrified look. "Don't tell me I was not a wanted child. The parents certainly never gave me that impression."

Winnie gave him a long, calculating look. He was exactly what she most dreaded, a good-looking young man who would undoubtedly play hell with her nurses. Not that she put it that way, but at sixty, and after forty years of nursing, she could see trouble when it was six feet tall, had an engaging smile and wore fresh hospital whites.

"You understand, of course, that the relationship between you and my nurses is purely professional," she said. "I hope you will observe that rule."

He looked surprised. "Mean to say I can't take one out now and then?" he inquired. "No nice dark movies? No walks in the park? I thought all that nonsense went out years ago, along with carbolic sprays in the operating room."

"I was trained in that period," she said stiffly. "It may interest you to know that quite a number of our patients recovered. Also that the nurses managed to survive, without the assistance of the medical staff, or the movies."

He wanted to say that that was probably the reason why, at sixty, she was sitting where she was, but he did not.

"Another thing," she went on. "This is not a large hospital, but I want no patronizing on that account. And I hope you will attend strictly to your duties here. As you are alone, you will have plenty to do."

He remembered that later, but at the moment he merely saw her looking at the clock on the desk, so he got up. "Thanks for the warnings," he said. "I'll be a good boy. And I guess that's all. Good morning, Miss Ogden."

"Good morning, George."

"*Doctor* Swayne, if you please," he said politely, and went out, closing the door quietly behind him.

It was still early. He wandered into the empty board room and looked out at Fremont Street, on which the hospital windows opened. It was obviously a slum district, or worse. Probably it had been better when the old-fashioned hospital was built. There was only one exception to the general frowsiness of the row of houses opposite. One of them looked neat and cared for. It had a service alley at the side and, even as he looked, an elderly woman came out with a pail and proceeded to scrub the front steps.

It interested him only mildly, which seemed curious later.

He spent the next two weeks inspecting his modest new terrain and being a very busy young man. So naturally he never saw Anne Elizabeth and, when he did discover her, neither was at his or her best. He was wearing an old dressing gown over crumpled pajamas, with his bare feet thrust into ancient bedroom slippers. And Anne Elizabeth's bun had slipped, as had her cap, and anyhow she was only a shadow in the dimly lighted corridor.

"It's the patient in Room 12, Doctor," Anne Elizabeth said. "She refuses to stay in bed. I'm sorry I had to call you, but I can't do anything with her."

"Refuses to stay in bed? What does she do?"

"Stands by the window, looking out into the street. Not that *that* makes so much difference, but she's so jumpy and queer, I wish you'd take a look at her."

"All right," he said, and thought: Lord, some of the nurses you get nowadays! Afraid of their own shadows.

The woman in Room 12 was standing by the window in her nightgown. He approached her in his best professional manner. "Just what seems to be the matter?" he said. "Can't you sleep? Or what is it?"

The woman stared at him desperately. She was a handsome creature, in her late thirties, he judged, but she was jerking with nerves.

"I have a right to stand by the window, haven't I?" she demanded. "This stupid nurse acts as if I'm committing a crime."

"The nurse is right," Swayne said. "I'm sure your own doctor wouldn't approve, either." He took her by the arm and turned her away from the window. She allowed herself to be led back to bed, but suddenly, as a truck passed on the street outside, she sat bolt upright.

"What time is it?" she asked unexpectedly. "My clock's stopped."

"Almost four. How long have you been awake?"

She did not answer him. Instead, she clutched the covers convulsively. "Four o'clock!" she said. "My God, I can't just *sit* here and think about——! I've *got* to get up."

She thrust her legs out of the bed and kicked at Anne Elizabeth when she tried to put them back. "Let me alone," she said violently. "Let me get up. I have to get up, I tell you!"

"What for?" asked Anne Elizabeth practically.

"That's none of your business," the woman snapped. "I have to, that's all."

"I think I'll have a talk with your doctor," Swayne said. "In the meantime, stay in bed and try to rest, won't you?"

Anne Elizabeth followed him out of the room, and he glanced at her without interest.

"Better get the key out of her closet," he said. "Lock up her clothes before she decides to run out on us altogether. What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know," said Anne Elizabeth. "She's been restless ever since she came in. She's in and out of bed all night. Then she sleeps all morning."

Swayne called the woman's physician after that, but he was not helpful. "Of course she can't wander about at this hour," he said. "Give her a sedative. There's a standing order for it."

But actually he knew very little about her.

"Doesn't belong in town," he said. "She walked into my office looking like the wrath of God, and said she hadn't slept for weeks. The hotel was full, and she wanted to go to the hospital anyhow. She seemed to know Room 12 was empty, so I sent her in a couple of days ago."

When Anne Elizabeth came back she found Swayne at the window of the convalescent parlor a little beyond her desk, and followed him there.

"She wouldn't take her pill," she said. "She won't stay in bed, either. But I got the key. She can't get her clothes."

He glanced at her. It was still merely a glance. He seemed puzzled. "I wish you'd tell me," he said, "why a woman has to stare out of the window just because it's four o'clock in the morning."

"I wouldn't know. I often feel like that myself."

He eyed her. It was practically the first time he had really seen her. What he saw was a girl who looked exhausted and bored to tears, and who was endeavoring to tidy her cap and the bun of rather nice hair on her neck.

"Don't like night duty, do you?"

"I don't sleep much," she told him. "The street's quiet now, but in the daytime it's dreadful."

"Speaking of the street," he said, "how do you account for that house over there? It doesn't seem to belong."

She joined him at the window. "I

know. I often look at it. I'm not supposed to leave the desk, but I slip in here sometimes and look out. It helps me keep awake. And I can see the dawn coming. First the milkman's horse comes down the street. That's early, of course. About four o'clock, but at least the worst is over."

Dr. Swayne thought rather guiltily of his waiting bed, and impulsively he put a hand on Anne Elizabeth's shoulder. "It sounds like a hell of a job," he said. "Ever think about four A. M.? Cities dead to the world, and life at its lowest? Even the well slow down, and the sick die."

"I know that. I've been here two years."

She left him to glance along the corridor. But Twelve's light was not on, and when she came back he was still at the open window. She stood beside him, breathing in the fresh spring air.

The street was quiet, except for a man staggering into one of the tenements and a milk wagon at the corner. Then, as if he had emerged from nowhere, a figure appeared in the shadows. It kept carefully away from the street light, and to Swayne's surprise it stopped at the house across the street. He could see then that it was a man in a dark suit and evidently wearing rubber-soled shoes, for his movements were quick and silent.

He was no burglar, however, for after glancing about him he took a key from his pocket and let himself in at the front door.

"Surreptitious, I call it," Swayne said idly.

"Well, he *is* late, at that," Anne Elizabeth observed. "He's usually out only an hour or so."

"What does he do? Walk the dog?"

"There isn't any dog. I suppose he has insomnia. I've seen him several times."

They still stood at the window. Swayne felt an odd reluctance to leave her there. This was no job for a girl, he thought, this night stuff, and for the first time he was aware of his bare ankles and the crumpled legs of his pajamas under the old dressing gown.

"I must look fine," he said, and ran a hand over his heavy hair. "But I hate like the devil to leave you here alone with that woman. I'll look in on her and——"

He did not have a chance to finish. The silence outside was broken by a sharp explosion, and Swayne, who had been in the Army, knew what it was.

"Gun shot!" he said. "Much of that around here?"

"Now and then," she said. "Some one gets drunk and fires at something or other. It generally doesn't mean anything. But that sounded close, didn't it?"

It had been close. Fremont Street was still empty and quiet, but a moment or so later the door of the house opposite opened, and they saw the figure of a woman emerge. While they watched she stumbled down the steps, only to collapse on the pavement.

Swayne did not hesitate. "Keep an eye on the place," he said. "It looks

like trouble. Watch if anyone else comes out." And with that he flung himself out of the parlor and down the long staircase. On a bench in the lower hall Alec, the night porter, was sleeping placidly, but the doctor did not rouse him.

The woman still lay on the pavement. Above her the door stood open, but there was no light in the hall. She had not been shot, however. So far as Dr. Swayne could determine she had merely fainted or perhaps fallen and struck her head. He was puzzled. Nobody had appeared from the house, and the silence seemed almost sinister. As he stooped over her he saw that she was the elderly maid who scrubbed the steps, and that she wore a thin negligee over her nightgown.

He glanced back at the hospital. Anne Elizabeth was still at the window, and he waved a hand at her. Then he picked up the unconscious woman, carried her into the dark hall of the house, and looked around for someplace to put her. There was nothing, however, so he laid her gently on the floor and looked about him.

Except for a thin gleam of light from the end of the hall, the place was completely dark. He felt his way back, aware of a faint sound from there, and found himself in a brightly lighted kitchen, with a plainly dressed, middle-aged woman, who was staring down at something lying on the floor.

What lay there was the body of a man. It did not need the thin stream of blood on the linoleum or the flat relaxation of the prostrate figure to indicate to Swayne that he was probably dead. He was lying face down, and under one of his hands lay an automatic pistol. Swayne felt the pulseless wrist and stood up. He was almost certain that it was the man who had entered the house not much more than fifteen minutes before.

The woman was still frozen in the same position.

"What happened?" Swayne said.

"He's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

She turned a horror-stricken face toward him. "He said his name was Johnson. He had a room here." Then, seeming to regain her composure she went on. "I don't know anything about him. He'd only been here two weeks or so. How did I know he was going to kill himself?"

Swayne watched her. She was certainly frightened.

"I heard the shot and came down," she explained. "I found him just as he is."

"Are you usually dressed at this hour?"

She looked startled. "My father is sick. I sleep on a sofa in his room."

It looked all right. A plain case of suicide. But one of the axioms of suicide was that people who killed themselves with pistols blew out their brains, and this man had been shot through the heart. Swayne, however, did not mention it.

"There's a woman in the hall," he said. "She fell on the pavement and

knocked her head. I put her on the floor. Somebody had better look after her."

"Olga!" she said. "She must have found him first. Her room is on this floor. Is she hurt?"

"No. I'm a doctor from the hospital across the street. I heard the shot and——"

But she was not listening. She darted out to the hall, leaving him alone with the body, and he made a further examination. There were no powder burns. The bullet had gone through the man's buttoned coat. Swayne looked around the room. The refrigerator door was open, and there was a plate of cheese on the table and a loaf of bread, as though someone had been about to make a sandwich. But there was the gun, lying under his hand, and Swayne eyed it without touching it.

It was a queer setup for suicide, he thought, and a queerer one for murder. In any event the police had to be notified, and he went out into the hall again. The light was on now, and Olga was sitting in a chair, with the woman standing beside her.

"Got a telephone?" he inquired. "I'll have to call the police."

He looked at the two women. Olga had not spoken. She still looked dazed. The other woman shook her head. "Not any more," she said. "We used to have a telephone. But not any more."

Swayne ran a hand through his hair. "This dead man," he said. "He just came into the house, didn't he?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Did he go out every night?"

"He slept most of the day. I suppose he went out sometimes. Don't ask me about his habits. I can't tell you anything. I'm going to take Olga to my room."

He watched as she helped Olga up the stairs and then went back to the kitchen. The door to the yard was closed, and he opened it and stepped outside. The place was neatly kept, and high fences shut it off from its unwholesome neighbors.

He went back and again stooped over the dead man. This time he noticed something he had not seen before. A half-eaten piece of cheese lay under the table, and he inspected it without touching it. So the suicide had been eating a light meal before departing this life!

He knew that he should call the police, but he was reluctant to leave the house. He felt confident that, if he did, some vital evidence might be tampered with—the refrigerator door closed, the food put away, the cheese on the floor retrieved. He did not fully trust the landlady, that was all.

He glanced at the open kitchen door. Suppose the dead man had opened it for air while eating his snack, and someone had been lurking in the service alley beside the house.

He stepped into the yard again, but before he could reach the alley, a man came briskly through it, carrying a wire rack of milk bottles. He stopped abruptly when he saw Swayne. Then he grinned. "Kinda startled me," he

said. "Up pretty early, aren't you? Or is it late?"

He stopped to put a couple of bottles on the doorstep. Then he glanced inside and straightened up quickly. "Anything wrong?" he inquired. "Man there sick?"

"Dead," Swayne said laconically. "Maybe suicide. I don't know."

"Gawd!" said the milkman. "Well, they will do it. Anything I can do to help?"

Swayne hesitated. His odd reluctance to leave the body persisted. In the silence he could hear the slow deliberate steps of a horse outside, but everything else was quiet.

"Well, you might do something," he said. "I'm a doctor from the hospital across the street. If you'd go over there and telephone the police——"

"Sure will. Or better still, I hear my wagon outside. Old Dobbin knows his route all right. I'm going past the station house when I leave here. I can stop there. Only take a minute or two."

He hurried out, and Swayne heard the horse start off. Alone, he took a package of cigarettes from the pocket of his dressing gown, lighted one, and, sitting down, surveyed the body dispassionately.

The man was probably in his fifties, his dark hair gray over his ears. From what could be seen of his face he had been good-looking, and certainly the outstretched hands had done no manual labor. The dark suit was good, too. Swayne had a strong desire to go through his pockets, but he repressed it. That would be a police matter. The gun, he thought, was a .38 automatic, but he could see only a part of it.

The police were slow in coming. It had been twenty minutes since the milkman had gone for them, and Dr. Swayne was reaching a high pitch of indignation when the doorbell finally rang. Even then no uniformed officer met his gaze. Instead, it was Alec from the hospital.

"Sorry, Doctor," he said. "But Miss Ward sent me over. One of her patients has been acting crazy. Ran down the stairs in her nightgown and was almost out of the door when I caught her. Fought like a wildcat, she did."

"When was that?"

"Maybe half an hour ago. I don't know exactly. She's still hysterical, and the nurse thinks you'd better see her."

Swayne was worried. "I can't go immediately," he said. "Tell the nurse to give her a sedative. I have to wait for the police. There's been a shooting here. And listen, Alec. Call the station house and tell them to hurry, will you?"

Alec nodded and went back across the street. Swayne saw that there was a light in Room 12, and it worried him. But he was still doggedly determined to stay with the body until the police took over, which they did soon after.

A cruise car drove up, and two men got out. Their deliberation annoyed Swayne as he let them in.

"Took you long enough," he said, with

considerable irritation. They looked at each other.

One said, "I'd put it at three minutes, Jim. How about you?"

"Three minutes!" Swayne said. "I sent a man around there half an hour ago. There's no telephone here that I could use, so when this fellow came in with the milk I got him to go."

"With the milk!" Once more they looked at each other, and Jim spoke. "He didn't make it, chum," he said. "Got conked on the head with one of his own bottles. Dead when we found him."

"Then," Swayne said grimly, "I think you have two murders on your hands. Come back here, and I'll show you one."

But before he led them to the kitchen he glanced up at the hospital. The light in Room 12 was out at last, and he felt relieved.

It was full daylight when he went back to the hospital, but he did not go to his room. He went up to where Anne Elizabeth, looking white and exhausted, sat at her desk going over her charts. "Hear you had some trouble," he said. "Sorry I couldn't help. She quiet now?"

"Yes. She's asleep."

"What got into her? Did she say?"

"Well, she said she'd heard the shot and that she had to leave. I'd locked up her clothes, so she started without them. Of course Win—Miss Ogden heard the noise on the stairs and came out. I guess I'm in trouble all right."

"You leave Winnie to me," he said firmly. "And for heaven's sake get some sleep today. Look here, you were at the window while I was going down the stairs. Did anyone come out of that house when I went in—out of the house or through the service alley?"

"No one. Nobody at all."

He told her the story then, or as much as he knew. But she remained positive. No one had left the house when the doctor went in. She had stayed at the window—only now and then glancing out the door to see if any lights were on—until she heard the fuss in the hall below and leaned over the stair rail to see Alec struggling with the woman.

"Looks as though it's an inside job, then," he commented. "Or maybe he did kill himself after all. But if that's the case who killed the milkman, and why? Who knew he was getting the police?"

He looked down at her. The bun on her neck was loose again, and she looked as though she didn't care. He reached out and this time put a rather more than brotherly hand on her shoulder. "See here, forget all this, won't you? It's no skin off your nose. And I'll fix Winnie. Don't worry."

He left her there and went along the hall to Room 12. The woman there was asleep, lying sprawled in the coma of drugs and complete exhaustion. He stood for some time looking down at her. Why had she been at the window the night before? What had a shot in the dark meant to her? And why on earth had she tried to escape from the hospital?

For the first time he wondered if she were somehow connected with the house across the street. Had she seen the man enter there? Had she connected him with the shot?

He glanced around the room. On the maple bureau lay the silver toilet articles from a fitted traveling bag, and he picked up a brush. He saw that while the chart had given her name as Hamilton, the initials on the brush were E. B. He raised his eyebrows at that. Not smart, he thought. A clever woman would have called herself Brown.

He was still puzzled as he made his way to his room. Around him the hospital was slowly waking. Back along the wards the night nurses were carrying basins for the washing before the early breakfasts, and convalescents were shuffling about to bathrooms, to a surreptitious cigarette somewhere, or merely to stand at a window and breathe in the early spring air.

Across the street two police cars were still parked, and Dr. Swayne was aware that before long he would be wanted by the law. He got a cup of coffee from a diet kitchen, took a bath, shaved, and dressed in fresh whites for the day. While he went through the routine he was mildly envying Anne Elizabeth, who had nothing to do that day but go to bed and to sleep.

Had he known it, however, Anne Elizabeth was doing nothing of the sort. She was in bed, true enough, but sleep was far from her. She was going over the events of the night, one by one: the shot, the silent house, and then the emergence of the old woman and her collapse.

But there was something nagging in the brain under the nice hair spread out over her pillow. There was something wrong with the picture as she had seen it. Every now and then she thought she had it, but then it faded and there she was, wide awake in her bare little room, with her laundry bag hanging on the closet door, her discarded uniform over a chair, and the daylight noises of the town coming in through the window.

She had finally dozed off when Winnie's assistant barged in and roused her. She was breathless and looked excited. "Awfully sorry, Ward," she said. "You're wanted in the board room. It's the police."

Anne Elizabeth, still half asleep, looked at her dazedly. "Police?" she said. "Why police?"

"That man across the street. They think you may have seen something."

The chief of police was waiting in the board room, the chief and Winnie. The chief looked bluff and fatherly, but Winnie looked rigid and most unpleasant.

"My nurses need their sleep," she was saying. "What can Miss Ward have seen? She was supposed to be at her desk."

She gave Anne Elizabeth what can only be called a dirty look, but the chief, who had daughters of his own, saw only a young nurse who looked scared and rather touching. Also he did not care for Winnie, who had once stood by unfeelingly while the intern of the moment lanced a boil for him.

He told Anne Elizabeth to sit down, and gave her what he hoped was a pleasant smile. "Only want to know what you saw from that parlor window, Miss," he said. "Understand young Swayne asked you to watch. Anybody go in except the man who was killed?"

"No. Nobody went in or came out while I was watching."

"How long did you watch after Swayne went over?"

"I don't really know." She glanced at Winnie, who was obviously fuming. "I was sleepy, and I was standing by the window to get some air when the man went in. The shot came soon after. Only a few minutes."

"The doc was there with you at the window?"

"Yes. I had called him. One of the patients was nervous. And couldn't sleep."

The chief sat back, considering. "Just how long were you there at the window after Swayne left?"

Anne Elizabeth gave a despairing glance at Winnie. "I don't know exactly. Not very long. You see, we had this disturbance with a patient and——"

"Then you didn't even see the milkman?"

"No. I heard the noise on the stairs and ran out."

He grunted and got up. "Well, thanks, Miss," he said. "Sorry to get you up."

He went out, leaving Anne Elizabeth to a Winnie who was divided between fury at George and rage at Anne Elizabeth.

"Never before," she said, "never before has a patient in this hospital been allowed almost to escape. And in a nightgown, at that."

But Anne Elizabeth had recovered some spirit. "I was acting on Dr. Swayne's orders," she said stiffly. "Besides I had locked up her clothes. What more could I do?"

"I shall place the matter before the board," said Winnie majestically. "I cannot have scandal in my training school, and I shall tell them so. In the meantime I am taking you off duty, at least temporarily."

And it was then, for some reason, that Anne Elizabeth knew what was wrong with the picture, knew what that missing piece of the puzzle was. And the sudden knowledge startled her so that she simply turned her back on an outraged Winnie and walked out of the room.

She found Swayne in the pharmacy, and beckoned to him urgently. He looked pleased as well as relieved when he saw her.

"Thought you were asleep," he said. "I could do with some shut-eye myself. What's up, anyhow?"

"I want you to do something for me," she said. "Can you get out for an hour or so?"

"What for?" he inquired suspiciously.

"Well, I think you ought to pay a visit to the morgue," she said. "Right away."

He was bewildered. "But why?" he

demanded. "I saw the fellow myself, and he was dead as a doornail."

She shook her head. "I don't mean that corpse," she said. "I mean the other one—the milkman."

"But why——" he began.

"Don't ask me now," she begged. "I could be so wrong. I've just got a hunch, that's all. Just say you'll do this for me. Take a look at that milkman. Please!"

She looked so tired and worried that he decided to humor her, being divided between a sudden impulse to kiss her and a strong feeling that she should be given a sedative and put to bed.

"All right," he said, "but I'll make one condition. If you're officially off duty you're going to the movies with me tonight. And to hell with the board and Winnie!"

Anne Elizabeth did not go back to bed after that. She was too excited, and besides it was late. She took a walk instead. The police cars had disappeared from the house across the street, but the usual crowd of women and children and a few men were being kept back by a uniformed officer.

She bought an evening paper on her way home. The headlines, black and sensational, told of a double killing. The story described the discovery of the body of a man shot to death in the kitchen of a house at 2419 Fremont Street. It went on to say that he had given his name to Miss Alice Williamson, who had rented him a room there, as Arthur Johnson. The police discounted the possibility of suicide, although the weapon was found under his hand. The shot had been fired from a distance of several feet, and other evidence pointed to murder. This suspicion was heightened by the brutal killing of an employee of a local milk company who was struck on the head by one of his own bottles while on his way to notify the police. The body was found in an alleyway only a block or so away from the station house.

The Williamson family claimed to know nothing about Johnson save that he was a quiet tenant. Apparently unable to sleep, he had taken an early morning walk. And was shot from the yard through the open kitchen door. The police, who suspected that the name Johnson was an alias, were still investigating.

Anne Elizabeth re-read the article. Then she folded the newspaper, took a nickel from her purse and went to a corner drugstore and called the police chief himself.

He seemed rather puzzled at first. "Who?" he asked. "Who is this?"

"It's Anne Elizabeth Ward, from the hospital," she said. "I talked to you today. Don't you remember?"

"Oh!" he said, his voice taking on a paternal note. "Sure I do. I don't forget a pretty girl as easy as that. Got another killing up your sleeve?"

But humor did not appeal to her at the moment. "I just thought of something," she said breathlessly. "The patient in Room 12—she might be able to tell you something."

"Why? What's she got to do with it? She didn't shoot him from across the street."

"I think she was watching him. She used to stand by her window quite a bit at night. We had trouble keeping her in bed."

The chief chuckled. "Quite the little sleuth, aren't you?" he said.

"Well, she tried to get out of the hospital right after the shot was fired."

"The hell she did!" said the chief, and hung up in a hurry.

Anne Elizabeth was not surprised, when she reached the hospital again, to find him there before her. He had evidently been to Room 12, and now he was in the telephone booth in the lower hall, shouting orders and scowling ferociously.

He was still scowling when he came out. "I want to talk to you," he said slowly. "What's the idea, holding out on me? Do you know who that woman in Room 12 is?"

"Why, yes," said Anne Elizabeth. "Her name is Hamilton and——"

"Her name is Baird," said the chief bluntly, "and she's the wife of the man who got himself murdered across the street. I just got part of the story out of her."

Anne Elizabeth simply stared.

"The murdered man was Herbert Baird," the chief went on. "Remember him? . . . No, you'd have been on roller skates at that time. Well, Baird was suspected of looting his own bank, ten years ago. He got off, but his cashier, a guy named Richards, took the rap. I remember the case well."

He paused and lit a cigarette.

"Month ago, Richards escaped, an embittered and dangerous guy. According to Baird's wife, he'd threatened to kill him, and Baird was scared to death. He left home and holed up across the street. Refused to let his wife stay with him—didn't want her to share the danger. But she knew where he was, and she took a room here so she could keep an eye on him and be near him."

The chief exhaled a lungful of smoke. "Sounds screwy, I know, but that's how dames are. She was half crazy with fear and worry. Had good reason to be, the way things turned out. Well, when she heard the shot, naturally she tried to get to him."

He gave Anne Elizabeth a hard look. "What I can't understand is—how did Richards get away with it? Assuming he tracked Baird to his hide-out and ambushed him, how did he get away? If he put the gun in Baird's hand, he must have been there, in the kitchen. Dr. Swayne got there in a minute. And you say nobody came out. Where did he go? How did he get out and slug the milkman?"

He crushed out his cigarette angrily. Then, evidently feeling that he'd talked too much, he started to leave, but something in her face made him turn back. "Dammit all," he said, "you've still got something in that little head of yours, haven't you? Let's have it. No more fooling."

"Oh, it wasn't much," she said. "I was just wondering what became of the milkman's horse."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, I suppose. He'd just follow his route as usual, and then go back to his stable. They're creatures of habit, horses. I know. We used to keep some."

There was suspicion written all over him, but she refused to say any more.

"I'd like to see Dr. Swayne first," she said. "It's just an idea, anyhow. I may be all wrong."

The chief let her go reluctantly, and it was an hour later when she was called to Winnie's office. She put on some lipstick and combed her hair, which was her way of preparing for battle. But she looked quiet enough when she went in, although the chief was apoplectically pacing the floor.

"Just what *is* all this?" he bellowed. "Where is Swayne? And why the hell are we waiting for him?"

Fortunately Swayne came in at that moment, and Anne Elizabeth gave him a quick glance. "Was I right?" she inquired.

"Right as rain," he said, and went over to stand more or less protectively beside her. "Nice piece of work," he said admiringly.

"All right, all right!" said the chief furiously. "When you two get through solving this case you might let me know. I'd be interested."

Anne Elizabeth smiled a little. "It's all a matter of knowing about horses," she said.

"Horses!" shouted the chief. "What the devil have horses got to do with two murders?"

"Well, to begin with, the milk wagon was turned the wrong way," she explained carefully. "When I first saw it—before the shooting—it was just standing at the corner, facing up the street. But always before that it came down. I knew something was wrong with the picture—and that was it. It's queer I didn't notice it right away."

"And what," said the chief, remembering his blood pressure and controlling himself, "does that mean? Unless you are saying the horse went in and did the shooting."

"Of course not. But after I remembered that the milk wagon was facing the wrong way, I asked Dr. Swayne to go to the morgue."

The chief clutched his forehead. "The morgue?" he roared. "What the devil has the morgue got to do with it? Swayne had already seen the corpse."

"Not this one," she said gently. "I mean the real milkman. Dr. Swayne says the man he saw in the morgue is not the one who offered to go to the police for him. I guessed the real milkman was not driving the wagon—that's all."

The chief took out a large bandana handkerchief and mopped his face with it. "All right," he said. "Go on. Tell me how Richards got into the place and out again. I suppose you know that too!"

She gave him an apologetic look. "Well," she said, "he probably watched so he know Mr. Baird's habits—that he took a walk before dawn and got himself something to eat when he came back. But this isn't a good neighbor-

hood. The police keep a pretty careful eye on it. It mightn't be easy to get into that house. But he'd seen the man delivering the milk, and that gave him the idea. Nobody notices a milkman anyhow."

The chief stared at her. "Are you saying he killed a man just to take his place?"

"Maybe he didn't mean to, but a milk bottle's pretty heavy. Anyhow I think he had already knocked the milkman out and taken his place before either Dr. Swayne or I went to the window."

"That's a lot of guessing," said the chief drily.

"I don't think so." She was still gently stubborn. "He didn't go in while we were there, or come out, either. He probably just drove the milk wagon up the street, took the bottles in case he was seen, and went in to wait in the service alley. If anyone saw him it was all right, wasn't it? Only the horse knew it was wrong."

"Damn the horse!" the chief exploded. "Are you telling me that after shooting Baird the man had the nerve to go back there? To talk to Swayne and leave the milk?"

"He never left," Anne Elizabeth said. "Maybe he didn't want to be seen leaving the scene of the crime immediately after the shot was fired. Or maybe he heard Dr. Swayne coming and panicked. Anyway, after planting the gun in Baird's hand in the faint hope of making it look like suicide, he faded back into the alley, figuring he'd make his getaway when the coast was clear."

Swayne stirred. He had been watching Anne Elizabeth with the fascination of a man who hears an extremely personable young woman suddenly sounding off like a detective in a radio mystery story.

"How do you know all this?" he demanded. "Sounds to me as if you have a criminal mind."

"But it's all so simple," she told him. "When you went out into the yard he *had* to appear. Suppose you'd looked down the alley and seen him? What was he to do?"

"I notice he got away, just the same," Swayne said, almost sulkily.

"Why not? You did that, of course. You sent him on an errand. The horse helped, of course."

The chief groaned. "See here," he protested. "I'm allergic to horses. Any kind of horses. They give me sinus trouble. How in God's name did this one help Richards to get away?"

"Oh, he had a good reason to leave by that time. Dr. Swayne gave it to him. It just happened the horse was there, at the house. You see, it knew it was headed the wrong way. It thought about it for quite a while. Then it just turned around and came back, and stood in front of the alley, facing in the direction that it ordinarily did." And she added, "I don't suppose he expected it. And I imagine he'd have killed Dr. Swayne if his bluff hadn't worked. But it did work. I was gone from the window by that time, so all he had to do was to get into the wagon and drive away."

The chief drew a long breath. "Sure," he said dourly. "He got away all right. Maybe he had a car somewhere. But he's got a long start on us. Even if he divided with Baird he's probably got enough money cached away to keep him somewhere for the rest of his life." He got up heavily. "Well, thanks, little lady," he said. "It isn't your fault we've lost him. Fellow's a good actor. He'll go places all right. That scene he put on with the doc here must have been something."

Anne Elizabeth got up too. She really looked very nice in her street clothes, and in high heels instead of the flat hospital ones. "I was just wondering," she said. "Did you find the horse and wagon?"

"We did. Is this more about horses? Because outside of a race track I don't care for them."

"Well, it's like this," said Anne Elizabeth. "You see if Richards left the wagon"—she omitted the horse. It seemed to be a fighting word—"if he left the wagon anywhere on its regular route it would eventually end up in the stable. But if it was in a strange part of town it would probably just stay there."

A look of supreme surprise lightened the chief's heavy face. "So that's it!" he said. "Well, that horse didn't go home, my girl. We found him near the railroad station, wagon and all. And that's the first honest-to-God clue we've had as to how Richards left town. If he took a train we've got a much better chance of tracing him."

He glanced at Winnie, stiff and speechless behind her desk, and gave her a beaming smile. "Bright young woman you've got here," he told her. "Any time she wants a job at headquarters I'll take her. And if you ever hear of me carrying lumps of sugar around in my pockets to feed horses, you'll know why."

There was a brief silence after the chief had gone.

Swayne had not changed his position, but he smiled at the frozen figure behind the desk. "I understand you've taken Miss Ward off night duty temporarily," he said. "So if it's all right with you, Aunt Winnie, I'm taking her to the movies. A nice dark one by preference."

Miss Winifred Ogden was obviously fighting a battle with herself, or rather a battle between her two selves, the one which remembered George in diapers, and the other, which had been encased in armor for lo, these many years, and regarded babies as creatures who only added diapers to the laundry costs. It was the early one which finally won. She even attempted a smile.

"Very well, George," she said. "Perhaps I have been a trifle too strict. After all, times have changed. And anyhow I don't want the police stealing my nurses."

If she winced a trifle when George put an unbrotherly arm around Anne Elizabeth nobody else noticed. Or cared.

THE END

$4,000-a-week Butler *(Continued from page 27)*

the movie camp and Butler's hotel room in Tucson to pick up pages of the revised script as they rolled from his typewriter.

Butler prefers the typically simple, straight-forward story line of such pictures as "Paleface," the Bob Hope—Jane Russell comedy. The synopsis of "Paleface" can be told in four sentences: The Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the 1880's suspects that a gang, believed to be selling liquor and rifles to the aborigines, has murdered two agents sent to look into its activities. He fakes a jailbreak to spring Jane Russell, cast as Calamity Jane, the famous woman desperado who is serving a ten-year sentence for a stagecoach robbery. Jane is promised a pardon if she brings the villians to justice. She uses Hope, a naive tenderfoot, as a decoy to trap the gang and, in the confusion, falls in love with the oaf.

"No particular genius is required to dash off that sort of nonsense," Butler says. "As a matter of fact, it follows a pattern that was old hat before the Greeks discovered the theater as an art form. The plot is purposely thin because you don't want your comic cluttered up with it. If it were involved, it would need situations that might cramp his style. The old theory of comedy still is as good as it was two thousand years ago. In act one, you put the comic up a tree. In act two, you throw stones at him. In act three, the comic bumbles his way down as best he can.

"You know, there really are few secrets for successful screen writing. One trick is to have a maximum of characterization and a minimum of plot. If you have rich, interesting people, you don't need much of a story."

Perhaps the most difficult characterization Butler ever attempted was casting Bing Crosby as a priest in "Going My Way." The audience's first glimpse of Crosby was through the eyes of a housewife who was cleaning a window. She looks down and sees a straw hat. That brief shot of the straw hat was psychological preparation for introducing Crosby in clerical garb.

"I was deathly afraid to put Crosby in the role of a priest," Butler says. "Leo McCarey, the director and I had been thinking about it for several years, but the idea frightened me on two counts. I could hear audiences groaning, 'Another religious picture,' and I thought many Catholics would be offended by Crosby's portrayal of a priest in view of the flippant parts he had played in the past. I've had few flashes of inspiration, but the straw hat was one of them. It seemed to me that a straw hat was a symbol of gaiety that would establish Crosby as a warm, appealing type of priest and take away any suspicion of stuffy sanctity. Then we had him break a window, during a ball game with kids on the street, to peg him as a sympathetic character. I must admit the effectiveness of those little devices bowled me over."

Of all the surprises Butler has encountered, none compared with the wholly unexpected success of the "Road" pictures, probably the most popular comedy movie series ever made. Butler and Don Hartman, now a producer at Columbia, collaborated on the first three (Singapore, Zanzibar and Morocco), and the evolution of these indestructible vehicles for Crosby, Hope and Lamour is a revealing insight of how mysteriously Hollywood moves to perform its wonders.

Almost fifteen years ago, Paramount bought an original story, "Beach of Dreams," concerning the only son of a ship tycoon who, after a blighted love affair, took a rap for a swindling bookkeeper and fled to the South Seas where he opened a refuge for destitute sailors.

That was the whole story. Butler and Hartman, ordered to run up a screen play for one of Crosby's first pictures, wrote in an important role for Jack Oakie, as the hero's raffish chum. Oakie left Paramount before the picture was filmed, however, and since no other actor was available for his part, the script was put on the shelf. It was taken off and put back twice during the next two years, until a young comedian named Bob Hope came along.

Butler and Hartman went back to the original Singapore script and rewrote the old Oakie part for Hope. It was made into a picture called "The Road to Singapore" which became a smash hit.

Butler's favorite plot switch is the first one he pulled. It set him up as a most promising young man in the business back in 1926. Assigned to write a story for Mabel Normand, a reigning star at that time, Butler was in sheer desperation until he stole the Cinderella story intact, except for the stepmother and jealous sisters. He feebly disguised the plagiarism by making Miss Normand a pathetic slavey who worked in a basement tailorshop. A visiting prince was splashed by a car one day and went into the shop to have his coat cleaned. Miss Normand, with much eye-rolling and soul-searching, swiped from the coat a ticket for a fancy-dress ball, then borrowed an elegant gown which happened to be in the tailorshop for alteration. From there, the story proceeded to the familiar end, with gloves substituted for Cinderella's slippers.

"When you steal an idea," Butler says blandly, "make sure you steal something good. 'New Moon,' which I wrote for Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore years ago, was the story of David and Bathsheba taken lock, stock and barrel from the Bible."

Butler follows only one rule in writing movies. It was the first one he learned when he broke into the business in 1925.

"I was given my start by F. Richard Jones, who had the best story mind I've ever known," Butler says. "Jones gave me a piece of advice I've never forgotten. 'They're called movies,' he told me, 'because people keep moving. Never have static scenes. Put your desk before a blank white wall, and imagine your invented people moving across that wall. That's what audiences pay to see.'"

To create movement, Butler has devised a gimmick he calls "scene insurance." Whenever he comes to a situation in a picture requiring introspection on the part of an actor, or an explanation of the plot, he always writes in a background containing interesting action that will hold the audience's attention. In "Whispering Smith," for instance, Alan Ladd tells the other man's wife of his affection for her. Another scenarist would have Ladd gazing deeply into his ever-loving's eyes and mooning all over the place. Butler had him explain his feelings while the couple walked around a ranch, looking at the animals.

Understatement achieved a delicate mood that could not have been communicated otherwise in the scene Butler wrote for Crosby and Rise Stevens in "Going My Way." The audience suspected that Crosby had been in love with the singer before he entered the priesthood. When they met, after an interval of several years, Crosby asked Miss Stevens to autograph a song for him. She hesitated before writing the inscription. Crosby looked at it a long time, then smiled pensively at her. Curtain. The audience was never told what she wrote.

When Butler discusses movie-story technique, he makes no reference to social significance or to the influence of the cinema. He is not a writer who beats people over the head with a ball bat to make them hold still while he rams morals down their unwilling throats. When he is backed into a corner and submitted to severe cross-examination, however, he admits he has injected private convictions into his pictures.

In "Wake Island," William Bendix wondered throughout the picture whether he would have enough money to buy a chicken farm after the war. He realized his number was up as the Japanese rolling naval barrage approached his slit trench. The next-to-last shell—before the one with his name on it—exploded down the line. "What a farm I could buy with the cost of that shell!" Bendix said wistfully. In that terse sentence, Butler gave eloquent expression to his protest against the monumental stupidity and waste of war. And it was Butler, divorced while he was overseas in World War I, who revamped "I Want a Divorce," originally a comedy, so completely that it became a dramatic indictment of broken marriages.

"People everywhere want to hang on to something that will restore their faith in humanity," he says. "They want to believe the world is populated by the

warm characters of 'Going My Way.' It isn't, of course, but the supposition is so appealing that audiences accept it, if only for two hours."

The most improbable story Butler has fashioned is his own rise to eminence in the ivory towers of Hollywood. He was born in 1892 at Oxford, England, where his family had lived for four hundred years. After Frank was graduated from New College, his father, an upper-middle-class real estate operator, got him a position in London with the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Company. Young Butler wore the prescribed uniform—silk hat, striped pants, spats—and earned the munificent sum of fifteen shillings (three dollars) a week. In sheer boredom he sat down one day and computed how many miles he would ride in the subway if he remained on the job until he reached the retirement age of sixty . . . "Then I told my father I was going to Canada to join the Royal Northwest Mounted Police," he recalls.

After passing the rigorous exam for the Mounties at Calgary, Butler discovered his pay as a constable would be thirty cents a day. He promptly joined a road gang at thirty cents an hour. A more genteel job, as foreman of a grain elevator, ended abruptly when he absent-mindedly mixed six carloads of wheat with a shipment of barley. For want of something better to do, he was selling insurance when war broke in 1914. He enlisted as a private in the 88th Royal Fusileers, an infantry outfit, and was a captain by the time the division reached France.

Discharged at London in August, 1919, he received a present of one thousand pounds from a rich aunt and promptly spent a third on a Bond Street wardrobe. Seldom has a foolish gesture paid lusher dividends.

On the return voyage to Canada, Butler met an American who gave him a letter of introduction to a friend in Hollywood. Butler went to Hollywood to learn that the studio, a fly-by-night affair, had folded months before.

He was standing outside the Famous Players-Lasky lot, when a little man approached him and felt the fabric of his Bond Street lounge suit. Admiring the material and the way it was cut, he told Butler to see a Mr. Goodstadt, who was the studio casting director and Cecil B. De Mille's right bower . . .

Goodstadt asked Butler if he had any more clothes like the suit he was wearing. Amused by the silly American's provincialism, Butler said he had an entire wardrobe. Goodstadt asked whether he wanted to act. Butler shook his head. What, then, did he want? Butler said he was looking for something in the writing end of the movies but admitted he had no experience. Goodstadt made an interesting proposition. He said Butler could learn the business and get paid for it at the rate of seven and a half dollars a day if he served as an extra.

"It seemed a fabulous sum to me," Butler muses. "I didn't know, of course, that I was being hired just for my clothes. I accepted the offer with the understanding that I would quit in six months."

The six months stretched to six years. He loathed making faces at the camera, however, and leaped at the chance to work for one hundred dollars a week as a writer in the Hal Roach studio. That was in 1925. He never has been off a pay roll since. Today, seventy A pictures later, Butler is an eccentric exhibit in the Hollywood zoo on one count: He loves writing.

"It is the most challenging and fascinating end of the movie business," he says. He works swiftly and easily; he rarely has to resort to a trick escape from the blind alleys and never complains of the lapses of inspiration which afflict all writers. Whenever he hits a brick wall in the idea department, he simply knocks off and lets his subconscious work out the solution. Claims it hasn't failed him yet.

There is, Butler concedes, one serious drawback to his job. "Writing is tragic work because you realize your limitations when you reach a certain age. For years I've wanted to write a book—everyone does, I suppose—but I know I never will. I haven't the time or, perhaps, the ability."

He would like to give it a try, though, by holing up on his six-thousand-acre ranch in the hills and doing one picture a year. It is a forlorn hope. In the first eight months of 1947, Paramount made twelve pictures, and during that period Butler had a large authoritative hand in shaping four of its major releases. The studio feels that he has too much talent to work on only one picture a year.

"Literature will suffer no irreparable loss if I never write my book," he shrugs philosophically. "I rather suspect it would be a bad novel, anyway. My movie training would muss it up and make it too commercial." THE END

Cosmopolitan Abroad: Denmark—Ghost to Ghost *(Continued from page 21)*

of Faarevejle church near by, where he lies in a glass-covered coffin.

Not far from picturesque Dragsholm, near the town of Haslev, stands Gisselfeldt, another castle haunted by a whispering ghost.

Built in 1443, Gisselfeldt belonged some seventy-five years later to a nobleman, Torben Oxe, close friend and adviser to King Christian II of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. The king had met a young Dutch girl of humble birth, Dyveke, and fallen deeply in love with her. Dyveke and her mother, Sigbrit, a clever and keen-witted woman, were installed in the king's palace in Copenhagen. One morning, Dyveke was found dead on her bed, and it was rumored that she'd been poisoned. King Christian accused his friend and councilor, Torben Oxe, of the deed. Oxe had long been jealous of Dyveke's and Sigbrit's influence with the king, and this was considered enough evidence of his guilt by the court. He was condemned and beheaded. But at his castle, the tiny voice of a wraithlike Dyveke still whispers, "He was not guilty; he was not guilty . . ."

During the reign of King Christian V, Gisselfeldt castle changed hands. Christian V met and fell in love with his physician's daughter, Sophie Amalie Moth, but since he already had a queen, he settled the matter by marrying Sophie Amalie to his left hand. The descendants of this left-handed marriage were raised to peerage under the name Danneskjold-Samsoe, given Gisselfeldt castle as their home, and as an extra token of affection were permitted to dress their coachmen and footmen in royal red livery—the only family in Denmark outside the king himself who had—and still has—that privilege.

The present owner of Gisselfeldt is Count Sophus Danneskjold-Samsoe, who for twenty years was a cowboy and rancher in California. One day last year he was informed that, being a cousin to the late and childless Count Aage, he had inherited Gisselfeldt castle, including the ghost of Dyveke, and was entitled to exchange his bucking broncos for coachmen and footmen in royal red livery. Which he did.

On the same island of Sjaelland is Sparresholm castle, where a conscience-stricken ghost tries in vain to undo a horrible crime committed over four hundred years ago. Palle Daae, then the haughty owner of the castle, discovered to his distaste that his daughter had fallen in love with the son of a common parish priest. The proud nobleman angrily told her that the match would be unthinkable. But the two young lovers met in secret, until one day Palle Daae surprised them together in a small chamber in the castle. In rage he sealed the doorway to the room and swore he'd never open it till the couple agreed to keep apart forever. They never did. And night after night the cruel father's weary ghost drags itself from the graveyard at Sparresholm to pound, in vain repentance, on the stones blocking the doorway.

A royal ghost haunts the twelfth century Nyborg castle on the small island of Fyen. This medieval hall looks as though it belonged in one of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales. Indeed, the shoemaker's son was born a mere twenty miles from here in the town of Odense, where the simple house in which he spent his early childhood is today a treasured shrine.

In the thirteenth century, King Erik Glipping held court at Nyborg castle. Indiscreetly he violated the honor of the wife of one of his noblemen. Embittered, this knight, Marsk Stig, and eleven of his henchmen cornered the king one night in an old barn and stabbed him to death. Now each night

at midnight the ghost of the imprudent king strides through the castle halls in his never-ending search for rest.

But we have to go to Jylland, the main peninsular of the oldest and one of the few remaining kingdoms of Europe, to see one of the most sinister manifestations in Denmark, at Spoettrup castle near the town of Viborg.

Centuries ago the owner of the castle was called to the colors to fight for his king abroad. Before he left he entrusted his castle and his beauteous, blue-eyed wife to the care of a worthy friend. But his friend betrayed the trust, and when the nobleman returned after a year of war he was received by his wife with a newborn baby in her arms. The noble's false friend swore a solemn oath of innocence, backed up by the faithless wife. The husband, however, was not convinced and made plans to punish the guilty. But one morning he was found viciously stabbed. Before he died he managed to cry, "His hand, his bloody hand! He swore . . ."

There was no doubt in anyone's mind who the murderer was, but the noble's deceitful friend had disappeared. Shortly afterwards the trothless wife fell down a stairwell and was killed; two months later the baby died.

One morning, sometime later, a mark was found on the white wall just inside the main portal of Spoettrup castle. It was shaped like a hand in blazing red! Servants quickly covered it, only to discover that it had reappeared the next morning; they soon found that the hellish mark could not be erased; each additional whitewashing only made it more vivid.

Legend has it that every descendant of the murdered noble who settles down at Spoettrup castle will meet sudden death at the hand of the ghost, and fact is that all the descendants who scorned the warning of the bloody hand have died strange, untimely deaths.

Near the ruins of Gurre castle in the forests of northern Sjaelland, you are likely to encounter the ghost of King Valdemar, riding through the woods towards the castle where he knew so much happiness with his beloved mistress, Tove, that he cried, "Let God keep his heaven as long as I have Gurre!"

Tove was killed and Gurre burned, but King Valdemar has kept riding each night through the centuries in a futile attempt to reach Gurre in time to save the castle and Tove's life . . .

Deep down in the dungeons of Kronborg castle sits Holger Danske, Holger the Dane, a great stone figure in which the spirit of an ancient and glorious warrior dwells. For untold centuries he has sat brooding at an enormous marble table—for so long that his beard has grown through the heavy tabletop. Legend has it that when Denmark is in peril the spirit of Holger Danske will awaken and drive the enemies from his fatherland.

Curiously enough, the first and most successful underground group fighting the Nazis during their occupation of Denmark was known by the name of Holger Danske. **THE END**

The Dark Goddess

(Continued from page 62)

out across the Bund through the fading light at the endless sampans bobbing on the Whangpoo, the endless junks with their patched sails passing the liner he had just left. "No," he said. "Missy no come." Still Ching did not go. Miles's mind began to work. "Ching," he said suddenly, turning to him, "did you ever hear of European Missy named Madame de Jong?"

Their eyes held across the room. "No, Master," Ching said.

Now it was Miles who was appraising Ching. Without breaking their gaze, Miles casually took out his cigarette case, extracted a cigarette and lighted it. His fingers were steady. Was Ching lying? It was impossible to tell. "Madame de Jong long time live Shanghai," Miles said slowly. "Very famous lady. Very beautiful. Everybody know. *Good* Number One Boy would know."

He watched Ching's head go down in shame. Humbly, Ching folded his hands in his sleeves and looked at the floor. Only his lips moved. "Yes, Master," Ching said, and his voice was barely audible. "I know. Madame de Jong disappear. Two—t'ree years ago. Nobody know where."

Miles felt the sweat break out on his hands. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, Master."

Miles walked toward Ching. "All right, Ching," he said, "we're even. You won on the room, I on this. You give me face, I give you face." He took from his coat pocket an unopened package of American cigarettes, that unfailing unit of international exchange, and held it toward the Chinese. Ching lifted his head, and his face was bland again. He took the cigarettes. "Master very clever," he whispered and went out.

Miles took out his handkerchief and wiped his hands. It wasn't going to be easy. He'd been over the whole thing a thousand times in his mind, over every conceivable step and here, before he had even started, was an obstacle he had not imagined. Yet in a sense he had . . .

He remembered the night he had told Roberta back in Washington; they had been sitting on the sun porch, and she had just risen, saying it was time for bed. He had asked her to sit down and, looking into the living room, he had let his eyes linger on a small bronze figure on a table against the wall. Then he had told her. He had told her everything. Even now he remembered having said, "It's insane. I know it's insane. You're the best wife in the world, and I love you. I love Carol—and I wish we had a dozen like her. But you know all this. And *I* know that *anything* could have happened. Ena de Jong could be dead. But I've got to do it."

He would never forget Roberta's white—her dead white—stricken face. Still, she had been magnificent. "For a long time I have wondered and worried," she had said at last. "And now I know." She had done what he had known she would do: she had made up her mind before she got out of her chair again; she had told him to go.

In the weeks that followed it had been worse; he could not keep his once orderly mind on the brief before him or on the testimony at hearings. He couldn't sleep. Roberta knew this and one night, without explaining, she went to bed in the guest room across the hall. He had slept better after that.

Calmly, he made all the arrangements about their property; he rewrote and clarified his will, deeded the house to her and set up a trust fund for Carol's education. There was plenty. It was tacitly understood that Roberta was free to sue for divorce whenever she pleased. But once these things were done he had lost interest in them; nothing mattered except the terrible urgency that drove him back to China.

He ran one hand through his stiff black hair; at thirty-nine it had not begun to thin. He went into the bedroom, moving at once to the smaller of the two expensive cowhide bags on the luggage racks. He reached under his shirts and removed an object wrapped in tissue paper; it was heavy in his hands. *I'm back. I'm really back.* The wonder of this held him spellbound. Vaguely he was aware that the gathering shadows in the room intensified his mood. Beyond the windows stretched one of the most fabulous cities in the world, noisy, restless, ruthless; insincere, forever changing, a crossroads of humanity where appearances are a kind of brutal culture, where life beats on only for those strong enough to fight for it. On the ship there had been anticipation; now he faced the actualities. Almost without his knowledge, his fingers tore the paper off; it fell to the floor and he held the dark little statuette in his left hand.

He could not take his eyes from it. Sitting with legs folded, arms raised and hands bent back, the Javanese Goddess of the Dance was a thing of frozen grace. In his mind, it was Ena.

He placed the square-based little figure on the night table, picked up the telephone and asked the male Chinese operator for the Shanghai Club. There was, of course, a little wait; one expected those little waits in China. As another Chinese operator answered at the club, Miles remembered the military title he no longer used. "This is Colonel Miles," he said. He asked for Sir Eric Pelham. The wait was longer this time. Absently, Miles ran one finger over the goddess's horned headdress . . . "Eric, this is Jonathan Miles. Yes, yes, of course I'm here . . . Yes on the President Cleveland late this afternoon . . . The Cathay Hotel, for the time being . . . I haven't the vaguest idea how long, but what about dinner tonight? Are you free? . . . Fine. I'll be delighted to come there . . . Half an hour is fine."

He walked the four blocks leisurely, drinking in everything along the Bund. Nothing had changed: the Chinese, in their washed blue cotton, were still there under the street lights, hawking their valueless trinkets, cooking along the pavements on their portable braziers or chatties, in front of buildings that might have been in Detroit or Liverpool. The same old Chinese river steamers, shabbier than ever, were tied up at the jetties. It was all brash, loud and grating. It was brassy. That was the word for Shanghai. Brassy. Miles felt at home, and yet he didn't. He had first seen it in 1945, shortly after V-J Day, when there were Jap barbed-wire barricades still on the city streets. There were fewer Occidentals now than when he had left in '46; then the Army and Navy had been everywhere, and he had been one of them. Now he was on the outside looking in, and that had to be changed. The inexplicable nostalgia for the Orient that many white men feel, but can never quite explain, was in him.

He found the great hall of the club still gloomy, still austere, as he remembered it, and he saw Sir Eric just inside the door of the Long Bar. Before he could reach the door a boy came, softly said, "Col-o-nel Miles," and took his hat and gloves.

Sir Eric Pelham, a little thinner than Miles remembered, a little grayer and considerably ruddier, was holding out his hand and saying how decent it was of Miles to have rung him up. Beyond Sir Eric at the bar, Miles saw the ubiquitous little groups of Western businessmen, the die-hards, the Old China Hands left over from the Treaty Port days. He saw too that the brass foot-rail was back in place. It had been missing when he was there before because the Japs had taken it in their last desperate search for metal. He had a mind for little things.

They had a gin and tonic, standing at the Longest Bar in the World, and then they went into the smaller back bar and, seated, had another. The friendliness of expatriates grew between them.

"Eric," Miles said, "you know everyone in Shanghai. What's become of all the people I used to know? The Maharani and Amelia?"

"Oh, the Maharani's still here," Sir Eric said. He gave a little laugh. "And just as stunning as ever. I believe 'glamorous' is the word in America. And how you Americans loved Sita. Amelia married the Peruvian Consul shortly after you left. I understand they're in Brazil now."

"And Ena?" Miles took out cigarettes, put them on the table and did not meet Sir Eric's eyes.

"Ena de Jong?"

"Yes," Miles said. He said it calmly.

"Funny thing about Ena. She just disappeared. Nobody knows where or how. Shanghai's a big city, yes, but it's not easy for a European to do that. And, of course, even though she came from Java, Ena was a European: her father Dutch, her mother Romanian——"

"I know." Miles's eyes held Sir Eric's.

"There were all kinds of tales. We heard she had married a Chinese. We heard she had committed suicide. I knew Ena well, liked her, and I never believed any of it. I saw her a few times after you left, but she began to go around less and less. Something was happening to her——"

"What?"

"It was obvious," Sir Eric smoothed his short gray mustache. "After you left she lost all interest in everything —in people, clothes, everything. She even became a little—shabby. That was totally unlike Ena. We no longer heard her laugh ring out at parties because she didn't go to parties. We began to miss her. We missed that smile; she had the most beautiful teeth and the most beautiful skin I ever saw. And the reason, my dear boy, was obvious. She was in love with you."

"Eric," Miles said tensely, "I've got to find her. That's why I've come back."

Sir Eric took one of Miles's cigarettes. His face was thoughtful. "So that's it. I don't know where to tell you to begin. I've lived in China twenty-four years, except for two trips back to England before the war, and I know this country like a book. She could be anywhere, but my guess is she's *not* in Shanghai."

"Could she have returned to Java?"

"Could have of course. But I think not. Her husband, you know, died before she left. She had no reason to go back. I think those ties were broken for good. Then there was something about her passport. Nearly everyone in Shanghai has *that* difficulty at one time or another. Hers, I believe, was some mix-up the Japs caused in records. No, I'd say she hadn't gone back there."

"When did she—go away?"

"Let me see . . . two years ago this spring. I saw her one day on the street. I was crossing Canton Road around noon, and Ena passed in a pedicab. She was alone. When she saw me, she had her coolie stop. I went over and we talked a little. She didn't look—I may as well tell you this—too well. Actually a little ill; her color, which had been so wonderful, was bad. I asked her to tiffin, and she accepted. I got into the pedicab with her, and we went to Seventh Heaven in the Wing on Building. All through the meal I felt she had something on her mind. Once or twice she seemed about to speak of it. I almost asked her what it was. But neither of us managed it. The next day I learned what the trouble was——"

"What, Eric?"

"Money. Or rather the lack of it. Frankly, Jonathan, Ena just didn't have a sou. She wasn't even eating well. You people in America don't really un-

derstand that. You complain about prices, but you can always *get* everything. And she wouldn't marry for security. If she had, I would have known it. You can't realize what money troubles we've had out here. Dreadful. The inflation, I can tell you, is fierce. The Chinese money is absolutely worthless; everything is based on 'gold,' your American paper currency. One either has it, or he doesn't. And we've even had wave after wave of counterfeit American bills. I'm sure that at one time Ena had some gold bars, all smart Europeans out here did, but she surely sold them for her existence and, like all money, when they were gone they were gone. You might as well know."

"Yes," Miles said, his voice husky. "But what do you think she *did?*"

"God knows." Sir Eric ordered fresh drinks. "I started to tell you that the next day—after I realized she wanted a loan and couldn't bring herself to ask for it because she knew she couldn't pay it back—I went to the place where she had told me she was living. She wasn't there. It was a house in one of those crowded lanes of brick houses where mostly Chinese professional men, lawyers, doctors and so on live. No one could, or would, tell me anything, though I asked them in Chinese. All I got was that Madame de Jong had gone, nobody knew where."

"You don't think — anything — happened to her?"

"Oh, I'm confident it didn't. Ena is"—he was careful to use the present tense now, and his face brightened a little as if he had just thought of something —"a very intelligent person. She might, you know, just have disappeared to take a position in an office someplace. A matter of face. Face, you know, still operates out here, and always will . . . That's my guess: Ena just dropped out to build up her health and to keep from losing face. And who knows, she may have been happy doing it?"

"If she's still alive," Miles said, "I'm going to find her."

Sir Eric took a long drag. "Jonathan," he said slowly, exhaling, "you don't mind if I think about that a bit, do you? Let's consider it a minute. You haven't seen her for a couple of years. We both know she was in love with you, but let's say time has worn down her feeling somewhat. It does, you know. And if you do find her. What then?"

An impatient look crossed Miles's eyes. "Listen, Eric, I'm not trying to be rational about her. I tried that before, and it didn't work. I've left my wife and child, burned my bridges behind me. It was, you may well believe, the hardest thing I ever did in my life. I don't have to tell you why I did it; you understand those things. If she's still alive, and in China, or anywhere else in the world, I'm going to find her—because I love her." For a moment the two men were silent. Suddenly Miles said, "You saw her that day on Canton Road. As I recall not too many pedicabs use Canton Road. Was it by any chance near those curio shops, those jade bazaars and so on?"

"As a matter of fact it was."

"Did she have a package, a parcel of any kind with her? Either in her hands or on the seat? You got into the pedicab with her. You would have noticed."

"There goes the legal mind, all right. No, I'm sure she didn't. Why?"

"Oh—no reason really. Except that I once saw her in a shop there——"

"My dear man, she's undoubtedly been in every shop in Shanghai. That doesn't mean a thing."

"Probably not. But I have an idea. Why don't we drop in at the Bernet after dinner? Is it still running out in Frenchtown? We could phone Sita and stop for her. I want to see her."

"Excellent idea. And look here, Jonathan, I want you to know you can count on me. I'm interested too in Ena's welfare, or I should never have tried to look her up that day. There may be little things I can do. And if you ever want a bit of a scenery change, I've got a tiny place in the country where I spend week ends and holidays."

"You aren't married, Eric?"

"Good heavens, no! Again at fifty-one! I got over that after my wife died when I was twenty-five. But don't expect too much. My place is just a little house, half-Chinese, half-Western, with a garden on a canal. You go out Avenue Joffre, to Hungjao Road and wind a bit to the left till you hit a lane called Chung Hwa Lu—China Road. I'm there only week ends, and I bicycle out."

"Thanks. I may take you up on that."

"I'm sorry I have no motor car; they're for gold-standard billionaires. But my business is coming along. A new little firm I call the East-West Trading Company, Limited. I'm representing a number of British industries; we're trying to get a new toe hold." He emptied his glass— "shall we go to dinner?"

As Sir Eric pushed the button on one of the stone posts set in the high bamboo fence out in the former French Concession, he was saying, "I don't believe Sita can help, but it certainly won't hurt to ask her."

One side of the double bamboo gate opened a few inches, and Sir Eric spoke to the boy in the Shanghai dialect. Then he and Jonathan went up the drive past palmettos, rose vines, oleanders and bamboo thickets. A wrinkled amah admitted them to the plain stucco house such as you can find in Los Angeles or Altoona. They found the Maharani alone in the living room, jitterbugging to an American record.

"Darling!" she cried throwing both arms around Miles's neck and kissing him. "Welcome to my modest little villa! So you've come back. Did you bring me dozens and dozens of nylons? Shanghai is positively desolate without Americans. But you're just as dreamy, just as handsome in mufti as you were in uniform. How long are you staying?"

"Let the man get his breath, Sita," Sir Eric said. "And I must warn you: he was eying the President at anchor as we left the club. You know she just got in today and leaves again day after tomorrow. But we're going to try to keep him here for a while."

At the Bernet they chose a table away from the dance floor and, as Miles had known they would, they talked utter nonsense. Once Sir Eric excused himself and went over to someone he knew. Miles leaned across the table to the Maharani. "Sita," he said "where is Ena?"

Instantly, Sita dropped all gaiety, and her dark eyes turned grave. "I knew why you were here," she said slowly. "But truly, Jonny, I don't know."

"Where do you think?"

"I don't. I just can't any more. What does Eric say? He knows everything."

"He doesn't know that."

"I wish I did. It worries me terribly. The last time I saw Ena she came here to a party, and she looked thin and sick, and the last thing I heard—but that's not worth repeating."

"Oh, yes it is. What was it?"

"Well, I don't believe it, but I heard that she'd married a Russian dentist and was living in Tientsin."

"Do you believe that?"

"No. But I don't know . . . Jonny, aren't you going to ask me to dance?"

As they danced, he said, "Is travel difficult in China now?"

She shot him a serious look. "Jonny, *don't* go to Tientsin just on that . . . You have to pay the endless Chinese squeeze, and get visas from city to city. Stay in Shanghai——"

"Then you think *she* is here?"

"I don't see how she could be. If she went underground, it would have to be with Chinese—or she couldn't hide. Stay here, Jonny, and we'll get up a picnic for Sunday——"

"I may go to Eric's place in the country Sunday. Sita, does everyone still read the English papers here?"

"Of course. Why?"

"I've just decided something. Will you come to a little dinner tomorrow night at the Cathay? I want you and Eric, of course, and Andre' St. Sandri of the French paper. He knows Ena——"

"And Irene Ilenska. She knew Ena well."

"Who else? Will you come?"

"Of course. But why are you giving *me* a dinner?" She smiled.

Miles smiled back. "To give myself face, dear. As much as I've always detested such notoriety, I'm going to put it in the paper. Free publicity."

"You belong in Shanghai," she said. "I'd like a Chinese who knows everyone. Then everybody can tell everybody else I'm going to find Ena."

"You want Mimi Chan. Shall I ask her for you?"

"Please."

"This sounds almost like fun. I'm betting on you, Jonny . . . By the way, I'll pick up my nylons tomorrow."

Miles grinned.

Going back downtown in a pedicab with Sir Eric, Miles said suddenly, "As a matter of fact I do have stockings in my trunk. Roberta put them there."

"She must be a wonderful wife," Sir Eric said.

About nine o'clock the next morning, the two grown sons of Mr. T. Z. Fong, dealer in Oriental objects d'art, bronzes, jade and ivory, were taking down the shabby batten blinds in front of their

father's shop on Canton Road, when they saw a tall American approaching. One of the sons spoke to the other and then went inside.

The foreigner carried in his hand something wrapped in decidedly wrinkled tissue paper. At the entrance to the shop, he paused briefly to make sure this was the one he wanted, and fat Mr. T. Z. Fong stepped smilingly to the doorsill. Mr. Fong bowed, and his eyes completely disappeared with pleasure. "Col-o-nel Miles," he said, "you long time no come."

Before he remembered that the Chinese don't really like to shake hands, Miles held his out, and Mr. Fong clasped it. They went inside, past the counters and the glass cases, into the back room and up the narrow stairs that were lined with scrolls. At the top Miles paused, looking into the room ahead. Instantly, the whole sweeping memory of the first time he had ever seen Ena de Jong drowned everything else in his mind. It had been here in this room. She had been sitting at the table against the wall. With his mind racing back into time, Miles started slowly into the room, his eyes fixed on the blackwood table between the windows.

Because Mr. Fong was an artist who catered to Occidentals, he had not hung on the wall above the table the conventional Chinese scroll, showing either misty mountain peaks and tiny boatmen in the gorges below, or the more brilliantly colored Tibetan concepts of a sleepy-eyed Kuan Yin sitting forever motionless on her lotus throne. Instead, a long drapery of flawless eggshell Chinese silk fell in heavy folds. In Miles's mind Ena sat there now, earnestly talking with the Chinese dealer.

When Miles had first seen her profile against the silk, its pure chiseled line had made him gasp. She had worn a simple black dress, and her black hair had hung loosely to her shoulders; her body was inclined forward over the table edge toward Mr. Fong. Her right hand had been on the table, he remembered, toying with a leaf on one of the roses wrapped in yellow Chinese paper, that she obviously had brought along with her. Between the two of them, had been the little bronze Javanese Goddess of the Dance.

Miles had stood there unable to move until, seeing Mr. Fong rise, Ena had turned toward the door . . .

Afterward, during delirious days and nights together, they had often talked of it. He would never forget that she had said to him, "I can't tell you, darling, what happened to me then. There I was talking to Fong, playing the endless little game of bargaining that a Chinese loves better than anyone in the world, when I suddenly realized he had stopped listening. I saw him rise. Then I turned slowly . . . and that was all there was to it. You just stood there in the door, incredibly handsome and tall and casual in your uniform. Even if I had never seen you afterward, it wouldn't have been possible for me to forget one single thing about you. I saw your eyes first,

Gorilla man

IT'S A LIVING

George Barrows makes a fine gorilla, but first he had to learn to keep his mouth shut

by A. L. SIMON

For two hundred and fifty dollars a day, George Barrows will turn into a gorilla. Owner of the most fantastic gorilla suit in the country, George naturally lives in Hollywood. Tarzan movies are his favorites; he appeared first as a gorilla in one of them over thirteen years ago and has been at his odd profession ever since.

Barrow's latest gorilla suit simulates a five-hundred-pound animal; every digit on both hands and feet moves, as well as eyes, nostrils and lips. It is so realistic no animals can work with him when he wears the costume. Even the tamest lion would try to tear it apart. Once, dangling in mid-air on a rope over a group of elephants, he started a stampede.

Before designing his costume, Barrows spent seven years visiting zoos, talking to curators, sketching apes and reading literature on the life of this mammoth animal. Then he drew plans, specifications and details and made his own outfit. The job required months to sew each tuft of hair in place. Costing more than three thousand dollars, the suit is molded of sponge rubber, with yak hair imported from Tibet. It also has an intricate system of levers to operate the fingers of the hands. The completed costume weighs seventy-five pounds. Temperature in the suit becomes so unbearable that George can remain in it only about twenty minutes at a time. At the end of some working days, he has lost as much as twelve pounds.

An assistant has to help him into the suit. He begins with the body of the suit, followed by the arms, legs and finally the head. At first, the gorilla's head wasn't vicious enough, so George rigged up a few rough-looking teeth and put a strap arrangement under his chin which enables the ape man to snarl at will. The sneer makes George very happy. For the movies, he mostly just looks ferocious or swings on a vine. Occasionally, he has to carry a lightly clad girl in his arms. Because of the flexible jaw arrangement on his gorilla, Barrows has an added attraction available to directors at no extra charge: he eats bananas.

Once, when times were a little tough in the gorilla business, George got himself a job with a local circus romping inside a cage in the wild animal section. Everything went well until he peered at the startled spectators one night and noticed a former girl friend. George forgot the cage and circus, waved casually and said, "Hi, Mabel!" That was the end of his job.

your clear gray appraising eyes, but I knew they could smile, and then—should I admit it?—I saw your mouth. I loved everything about you: your hair; the way your thick black brows went straight across; the way you stood. I wanted to see your hands, to touch them and to have them touch me. That's the way it was——"

"And so you looked away."

"And so I looked away."

"Then I spoke to Fong," he had said. "I told him I would wait, and I went over to one of the glass cabinets, but I couldn't see one thing in it."

"Fong knew. The Chinese always know. How they always know is one of the great mysteries of the human mind. So Fong introduced us very formally in his best Pidgin English." Ena had imitated Mr. Fong's voice, and they both had laughed. "Not that we needed such a formality. And when we left together, you asked me to tea——"

"Where did we go?"

"I don't know."

"I don't know either," he had said. "But I remember later riding out Bubbling Well to the Mandarin Club, and an enormous Buddha led us through the moon gate to the farthest table in a corner. I don't remember what we had for dinner, but the little Filipino was playing all the latest American tunes on the pipeless organ just so *we* could dance; the others didn't matter."

"It was Saturday, and we stayed until they closed——"

"I had no duty the next day. So we had breakfast in my room——"

"Let's not *ever* forget," she'd said.

And once, as they stood looking in a shop window, her arm through his, he had said, "Why didn't you want me to buy the goddess?"

"Only because I thought it looked too—commercial."

"But didn't you know that I *wanted* it? To keep? Because it was yours?"

"How could I have known that—then?" she had asked. "I didn't know anything but you. If I had known why you really wanted it, nothing on earth could have made me take the money. As it was I *couldn't* take it then, but the next day I did go back to Fong. Oh, I *wish* I had given it to you."

"I wouldn't have taken it as a gift. You know that. Where did you get it, Ena?"

"You're asking for my life story——"

"I want it. All of it."

She told him as they walked along bustling Avenue Edward VII, both oblivious to the swarm of people, to traffic and to noise. "The figure has no especial history that I know of and no great value as a piece of art. It's good work, but you find comparable pieces in every country in the Orient. It had been my mother's; she bought it in a shop in Batavia when she first went out to Java as a bride. My mother was just a girl then. She was a Romanian, and she and my father met in Paris. She was having a holiday with my grandmother—I never knew her—but she was a lady in waiting to the Queen. My father had stopped in Paris for a day on his way back to the Indies. He'd been there nine years, and

he had just made his first visit home to Amsterdam. He was twenty-eight and my mother nineteen. He took one look at my mother. She was a beauty with coal-black hair and great lovely eyes." Ena had laughed, a low musical laugh filled with love. "Do you *suppose* this sort of thing runs in my family—I mean just taking one look and *knowing?* . . . He stayed over a month in Paris, and they were married. So the planter took his bride into the lush and, to her, strange world of rubber plantations. And I was born there."

"You grew up there?"

"Yes. My brother Pieter and I both. He was killed in the Japanese invasion." She paused a moment, and then her voice lifted again. "We had a lovely childhood. My father did very well, and Mama took us to Europe every other year for a while. Once we brought back an English governess; you know, a little money and the inevitable English or French or German governess."

"And how old were you when you married?"

"I was only seventeen." Miles remembered that Ena had said very little about her marriage except that Dirk de Jong was "older." They had lived in Java, and there had been one child, a girl. One night when they had had guests the native boy—she called him "*djongos*"—started into the living room with the coffee tray. Without warning he had fallen to the floor. Her husband and another man carried him out; there had been no need to call the doctor. And the next day Ena's child was gone—that night her husband. Miles had been in the East long enough to know that it had been cholera.

Ena had fled to Singapore; from there to Hong Kong and to Shanghai. Fortunately, she had sold her property before the occupation, but everyone knew the war was coming and it hadn't brought what she had expected. Still, she had been very fortunate. As she had said that, she had pressed his hand.

At various times Miles had spoken of his own life too but never of Roberta, until one night Ena had asked the question he had known must come. "Jonathan, you've never told me, but I presume—that you are married?"

"Yes." He told her then and, as he spoke, Roberta and Carol lived for both of them. "Ena, I want you to know I love my wife. I love her in the way that any man with an ounce of moral fiber loves the fine woman he marries when he is twenty-nine. I've always looked upon myself as a fairly substantial person, and from the day of my marriage until now I have never—been unfaithful to my wife——"

"I know, dear. I know better than you think . . ."

Miles forced the voices and the memories out of his mind. One of Mr. Fong's sons pulled a carved blackwood chair up to the table. Miles was being invited to sit down at the side of the table where Ena had sat that day, perhaps in the same chair. He made a gesture toward the chair. "You sit

there, Mr. Fong," he said, "and I'll sit here, opposite."

They took the places, the sons standing near their father so they could watch Miles. Mr. Fong's boy came with covered glasses of scalding green tea and Miles, a little nervously, passed his cigarettes. He put the statuette, still in its wrappings, on the table between them. "I come, Mr. Fong," he said, dropping into the abbreviated English of the East, "to make you visit."

Mr. Fong exhaled a huge cloud. "You make me great honor. I am please." Mr. Fong had not even glanced at the wrapped curio, and Miles admired his self-control. He warned himself to go slowly. If any one in this unbelievable city could help him, it was Fong. But this man would not like it if Miles were too eager.

Miles's hands were steady now. He lifted the statue and removed the paper from it. "Mr. Fong," he said almost casually, "do you remember this?"

Mr. Fong remembered. "European lady bring to sell to me, and you buy. Nobody leave shop. One piece, two sale, same day." Mr. Fong laughed.

"Yes. You made two profits at once." Now Miles could laugh.

Again Mr. Fong's eyes disappeared with humor. "And Col-o-nel meet lady that way."

Everybody laughed. Miles put the figure down. "Mr. Fong, you're very clever. That's why I like you."

"No, no, I just live long time. You take this piece America and bring it back Shong'ai?"

"Yes."

No matter how much Mr. Fong wanted to know why, he would not ask. "You want sell to me?"

"No, no. I don't want to sell. I like it. I take it everywhere I go. Do you remember the lady's name, Mr. Fong?"

"Her name? I think almost like Chinese name——"

"Her name was Madame de Jong," one of the sons said.

Miles looked up at him, spoke to all three of them. "Is she in Shanghai now?" he asked, with a carelessness he knew was not convincing.

They were sorry, but they did not know. They had not seen her for a long time, for two years maybe. Oh, yes, she had come back to the shop after that day, several times, and Mr. Fong had bought a number of things from her. At first she brought nice things; later—not worth so much. She was a nice lady; she spoke dialect, and she liked to bargain. No, he didn't have anything in the shop now that had belonged to her. Mr. Fong had friends . . . he would be glad to ask around, and if he learned anything, he would send word to Colonel Miles.

Miles rose. "Suppose I leave little goddess here? In few days I come back."

"Okay, okay," Mr. Fong said, rising. "I no sell. I keep for you." Miles stood staring down at the piece of bronze. Then he picked it up. "I've changed my mind," he said. "I'll take it with me."

Not troubling to telephone from the lobby, the Maharani, with some Manchurian minks across her shoulders, dashed in that afternoon and found Miles directing Ching, who was hanging a long piece of pale eggshell silk over a table between the windows. Without ceremony, Sita put into Miles's arms a mass of roses; the first, she said, from her garden. Trailing her was a young Indian, whom she introduced by a name that sounded like Nambadda Singh, and whom she declared to be her aide-de-camp pro tem.

"Your Highness," Miles said, "you're indestructible. How do you like this?" He nodded toward the silk.

"Lovely, but if you're going Chinese, you should hang scrolls."

"No, dear. I just bought this on Nanking Road. I like it, so I'm hanging it. And thanks for the roses."

"They're awful!" she said. Having no servants any more—she was reduced to three which, from the way she said it was worse than having none—no one sprayed or took care of anything any more and consequently the buds were small and drab. Miles found them delicate and full and more pleasing than the blossoms that had come up from florist. He laid Sita's on the writing desk and told Ching to bring water for them. "Now come with me," he said.

Sita followed him into his bedroom. He swung open his wardrobe trunk and, to her squeals of delight, handed her half a dozen cellophane packets of nylon stockings. While she was kissing him, Miles said quietly, "All right, Sita, that's just a little *kumshaw.* Or call it a bribe, I don't care. But last night I got the feeling there was something you might have told me, if Eric hadn't been along. I expected you to tell me while we were dancing, but you didn't. Where is Ena?"

All at once her eyes were wide. "I don't know, Jonny," she said huskily. "I honestly don't. If I did, I'd tell you."

He believed her.

In a moment, with Nambadda Singh still trailing her, she had dashed out again, promising to be back for dinner.

From the start Miles knew his party was going to be a failure. He took his guests down to the bar for cocktails and, having eliminated Eric and the Maharani, maneuvered throughout the evening to question the others.

Andre' St. Sandri, as a newspaperman, knew everything about everyone. "Andre', where is Ena?" Andre' did not know. She could be anywhere.

Irene Ilenska—a tall thin Polish girl who had been interned by the Japanese—knew nothing.

Mimi Chan was no help at all.

When they were seated in the living room he hadn't wanted, and Ching's imported assistants were about their flawless service, Miles rose and raised his wineglass. "To Ena," he said, and they all drank to her. It made her seem nearer.

Later, Sita insisted that everyone go to her house for a nightcap, and it was after one when Miles got back to the hotel. As he stepped out of the elevator (he must remember to call it "lift" out here), Ching jumped up from the floor where he was lying half asleep on his pallet and ran ahead to unlock

the door. "Thank you for the dinner, Ching," Miles said. "Everything was perfect."

"Is no trouble, Master," Ching said, his eyes lost in a secret kind of smile. "I do for you." He took the bill Miles pressed into his hand and held the door open. Miles stepped softly into the lighted room, and Ching quietly closed the door; its lock clicked tightly.

For years afterward Miles was to look back upon that moment with complete and utter disbelief. He was to waken in the night, believing all over again that he had dreamed this moment. Paralyzed, he stood just inside the doorway, staring straight ahead; his hat slid from his hand. Ching, having taken the dinner table away, had moved some of the candles to the table where the goddess stood. They were almost burned out, but their flickering shadows still moved against the drapery. And in front of the table, her hands clasped rigidly on its edge behind her, her eyes wide with hope, her lips slightly parted, stood Ena.

Miles could not speak, and it was not until her voice broke through the roaring in his ears that he could move. "Jonathan," she breathed, "aren't you glad to see me?"

Then he was crossing the room and, like branches in a flood, they were swept together. Trembling, they spoke in short broken sentences.

"You're here. You're here," he said over and over.

"I came as soon—as I knew."

"How did you know? Where are you living? Ena, tell me everything."

"Later. Later. Please, darling. For a little—let's not talk."

Then he held her away from him, his eyes drinking her in. "You look wonderful, darling. Wonderful. Your color . . . you've been out in the sun. Lots. You're more beautiful than you ever were . . . I brought the goddess."

"Yes. It was the first thing I saw when the boy let me in."

"How did you know . . .?"

"Our old friend Fong. You see, I trusted him. When I left I asked him, if you ever came back, to get me word. One of his sons came and told me."

The questions that filled him poured out. Where had she been? Why had she dropped out of everything? She had not answered the letters he had written. Why? She must tell him. "Oh, Ena, Ena . . ."

"Later, darling. Later."

"Yes. Yes. We have all the time there is. It's all past now." He drew her to him and kissed her eyes, the soft warm hollow at the base of her neck, her full red mouth. Unable to speak, they clung together. Then gently he lifted her and carried her toward his room . . .

In the night he wakened, and at once he knew she was awake. He pressed his lips against her forehead, but he did not speak.

"Jonathan?" she said softly.

"Yes, dear."

"I've been wondering. Does—does your——" She did not go on.

"Does Roberta know? Yes. I told her everything. She was superb; she wanted me to come back. She knew as well as I that I had to. She understands."

"And Carol?"

"Carol wanted to come with me. She's nine, has blond pigtails and freckles. I wish you could see her. I love her, Ena."

"Of course you do." She raised her head slightly from his arm and looked at the clock beside his bed. "It's very late," she whispered.

"Yes. But don't think about the time, Ena. Time means nothing to us."

Presently, they slept again.

Shortly before dawn Miles wakened suddenly, his whole body quivering. His incisive mind told him what had happened before his eyes did. He closed his eyes in a vain, desperate effort to ward off the incredible truth. He opened them and lay numb.

He was alone.

Rising, he found a dressing gown and blindly went into the sitting room. In the pale blue light his eyes picked out the statuette, flanked by the remains of dead candles. Gradually, he became aware of the roses, a few delicate deep pink buds and one or two full blooms lay in front of the figure. They were not the heavy hothouse flowers from the hotel florist but instead the homelier kind one finds in gardens all over the world; he recognized them as some of Sita's. How in character this choice was! Then he saw that the roses were wet. He bent his head and studied the drops on the flowers and on the glass tabletop, and he knew he was looking at Ena's tears.

Somehow, out of long practice, he managed to shave and shower, but he was only dimly aware of it. While he was tying his tie, Ching brought coffee. It occurred to Miles that Ching, on his pallet near the elevator, would have seen her go, but he did not question him.

When the door to Mr. Fong's shop opened, Miles was waiting on the pavement with the patience of an Oriental. Again he went upstairs and this time found Mr. Fong emptying his rice bowl.

Miles would not sit down but handed Mr. Fong the statuette. "Someday," he said, "you will see her again. I never shall. Please give her this. It is a present from me."

Mr. Fong took the figure and bowed. "Yes, Col-o-nel. I do for you. I understand." He would accept nothing. "No, Col-o-nel. Please, I do for you."

When Miles turned down the corridor toward his room he found Ching and the Number One day boy in a violent argument outside his door. But it was Ching who handed him the envelope. Miles went inside, closing the door on both of them. He flung himself into a chair and looked at the envelope. It was Shanghai Club stationery. He read:

My dear Jonathan,

Writing you now is the most difficult task I have ever attempted. But I am trusting to the good judgment I know you possess to forgive me for the gross imper-

tinence of this letter, and for what I am doing in your behalf, in Ena's and in my own.

You see, I know all about last night because Ena has just told me. She was going to write, but I have offered to do so—partly to spare her—because I love her. She is at this moment sitting across the desk from me, staring at some roses in her hand that she tells me were on your table last night. Her face is sweet and grave.

As you know, when you first arrived back in Shanghai, I did not want you to see her. I was, in fact, determined you should not—because I was afraid I would lose her. Now that it is over, I know it was better you did. You see, you were the dream she carried in her heart, the dream she clung to and at the same time was afraid to believe. Only by seeing you again could she know either that she still loved you or that the dream had ended. It is you who have given her the release of mind she needed.

"What I told you about her before was true, so far as I could go. I did not tell you all. Now I can.

A fortnight after I met her on Canton Road that day I spoke about, I found her ill in a Chinese hotel. She was alone, and she had completely exhausted the proceeds realized from selling some little work of art, the last of any value she possessed. (And how right you were in surmising where she had been that day I met her. I wonder why.) She was desperate; she had nothing in the world but a few clothes. Although at first she refused to go, I finally took her to my little place in the country. She could not, she said over and over again accept charity. But I made her go. There was an amah who looked after her; she had good plain food, rest. I begged her not to worry, and after a time she began to mend. No one knew where she was, and she saw no one but me.

I cycled out for week ends, and she used to sit in a rattan chair with a book (she has nine languages) in the sun by the laurel hedges, while I dabbled with my water colors. Sometimes we did not speak for hours on end. Now and then I found myself covertly watching the light on her face. I tried very hard to realize how difficult all this change must be for her and let me tell you Ena has more courage than anyone I ever knew.

As she improved, we began to take walks about the countryside, along the paths that border the rice paddies. One day that first autumn, as we were following the canal, she spoke of you. She told me she was in love with you and would always be. Nothing, she said, could change that. But she also said she never expected to see you again and did not even want to. I accepted all this, since I looked upon her recovery as a fond, personal project that I had to see through.

Finally, that winter, when she was well again (and I wish you knew what pleasure it gave me to see her warm rich color come back) we became lovers.

This happened quite simply and quite naturally. To be sure, we both still knew how she felt about you, but we never spoke of it. Later, in the spring, just as the laurel was blooming again, I asked her to marry me, but she refused. Sometimes I felt she longed for the old life, but she was as happy, she explained, as she could ever be. I accepted that, and she stayed on hidden at my little yamen, and we kept our secret. When I infrequently had guests, she simply kept to her room, and the distance and general lack of transportation kept casual callers away.

I can accept all this because I have developed a philosophy of life based on the belief that we must take our happiness when we find it. Perhaps my long years in the East, and my constant exposure to the Chinese mores of not questioning the inevitable, make this possible. In any case, when Ena left your rooms, she came here to my office and waited for me to arrive. Until she told me, I did not know she had seen you. If it could have ended any other way, she would have remained with you. In time you will come to know this too.

In a few moments we are going back to the country and, as soon as I can get the papers, the Dean at the English Cathedral is going to marry us. I feel that soon Ena will want to see her friends again. Because she and I both belong to this hard, alien city (which neither of us could ever leave now), and because I love her, I feel I can promise you that she will be happy.

There is one thing more. On the night that you arrived (was it really only night before last?), while you were telephoning Sita from the club, I took the crass liberty of reserving for you accommodations back to America on the same ship that you used coming out. As you know, she sails today. We shall not see you off, which, I am sure, is your wish. But please realize that you go back to that wonderful woman who is your wife with both Ena's love and mine.

Faithfully yours,
Eric

As Miles folded the letter and put it into his pocket, Ching came to the bedroom door; he held some of Miles's shirts in his hand. Miles was looking at the table where the goddess had been. He had not touched the roses, but he saw now that the tears were gone. "Ching," he said quietly, "start packing my things."

"Is almost finish, Master," Ching said.

"And when you have finished, put these roses on top of everything else in the smaller bag.

"Yes, Master," Ching said softly. And then he added, "Please, is more better."

THE END

A Day in the Life of a Jockey *(Continued from page 42)*

weather," the voice on the radio said. "The forecast is for some cloudiness and fog this morning, clearing about ten o'clock. This afternoon will be clear and warmer, cooler this evening. Now——"

He shut off the radio and finished the coffee and rinsed the cup. The gray light was all through the house now, and when he opened the closet door it shone back off the boots lined up on the floor. He pulled out a pair, the hard softness of the good leather rich in his hands, and he got into the boots and, reaching up, he took down a gray tweed cap, and he put it on his head, the peak up in front.

The new gray Cadillac was in the driveway. He got in behind the wheel and pushed a button, and the window on that side rolled down. You don't drive a Cadillac working a furnace in the Corning glass works. That's where he was when the order came for the Palomar lense. The lense was to be so big that when they started ripping out the furnaces to gain space there was no room even for Ted Atkinson, although he was the smallest guy in the shop. Somebody said he should be a jockey, which is the way all jockeys start . . . Now Ted Atkinson is driving a Cadillac.

When he turned from the quiet street onto Union Turnpike he could see the water hole two blocks ahead. The Queens sewer system is a bad joke around New York, but it lets him know what the track will be like. When he got closer to the water hole he could see that the rain of the night before had filled it almost across the road on both sides, almost up to the island in the middle. He knew that the track would be bad, muddy, with the water standing in the hoof marks. The water hole has never let him down yet.

He started the windshield wiper because the mist of the early morning had formed on the glass. He drove for about seven minutes and then through the back gate into Belmont Park. Here in the gray greenness there was life—exercise boys, grooms, others walking along the roads and the paths.

"There's Ted!"

He heard it through the open window of the car as he drove past. He had never heard this when he drove the old car. This was something he had earned when he earned the Cadillac.

He drove to Barn 22 and parked the car by the fence. He got out and walked to the barn, sliding the green door open, stepping through the opening and sliding the door closed behind his back.

"Morning, Howard . . . Morning, Roger."

"Morning, Ted."

It is good working on contract for a stable like Greentree. You work a couple of their best horses in the morning, and you ride for them when they have something going in the afternoon. When they haven't you are free to take other mounts, and it will be even better when their Devil Diver two-year-olds start coming up. It is nice right now—the clean look of the place; the tack boxes in the pink and black stable colors; the help, spading and raking the walking turf under the shed, with the rub rags swinging from their left hind pockets; the pails and the brooms and the clean smell of the hay and the horses.

"Morning, Ted."

"Morning, Mr. Lilley."

He checked the overnight sheet tacked up outside the tackroom. What horses he had in the day's races were still marked and, when he turned, the first set of gallopers was going out. He walked out of the barn and across the open and into the boiler room, where he picked up a morning tabloid. He sat down and, half listening to the talk coming out of the door to the blacksmith's shop, he went through the paper until he heard a siren in the distance, and he knew it was seven o'clock.

"The boss come in yet?" he said.

They were sitting there, a couple of exercise boys in washed blue dungarees and T-shirts and polished boots. They had been waiting for him to say something because, although he is only a little over five feet two, he is a stable rider, and that makes him the big guy. They try to walk like him, and someday they hope to ride like him. That's as big as you can get.

"I think so," one of them said. "I think he come in a few minutes ago."

Ted stood up then, and they watched him walk back to the barn. They saw John Gaver, the Greentree trainer, standing there in an old fedora and a brown jacket and gray slacks and rubbers, talking with Marshall Lilley. They watched Atkinson walk up to them and stand talking for a few minutes, and then they saw the three of them walk out, following the second set, to take a look at the training track.

The track was the way the water hole said it would be. The whole surface was pock-marked with hoofprints, and the water stood gray in them; when the horses went by, the mud flew and their hoofs made a flat, wet sound that, even if you couldn't see, would have told you the condition of the track.

When they got back to the barn, four of the boys were walking hots from the first set. The grooms had sponged off Witch Hunt and Coincidence and were rubbing them. Ted could smell the pine tar in the body brace, and he could see the sun was starting to turn gold and that it was a little higher.

"Put the saddle on her," he heard Gaver say.

"Bob," Lilley said, calling down the barn, "saddle your filly up."

"Who do I get on?" Ted said.

"That filly up there," Lilley said. "First Rose or Last Rose."

"First Rose."

"We'll go down to the main track with her," Gaver said. "Pull her up at the half-mile pole. Let her go at the three-eighths pole. Break her off sharp and let her go three-eighths against the bit. We've got to blow her out good."

"All right, sir," Ted said. "I'll snug her right along."

"Don't snug her up too slow."

My Luckiest Day

by JOAN FONTAINE

The high spot that made my luckiest day came during an evening dinner party.

At the time I had made nineteen pictures, some good, some bad, during a career that certainly had had its share of low spots. I was in the doldrums when I was invited to a dinner party at Pickfair. I accepted, aware that a dinner gown and a sparkling place to go snaps me out of the depths faster than most anything.

After the usual preliminaries, the guests began to find their places at the table. I was seated next to David O. Selznick. He smiled and I thought: I'll say something quickly so he can't ask me where I'm working or what I'm doing. So I blurted out, "I have just finished reading the most interesting book."

"What was the name of it?"

" 'Rebecca,' " I said.

"You finished reading it today? I finished buying it today," said Mr. Selznick. Then he looked at me over the rim of his bouillon cup and said, "How would you like to test for it?"

I thought: If he's not kidding, this is too wonderful! If he is, he's carrying dinner pleasantries too far.

He wasn't kidding. I did test for it—nine times. And between my tests, eight other girls were tested. I was in such a state of suspense that it was days later before I could believe it when Mr. S. said Rebecca was mine.

How lucky that I picked a book, rather than the weather, to open that conversation!

"No, sir."

"Whatever you do, don't pull her up too sharp."

"I'd like to trade this stick for another."

"Where's the stick Ted uses?"

One of the boys came out of the tack room and handed Ted the whip. He slapped it once against his right boot, and he liked the feel of it and the sound it made. He designed it that way, the rawhide feathering halfway down the shank so it won't cut, and the plopper on the end so the horse will hear it. It must be good or so many other riders wouldn't use it.

"Pull up at the half-mile and the three-eighths." he heard Gaver say again.

It was all right upon the filly. He moved along behind Mike Zullo on the lead pony, the rest of the set strung out behind. They talked about nothing, moving past the other barns, watching the activity, and the easy motion made a pleasant way to really wake up. When they got to the main track it was better than the training track because, with the raking, it had dried out a little. He worked her the way Gaver said. This gave him pleasure—to be able to do with her what you're told.

He eased her off, and the set joined up again; they rode off the track, through the opening in the hedge and under the maples and out onto the road. When they passed the kitchen the smell of food came out, but it did not bother him. When it starts bothering you, then your weight is always on your mind, and it is no longer any fun being a jock.

"She did all right," he said, when he saw Gaver. "She did all she was asked to do. She doesn't care if it's fast or slow."

Gaver had clocked him from the stands. Now he stood in the warm, still air of the shed watching Atkinson swing off the filly, loosen the saddle girth and swing the tack off her and over onto the rack.

"You say she did all right?"

"Oh, yes. I had a nice hold of her. You'd have to call it breezing."

There were specks of mud on Ted's face and sweater and pants, and the shine had worn off the inside of his boots, and there was mud up the fronts. Thinking about the filly, he knew this didn't make her a mudder. You have to turn her loose in a race to find out, but at least this would indicate that she could do it.

"She never wobbled?" Gaver asked.

"Not a bit."

"She might be all right if the track never gets much worse."

"She broke off without skittering."

Gaver said nothing. Atkinson found a rub rag and rubbed off his boots.

He excused himself and went to the car and drove over to the administration building. He went into the scale room to check on a switch in the second race. George Hyland, the clerk of scales, was sitting there with Bill Murphy, his assistant, working over the entries. They told him Joe Renick was back and would ride Alonary.

"How about Lanky?" Hyland said. "You don't mind riding her?"

"No," Atkinson said, looking at the sheet in front of Hyland. "That's all right."

Usually it is a jockey's agent who makes his riding engagements for him, but in a last-minute switch like this Hyland can do it. Atkinson wanted to find his agent, Nick Huff, and wanted to get back to the barn.

Billy Post, the trainer, saw him and stopped him. He wanted him to ride Red Shoes at Delaware on Saturday. Ted said he might be able to do it. They walked to the car together.

"That's a twenty-five-thousand-dollar race, you know," Post said. That was his selling point because if a rider wins a stake he gets ten percent.

"I know," Ted said.

He got in the car and drove back to the stable area.

Back at the barn they put him up to gallop a colt named Wine List. There were nothing but gallopers in the set, and it was easy. When he came back, he was through for the morning. He told Gaver he would see him in the paddock later, and he drove home.

His boy, John, who is three years old, and his daughter, Cathy, who is six, were playing in the back yard. He fooled with them for a couple of minutes, and then he went in and washed and shaved and changed into a pair of slacks and a sports jacket. When he came into the kitchen it was ten thirty, and his wife had a couple of eggs going on the stove, and the table was set.

"I want to check the papers," he said, and he went for the door.

"You always do that," she said, but she was being nice about it. "You wait until breakfast is cooked, and then you find out you have a light mount, and then you can't eat."

This is, of course, just one of your minor troubles if you are a jockey's wife. Your big worry is something else. If you have ever stood by the rail and seen them crowding for the first turn, the horses slamming and the jocks hollering, you know that while the bettor may have two bucks going, the jock has

everything going, meaning his life.

"It's all right," he said, when he came back. "I make one hundred and eight in the second, and I can do that."

He had a glass of orange juice and two eggs done on one side, two pieces of toast and a cup of coffee.

When he finished he got up and went downstairs into his den. There must be a million dollars' worth of horses on the cypress paneling of the walls—stake winners he has ridden—and as many more in the house in Florida. He sat down at the desk.

He had his own books with him and a copy of the Morning Telegraph. When you ride this way, you put in your books everything you remember about every horse you ride. You put it in the day after you ride, when it is still real, and the day you are going to ride the horse again it is all there, and your mind works with it.

He would ride Starshot in the first race, and he had ridden her her last time out. She had stopped badly after running a mile on a sloppy track. It would be sloppy again today, but the distance would be only five furlongs.

He would ride Lanky in the second, and he could remember her last race. He had been sewed up on the inside and, when he got up, she wouldn't make up the distance. In the paper it says "slow start," but that's not right.

In the sixth, the feature, Blue Border would probably be scratched, and Gaver would put him on Up Beat. She stumbled out of the gate the last time, and a lot would depend this time on what happened in the gate.

He would ride Coincidence for Greentree in the seventh, and he might make it. He had won on him his last out, although not as easily as it says in the paper. Every time they see daylight showing, they think it's a walk.

In the eighth he would ride Waymark, and he could remember her last time out. She had lugged in with him. At seven furlongs today she might do better than at six, and she'd run a little cheaper off her last loss. There wouldn't seem to be much speed among the other horses, and she might do it.

When he left the house it was eleven-fifty, and the sun was high and the dampness was gone out of the air. When he drove by the water hole he could see that it had gone back about halfway, and he knew that the track would still be slow, at least for the first five or six races.

Near the track he started to pick up the traffic going the same way. A cop saluted him; a guy selling tout cards waved to him. Inside the gate a Pinkerton waved him on and called to him, and in the parking area he backed into space thirty-six, which is his space.

Walking into the scale room, he went up to the desk where Hyland was sitting. He checked the scale sheet, and he saw his mount had been scratched in the fourth, as he had presumed.

"My weights are all right," he said to Hyland, meaning he could make the weights assigned to all of his horses of the day.

"You know you got that horse up

there," Hyland said, pointing to Lanky.

"I know."

He hurried upstairs to the jockey room. Frenchy Hawley, his valet, was over by the window, stripped to the waist and wearing a canvas apron; he was shining the boots in which Atkinson would ride. He said hello to Frenchy and handed him his wallet to lock in the trunk. He took off his jacket and hung it in the locker; another valet called him.

"Hyland wants you. He wants to put you on a horse in the fourth."

Downstairs Hyland pointed to Easy Out, listed in the fourth on the scale sheet.

"All right," Atkinson said. "Sure."

"Dodson reported sick," Hyland said, speaking of the other jockey. "He asked if you——"

"Sure."

Upstairs again, French helped him undress. When he had stripped, he climbed into white nylon jockey pants. He sat down on the bench and pulled on rubberized surgical stockings and, over them, white cotton stockings. Frenchy held his boots, and he slid his feet into them. Then he stood up, and Frenchy took out the cerise silks with white diamonds, cerise sleeves of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, and held them out.

Ted put his arms into them, pulled the rich fabric around him. He buttoned them from the bottom up, put on the white crocheted neckpiece his mother-in-law had made for him, buttoned the shirt over it. He tucked the silks into the top of his pants. He put his goggles over the white cap, and retied the bow. He put rubber bands around the wrists of the silks and, picking the cap up again, he put it on. He stood very clean and neat in front of his locker, hunting for a cigarette. Then they called him to go down and see the movies of the last race of the previous Saturday.

It had been one of those races that, if you are going to go on riding, you don't like to think about. He had won on a horse named Cable. Tex Jasperson's horse, Bam, had come in on him after the start, and that was what he would prefer to forget.

"Jasperson has no mounts today," somebody said.

The rest of the jockeys who had ridden that race were sitting, in their silks, in the half-darkened room. There was a small movie screen set up and a projector on a desk pointing at it. Marshall Cassidy, the Jockey Club steward, came in and looked around until he saw Atkinson.

"Were you bothered twice in that last race?" Cassidy said.

"Well, sir," Ted said, thinking, "it might have helped my horse. When they got through with him he wasn't so rank."

"Would you have filed a claim if you got beat?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all we want to know."

Cassidy told the operator to show the movie. They ran it off in slow motion, and Ted could see it as clearly as he could remember it. He could see the other horse coming in, and his own missing stride at the impact. He could see himself climbing all over him, grabbing for a hold to keep from going down. Then he got a hold, and the camera followed them around, and he could see how he was carried wide on the turn, and how he still won it.

"That's what we wanted to see," he heard Cassidy say.

When Atkinson got out of the room, he saw the other jocks in the scaleroom weighing out for the first race. A valet named George Smith had drawn his number for this one and was waiting. He got on the line moving toward the scale. When he stepped up the valet handed him a tack. "Atkinson," the valet said. "Number four."

"Thirteen," Hyland said.

He stepped off the scale and handed the tack back. He went to the number rack and took off the four and put it on his right arm; his mind was working while he hooked the number under the shoulder flap. That one hundred and thirteen, with the seven-pound saddle, made him one hundred and six. That's a little heavy, but not for a Monday.

Outside, standing in the sun, he saw Wayne Huff, and they talked about that eighth race on Saturday until they called jockeys.

He walked to the paddock. The crowd, hanging over the iron fence and banked in three rows behind it, was watching him and the other jockeys and the horses and looking at the programs.

He walked along the row of stalls until he came to the fourth.

It is always quiet in the paddock. People talk in whispers, like they do in church. Vanderbilt was standing there, looking at the filly, but when Atkinson came along he turned, and they shook hands. They were talking about Citation when the bell sounded, tired and far off, and the horses started out.

They walked out after the last horse. The crowd lined the path to the walking ring, and Ted could hear them whispering his name as he walked by. Inside the ring they walked across the grass in the shade under the maples until they were opposite the filly, and they stood there quietly, not saying anything, watching her, until they heard riders up.

"Go get the money, Theodore," Vanderbilt said.

Atkinson was walking toward Starshot, and he did not hear that.

Vanderbilt turned to a friend standing with him. "What other instructions does he need?" he said. "He knows more about it than I do."

He got the money all right. It was a big field—fourteen—but it was only five furlongs down the chute where you have some room. Atkinson was second choice, under Arcaro on Dear Boots, but he got off first and held it to the quarter. Even when Charley LeBlanc's horse, Owlet, took a length on him, he was still no worse than second, and he lay into the filly and won it by a length and a half.

The filly had more than he had thought she had, and that always makes you feel good. When he stood up and

eased her off, he was conscious of the cheering in the stands. All the way back he could hear the cheering move with him. Booing, he knew, moves the same way, and you never forget that. He could hear the raucous shouts from in front of the grandstand change into the applause when he passed the clubhouse and into the polite patter from the Turf and Field Club. For the most part, though, it rolled off him, for that is the way it is when you have ridden close to eighteen hundred winners since the first one on May 18, 1938, the big one, and when you remember that the booing lives long after the cheering is dead.

When he had ridden back to the enclosure he waited on the filly, waving his stick until he got the wave back. He tossed the stick to the valet and swung off. Bending over he loosened the saddle girth and slid the saddle and pad and cloth off and walked to the scale. He stepped up, holding the tack.

"Atkinson," the valet said.

"Thirteen-check," Hyland said quickly.

He stepped off, handing the tack to the valet. He started for the jockey house, and he saw Vanderbilt coming toward him. "Nice going, Theodore," Vanderbuilt said, smiling.

"Say," he said, smiling back, "she's a glutton for punishment, isn't she?"

"You broke good."

"Yes. When she started to lag I really tore into her. I really thought I was beat until I dug in."

"That's all right," Vanderbilt said.

Atkinson hurried into the jockey house, specks of mud on his face and on the silks, and the white of his pants mud brown on the inside at the knee joints. He stood at the foot of the stairs, getting out of the silks, leaving them over the railing with the cap for Terry Farley. He hurried upstairs to his locker.

"Did we win it?" Frenchy said.

"Yeah. We got one, Frank."

Frenchy took a pencil and made a red mark around Starshot on the list of their mounts for the day, which he had tacked on the wall. While he was doing this Atkinson was rinsing his mouth with water Frenchy had placed on the bench. Then he bent over a pail and, taking a sponge from the water in the pail, he washed his face. While he dried it, Frenchy wiped his boots, and then he started to get into the next set of silks—royal blue, with orange sash, sleeves and cap—to ride Winfield Stable's Lanky in the second. This was the filly Hyland had put him on that morning.

When he was dressed again he hurried down to weigh out. Standing in line, moving toward the scale he could figure it out. Winning the first race had squared him for the day, but that was not enough. For a lot of jocks this would have been enough, but this one was the leading rider in the country in 1944 and 1946, and that made it tough.

It is like anything else. If you lead the office in sales in September, it figures that October will be tough. Always, every other month, you will judge yourself off your peak of perfection, and it is the same with a jock. All you have to do is average a winner a day to lead the nation in winners. Now he had his winner for the day, but he was still eight behind for the meeting.

When he got on the scale he was three-quarters of a pound over. This annoyed him, because everyone knows he can make 108. He hurried upstairs again and took off his T-shirt, still heavy with perspiration from the first race. He got back into his silks, hurried downstairs buttoning them. He made one hundred and eight, but he couldn't win with Lanky in the race.

Arcaro had the favorite and was a cinch. Lanky figured no better than fourth and, although he got her out of the gate first, that's where she finished. P. A. Tomburo, who trains for Winfield, was nice enough about it. He saw Atkinson standing there with the mud on him when he got back.

"I'm sorry, Ted," he said. "I'm sorry you had to take all that mud."

"That's all right," Atkinson said. "I'm sorry I couldn't get her up there, but she went as far as she could."

"I guess she tired."

"Yes. She was distressed. I couldn't have got any more out of her."

"We'll give her a long rest," Tamburo said, "and I'm sorry about it."

The third race was the steeplechase, so the flat riders had a little time. Atkinson hurried around until he found a Morning Telegraph, and he looked up Easy Out, the filly Hyland had put him on in the fourth. She had run only once before and won it, and he could see she had been fast out of the gate, but it was not to be like that in the race.

She cut herself, probably coming out, because they found a two-inch gash on her foreleg when he brought her back. They had made her favorite, so they booed him, and, while their cheers had not moved him after the first race, he resented this.

He had no mount in the fifth, so he lay on his back on the bench in front of his locker thinking about it. Out of one hundred and eighteen mounts at the meeting he had seventeen winners. He was second leading rider, and he was hollering about it.

"Who got it?" he said ,sitting up.

They were coming back from the fifth, Arcaro smiling but swearing at the same time. He had won it on Energetic.

"Eddie, you never rode so many winners as this year."

"I never rode such stock as this year," Arcaro said.

There are no secrets among the jocks. They know that, in most instances, the horse makes the rider, and that was why Ted couldn't figure to win the stake coming up next. Gaver had scratched Blue Border and shifted him to Up Beat. The colt is a nervous one, and so they led him out first, about five minutes before the rest.

Walking up the chute alone with the lead pony, he was all right. Atkinson talked to him and calmed him, because what he did in the race would depend on this. He patted his neck and stroked him and when the others came up and they started leading them into the stalls, he was still all right.

They led Up Beat into the gate last,

with a man climbing up on the frame and holding his head. By now, though, the others were nervous, waiting for him, and the colt caught it from them. The other jocks were shouting, and suddenly Up Beat reared.

Ted had been ready for it, and he tried to use all his strength, but it was no use. He felt himself going back and he grabbed, not the horse, but the sides of the stall. Before the colt could come back on him he was clear, sitting on the stall, the horse still rearing, the man grabbing for his head.

"You all right, Ted?" he heard George Cassidy calling from the starter's stand.

"Sure," he said.

Do they want you to quit riding just because you almost got hurt? He slid back on the colt, easing his weight, and right then Cassidy got them off, the bell clanging and the doors slamming open. He got out second, but the colt had worked his race in the gate and finished dead last.

"He raised hell out there," Gaver said.

"He was raw," Atkinson said.

"He doesn't run when you have trouble like that."

"He tried to do a back flip."

"I can't understand it."

Coincidence was the favorite in the seventh, and it was just the opposite. This was Ted's chance to get that second winner, to pick up a day, if they could keep the horse awake. Cassidy put a man on him, to yank his head, and Atkinson kept kicking the horse in the belly, but they could not shake him out of it.

When the bell went off, he was out fourth in the five-horse field. He was fourth at the quarter, but he could feel the horse waking up. He passed Nick Combest and at the half was picking up Warren Mehrtens. He passed Mehrtens and took a line on Hedley Woodhouse on Shivaree. Coincidence was running, but Ted saw Woodhouse start to lay it on, moving away, and he was lucky to hold off Mehrtens' horse for second by a head.

Now he got it. His presence had drawn a lot of money to Coincidence, but that is the price you pay for your competence. Now they were giving it to him, the boos and the catcalls and when, coming back past the odds board, he turned to look at the time the race had been run in he heard it: "Why are you looking at the board, Atkinson? You know you got beat."

He turned his head a little as he went by and saw a fat guy, a white sports shirt flopping loose over his waist.

"Yah, yah, ya bum!" the guy next to the fat guy was hollering. "Why don't you go back to Canada, ya ——!"

Atkinson didn't want to fight the two of them. When you have always been small that impulse doesn't grow any more than you do. He would have liked to tell them off, to hurt them somehow as they hurt him. In front of everybody he would have liked to bring them down to his size by exposing their ignorance.

Still they stayed with him. When he didn't have time between the seventh and the eighth race to finish a cigarette, he had time to think of them. After the last race, although he got beat on Waymark, he took his shower, and then he felt a little better. Driving home in the good car, the cops waving to him, he knew it was foolish to let them bother him. Nobody figures to win more than one a day. He had the car, and they looked like they couldn't afford a secondhand bike. Yet when he got home they had followed him.

"Well?" his wife said smiling.

"I got beat on three favorites."

"You always say that"

"No. Only when I get beat on three favorites."

During dinner he ate what he wanted, which you can do when you keep in shape with work. He had fruit cup and two helpings of cold sliced lamb and string beans and cheesed potatoes. He had salad and strawberry shortcake with whipped cream and two cans of beer. He enjoyed watching the kids eating, their eyes fixed on the television screen and, for the moment, the booing became less.

After dinner he went into the living room to read the evening papers. His wife and her mother did the dishes and then, out in front, he heard the voices of the kids playing with some other kids, and then his wife straightening them out about Johnny, who was getting over whooping cough.

"Tommy," he heard her say, "have you had the whooping cough?"

"Well," he heard a small voice say, "I think I did."

"No, you didn't," he heard another small voice say.

"Never mind," he heard his wife say. "I think Tommy had better go home and play anyway."

She did better than that. She took Johnny and Cathy for a walk and left him, when he had finished with the papers, alone again with the fat guy in the white shirt hanging loose and the guy who had called him a ——.

What about Up Beat trying to sit on him in the gate? His left leg burned right now, like somebody had sandpapered it, but do they know that? What about Easy Out cutting herself? How much blood do they think they can buy with a two-buck bet? What about Coincidence almost falling asleep in the gate? Take Waymark. When they say a horse can't lose and tell you to be comfortable, look out. Fourteen horses in the gate. Wayne Wright hollering for a man and Rupe Donoso excited, like he rides, hollering, "No chance, sir! No chance, sir!" What do they want you to do in a fourteen-horse field? Knock over a couple of others?

When the kids came back he forgot it for a while. He played with them, and they went to bed. When he himself felt tired, he did not resent it—only that he should always be tired as early as ten o'clock. That is the way you earn your living—a good living—six days a week over ten months, tired and remembering the fat guy in the white shirt, and then getting to the clock again at five minutes to six the next morning, before it gets to you and starts hitting you about the head.

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations *(Continued from page 12)*

one line of the other complex characters to glorify his own part.

Basil Sidney, himself once a distinguished Hamlet, is superb as the wicked King Claudius. Larry insisted upon the beautiful, youthful Eileen Herlie as the Queen-Mother, saying she must have sufficient sensuous appeal to justify the king's dire deeds in order to possess her. Miss Herlie completely fulfills Olivier's faith in her.

I'm sure Hollywood will start beckoning handsome young Terence Morgan, who charmingly plays the noble Laertes, and Norman Woodland, who as Horatio, Hamlet's friend, gives a flawless reading of the final eulogy of the dead prince. In fact the only performance I found slightly disappointing was Jean Simmons as Ophelia. Perhaps you won't agree with me, but I felt she was a little naive and sweet to hold even the glancing affection of as turbulent a firebrand as Larry makes this Hamlet.

After all the expressionless, emotionless underplaying to which we have become accustomed, it is exhilarating to find performers who can give full range to their voices without ever once sounding affected or stilted. And, as a contrast to the repressions of censorship, it is good, too, to experience wild emotion, fierce passions, to witness murder, revenge, nobility and sacrifice —all couched in the glory of Shakespeare's language.

There is not one inferior touch in this entire production. The music is masterly, the lighting compelling, the sets at once accurate and eye-holding. It is a glorious thought to realize that this "Hamlet" can be seen fifty or a hundred years from now in all its dark majesty.

As I write this, there is bad blood between the British and American film industries. No production could more clearly demonstrate than does this "Hamlet" that this quarrel must be settled. Here is proof of the great heritage of our common language and proof that films are the great medium to keep it forever imperishable. Personally I hope that Laurence Olivier will go on and film all the Shakespeare classics for the ages. Naturally, I give "Hamlet" the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best production of the month.

I wouldn't, naturally, want to mention any names. But one of Hollywood's most alert producers, whose initials are S. G. and who, a little more than a year ago, got an Oscar for a particularly fine picture, has lately been belaboring his writers "to come up with some new cliches."

I don't know how his writers responded, but I'll come up with a new cliche and say that there has never been more of a shift from the sublime to the richly ridiculous than there is in my jumping from Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" to William Powell's "Mr. Peabody" in "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid."

A blithe and highly original novel by Guy and Constance Jones, which gaily made its debut as a Cosmopolitan serial, it has been glitteringly film-produced by Nunnally Johnson, who always shunned conventional box-office values. And if you are among the increasing multitudes who are so bored by those conventional box-office values that you are now staying home and watching television, I'm telling you there isn't one stock situation in this ludicrous and tender yarn about a fifty-year-old, very married Bostonian who catches a young mermaid by the tail.

That's what I said—ludicrous and tender. I can also say romantic and ribald. Or hilarious and touching. Or sweet and impudent. "Mr. Peabody," as portrayed by William Powell, and the mermaid, as embodied—and how—by Ann Blyth, really send you these contrasting moods.

Have you ever thought what you would do with a mermaid, particularly if you were a most respectable gentleman who didn't like the thought of being fifty and too well understood by your wife?

I simply don't believe any other star could carry off the broad comedy and delicate amorousness of this wonderfully silly situation more expertly than William Powell does.

Go watch him as he tries to hide Ann in his wife's bathtub—and then recoils as she douses herself with his wife's French perfume. Watch his indulgent suffering when, ensconsed in the garden pool, Ann gobbles up all his expensive tropical fish and spurns canned salmon. There's a riotous scene where he tries to explain to his little watery pet about bras, and why she must wear one; and your heart—as well as your risibilities—will really be touched, when Bill teaches Ann about kissing. She likes that lesson so much she does it again and again—like the fabled lady from Spain—with Bill on the delirious receiving end.

Yes, it's a lovely, ludicrous thing, this "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," and for fun and fresh frolic you shouldn't miss it. I must give a bow to Irving Pichel for his smooth direction, to Irene Hervey for her forthright wife. And I definitely waft a kiss to luscious Ann Blyth for this provocative nature girl. Considered in view of her snippy daughter in "Mildred Pierce" and her young hellion in "Another Part of the Forest," this "mermaid" stamps her as one of our most accomplished young actresses.

Of course, any month that contains a picture like "Hamlet" is one in which ordinary standards are distorted. You can no more compare "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" to such a production than you can compare a five-and-ten-cent store to the Taj Mahal, but judged by average film values, "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" is as delightful a comedy as you can hope to see. And in this pleasant category (I'm putting Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" performance in a class by itself), I

give William Powell the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best male stellar performance of the month.

When a picture is advertised as having "an all-star cast," it usually means it is played by a bunch of nobodies. Either that, or it gets overpowered, like "Duel in the Sun," with everybody trying to out-perform everybody else so that you don't know what's going on.

"The Walls of Jericho" honestly has an all-star cast, played with such fidelity in even its smallest characterizations that virtually a whole small town comes alive before your eyes. Its four top stars are Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde, Anne Baxter and Kirk Douglas, but even in its small roles you will find such accomplished personalities as Ann Dvorak, Marjorie Rambeau, Henry Hull and beautiful young Colleen Townsend, all acting at the very top of their form, under the careful direction of that old master, John Stahl.

So, don't let it discourage you if the first few reels of "The Walls of Jericho" seem to have more plot than the unabridged works of Charles Dickens. Like a good novel, the film takes time to establish its characters—but once it gets you where you know them, watch your heart.

I don't cry easily, but I cried watching this picture. And they were those good tears of exaltation, of seeing a really strong and—yes—noble woman stand up under scandal and pressure. If you ask me, we have had too many wicked women on screen lately. Actresses like these characterizations for the romp they give them. Audiences, as attested in the case of Bette Davis, respond to them. But because we've almost come to the point where any feminine lead these days has to be pale of face and black of deed, I found it very moving to rediscover the potency of feminine strength of character.

Anne Baxter plays this idealist—and, of course, you know I'm leading up to giving her the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best feminine stellar performance of the month. I do this fully aware that only a couple of months back I gave her our Citation for the best supporting performance in "Homecoming." That piece of work was kindergarten stuff compared to this one. Lately Anne has been dieting, taking off seventeen pounds. It seems not only to have given her new beauty but new assurance and authority. As a girl who devastatingly loves a married man (Cornel Wilde), Anne etches a portrait of strength and heartbreak that will leave you shaken with emotion and excitement. I repeat that the entire cast is excellent, but Miss Baxter dominates with the luminous purity of her art.

Early this spring, when Babe Ruth was in Hollywood, establishing plans for The Babe Ruth Foundation. I took him over to Twentieth Century-Fox where I was going to call on Dan Dailey. What happened was a revelation.

I've loved Babe for years, and boasted a thousand times about our friendship. But how did I know that a whole studio would stop work at sight of him, or that a star like Betty Grable, who was little more than born in the days of Babe's greatest acclaim, would stand by, too shy to ask him for an autograph for her own kids? Dan Dailey could hardly talk in his excitement. Jack Oakie rushed over from another set. It went on like that, an ovation in a celebrity-bored town.

I was frankly a little apprehensive when I knew "The Babe Ruth Story" was being made. It would have been so easy to have overglorified it—though nothing could overglorify Babe's record as an athlete. But as a human being, he has never posed as any angel. And the world of baseball is not run by angels, either.

Well, you and I can both relax. "The Babe Ruth Story" as made by Allied Artists is as honest, human, colorful and true as Mr. Baseball himself. The on-screen Babe, conscientiously done by William Bendix with seventy-seven nose changes plus the familiar cap and camel's-hair coat of the Sultan of Swat, is sometimes a drunk, sometimes a clown, but always a terrific guy. And the background of baseball, from the sand lot of a parochial school to the real diamonds of the Yanks and the Cards, hasn't been whitewashed either. From the glamour and excitement of the vivid home-run days to the bitterness of the booing given an aging athlete, when even his best just isn't good enough, you get the real story. That includes a very genuine romance and the gallant battle of a man who isn't afraid even of the greatest enemy of all—death.

I am giving the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best direction of the month to Roy Del Ruth, no relationship to the Babe, but first cousin to many a hit. Roy, not only directed "The Babe Ruth Story" but also produced it, and I'm sure it is due to his sensitive showmanship that this piece of American history has been set forth with such fidelity. He has backed up its excitement and pathos with many touches that greatly embellish it. For instance, while I don't think Bill Bendix is ideal as The Babe, even The Babe wouldn't have been ideal—since he's never claimed to be any sort of an actor (though he has tried to be). And Bill does radiate much the same unspoiled warmth that characterized our greatest athlete, and he has the same sort of dogged sincerity. I found Claire Trevor exactly hard-boiled enough as the girl who loved Babe wisely and completely, and I doted on Fred Lightner as Miller Huggins. And those wonderful old tunes like "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "After the Ball," and a half-dozen others stirred my memories, and set my feet to tapping just as the Mitchell Boychoir touched my heart when they carolled for The Babe in a true episode taken from the most dangerous days of his recent illness. I give Roy Del Ruth credit for this entertaining compound, and I give him the direction Citation, too.

THE END

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shown on pages 22, 23, 24, 25

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← B

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← D

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Sketches by John Hapgood

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The People Behind the Kremlin

(Continued from page 33)

us." They are not like us. Children of a thousand years of serfdom and rural economy, they are being shoved headlong into their first, dangerous experience with the machine age. Badgered by a swollen and insolent bureaucracy, spied on by ubiquitous secret police, perennially short of food or clothing and often of both, lacking the understanding of human liberties, they are not like us.

A chosen few live well. But careful distinction must be drawn between the faceless people behind the Kremlin and the upper class of the "classless" society. The latter live exceedingly well by Russian standards. The people live poorly by the standards of Rumania, abysmally by those of Brooklyn or Gopher Prairie.

For thirty years the Communist government has sought to convince them that they live well, that the Soviet citizen is better off than the German or British or American worker. The campaign has had some success; witness the wonder in the faces of the simple peasant soldiers from the Ukraine and the Kuban, when in 1944 and 1945 the Red Army burst westward into Europe and saw well-built farmhouses, well-clothed peasants and a countryside which, although it had been ravaged by the Wehrmacht, still seemed to them plentifully stocked.

They could not understand how all this could be. Puzzled soldiers talked, for a little while, of the comparative prosperity of factory workers in Vienna and farmers in Pomerania. The talk added to the persistent grumbling against economic conditions which the regime in Russia has never been able to silence entirely.

The soldiers did more than talk, however. They produced tangible proof of their claims in the form of loot. Into the dingy apartments of Moscow, the dugouts of ruined towns of the Ukraine and the shanty towns of Siberia came china from Dresden, fine cloth from Czechoslovakia. To a people desperately short of consumer goods, the loot was a revelation—something to be fingered, to be speculated upon, to be talked about during long winter nights.

However, the soldiers' tales and the visible evidence of loot did not have the effect of awakening the Russian people to conditions "outside" as some optimists in the West had hoped. The optimists simply do not understand the extent to which human liberties are repressed in a police state.

For one thing, the Red Army instituted a most careful system of propaganda, designed to counteract the impressions made on the soldiery by a glimpse of capitalist economy. This propaganda taught that what the soldiers had seen was the result of a cruel and unequal system and that even its beneficiaries lacked the "liberties and true democratic freedom" of the meanest Russian.

The reader, I know, will find it hard

to believe that anyone can credit such claptrap. It is necessary to emphasize the point that such propaganda, constantly reiterated, is accepted because, inside the Soviet Union, it is not countered by truth or by experience of the outside world. Beginning in the autumn of 1945, but really developing in the spring of 1946, the government instigated and carried out a most extensive propaganda campaign against all capitalist nations and especially the United States. This campaign, which is still going on, was originated, in part at least, to eliminate admiration for the capitalist system aroused by the tales of the returning soldiers.

Over thirty years have passed since Lenin and his followers formed the Socialist State. To understand the Soviet Union and its foreign policy today one must examine the principal problems that face it and its people.

The foremost of these is reconstruction.

Destruction done the Soviet Union by the Germans in World War II has been exaggerated out of all proportion by Soviet propagandists, used as an excuse for the violation of international agreements by the Soviet government, and emphasized so often by Russian spokesmen that it has become a bore. Yet it is true that this destruction was on a scale unparelleled in any other victorious nation, and that it has inflicted upon Russia an economic wound from which she probably will not recover until the middle of the next decade.

There has been hard work, able planning and great expenditure attached to the tasks of reconstruction since 1945. Yet, three years after V-E day, wounds of war lie heavy on the land from the frontier to Moscow and Stalingrad, from Odessa to Leningrad. In this area of war and occupation the Russian economy, in addition to its other loads, bears the fearful one of reconstruction.

The second great problem is the shortage of labor, due partially to the system under which Russia struggles.

The war eliminated seven million Russian workers. Had all of these been the manual workers of farm and factory the problem might have been safely left to the fecundity of Russian women. Quantitative man power still is not a grave problem in the Soviet Union. But a large proportion of the casualties came from the group which Russia could ill afford to lose: the technicians and managers of industry. This group incidentally is further down the industrial scale in Russia than it is in the West. A Russian who can drive an automobile or a truck is not an average worker but a technician, a specialist.

As long as this qualitative labor shortage continues, the Soviet economy cannot expand at the rate demanded by the present and future Five Year Plans.

These plans set the sights for economic policy. The present Five Year Plan aims at two principal objectives: reconstruction and expansion, with the main emphasis upon primary industries—coal mining, iron and steel, oil, building materials, agriculture. The avowed objective is to make the Soviet Union stronger from the military standpoint—expressed in terms of industrial strength—than any capitalist coalition. This means that the industries which supply the people with consumer goods, with food beyond necessities, with housing—these industries are skimped. Thus the plan at present does very little toward solving the problems with which the average person in Russia is faced.

The Russian people have been driven for centuries. Today the government, in pursuit of the goals of the present Five Year Plan, is driving them as hard as they have ever been driven in peace or war. The worker, under the lash of propaganda, in an atmosphere of fear, is not in the best condition to reach the goals set by his master. He is poorly fed and poorly clothed. The inadequacy of his housing is scandalous even in the Soviet Union. His great efforts during the war and in the lean years that have followed have drained much of his natural vigor.

As a result, his response to the waves of propaganda directed at him and his productive capacity is sluggish.

"Speed the Sowing of Grain," "Eliminate Delays in Coal Production," "Let the Workers Increase Shoe Output," read the headlines over editorials in the newspapers; not just once a week but day after day, week after week. The editorials themselves have an atmosphere of permanent hysteria. In one paragraph they emphasize the sad state of capitalist industry. In the next they plead with the Russian worker to match its production figures.

Editorials such as these, carefully planned "spontaneous demonstrations," in which workers promise to deliver grain or coal or oil beyond production called for in the Five Year Plan, letters from selected groups of workers, challenging workers in other sections of the U.S.S.R., seem to have little effect. This is due, I believe, to the fact that the Russian worker, naturally phlegmatic and lethargic, has been working under this sort of pressure for so long that it has ceased to have any effect upon his output. The local party leaders shout, the newspapers plead for more of this or more of that, but Ivan is sated with propaganda and appeals of this type. He continues to go through the motions and will do so until his wages can buy him something.

These propaganda tactics are necessary, I was told, because the Communist Party, leading a vast mass of inexperienced workers, has to impress upon the proletariat the importance of the work it does, to explain the interrelation of individual efforts to the well-being of the whole.

"In the United States workers understand the necessity of steel production," a factory manager in Makeevka said. "Here we must teach and lead them."

The teaching and leading will be easier, I expect, once the worker has tangible evidence that his effort in the shop or mine or factory does improve not only the entire economy but also his own standard of living.

In the Soviet Union there is considerable dissatisfaction with the economic consequences of Communism but very little over the repression of human liberties. There are two reasons for this.

The first is that these liberties have never been a fundamental part of life in Russia. There is no great tradition of struggle against tyranny; indeed, the tradition is rather one of sometimes benevolent and, to a faint degree, enlightened despots from Ivan the Terrible through Catherine and Peter to Lenin. Today only a few of the elderly people remember that men once conspired, fought and died that the limited freedom of nineteenth-century Europe might come to Russia.

The second reason is that for thirty years a propaganda system in complete control of all means of communication and information has told the people that they do enjoy these liberties. Since facts about the outside world are almost totally lacking, the generations which have grown up since the Revolution tend to accept the propagandists' assurance.

There is, however, plenty of grumbling over economic conditions—scarcities of food, clothing, furniture, transportation and, above all, housing. Except in isolated instances, when the government thinks it expedient, this grumbling is not expressed in the newspapers. It nevertheless has its effect on the national morale.

The Soviet Union has its politically disillusioned. But they are a tiny, impotent minority in a country rigidly controlled in thought, word and deed. In this minority, moreover, there are a number who are disillusioned and discontented not because they perceive the moral evil of the regime and the system, but because their own share in the profits of the Revolution in the form of power, prestige and worldly goods has been so small.

But those who did hope for greatness in 1917, those who saw in the Communist revolution the hope of a braver, freer new world, are about as unhappy as people can be.

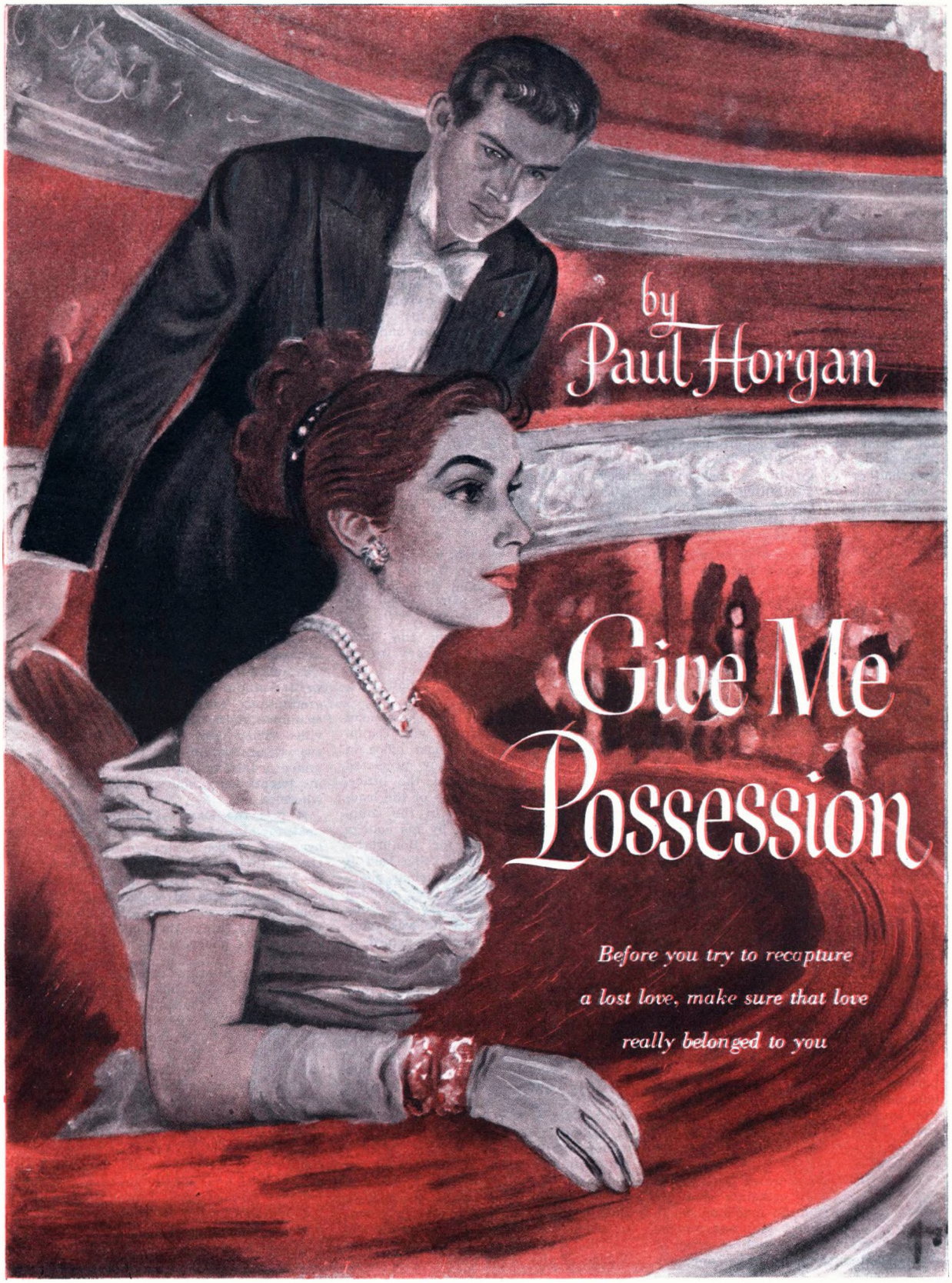
"We thought we were building a palace for the people," said one, "and we built a prison."

As long as the present regime lasts, there will be no parole for the people behind the Kremlin.

THE END

People are so unused to the truth that they're apt to mistake it for a joke or a sneer.

—W. Somerset Maugham.


by
Paul Horgan
Give Me
Possession
Before you try to recapture
a lost love, make sure that love
really belonged to you

"Give me possession; and take you possibility."

—Gabriel Harvey, *c.*1545-1630

David and Agatha Bonbright belonged to the race of the golden Californians. He had come back from the war to all appearances safe and sound and, she thought, ever so distinguished in a new way which puzzled her but made her proud. She was a clever, chic and competitive wife, with a vulnerable little heart somewhere deep within all these qualities. They both found it difficult to realize that he was now thirty years old, for if there was a promise implicit in the life of California by which they had grown up, it was that youth —the youth of sunlighted confidence in the arrogant health of the enjoyed body—would never end. Anyhow, it certainly wasn't over yet, and David seemed to rediscover the happy materialism of the United States without protest

He and Aggie had a wild reunion in San Francisco.

Though their home was across the bay in Sausalito, in a small but handsome house that clung to a hillside, they didn't go there for a week. Instead, they lived in a suite at the Palace Hotel downtown. It was his idea. There was a taste of exciting strangeness and freedom in this, even though it disappointed her a little, for she had some things to show him at home, and she asked him with a small knot in her brow if he didn't want to go home? Sure, sure, pretty soon. But not yet. So they slept all day and played all night—having their friends in—and came and went to parties, supper clubs and dancing places until the misty bay began to turn gray before dawn. They assured each other that San Francisco, where they had always belonged, would never be the same again after this reunion. Though she didn't ask him, she wondered what he was trying to forget.

Aggie always loved to recall their wedding. It had taken place in Burlingame, in 1939, in the house of her parents where she grew up. It was an enormous palace of cement, built in the square and rambling fashion of about 1910, when Aggie's father had become a very rich man in railroads and lumber.

There was a huge crowd. The papers sent people. Daddy certainly shot the works, as she said. So much music, so many dancing floors laid out on the lawn under marquees, such an array of presents, and so many important people to come kiss the bride, which she simply loved. David, very big beside her, cheered them on. Everybody said the two of them ought to be in pictures, they were so handsome and had such an air. David in his morning coat, with his bright tanned face and gray eyes, and his smiling big lips, and the handsome charm with which he shook people by the hand, was already a success in life by the local standards. Aggie—with her long dark hair brushed like satin, her taut little frame, her great big eyes, and the way she stood, with her hips forward—was like a figure of fashion for her time and place.

Though she was so rich, it was agreed that they would live on David's salary, except for her personal fund, clothes and things, which he believed she had a right to buy for herself.

His parents gave them the little house at Sausalito. He already owned his boat, which could be kept in the boathouse only a block and a half away from their place.

He came back from the honeymoon to step right into his job with Campbell, Murchison's West Coast office in San Francisco, where they predicted great things for him. In the office, which was a branch of one of the leading advertising agencies in the country, they all called him by his college nickname, Bon, short for Bonbright. Aggie called him Bonny. She said it described him, too. In a curious, more general way than that of their wedded life, it did, at that. Why was this true? It was not only because he was good-looking. It was because he seemed so happy. They both did. They were young, healthy, beautiful, rich, in love, and fond of pleasure, with which they could gratify themselves and each other, in any guise that might occur to them.

When we got into the war, Bon said he hoped his luck would hold. By that he meant that he hoped the draft would continue to miss him. He was making sixteen thousand a year, which was not bad for a man only a few years out of college. He didn't think the war would last very long anyway. If they sent him "greetings," he would go cheerfully enough; meantime, he was quite willing to go right on making sixteen thousand, which was to go up to twenty next year, according to Mr. Terrill, the vice-president of C-M in charge of the West Coast office. They paid Bon all that money because he had such fresh, uncomplicated ideas.

The draft finally called him up. He was shipped to an Army post in the South for his basic training. Aggie followed him after a few weeks. She stayed at the primitive clapboard hotel in town. A few nights a week, and on some Sundays, they could be together. She soon ceased to worry over his hardships in the Army. Presently she thought he was actually getting interested in the Army, for an abstracted look now and then came over him, such as he always had when he was "seeing" something which he could realize in a presentation to his bosses at the office.

One Sunday in her room at the hotel, he told her that he had made his mind up. "I am going to apply for officer training."

She asked him if they picked him out for it.

"Oh, no. In fact, I may have trouble getting an application through. My top sergeant thinks I am very hot indeed at helping him with the clerical work. He'd probably never let me go. But I'm going to try."

"Darling." She kissed him on his bare shoulder.

"The fact is," he added with healthy egotism, "they need all the fellows like me that they can get."

"You're the only one of you there is."

He patted her fondly for her loving words.

Aggie went home when Bon was accepted and sent to Fort Knox for his intensive schooling to become a second lieutenant in the Armored Force. That was when she really lost him to the war. She did go to Kentucky for his graduation. They set out to make a shambles of the Brown Hotel in Louisville. They got ritually drunk, but everything felt different because he was under orders to move out with a unit in twenty-four hours, nobody knew where.

It was the Desert Training Center, next, for him. And then he was shipped overseas. Those years ensued which, try as they might, they would never be able to share with each other—his in Europe, hers at home. All they could do was size each other up, and imagine the things that had made each into today's image.

After their hilarious week in town at the Palace Hotel, they moved over to their house at Sausalito. Their property rambled on the several levels of the hill that hung above the bay. It was all enclosed by white picket fences. These had obviously been newly whitewashed. Bon hugged Aggie for thinking of it. She told him that there were other surprises for him inside.

They went in. He found the house entirely done over. She had moved a couple of walls and turned two small rooms into one big living room. His paneled library was gone. She saw his odd look when he realized it and dragged on his arm and told him to wait; he had a beautiful new work room out in back. She showed him

around proudly. Downstairs on the hillside there was a new bar, utilizing the old stone foundations of the house to resemble a cave or a conspirator's dungeon. Beyond it was his new study, with a huge desk built to face the bay. He now had a fireplace. There was a drafting table where he could make his huge layout doodles with soft wax crayon on big tracing-paper pads. There was a radio. His ship's clock had its own special little shelf over the rough stone fireplace.

He said he couldn't imagine how she had managed to get all this done during wartime.

He disappointed her. Was that all he was going to say about the thing she had slaved over?

No; of course; he was very unkind. It was beautiful; everything had been marvelously thought out, but where did she get the money to pay for it? Not out of their—meaning his—account, surely. There wasn't that much money in it.

No. Daddy had got worried over her, looking so run-down and hectic, waiting for Bon to come home for good, and he had made her promise that if he got her the materials, and the priorities necessary, she would entertain herself by doing something to the house. She finally had to agree, and Daddy came through, and he even sent the check to pay for everything.

She looked exactly like herself six years ago, making this eager explanation. She could always make him laugh. He laughed at her now, and she felt her heart beat fast, as if escaping from danger, saying inside her, "It is all right; he thinks it is funny, and that I am too."

During the next few weeks Aggie speculated often about what the war had done to Bon. Something had crystallized him; dropped all his pieces into place in the most fascinating way, so that he was now a creature of authority as well as of happy animal privilege, and somehow formidable, in addition to being, as before, such fun. Somewhere in him there was a new depth. He was gentler, in fact, not harder. If she spoke to him about it, she knew he would refuse to understand what she was talking about. He would pull her toward him and assure her that she was talking nonsense.

Just the same, there was something different about him. She knew it was a great gain of some kind, and she cherished it. She never knew how much she really loved him until he got back from the Army in September, 1945, and proved to be more in every way than her memories and dreams of him in his absence.

They resumed their place in the life of San Francisco. He returned to Campbell, Murchison after a few weeks of laziness, gardening, painting his boat, sleeping as long as he liked, reading a dozen or so new books and getting tanned all over. They were very friendly to him at the office. He was taken on at the same salary he'd been getting when he left, with the same promise of that substantial raise next year.

It was not difficult to woo the same flow of daily competence back to his operations in the office. They didn't give him any accounts to handle right away, but decided that he could just sit in on everything for a while to get the feel of things again.

He grinned, in his mind, and felt like an erring small boy, when he rediscovered that their work was mostly done mornings. Lunch was late and long and alcoholic, and nobody expected to get much done during the afternoons, until it was time for a cocktail, when, it was true, you could take a client to the big room on top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, or to the St. Francis, or to Luigi's, to settle something important to you both over a few drinks. He was glad that, if he had to, he could live and work in such a place as San Francisco, where business could be done in a climate of varied pleasures.

Nothing bores people so much as to see you tomorrow when they've made up their minds to get on without you for a month.

W. Somerset Maugham

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But about that . . .

It had seemed to him ever since he got back that pretty much of everything was organized and designed to satisfy women. He thought of Agatha.

The city—their part of it—seemed, really, like a large and ornamental case designed to enclose her and set her off handsomely. In this respect it was no different from what it had been before the war. But he had never noticed it then. Why did he notice it now? Perhaps it was only that this was all so different from what he had known overseas. He could see Agatha ever so clearly for the first time. With his new perspective, he could observe her, and love her, and at the same time, as it were, judge her. This he never had done before. He could do it now without any feeling of disloyalty. She still moved him to inner laughter, fond, habitual and admiring.

She did seem deliriously happy with him at home again. She took a new charm and power into her activities. She aligned her name, her vitality and the great civic weight of her father's fortune with the women's committees of the opera season and the symphony orchestra. They always went to the season's openings of these proud institutions.

The first season after the victory the city turned out in full magnificence at the opera house. The Bonbrights occupied their box again (it was paid for out of Agatha's personal fund) just as if nothing had ever come up across the world between them and their proper position at home. In the intermissions they looked for their friends in the promenade behind the boxes, gathered at the bar and drank champagne.

Everyone asked him, as he asked everyone else, if it did not feel simply wonderful to be home again, with all this going on as if nothing had happened.

He said, of course, that it did. Though, as he looked around, there was an odd effect of dreaminess, and he wondered if there might be a threat of nightmare in the terms of the dream.

The bell rang, recalling the audience to their chairs for the next act. He suddenly had an empty yawning feeling in his breast. He turned to walk back to the box with his wife. He put his arm around her and called her Aggie. She looked up at him; she opened her whole expression toward him, in love and pride. He wondered if she ever guessed what he longed for. He wished, if she could guess now, that she could tell him what it was, because for himself, he was not really sure. But all he read in her tender gaze was her supreme content and approval of her whole estate in life, including himself, her dear and proud possession.

He said to himself that night in the opera house, and many times later on during that season of similar celebrations, that he was—he really was happy to be back. Yet he never felt he did enough to show Aggie that this was true.

Did that mean that it wasn't?

In February of that season they had a visitor.

Much came of it.

Henry Nicholson arrived by air in the late morning and called Bon at the office. They met for lunch at Luigi's in lower Market Street, a restaurant hedged about with cheap stores, auction rooms, flophouse hotels and other low places. But Luigi's food was wonderful, and his bar carried only the best liquors. The prices were higher than anywhere else in town.

Bon and Hank Nicholson sat at one of the round tables covered with red and white checkered cloths in the back room just off the kitchen, a favored spot. They ordered double Scotch Oldfashioneds and drank to their meeting again. Their locked glances referred to the whole story of their service together in Europe. Hank had been Bon's battalion commander. He was of middle height, broadly built, black-haired and swarthy of face, with deep, black eyes. There was nothing he wanted more than to see his old comrade at arms, but he had no other way of making this known than by sardonic and obscenely stated opinions about the life he had just left in New York, and the prospect ahead of him when at last he had to get on the beam and take off for Los Angeles. Meantime, here was how, and how about another of the same as quickly as possible?

Bon shook his head over the difficulty of getting acquainted again with a man with whom—and at whose com-

mand—he had experienced pretty much everything a man can know in war, and yet live. Each asked about the other's wife. Bon had phoned home to find out where Aggie was the minute he had got Hank's call from the airport, and he had finally tracked her down. Everything was fixed for Hank to come stay with them. This evening they were going out on the town, all three of them. Aggie was crazy to meet Hank, and he would find that she knew all about him.

Hank nodded in recognition of how wives rose to occasions, and lifted his glass again saying, "Well Mister Bonbright."

"Yes, sir, Lieutenant Colonel Nicholson," Bon replied.

For that, Hank called him a filthy name. They both laughed. They both suddenly relaxed. They knew how embarrassing, and yet how real, was the bond of affection and common experience that tied them together, and implicitly recognizing that, they were at ease. They had a lot to say to each other.

Hank was now a member of the executive staff, high up, of a new magazine called Famous. It had a huge Eastern publishing fortune behind it, and a string of brother publications. It was to deal with personalities, some of whom belonged in the magazine because they were already famous, others of whom would be made famous simply by being included in its pages. The editors had gathered a lot of new talent—writers, artists, photographers, many of whom had emerged from soldier publications in the war. Handled with enough imagination, style and news sense, the venture, in Hank's opinion, could not fail. He was going on to Los Angeles in a day or two to start something there, with Hollywood as a no doubt feverish source of material.

As they quickly grew intimate again over Luigi's food and drink, Bon felt all his old admiration of Hank Nicholson kindle anew. The more Hank talked about his new interest and concern, the more Bon went back to their days together in the Army. He remembered Hank and the battalion. He remembered the driving concentration of Hank Nicholson, the bitter, wrathful direction of his energy that took the battalion through hazard, calamity, fear, misery and every kind of death and indignity. Nobody hated all of it more than Hank. Nobody made more ultimate human gains for his purpose in the war than Hank had made out of dehumanized materials, day after day. Somewhere in that saturnine average-looking fellow there had been the quality which Bon could only see as greatness. The daily materials of Hank's mind and action were living men and the chances of keeping them alive, effective and victorious. There was no game more awful and demanding. There were no stakes bigger. Allowing for the fateful confusion of the whole thing, Hank had played severely, without illusions; and had won what had to be won less dearly than many another commander.

How glad they should both be that it was all behind them forever. And yet . . .

Bon could not imagine what was the matter with him. But the fact was—and he hoped very much that Hank would notice nothing—he had a sudden strike of the strangest feeling, listening now to Hank. It was a feeling he could not put his finger on, but the nearest he could get to it was to recognize it as something like pity. Pity? For Hank Nicholson? What on earth was he thinking of? But yes, that was just what he meant, when he thought of this man who had played and beaten a game of chance and death a dozen times a day, and who was now all energetic and excited about a new magazine called Famous, which was a tremendous secret until its publicity campaign could be launched, and which in the frame of awesome memory, seemed finally trivial.

This made Bon flush with annoyance at himself for what seemed like disloyalty. He ordered new drinks and took refuge in Hank's memories as well as his own.

It was close to five o'clock when they got up and went out to Bon's car to drive over the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito, where Aggie was waiting for them.

She had expected that they'd be pretty cheerful by the time they showed up, but she hadn't thought they'd be quite so far gone as they were.

Upon meeting her, Hank held on to her hand and stared into her eyes with his dark scowl. He swayed in dead silence for a full minute, while Aggie waited with her shoulders raised and a brilliant and indulgent smile on her face. Behind him, Bon looked at her and winked heavily.

Hank finally turned and said to him, "Struck dumb. The first time in her presence, I could not say a single word. The ultimate tribute to a very beautiful woman."

She said he was sweet and, with some difficulty withdrew her fingers from his grasp and led them to the bar. Hank stated that that was a sound plan, as he began to feel the need of a drink to sober him up a trifle.

They sat at the bar, with Aggie in the middle, and for an hour, Hank and Bon talked across her. Each hardly finished recalling something before the other was off on his own account. In their eyes were the skies, the figures, of another time. With ears tuned in on the past they heard the sounds of danger, joy and triumph in another time which now seemed like a whole age of history compressed into a few months.

At first, Aggie listened to one, then the other, with a smile of gentle understanding on her face. And at first, either Bon or Hank would politely explain to her the relevance of what they talked about. But it was not long before all such pretenses of sharing their meeting with her disappeared.

It was the same later in the big room at the top of the Mark Hopkins, where they went for a drink before dinner. She tried to keep up with them with their drinks, but this was one of those perverse times when liquor did not take much effect, and she continued to observe the two of them from without, while they pursued their delighted if repetitious and unsteady way through the past.

Presently there was a debate as to where they should take Henry to dine. The Bonbrights named a number of places to each other, but in the end, Hank held up his hand. If he might say so, he desired to return to Luigi's for dinner which, let it be understood at the outset, was to be on him.

Luigi's yes, but no foreigner could pay for anything in this town; it belonged to the Bonbrights, and let that be understood from the outset.

Bon went to phone Luigi to reserve a table. While he was gone, Henry turned to Agatha, and in alcoholic dignity said to her, "No, I mean it, I really do."

"Mean what, Hank?"

"I mean about Bon Bonbright." He smiled and slowly shagged his head back and forth in a heavy communication of great fondness.

"What about him?"

"Oh, nothing, except he was the best damned battery commander I had, and the best damned friend a man ever had anywhere. And you know? The funny part of it. I don't understand it."

He paused and reflected, gazing into a package of cigarettes he had just opened.

She waited.

"When I say I don't understand it," he resumed finally, and with a didactic air, "do not, please, misunderstand me. What I mean is—I believe I know him about as well as a man can know anybody. But at the same time the remarkable thing is—I mean the funny part of it is—I do not really feel I know him at all sometimes. I hope you gather what I mean."

She felt a deep pang and looked at him quickly. He was fumbling toward the same idea about Bon which had nagged at her ever since his return.

"You see," said Hank looking quizzically at her, "he isn't the same guy."

It was as though he struck her in the heart when he said this. "Nonsense," she said.

"Oh, no. Something happened. You don't know, and I don't know, what it is. I think I know *when* it happened, but I don't know *what* happened. All I know is that in a funny way—and I do not mean laughable—he is better than ever. Or could be. I don't know. Oh, me; oh, my!" Hank leaned back and shut his eyes.

She looked at him in consternation, perhaps even a little terrified. Through his clouded striving to express himself about the friend he loved so well, there was some quality of almost unconscious truth which struck Agatha deeply and made her wonder if she was so stupid, or so foolishly confident, that she had missed seeing exactly what was her own husband's most

true and even disturbing inner self.

In a moment more, Bon returned. He was grinning with general affability. Every sight of him, seen casually in the climate of other people's presence and opinion, always endeared him to her; but this time especially. She leaned to Hank. "Here he comes," she said.

He opened his eyes, met Bon with a scowling look and asked if it was all set for Luigi's.

They dined at Luigi's, and around midnight went to the St. Francis to dance, or so they said. But mostly there was more of the same talk.

Aggie let them rave and seemed to indulge them with humor and kindness. But actually, she was by this time ready to yell with jealousy and boredom at all that Bon and Hank found together as a great bond. She simply ceased to exist for either of them, for the most part, until very late when, with almost an audible clang, Hank recalled himself and asked her to dance.

He danced well, seemed to enjoy doing it in silence, and she let him be. When the music stopped he faced her with a frowning smile and said, "My wife would kill me if she knew about this."

"You mean dancing with me?"

"Good grief, no. I mean going out for an evening with my old friend and his wife, and boring her out of her wits with a lot of pretty exclusive and selfish talk."

She gave him a candid stare, and then produced what she always thought of as her melting smile. "David has simply loved it," she said, "and I don't think anything else much matters, do you?"

"Why, yes, I do, but I can't name it offhand."

They got back to their table just as the band was resuming, and David took her to the floor this time.

"You've had a wonderful time, haven't you, Bonny?"

"Yes. Hank likes you an awful lot. He told me so when you were out powdering your nose."

"That's very kind, I am sure."

"What's the matter, Aggie?"

"Nothing . . . No, nothing. I'm an awful woman. Isn't it fantastic? I ought not to mind another thing, ever, just to have you back. I don't really. I just imagine I'm trying to make up for every second you were away." She leaned away to look up at his face with its closed and its dreamy smile, and said, "You *are* back, aren't you, Bonny darling?"

He stopped stock-still and rocked them in place to the music of the band.

"What do you mean, Puss?" he asked, and she thought he sounded almost cold about it.

"Never mind, Puss," she replied. "I don't know what I mean. Let's not be so collegiate, darling, swaying here in one place."

The music ended. They went back to Hank.

Agatha felt guilty, for the things she had said to them both, to cast them down. She turned to Bon and said, "Darling, weren't you going to take Hank to the Sandman's sometime during his stay here?"

Hank sat up. "What is it?"

She explained. "It's a dive, I mean really a dive, down on the water front. Visiting firemen adore going there, and if you have to know the truth, I think all our local bucks love an excuse to go there themselves."

Bon grinned. "It really is something."

"What goes on?" Hank asked.

"I would hardly know," Aggie said, "but I am given to understand that everything — simply everything — why don't we all go now?"

"You mean you've never been?"

"But I've always been meaning to. Unless you two would rather go alone? Go ahead, and do that. Ill take the car, and you can come home in a taxi."

There was a lively little argument about not letting her go, and it was only when she complained that she was dead tired that they joyfully let her leave them.

. . . . . .

In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received, may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Sending stamps only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable.

. . . . . .

They went on in a cab to the Sandman's which was a cafe, bar and dance hall built partly on the quayside and partly on a wharf. To get to the entrance of the place, you had to cross an old and rotting sand barge that was anchored permanently. The proprietor, the Sandman himself, was a fat old Swede with a glistening, jolly, wholesome face. Bon said he looked like Santa Claus with his whiskers off. He was one of the most prosperous and tolerant of the city's vice operators.

He greeted Bon warmly, made Hank very cordially at home, and said they were just in time for the last show of the evening. He took them to a table, ordered drinks on the house, and offered to make any reservations for them for later on if, on seeing the show, they liked the look of anything. He assured Hank that this was not New York, but they did their best, and, all in all, he didn't think he would be disappointed.

They thanked him and said they just came in for a quick nip and a look at the show and, though you never knew, they expected they'd just go on home after a little while.

Presently the show came off. It had only one or two moments of originality, at which Bon and Hank exchanged raffish looks, their eyebrows raised, but once certain conventions of restraint had been passed, the whole subject of the entertainment had remarkably little variety or sustained interest.

After the show a few of the girls wandered around to chat at the various tables. Even the fact that they were stark naked presently lost its novelty for most. One swarthy, childlike girl lingered by Bon and found a sweet pleasure in rustling her fingers in his short brushy hair. This made him blush, at which Hank laughed, and Bon did too. He said it was now or never, and they'd better get going. He paid their check, and they went out of the place.

They walked many blocks before they found a taxi. As they crossed the Golden Gate Bridge between four thirty and five the two of them were spent. They rode in silence.

They had acuteness of mind in their fatigue and fading liquor. Their minds were made up.

Hank said to himself that he would go right on to Los Angeles tomorrow. He would never have as good a time with Bon again, or certainly not right away, if he stayed on.

Bon shook his head privately over what the reunion with Hank had made him think of doing, and he knew it would take him awhile to pull it off, but he knew he would do it somehow, and never warn anybody.

The next day, he and Agatha drove Hank out to his plane after a hilarious lunch at Luigi's, during which not another word was said in memory of the war. The last thing Hank wanted to know was whether Bon, in case a place opened up, would be interested in coming in with him on Famous. The possibilities were pretty big. He knew Bon couldn't give an answer right off, just as he himself could not make a firm offer. But it was something to consider seriously and keep in mind. Would he?

Bon said he was only too glad to think about it. He wrung Hank's hand as if to squeeze water out of a stone. His eyes filled for a second. Hank thought it was because of his unexpected gesture of the offer of a new association in the job on Famous, and Bon was willing for him to think so. What flooded him with feeling was remorse, self-judgement, for what use he actually meant to make of Hank's kind offer. It was amazing how sharply, in what detail, his plans were falling into order in his mind, even while Aggie and Hank and he stood watching the Los Angeles plane loading up out on the apron of the runway.

The next day Bon went to the main post office and rented a postal box. Using its number as his adress, he began a correspondence with the State Department to obtain a passport for France in connection with a necessary trip relative to making business contacts with art and typography stylists in that country.

It was, as he expected, a fairly long and complicated campaign. His arrangements, because they must be secret, had to be intricate. He made tentative reservations on an airline, to New York; and from New York to Paris via

Air-Atlantique, writing directly to its New York office.

Merely to be engaged on his bureaucratic processes gave him a deep and abiding excitement. He was not at all himself. Agatha watched him with some concern, and at moments hated in retrospect the visit of Henry Nicholson, for Bon ever since then had been absent-minded, cordial and a million miles away, she said to herself. It was probably a fine thing, in the long run, to have him really face up to his experiences and memories and dissipate their disturbing effect by airing them in the daylight of his mind. He would be all right after a while. He still looked the same. Why did she think every now and then, with a stab of fright, she knew nothing whatever? She could not help feeling that something—or someone—else, had come to live in their smart straggling hillside house in Sausalito, and not at bidding, either.

As for Bon himself, he said to his own thoughts, "How often have I dreamed of it?" He supposed millions of others had, too—the dream of going back to find that highheartedness, that acceptance of wretchedness, which was in itself a sort of freedom; that place, where if not that time when they had fought in the war. Could it possibly be true that—he could hardly admit it to himself—that he actually wanted to go back to the scenes of such bitter misery? Did he actually trifle with the dangerous thought that for even a glimpse of the village of St.-Joseph-Pere he would gladly exchange much if not all of his life at home?

Yes, it was true.

He delighted in the fact that it was perfectly feasible to take a week out of his life at home and, thanks to the airways of the world, fly to France and back (if he was ever coming back) without necessarily having to explain himself or seriously to justify so trifling an absence. His heart leaped every time he thought of what all his loving ingenuity was leading to. Would anyone ever understand it? Or believe him? How could they, when sometimes he did not recognize himself in that chronicle of high feeling and action in which forever some part of his total had been given, starting late in the day of 2 September, 1944, in the village of St.-Joseph-Pere.

The village was almost wholly destroyed, and the thought which struck him with violence was that he had destroyed it. Twilight was falling when they entered the town in their tanks.

Captain Bonbright was in command of the forward elements of his own battery. Major Nicholson was to the rear on the road running north from Neufchateau and was expected tomorrow. All day long they had inched forward by grinding spurts while the shelling continued. The Germans were retiring to the Moselle and beyond. Bonbright cautiously entered the place after them. Ahead of him the village showed no life. The fields on this side, our side to the west, were mined, like all the country near the communication road. Bonbright's men began to clear enough area for bivouac. When it was safe to detail the lieutenant to get the vehicles deployed and the men settled, Bonbright and four men went forward into the village on foot.

He had of course no idea what to expect. It was a routine matter to check the village. There might be snipers. There must be booby traps. The local authority must be found and arrangements made for orderly co-operation. He took his four soldiers slowly and carefully ahead. But they encountered no obstacles, no dramatic dangers which would be a relief in this evening silence in which strands of smoke, memory and remorse went up like bitter sacrifices.

He saw how fair the little village must have been. Its houses were ancient, thickly walled. Even now, there were high shoulders of wall and survivals of roof which told of good building and self-respecting life. The fields were poor, in general, but what had been tilled was neat.

Against the lush bank of trees on the eastern boundary of the town was the titular church of the parish. All that was left of its old form was the shoulder of the apse and one preserved arch in the right transept. The stuff of the walls was piled like little avalanches arrested at last in their fall. The Germans had used the church as one of their key defenses. Our 105's had worked on it all day. How well the men had done! Somebody would have to commend them.

Bonbright halted his party suddenly.

There was a movement of life in the shattered nave of the church. Someone was there. They watched for a minute, in silence.

Behind them in the western fields of the village, the bivouac was making. It was not far away. He could hear the little sounds of soldiers settling down. Glancing back, while his soldiers watched the church for further movements, Captain Bonbright could see a few portable gasoline cooking stoves which glowed like lanterns in the bluing ground haze. Some soldier's voice, a light beautiful voice, began to sing. Bonbright was moved. Good God, someone had a song in him after a day like today. What men! They were wonderful. They were his.

"Captain," said one of the soldiers with him, "look there."

He turned. The soldier was pointing to the church. There they saw someone moving in the ruins, misty with dust and shadow. The captain told the soldiers to cover him as he went forward. He advanced down the broken road and called out when he was a few feet from the new hillock piled in front of the church where the facade had been. In a moment, there was a reply, in an old man's voice, and a moment later there emerged into the clear twilight of the opened nave a short figure in a cassock. It was the Cure of St.-Joseph-Pere.

Bonbright signaled to his four soldiers to drop their caution and come on up. He walked into the floor area of the church to meet the old priest. He introduced himself. The cure said his name was Leon Bouisson. They shook hands.

The old man's hand was like a dried clutch of oak-tree roots. His face was a pale dry brown, like the rubbed calf binding of an old book. It was deeply seared by strain and age. His eyes were black and snapped with vitality. His back was stooped. Bonbright towered above him and, looking down at him, thought at first he was like an old child. A little tremble kept the priest's head constantly moving, as if he were nodding, "Yes, yes, yes, yes," continuously. But the sharp set of his mouth and the candid pride in his eyes carried the impression of a powerful and ironic personality. "You appear to speak French, Captain?" he said.

"Yes, a little."

"Good. Allow me to conduct you into my church."

They took a few steps toward the ruined altar.

"It is a heavy price to pay," continued Pere Bouisson, "for our riddance. Yet I believe that I shall in time agree that it had to be paid. Toward the end, they used the church for everything but the proper uses." He turned and squinted up at Bonbright. "It was your guns which did this?"

"I am afraid so, sir. But we——"

The cure calmly held up his hand, which wavered with his head. "I do not feel that you are in a position, soldier, to hold an opinion about that matter right now. I shall supply the long view, as that is my professional habit." But in contrast to this philosophical attitude, the old man's face wore a bitter look of grief.

In a moment, Bonbright asked for the mayor of St.-Joseph-Pere.

The cure shrugged. "He is dead. He was murdered five days ago by the Germans, along with thirty-four of our citizens, when the Germans realized that they would have to withdraw."

"Why?"

"I do not know, actually, why. I can only conclude that it is the hereditary pleasure of the Germans to do these things." The cure' looked at the ground for a second, then added under his breath, "May God forgive me for my hatred."

"Is there anybody left, then?" asked Bonbright.

"Almost no one. I did see a handful of people go over there"—he waved his hand, toward open fields and more distant trees—"about noon, when the shelling began and the German tanks started to move east."

"What is there?"

"The ruins of our chateau, a few farms, the fields that draw upon the canal—or used to—and the road to Thiaucourt."

"I'd better go see. Are there, so far as you know, any Germans left over there?"

"I doubt it. Our people would not go where there were any. Except dead ones."

"Monsieur le Cure, may I offer you the facilities of our camp? Surely you must be hungry. Our men would be glad to attend to you."

The old man bowed and smiled angrily. "I have not eaten for nearly two

days. We have blessed and buried a number of our people during the fighting. I do find myself somewhat weakened. Thank you."

Bonbright detailed one of his men to escort the cure to the bivouac, and said he would see him later. The priest thanked him, and then for a moment, faced his altar, knelt on the cracked stones, and took his leave of his church in silent prayer. Then he got up wrackily, and walked off with the soldier, in a jerky, sideways, posture which betrayed physical pain and spiritual contempt for it.

Bonbright and the three men started off to the fields northward. The evening was lasting. He never got used to those northern twilights that persisted almost until midnight.

They followed the path by the canal. Presently, they could see the chateau through the dusk. It was quiet. Its windows were blown out. One end of the castle was destroyed, but its long central portion and the towers and gateways of the other end were still intact. The walls were of pink brick. Windows and doors and corners and ornamentations of the towers were finished in pale gray stone, elegantly carved. The park was run to weeds. A few pieces of broken statuary lay among the wild bushes. Right by the old walls was a moat in which black water stood still reflecting the faraway white evening sky. Abandoned German equipment cluttered the road leading to the house.

Bonbright went forward slowly and carefully. They came to the front door, up a flight of gray stone steps. The heavy oaken door was open and sagging on its hinges. A long stone corridor led into a great courtyard once laid out in formal patches of grass and flowers surrounding a fountain. The grace and beauty of the house were impressive.

They crossed the courtyard and entered at the other side a long room paneled in gilt and white plaster. Some broken furniture was piled at one end near a huge fireplace where parts of chairs, tables, sofas, lay among ashes. Overhead a heavy crystal chandelier gleamed dustily in the gloom.

"Listen," said Bonbright. They stood still for a second.

They heard the sound of a voice, talking against some muffling restraint. It belonged to a woman. Bonbright told his men to follow, but not to touch anything. They went in single file toward the half-open double doors at the end of the room. Beyond, it was dark.

As Bonbright came to the door he was stopped by someone who stepped forward and stood with spread legs and folded arms. It was a small boy, ten years old perhaps, panting and frightened, but determined to halt the soldiers.

He and Bonbright stared at each other for a moment. Bonbright was tired and depressed, and he had been expecting God knew what opposition or danger in the huge house; he was now full of a desire to laugh out loud at being faced by this fierce child, with rage quivering all through his puny frame. But there was something like dignity rattling around in that boy's defiance, and Bonbright did not laugh. Instead, he leaned down to speak as seriously as he would speak to a formidable adult.

"I am the American captain in charge of rescuing this village," he said. He told his name and organization. He said that Monsieur le Cure Leon Bouisson had directed him here to see if any of the townspeople were hiding and to assure them that they were now safe and might emerge. He said the village was in a poor state, but his soldiers might be able to help anyone who really needed it.

The boy maintained his furious pose of resistance, but the strain was great, and before Bonbright was finished with his information, the boy's mouth began to quiver, and tears began to show in his eyes. Bonbright put out his hand for a shake. Blinking back his tears of fright and relief, the boy shook hands with him. Bonbright could feel the trembling within the child. "Who is in there?" he asked.

Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre — but they are more deadly in the long run.

Mark Twain

—The Facts Concerning The Recent Resignation

"My sister, and a few others, an old lady who is out of her head and will not stop talking. We did not know who was coming when we heard you. There are no other men here." He said it perfectly seriously.

Bonbright smiled. "You are a very good man yourself."

"Thank you . . . Are those your soldiers?"

"Yes." He told the boy their names, and they grinned and shook hands with him, letting him see their admiration.

"My name is Michel." And now he was like a small boy again, rather shy, uncertain as to what came next.

Bonbright said they'd better come inside with him and see who was there, and what needed to be done. Michel nodded, and stepped back from his doorway, swinging the door open into a sumptuous ruined room where in one corner there was a huddle of women.

Michel called to one of them. "Laure. These are the Americans. It is all right."

A young woman rose from the side of the old woman who was mumbling crazily. Two other women were with her.

Laure came forward.

"This is my sister," said Michel. "She is hurt a little, but she will be all right."

Bonbright took off his helmet and put out his hand. They shook hands solemnly. He explained what he was doing here. He complimented her brother for being so brave and determined. He said he and his men would assist them in any way possible, after they finished checking the castle for possible danger from lingering Germans, wounded or otherwise.

"Then there will be no more fighting in our village?" asked the girl.

"It is not likely. We are moving right ahead tomorrow. Are you hungry?"

"Yes. But do not bother."

She spoke with a sort of mortal dignity. The fading twilight showed him that half of her which faced the deeply embrasured windows. He saw that she was young and plainly dressed in a loose blouse and a dark skirt. Her face was white with dark shadows. She had very blond hair. She folded her arms across her breast and clutched her shoulders, but he could still see the tremors which invaded her against her will. She looked straight at Bonbright. In her eyes there was such animal resignation, such pity for human behavior, that he was moved. He began to blush under the dirt and stubble of his four-day beard, and he said to himself that never before had he seen this closely a woman robbed of all that went into making her attractive on the surface; yet it seemed to him that he had never seen anyone so remarkably beautiful as she.

Bonbright looked away from her toward the other women, and asked if they would remain here for the time it took to search the rest of the house. After that, they would decide what to do. He took his men and Michel, who wanted to go along, and inspected the three floors, finding nothing alive. They came back to the inner room on the first floor.

Among themselves, the women had decided that two of them would remain here with the poor old madwoman, who was now asleep. Laure and her brother would return to the village if the soldiers would help them. Perhaps some food could be sent here, and if there was a doctor with the troops, he might give something to quiet the sufferer in the corner. Bonbright told the soldiers to return to camp, to send back some food and an aidman with morphine.

"My house. What is left of my house?" asked Laure.

"I don't know, Mademoiselle. But we can go see."

"I cannot walk very well," she said.

"She is hurt," said Michel. "We were running down the path behind our house this noon, and a shell exploded a hundred yards away, and we both went down to the ground. She turned her ankle and remembers doing it when we came out of our door—but do you know?—she did not even feel it until the shell went off. I helped her here myself. I explained to her that in excitement one often does not notice what one does, but one remembers it later." The boy's thin face was full of interest and importance.

"You are quite right," said Bonbright. "You are full of things, for a boy your age. How old are you? Ten?"

Michel scowled.

His sister said, "He is twelve. But

we have not had too much to eat in the past years."

Bonbright gripped the boy's shoulder and said, "It is clear that they could not starve your spirit, *mon vieux*."

They started back to the village. Bonbright asked if he could help Laure walk. She nodded. He put his arm around her and lifted her easily to keep her weight off the hurt side.

In his hold, she was like a child. He could feel a quivering modesty in her body as it changed and moved in his grasp at every step. What it did to him, he both hoped she would not detect and at the same time would feel directly. He smiled in his mind at the absurd accident of duty that threw him into this predicament. He was exhausted and all stirred up by what he had seen here today, and he never could explain the connection, for it did not seem rational; nevertheless it was true that out of the job of fighting and killing and wrecking there arose something that ached and desired more than ever before, which was why soldiers were always brave with lust as well as with death.

Michel was capering ahead of them, exclaiming and marveling at what had happened to change this feature and that of the places he knew so well.

"I have not inquired after you," said Laure, as they stood resting for a moment.

"How?" he said.

"You show much concern for all of us. But you? You are well? It is really we who should offer you hospitality. This is our village. You have driven away the others."

He felt his mouth go dry. She touched that feeling which he knew in all good sense he would do well to conceal and dissipate.

"Yes, I am well, Mademoiselle. I am tired, and we are all hungry, but I feel nothing, really, except a very great admiration."

"Ah? And for what?"

"For your people. For your little brother. For you."

"Alas!" she said.

His heart leaped for though he knew he might be making a fool of himself in his own mind, it sounded to him as if she recognized his desire, and admitted that it could very well be there, and that any number of courses were open to him, none of which, after the calamities of the day, she could judge any more bitterly than another.

By a common impulse they resumed their walk, down the side of the canal, following Michel at last to the darkening rubble of the nearest village lane.

"Where is your house?" he asked.

She pointed. "There. The third one down the path. There seems to be something left of it."

"I hope so."

It was almost dark when they reached the little yard and the scattered domicile of this small family. They found one room that still had three walls and a roof, at the rear of the house by the fields. The big low-ceilinged kitchen was destroyed. In front, two small rooms were intact except for their roofs, which lay in fragments all over the little garden. Bonbright helped Michel clear some of the larger rubble from the floors so that the house would be at least a little livable.

The boy was making light of their damage. He felt they were extraordinarily lucky; he, for one, had never expected to sleep in his own house again. He glanced at his sister to require her to agree with these sentiments. But she was sick and dazed at change of the most violent kind.

She asked them to help her make a place to lie down in the large back room. If they really must know how she felt, she felt she must be alone. She told Michel to fix himself a bed in one of the front rooms open to the sky. He said he would go and get something to eat with the captain, and perhaps bring something back to her. She turned to Bonbright and reminded him of the old woman and the others still over there in the chateau. Would he remember to send them something?

He nodded. He did not want to leave here.

They looked at each other soberly.

Then she said, "Good night, Captain, and thank you very much. I shall be quite all right."

"Yes, yes," he said. And he said to himself, "Of course she will. I have no rights here. How many thousand times has this misfortune been the commonest experience of girls just like her, all over this continent, in the past few months? I am sure that she is no different from the others. It is none of my business. Let us get the hell out of here."

But everything he told himself made no difference and changed no feeling. His heart sank, imagining what he wanted, and what he owed here.

He formally said good night to her, took the boy by the hand, and walked with long strides through the village toward the bivouac to the west. There he took the report of the lieutenant and made an inspection. He found Michel something to eat, checked on the relief expedition to the chateau which had been duly seen to, and then sent the boy back with some food for his sister, a present of a new flashlight, and a promise that Michel could ride tomorrow for a little way when the column got under way again. Pere Bouisson, having had a good supper, was asleep in the shelter of the back seat of a command car.

Bonbright roamed about the sleeping company.

It was a dark night. Far ahead to the northeast there was shelling and bombing. Sometimes there was a pulsing clump of sound, too, when several detonations coincided, and traveled to the rear.

Pity, rage, exhaustion, and that which would revive life were all astir in Bonbright. He felt in a terrible temper, as if he were balked from doing he knew not what by he knew not whom. He lay down on the ground in the warm September night for a while and tried to fall asleep, but he could not. He felt a lump in his throat and sat up angrily to ask himself what that was about. He answered himself that it was about love—and guilt.

"What was he guilty of, or for?" one of his voices asked him sarcastically.

And the other answered that only a savage or a fool could fail to recognize that, though it had to be done and would be done all over again if necessary, this village and some of its lives and its poor tranquilities had been wrecked by his command.

"Was that all? That was an incident of war itself."

"Yes, of course . . . but that was not all."

"What else, then?" he contemptuously asked himself.

And with a inward effect of inexorable and smiling judgment from which he could not escape, he was answered that guilt in this instance, went further back.

How far?

Well, it went back as far as he could make himself remember. When in his life before had he ever felt or imagined what it must be like in the lives of other people, when they suffered, or he hurt them, or forgot them, or cheated them in the hundred smiling ways that presented themselves? Did he not know how many people loved him for how fine he was, and successful, and easygoing and easy-getting?

How many times, said that thing in him, had he ever thought of anything beyond achieving merely a golden California happiness for his senses?

Yes, but what use was it to go looking for things to be dismal about?

No use at all unless you had the sense of other lives in your own.

He got up from the dusty ground in exasperation. He turned toward the village and walked quietly around to the fields on the north. By his watch it was a little while before midnight. He stood a long time and looked at the patch of dark substance in the darker night which was their house. And then, as he knew he would, he began to draw closer to it, going very softly, until he was actually on the path. There he began to hear a sound. It was the sound of someone sobbing into the soft and muffling cushion of an arm. She was awake.

He went to the open broken wall, with his heart thumping, for fear of her fear should he frighten her. He called her name gently, very quietly, and said that it was he. Would she not speak to him?

There was a long pause. She was catching her breath after her sobs. Presently she answered him very softly. "What do you want?"

"To see how you are."

"I am as you might expect."

"I could not sleep."

"Nor I."

"For the same reason?" he asked.

"I do not know. For you, what?"

In this darkness, in such shreds of voice, this exchange was exquisitely exciting to him.

"I could not sleep," he said, "for thinking of how it went with you."

"With me?"

"Yes."

They fell silent. Then he said, "May

I come in there."

"If you—" Silence . . . Then she began to weep again.

He went in careful silence across the low barrier of the ruin, and found her on the floor, on some piled bedding. He put his arm around her and smoothed her hair. For a long time he comforted her against her will. But he was so gentle, and his feeling was so full of something that came from beyond this instant, that in him she began to know again the humanity which had seemed frightened out of the very world by the years of occupation and the battles of this summer.

Hungry for that, and for his every means of bringing it to her, she turned to him. They became each other.

Bonbright with a great leap of his heart said, or meant, to himself, the meanings of these words: "Oh, how crazy, beautiful, joyous." It was a kind of forgiveness, and in it he lost himself tenderly. However trivial, complex or conflicting his immediate motives, he was obeying—and dimly he felt it to be so—a law of his species that whether in the violence of lust or the sweetness of love, man—a soldier—must replenish what he destroys.

The company had orders to rendezvous here with Major Nicholson, coming up from Neufchateau. According to the plan he was due in the next day. At a little before dawn Bonbright, making no explanation despite the opportunities silently offered him by the lieutenant, returned to his command post and busied himself with the routine affairs of the company's needs.

The bivouac was stirring.

There was bad news, though. No gasoline had arrived during the night. It seemed there was just about enough fuel to tune up the engines.

"No gas?" he asked the lieutenant.

No gas. Now what?

The younger officer looked at Bonbright as if expecting him to materialize fuel out of the air.

Bonbright said that gas or no gas, they wouldn't move ahead without checking battalion by courier first anyhow. It was a shame that they had to maintain radio silence, but this far forward, it was necessary. But a courier shouldn't take too long. It couldn't be far to battalion. A few hours should bring an answer to everything.

The lieutenant, visibly dissatisfied, sent for a redheaded sergeant to whom the captain gave orders to high-tail it back in a jeep and find out where Major Nicholson was and to report that this battery needed gasoline immediately, and further that it wanted approval to move forward as rapidly as possible toward Pont-a-Mousson and even beyond.

If the messenger could not find Major Nicholson in a reasonable time, he was to make contact with supply anywhere he could along the line and get some trucks up here with loaded gas cans right now.

The sergeant asked what vehicle he should take. The lieutenant thought he could collect enough gas to fuel up the jeep of a medical unit that had joined them during the night, which they would borrow.

Okay. Get going, tanker.

The sergeant strolled away studiedly unmoved by his mission. Bonbright watched him for a minute or two, thinking: Give them something to do, and they can do it. Anything.

The lieutenant cut off his reflections. He said that was fine, then, and as he understood it, if the gas came in, they'd load up and get going.

"I'll make my decision then," said Bonbright.

"Oh! Oh, yes! Well——" The lieutenant shrugged. He said nothing further, but that he held a very sorry opinion of the captain's attitude was plain as day. It said, and it silently put into Bonbright's head, ideas like these: That Bonbright as commander of this forward unit had much discretionary power. Good grief, Nicholson might never come. Nicholson might be dead. The captain and all the rest of them would look pretty silly sitting here in St.-Joseph-Pere if they woke up someday to find the battalion across the Moselle without them.

Bonbright was forced to admit the truth to himself, while the lieutenant stared at him with the plainest impatience and disrespect in his shining young eyes. The truth was that Bonbright for personal reasons did not want to leave St.-Joseph-Pere. In another second or two, the lieutenant might guess that. If he ever did, something would be gone forever from the quality of Bonbright's command. Not defining it as such—for he did not know how to—but acting upon it, Bonbright had to make a moral decision.

"As a matter of fact," he said with a frown, as though the whole thing were at last resolved among all its critical factors, "even if we can't locate the major, we'll shove off whenever we get the gas."

Meanwhile, there were guests for breakfast. Monsieur le Cure was glad to accept a snack before returning to his own place to begin clearing up. And there was also the boy Michel, who was hungry, not only for something to eat, but for everything he could learn about the American soldiers and their machines. He found Bonbright by asking everyone where the captain was.

"When are the soldiers going away?" he asked Bonbright.

Probably today; they would know in a little while.

Would they ever come back? Who knew? Probably not, unless the Germans forced them back, which was not likely.

Certainly not; let us hope not. Well, then, there was something that was nice to think about, even if it might be foolish. He said that he had thought of it a good deal during the night.

Ah! And what was that?

It was this: the possibility that the American troops would permit a strong boy to go along with them, and in the end, perhaps they would take him to America after the war.

Bonbright said to himself that he would be damned.

"What about your sister, Laure?" he asked. "Doesn't she need you?"

"I think I would be only a burden for her," replied Michel. "What have we left here? If she returns to Paris where she used to work, she would have to support me. She is a very good woman. Since our parents died she has done everything for me."

"Yes. I see. But we could not take you from her. She likes taking care of you. You are her family now."

"I could do any number of things for you, and when we caught up with the Germans again, I could kill one."

"I have no doubt of it. I'm sorry, but I don't think we'd better plan on it."

The boy looked at him with eyes like burning coals. If he was disappointed he managed to hide it. "Very well," he said at last. "There was no harm in trying. You agree, Captain?"

"Entirely. None whatsover."

A silence, after which Michel asked, "Then we shall probably not see you again, Captain?"

"Somehow. Yes. Somehow."

"Ah. That's good. We are very grateful to you. My sister——"

"Yes?"

"Nothing."

"You were going to say something."

"Yes, but I think not, now."

"Of course. As you like."

But Bonbright was shaken by the candid knowing air of the child, and said to himself that it made him feel in an odd way like the younger of the two. Protective happinesses had one by one been savagely stripped off this boy for so many years of his childhood that he judged people and life with an infant worldliness. He expected nothing.

"I should like to see your sister again before we move on. How is she this morning?"

"She is well. She gave me a message for you. She said to tell you that we shall never forget what you have done for us."

"But I have done nothing."

"Oh, yes. To you it is nothing, but to us it is a lot. Laure said that we have found out again that there are

good people in the world as well as bad. I know what she means."

"And now their claim upon me is complete," said Bonbright to himself bitterly.

It was hard enough to put them out of his mind and get on his job and go away without having their love so plainly given to him. What had happened to his standards that had served him so kindly, and for years and years back home had kept him so pleasantly free of even the slightest further implication of his self-indulgences?

"Please go back," he said to Michel, "and tell your sister that I will call to take my leave of her as we move on through town this morning."

Michel gave him a French army salute, palm out, and went on his errand.

Bonbright frowned, presenting himself with a pledge. I will write to Aggie, he vowed, and give her their address, and have her send them everything. Wonderful things to eat, and wear, and work with. She will ask me why I am so interested in them, and God knows what I will tell her, but I'll tell her something. She'll probably know without my telling her anything. I'd be ashamed if they ever found out how rich my wife is. I don't know.

Shortly before noon the sergeant was back. "No soap."

What did he mean, "No soap?"

He meant, sir, that there was no trace of Major Nicholson either at Commercy or Neufchateau, because he asked everybody.

Ah-hah? And what else, Sergeant?

Well, all the rest of it was certainly blanked up. As to the gas, that was. There was no gas anywhere.

What?

No sir, not a drop. Not a convoy anywhere that had a drop. Nobody knew when there would be any gas up forward. Reports had come in from almost every road hereabouts, all the approaches to Nancy, and the crossing of the Moselle. Same thing. Immobilized by lack of fuel.

Bonbright's lieutenant was as enraged as a major general at the situation. But he agreed that now actually there was nothing whatever to do but sit here in St.-Joseph-Pere and wait till they got the blanking juice.

And so all that day and night, and the next day and night, the company was grounded, a little pool of frustrated but yet delighted humanity.

All that day more people returned to the village of St.-Joseph-Pere from the surrounding country. A little vitality began to show in the wrecked town. There was a little cafe in the middle of town with nothing at all in it, but because it was habitually the social center of the place, people came and lingered there, and many soldiers made it their headquarters. Through it they gathered news, made acquaintances, and found their way to the company of women.

Bonbright was free by noon to go and see Laure again. Michel was with her. They were working at their house. Already it was much improved. He was adopted by this household as an intimate. Michel simply saw the three of them as a new league, in which he held equal membership with the two adults. He did not question the relationship of his sister to Bonbright. He took it for what it looked like in his presence, and that was a friendship like his with the American captain. This was either sophistication of the highest sort, or complete innocence. Bonbright in the end never really decided which. All he knew was that with the boy, he had a curiously grown-up and matter-of-fact equality such as he never had seen in America between a boy and a man. With Laure, this present self of his was in love.

How could he describe it except in such terms?

Captain Bonbright, in St-Joseph-Pere, weeks inland from Normandy, and marked by all that lay between, had very little in common with Bonny Bonbright of San Francisco, of four thousand miles away.

His happiness here was made of many things. It included pity, admiration and responsibility, as well as love.

Now that he saw Laure again, he saw how beautiful she really was. Her beauty was like a gift which they made to each other.

That evening they had a dinner for him. Everyone joined in the comedy of having a party, with the most meager of means, in the damaged house. As the American commander, he was the guest of honor, and to honor him, Pere Bouisson was invited.

The party was held early, before the blackout. The menu was simple but delicious, and they all ate with heightened relish. There was a pot of soup into which many humble things had gone, and out of which there came a wonderful flavor. Bonbright contributed some of the hard biscuit from the C ration to go with the potage. He also brought some bars of chocolate for dessert, and a little jar of coffee powder which Aggie had sent to him in England, and which he had selfishly hoarded from all his comrades against a festive moment which turned out to be this one. Crowning the meal were two bottles of *vin rose*, the most subtle and delicious Bonbright had ever tasted. These had been the gift of the cure. He said that he had kept them hidden all during the German performance, and he was delighted to bring them forth for this occasion. He raised his glass to propose the first toast. It ran something like this:

"To the return of our liberty, with a prayer to Almighty God that mankind may be permitted to keep this gain on the long and difficult road to its ultimate humanity, and in the generations to come, add yet other steps to lead us from the darkness toward the light."

It was a statement that sobered them for a few moments, for while recognizing the good in men it was not unmindful of the bad.

Going nod-nod-nod, the old man smiled and waved his fingers toward himself in an encouraging gesture and said, "Come now, let us not lose ourselves in the gloom of philosophy. While admitting the worst of all possible worlds, we must behave as if we were the best of all possible people . . . Laure, your potage is a masterpiece."

"Thank you, *mon pere*."

"I suppose the recipe has been in your family for generations?"

"No, I copied it from a place in Paris where I used to go when I lived there. A little restaurant out toward Passy. I came to know the cook, who let me have the secret."

"Ah! We dine on metropolitan splendors."

"Someday I shall go to New York," said Michel. "I think I should prefer it to Paris."

"You wretch," said his sister, "to prefer anything to our Paris!"

"No, perhaps he is right," said the priest. "Perhaps he has an instinct for the future. Eh, Captain?"

"Well, of course, they are so different," answered Bonbright. "I saw Paris only as a college boy, on vacation. But I loved Paris, what I saw of it. Unhappily I did not meet many French people."

"No, I can imagine," said Laure. "You lived at the Ritz bar, and your summer was a success only to the degree that you found other Americans with whom you could talk, and scold the French for their greed, their looseness and their lack of sanitation."

The old man turned from her to Bonbright to watch this exchange. Laure was laughing. He had not seen her even smile for so long that he had forgotten how fine-looking she was.

Bonbright had a puzzled frown on his forehead. "How you know?" he asked.

"Do you think I failed to hear the American women talking when they went shopping? I worked in a very smart shop in Paris. I knew enough English to deal with them. Oh! The eyes of American women!"

"What do you mean?"

"They are like icicles when they look at other women, foreign women especially. With smiling rudeness, they used to ask me how I could be so chic on my small salary. They had spent thousands on themselves and were never satisfied! They never understood what I tried to explain, that chic is incidental, and starts within one, and one's feeling for life. There is very little effort, expense, or conscious style visible on French women. The effect comes from within them, how they feel about being women."

"Well. And do you agree, Captain?" asked the cure.

"Well, I hardly know. I never thought of it, really. Do Frenchmen agree with Laure?"

At that she laughed, and so did the old man.

"I don't think Frenchmen really notice," she said, "like men anywhere. Whatever we are, women all over the world, is the fault of the men anyway. We are what men want us to be."

"Then you mean American men want that expensive, elaborate, unsatisfied woman you describe? Why would they?"

"Because they do not ordinarily find women companionable in all things, as our men do. In their intellectual, spiritual lives, for example. In their business concerns. And so women overdevelop the only thing that is left for them to be."

Bonbright scowled over these thoughts which were new to him. He knew, of course, that she was amusing them with an elaborate form of teasing. He knew that it was not too easy to find a topic of conversation among such new friends.

During all this conversation, they ate. They looked at each other, they sustained their party, and among them the most active by his presence was the cure. But Bonbright felt further that every nerve of feeling between himself and Laure was also part of the gathering, and that Monsieur le Cure missed none of it. He wished he knew what the old man thought about it. In that old black snapping eye there seemed to be much opinion.

He could not help thinking of Agatha in the light of Laure's remarks, as though Laure, without naming her, had directly commented upon Mrs. David Alexander Bonbright. He found himself ashamed for the disloyalty of coupling Aggie with the conversation here. He did not want to think of her now. He did not want to accuse himself of happiness which had nothing to do with her, which, indeed, was something so free and yet so intense that he could never remember anything like it in his life before.

As the darkness was closing down, they finished their supper party. Formally, they all stood up, and shook hands with one another. Did Monsieur le Cure have a place to stay, or would he care to return to the soldiers' camp for the night? Thank you, he had a place to stay. The women's sodality of the church of St.-Joseph-Pere had helped him to clear his sleeping room in the rectory. He would be quite comfortable.

Then perhaps they might all escort him to his dwelling?

"Thank you very much, that would not be necessary though it would be pleasant."

They took it for permission. They walked with him to the end of the street and saw him retire into his burrow of fallen stones with the animal dignity of one who had, in any case, never meant more than shelter when he said home.

Returning a little way in quiet, they all felt the influence of the old man linger upon them. Then Michel said, "I wish to ask for something."

"What?" asked his sister.

"If you think you will not need me, I wish to spend the night with the soldiers."

"Oh!"

Bonbright looked at her in the dusk to see if she wondered, as he did, whether the boy was deliberately removing himself from them so as to leave them free. He read no answer in her face. He never knew for himself.

"Will it be a nuisance for the camp?" she asked Bonbright.

"Not in the least. The soldiers—all of us—would be delighted to put him up. It is for you to decide whether you want him at home."

She shrugged. "I suppose if I were a boy, I would be miserable unless I were imagining myself a soldier among soldiers."

"Then I may?" asked Michel.

"I suppose so."

The boy pulled at her, and she bent over while he embraced her, straining against her with his thin little bones as if to communicate what could not be said. He let her go and ran away up the street.

She looked after him, shaking her head. "My poor baby! He has had so little of childhood. I sometimes wonder how much else of life is to be left him."

Bonbright took her hand, and they walked on in the shadows toward her house. He was in seventh heaven. He was sure she was too.

He didn't know what made him have such a large thought, but he took it perfectly seriously when this came to his mind: If I go on from here, after this, and get killed, as a lot of better men have been, I won't much care, now.

Hodge's Grace

Heavenly Father, bless us,
And keep us all alive,
There's ten of us to dinner
And not enough for five.

They never really knew how long it could last. At certain moments they were almost timid with each other in speaking their minds. But powerful unspoken hopes filled them both, and they would feel that no two people in the world knew each other better than they did, and this feeling would seem as long as life itself. Then a sort of daylight of reason would come back to them, and they would again suddenly be aware of the thing that had brought him here, and which would take him away without much warning in perhaps another hour.

Once in those few hours together, she asked him if he would ever come back.

"Do you want me to?"

"Oh, yes."

"Yes, I will."

She laughed. She looked at him with tears brimming in her eyes. "How can you ever come back? When?"

He explained that someday, at last, there must come a time when the Army would be victorious, and he would be given leave. Then he would come back.

"Perhaps I would be able to get to Paris. Could you come to me there?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I adore Paris," she said. Before the war she had worked there. She loved her job.

Why did she ever leave?

She had to come back when her father and mother died within a few days of each other.

Were they old people?

Not really. Merely middle-aged. But they had died of starvation, she was sure. Two kinds of starvation. One was for food. The other was for enough future for her, and especially for Michel, the delight and pride of the family. How could he ever grow up strong enough, her parents longed to know, to rise up against the Germans and drive them from French soil forever? They made her promise that she would stay here and raise Michel in their native village, where at least there was a little bit of a chance to grow food for the two of them, while in Paris heaven only knew how they might manage to live.

But now—her eyes sparkled, and she delighted Bonbright with the energy of her love for Paris, the very crown of French pride—now that Paris belonged to them again, perhaps in a while she might take Michel and go back there to live. If she could not go back to her old job, what of it? There would be other jobs. It would take everything she could earn to keep the boy in food, clothes, and at school. But who would count the cost when the most precious thing in France was at stake, and that was, the life, health and spirit of the very future, the treasure that resided in the male children of honest French blood?

He said, oh, yes, she need never fear, they would be in Paris together.

He wanted to make up for every hardship and every loss she had suffered. He didn't care what it might cost.

But wondrously tracing his head with her indefinitely delicate touch that charged him with mindless joy, she said she needed of him nothing more than this, now, itself.

In another scrap of conversation, she said to him with the lightest possible air, a sort of quivering tact that was full of fear, "You are married?"

Yes, yes he was. He was married.

Oh, *douleur*. Oh, a pang.

He knew he must tell her sooner or later. He had no idea of how she would take it. He did not quite expect how she actually felt. It made her desperately want him more than ever.

When he could, he asked her as to herself, then. Was she a widow?

Oh, no. Once, long ago, before the occupation, she had had a fiance.

Was he killed in the war before France surrendered?

No. That might have been better. He was somewhere in Germany, either alive in a labor camp, or dead and turned to chemical use by the Germans. He was very likely dead, though nobody had been able to find out anything. But there had been reports by name of some of the people from St.-Joseph-Pere who had died in the German service, and at the time, it was reported that several others unidentified had also perished. Her man, she assumed, was among them. He had been manager of the estates of the chateau before the war, a graduate of Nancy, a student of agriculture.

Did she suffer, speaking of him?

Not at all. They had loved each other very much. She could only pay him the

bitter tribute of her memory of him. He had been tall, nearly as tall as Bonbright, finely made, with shining black hair and humorous eyes. A typical Frenchman. He loved the country. He could make things grow like a wizard. He wanted to marry her just before he was taken away, but this design by some obscene intuition had been guessed by the local German officials. He had been seized the night before Pere Bouisson was to join them together. She had never seen him since.

Bonbright asked her how she thought he would have felt about the two of them, now.

She looked at him as though he were for the moment, an awkward child, who has no idea of how his mischief could hurt someone else, and replied, "I think he would say to me that whether in the earth, or the heart of a being, life itself will not be denied."

He felt ashamed of himself.

He thought of all women he knew, and without a single one of the so-called advantages expected and possessed by all the rest of them, Laure was the best able to meet life in the widest sense, the best educated. But then, he had to add in fairness, she had been to a very hard school.

She ended this particular conversation with another idea which seemed to him the ultimate expression of that old realism of which the French were capable.

"Though life will take any means of persisting, one does have a choice."

"Do you mean me, for example?"

"If you like. But what I really mean is that one's philosophy did not include the Germans. I hardly know even yet how I managed. But I did. They never touched me. No German child for me."

He shook his head. So much beauty coupled with so much bitterness in her.

He spoke to her endearingly and, with his love, called her into sweetness, if only for the moment.

The moment was so true to itself that they could not even think of anything else, such as the fact that it might not last forever. It would; it would. That was what they seemed to pledge each other.

But just after sunrise of the third day, Nicholson arrived from the south in his jeep. Bonbright was there to meet him. Nicholson had spent the last forty hours roaring back and forth on the littered highways trying to get the fuel supply system in order for his own unit. At last they had some gas. It was coming up in a very short while by truck. There wasn't a steady flow yet, but it would be enough to get them inching forward out of this godforsaken place. Nicholson said he'd take a look around. How were things?

Bonbright said fine. It was rough luck to get held up this way, but if it had to happen, he was just as well pleased. The men were rested and bored and ready to get going.

Nicholson looked at him with a smile. "You're in pretty good shape yourself, I'd say. All shaved and bright and sweet smelling." He scraped his hand on his own stubbled jaws, which were pale with exhaustion under his black beard.

"I'm all right," said Bonbright with irritation.

"Just what I said."

"Skip it, Hank . . . We've got the vehicles lined up back there where the cans can get to them when the trucks arrive. Why don't you grab a little sleep and let me get things going here? No need to knock yourself out."

"There's enough for us both to do. Let's get on with it."

This had the effect of saying thank you, sincerely. They got to work.

By the time the trucks showed up the company was ready for the fuel transfer.

Around eight o'clock Bonbright asked Nicholson if he could borrow his jeep for a few minutes. He'd be right back. There were two or three people in the village he just wanted to see for a minute. Nicholson jerked his thumb toward the jeep meaning: Go on, take it.

Bonbright went to Laure. But he could only stay a minute. Michel was there. Bonbright was almost formal saying good-by. He said that as there was no mail service, he could not write to her yet. God only knew when he would be back himself. But she must never doubt that he would come. She must stay here. How else would he ever find her? They would go to Paris as they had said so many times in this scrap of time, this eternity. What could they trust but how they felt? He needed nothing more, nor did she. Good-by . . . good-by.

Her face wore the expression of a demolished house, a mask of loss and vacancy.

He had a desperate need to solemnize the turmoil of his feelings. He drove to the church. Out in the rear he found Pere Bouisson, scratching in his little garden to take away the choking rubble from his vegetables.

"I am leaving now, *mon pere*."

"Yes. The time always comes."

"Thank you for your courtesies."

The priest bowed ironically in silence. It was as though he said to Bonbright, "You are welcome, but that is not what you have come to say." Yes-yes-yes-yes, some things are difficult to say and even more difficult to contain.

"Father, may I ask you something else?"

"You may."

"May I ask you to do all you can for those particular friends of mine, Laure and Michel?"

He pleaded with his face that the old man understand that he wanted them to be guarded and blessed and helped, for reasons which he could hardly be expected to explain.

With almost an official coldness the priest replied, "I will take care of all my children."

"I suppose so," Bonbright said, shaking his head, as if he could hardly have hoped for any special favors, but yet had to try for them. "I will be back, Father."

The priest closed his eyes in comment upon this. It was the ultimate in resigned skepticism.

And yet when he looked at Bonbright again, there was a flash of life in his old face, and for an answer it was the best Bonbright was going to get. There was a frown of anger on the old man's face, and also a grim smile that acknowledged human commitment. What a big fool the young officer was. When would people ever learn to look at the shadows of their own deeds falling ahead of them on the path, while the day of a lifetime rose like the sun behind them, climbed to the zenith at their noon of life, and descended in their old age, throwing shadows behind them of all that they had done and had been?

He raised his hand which nodded along with his head at Bonbright, and said not as a promise but as an opportunity, "May God bless you."

Bonbright thanked him, shook hands in the American fashion, returned to the jeep and drove back to the formation which was nearly ready to go. There was dust in his eyes, and there was a lump in his throat.

About half an hour later the Americans moved out slowly, shaking the ground in their heavy grinding progress, on the morning of 5 September, 1944.

In the following months he had to remind himself angrily many times that no single individual could control a whole war, especially for his own convenience.

The Army moved on, and the battalion with it. When the division settled down to the first phases of occupation duty, Bon thought his chance had come, and he put in for leave. Somewhere he would promote a jeep or a car and drive back to the village.

At the same time that he applied for leave, one of those large shifts occurred, and he was ordered to return to the States as one of a group of instructors in armored tactics for new troops in training for the war in the Pacific. He tried everything, and he got Hank to try everything, but without effect.

Bon wrote to Laure about his transfer, begging for an understanding, a faithful word from her. He gave the letter to an Army courier who was on the Paris run through Nancy. Someone there might somehow get the letter to her at St.-Joseph-Pere. He had no idea if she would ever receive it.

They flew him home in May of 1945.

He was turned loose on leave for a couple of weeks when he got to Fort Knox. He telephoned Agatha. He said he'd rather not come home till it really was all over. She said she understood, though it was plain that she did not, and was bitterly hurt. She asked if she should join him in Louisville just as before, when he was in training. What could he say?

She came on. They found a furnished room where she stayed and where he joined her on week ends. They agreed that it was wonderful to be together again, but they earnestly saved each other's feelings by saying that neither of them would feel that they were really together until it was all over and he was safely in San Francisco for good.

A few weeks later he was ordered to another camp with his new unit, there

to intensify training and await their jump-off orders for the Pacific. In the strangeness of things, Agatha took what comfort she could in the desperate pride of wartime sacrifice and left him again, returning to San Francisco.

When she was gone, he was glad; not that he was ungrateful for his little time with her.

He wrote to France again two or three times when the international mail service opened up. He never received any answer.

The only thing that gave him any peace was to throw himself wholly into his job with the new troops. If he couldn't do what he had failed to do, the next best thing was to try forgetting it. He was doing better than he expected at forgetting when the end came in Japan. He was one of the earliest in his category to be separated from the service. By September, 1945, he was back home in San Francisco for his real celebration with Agatha (to which he devoted himself with conscious energy), his return to his prewar job, and his habit of the good things of life, as they were universally understood and approved among his kind.

Actually, Bon felt, he had not been doing such a bad job of returning to the present until that visit from Hank. That did it. That really did. He knew Aggie was clever and sensitive, and he knew that some things were best buried forever. Only a sentimental fool thinks he can hold on to the past at all. He didn't want to make use of Hank, and yet that was just what he was going to do. There might be a comic justice somewhere in that, for what really set him off was that day and night of getting drunk with Hank and fighting the whole thing all over again.

The day he received his passports from the Department of State, he went out to lunch alone. Later, he walked downtown to the Palace Hotel. At the phone desk he put in a call to Hank in New York and was assigned to booth number four when it came through.

"Hank. This's Bon." Two minutes of trivial exchanges. Then, "Hank, will you do something for me?"

"Sure."

"I won't be able to explain, but I want you to ring me long distance at home tonight. I've got to get away. I want it to look like a deal in New York."

A pause, while Bon could imagine Hank scowling and saying to himself that this did not sound like Bon.

"Well, there could be a deal," said Hank rather remotely. "I meant what I said out there."

"I know you did, Hank. We'll still talk about it. This is something else. It's nothing with any trouble in it. I just need to have Aggie satisfied that I have to go away for a little while."

"Are you coming here?"

"Yes, on the way."

"On the way. What does that mean?"

"I'll tell you when I see you, Hank. Will you ring me up later at home?"

"All right. What shall I do? Read you the local weather report?"

"You louse . . . What time can you call?"

"It's up to you."

"Okay. Make it around seven thirty our time."

"That's ten thirty our time."

"Yes. And listen, Hank. Keep it to yourself, eh?"

"Oh, sure, sure. Very discreet . . . You're not mixed *up* in anything, eh?"

"Oh, no. No. This's all right. I wouldn't be asking you if I were."

"No, that's right. Well, then. See you later."

"See you later. And thanks, *compadre*."

"*De nada*. Good-by."

"Good-by."

They were at dinner when the call came that evening. He started up to answer it, but Agatha told him to let Margaret do it. Margaret was in the pantry, where there was a service extension of the phone. In a moment she appeared and asked Mr. Bonbright if he cared to take a long distance call.

"I told them you were at dinner, but the operator said it was long distance, would I please see."

"If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise."

William Blake

PROVERBS OF HELL

"Do you mind, Puss?" he asked Agatha.

"Who could it be?" she asked.

"No idea. Perhaps I'd better go see."

Bon left the pantry door ajar and took up the phone.

"Yes? . . . Who? Hank? Hello, Hank."

"Hello, Mr. Pinkerton. I wish to report a case."

"Yes, go on."

"I assume the proper party is listening in the background?" asked Hank.

"Yes, I see. That's very interesting," said Bon. He heard Hank laugh comfortably at the necessity of keeping it, in San Francisco, on a plausible level, while New York could say anything it liked.

"Fresh to moderate northeasterly winds tonight and tomorrow, with slight drop in temperature late tomorrow morning."

"I see," said Bon. "Well, maybe I could. I'd have to see."

He turned, and with his foot, widened the gap in the pantry door.

"Puss, this is Hank, in New York. What day could I get away to fly to New York for a conference with him? It's that job on his new magazine. He wants me to look into it . . . Hold on, Hank."

Agatha came to the pantry door. "Do you honestly think you'll take it?" she asked, in a momentary panic at the impact of change.

"I don't *know*. I just think I owe it to myself to look into it. Have we anything important on?"

She narrowed her eyes to think and remember. "How long would you be gone?" she asked. "We're having the Terrills and Nettie and Daddy for dinner on the eleventh. Would you be back by then?"

He turned to the phone, smiling. There was something amusing about the game, and having it work out so neatly. "How long would you need me, Hank?"

"How long do you want, Egghead?" asked Hank.

He turned back to her. "He says a week at the outside. I'd be back for the eleventh."

She considered . . . Perhaps I'll go with you," she said. "I'd like to meet Hank's wife and see some plays."

What a rotten conspirator he was. He had not thought of that possibility. There was an awkward little pause.

Fortunately she read into it a memory rather than a disappointment. She laughed. "Though I guess not," she added. "I don't know if I could stand another veteran's reunion . . . You go on, but be back by the eleventh."

He kissed at her in the air, and smiled, privately relieved.

"All right, Hank," he said into the phone. "I'll check the office here in the morning and try to get out tomorrow night. Call up the Dunraven Towers and make a reservation for me. Thanks, my boy . . . Here, Aggie wants to say hello to you."

It was a master stroke, he thought, to get her actually to speak to Hank.

She took the phone. "Hello, Henry. How are you?"

"I'm fine, and I want to thank you again for such a wonderful time in San Francisco."

"It was nothing. We loved seeing you. Take good care of Bonny. Be sure you get him back by the eleventh. Why don't you come back with him?"

"I'd like to. Maybe I can."

"Well, see that you try. Wait a minute, here's Bon again." She gave him the receiver.

"See you day after tomorrow, then, Hank," he said. "I'll wire confirmation. I'll have to tell Terrill what's up, but of course we all know it's only tentative so far."

"That's right. Good-by."

"Good-by. And thanks. I'm certainly grateful for this, Hank."

"You'd better be, you two-faced skunk," said Hank. "You sound like a suitcase murderer."

The call was concluded with every appearance of satisfaction.

The Bonbrights went back and finished their dinner. His heart was tripping along at an excited pace. He wondered if he looked as different as he felt.

He phoned Agatha from the office the next day to say that Terrill had been very pleasant about the whole thing, had agreed that he should go East for a few days to look into the offer, but in the same breath had urged him not to throw away what he had here. He was really very decent, and much concerned personally, beyond the office tie-up, for Bon's welfare. So he was going, and she might as well go right ahead and pack for him, and meet him downtown for dinner, and then she could run him out to the airport.

She picked him up at the office late in the afternoon, much later than he usually stayed, but he did feel that, as he was going to be away for a spell, he should wash up everything that was on his desk. She sat and watched him as he finished up one or two little things. She rarely saw him in his office. In his softly whistling abstraction, she saw a new value of his power over her, of which he was mostly unconscious. She had a heartbeat for the fact that she belonged to him. She wondered if he ever, in all his life, would know completely how much he meant to her. She supposed not. He took a great many things for granted, including that. Sometimes it irritated her a little, but when she was able to be both loving and reasonable, she could see, as now, that he was actually a very modest man, with no real idea of how good-looking he was, or how much people sought his idle smiling approval.

He took her to Luigi's for dinner, where they had many drinks. At one point she put her hand on his and said, "You *will* hurry right back, won't you, Puss?"

"Why, of course," he said at once, and was amazed at himself for thinking at the same time that he really didn't know. Aggie was really something. What did she feel? She was like a little cat. She seemed to have unknown ways of knowing things. He often told her in their most intimate times that she was like a pussycat. It was where her nickname came from, which, in love, she turned right around and gave to him, too. He prayed ardently now without words or religious images that whatever was going to happen would not hurt her, or anyone else, either. He still thought he was born to have his way without pain for anyone.

Going out to the airport, it was she who drove—a symbol of his leaving her, however briefly. His flight was being announced as they entered the waiting room. The porter led Bon to the desk to check in. His two bags were weighed.

"I suppose you packed everything," he said to Aggie.

"I packed you for day and evening, both. Though I don't suppose they do much dressing in New York in the month of May. Call me when you get there."

"It'll be too early. I'll wire."

"Call me. Wake me up. I'd love to talk to you half-awake."

"All right, Puss."

"Do you think you'll say yes to Hank?"

"Good heavens! How do I know? I'll have to see."

"Oh, I think people always know if a thing feels right or not, long before. I do, anyway."

"Oh, you do, eh? You're pretty smart, aren't you?"

She smiled back at him. "Certainly I do. I knew I was going to marry you *long* before. That's why I broke my engagement to Jack."

"I read all about it in the Sunday Examiner, didn't I? In fact, that's why I got you on my mind, I suppose."

"You see?" she said, like a past mistress of cause and effect.

"Good-by, Puss darling," she said, putting up her face. He kissed her. The odd thought that he was more than one man occurred to him and disturbed him, even while it seemed to relieve and justify him.

He turned and went through the gate and ran up the aluminum stairs to the big plane.

He got a seat by a window up forward on the airport side. Looking out, he could see Agatha. He waved. She saw him and waved back. He was always touched by the concept of loyalty. She seemed at that moment to be its very embodiment. "How about it?" he said to himself. "That's pretty fine, all right. It's something never to forget, no matter what happens."

In a moment the plane began to taxi down the field, and in a few more moments, it was airborne, wheeling vastly like a course of little red, white and green stars out over the dark bay and the gemmed city of San Francisco on its misty hills.

Before settling down for the night, Bon checked the contents of his large wallet made of alligator skin and edged with yellow gold. There was his passport with its visa, fresh from the consulate in San Francisco. There was the telegram confirming his reservations to Paris via Air-Atlantique for tomorrow night. There were the five thousand dollars in traveler's checks which he had bought after converting all his war bonds. And there were the few hundreds in cash which he habitually carried about with him, like Terrill and the others at home with whom it was sometimes necessary, at lunch, cocktails, or dinner, to hold his end up.

He was reassured and pleased by his possessions. As he fell asleep, he had the agreeable feeling that, flying this way through the night, he was also flying back through time, and, in a very short while, he would find what he had left, just as he had left it. He would find the other half of a promise he had meant truly, and the other half of himself.

His flight arrived on schedule all along the line. In the morning, arriving at La Guardia field, he was enormously hungry, as always after flying any distance, and took a taxi to the Dunraven Towers, where sure enough, there was a reservation for him. He called Hank up.

"When did you get in?"

"Just now. Thanks for the hotel room. How about lunch?"

"Sure. Where?"

"You name it. You're taking me to lunch."

Hank named a place run by a friend of his called Chris, in East Forty-fifth Street, saying that it was the New York equivalent of Luigi's. "There'll be a table in the back room. Ask for it if I'm late. And you can match me for the check."

Bon laughed, thanked him, and hung up.

He considered for a moment, then decided to place a call to Agatha. It went through without delay, as it was still early in the day on the West Coast. She was awake, and waiting for his voice.

"How was the deal going?" she wanted to know.

He replied a little impatiently that she sounded as though he'd been in New York for a week. He'd barely arrived and had had time for only a couple of phone calls.

Oh, of course. How silly of her. It was just that he seemed so far away, and had been gone so long.

Thanks, that was sweet of her, but she was to cheer up. Actually, in respect to the deal, it looked offhand as though a lot of the discussions were going to take place down in the country. He expected to be out of New York until the whole thing had been thoroughly gone into.

He gathered they were going—he and a couple of executives from Hank's company—somewhere on the New England coast, and there'd been talk of going out on the boat of one of the fellows. The point was, she was not to worry if she didn't hear from him, or couldn't reach him. He'd keep his room at the Dunraven, and she could leave messages there for him. The minute he got back near a phone, he would call her.

So far, he conceded, it all sounded a lot more like a vacation than a business trip; but it was also sort of encouraging that he was doing business on such a high level that yachts, and cruises, and sea fishing, went right along with it. Even if nothing came of it in a business way, he'd have some fun. That should cheer her up, shouldn't it?

Yes, she said, she supposed so. But she sounded rueful, and he could imagine how she looked, sitting up in bed with her hair tied back with a little blue velvet ribbon, her eyes huge and kittenish, with a hurt-looking little place swollen above and between her eyebrows.

Unreasonably, and he knew out of guilt, he said impatiently, "Well, what do you want me to do? Turn right around and come back without even the satisfaction of hearing what they have to say here in New York?"

"No, no," she hurried to assure him. He could hear a hint of genuine fright in her voice. He felt mean at having put her in the wrong, when what she regarded as the right was entirely based upon a lie.

"No, no. I'm a selfish nitwit, Puss darling, and I hope you have a divine time. All I hope is we won't have to move East. But if we have to, of course, we can. We both know that."

The miniature valor of this stabbed him all over again.

Well, he said, she needn't feel too gloomy yet. Whatever happened, it wouldn't happen overnight, he felt sure. This was just to sound things out. And now good-by; he had to get to his first conference. He'd wire her later. The main thing was, don't worry, if he was unable to phone her every day, or even for several days. She would find him still registered at the Dunraven, and he'd check in there the very first

minute. Good-by, Puss. Love and kisses.

He hung up, shaking his head at himself. Facing his fabrications, he said silently that of course he must go to any lengths to avoid hurting Aggie in any way. Until he really knew, what else could he do but invent everything like this?

What enough people did, became—after all—all right for anyone to do. He would bet anything that thousands of others would give everything they had to have a chance to go back, and find all over again that one experience that stood alive over all others, good or bad, mean or fearful, tired or deathly, of the most significant time of their lives, which was fighting in the war overseas.

He went out into the fine New York spring day and walked up Fifth Avenue to the office of Air-Atlantique, where he identified himself, claimed his reservation, gave his temporary address, paid for his ticket, and was briefed on preparations for his Atlantic crossing. The plane would leave at midnight for Gander in Newfoundland, Shannon in Eire, and Paris.

From the airline office he went to the travel agency that was arranging his hotel accommodations in Paris. They had received a cable confirming that he was expected at the Hotel George V. He found himself growing exhilarated at each step of his program drew nearer to realization.

After that he went to various shops, bought some nylon stockings, some boxes of scented soap, some sweets and five pounds of fine fresh coffee. At the last shop he had all these put into an ornamentally wrapped box, and sent to his hotel. It was then time to meet Hank for lunch.

Hank was already in the back room at Chris's with a row of four Scotch Old-fashioneds set out before him.

"Two for me and two for you," he said, shaking hands with Bon. "If you were late, I was going to drink them all to keep them from spoiling."

They sat down and raised their glasses to each other.

"Well, what is it?" said Hank. Another would have trod all around the subject, arriving at it finally with some delicacy. Bon was not quite ready for it, so directly. But he laughed because this was so like Hank.

"Well, you got me here, and I'm grateful," he said. "There's nothing much I can tell you, except that I've got to go to France."

"France. Why?"

"I won't really know till I get there."

"I suppose it makes sense to somebody, in some way. It'd have to. But not to me."

"I know, Hank. Maybe not to me, either. But anyhow, I'm on the way. I leave tonight."

"I see. Nobody knows, eh?"

"No. My boss thinks—so does Aggie—that I'm here to go into the possibility of a job with you."

"You'd better make that a fact. You could, you know."

"I know. I'd still like to think about it. But this comes first."

"Have you any idea why?"

"Not in my head . . ."

Hank stared at Bon with a cold detached expression on his face, which meant that so long as Bon did not seem to want to tell him anything, he would cut his throat before he would ask. Meantime, he would indulge the perceptions of his other Irish means of knowing things—intuition, memory of mankind, the truculent sympathy of his friendship. "All right," he said at last. "What else do you want me to do to cover you?"

"Nothing. Only if Agatha should for any reason try to get in touch with you—which she won't—but if she does, I have told her that I'll be in the country somewhere, or probably off on a fishing boat with some of your people."

"I see. You'll want that confirmed if necessary."

"I guess so."

"All right. I guess I can beat you at lying if I have to."

Architecture aims at Eternity; and therefore is the only thing incapable of modes and fashions in its principles.

Sir Christopher Wren

—PARENTALIA

This was said not offensively, but as a statement of simple fact. Hank tipped his head and with a mild smile, and the air of changing the subject abruptly and permanently, said that Mamie had asked a lot about him. She kept saying that the next time he came East he must plan on spending some time with them in Scarsdale.

"Did you tell her I was to be here this time?"

"No. I thought you might come out home with me this evening. But you can't make it, tonight, I guess."

"I wish I could."

The only meaning of these simple exchanges seemed to be to prevent silence from falling between them. Distantly, but clearly, there was a sense of betrayal, not only of Hank, but of the whole background of the world in which the two friends met. Hank seemed to know more than he had been told. Bon seemed to repudiate more than he possessed. Neither was comfortable.

"Well," said Hank, "maybe when you come back, then."

"Absolutely. It's a date."

But he said it too quickly and eagerly. Hank looked at him and might as well have said straight out, so clear was his thought: Perhaps you won't come back, though. But he didn't.

Actually in a mood of irritated loyalty, they drank several more drinks and ate a large lunch. When the check came each grabbed for it, but Hank kept it. Bon had a look at it first. He complimented Chris's on being even more expensive than Luigi's.

Hank had to work after lunch. They said good-by on the sidewalk.

The transatlantic plane left at midnight. Bon watched the spectacle of New York as the plane banked, climbed and headed toward Newfoundland. The whole city was like a tray of diamond jewels laid out in a long crisscross pattern. It looked, when the plane banked, as though the whole tray had been tilted and wheeled away, then leveled and drawn straight back, until it receded into the black velvet distance, and its jewels dimmed out and became only a golden haze lying along an undeclared shore of the night.

They came into Gander at dawn. There the passengers had breakfast. Bon and a few other men crowded into the unpainted wooden washroom and shaved, some looking into wavery mirrors over the others' shoulders.

When his flight was called again, the passengers were told of a change in the flight plan, because of the weather. They would now go to Santa Maria in the Azores instead of Shannon, Eire. Bon, like the other members of the manifest, now felt that the trip was really beginning, for they were about to leave one continent for another. He had flown the ocean before, in the summer of 1945, but the crossing had been made mostly at night. He was eager to see what could be seen by daylight.

Once again aloft, the big ship climbed and climbed until it was cruising at nine thousand feet. For a while there was broken land beneath them, inlets, bays, marshes, fjords, all cold in color and almost barren of human life. Then suddenly they reached the actual edge of the eastern shore, and North America receded before the endless wash of the west-going waves. And as suddenly, there was nothing to look at. The sea, nearly two miles below, was an iron gray, unbroken by forms. By mid-morning they had come into white cloud and were flying blind.

In early afternoon the plane landed at Santa Maria island in the Azores and took off half an hour later. An hour out from the island they encountered thunderstorms and flew with whistling speed through blue darkness. The late afternoon was clear again, and fanciful lights played upon distant banks of cloud. The setting sun was behind them when the captain sent word that he was descending to three thousand feet so that his company might look more closely upon the land which, far ahead, was drawing toward them, limiting, and finally succeeding the sea.

It was France. Their hearts beat at the sight of their goal. They could see the marks of war all the way from the Brest Peninsula across Normandy and into the very sprawling suburbs of Paris.

It was still light when they landed and entered the sedate creaking bus with its huge plate-glass windows to drive into Paris from the airfield at Orly.

Bon went to his hotel, installed himself, set his box of gifts on a marble-topped table by his windows overlook-

ing the Avenue George V, and after dining, went to bed. He could not help marveling at having been in New York yesterday. He smiled when he discovered that he was, in his own vanity, taking some of the credit for the swift flight to France, as though its technical achievement could, in part, be traced to any act of his.

In the morning, he asked the porter's desk to hire a rented car for him. By the time he had finished his breakfast, the car was waiting for him. He had his package with him and a map. He studied it, started the motor, and drove across Paris to the Porte de Vincennes, and took the road leading through Esternay, Vitry-le-Francois, St. Dizier and Commercy, to St.-Joseph-Pere.

By noontime, he was hungry, and he paused for lunch at the little town of Vitry-le-Francois, drawing up at a little cafe in a narrow red brick building that stood by itself right on the highway. The place was crowded with workers and townspeople.

He was seated at a front table by the large window which was curtained halfway up. The word went to the kitchen that a prosperous stranger was present. In a moment, the proprietress came to speak to him.

She was a swarthy, stout woman with magnificent black eyes, and the expansive airs of a hostess who is sure of her local position. She bade him welcome and was gratified to learn that he could make himself understood in French. She shrewdly dwelt upon his face, and responded to the excitement, health and happiness she saw there.

He was an American? Ah, for herself, she had a decided feeling for Americans, no matter what others of her countrymen felt since the war. People were short-memoried. She never forgot the day the liberating armies came; it was like going upstairs out of the cellar, looking at the sunshine, and taking a deep breath and weeping for the joy of being free to love and scold and deal humanly with the whole world again. And now, what might he enjoy for lunch? She named over what she had.

He said he didn't care what she brought him. He would rather trust her. She opened her stout arms in a gesture of pleasure at his complete confidence and stated that he need do no more, she would do all.

Presently the waitress, a younger woman with less heartiness but perhaps more businesslike attention to trade, served him with a plate of hors d'oeuvres, followed by a thin, wonderfully flavored soup, a veal chop cooked with a thick sauce stinging with lemon, a salad of leaf lettuce and chopped beets, a local rosy wine, a raw apple, and a piece of cheese.

He found out from her that she was the daughter-in-law of Madame, who lived upstairs, where the lace curtains hung in the front windows by the wooden balcony. By the time he reached his dessert, the rush was letting up some, and Madame was able to emerge from the kitchen and speak to him once more. "I so often say," she said, eying with approval the dishes which he had all but licked clean, "the great thing is to find joy in life." She went on to say that one first had to find it in oneself, of course, and one could never say for anyone else just what it might consist of.

She looked with admiration at him and ventured to guess that he was a happy man.

He laughed and said he did not actually know, but he would know before long.

"Aha!" she exclaimed. Then he was undoubtedly on his way to some matter of the heart.

With his mouth full of cheese and apple, he laughed again and said he hoped fervently that she was right.

Good heavens, after one look at him, any girl was a fool who did not . . . Madame lifted her hands, palms upward, and gave him a lavish unspoken compliment. Then she squinted at the table and asked if there was anything further that he required?

No, he was replete, and it was the best meal he had had for years.

She bowed soberly, as if to agree with him out of simple professional self-respect, wished him a good end to his journey and withdrew.

Filled with good omens, he returned to his car and drove on through Vitry-le-Francois and its battle damage.

He drove hard all afternoon, sometimes laughing out loud at the little French car, which chattered and strove on the unrepaired road, skittering sideways at chuckholes and whining at the high speed demanded of it.

It was late afternoon when he found himself on the highway approaching St.-Joseph-Pere. The day was mild, the sky blue, the clouds golden and skeined into long lazy shreds. He felt his mouth going dry and his grasp upon the steering wheel turning moist. Where were the golden light, the rosy sweetness of those roofs, and the still beauty of those screens of trees about which he had dreamed so often? What he saw now was a drab scene.

The town was, as he had remembered, a mass of destruction. But how settled its fallen stones were now, and how poor the spirits which had let them lie! The thinning sunlight of late afternoon shone upon them impassively and pitilessly. There was such quiet and such eternity about the wretchedness before him that he believed he must have found the wrong town; for here there was nothing beautiful, such as had lifted his heart and filled it once, and surely forever.

As he drove carefully between the curving sides of the heart of the town, a frantic dog leaped out from a fallen garden wall and attacked his progress with bony energy. This act of natural and meaningless hostility irritated him. He drove a little faster and found himself opposite that house which, as he knew, went deeply and narrowly through its own ragged garden in the rear until it met a path that came from the fields beyond, the canal, the poplar trees standing between the town and the world like a gracefully disposed screen.

He did not stop. Not yet, he thought, but he could not say why.

"The church," he said to himself. That was where it had all once begun. It was where he must start again now.

He drove into the empty square and saw facing him the church of St. Joseph, the Father. He stopped the car and got out. The church was cleaned up, and in place of its old stone vaults there was now a temporary roof made of wood patched with pieces of flattened gasoline cans. Some dirty gray cloth material was nailed over the surviving empty windows from the inside.

This is the place, all right, he thought. His heart sank.

He remembered that Pere Bouisson lived in two little rooms behind the church and attached to it. He could not expect that anybody he knew was there, but he went to see. The door was standing open to the early summer day. He knocked and peered within. There was a small sound of response from someone whom he could not see around the edge of the door. And then someone came, blinking at the light and ceaselessly nodding.

It was the old priest, who gazed without recognition at the tall silhouette that faced him. "Yes?" said the old man, holding his hands together against his waist to quell their palsy.

"Do you remember me, Father? It is Captain Bonbright."

"Captain?" inquired the old man, coming out of doors, and turning Bonbright out of his own shadow to catch the light.

"I was the American officer who took this town in——"

"Ah-ha! So you kept your promise," said the old man sarcastically. "Come in."

Audibly asking himself, "Hm? Hm?" over and over, almost in time to the nodding of his head, the old man led him into a littered room and shut the door. The two of them were then in a sort of twilight. Pere Bouisson motioned him to a bench by one side of the table and sat down himself in the ancient heavy wooden armchair from which he had been disturbed.

They looked at each other in silence, and now the old man's endless nodding appeared to become a question.

Bon was without any authority, either that of his previous visit here, or that of his position at home. Something in the old man's eye saw directly past the small amenities of life. He looked deathly ill; hunched, shaking and hungry. His face was gouged with hardship and blanched with the effort of existing. But his expression warned against any notice of these aspects, either by himself or anyone who beheld them.

"I am sorry I interrupted you if you were working, Father."

The old man closed his eyes for a long moment and then opened them again. This conveyed the impression that of course he had been working, as any man should work, but that there was a limit to the importance which need be attached to his labors, or their chance interruption.

There was another silence. It lasted long enough for Bon to realize that any ordinary resumption of cordial relations through small talk was a lost hope. With a dry throat, he asked finally, "How are they?"

The priest leaned back in his chair with careful but unsuccessful effort to avoid the pain which any change of position gave him. He looked up at Bon and said, "Leave her alone. Do you hear me?"

"I only——"

"Leave her untroubled. Merciful God, why have you come back!"

"I——"

"You have come back out of vanity, eh? You have wrought and cannot leave alone what you have wrought, eh? You have the world—the only world that matters to you—and you seek yet another which will never honorably be yours. Hm? Hm? I do not adopt the prerogatives of the saints and display myself as an example for mankind, but such as I am, I am a lesson in what has become of us." *Yes-yes-yes-yes.* "You will be dismayed to know that wretched as it may be, it is what we are, and in our small possession of life, it is large enough to contain that which God has asked of us to hold."

There was such savage dignity and humility in these remarks that Bon for the first time in his life felt fear of a power beyond his experience.

The old man leaned toward him, holding his breath against effort and pain. "No, my boy, I do not mean to hurt you. But, in God's name, when will you start to know yourself?"

Bon could only look at him with a startled expression.

"So," said Pere Bouisson. "Perhaps we shall never understand each other. What have you come to me for?"

"To find out. I have remembered——"

"Ah, yes. It is a pity one cannot remember the future. Well, there are a few things I can tell you."

He said that in the autumn of 1945 a melancholy army returned to France from Germany, the men who, three million-odd of them, had been taken away to slavery. Among them was Laure's fiance, still alive, but almost unrecognizable. Through heroic tenacity of mind and purpose, he had kept himself alive until one rainy day in November of that year he had arrived in Paris, where he was put into a hospital.

The authorities wrote to Laure. She went to see him. He had tuberculosis. He was so weak when she found him in the ward of the hospital at Clichy that he could do no more than hold her hand and stare at her while, in complete silence, he wept at beholding her once again.

They were both certain that he would die in that iron cot, and bitterly she made up her mind to stay with him until the end. But he did not die. He lived. It was as though she had helped to give him life. She found employment in Paris so that she could be by him . . .

Bon began to interrupt with a question about someone else, but the old man quieted him with raised forefinger that dipped at him chidingly.

. . . so that she could be by him, and day after day help him recover.

One day, when he was strong enough to be moved, it was arranged that she should bring him home to St.-Joseph-Pere. It was then that she was required to say to him that she had a small child who was cared for during these visits to the hospital by her landlady in Paris. She did not know whether this would bring a difference between them. No, it seemed to make no difference. He was glad that it was the child not of a German soldier but of an American one. They came back to St.-Joseph-Pere, and the two were united in marriage by Pere Bouisson himself. God had blessed that union. Laure would give life to another child before long. Her husband was not yet well; probably never would be. But his happiness—and what it came after—was a thing to make you lift up your heart.

Their house was rebuilt, though poorly, of course; but there was one room proof against the weather.

There was but one more thing to tell in his story.

The little boy Michel—if the captain remembered?—Michel worked so hard and hungered so greatly that when he caught pneumonia at the end of that first summer of liberation, two years ago, he died.

"France," said the old man, his head bobbing involuntarily but with meaning drawn from his words, "is dusty and poor. We have much to forgive ourselves—and others. We can only do it through our future, which no one else can make for us. Can you grasp that?"

But Pere Bouisson did not press him for an answer. Bon could give none, anyway. After a long silence, the priest let him go.

He went outdoors. The afternoon was softening with the light. He walked to the canal and along its near bank to the wide sweep of the fields north of the village. He could see the house. He knew every step of the path that led to it.

He found himself moving toward it as if his feet were patiently acting in habit, even while he said to himself that he must not go there.

Presently he was near to the end of the field, and he stood among the poplars and asked himself what he thought. But all he could think was that he contained so much shock, excitement and doubt that he knew nothing.

He heard a few sounds from that house.

Things were being lifted and put down. The door at the rear of the house opened, and a small child came out, followed by someone else. It was a woman, leaning down to the child, guiding it, and yet allowing it to do as it would. She carried a basket. Her face was shadowed, but her pale golden hair was free beside her cheeks and showered in the light as it fell forward.

Bonbright stepped back among the trees off the path.

The woman started toward the path that would lead her right past his hiding place. Even then he could not do what he was supposed to do, which was to go away.

As she approached, Bon could see her clearly. His heart came into his mouth. She looked old, gray in the face, and sorrowful, moving as if in a dream. He was engulfed by pity until he could hardly look at her. He was also so scared that he knew an inner trembling. It was the fright of the escaped; the survivor of a terrible risk; the freak who comes safely out of an accident mortal to others, and who afterward is smitten by the peril he has escaped. Bitterly, here, now, he forced himself to face that ignoble emotion. How much of this was he responsible for? What could he do about it? What if he had been caught here, instead of only in his imagination?

She was now so close that he could read her face, which was unaware of other eyes, and consequently stripped of any pride or courtesy for the feelings of others. What he saw there was some strength that, however different from anything he remembered in her, gave her a shocking, medieval beauty.

She went past him at the tottering pace of her little boy. The baby was pale and golden-haired, pitifully thin, but with a tiny merriment all through him as he lunged along, now pausing and squatting to examine the ground, and again hurling himself forward among the prosaic marvels of the world. Bon looked longingly for himself in the little boy.

The mother and child went down the bare lane by the canal, crossed to the other side by a little plank bridge, and went into the farther field shadowed by the screen of trees.

Bon could not help following her. If what he remembered had excited him, then to find it so changed, so tragic, so meanly and yet so hotly human, gave him deep charges of feeling in his breast. The words of the priest rang in his head, but his folly was like his appetite, only to be quieted with its own food.

She heard his steps as he came along the leaf-covered ground below the trees. She turned and watched him while he approached. Of whatever she might be feeling, or recognizing, she gave no sign. The little boy retreated behind her skirts and viewed the stranger with caution.

Bon spoke her name, and put out his hand gently.

She looked at it, and then at his eyes. "Monsieur?" she said with dignity.

"Laure, it is David. I could not help coming back."

"Coming back, Monsieur? You are looking for someone?"

"For you, Laure."

"I do not know whom you are seeking, but plainly you are confused. Who are you? What do you want?"

He smiled to conceal the horrifying belief that she had lost her reason. A very faint smile in her face showed him that she saw what he thought, and that it was nonsense compounded by vanity. His face turned hot, and his thoughts pounded like blood in his head. "Laure, don't you remember?"

"I remember nothing, Monsieur."

He simply could not believe this. He knelt down and reached toward the child, as though to establish an irrefutable claim. She stepped back, and put her hand down to the child's head to protect him from the stranger.

"Please do not frighten my child," she said. "Perhaps I should explain that I am Madame Paul Chamet. I am going to gather a few root vegetables. This is my son. My husband is home, ill." She used the voice of an indifferent but kind resident who speaks to a stranger who has lost his way.

"Will your husband recover?"

"In time. We all will."

"Has it left everything so bad, Laure? The war? The battle here?"

She shrugged, and replied, "Nightmare. But so was the German period."

She made a move as though to leave him and take her child to the furrows of the field where they would dig up food for their supper.

Bon took a step when she did and put out his hand as if to detain her. "I am sorry about your brother Michel."

"I had no brother Michel."

"Oh, Laure, my poor darling!"

Her eyes sparked in desperation. "It is evident that Monsieur is imagining things. I have long since refused to let myself imagine things, or even remember better days. What is coming must be made new. We are doing our best. It may look poor to you, but it is our best. Why should we not be left at peace with it?" Tears were in her eyes.

He marveled at her strength and dignity. There was a tremendous, sad elegance in how she had made up her mind, and there was an extraordinary power in how she stuck to it.

But he could not leave unchanged the image of him which she must have. "Laure, it was abominable that I could do nothing I wanted to do and meant to do."

He spoke of the fighting that had taken the Army across the Rhine, and into the winter campaign, and of how right after it stopped, the Army had sent him home to other duties. But he had written. Did she never get his letters?

"Letters? There were no letters from anyone," she said lightly, and leaned down to the little boy who was trying to put earth into his mouth. She slapped the child sharply and told him he was not to do that, and lifted him to his feet. Then she bowed to Bon, and turned away.

Bon returned to the quarters of Pere Bouisson and admitted the cruel stubborness which had taken him to see Laure.

"Yes, of course," said the old man in a cracked voice of mortal knowledge. "I was talking to the air, and I knew it at the time."

"I am sorry, Father. But I must leave something." He said he wanted to leave some money for that little boy. It was the least he could do. Would the priest see that it was handled at the appropriate moment? A large sum. Bon produced his folder of traveler's checks and named their total.

The old man straightened up as far as he could; his eyes flashed with spirit, and his brows scowled with anger.

"When," he asked with his voice sharpened like a blade, "when will you —or any American—when will you understand a single thing about the spiritual images of material things? So, then, out of vanity and guilt you would destroy the last possession of that poor little family? Its pride? God knows that poor child, like many poor children, needs what you can so contemptuously buy for him. But the price of the deal is too great."

Bon felt himself clouding up with anger and with humiliation. But what he saw in the old man's face was impersonal, for all its quivering energy. Shaking his head like a puzzled boy, he tried again.

"Very well, then, Father, will you take the money to help with the rebuilding of the church?"

The old man squinted at him for a moment, to measure the sincerity, and the suffering behind the offer. Then he replied, "That I will do, but without any misunderstanding, for you came here to recapture what never belonged to you, and failed, and you are now trying to buy your respectability back. It cannot be done. It can only be recreated by hours and days and years of your best self." He paused and shrugged. "Still, if we can behave without hypocrisy, your five thousand dollars will help greatly, and when we consecrate the reconstruction, we shall remember your name in our intention."

"Thank you, Father."

They busied themselves for a few moments in the transaction. When they were done, the old man pulled off his spectacles, laid them down, and put his hand on Bon's upon the table. "You have not found this an enjoyable day, my boy. But it may be—and I hope—that however it has turned out for you, you will never regret it."

They stood up and shook hands. With a double blink of his eyes, the old man said in a very dim voice, and with compassion which entered deeply into his listener, "Go home and find another faith."

Bon drove back to Paris that night. It was dark, without a moon, and there was hardly any traffic.

At Vitry-le-Francois, he suddenly remembered his package of carefully chosen presents which still reposed in the back seat of his car. Madame had been friendly to him. Nothing stood between her and any generous impulses he might have. He stopped the car across the street from the cafe, took the box, and went across. The front door was closed, thriftily barred and padlocked. He looked up. The windows were tightly shut. In the reflected glow of his headlights across the road he could make out the pale refinement of the well-known lace curtains. Before the windows was that unpainted wooden balcony, too high to reach. He stepped back and threw the box upward. It cleared the wooden rail, and with a solid thump fell on the balcony floor. Surely it was enough to awaken anyone with the least feeling for the dangers of the night. He ran across the street, got into the car and drove off fast.

He could not help reflecting that this was the one satisfaction of the day, and one which he never could have foreseen in a thousand years. Its triviality, its service as a disposal of something meant so longingly, brought him back to his comfortless thoughts.

He ached with feeling for Laure, for her plight, her terrible strength, and for France, and he saw them as each other; she the living likeness; the nation as the mother of her character.

Against that image, he could not help viewing himself. He discovered that he was made up of many things. He was true and false, hard and soft, happy and miserable, tender and selfish, noble and cheap, all together. Dimly he perceived that if the first half of his late growing up had been upon him in that summer two years ago in St. Joseph-Pere, coming back to see it all at the end, the aftermath, was the other half.

About thirty hours later he was back in New York.

He placed a long-distance call to San Francisco. It was reported that Mrs. Bonbright was not at home, and it was not known where she could be reached. Would he care to speak to anyone else? No, but let her return the call when she came in. He hung up. Where was she? Was she all right? He had a strike of loneliness, and it scared him for a moment. Why couldn't she be there when he needed her? If she only knew what he had been through! But she would never know; and if she ever did, how could he expect her to be anything but glad, anyway?

He then got in touch with Hank, and they went out to lunch together.

"Back so soon?" said Hank.

"Yes. I shouldn't have gone."

"I expect you went to St.-Joseph-Pere," said Hank looking at him mildly.

"How did you know?"

Hank shoved his glass around on the table. It was like a shrug.

Bon told him the whole story, at the end of which Hank said nothing. They both took it for granted that Hank would never repeat a word of it.

Hank then asked if there were any point in taking up again the matter of the job on Famous. Bon shook his head. Hank said he expected as much and paid for their lunch.

By the time the call from San Francisco came through, Bon had completed all his arrangements.

He told Aggie the deal was off, and he could be expected home the next afternoon.

She said she would meet him. "It seems ages since you left, darling."

"It has been."

"Well, hurry home."

"You bet."

"I don't think I want you to leave ever again, you hear?"

"Sure, sure."

"See you."

"See you."

He was still luckier than most people in the world. The difference now was that he knew it.

THE END

Fire engines that fly!

1 **"I knew that seaplane** wasn't just pleasure-hopping," writes Anthony Fassel, a friend of Canadian Club in Ontario, Canada. "Up in the North Woods, the landing of an Ontario Forest Service plane often means—fire! I was talking with a Forest Ranger when the plane landed on a near-by lake. A fire had been spotted from a lookout tower—and here was the 'fire-engine' on the job.

2 **"Some of the crew** quickly filled pack pumps from the lake. Slinging them on their backs, they raced toward the blaze. The other fire-fighters set up a portable water pump on the shore and ran a hose inland.

3 **"A flaming tree** got the first water attack. Those flying fire-fighters have to know their business. Once a fire gets a head start, it can travel 30 miles an hour. When the flames were under control, the Ranger directed the crew to wet down the surrounding area.

4 **"'This outfit** is the largest of its kind,' said my friend back at the lodge. 'We Canadians are proud of it, and proud of our Canadian Club whisky, too.'

5 **" 'Wherever I travel,'** I told him, 'and that's practically everywhere . . . your Canadian Club Whisky is proudly offered as the best in the house. People of every land seem to prefer its distinctive taste and treasure every bottle of it. You Canadians have good reason to be proud of such a fine whisky. And personally, I'm mighty glad I can *count* on finding Canadian Club all over the world because it's always been my favorite!' " Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and in highballs, so you can stay with it all evening long . . . 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 NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club" *MADE IN CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER*

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

She plans rooms to fit your personality

NOTED INTERIOR DECORATOR

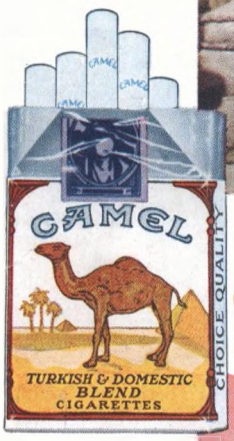
Melanie Kahane

AGREES: "IN DECORATING A ROOM . . .
AND IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE . . .
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

"I tried one brand after another until I found the cigarette that suits me best—Camel," says Miss Kahane.

● She's decorated Park Avenue penthouses . . . country kitchens . . . ranch houses in Texas. Here at the right you see talented, charming Melanie Kahane in her own Manhattan apartment . . . enjoying her favorite cigarette—cool, mild Camels.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

● With Melanie Kahane—with millions of other smokers who have tried and compared different brands of cigarettes—Camels are the "choice of experience"!

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat—your own proving ground for any cigarette. Let your taste tell you about Camel's famous flavor. Let your throat tell you about Camel's marvelous mildness. Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!