COSMOPOLITAN

SEPTEMBER 1954 • 35c

COSMOPOLITAN SEPTEMBER 1954

PIER ANGELI

The Wonder of Heart Surgery

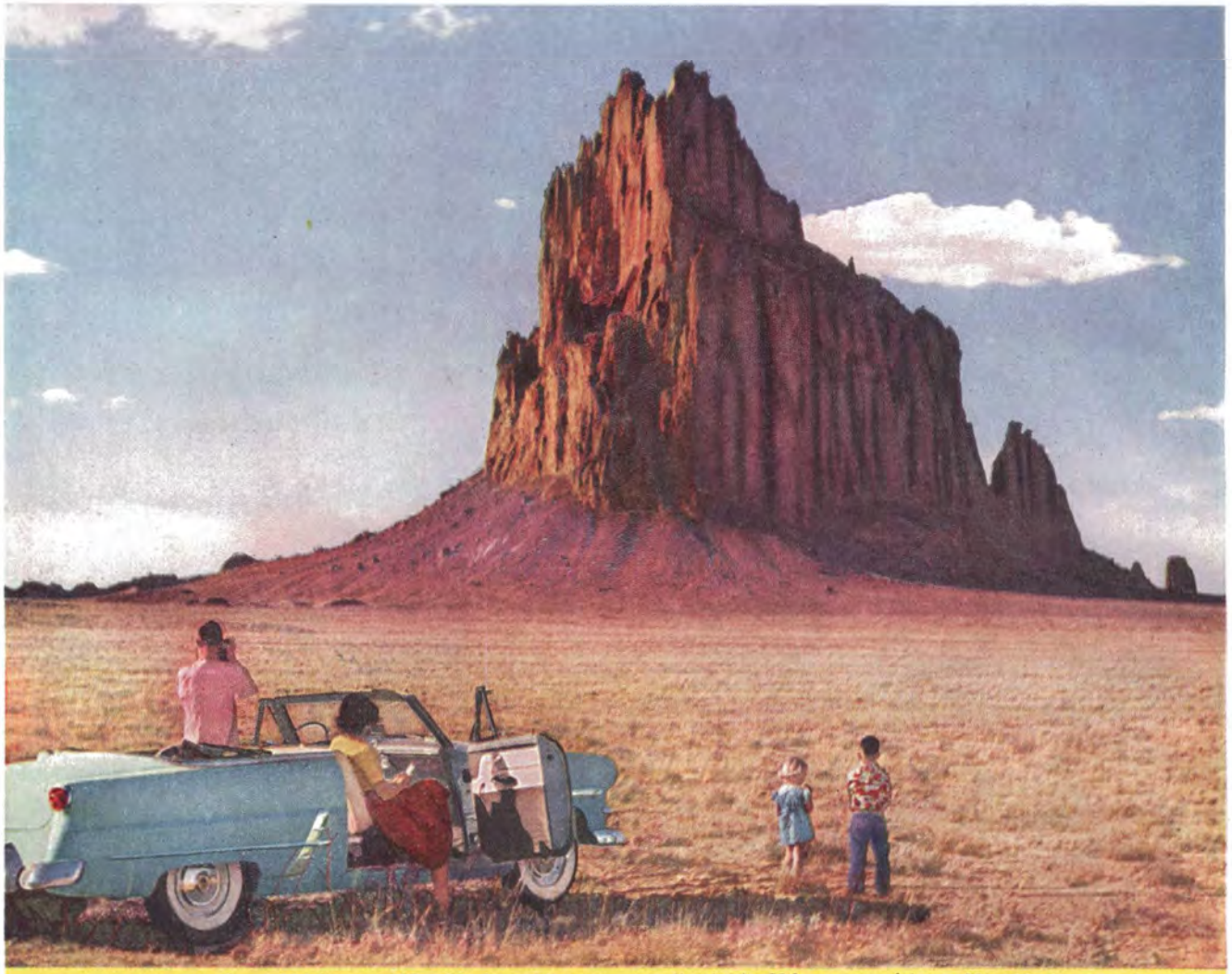
A little girl's victorious fight for life

Dave Garroway Story

Italy's Twin Sisters Star in Hollywood

"THE BLUNDERER"

Complete Murder Mystery



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Some of our family wondered if she was telling the truth. Until a heavy rock came crashing through the bedroom window, narrowly missing her head! Next we found that our car had been deliberately damaged.

Now Caroline is marooned here for the night . . .

It's interesting to watch a pretty woman who is frightened and does not know which way to run. She seems grateful for our shelter; she even seems to trust us. With the living room brightly lighted, Caroline behaves as if she is perfectly safe here with us.

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* * *

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COVER—*In spite of the professional hazard of being the daughter of a gifted cook whose spaghetti and* lasagna *Pier Angeli consumes in vast quantities, her weight (101) and waist (21) refuse to grow. Not so her fame. In her favorite outfit, cinch-belted skirt over many petticoats, the little* signorina *charms the box office. Our story takes a lingering look at how Pier, whose next cinema stint will be "Two Girls from Bordeaux," does it. Cover photo, Williams–Gilloon Agency.*

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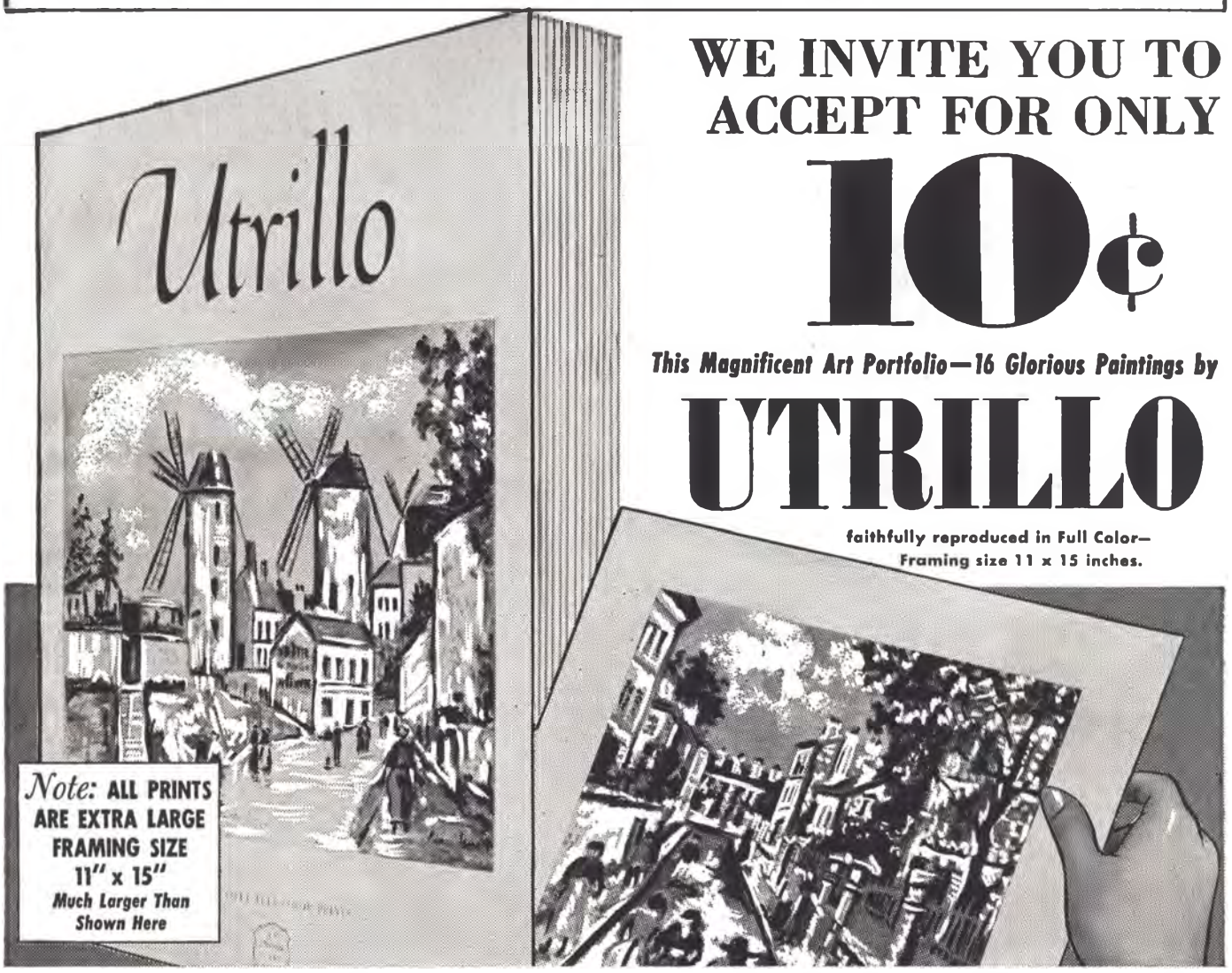

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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

ARTIST "X," A WILD CHASE, AND A THRILLER

An editor's frustrations are manifold, especially when trying to catch up with an author, a species as elusive as the platypus.

In Venice last month, we heard Ray Bradbury, author of the weird and tender "The Swan" (page 78), was also vacationing in Venice. With true editorial optimism, we set out after him and a few words for this column. Our man, it turned out, had departed for Rome. That was all right; *we* were going to Rome, too. In Rome, things looked brighter. Before we even reached our hotel, we spotted two men on the Piazza Barberini who looked just like Bradbury. A mistake. Our bird had winged back to the United States. After winging back ourselves, we still felt stubborn about the whole thing and phoned Bradbury's agent. Our man had taken off for Los Angeles the day before.

Ray Bradbury

We just got a letter from Bradbury, saying he's home in Los Angeles now, writing, and can usually be found in his garage. Anyone wanting to find him can go ahead. We're staying here.

Who Is Artist "X"?

Those of you who think you can unerringly recognize a magazine illustrator's work, are in for a special treat in this month's COSMOPOLITAN.

For the first time in magazine history, every story in a magazine has been illustrated *by the same artist*. Yet each set of illustrations is as distinct as though it came from a different hand. And each is signed with a different name.

Who do you think artist "X" really is? If you're a connoisseur of great picture-making, you should know, but here's a hint so you won't have to wait till next month to find out. The secret is in the artist's name on the illustrations for Margaret Lee Runbeck's "Where Angel Fears to Tread," page 36.

A Remarkable New Operation

When William Peters flew out to Minneapolis to get our story on little Pamela Schmidt, one of up to fifty thousand children born yearly with a defective heart, he knew he was going to witness one of the most fantastic new operations yet devised.

As a premedical student at Northwestern, in Illinois, before he got writer's itch, Peters had done operations himself on live laboratory animals. "But," he says, "watching a child undergo major surgery is different. Particularly if you have children yourself. I have three."

How did Peters stand up under the test? "From the very first minute, the operation was so fascinating that I was caught," he reports. "The skill and teamwork of the four surgeons was like something you see in a ballet. It was the most exciting thing I've ever seen—and that includes four years of Army Air Force piloting."

Seldom have we read an article so moving as Peters' remarkable story on five-year-old Pamela. Begin it on page 8. If you're like us, you won't even take time out to blink.

How to Write Fresh Mysteries

We know one girl who never reads mystery stories, and we hope she doesn't give an inch. The girl is Patricia Highsmith, and she figures if she doesn't read mysteries she can write fresher, *different* ones. To judge by her remarkable chillers, she's right.

After Pat wrote "Strangers on a Train," which became a Hitchcock thriller, she took off for Europe to write another novel. She wrote it, too.

It took three years. It's called "The Blunderer." Not a word of the story has been seen by anyone except publishers Coward McCann, who will publish it in book form later this year. Presented, beginning on page 92, Patricia Highsmith's "The Blunderer."

Patricia Highsmith

H. La B.

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New Drug Relieves Anxiety and Tension

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE • BY LAWRENCE GALTON

A new medical discovery is making exciting news because of its unexciting effect. A chemical cousin of the antihistamines, chlorpromazine is in a class by itself. It's a sedative that doesn't confuse, a calming agent that, unlike the barbiturates, doesn't depress the mental processes. And it's more besides. Here are some demonstrations of its value in physical ailments and emotional states:

• At a Boston hospital, 60 patients with severe nausea and vomiting were given the drug. Their distress—one of the commonest and, at times, most stubborn of medical problems—stemmed from psychological causes and a variety of physical ones, such as cancer and uremia. They responded promptly, usually after just one small dose. Chlorpromazine worked when other antiemetics had failed entirely, and many patients, unable to take anything by mouth for days, ate their next meal with relish. Nausea and vomiting caused by antibiotics, codeine, and other drugs necessary for treatment were prevented by chlorpromazine. There were excellent results in nausea and vomiting of pregnancy. Women so severely afflicted they had had to be hospitalized were able to go home within twenty-four hours, and no pregnancy had to be terminated.

• At a Philadelphia medical center, 67 patients with severe anxiety and tension were given chlorpromazine tablets. Fifty-six improved. Their anxiety was replaced by a sense of general well-being, their physical complaints decreased, and they slept better and felt refreshed on awakening. The drug also helped patients with delusions and hallucinations. A twenty-eight-year-old woman with a long history of fears, phobias, and obsessional thoughts, who gasped for air constantly, was completely relieved of all symptoms after three weeks of treatment. Twenty-one of 27 elderly patients with severe anxiety, agitation, belligerence, and delusions showed marked improvement during the two months they took the drug.

• At a Montreal hospital, 71 psychiatric patients received the drug for four months. It proved to be "of unique value" in controlling most types of severe excitement, with particularly impressive results in manic-depressives, whose attacks were shortened and relapses reduced. Chlorpromazine arrested imminent psychotic attacks in 4 patients, brought about recovery and an end of symptoms in 13, reduced symptoms enough in 7 more so they could leave the hospital, and brought noteworthy improvement to others.

Meanwhile, preliminary investigations indicate that chlorpromazine may have many other uses in surgery, dermatology, pediatrics, and geriatrics, as well as in general medicine, because of its ability to relieve itching, lower body temperature, relax muscles, and increase the effectiveness of pain relievers.

In some blinding eye diseases, ACTH may restore useful vision. The hormone was given over prolonged periods—in some cases, up to two and a half years—to 36 nearly blind patients with chronic retina or optic-nerve diseases, like chorioretinitis. Normal or useful vision was restored to 27. Improvement began only after months of treatment. ACTH is of no value in cases of detached retina, glaucoma, cataracts, or retrolental fibroplasia, and its possible effectiveness in diabetic retinitis and retinitis pigmentosa is still unknown.

Parkinson's-disease (shaking-palsy) patients do well over long periods with Artane. One hundred eighty-two patients are still benefiting from the drug after three to five years' continuous use, showing there is no great increase in tolerance to it as sometimes occurs with long use of a medication. Artane is effective against all symptoms of Parkinson's disease, including rigidity, tremor, fatigue, tension, insomnia, spasms, cramps, contracture, and deformity. In some cases, its effectiveness is increased by combination with other drugs.

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

Repeated cold-sore attacks can be ended by small-pox vaccinations. Of 68 patients who had had as many as fifty recurrences, usually every two or three months, 59 had none after two or three vaccinations. The other 9 had further attacks, but they were less severe and the intervals between them were longer.

Moles should never be removed by cauterization, electric needle, or carbon-dioxide snow, or burned out by acids or caustics. Such treatment, a plastic surgeon warns, may encourage moles to become cancerous. When any mole increases in size; changes in color; starts to hurt, itch, or bleed; or shows signs of infection, ulceration, or crusting, it's wise to suspect malignant melanoma, or "black cancer," and have the mole removed immediately by surgery. Moles on the palm of the hand, sole of the foot, or genitalia should be removed as a preventative measure, even though they seldom become cancerous.

In Hodgkin's disease, phenylbutazone proved of value in 35 patients. It effectively controlled pain and fever, improved appetites, lessened fatigue, and promoted well-being. In some cases, it produced temporary relief of itching. Several patients reported temporary reduction of enlarged lymph nodes.

For leukorrhea (vaginal discharge) a harmless acid-detergent douche solution has proved helpful. In 38 women with infectious leukorrhea caused by Trichomonas vaginalis, the douche helped 27. In 66 with noninfectious leukorrhea occurring after hysterectomy, other surgery, childbirth, or other noninfectious causes, 53 benefited. There was immediate relief of itching, burning, and discharge.

Severe angina pectoris has been relieved by an operation grafting an internal mammary artery into the left ventricle of the heart. The grafted artery takes over some of the work of the hardened and narrowed coronary artery. In thus feeding the heart, it helps sustain life and prevents destruction of the heart muscle by blood starvation. The operation was tried on 12 incapacitated angina patients. Ten of them had had one or more acute episodes that had destroyed part of the heart muscle, 7 had great difficulty in catching their breath when they exerted themselves, 6 were always fatigued. Of the 12, 9 have lived, 7 are now working, 5 are free of pain, 3 have slight pain on severe exertion, and 1 still has severe pain. The first patient, three years after the operation, can walk ten miles without distress. THE END

Photos by University of Minnesota News Service

NOW HEALTHY, PAMELA, *born with a gaping hole in her heart, was once so frail even the slightest cold meant pneumonia. Before she was five, she had been hospitalized eight times. Doctors told her parents they did not know how long Pamela would live and urged the Schmidts to have another child so they would have a new hope for the future.*

A New Heart for Pamela

A wondrous new method of heart surgery became a reality just in time to help four-year-old Pamela Schmidt win her desperate fight for life

BY WILLIAM PETERS

When Pamela Lee Schmidt was born, on July 9, 1949, at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Long Beach, California, the doctor pronounced her a normal, healthy baby. Unknown to him—or to Pamela's parents—her seemingly robust little body concealed a heart with a gaping hole in it.

Doctors call Pamela's condition an interventricular septal defect, because the hole is in the wall separating the two ventricles—pumping chambers—of the heart. It is a condition difficult to diagnose in an infant under six months of age.

Pamela's father, Ronald H. Schmidt, a quiet, serious young man with close-cropped brown hair and a long, narrow face, was a Marine Corps aircraft mechanic. He had met and married his wife, Mary, a small, dark, vivacious young woman, while stationed at Santa Ana, California. Pamela was their first child.

Ronald had enlisted in the Marine Corps four years before, when he was seventeen. His discharge was due in a matter of days, and when it came, he planned to drive his family to Minneapolis, his home town, where they would live.

"There was a visiting specialist from the Mayo Clinic," Mary Schmidt said recently, "at a well-baby clinic in Fullerton, California, where we lived. I took Pam to him a few days before we left. She had been a good-sized baby at birth —six pounds fourteen ounces—and I wasn't at all worried about her, but I thought if her formula needed changing, I should know before taking such a long trip. I remember the exact words of the doctor after he looked at Pam, because I was so pleased. 'Mrs. Schmidt,' he said, 'you have a wonderfully healthy little girl.' "

When the Schmidts arrived in Minneapolis, they moved in with Ronald's parents, and Ronald began looking for a job while Mary hunted an apartment. By October, Ronald was working as a warehouseman, and in November, they moved into a small apartment.

Her Cold Didn't Worry Them

Winters in Minneapolis are bitterly cold, and neither Ronald nor Mary got excited when, in December, five-month-old Pamela developed a cold. "I don't think we'd have thought of calling a doctor," Ronald said, "if Mary hadn't had a sore throat, too."

When the doctor arrived, he examined Mary, found a strep infection, gave her penicillin, and sent her to bed. Then he looked at the baby. It took him only a minute to find out what was wrong with Pamela. "She has pneumonia," he said quickly. "We'll have to get her to the hospital. She should have oxygen in ten minutes."

There was no time to call an ambulance. Mary bundled the baby in blankets, and Ronald drove to Minneapolis General Hospital as fast as he dared. There, a resident physician took one look at the baby and ordered her put in an oxygen tent immediately.

"It happened so fast," Mary said, "we didn't have time to think. Then they took her from us, and all of a sudden, we realized we might lose our baby."

Seven Months in an Oxygen Tent

Pamela was in the hospital ten months. For more than seven, she was in an oxygen tent. Because she was in the contagious ward, Ronald and Mary were not permitted to see her. After the first two weeks, she came off the critical list. Then X rays were made of her chest. They showed the trouble was not with her lungs alone. Her heart was noticeably enlarged, and when the doctors listened closely, they heard the telltale sounds of a pronounced defect.

"We never saw Pam, except for a few glimpses through a window, but we went to the hospital at least once a week to talk to the doctors," Mary said. "They could tell us only that something was wrong with her heart. Almost as bad as not knowing what was wrong with her was not being able to hold my own baby."

Pamela had been in the hospital six months when the Schmidts were told she had to be taken off oxygen in the next six weeks or there was danger her lungs would collapse. From that time on, it was a daily struggle to keep her out of the oxygen tent for longer and longer periods while she built up strength to breathe alone. In the end, Pamela won the fight.

When she could live once more without oxygen, Pamela was moved to the pediatric ward, and for the first time, Ronald and Mary could visit their baby. "I couldn't help crying when I saw her," Mary said. "Her breathing was so labored, and she had grown so tall and thin. She was a year old, and she had no idea who we were."

Two and a half months later, the doctors told Ronald and Mary they wanted to send Pamela to the University of Minnesota Hospital for tests to help determine exactly what was wrong with her heart. Mary and Ronald agreed.

"They took Pam in an ambulance," Mary said. "The doctor had told us they would open a vein in her leg and run a plastic tube, called a heart catheter, up to her heart. He said there was no danger, but for four hours—until I saw her again —I worried."

In a few days, the Schmidts heard the verdict. "The doctor sat down with us and drew a diagram of Pamela's heart," Ronald said. "He explained the heart has four chambers—two filling chambers and two pumping chambers. In the wall between the two pumping chambers, he drew a hole, through which the blood could flow in the wrong direction. When we asked him what could be done, he shook his head. 'There is no known treatment for this condition,' he said. 'Not now. But medical men are working to develop surgery that will correct it. Someday, they'll find a way. Our job is to keep Pamela alive until that day.' "

Heart Failure, a Constant Threat

"My heart sank," Mary said. "It's hard to believe there's nothing to be done when you want it so badly. The doctor went on to say there was no way to tell how long Pam could live with the hole in her heart. Some people with the same defect live many years. Some die in infancy. Infections and pneumonia would be constant hazards. Heart failure could occur any moment. Our only hope was to keep Pam alive until someone, somewhere, developed an operation that would cure her. How long that would take, nobody knew."

Two weeks after the tests, Pamela came home, a fifteen-month-old baby who could not sit alone, who was completely untrained, and who could eat only strained baby foods. The doctors had said she might never walk. Sulfa pills had been prescribed to reduce the chance of infections. Nothing more could be done.

At the University of Minnesota Hospital, a card listing Pamela Schmidt's

(continued)

Bright Hope for Ailing Hearts

This story could not have been written just a few years ago, when the human heart was still considered the "last frontier of surgery."

The frontier has been crossed. Today, thousands of youngsters, including Pamela Schmidt, born with defects of the heart, are being saved from disability or death by remarkable surgical techniques.

The credit for this magnificent achievement is shared by the surgeon and research scientist alike.

Medical research has brought forth vital new knowledge about the heart and its diseases. This knowledge has broadened the horizons of heart surgery and opened new pathways toward the eventual control of heart disease.

E. Cowles Andrus, M.D.
President
American Heart Association

name and address and condition was added to a growing file of children with inoperable heart defects. Every so often, a card was removed when a child died, usually of pneumonia. As the card file grew, so did knowledge about congenital heart disease. The missing link became more obvious: a surgical operation that would allow a surgeon ten, twenty, even thirty minutes to work within a patient's heart.

Needed: a Simple Technique

In the first few months after Pamela went home from the hospital, significant events were taking place at the near-by University of Minnesota Medical School. Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, associate professor of surgery, was devoting more and more research activity to evolving a method for working inside the open, blood-free heart—a method that would be simple and would allow enough time for the surgeon to work unhurried. Dr. Lillehei, who received the 1951 Theobald Smith Award of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for his work in heart disease, believed, unlike a number of investigators, that simplicity of method was of paramount necessity, since complicated apparatus was both expensive and liable to break down at a crucial moment.

At about this time, two young doctors arrived at the medical school for postgraduate study in surgery, the department headed by Dr. Owen Wagensteen, widely known for his contributions to surgery and for training young surgeons. The first was Dr. Morley Cohen, a Canadian; the other was Dr. Herbert E. Warden, a graduate of the University of Chicago Medical School. Both expressed interest in Dr. Lillehei's project, and arrangements were made for Dr. Cohen and Dr. Warden to study with Dr. Lillehei—Dr. Cohen on a fellowship of the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, an organization of life-insurance companies that finances medical research on the heart, and Dr. Warden as a fellow of the National Heart Institute, a branch of the United States Public Health Service.

All three doctors were familiar with previous attempts to develop mechanical devices to duplicate the work of the human heart and lungs. The object of most had been to replace these organs temporarily, giving the surgeon a chance to work for an extended period within a heart free of blood. Most had failed, they believed, partly because of breakdowns of their complicated structure and partly because of their imperfect ability to duplicate the vital functions of the heart and lungs for even short periods of time.

A later development, hypothermia, had demonstrated that by lowering the patient's body temperature, all the vital processes were slowed down. This gave the surgeon about eight minutes inside the heart and made possible a few more operations. But for defects like Pamela's, eight minutes was not enough.

Now, about five miles from the home of Ronald and Mary Schmidt, the three doctors began their work in the laboratory. Because the heart of the dog is quite similar to that of man, much of their experimental work involved dogs. The animals were unfailingly given the same care and safeguards as human patients undergoing surgery.

Meanwhile, at the Schmidt home, life revolved about Pamela. Mary soon found that caring for a child who was virtually an invalid took all her time. Slowly, she taught Pamela to eat chopped foods. Then she tackled toilet training. Finally, she helped Pamela learn to walk.

Before her second birthday, Pamela had been back to the hospital twice, each time with pneumonia. Both times, her life hung by the slenderest of threads.

"She felt more at home in the hospital than with us," Ronald said. "It gave us a hopeless feeling to have a daughter who cared so little about us. We understood, but that didn't make it any easier."

"Sometime before Pammie was two," Mary said, "a doctor at the hospital asked us if we'd ever thought of having another child. He didn't think Pamela could live long, and he thought we should have something to go on for. We were both so wrapped up in Pam we hadn't thought of anything else. But we decided he was right. And several months later, I learned I was pregnant. Linda Marie was born on December 27, 1951."

In their work with dogs, Dr. Lillehei and Dr. Cohen performed operation after operation to determine exactly how long the blood could be tied off from the heart without permanent damage. Two veins bring the blood to the heart, the upper one being joined just above the heart by a much smaller vein, the azygous vein. If the upper vein is tied off above this smaller vein, a small trickle of blood still reaches the heart.

That far, the researchers were on well-charted ground. But what happened when they allowed this trickle of blood to reach a heart otherwise completely tied off was startling. For the two doctors found to their astonishment that even this tiny amount of blood, less than a tenth what had previously been thought essential to life, could sustain a dog with no damage for up to an hour and a half.

A fundamental concept had changed. If the dog—and thus, presumably, the human body—could survive with less than ten per cent of the blood previously assumed necessary in circulation, the artificial heart pumps could be made a great deal simpler, for they need pump much less blood. A giant step had been taken toward a simple technique for working inside the human heart.

Each Cold Went into Pneumonia

Pamela Schmidt's third year of life was marred by more hospital sieges than her mother and father can remember. Each cold, each sniffle, each sneeze, moved

immediately into pneumonia. And though she was rigidly protected from people with colds, though she never left the apartment during the winter, she caught cold again and again.

"We never called a doctor for her when she showed signs of a cold," Ronald said. "We bundled her up and raced for the hospital. It never failed to turn into pneumonia. Not once. Each time was somehow worse than the time before. But each time, somehow, she survived."

Research Moved Forward

The research of the three doctors moved forward. Often they talked about their problems with two young pediatricians on the medical-school faculty who conducted the children's heart clinic in Variety Club Heart Hospital, which adjoined the University Hospital. This new hospital had been built mostly with funds donated by the Variety Clubs of the Northwest, an organization of people in show business.

The pediatricians, Dr. Paul Adams and Dr. Ray C. Anderson, kept careful tabs on the work of their colleagues, for the card file of children who were candidates for new heart surgery was constantly expanding. When Dr. Adams saw Pamela just after her fourth birthday for a regular checkup, he told her mother there was hope a development might come in time.

In the laboratory, another problem had been solved. A new pump, simple to operate, could do the job of the human heart, now that it was known so little blood was really needed in circulation. Fortunately, the pump was readily available, since it was widely used in industry, and it cost less than two hundred dollars. Instead of an elaborate artificial lung, the three surgeons decided to try using a portion of the patient's own lungs to purify and oxygenate the blood during the operation. Again, laboratory dogs were used in the experiment, and again, it worked. But there were difficulties.

Fitting flexible plastic tubes from the pump into the tiny arteries of the lung was a hazardous and difficult procedure. The main drawback, though, was that the lungs had to be respirated artificially during the entire operation, and this interfered with the surgeon's access to the heart. But the experiments proved conclusively that it could be done and, further, that it was possible to cut and sew in the pumping chambers of the heart without disturbing the rhythm of the heartbeat. The pieces of the puzzle were slowly falling into place.

One morning early in February, 1953, Mary Schmidt received a telephone call from the Minnesota Heart Association, an affiliate of the American Heart Association. A young woman's voice told her of the difficulty in finding someone to collect for the Heart Fund in the Schmidts' neighborhood. Mary happily volunteered.

In 1953, the money collected by Mary Schmidt helped finance the research under way in the laboratory at the University Hospital. For, each year, the Minnesota Heart Association had granted funds that, in part, helped finance the work of the research team, along with funds from other sources, including the National Heart Institute.

The series of operations on dogs, using the simple two-way pump and the animal's own lungs, had been successful, and more than ninety per cent of the dogs had survived, but there was still much work to be done before the operation could be used on a human patient.

Working together late one day in the early fall of 1953, the research team fell to discussing some of the problems involved in using the dog's own lungs rather than a lung machine. Then it struck—an idea so simple they were amazed they hadn't thought of it before.

Why not use a donor's lungs to purify the blood? Another animal. Connect the patient's system with that of a donor, using the pump as a substitute for the patient's heart and to accurately control the interchange of blood. Let the donor's lungs do the work of the patient's lungs. The possibilities were exciting, for none of the doctors could find a flaw in the idea. And it was by far the simplest method yet conceived.

"We wanted to try it then," Dr. Cohen said, "but it was too late in the day to start. The next day was Sunday, but none of us could wait until Monday. Early next morning, we performed the new operation on two dogs. It worked. We all knew then we had solved the basic problems."

Another doctor vitally interested in the problems of heart surgery was Dr. Richard L. Varco, a professor of surgery at the medical school. Dr. Varco participated in several operations on laboratory dogs by this new method and immediately became an ardent supporter of its possibilities. Dr. Varco joined the team as its fourth member.

A Really Safe Method

In nine months, all four surgeons felt ready to try the technique on their first human patient. "It had become increasingly obvious," Dr. Lillehei said, "that this was really a safe method. It meant that for the first time we could work inside the ventricles of the heart with the heart empty of blood. While it had been possible to work within the auricles, or filling chambers, of the heart for up to eight minutes in the past, we could now work anywhere inside the heart for prolonged periods—up to an hour and a half in dogs.

"A few other investigators in the past had considered donor circulation, but they had discarded it because of difficulties in controlling the interchange of blood between the two animals. Our success, of course, was based on the use of a simple pump to accurately control this two-way interchange."

Pamela Schmidt had her best year between her fourth and fifth birthdays. She was by no means a healthy child, but the frightening dashes to the hospital were less frequent, and Ronald and Mary had begun to believe she would live long enough to be helped. But then Pamela came down with a virus infection. In March, 1954, she entered the hospital for the eighth time in her short life.

"It was as though that whole year had been only a cruel design to put us off our guard," Mary said. "We knew, of course, her condition would never correct itself, but somehow those months without illness had lulled us into a false sense of security. When it struck again in March, we were terribly discouraged. I think it was our lowest ebb."

The very day Pamela Schmidt was admitted to Minneapolis General Hospital, the four surgeons were readying one of the main operating rooms in the University Hospital, a few miles away, for their first human patient, thirteen-month-old Gregory Glidden, of Hibbing, Minnesota. His name, like Pamela's, had been on one of the cards in the growing file. His father, Lyman Glidden, was the donor whose lungs would keep his son alive during the operation.

The New Operation a Success

A few days after Pamela's admission to the hospital, Ronald and Mary learned of the new operation that had been performed successfully on Gregory Glidden. A few days later, Pamela was in danger of immediate heart failure. The doctor who had told them about Gregory suggested having the new surgery performed on Pamela as soon as she was well enough.

"For the first time," Ronald said, "we really began to hope. We had kept Pamela alive long enough for medical science to catch up with her. Now, at least, we had a fighting chance."

Pamela was moved to Variety Club Heart Hospital eight days after she had entered Minneapolis General. Ronald and Mary met Dr. Lillehei and the other doctors of the team. They were told the operation, like anything new, had its dangers. Carefully, the doctors explained the technique. Then the Schmidts went home to make the most difficult decision of their lives.

Before they could make it, Pamela contracted bronchial pneumonia. "We were sick with fear that after all the months and years we were going to be robbed

(continued)

of our daughter before she could have the operation," Mary said. "And then, one day when I was visiting her, I learned the Glidden child had died of pneumonia. For eleven days after his operation, I had followed his progress as though he were my own son. He had been recovering from the surgery and apparently getting well, when on the eleventh day, he died of pneumonia that moved so swiftly the doctors could do nothing to stop it. I didn't know what to think."

Pamela began to recover after a week or so, and the Schmidts again talked to the doctors about the operation. The surgeons told them the actual operation on the first patient had proceeded smoothly and pneumonia—always a special hazard for these children—which had caused Gregory Glidden's death, could probably be better controlled in the future. Next time, they would be ready for it.

"There was one unknown," Ronald said. "No one could be certain until Pamela's heart was actually open that nothing unexpected would be found. Barring that, a successful operation would mean a complete cure. We would have a healthy little girl where before we had a pathetic little invalid who might die at any time."

"Dr. Lillehei wouldn't take our answer that day," Mary said. "He insisted we think it over. So we went home again with the big question in our hearts."

For a week, Mary and Ronald wavered back and forth. "I would come home from work," Ronald said, "with my mind made up: we would go ahead. I'd come into the apartment bursting with the decision, and then as I heard myself telling Mary we should do it, the awful doubts would begin to nag at me again, and I'd wind up saying I wasn't sure."

At the end of the week, the Schmidts decided to go ahead. A few days later, the operation was scheduled. Arrangements were made for Ronald and Mary to have their blood typed at the hospital. The donor's blood would have to be virtually identical with Pamela's. "We went to the hospital and met Dr. Newell R. Ziegler, director of the blood bank," Ronald said. "He explained that besides a donor, they needed at least four pints of whole blood for possible transfusions. The blood had to match Pamela's not only in type but in at least eleven other factors, and the best chance of finding it would be in our relatives.

"The Worst Heartbreak of All"

"They couldn't use Mary's blood because she had lost so much weight from the strain and worry. Mine was low in hemoglobin, and Dr. Ziegler said he thought they would have to cancel the operation until they could find another donor."

"That was the worst heartbreak of all," Mary said. "For years we had wanted to do something ourselves for Pammie, and now it seemed we were to lose our only chance. But Dr. Ziegler telephoned Dr. Lillehei, and he felt that Ronald would be all right as the donor."

Forty Co-workers Gave Blood

Ronald then set out to find other donors to provide the several additional pints of blood of the same type that would be needed to replace the blood Pamela would lose during surgery. The next day, two of his brothers and one of his sisters each gave a pint. None of it proved to be the correct type. At the plant where he worked, Ronald talked with the company nurse, and the next night, the night before the operation, almost forty people appeared at the hospital to give blood for Pamela. Dr. Ziegler was up all night typing the blood received.

The night before the operation, Mary broiled a big T-bone steak for her husband, and then took him to the hospital, where she saw Pamela for the last time before the operation. Then she went to spend the long night with Ronald's parents.

"None of us slept," Mary said. "By four thirty in the morning, we were all three in the kitchen, drinking coffee. At six, we went to the hospital. Ronnie was already under sedation, but I saw him.

"At six fifty, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt and I sat down in the waiting room. We were there almost five hours."

In a main operating room of the University Hospital, two empty operating tables had been draped with pale-green sheets. Between the tables, the small pump was being given its final tests. Pamela, pale and thin from her latest illness, was carried into the operating room and laid gently on one of the tables. Taped to her right leg was a tube extending from a needle inserted into a vein, in readiness for blood transfusions should they prove necessary. The anesthesiologist spoke quietly to the child and then lowered the mask over her face.

Two of the four surgeons entered the room. Standing on either side of her, they sterilized her chest with a pinkish fluid.

The operation began. Deftly, one of the surgeons made a small incision at the base of Pamela's neck. Blood vessels were clamped, then tied off. After some moments of probing and careful dissecting, about an inch of the jugular vein was exposed. Later, it would be used to make one of the connections to the donor's circulatory system.

The surgeons moved quickly to the child's chest, making a long incision between the ribs to expose the heart itself. One by one, blood vessels were clamped and then tied off. The incision went deeper, and soon the chest cavity was entered. The anesthesiologist began artificially respirating Pamela's lungs by squeezing a rubber bag connected to the mask by a hose.

Quietly, the second operating table was wheeled to the door. Ronald Schmidt was transferred to it and wheeled to a position beside his daughter. A mask was lowered over his face. Then the two remaining members of the surgical team began their part of the operation. A short incision was made in Ronald's right groin. Soon the two large vessels were located: the saphenous vein and the femoral artery.

With Pamela's chest open, her heart and lungs were visible. The pericardial sac, which encloses the heart, was then opened, exposing the heart completely. On the right side of the heart, the two large veins that return all the blood of the body to the heart were looped with tapes. For the moment, the tapes were left loose.

From within the chest, the surgeons located the child's subclavian artery, the main artery to the left arm. Quickly but with great care, one of the surgeons made a tiny slit in the artery and, with his assistant's help, passed a flexible plastic tube into it, forcing the tip down into the main aorta leading from the heart. Moving then to the exposed jugular vein, he made another slit and inserted another tube, this time until it passed through the two veins carrying blood to the heart. Tiny holes in the tube, or catheter, would pick up blood from these veins and carry it through the tube as soon as the tapes were tightened.

No Need for Pamela to Breathe

Meanwhile, at the other table, catheters had been passed into the vein and artery exposed in Ronald's groin. The two tubes from each patient were attached to the pump, final adjustments were made, and then the pump was turned on, the tapes drawn tight. Pamela's heart was empty of blood. It beat as steadily as before.

As the pump started, the anesthesiologist stopped respirating Pamela's lungs. There was no longer any need for her to breathe. And with her lungs collapsed and pushed aside, the two surgeons could work more easily on her heart.

Blood from Pamela's veins, instead of emptying into her heart to be pumped to her lungs, was now being carried by the pump into her father's vein and, through it, to his heart. From there, his heart pumped it to his lungs. Fresh blood from Ronald's lungs returned to his heart and was pumped through his arteries, among them, the artery containing the catheter. From there, the mechanical pump carried it back to the main aorta outside Pamela's heart, the point at

which it would normally leave her heart. Pamela's heart was completely by-passed. Her father's lungs and a mechanical pump were keeping her alive.

Dr. Lillehei located the chamber of Pamela's heart to be opened—the right ventricle. Two stitches were taken in the wall of the heart, and the scalpel flashed between them. The threads were pulled apart. Pamela's heart was open.

The Gaping Hole Was Closed

A suction tube was placed inside the heart to pick up the small amount of blood that normally returns to the heart through its walls. Through the incision, the doctors could see, as predicted, a hole the size of a half dollar in the wall separating the two ventricles. Dr. Lillehei began to stitch together the sides of the hole. Before the stitches were tightened, the opposite ventricle was filled with a glucose solution to eliminate the air. Then the opening was closed.

The closing of the outer wall of the heart began, and the suction tube was removed. The heart began to fill with blood from the seepage through its walls. When the right ventricle was filled with blood, the last stitch was closed. A moment later, the tapes closing off the veins leading to Pamela's heart were released. The pump was stopped, and the anesthesiologist began respirating Pamela's lungs once more.

Pamela's heart had been cut off from the rest of her circulatory system for thirteen and a half minutes. Her blood, mixing freely with her father's, had passed through his heart three or four times. Her own heart had continued to beat regularly throughout the surgery.

One by one, the catheters were removed, both from Pamela and her father, and the veins and arteries repaired. The small amount of blood removed from Pamela's heart by the suction tube was replaced through the intravenous opening in her leg. Finally, the incisions were closed.

In the waiting room, Mary waited with Ronald's mother and father, while the slow hours dragged by. At two thirty, the surgical team—Dr. Lillehei, Dr. Varco, Dr. Cohen, and Dr. Warden—appeared in the waiting room. Mary searched their faces. The sign she sought was there. The operation had gone smoothly, Dr. Lillehei said; Ronald and Pamela were both fine.

More waiting. At three o'clock, the receptionist told Mary she could see Ronald. "My heart was pounding as I walked into his room," Mary said. "He was still under the anesthetic. I stayed with him. It was five o'clock before he really awoke. The first thing he said was, 'How's Pam?'

"I told him she was fine, and I could almost see the words as they reached his mind. It was the first time I ever saw my husband cry. I guess we both did. The release after all those years was something I'll never forget."

Later, when Pamela was back in her room, Mary went to see her. "She was still asleep," Mary said, "and through the window of the oxygen tent, she looked pale and unmoving. She seemed so frail and tiny I could hardly believe she had survived such an operation. If I have ever longed to hold her in my arms, it was at that moment.

"I left the hospital that night exhausted and with the words of Pamela's special nurse still running through my mind: 'If she gets through the next forty-eight hours without trouble, she'll be all right.' Somehow, I knew she would pull

IN OPERATING, *doctors collapsed Pamela's lungs and borrowed those of her father, Ronald, to keep her alive.*

through for I had learned just that evening that Pamela was the third child to have the operation. The second, three days before, was Bradley Mehrman, a three-year-old, of St. Louis Park, Minnesota. Bradley's heart had been open for twenty-seven and a half minutes."

A Vigil by the Phone

All that night, Mary listened for the telephone. It never rang. At seven in the morning, unable to wait any longer, she called the hospital. Pamela had had a fairly good night. Ronald was fine. By ten o'clock, Mary was at the hospital. Pamela began to take food that day, and Ronald was up and walking down to see his daughter every hour or so.

Pamela's operation took place on Friday. On Tuesday, Ronald came home. On Wednesday, he went to work. "I met a lot of the people who had given blood for Pam," Ronald said, "most of them for the first time. All of them asked about her. I never felt so grateful in my life."

When he got home that evening, though, Ronald learned Bradley Mehrman had contracted pneumonia. That night, after they put little Linda to bed, Ronald and Mary worried about two children: Pamela and Bradley. The next day, Pamela was taken off the critical list. From then on, she improved steadily. Bradley, after a difficult time, also began to improve.

Seventeen days after the operation, Pamela came home. It has been hard, since then, for Ronald and Mary to realize that after all the years of fear and heartache, they have a healthy little girl. "We'll have to get used to the idea slowly, I guess," Ronald said. "We're still overprotective. I know one thing, though. There's nothing we can't lick now."

This fall, Pamela enters school. Dark, like her mother, with flashing eyes and a bright smile, she looks like a child who has never been sick in her life.

At the University Hospital, the four-man team of surgeons scheduled a fourth operation and then a fifth. At adjoining Variety Club Heart Hospital, Dr. Adams and Dr. Anderson went through their more than two hundred cards to see which children needed the operation soonest. And in his office, Dr. Lillehei talked about the significance of the new technique.

Help for Many Thousands

"Somewhere between ten thousand and fifty thousand children a year are born in the United States with congenital heart disease," he said. "Eventually, many of them can probably be helped by this new surgery. The defect Pamela Schmidt had is only one of several conditions now operable for the first time. In addition, there are some children whose defects could only be made less debilitating—'blue babies,' for example. With this new technique, there is a possibility some of these defects can be completely corrected, producing a normal heart and thus, presumably, a normal life expectancy."

Beyond these defects, Dr. Lillehei believes the new surgery and some of the new knowledge about the heart that made it possible, will open at least the possibility of developing still better operations not only for congenital heart disease but for certain adult heart diseases as well. THE END

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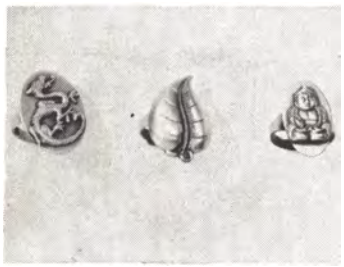

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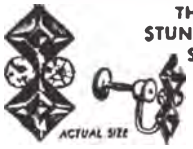

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The Cosmopolitan Shopper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

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The New Feeling About Mothers-in-Law and the Truth About Lie Detectors

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Mothers-in-law. The old gags will have to be revised. Sociologist Paul Wallin, querying 500 young Chicago couples, found only 8 per cent of the husbands disliked their mother-in-law, whereas over

Drawings by McKie

eight times as many—67 per cent—*liked* the old gal a whole lot or considerably. Many more wives were cool toward their husband's mother; 17 per cent expressed marked dislike. Fathers-in-law inspired more affection: 72 per cent of husbands and wives liked each other's father a great deal. Only 7 per cent disliked them.

"Choosiness" pays. If you're outspoken about other people and a bit conceited about yourself, will that make you unpopular? No, reports psychologist Murray Levine (Philadelphia). Among college and high-school girls, he finds that those most opinionated about others are twice as popular as the wishy-washies. The choosy coeds also have higher opinions of their own looks and qualities. Dr. Levine thinks people who are more discriminating and self-confident tend to have stronger characters and insights, therefore are more admired and looked to for leadership.

Lie detectors. No device can yet prove whether a person is or is not lying, warns Professor Joseph F. Kubis (Fordham University). Only a highly competent expert who knows thoroughly both the lie-detector machine and human responses can tell whether the recorded changes in blood pressure, breathing, etc., indicate lying or merely fear, anxiety, and other emotional disturbances. At best, the machine may reveal whether the witness does or doesn't believe his own answers. But sometimes a man has talked himself into thinking he's innocent of a crime when he isn't, while another who's innocent may have come to believe he's guilty. Until more dependable results are assured, Professor Kubis believes, courts can justifiably reject lie-detector evidence. (P.S. The best lie detector is still a man's wife.)

Scrappy kids. The tomboy girl and the tough boy with ready fists are popular only among youngsters of lower income and social groups, says psychologist Benjamin Pope after studying California small fry. In upper-level groups, the brash, cocky, hoydenish bobby-soxer isn't liked by either sex and the scrappy boy is turned down by the girls in favor of the gentlemanly, friendly type. Similarly,

underprivileged youngsters admire those who show contempt for studying, act tough to teachers, aren't cowed by adults; upper-level kids disapprove such conduct.

Jack-pot winnings. "If you won a lot of money as a prize, what would your family do with it?" researcher Denise Francq Moore (Michigan State College) asked high-school students and parents. The children were the most selfish. They believed the money would be used for their college education. Most mothers would provide extra pleasures for the

family and home improvements. Fathers were the most generous. They'd give the money to their wives or children or to charity.

Sex-shocked males. Electric-shock treatments may make men more virile, if the laboratory experiments with male rodents performed by Yale University psychologists Frank A. Beach, Allan Goldstein, and George Jacoby are any guide. The animals getting daily shock treatments showed marked improvement in sexual performance and mating capacity (perhaps because of the speeding-up effect on the pituitary and sex glands). Whether similar results can be obtained with human males remains to be seen. Several psychiatrists have already reported increased sexual expression in some mental patients following electric-shock treatments.

Buddy killers. Why do some people who accidentally cause the death of a relative or close friend crack up mentally instead of adjusting to the tragedy? Captain Aaron T. Beck and Dr. Sigmund Vallin find a possible answer among GI's who accidentally killed their buddy in Korea and are now in mental hospitals. All these men had been unhappy, unloved, and lonely as children. In service, they desperately needed their buddy but unconsciously resented their dependence. When the accident occurred, they couldn't resolve the guilty feeling that they'd willed and caused their buddy's death. Similar factors may be involved in mental breakdowns following automobile, hunting, or drowning mishaps in which a friend or loved one is killed.

THE END

Culver

The 1897 corset *concentrated on a tiny waist. In white, gray, or black sateen, boned and laced, it cost all of $1.*

The Big Squeeze

Trying to attain what men think is the perfect woman's figure kept the ladies in iron, steel plate, whalebone, and despair for more than four thousand years. Then came zipper, rubber, and nylon

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

If there is any such thing as a typical American female figure, the nation's *corsetières* have yet to find out about it. According to folks in a position to know, the longest legs and torsos are found around the Rocky Mountains. In the metropolitan area of New York City, women have the narrowest hips, tiniest waists, and flattest posteriors, and bust lines higher than anywhere else, except possibly California. There they are just about as high and much wider. The conservative women of New England regard these New York and California contours as crude exaggerations.

While American women may have varied figure-control problems, there is little doubt that most have figure-control problems of one sort or another—or at least think they do. For in the United States, more than 49,000,000 girls and women from the age of fifteen upward will spend about $485,000,000 on about 50,000,000 girdles and corsets and about 120,000,000 brassières this year. This sum may be even bigger as a result of the efforts of large numbers of missionaries sent South by leading manufacturers to proselytize among the carefree twenty per cent of Southern womanhood who wear nothing, or, anyway, nothing to speak of, under their dresses, *when* they wear dresses.

How Corsets Got Their Start

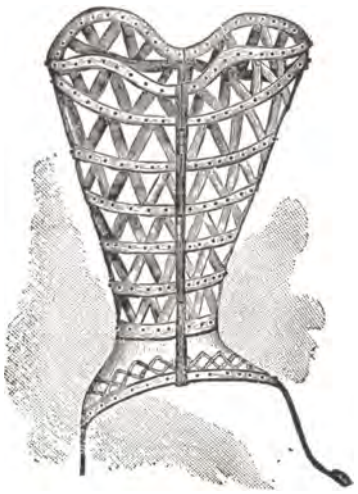
The corset custom got started more than four thousand years ago in ancient Crete, where the modish women tried to look like New York girls, or maybe even Hollywood types, except that they, or the male Cretans, liked their hips on the largish side. We know this about the Cretans because in an excavation at Knossos, ancient Crete's principal city, a figure of a goddess dating back to 2500 B.C. was found wearing a binding around

(continued)

Egyptian period. *Strenuous dances required waist and bosom support. The bound waist gradually became admired for its smallness.*

"Fashion Fiend," *a cartoon of the twelfth century, satirized use of stays in England, where fashion followed French nobility's dictates.*

The sixteenth century *saw the most extreme use of the corset. To produce this figure, the lady wore a rigid corset night and day.*



This steel cage *clamped over the sixteenth-century corset, went from hips to chest. Dresses were made to fit it. The waist: thirteen inches.*

In 1790's, *women rebelled at the corset, donned a classic Greek costume over pink silk tights, a fashion called* vêtue à la sauvage.

In 1830 *came the hourglass figure, ready-made corset, metallic eyelet. The envied waist was circled by two hands, the corsets painful.*

Child's corset, 1872. *Made of whalebone and lined with cotton or drill, it was fashionable attire for well-to-do children under four.*

Peel's New York emporium, *1890, where the style-conscious followed a European mode that dated back to the thirteenth century.*

The Langtry silhouette *was the rage of New York City in the 1890's. During this era, garters were first attached to the corset.*

Photos from the Formfit Co.

Metals used in knights' armor *influenced women's corsets in England and France until late in the 1500's. By 1700, when whalebone replaced metal, a more flowing look appeared and the petticoat became the poet's symbol of feminine charm. In 1848, elastic was woven into corset material, and by 1910, the waistline had a more natural look. During the 1920's, brassière and girdle were combined, but not until the 1940's did miracle fibers bring both comfort and beauty.*

For six years, while World War II paralyzed fashion, Europe wondered about America's new synthetic fabric called nylon. Then came rumors of yet another American discovery, quick-drying Orlon. The old traditions were doomed

the body that held her waist rigid, raised her bust line, and padded her hips.

"Figure control," as it is called by modern practitioners of the art, may have been used by women even earlier than 2500 B.C., but the Cretan goddess provides the first instance we know about. Prehistoric bas-reliefs found in South America show somewhat similar bindings around figures of women, and in Egypt, archaeologists have found waistbands used to mold the ancient Nile figure.

The first American corset manufacturer was David Hale Fanning. He opened a hoop-skirt factory, but in 1861 he converted to corsets. The attack on Fort Sumter, led by General Beauregard of the newly formed Confederate States of America in 1861, had nothing to do with Mr. Fanning's decision to switch from hoop skirts to corsets.

Greek ladies called the garment they wore to control their bust line an *apodesm*. They wore a *zona* around their waist, and both the *zona* and the *apodesm* were made of wool, which must have been fairly uncomfortable. In Rome, Caesar's wife wore a *strophium*, made of a precious purple cloth, around her waist to make *it* look small and the rest of her large.

What the American Girl Wears

American girls wear, among other things, bandeaux, one-way stretches, two-way stretches, pantie girdles, roll-ons, step-ins, corselets, and waistlets, which their makers call by such enchanting names as "Magic Controller," "Breathin-bra," "Enhance," "Surprise," "Love-light," "Flexees," "Adorable," "Egyptian Queen," "Suspants," even "Curves 2-U."

The Corset and Brassiere Association of America recommends that each woman own five hip garments and ten bust garments. But the very same association, in the next breath, says that brides should have only four girdles and five brassières. Why, for goodness' sake?

Dedicated historians say the first time the word *corset* can be found in recorded history is in an entry in the household register of a lady named Eleanor, Countess of Leicester, dated May 24, 1265. This notation says that "corsets" were made that day for Richard, King of the Normans, and for his son, Edward.

Grover Whalen, long the celebrated greeter of celebrities for New York City, once found it necessary to deny vehemently that he wore a corset. Mr. Whalen, however, does wear a carnation.

The word "corset" is Old French, being

the diminutive of the Old French word *cors*, which later became *corps*. Both these words mean *body*, and "corset," therefore, means *little body*.

Protocol regarding clothes was rigidly enforced in the sixteenth-century French court of Catherine de' Medici, and each person had to conform meticulously to the styles and materials allotted to his rank. The smallest female waists belonged to the ladies of highest rank.

The Thirteen-inch Waist

As queen, Catherine was a mere thirteen inches around the waist. That is considerably smaller than the middle of a Powers model, whose waist is generally twenty-two inches. (Conover Girls are a trifle thicker about the waist.)

Queen Elizabeth I of England, not to be outdone by a foreigner, also achieved a thirteen-inch waist, and by the same means. She and Catherine and other noble ladies used a tightly laced undergarment, over which they fitted a corset made of light steel plates with a fancy lacework pattern. This cagelike device opened on hinges at the side and fastened with a hasp and a pin. Queen Catherine's son wore a corset just like Mother's.

Emperor Ferdinand of Austria was one of the first men known to be appalled by women's fashions. In 1559, he issued an edict forbidding girls and women in nunneries and other places where young females were educated, to wear corsets. The ladies of the kingdom bitterly opposed this cruel law, however, and showed their defiance by lacing their corsets even tighter.

A device known as the busk came into use in the seventeenth century. Busks were pieces of cardboard, wood, or iron inserted into a restraining garment to stiffen the material and give firmer support to the front of the figure. They were considered less irksome than the full suit of armor worn by Elizabeth I and Catherine. Later, whalebone was substituted for the wood and iron.

In the eighteenth century, the tops of women's dresses crept lower and lower until they virtually vanished, except for a *corps baleine*, or bodice made of rich silk lined with heavy linen and fortified by whalebone, designed to raise the bust line. The slaughter among the whale population was terrible. Doctors said this fashion did women no good, either, declared tight corsets caused apoplexy, earache, nosebleed, whooping cough, hunchback, asthma, consumption, acidity, bad digestion, colic, jaundice, inflammation of the liver, hernia, epilepsy, and spots before the eyes. Most women paid no attention whatsoever to these dire warnings and went right on stoically strangling themselves and fainting all over the place.

Men went back to corsets in the middle

(continued)

Today's figure molder *is bare and aesthetic, looks fragile as a cobweb but is stronger than Gargantua, and contains all the answers. The ladies who suffered through the ages would never have believed it possible. (Bare-bac, by Flexees.)*

The lady demanded—and got—what she wanted. It took an industrial revolution, millions of laboratory hours, and engineering principles slightly less complex than those used in designing Golden Gate Bridge

of the eighteenth century, and stylish mothers in Germany and other parts of Europe put boys and girls into tightly laced stays. A corset at this time was practically a part of an officer's uniform in every army.

Corsets Suffered a Setback

For a short time, during the French Revolution and the first Napoleonic Wars, corsets were largely discarded by women. As a matter of fact, the women of France discarded practically everything. They took to wearing transparent muslin dresses over light, flesh-color silk tights that clung to the body.

Then a brassière called *le chäle* was introduced. It was made of stiff linen. In 1795, "falsies," known as *suppléments*, made their debut. The corset returned with a bang when the French Empire was established, in 1804.

The first fashion show in which a real live girl modeled corsets was held by a Mme. Repiquet in Paris, in 1820. The first time a real live girl modeled a brassière on television was in a show produced a couple of years ago by a lady in New York named Jan Brewster.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, waistlines were being constricted by tightly laced corsets until they were no bigger than Catherine de' Medici's thirteen inches around. This style didn't last long, however, for girls and women were becoming strenuous, riding bicycles and playing croquet, and they had to be loosened up to do these things.

In the 1890's, the ideal measurements of a woman were a 36-inch bust, 22-inch waist, and 40-inch hips. The composite American woman today, according to the *corsetières*, has a 35½-inch bust, a 29-inch waist, and 38-inch hips. Few women with these measurements consider them ideal, however.

In the late 1890's, some genius attached garters to the bottoms of corsets to serve two purposes—to keep stockings up and corsets down. Brassières came into use —they were called "bust confiners"— within a few years, as the tops of corsets crept lower and lower. In the 1920's, the *corsetières* were horrified by the fact that women wanted to look like boys. Men were horrified, too. Women took to wearing corsets, corselets (combinations of a corset and brassière), and wrappings to flatten themselves everywhere, but to everyone's relief, this mode didn't last.

In the thirties, the materials used in foundation garments began to change, thanks to new technological improvements. Slide fasteners were perfected, Lastex made possible the two-way stretch, and nylon came into use.

In "Gone with the Wind," *Vivien Leigh, as Scarlett O'Hara, has her maid measure her waist after she's had a baby. She insists on being laced tighter and tighter until she measures her prebaby seventeen inches. This was in the 1860's.*

The Modern View of Girdles

Nowadays women wear foundation garments as much for health as for style. Doctors say they lessen fatigue, hold abdominal organs in place, and protect delicate tissues. Women are happy that doctors say this, because these same garments make them smaller in some places and larger in others, as the women desire.

A man named Henry Plehn, an executive in the corset industry, says that when he sits down to his drafting board to design a new foundation garment, he considers the problem exactly like an engineer who is designing a bridge. "The same stresses," says Mr. Plehn, "and the same strains are encountered in a bridge and a woman."

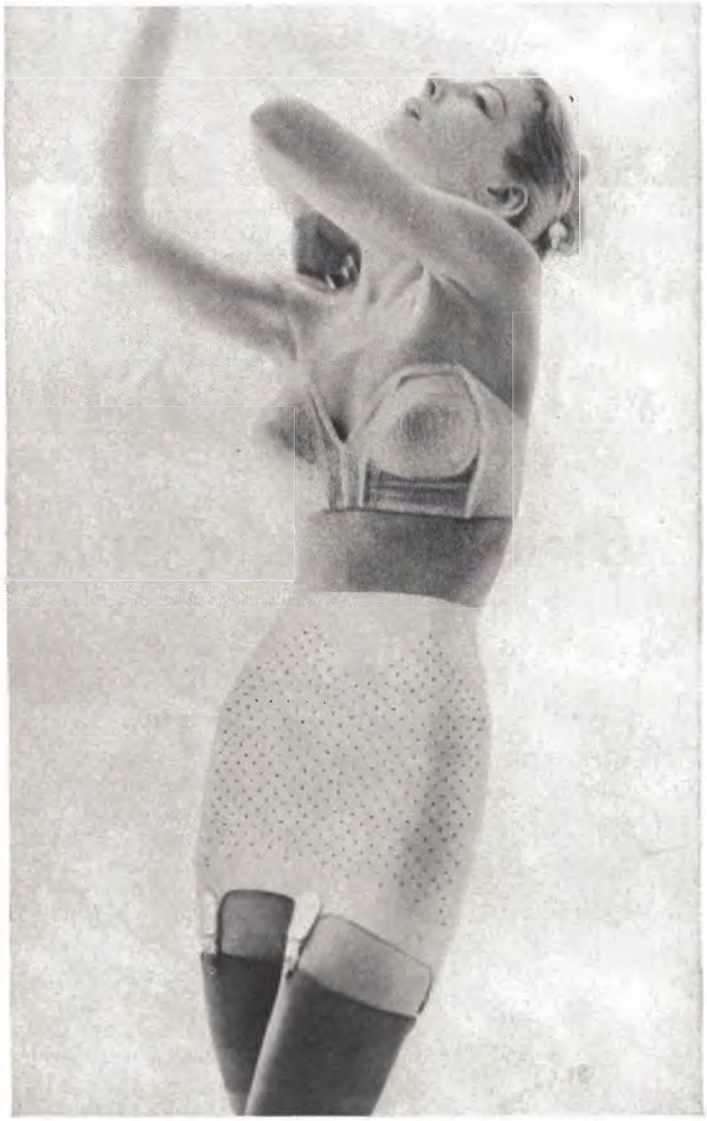
A visionary in the corset industry, Jesse Goodman, sees the day not far off when women will be wearing girdles applied from a squeeze bottle, just like pancake make-up. "Laugh if you like," says Mr. Goodman darkly. "They laughed at Robert Fulton, too, you know."

We didn't laugh at Fulton, Mr. Goodman. Not us. THE END

Corselet, 1954. *One piece that controls hips, waist, and midriff. It gives a narrow, thin look, and weighs scarcely ounces. The lady is also comfortable. (By Warner.)*

Girdle. *She still wants the tiny-waist look. Now girdles have an action slit back, adjustable waist. (By Olga Originals.)*

Molded brassière. *It started before World War I, fought out the flat-chested twenties, is a must. (Deala of Miami.)*



Rubber girdle, *developed within the last eight years, eliminates every possible bugaboo from whalebone stab to cinch pinch, and launders in minutes. (By Playtex.)*

ROBERT TAYLOR is "the man without an enemy," a rare find among actors. When he came home from location on his latest picture (below), he answered one of the most popular questions buzzing around Hollywood by marrying Ursula Thiess.

ROBERT TAYLOR

By Accident, a Star Again

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

BEST FILM— M-G-M's "Valley of the Kings" stars a mature Taylor. Co-archaeologist is Eleanor Parker.

The best film this month is "Valley of the Kings," an eye-dazzling spectacle starring Robert Taylor. This time it was no accident that the starring role went to Bob Taylor. With "Quo Vadis" it was, for Gregory Peck was originally slated for the lead. After "Quo Vadis," Bob had the lead in "Ivanhoe." Again by accident. "Ivanhoe" had been intended for Stewart Granger.

But by the time "Valley of the Kings," a tumultuous drama of romance, murder, and suspense, came round, it was no accident it starred Mr. Taylor. For he was, thanks to the other two pictures, once again back in the ranks of box-office champions.

Also, he discovered, he was in love. He returned from Egypt, where "Valley of the Kings" had been magnificently filmed in Technicolor against a background of pyramids, old tombs, sand storms—and Eleanor Parker—and he married the girl he had been dating for two years. This was beautiful Ursula Thiess, who, before he left to make this movie, had told him she was through with him. Bob's last date before leaving was with his ex-wife, Barbara Stanwyck, and a lot of people speculated on whether he might return to remarry Barbara. And a lot of people speculated on whether he might be interested in the exquisite Eleanor.

Happier Than He's Ever Been

Now he is wed to Ursula, and judging by his radiant appearance, happier than he has ever been in his life—a Hollywood story in the best glamour tradition.

I remember Bob Taylor when he was first discovered for Hollywood. He was at Pomona College then, an incredibly handsome young man who had intended to become a doctor, and had drifted into playing music, and whose occasional appearances in college dramas had sent the talent scouts in pursuit of him. His real name was Spangler Arlington Brugh, and he was a child of Prohibition; his college nickname was "Home"—"Home Brugh," yet.

He hit the flappers of 1932 like a thunderbolt in a short in the "Crime Does Not Pay" series, though he had only a bit part. In private life, in the pattern he has continued ever since, he hit one girl straight through the heart. She was Irene Hervey. But his success was too rapid. He was mobbed by girls everywhere. They surrounded his house, day and night. When he headed for England to make "A Yank at Oxford," the sailing had to be held up for two hours, while rabid feminine fans were flushed from his stateroom, from life boats, from galleys, where they had hidden and were waiting to pounce upon him.

This frantic adulation gave him the type of stardom that is most dangerous to the individual. It definitely hurt Bob Taylor in his private life. And Bob's inner life is so private it is absolutely secretive. Even back there in the mid-thirties, in this first flash of stardom, I think Bob sensed it was without solid foundation. He was a personality, a small-town boy who had made very good. He was rushed from picture to picture, without a chance to learn to act.

Then he fell completely in love with Barbara Stanwyck, via the time-honored Hollywood method of working in a picture with her. It was the vivid attraction of opposites. Barbara was big-city; he was small-town. She was decisive; he was a dreamer. Barbara was a few years his elder; he was exceptionally young for his age.

They eloped in 1939. What devoted lovers they were! But they were divorced, against Barbara's wish, in 1951. During their marriage, Bob's career was not living up to its initial promise, and hers was zooming ahead. He became more and more interested in outdoor living, in flying, in raising horses. Barbara became more and more immersed in her work. She's a wonderful girl, but as a wife she wasn't wise.

Bob's stretch as a Navy flight instructor was their first real separation. Then came his trip to Rome to make "Quo Vadis," and for the first time there were Taylor extracurricular-romance rumors. When he returned home from London after finishing "Ivanhoe," he asked Barbara for his freedom. Gallantly, she gave it to him, and equally gallantly, without her asking, Bob gave her fifteen per cent of his gross income for life. Yet he was saying, off screen and confidentially, "A guy loses confidence in himself as a husband," and she was saying, three years later, "I'm still carrying a torch for Bob."

Ursula Thiess began carrying a torch for him from the evening they first met at a Hollywood party, but it was a very different type of torch from Barbara's. Tall and very beautiful, Ursula said, "Do you think Bob will like this?" about everything—a hat, a new hairdo, or a picture role. If it appeared he wouldn't, that was the end of it. And anything he liked, she adored—camping, flying, his mother, hiking, everything. Besides, the girl could cook, and did, like a *cordon bleu* in her small house, rented in the neighborhood Bob liked best, furnished in modern, which Bob likes best.

Yet when he headed for Egypt to make "Valley of the Kings," she was sterner with him than Barbara ever had been. Bob wanted to drift on, seeing Ursula most of the time, Barbara some of the time, and other girls occasionally. Ursula told him it was either or. And she left it that way, despite his ardent letters from Egypt, which she didn't answer, despite his transoceanic phone calls, which she wouldn't receive, despite his mother's pleas.

Both Bob and Ursula Won

Absence did make his heart grow fonder, as it has many a stubborn male heart before this, particularly when there was a beautiful, loving, and determined girl. And thus Ursula won—but Bob won, too. For in the very excellent and exciting "Valley of the Kings," he displays the technical maturity that genuine stardom demands, along with the charm and handsomeness he is naturally endowed with. And in private life, he possesses a relaxation he's never had before. You know he's not afraid of a thing now—least of all that Ursula will stop loving him.

THE END

BEST COMEDY—Paramount's "Sabrina" stars Audrey Hepburn and William Holden (above) and Humphrey Bogart. A romp about a chauffeur's daughter who snares the boss's son, it's got a sievelike story but bright acting.

BEST DOCUMENTARY—"The Vanishing Prairie," Walt Disney's wonderful sequel to "The Living Desert," is gentler but again opens up the magic world of natural science. In Technicolor, it's a delightful education.

BEST MELODRAMA—"On the Waterfront" is Columbia's raw, compelling story of violence among longshoremen and their unscrupulous labor leaders. Marlon Brando is powerful as a mob errand boy who finally sees the light. Talented Eva Marie Saint makes her film debut as his idealistic girlfriend.

Williams—Gilloon Agency

THOUGH PIER ANGELI *was brought up in Rome in the Roman family tradition of seclusion, her family life could not protect her from the war horrors of Italy. Now no longer suffering from malnutrition, she is a vital person. But the past has marked her expression with delicate poignancy.*

Italy's Twin Sisters

There have been many great sister combinations in Hollywood—the Talmadges, the Bennetts, Fontaine and De Havilland. But these twenty-two-year-old Pierangeli kids might out-box-office them all

Williams—Gilloon Agency

MARISA PAVAN, *a few minutes younger than her sister Pier, lives in two different worlds: the one of her own day-to-day activities and the other of authors like Ibsen and O'Neill, whom she reads constantly. Marisa's poetic nature brings a new and sensitive element to the American screen.*

BY E. M. D. WATSON

What may change the movies you're seeing is an event that happened on the island of Sardinia, off the coast of Italy, in 1932. On June nineteenth of that year, in the shadow of volcanic mountains, twin girls were born to Luigi Pierangeli, construction engineer, and his wife, Enrica.

Eighteen years later, in 1950, the elder twin, Anna Maria, appeared in a Hollywood film called "Teresa." She now bore the name Pier Angeli.

Few people knew who she was, for the entire machinery familiar to every American movie-goer—the cliché situation in which the exotic discovery is imported amid high-powered press agentry—was lacking. Yet something happened to the most blasé audiences when they saw her. And the same thing kept happening through Pier Angeli's next American films: "The Light Touch," "The Devil Makes Three," "The Story of Three Loves," "Sombrero," and "Flame and the Flesh."

Not only that, it happened when the other twin, Maria Luisa, appeared two years after "Teresa" in "What Price Glory?" Her film name: Marisa Pavan.

Directors who have worked with the Pierangelis can offer no explanation of how Pier and Marisa got that way. Brought up in Rome, they lived a strict family life in a quietly expensive apartment. While green-eyed Pier tried to capture Rome in pencil sketches, brown-eyed, brooding Marisa read of its past in books. Then came the war: school lessons done to the reverberations of bombs, slow hunger that finally bedded eleven-year-old Pier for three months, the ghastly sight of the dead Mussolini hanging head down while the populace shot bullets into his body.

The Pierangelis, still part children, somehow emerged from the tumult with a depth and perspective that made them women as well. When French director Leonide Moguy happened to see Pier at the home of a friend in Rome, he knew he had found the girl for his "Tomorrow Is Too Late," a difficult film about a girl entering womanhood. What Moguy glimpsed in Pier, Stewart Stern, coauthor of "Teresa" also saw as the transfusion Hollywood needed, and Pier made her first American film.

The twins now live with their mother and little sister, Patrizia, in California. In their four years in this country, they have proved more than their extraordinary acting ability; they have proved the not-so-surprising fact that the public is interested in real people rather than the product manufactured in a press agent's imagination.

(continued)

Pier's loves: lasagna, *art, and jive. Marisa's hates: crowded parties, insincere people, overdone steak*

Culver Service

IN THE ANCIENT ROMAN RUINS *on Sicily, Pier worked hard at painting while making "The Light Touch." She was nineteen. Two years before, she had unwillingly left art school for the movies.*

Culver Service

Culver Service

AT TWENTY, *with Ricardo Montalban and Vittorio Gassman, making "Sombrero." That year, Pier was allowed to go out unchaperoned.*

AT EIGHTEEN, *unknown Pier won American audiences in "Teresa," with John Ericson. Her first film was Italian "Tomorrow Is Too Late."*

Culver Service

Penguin

PIER AND MARISA, *right, aged nine. Italy was at war. The pleasures of donkey riding and ices in the park were over.*

TRAFALGAR SQUARE. *In London, 1953, while making "Flame and the Flesh," Pier, who has a strong feeling for place, built a pictorial record of the city. She was still shy about her English.*

Penguin

PART-GAMIN, *part-spiritual look makes Pier's face memorable. French film maker Leonide Moguy was the first to spot it.*

Culver Service

IN "WHAT PRICE GLORY?" *Marisa's deep-felt performance avoided assembly-line finish for black-and-white, classical quality.*

(continued)

Strong old family ties and a bright American future

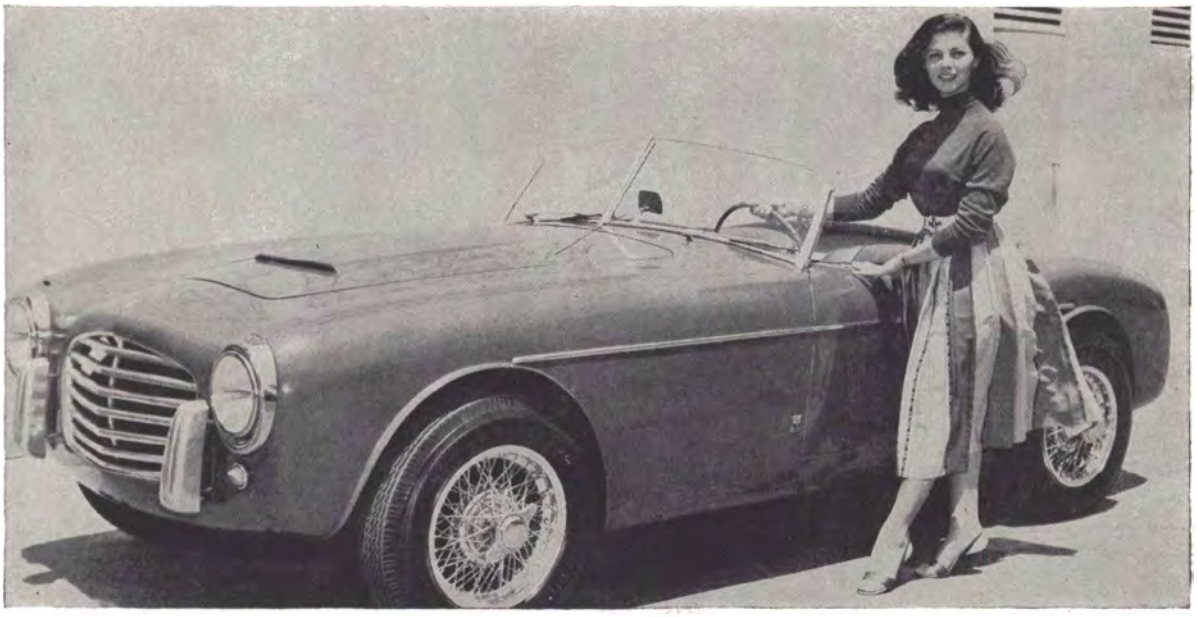
Williams—Gilloon Agency

THE FALL OF 1950, *in New York. New to America, Pier and her mother were at first bewildered by it. The family, which had left Italy after the death of Pier's father, stuck to old traditions in a new world.*

Williams—Gilloon Agency

THE THIRD SISTER, *Patrizia, six, with Pier on the patio of their three-bedroom home in Brentwood, California. It is staffed by a maid and a nurse. The Pierangelis' fear for the future has begun to ease.*

Culver Service



IN THE PAST FOUR YEARS, *Pier's tastes have widened to include both Europe and America. The twins' international aura adds to their appeal. Now in love with slang and jive, they are also aware of deeper aspects of American culture. Right, Marisa and Pier in the garden with their mother.*

Color photo by Williams—Gilloon Agency

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WHERE ANGEL FEARS TO TREAD

A lovely do-gooder like Angel is poison to cynical men. She could melt the Devil himself into a puddle of loving-kindness

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

While Smith was still in Korea, Henry wrote him about Angel. "No wonder she's called Angel," he wrote fatuously. "She simply lives to do lovely things for people."

This went on for pages, and Smith thought dismally, Probably buck teeth and a swivel jaw. When a guy brags about his girl's *character* . . . He felt very sorry for Henry.

But when he got home and rested his skeptical eyes upon her angelic loveliness, he said morosely to himself, Well, she's probably dumb, then.

But during the first hour in the exclusive club she and Henry took him to on his first night back in New York, he had to admit Angel had brains. She was studying journalism at Columbia, and you could see she'd be a success.

Henry's just a five-finger exercise for that dame, Smith said to himself. He's going to need my help to get her.

But he wasn't sure this was the girl for Henry. In fact, he wasn't sure she was the girl for anybody. Got to hang on to not liking her, he warned himself. A girl like that drags you into a revolving door. All you can do is watch the exits fly past, and know you're trapped. That was certainly no fate for his old pal Henry.

He studied her carefully during dinner, and when she said, "Dance, Captain?" as the music started, he shook his head.

"You kids dance," he said. "Just sitting here knowing it's real is good enough for me."

The fact was, he needed the distance to analyze her. Once she got into his arms and looked up at him, he might be as helpless as Henry.

Behind his highball, he took her apart with cold cunning. Under her soft disguise, he recognized a velvet woman with a will of iron. Determined to have her

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL REAP

own way, no matter how much good she had to do to get it.

"A do-gooder," he said belligerently, "and heaven help anybody she decides to work on."

When she was in his arms later, it was exactly as he had feared. He felt himself melting, and his hard-boiled mind went soft and said, "Fine cynical lug you are. All you can accuse the girl of is trying to help people."

She said dreamily, "You don't like me, Smith."

"What're you talking about?"

"That's quite all right," she said gently. "You'll like me later. Lots of people don't like me at first. Especially friends of the people who *do*."

Even while he was telling her how wrong she was, he was warning himself, You see! Even smarter than I thought. She certainly knew her way around. Around people, especially.

After they had taken her home, Henry sounded off. "I just never met anyone so sympathetic with everybody. And it isn't as if she was a wallflower-type girl."

"Probably be safer for everybody if she was. She wouldn't do so much damage with this passion for doing good."

"What'd you mean by that?" Henry said. "Now, listen, Smith, you don't want to get cynical."

"Who's cynical?" Smith said. "I just mean that unattractive people sublimate their urges into something useful. Social work or something. But with a girl like Angel—"

"There *are* no girls like Angel," Henry said stiffly.

"Don't get me wrong," Smith said apologetically.

"I get you all right," Henry said. "I guess it's natural you feel a little out of things. But we'll find you a girl. Angel was saying tonight—"

"Not *that*, please!" Smith said. "Don't turn her loose on *my* problems."

He knew he was being unreasonable and that Henry was forgiving him. That made him wild. Suddenly he wanted to swing on Henry, so upstanding and innocent. Then he realized the reason Henry's goodness annoyed him was that Henry was only the moon shining with light reflected from the sun of Angel.

He went to bed, discouraged and bleak. Henry was a doomed man, whether the gal wanted him or didn't.

She'll make a mess of him either way, he said angrily to himself. But I'll be darned if she'll infect *me* with her do-gooding. But he was frightened, for he had glimpsed one of the alarming truths of the universe: that goodness is a contagious disease you're liable to catch if you hang around with good people. Especially attractive good people.

One of the things that made Angel terribly appealing was that most of her good deeds burned her little fingers. The poor hairdresser she lent her apartment to one weekend cleaned her out of lingerie; the three children she sent up to her sister's farm for a vacation burned down the barn; the old woman at the newsstand for whom she got some lovely new teeth moved in with the janitor in Angel's building and got the whole place in an uproar. So it went.

"Seems like Angel never can learn not to trust people," Henry said. "'Course that's what I love about her. She always thinks the best of everybody. She's so generous."

"Listen, my friend," Smith said. "Generosity is one way a woman puts lipstick on her ego. Now, if they all would just mind their own business . . ."

Henry looked at him broad-mindedly.

"Sometimes I'm sorry for you," he said softly.

Smith saw then that if he was going to help Henry, he had better give Angel's good deeds plenty of rope and let her hang herself. He had better scurry around aiding and abetting Angel, and then, when Henry needed him . . .

That's how he happened to be around for the letter from Pfc Thomas Mopes. The three of them were going to a hockey game, and on their way to dinner, they had picked up Angel's mail at her apartment.

"Mopes?" Henry asked jealously. "Did I ever hear of him?"

"Probably not," Angel said sweetly. "But listen to his lovely letter." It was exactly what you'd expect from a guy named Mopes who hadn't anything to write about, to a girl like Angel.

"Where'd you meet him, anyway?" Henry asked.

Angel explained he was merely one of the boys she had taught to roller-skate when he was having a lonely pass in New York.

"He was so shy," she said. "He could hardly get the words out. But finally I knew he was trying to tell me he didn't have anybody to write to him, except his mother, and I promised—"

"Of course," Henry said. "What else could you do?"

"A little girl with a great big heart," Smith said blandly.

Angel looked up at him with surprise, a beatific smile lighting her face. "Why, Smith, do you think I have a great big heart?" She breathed it as if this were the first time anybody had ever suspected such a thing about her. Smith squirmed, not knowing who was ribbing whom.

"You've got a heart like Yankee Stadium," he said. "Fact is, that's about all that's wrong with you."

"Wrong?" Henry demanded.

"It's impractical," Smith said. "People can have a better time out of their hearts if they're smaller, a bicycle built for two, sort of." He felt himself blushing now, for both of them were staring at him with conflicting emotions. Henry was defensive about Angel. And in Angel's eyes was a look with an undisclosed mission.

He floundered on. "What I like is a light-housekeeping heart. Maybe just a big studio living-room with a bar, a kitchenette, and a place to sleep."

Angel smiled icily. "All this on a bicycle built for two?"

Henry turned to Angel. "Go ahead, honey. Tell me about this Mopes deal."

"I almost forget what he looked like," she said thoughtfully. "But I think he's the one with the dimple in his chin."

She went on reading his letter with a happy, holy expression on her face. Whenever Mopes couldn't think of anything else to write, he said, "It certainly is nice of a swell girl like you to write to a guy like me."

Then, in a burst of boldness, he said, "If your travels ever take you to Swanson, Wisconsin, please call up my mother and tell her you know me. It certainly would give my old lady a bang to hear I know a girl like you."

Smith watched her fold up the letter, and in one of his few unguarded moments, he noticed how really sweet her face was. He thought the Mopes matter would end there; but that, of course, was because he didn't know Angel.

Her blue eyes were pensive a few moments. Then she said, "I guess I'd better call her right now."

"Call who?" Smith asked innocently.

"Why, Thomas' mother, of course," she said, gently as to an imbecile.

"But, good heavens, Wisconsin's halfway across the country!"

She looked at him tolerantly. Then her eyes misted over with a kind of reproachful charitableness. Smith suddenly felt convicted of common sense—of mercenariness, even, the most unbecoming attribute a man can wear, in a woman's eyes.

"He was so shy," Angel explained sweetly, "and he had no one to write to except his mother."

But not Henry; Henry was saying, "That's a swell idea." Henry and Angel understood each other perfectly. And Smith, whose interest was purely impersonal, felt pushed out on a limbo, so to speak. Before he realized what was happening, a recklessness he didn't bother to analyze was saying, using his voice: "How about this being *my* contribution to Pfc Mopes?" He took out a ten-dollar bill and laid it on the table.

Impulsively, Angel put her soft little hand on his big tanned knuckle.

"Why, that's the sweetest thing I ever saw anyone do," she said. "I had no idea you were like that."

"He isn't," Henry said gruffly.

Once embroiled in the good deed, Smith felt a kind of inner sunshine prickling all along his conscience. For one lucid instant, he reminded himself that good deeds are the most intoxicating indulgence of egotism the human mind has yet devised. Then the moment passed, for he met Henry's eye. It was surprised . . . and hostile.

Angel was saying, "Maybe *you'd* like to talk to Mrs. Mopes, Smith. After all, it's your gift."

He shook his head in embarrassment. The waiter had plugged in the telephone and was standing beside them, unctuous and pleased. The whole table was bathed in beatitude. Smith watched Angel getting the call through. Her words were drops of golden honey dripping from a silver spoon.

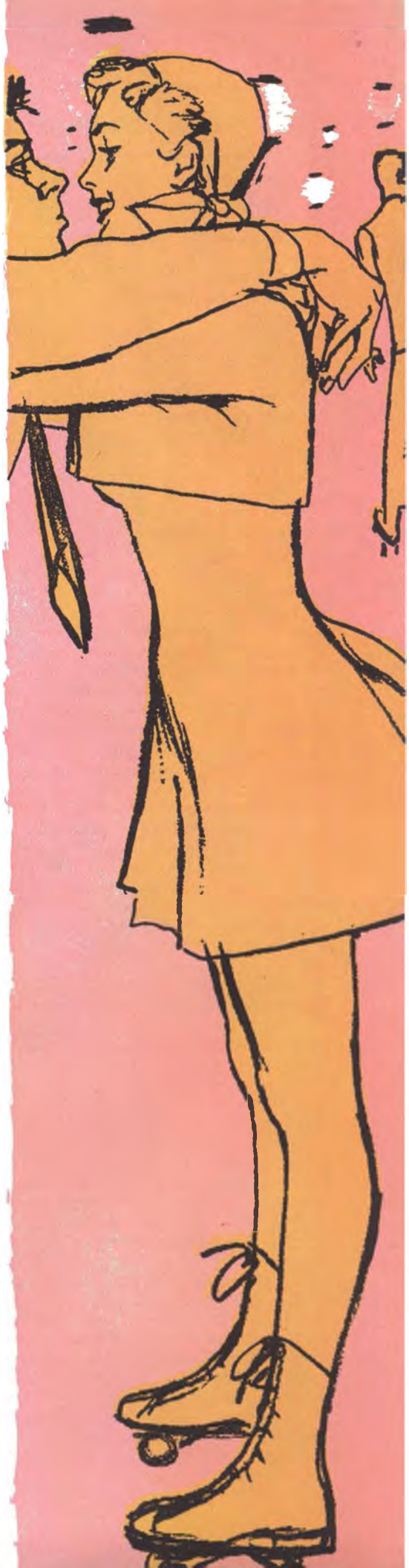
It was probably Mrs. Mopes's first long-distance call. When she comprehended the call was from New York, she went to pieces. She had bridgework trouble, and Smith could hear her hissing even from his side of the table. But Angel was darling to her.

"It's just that I had such a beautiful letter from Thomas," she said. "I wanted to share it. . . . He asked me to call you up. . . . He's such a wonderful boy. You must be proud of him. . . ."

When it was all over and Smith picked up the quarter change from his ten dollars, he felt a little silly. Henry was scowling at him; his look was saying, What do you mean by muscling in on one of her good deeds! She's my girl, practically.

Smith's own look replied, Oh, yeah?

Then he remembered this was Henry, his pal. But I'll make it all right with him when I explain. Explain what? Why, that I'm doing it for his good. . . . His rationalization raveled out in a pleasant way, and he sat there tickled to death it



had been he who had paid for one of Angel's absurd, adorable kindnesses, of which he didn't approve.

He was tickled to death, that is, until the consequences began rolling in. But that didn't happen until a month or so later, and by that time they had the baby on their hands.

It didn't begin with the baby, of course. Things don't usually begin with the baby.

This began with the plump, pretty girl with the weak back, whom Angel felt so sorry for. Some dreary story about being put out of a furnished room because her funds ran out, and a family upstate who would come and take her home in a day or so.

"Meantime, I'll move her into my apartment with me," Angel said.

"But, honey," Henry protested, "how'll you take care of her?"

"I'll manage," she said bravely. "I'll have a day bed put in my living room."

Everybody felt sorry for Trudy, especially Trudy. She'd had nothing but bad luck since she was born. Nobody had ever been kind to her before; naturally she adored Angel. She wept with emotion sometimes while she ate the meals Angel brought in to her on a tray.

"You mustn't stay home with me this evening," she always began by saying. "I've been here alone all day, thinking the happiest thoughts. Of course, I *was* thinking about you coming home. But now I'll think about tomorrow. You just run along."

"Of course not," Angel would say. "We love a nice quiet evening at home. Don't we, Henry?"

"Sure," said Henry. "Absolutely."

Once, just to see what would happen, Smith answered. "No," he said loudly, "frankly we don't. We're bored to death."

Trudy whimpered as if struck. But the other two ignored him.

"We'll have some lovely bridge," Angel said firmly.

Trudy's upstate family was expected daily. But they didn't arrive and didn't arrive. Smith's wanting to wire the sheriff in their town only showed what a suspicious heel he was.

Henry said, "I don't see how you can think such thoughts. She's such a sweet little thing."

"Glad you're enthusiastic about her, chum," Smith said. "You and Angel are probably going to have her on your hands the rest of your lives. That is, if you and Angel have any rest of your lives."

"I sometimes wonder," Henry admitted gloomily. "I can't pin her down. She likes me all right. But she says I don't really *need* her."

That was the most encouraging thing Smith had heard for weeks. He felt better all day, just thinking about Henry's not *needing* Angel. Henry's too good a guy to get himself dragged into the revolving door, he said to himself.

Meantime, the damp fog of Trudy permeated everything. She got more and more helpless. Angel was afraid to leave her alone even in the daytime while she was at her journalism classes. That led to a series of strange characters who came in to keep Trudy company, so that the apartment became a kind of social-service headquarters.

About that time the waves began washing in from the Mopes deal.

Trying to explain it, Angel began, "Well, the lawyer says—"

"The lawyer!" Smith gasped. "Is there a lawyer mixed up in this?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "There has to be a lawyer when there's a suit, doesn't there?"

"A suit? Good grief, for what?"

"Why, for fifty thousand dollars," she said patiently.

"But on what charge?"

"Why, alienation of affections," she said calmly.

"Whose affections, for Pete's sake?"

"Well, it seems Mrs. Mopes told everybody in town about me, and people got the impression Thomas was engaged to me. But Thomas had a girl in town waiting for him, and when she heard about it, she eloped with the milkman."

"The ghastly logic of events," Smith said, mopping his brow.

"So when Thomas heard *that*"—tears of sympathy sprang in Angel's eyes—"he was brokenhearted. Then later, he got *mad*."

"At Angel," Henry said, bitterly indignant, "who was only being kind."

Smith sat down suddenly. He didn't know whether to give Angel a good spanking and Henry a kick in the pants or to lift them both on his lap and try to explain the simple fact that cause inevitably leads to effect.

"This reminds me of a story," he said slowly. "Maybe it's got a germ in it that might help you people. Good Lord, here *I* am trying to help!

"Seems there was an old rug peddler used to hang around a café in Paris. He carried his rugs on his back, and once in a while he sold one to a tourist. He was a puny little guy you

wouldn't want to look at unless you had to. One day a big kindhearted gent from Illinois was sipping his drink and feeling good, when this rug peddler came whining up to him.

"The guy bought a rug. Then he felt so pleased with himself, he bought another one. That made him feel even bigger, so he bought all the rugs the little peddler had.

"He went on with his tour, and every time he thought about the rug peddler he felt great. He came back through Paris, crazy to get back to the café to see how tickled the little guy would be to see him. He looked all around, but the peddler wasn't anywhere.

"Finally he called a waiter. 'Where's that little rug man used to be here?'

" 'Very sad thing, monsieur,' the waiter said. 'Somebody bought all his rugs. So he caught pneumonia and died.' "

The room was uncomfortably silent when Smith finished.

"It's just an old joke, sort of," he said apologetically.

Henry was glaring at him. "Very funny, Smith," he said. "And lousy bad taste, if I may say so."

But Angel was looking at him with a holy, predatory look on her face, the look of the inveterate do-gooder.

Next day the baby happened. The baby, after all, was Smith's fault.

The boys took turns coming up each night to lift Trudy from her chair to the Récamier lounge, where she liked to sit evenings. One night Smith was late, so Angel decided she could lift Trudy. In the tussle, they both landed on the floor, and Trudy became hysterical.

"Darling, wait. I'll get somebody to help us," Angel said.

She ran out into the hall of the apartment house, and there, coming out of a door to the left, was a nice-looking man. Between them, they got Trudy picked up off the floor. Angel said breathlessly how wonderful it was that Mr. Slocum happened to be there at the very moment he was needed.

"I'm always here," he said gloomily. "My wife goes out to dinner, and I sit with the baby."

It seemed the Slocums' marriage was being crushed to death between baby trouble and a housing problem. On account of the baby, they hadn't eaten one meal together for months.

"Why, *we'll* keep the baby," Angel cried. "Trudy would love it. Wouldn't you, dear?"

So the baby moved in evenings. After that, they couldn't even have bridge. For the baby was one of those people who do their best work at night.

But the baby did wonders for Trudy. The baby was crazy about Trudy, and Trudy blossomed like a rose. She had a beauty operator come in and give her a permanent (as a surprise for Angel; she knew Angel wouldn't begrudge the cost, of course). And she ordered several very pretty negligees. ("Naturally, the moment I'm well enough to look for a job, I'll insist on paying you back, darling.")

Once she even forgot her spine and got up and walked the floor with the baby!

A few weeks later, the climax came. Late one night, Angel phoned Smith. "Something terrible has happened," she said unsteadily.

"Are *you* all right?"

"It isn't me," she said. "But—oh, Smith . . ."

"Stop crying," he said sternly. "If

Angel's apartment was a refuge—first the girl with the weak back, then the abandoned baby.

WHERE ANGEL FEARS TO TREAD (continued)

Trudy's on the window sill, just let her jump."

"It's the baby."

"Well, let him jump, too."

"No. It's the Slocums."

"For Pete's sake, let *them*—"

"They've moved out."

"That's fine. So what?"

"They left the baby."

"With you?"

"Certainly with me." Angel said. "Mrs. Slocum brought the baby over at noon and said she'd be back at five. I waited and waited, and now I find they've slipped out."

"What does Henry think you'd better do?" Smith asked, remembering guiltily she was still Henry's girl.

"I haven't asked him." Angel said. "I just kind of thought of you, Smith."

"I'll be over," he said, with a spurt of power in his veins. "Don't do anything until I get there."

When he got there, Angel was walking the floor with the baby. He vaguely felt something was different about the place, but he was too dazzled by the sight of Angel, looking like a madonna in a long blue robe, to think very clearly.

He took the baby out of her arms and deposited him masterfully among the pillows on the day bed. Then he stood and looked at Angel.

"I've been trying to tell you something ever since I met you," he began sternly.

"Yes, Smith," she said meekly.

"Everybody has some vanity—cute knees or long eyelashes or something."

"Yes?"

"Well, your vanity happens to be your good heart."

She caught her breath, and he thought she was going to cry. But she didn't cry; the baby was doing that expertly.

"You're a meddler and a busybody. Only you do it with good deeds. But it adds up to the same thing, because you're always trying to make people do what *you* want."

She looked at him earnestly. "Is that what you wanted to tell me?"

He gulped. "No," he said meekly. "I'm leading up to it."

"Go on, then."

The baby shifted into high now. Smith glared over at the day bed, where he had dumped it, and then he realized what was different about the room. Trudy wasn't in it.

That made him furious. Yes, just as Henry said, people *preyed* on Angel! Sure, he said to himself. That big wet sigh has moved into the bedroom and left poor little Angel holding the day bed.

Aloud he said, "Hope we're not keeping your girlfriend awake in the next room."

"We're not." Angel said. "Go on, Smith."

"Okay." He took a deep breath and started again. "People aren't supposed to go around tampering with other people's lives. Everybody ought to work things out for themselves. But you and your big heart—"

"I know." she said softly. "It's supposed to be a bicycle built for two."

"Exactly." he shouted. "Exactly." That brought him back to Henry and the baby and Trudy and all those other victims of Angel's incurable good intentions. "Say, where *is* that woman?"

"She's gone," Angel said. "She left me a note. Go on, Smith."

He took another big breath. "You've got to stop trying to take care of people! Before you burn down the city or land in jail or— What you need is somebody . . . Then a thought drifted across his mind, and he picked it up and tossed a question like kindling on a bonfire. "What'd she say in the note?"

"She said she was eloping with Henry," Angel said softly.

The eloquence in his brain was burning too furiously for him to stop quickly. "Remember what I told you about the rug peddler? — What? *What did you say about Henry?*"

Then he did take her in his arms.

"Well for Pete's sake. Whyn't you say so?"

"Couldn't," she said. "I never get a chance to talk when you're around."

He kissed her then, and when he could speak again he said, "How'd this happen, for crying out loud?"

"Oh, Smith, I never want to help anybody again. Nobody except you."

"Wait a minute," he said dazedly. "What'd you mean, *me*?"

"Why, I never would have noticed you if I hadn't seen how much you *needed* me. So cynical and everything, darling."

He heard a kind of swooshing sound in his ears. He knew what it was, all right; it was the noise of the revolving door of Angel's good deeds, which had dragged him in. THE END

In Angel's eyes was that look of undisclosed purpose. He should have taken warning right then and there.

Roderick Horne

"I

BY LYDIA ZÁBRODSKÝ

AS TOLD TO MORTON M. HUNT

We had lived through the black years of the Nazi occupation and had at last come back into the light of democracy. Now that light was being extinguished again. Red mobs marched the streets of Prague, seizing factories and newspapers and terrorizing the populace. Finally, after three days of violence, the Communists took over. It was February, 1948.

There was bitter sorrow in our lovely nine-room apartment at Sixty-four Sokolská Ulice, where I lived with my father, Dr. František Zuleger, one of Prague's leading pediatricians; my mother; and my baby sister, Sylvia. "Czechoslovakia is dead," my father said. "We are a province of Russia. The Zulegers can no longer stay in Czechoslovakia. We must get out of the country."

I had further cause to worry. I was eighteen, pretty, and engaged to handsome, dark-haired Oleg Zábrodský, a star on Czechoslovakia's world-championship ice-hockey team and as popular with his countrymen as Yankee baseball player Mickey Mantle is with Americans. Oleg was with his team, playing an invitation match in Moscow. What would happen to him now? He had always been an outspoken anti-Communist. Would he get back all right? Or would the Russians now not hesitate to toss him into prison or ship him off to Siberia?

To my great relief, he did get back safely. He rushed over to see me at once.

"Never a Laugh, Never a Smile"

"Isn't this horrible, Lida?" he exclaimed. "I go to Moscow—and come home not to a free Prague but to a Moscow suburb! Lida," he told me, "you can't imagine what it is like there. So many thousands of people—and never a laugh, never a smile, only drabness, bleakness. Even at the hockey games, the people almost never shouted or cheered. It made me sick.

Married Freedom"

This pretty Czech girl and her fiancé faced too dismal a future trapped behind the Iron Curtain, so she undertook to outwit the entire Communist police force. Now she lives, happily married, on Long Island, in the good old U.S.A., but she is still haunted by the nightmare of what she had to do five short years ago

"Those Communists poison everything, even sports. When our referee ordered a Russian out for two minutes for fouling, the Russian referee told him not to go out, that to shake hands with the Czech referee was enough punishment. We were so surprised we could only laugh at him. At that, the people in the stands near us grew pale. They must never have seen anyone disagree with an official before.

"A little later one of our players was ordered out for fouling, so he tried to use the new Russian rule. But when he attempted to shake hands with the Russian referee, the referee backed away. Our fellow skated after him, the Russian skated faster, and it became a chase all over the field. Very comical—but later when we thought it over, it didn't seem funny at all.

"Then," Oleg went on, "we heard BBC reports on our portable radio about the awful things happening in Prague. And the moment we arrived here, the police took away our passports." Oleg shook his head. "Lida," he said, "I will not live in this poisonous air. I want to get out. I have no right to ask you to give up everything—your home, your friends, your country—hut would you come with me, as soon as I work out an escape plan?"

Would I come with him? Yes, oh, yes, to any place on earth. Olda—as I had nicknamed him—and I had been going together since I was fifteen. There had never been anyone for me but Olda—handsome, well built, a dashing athlete, and at the same time, a serious law student.

Week after week, Olda and I talked of ways to get out. The problem was this: the ice-hockey players now had no passports. If Olda tried to leave the country illegally, my whole family would immediately be under supervision, if not arrest, because I was Olda's fiancée. But the ice-hockey team would get their passports back temporarily now and then to play various other European teams, and during one such trip, Olda could seek asylum from some democratic government. The trick would be to arrange an escape for myself and my family at the same time. We knew Father, being a prominent intellectual and conspicuously middle-class, would not be able to travel out legally with all of us; we also knew that more than half those who tried to slip across the border illegally were caught and shot or sent to prison camps.

Father was already being pressured at the Children's Hospital to join the Party. Every day there was a new note and a form lying on his desk. The notes were polite, but the threats were thinly veiled; Prague's leading pediatrician was a prize for the Reds, but if they couldn't land him, how long would politeness last?

Our Plans to Escape Went Wrong

All summer long in our country cottage at Dobříš, Father, Mother, Olda, and I talked about plans. Father heard of a man said to smuggle people across into the U.S. zone of Germany for a big fee, and we got quite excited; then the rumor went around that he took fees from people but killed them in the woods near the border. So we didn't know what to do. But we did know this—Olda's team would be in Sweden next February in defense of their world championship. While he was there, we Zulegers would make our break, timing it to coincide exactly with his own public plea for asylum.

Then everything went wrong. In December, 1948, the hockey team with its Red "coaches" went to Davos, Switzerland, for a few games. This was not the time for Olda to make his break, and he had no intention of doing so. But late one night, on January second, our phone rang. It was Bruno Bergner (like most of the anti-Communists in my story, he

(continued)

"Olda and I *were sweethearts in those quiet days that seem so long ago—before the Communists took over Czechoslovakia in 1948. An ice-hockey star, Olda was nationally known, like a big-league baseball player in America. But he refused to play for the Reds. He was one of the first athletes to seek asylum."*

"Refusing to go home. *Olda and a teammate set off a wave of escaping anti-Red athletes. Olda, right, joined a Swiss team."*

"The day *I had waited for so long came July 8, 1950, at a Lausanne church. Swiss players made a wedding arch of ice-hockey sticks."*

is given a fictitious name). Bruno was a Swiss who had lived in Prague and been friendly with my parents. "I must come over and speak with you at once, Lida," he said.

I laughed. "At this hour? Midnight?"

"Lida," said Bruno urgently, "I am coming at once. This is no joke."

Talk of Escape Swept the Team

Fifteen minutes later he was there. "I was in Davos to see the games," he told me. "The Czech refugees there were trying to convince the hockey team that now, not next February, was the time to make a break. Who knows the team will actually go to Sweden come February? And if the whole team deserted now, with an entire season ahead, they could book several months' worth of games around Europe, earn their year's living, and meanwhile make wonderful anti-Communist propaganda.

"The talk got more and more excited, and Oleg couldn't restrain himself. He leaped up and made a speech to win over his teammates to seeking asylum."

I gasped, and Father shushed me.

"Unfortunately," Bruno went on, "the rest backed down, except Máki Slama. Oleg's own brother voted against it. Now Oleg doesn't dare come back. He and Máki will ask the Swiss government for asylum as political refugees."

We looked at each other, stupefied. Of course, Olda had done right in taking the risk; the stakes had been worth it. But he had lost, and now our family would all immediately be under suspicion.

"*Otče, Mami,*" I said, on the verge of tears, "what are we going to do now?"

"Lida," Father said, "don't be upset. I'll see that you get out to your Olda somehow."

"That's another thing," Bruno said. "Oleg said you must not try to get through illegally. It is almost suicidal. He has something else in mind. Wait until you hear from him. That's the message he sends you."

"The Police Want to See You"

By January fourth, we heard the BBC broadcasting the story. Then it appeared in the Czech newspapers, and people everywhere were talking about Olda and Máki. All my girlfriends at school were buzzing about it and trying to get me to talk. Then one day, in the middle of the morning session, the principal walked into the classroom. "Lydia Zuleger," he said, looking at me sternly, "you are to go home at once. The police are waiting for you there." I stumbled out of the classroom in a deathly silence. It was only a short walk home, and I hardly had time to think about all the terrifying possibilities. Mother opened the door, and I saw two sullen-looking men in dark leather overcoats—men from the STB, the state security police.

"Let's go," one said.

"Wait," I gasped, fighting for a moment or two before I went away for what might be the last time. "Wait, I need to put on lipstick."

"We've been waiting long enough," he said. He stood up and led me toward the door. I cast a despairing look at Mother, who looked ready to collapse.

In another moment, I was in the black police sedan, one STB man in front, the other in back with me. My legs began to shake, and I was furious; I didn't want the Communist policeman to see how frightened I was. At the police station, I was shown into a bleak room and led to a wooden stool. Across from me, behind a desk, were two men; one was young, rather good-looking, and very cocky; the other was short, fat, bald, and deadly calm. A brilliant light was shining in my face, and I had to squint to see them.

"We know all about you and your fiancé—traitor that he is," the young one said. "You may as well tell us everything, including your own escape plans, the name of Zábrodský's fellow traitors, and your plans to co-operate with the reactionary Czech circles in Switzerland. If you don't co-operate, we can send you off for at least two years in a corrective labor camp."

My legs stopped shaking. I was suddenly angry. They started with threats and accusations, though they knew nothing bad about me. They were acting like the bullies I had always heard they were.

And who were the traitors. anyhow—we or they?

As fast as I denied any plotting, they fired still more questions. What did I know about Olda's escape? When had it been planned, and with whom? What foreign power were we working for? When was I planning to escape, and how? What about my parents? Again and again they threatened to send me to prison. It went on and on; my back ached, my tongue was dry as paper. Suddenly they got up and went out of the room, carefully leaving a side door ajar. I blinked, turned away from the light, and looked at my watch. Only an hour and a half had passed.

Through the open door, I now heard something that made my scalp crawl. It began as a long, low groan, then grew to an agonized moaning, then rose up into a wild scream, ending with sobs and whimpers. It died away for a moment, then began all over again. I felt nauseated. It was the most horrifying thing I have ever heard. For fully an hour, they tortured some poor wretch out there; then they came back in.

"What's the screaming out there?" I asked. They smiled a little and said nothing. "You know what I think?" I said. "I think you're using the same methods as the Nazi Gestapo."

The bald-headed one winced. "Please don't say that," he said in a startlingly gentle tone. "I spent six years in a Nazi concentration camp."

The phone rang. "Polak speaking," the older one said. "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . No, she denies everything, but . . . Yes, sir. . . . Of course." He hung up. "We're going to let you go," he said, "but you will report here once a week. Failure to do so will mean immediate arrest and sentencing. We will have our eyes on you. Good day."

I rose uncertainly to my feet and blundered out into the fresh air. It had been four hours since I had come in there; it seemed like most of my life. After I got home, I found my release had been arranged by Father. As soon as Mother had told him of my arrest, he had seen a highly placed Communist official whose child was a patient of his, and that man's call to the police had set me free.

A Visit from a High Official

A few days later, a tall, slender, soft-spoken man of about forty came to our apartment. "Hašek is the name," he said, bowing deeply to Mother. "Ministry of Information. I wish to speak with your daughter alone, please." Mother and I recognized his name; he was the brother-in-law of no less a person than Rudolf Slansky, secretary-general of the Communist Party.

"My dear young lady," said Hašek, as polite and courtly as an old-style diplomat, "I can't believe your fiancé is going to be so foolish as to stay in exile and starve when he can come home and do so well here. After all, he is a national hero in the field of sports. The new Czechoslovakia needs him. You can do him and yourself a service by talking some sense into him."

"I don't want to," I said, seizing the first notion that came into my head. "He ran out on me. It's all over between us."

Hašek ignored me. "Zábrodský would be valuable to us not only as a star athlete but as someone who ran away and then realized that Czechoslovakia and its new government are best. If he comes back, we guarantee him a new car, a house in the country, and a position in the Ministry of Information."

"I don't care," I said, working up an angry look. "I'm through with him."

"Dear Miss Zuleger," said Hašek, "I'm going to put in a phone call to Zábrodský and I want you to speak to him and tell him to come back."

"I won't do it," I said, and managed to make myself cry. Hašek disappeared into the other room. After a while, he came back and asked me to come to the phone, which he then handed to me. "Hello?" I said.

"Hello," said Olda, "Lida? Is that you? Hello?"

I suddenly realized that if I didn't cooperate with Hašek, my whole family would be in danger. Surely Olda would understand I was being forced to do this.

"Oleg," I said, not using the nickname, "what are you doing in Davos? Please come back. This is all very foolish." I could hear my own voice in some echo-like fashion on the phone; it was, I believe, being clumsily recorded by the police. I told Olda about the car, the house, and the job.

"I don't know," said Olda. "I'm all mixed up. I have to think things over."

I Half Believed My Tears

I turned to Hašek. "You see?" I said. "I can't do anything with him; he doesn't love me any more." And I cried so hard I half believed myself.

"Don't you worry," Hašek soothed me. "We'll get him back for you. You tell him that the prime minister himself, Antonin Zápotocký, has given his word he is guaranteed forgiveness."

I blubbered this news into the phone, but Olda kept saying he would have to

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"Safe on Long Island. *Olda and I can now listen to short-wave broadcasts without fear. He writes and announces sports news for Radio Free Europe."*

"Now we are all together, *and there is time to relax in our peaceful garden. From left to right: my mother, Mrs. František Zuleger; my husband, Olda; my little sister, Sylvia: my father; my son, Tommy, now nearly two and born in America; and myself. My father has returned to pediatric practice, and Mother and I share the marketing and housework.*"

"I Married Freedom" (continued)

think things over. I almost grinned. My Olda was no fool; he was going to stall until he could work something out.

Finally we hung up. I wailed some more, and Hašek patted my shoulder and left. Four more times in the next few weeks he came back, and we put on the same performance. I became a skillful actress; I could turn the tears and anger on and off with little trouble.

A Police Spy or a Friend?

One afternoon after school, the doorbell rang and a handsome, well-dressed woman of about thirty introduced herself as Mrs. Jarmila Petersen, a Czech married to a Danish businessman. "I have word for you from a friend," she said. I led her into the living room, and she said she had just come from Zurich, Switzerland, where she and Olda had worked out a plan for me to escape.

I was certain she was a police spy. "I don't want anything to do with him." I said. "We're finished." She pulled out a card on which Olda had written my name and address. I would have known that handwriting anywhere. I weakened, but still I was afraid to commit myself. Finally she said she knew a friend of my father's who would vouch for her; we took a cab to his office, and he swore up and down she was reliable. I hugged her and kissed her and begged her to tell me what Olda had said.

The plan was for me to marry a foreigner and thereby change my citizenship. "I was telling Oleg," she said, "why I am not afraid to travel back to Prague on business—because my husband is a Dane. This makes me no longer a Czech but a Danish citizen. And it occurred to us we could help you make a false marriage to a Dane and get yourself a new citizenship and a Danish passport."

I was frightened by the idea, and bewildered by all the details. "Leave everything to me," Jarmila said. "I'm going back to Copenhagen now. I'll be back for the Prague Fair in March as a textile buyer, and when I return I'll bring someone for you."

Three weeks later, I got a postcard that said. "I'm coming to the fair and bringing the husband. Jarmila." She also gave the time of her arrival.

Waiting at the airport that day, I saw Jarmila coming toward me with a tall, slim, blond young man at her side. I hurried to her. "A cab, get a cab," she whispered, her teeth chattering with fear, and she completely forgot to introduce us. We piled into a taxi outside and pulled away.

At my home, with the door closed and locked, Jarmila sighed with relief. "Allow me to present Erik Johansen," she said, "your future husband-in-name. He speaks no Czech, but his English is passable." Mine was passable, too, so I said, "How do you do, Mr. Johansen?" and shook hands. Mother and Father greeted him in English, too.

"Of course, you will stay here with us," Mother said. Erik agreed readily; hotel life would make him too easy a mark for police snoopers.

Jarmila left soon after. Then my father sat down to chat with us. "You young people must convince the snoopers and spies that you are in love," he said. "I am well known in Prague, and so is Lida. So you must go out a lot, act your part convincingly, and put this over." I blushed, but Erik smiled easily, like a man of the world.

We Played the Role of Lovers

A new Communist law required any foreigner to live in Czechoslovakia six weeks before he could marry a Czech girl, so for that long Erik and I played our parts. We went to the EST-bar, a

"Nearing the border, I was tormented by visions of being arrested and dragged back to the police station to be questioned until I admitted everything"

Prague night club; the Embassy; René's; and Lippert's. We walked the streets by day, visited museums and stores, wandered through parks. People I knew saw us everywhere together, and for their benefit we looked into each other's eyes, laughed softly, and said sweet secrets privately.

I Almost Felt Ashamed

One night my good friend Míli L. came up to me in a powder room and said, "Lida, aren't you forgetting rather fast? Oleg has been gone only three months, and you act as though this new one is your whole life!" I almost felt ashamed.

On the morning of May seventh, I put on one of my best dresses, took an armful of flowers, and went down to City Hall with Erik, my parents, and two witnesses. In a shabby room, a magistrate read the civil marriage ceremony. I hardly heard the words; all I could think was that if no police broke in and stopped us in the next minute or two, I would be a Danish citizen and free of fear. Then all at once there was a ring on my finger, Erik was kissing me warmly, and everyone was crowding around with smiles and laughter.

Off we went in our car to the Danish consulate, and in five minutes I had that precious little green booklet in my purse.

Two days later, Erik took the train for Copenhagen, from where he would write me letters and I would answer, establishing the fiction that he was trying to get a job and an apartment before I followed him to my new homeland. At the station, I found myself crying sincerely. Erik had been so charming, so kind, and he had given me an invaluable gift.

A month later, after the school semester, I packed to go to Switzerland. Just what was in my mind, I don't know; to visit Olda before my parents were out of the country might be unwise; surely I would only have to come back to help them with their own plans, and returning might be even more unwise. But I had the passport and was unable to wait any longer to see him. Already it had been six months.

The ride to Geneva was a never-ending nightmare. As we approached the border, I was tormented by visions of being arrested and dragged back to the police station and being questioned until I admitted everything. The border guard pawed through my luggage in the middle of the night, stared at my passport, and said he thought it odd for a Czech girl to marry a Dane and head off alone for Switzerland. He disappeared with the passport, and two ghastly hours went by while the train stood at the station. Then he suddenly reappeared, tossed the passport inside, and the train jolted forward. In a moment, we crossed the border.

At two A.M., the train pulled into Geneva. I had wired Olda during a stop at Zurich, and now as I stepped down to the platform, he was there. We rushed toward each other, then slowed down self-consciously. I waited for his first words. "How thin you look!" he said. "Yes," I said, "I've been—awfully busy." He kissed me, and I felt strange and uncomfortable. "Come on," he said, and hustled me into a cab. We went to an all-night restaurant, and there we began to talk.

He told me how he was working with other Czech refugees to form a permanent refugee organization, how he was going to play and coach for the Lausanne ice-hockey team next fall and would study at the university there. As we talked, the strangeness melted away; then we kissed again, and suddenly it was Olda and I once more our old selves. At six A.M. I went to my room, fell into bed, and slept until early afternoon. Then Olda came and took me to lunch and introduced me to some of his fellow refugees. At night we went dancing, and the next day we went sunning and swimming at Lake Geneva. Day after day we lived a life of relaxation and pleasure, and became even closer companions.

Once a week I got a brief note from home addressed to "Mrs. Erik Johansen." It was always startling to realize that was my legal name. I wrote back noncommittal letters saying what a nice time "Erik" and I were having.

One day while two Czechs were speaking of the grown children they had had to leave behind when they fled, I felt a stab of guilt. For nearly two months I had been enjoying myself; I had done nothing to help my family.

"Olda," I said in the middle of a conversation, "I'm going back to Prague." Everyone was shocked. It was insane, Olda's friends told me. The Czech Reds would never honor my new citizenship, now that I had been consorting with anti-Communist refugees. I would be jailed, maybe even shot.

Only I Could Help My Family

But I had to go back. My family had to be brought out, and there was no one else to help them.

In Switzerland, I had learned again how dangerous the illegal border crossing into Germany had become. But the other borders weren't as closely watched, for they all led right into Communist countries. Suppose I whisked Father, Mother, and Sylvia through the Red zone of Austria into Vienna.

I went to Zurich and called at the Czech consulate to get a return visa. The acting consul, a somber young Communist named Karel Tuček, knew Father's name quite well and invited me to dinner that night. "Meanwhile," he said, "what is the purpose of your visit to Prague?" I said my sister, Sylvia, was terribly ill. How long would I stay? A few weeks. "Well," he said, "permission usually comes through slowly, but I'll phone Prague and ask them to hurry it."

"Will I be in great danger?"

Tuček thought a long while. "I'll give you some friendly advice, although I am a Communist. You would be far wiser not to go back."

I got the visa, anyway. Then for four days, I argued back and forth with Olda's friends; one moment I would be going, the next I wouldn't. Finally I got on the train. At every stop I thought, Now—now I'll get off and turn back. But I didn't. Many hours later came the last stop before the Czech border, and I did get off. Then slowly I turned around and got right back on and sat down to wait for whatever would come. But nothing happened to me at the border.

Back in Prague, after a joyful but rather fearful reunion, Father took me straight to the Danish consulate and asked them to check on me every week to make sure I hadn't disappeared. Then we drove off to our bungalow at Dobříš, to sit in the cool September air and concoct a plan.

Across the Red Zone to Freedom

Father's own ideas had been centering around the Czech-Austrian border, too. A friend of ours had a little cabin on the Czech side of the border in a wooded mountain area, not far from the village of S——, north of Freistadt in the Soviet zone of Austria. Father, Mother, and Sylvia could go to the cabin and then sneak through the woods and across the border—*if* there was transportation to hurry them through the Soviet zone to the American part of Vienna and *if* they had faked passports in case they were stopped. I almost shouted for joy, because I could help with both ifs. We would use my passport as a model to make fake Danish passports, and I would go to Vienna and find some way to meet them near S—— in an automobile.

We hurried back to Prague and bought various kinds of paper and ink, practiced official-looking writing, and made

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portrait photos. A friend of Father's made photo copies of my passport, and another friend, an engraver, etched the plates in acid in Father's office, after hours. We couldn't find paper of the right pale-green tint anywhere, but we soaked several sheets of white paper in Fehling solution (the urinalysis-test chemical), and when Mother ironed them flat again, they looked nearly perfect. We needed a lot of Fehling solution, so I walked around Prague with a pocketful of prescriptions from Father, buying a little in each of a dozen different pharmacies, and backtracked to make sure I wasn't followed.

Much of the time we were being watched. Two STB men had quizzed Mother about housing an alien, and we spotted men loitering across the street now and again. But the dread knock on the door never came.

Finally, Father got a printer to start running off the pages from the plates we had made. Halfway through, he got scared and refused to do any more. He was a Communist, so we expected the police to arrive at any moment; but he must have been too worried about his own participation to inform on us. Finally, Father found another printer, and at that point, we fixed the next Saturday afternoon, October 1, 1949, as the time for the escape. The place would be the cabin, by a river fork in the forest north of Freistadt. Because it would be hard to find, I stuffed a penciled sketch map in my bosom before I picked up my bag and said good-by.

"It's Risky, But You Might . . ."

In Vienna, I went to the apartment of some old family friends, Jan and Tamara Smetaček, who live in the American zone, and as soon as I told my story, they were anxious to help. "You could never hire a car to take you through the Soviet zone," Smetaček said. "No cabdriver in the Western zones would risk it. But I'll lend you my car and chauffeur. It's risky, of course, but with your Danish passport, I think you might get through."

The week crawled by; then on Saturday, Smetaček's chauffeur, a thin, bespectacled Viennese named Willy Schirmer, came to the front door at six A.M. with the Chevrolet. I was wearing Austrian peasant clothes to make myself look as native as possible, hoping to avoid interrogation. I spoke some German, and the chauffeur and I kept up a nonstop conversation to mask our nervousness as we drove northwest from Vienna into the Soviet-controlled countryside.

Eight hours later, we arrived within a mile or two of the border, near the hamlet of S——. There were no road signs along the dusty by-roads in the forest, and we were hopelessly confused. The map was useless. We parked the car and started through the forest toward the unseen border. Half a mile away, we came out into an opening—and there was not *one* bungalow but dozens. They stretched for miles along the wide, peaceful stream, and many tiny streams came in from both sides making many forks. I hurried from one cottage to the next, climbing over each fence in turn to read the nameplate on the door. Half an hour later, I had checked twenty houses. Willy Schirmer was growing frantic, and hung back, hiding behind trees. "Please, Frau Johansen," he begged, "enough, enough. We will be caught by border patrols. Please let us turn back immediately!"

I Had Failed My Family

I scolded him for his timidity and plunged on. But after another hour and a half, I was completely exhausted and it was rapidly growing dark. It would have to be next week. But what would Father and Mother think? They would believe I had failed them. I felt sick at the thought.

Willy and I made our way back through the woods. In the failing light, we made out the shape of our car ahead—but there was another shape beside it, that of a short, stocky, uniformed man standing by a motorcycle. He peered at us sharply. "You know it is illegal to be within two kilometers of the border," he said. "You could be shot for this. Let me see your papers. Exactly what is your business here?"

"We are—friends," I said, with a little smirk. "We came for a day in the country."

"Aha!" he said, looking at my passport. "You are Mrs. Johansen, a Dane. But this is not Mr. Johansen with you. What is going on?"

I turned on the tears. "Can't you understand?" I sobbed. "Please, my husband must not find out. Please don't make a report on this; it would be terrible for us if he found out—"

"You will have to come with me," he said brusquely. We got into the car and followed him to the village of S——, where he led us into the old-fashioned city hall. In a room there, we faced two policemen in Austrian uniform, and two other men in that stiff, high-buttoned uniform I dreaded—that of the Russians. The motorcycle guard told the facts briefly, and the police began to grill us. The Russians stared coldly at us and rapped out questions.

Why was a Danish citizen born in Prague running around in Austrian peasant dress? Why was an educated woman out in the woods with a chauffeur? What kind of activity was I trying to cover up? Whom were we really working for?

Willy stammered and bumbled, but he followed my lead and maintained unhappily that it had been an *affaire d'amour*. The Russians began to get bored; mere love affairs were of no interest. We had been standing there answering questions for nearly two hours when the head Russian snapped out, "Let them go." The Austrian police told us to get back to Vienna without delay. "If we ever find you two back here again," they added, "it will be another story altogether."

That night I could not sleep. "I have failed them!" I sobbed to the Smetaceks. "They'll think I never even tried." The next morning I could stand it no longer. "I'm going to phone them," I said. Smetaček, shocked, protested that all lines into Czechoslovakia were being tapped. But I had an idea.

When I got Father on the phone I gushed about wonderful Vienna and the sights. Father sounded perplexed. Then my voice sharpened. "*Otče*," I said, "what do you think? Aunt Anna gave me the key to her country place to have a nice time. But when I went there yesterday, the stupid old gardener wouldn't let me in. So I had to come all the way back. But you know what? I'm going back next Saturday and give him a piece of my mind."

"Tut, tut," said Father. "Such foolish worries. Tell me something more important— How do you feel?" But I was certain he had understood.

Going back again meant risking real trouble. Smetaček's chauffeur—even his car—were out of the question. All week long we tried to find someone to help, but with no luck. One evening a young Austrian lawyer dropped by and we hopefully told him the story. "Where did you say this place is?" he asked. "Near S——? Hmm. *Gott im Himmel*, this is amazing. I went to the university with a fellow who owns a huge forested estate right near there. He's a thorough anti-Communist, and he'll help us. Let's go see him tomorrow."

Had We Been Betrayed?

And so the next day—it was Friday, October seventh—he picked me up in his own little Mercedes and we drove the long winding eight-hour way back again. As we got near S——, I crouched low in the seat and prayed the police would not stop us. Just east of the village, he pulled into the grounds of a handsome country house. "*Der Baron von Wittringen*," he said to a servant, "*ist er zu Hause?*" A short conversation followed; then a male secretary came out and greeted him warmly. Finally he came back to the car.

"My friend the baron is away for a week," he said. "His secretary says we must go at once to the baron's forester, who is a thorough anti-Communist."

We drove into the village and stopped at the forester's house. A man opened the door. I looked at him and my heart stopped. Could it be?—a trap! We were betrayed—*for this was the same uniformed man who, with his motorcycle, had taken me to the police last Saturday.* I stifled a cry, and shrank back in the car. He looked down at me. "I believe we have met," he said, smiling.

"No," I gasped, "I don't think so."

"Your dress is different, but I think I'm right," he said. "Won't you come inside?" We went into his house, and the lawyer explained our situation in detail. I was terrified, but the secretary had sworn this man was completely reliable.

The forester chuckled. "Last week I couldn't help the young lady—she might have been a counterspy, for all I knew. But now that I know who you are, I will help you. Go home and wait; your family will be there Saturday night." I left in a warm glow of friendship.

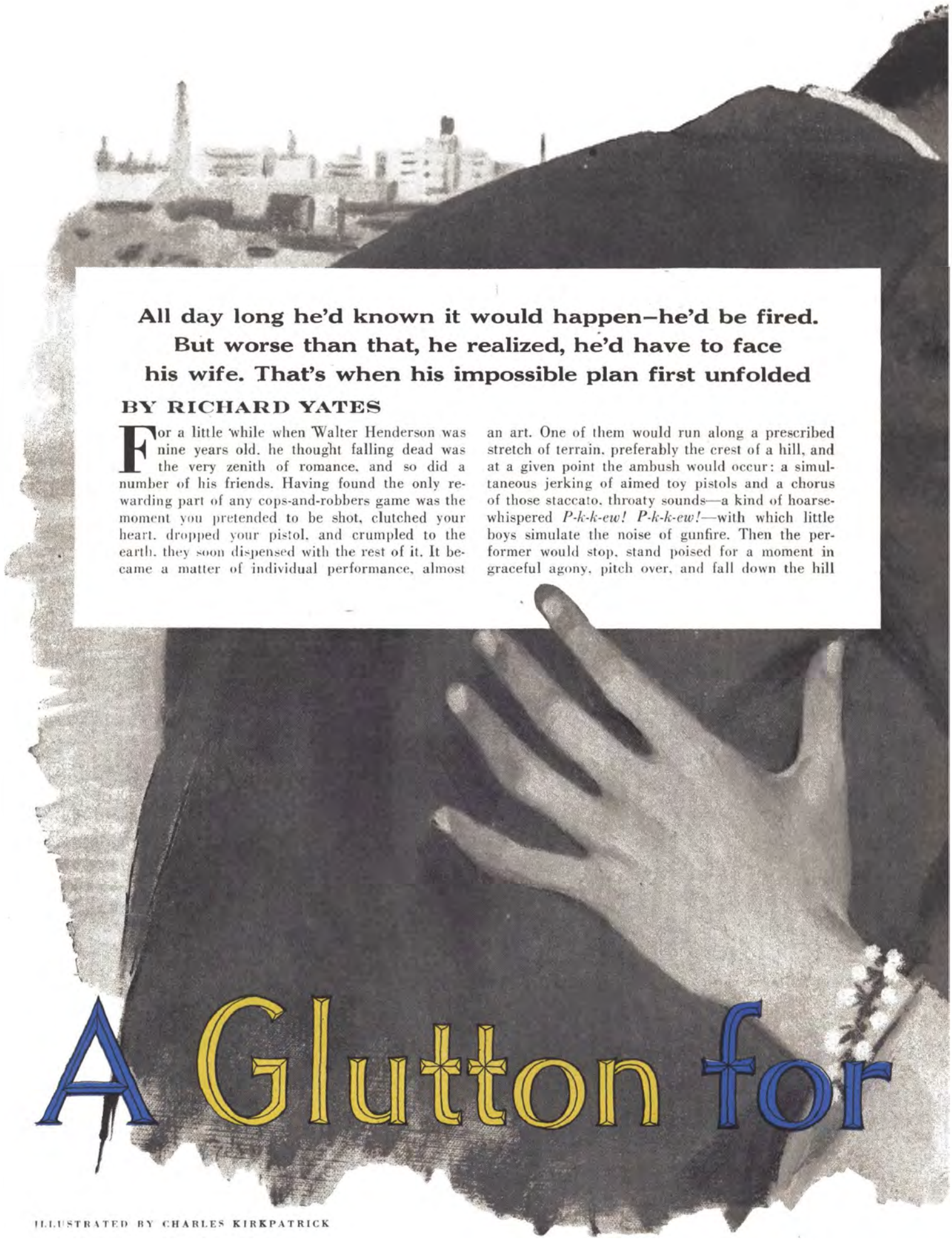
My "Husband" Got a Divorce

Two weeks later, we were all in Geneva, where I was met by a haggard and impatient Olda. I wrote my "husband" in Denmark at once and asked him to begin divorce proceedings, and the following July, Olda and I were finally married in Lausanne. A month later my family left for New York, and the following May, Olda and I joined my family in Glen Cove, New York.

Today we all live in a big rambling house on a quiet street. Father is assistant clinical professor of pediatrics at New York University, and Mother and I run the household together. A good deal of my life is taken up with my son, Tommy, who was born in November, 1952. Olda has been writing and broadcasting sports in Czech for Radio Free Europe, using his prestige and knowledge as a onetime national hero to point out how sports here and abroad reflect the ways of democracy and of dictatorship.

Less than a year after Olda broke with his country, three of his teammates who went back (including his brother, Vladimír were dropped from the team as "politically unreliable." The next year, seven players were sentenced to two to twenty-five years of forced labor in uranium mines for protesting cancellation of a trip to London. Máki Slama, who made the break with Olda, is now in Colorado. Many other things must have happened to the people we knew in Czechoslovakia, but we have no real way of knowing.

As for myself, I can hardly believe that all this really did happen to me, now just a happy young housewife trying to be as American as everyone around me. I wonder what young Tommy will think of the whole story when I tell him about it someday. THE END



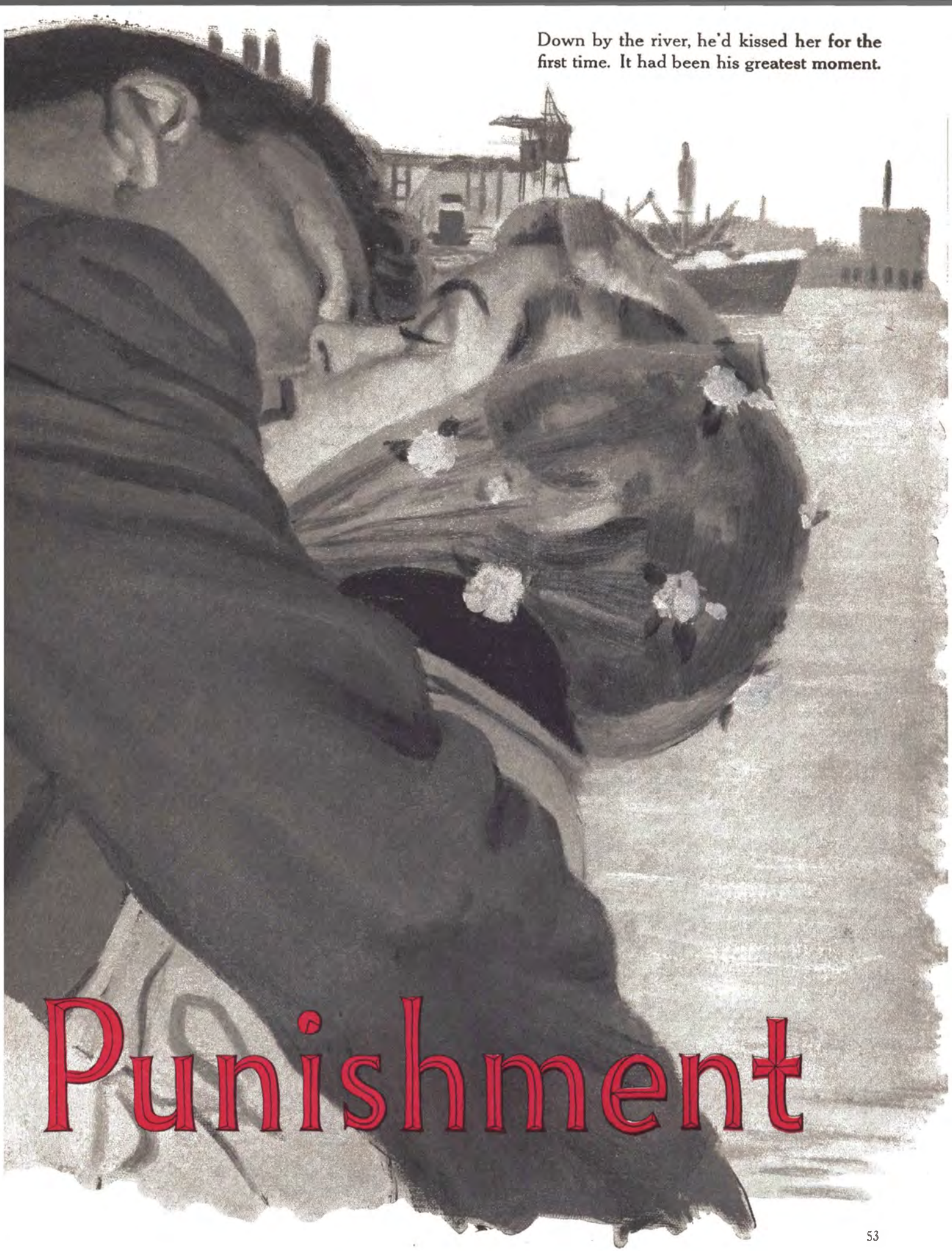
A Glutton for

All day long he'd known it would happen—he'd be fired. But worse than that, he realized, he'd have to face his wife. That's when his impossible plan first unfolded

BY RICHARD YATES

For a little while when Walter Henderson was nine years old, he thought falling dead was the very zenith of romance, and so did a number of his friends. Having found the only rewarding part of any cops-and-robbers game was the moment you pretended to be shot, clutched your heart, dropped your pistol, and crumpled to the earth, they soon dispensed with the rest of it. It became a matter of individual performance, almost an art. One of them would run along a prescribed stretch of terrain, preferably the crest of a hill, and at a given point the ambush would occur: a simultaneous jerking of aimed toy pistols and a chorus of those staccato, throaty sounds—a kind of hoarse-whispered *P-k-k-ew! P-k-k-ew!*—with which little boys simulate the noise of gunfire. Then the performer would stop, stand poised for a moment in graceful agony, pitch over, and fall down the hill

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KIRKPATRICK



Down by the river, he'd kissed her for the first time. It had been his greatest moment.

Punishment

in a whirl of arms and legs and a splendid cloud of dust, finally sprawling flat at the bottom, a rumpled corpse. When he got up and brushed off his clothes, the others would criticize his form ("Pretty good," or "Too stiff," or "It didn't look natural"), and then it would be the next player's turn.

That was all there was to the game, but Walter Henderson loved it. He was a frail, poorly co-ordinated boy, and this was the only thing even faintly like a sport at which he excelled. Nobody could match the abandon with which he flung his limp body down the hill, and he reveled in the small acclaim it won him. Eventually the others grew bored with the game, and Walter turned reluctantly to more wholesome forms of play. Soon he had forgotten about it.

But he had occasion to remember it, vividly, one April day nearly twenty-five years later, while he sat at his desk in a mid-town office building, pretending to work and waiting to get fired. He had become a sober, intelligent-looking young man, with clothes that showed the influence of an Eastern university and neat black hair that was just beginning to thin out on top. Years of good health had made him less frail, and though he still had trouble with his co-ordination, it showed up mainly in minor things now, like an inability to co-ordinate his hat, his wallet, his theater tickets, and his change, or a tendency to push heavily against doors marked PULL.

He looked the picture of sanity and competence as he sat in his office. No one could have told that the cool sweat of anxiety was sliding under his shirt, or that the fingers of his left hand, concealed in a trouser pocket, were slowly grinding and tearing a book of matches into a moist cardboard pulp. Somehow he had known from the minute he got off the elevator that this was the day it would happen.

For several weeks he had seen it coming, but apart from a few tentative visits to employment agencies, he had taken no steps toward finding another job. Then this morning, when several of his superiors had said, "'Morning, Walt," he had seen the slightest suggestion of concern behind the smiles. And once this afternoon, he had happened to catch the eye of John Wingate, the department manager, who had been hesitating in the doorway of his private office with some papers in his hand. Wingate had turned away quickly, but Walter had known he had been watching him, troubled but determined. In a little while, he felt sure, Wingate would call him in and break the news—with difficulty, of course, since Wingate was the kind of boss who liked being a good guy. This was the day, all right. There was nothing to do now but let the thing happen, and try to take it as gracefully as possible.

That was when the childhood memory began to prey on his mind, for it suddenly struck him—and the force of it sent his thumbnail biting deep into the secret matchbook—that letting things happen and taking them gracefully was the pattern of his life. The role of the good loser had always held an inordinate appeal for him. All through adolescence, he had specialized in it, gamely losing fights with stronger boys, playing football badly in the secret hope of being injured and carried dramatically off the field ("You gotta hand it to little Henderson for *one* thing, anyway," the high-school coach had said, chuckling. "He's a regular little glutton for punishment"). At college, there had been exams to be flunked and elections to be lost. And later the Army had made it possible for him to wash out, honorably, as an air cadet.

And now, inevitably, he was running true to form. The several jobs he'd held before this had been the beginner's kind, at which it is not easy to fail; when the opportunity for this one arose it had been, in Wingate's phrase, "a real challenge." "Good," Walter had said, "that's what I'm looking for." When he related the conversation to his wife, she had said, "Oh, *wonderful*," and they'd moved to an expensive apartment in the East Sixties on the strength of it. And lately, when he'd started coming home with a beaten look and announcing darkly that he doubted if he could hold on much longer, she would enjoin the children not to bother him ("Daddy's very tired tonight"), bring him a drink, and soothe him with careful, wifely reassurance, doing her best to conceal her fear, never guessing—or at least never showing—that she was talking to a chronic, compulsive failure, a strange little boy in love with the attitudes of collapse. And the amazing thing, Walter thought, was that he himself had never looked at it that way before.

He passed a hand over his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. No, wait a minute, he told himself. That's crazy. Breathing hard, he resolved to pull himself together. He stopped crumbling the matches and wiped his hand on his trouser leg, determined just to sit there and wait. Losing his job was bad enough without trying to psychoanalyze himself in the bargain.

The cubicle gate swung open, and John Wingate stood uncomfortably beside his desk. "Walt," he said, "will you step into my office for a minute?"

"All right, John." Walter got up and followed him out of the cubicle and down the aisle, feeling many eyes on his back. Keep it dignified, he told himself. The important thing is to keep it dignified. Then the door closed behind them, and the two men were alone. "Sit down, Walt," Wingate said. "Smoke?"

"No, thanks." Walter sat down and laced his fingers tight between his knees.

Wingate leaned forward, both hands spread flat on the plate-glass top of his desk. "Walt, I might as well give you this straight from the shoulder," he said, and the last shred of hope slipped away. The funny part was that it came as a shock, even so. "Mr. Harvey and I have felt for some time that you haven't quite caught on to the work here, Walt, and we've both very reluctantly come to the conclusion that the wisest thing to do, with your own interests in mind as well as ours, is to let you go. Now," he added quickly, "this is no reflection on you personally, Walt. We do a highly specialized kind of work here, and we can't expect everyone to stay on top of the job. In your case, particularly, we really feel you'd be happier in some organization better suited to your—abilities."

Wingate leaned back, and when he lifted his hands their moisture left two gray, perfect prints on the glass, like the hands of a skeleton. Walter stared at them, fascinated, while they shriveled and disappeared. "You put it very decently, John," he said. "Thanks."

Wingate's lips worked into an apologetic, good guy's smile. "Awfully sorry, old man," he said. "These things just happen. I—"

"Certainly, John," Walter said. "I understand."

"Now," Wingate said, visibly relieved that the worst was over, "we've made out a check here covering your salary through the end of next month. That'll tide you over until you find something." He held out a long envelope.

"That's very generous," Walter said. There was an awkward silence, and Walter realized it was up to him to break it. He put the envelope in his inside pocket, stood up, and buttoned his coat. "All right, John. I won't keep you."

Wingate rose quickly and came around the desk with both hands held out, one to shake Walter's hand, the other to put on his shoulder as they walked to the door. The gesture, at once friendly and humiliating, brought a quick rush of blood into Walter's throat, and for a terrible second he thought he might be going to cry. "Well, boy," Wingate said, "good luck to you."

"Thanks," he said, and he was so glad to find his voice steady that he said it again, smiling. "Thanks. So long, John." He felt strangely relieved, strangely lightheaded, as he walked back to the cubicle, avoiding everyone's eyes. His

secretary was waiting for him with a report he had given her to type. "I hope this is okay, Mr. Henderson," she said.

Walter took it and dropped it on the desk. "Forget it, Mary," he said. "Look, you might as well take the rest of the afternoon off, and go see the office manager in the morning. You'll be getting a new job. I've just been fired."

Her first expression was a faint, suspicious smile—she thought he was kidding—but then she began to look pale and stricken. She was very young and rather stupid; they had probably never told her in secretarial school that it was possible for your boss to get fired. "Why, that's *terrible*, Mr. Henderson! I— Well, but why would they *do* such a thing?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mary," he said. "Lot of little reasons, I guess." He was opening and slamming the drawers of his desk, clearing out his personal things. There wasn't much: a handful of old letters, a broken fountain pen, a cigarette lighter. "Doesn't affect you, of course," he told her, stuffing his pockets. "They'll have a new job for you in the morning."

"But how about *you?*" she asked. "Whaddya gonna *do*, Mr. Henderson?"

She was beginning to get on his nerves. "Look for a job," he said. "What else?" His hands were trembling. He lit a cigarette and got his hat off the stand, and then he was ready to leave. "Well, take it easy, Mary. Oh, and listen, if you ever want a recommendation or anything, drop me a line. You have my home address."

"All right, I'll do that, Mr. Henderson, and— Oh, and about this report, whaddya want me to do with it?"

Walter managed a smile. "I guess you'll have to ask somebody else about that, Mary," he said. "I don't work here any more."

"Oh," she said, and brought her chewed fingernails up to her lips for a vague little giggle. "Well, then, g'night—I mean g'by, Mr. Henderson."

He left her standing there behind the swinging gate. Joe Taylor was the only real friend he had made in the office and the only one he wanted to say good-by to; he saw him near the water cooler and walked over. Taylor was standing with Fred Holmes, whom Walter didn't particularly like, but that couldn't be helped. "Joe," he said, "I'm leaving. Got the ax."

"No!" Taylor looked surprised, even shocked, but Walter knew this was mostly kindness. It couldn't have been much of a surprise to anyone. "Good Lord, Walt, what's the *matter* with these people?" Then Holmes chimed in, very grave and sorry, clearly enjoying himself. "Gee, boy, that's a real shame."

"Listen, Walt," Taylor said, "if there's anything I can do—"

But Holmes interrupted him. "Listen,

did you get a decent check out of the deal, Walt? What'd they give you, a month?" It was exactly the kind of question Holmes could be counted on to ask.

"Enough," Walter told him, moving off toward the elevators. "Enough to tide me over." He pressed the "Down" button, suddenly very anxious to get away. But other men were bearing down on him from all sides now, their faces stiff with sorrow, their hands held out. It was as if they'd all been lurking behind the gates of their cubicles, waiting for the signal to come forward and claim their share of the fun. "Awful sorry, Walt. . . ." "Tough break, boy. . . ." "Keep in touch with us, okay, Walt? . . ."

"Thanks." Walter said, retreating, shaking hands, "thanks, I'll do that. . . . So long. . . . Thanks. . . . So long. . . ." The red light came on over one of the elevators, and in another few seconds the doors opened. Walter backed into the car, still wearing his fixed smile and waving his jaunty salute of farewell to their earnest, talking faces. Then the doors slid mercifully shut, and the car dropped in silence to the lobby.

Out on the street he began walking, fast, for it seemed urgent to get out of the neighborhood as quickly as possible—to rid himself of Mary's stunned, stupid face, of Taylor and Holmes and all the rest of them at the elevator, a pack of wolves yapping over a carcass. Why did I have to *tell* everybody? he thought. Why did I have to make such a *scene* out of it?

But even as he asked himself the question he knew the answer: because you wanted to, that's why.

The oppressive weight of this thought slowed him down, until he came to a halt. He stood on the sidewalk for what seemed a full minute, brooding. His scalp prickled under his hat, and his fingers began to fumble at the knot of his tie and the buttons of his coat. He had never felt more helpless, or more frightened.

No, by heaven! A man could drive himself crazy thinking that way. In a burst of action he set off again, bringing his heels down hard on the pavement. He'd been fired, that was all. It had shaken him up a little—it would shake anybody up—but that was no reason to drive himself crazy. The thing to do was go home and start making plans. He headed for a subway, thinking of his wife. She was probably home in the living room right now, straightening a slip cover or making out the grocery list, blithely unaware her husband was out of a job. Well, she would have to find out sooner or later. She might have some good ideas, and maybe after they'd talked it over, he would get a few himself. He would feel less lonely, anyway, and less confused. Eagerly, he hurtled down the subway stairs. But just before he reached the turnstiles, it occurred to him that this was another indulgence, and he stopped so short that a heavily laden delivery boy behind him had to swerve to one side, dropping a package.

"Make up ya *mind*, willya?" the boy demanded.

"Sorry." Walter said, and went back upstairs to the street. This was no time to go home. If he really wanted to pull himself together, the thing to do was get busy, fast, and start looking for a job. The only trouble, he reminded himself, coming to a halt again and looking around, was that he didn't know where he was going.

He was on a corner of Lexington Avenue in the late Forties, bright with florist shops and taxicabs, alive with well-dressed men and women walking in the clear April air. A telephone was what he needed first. He hurried across the street to a drugstore and made his way to a bank of phone booths. He got out his address book and opened it to the page showing the several employment agencies where his applications were filed.

All the agencies said the same thing: no openings at the moment, no point in his coming in until they called him. When he'd finished, he dug for his address book again, to check the number of a college friend who had told him, a month before, that there might soon be a vacancy in his office. The book wasn't in his inside pocket; he plunged his hands into the side pockets of his coat and then into his trouser pockets, cracking one elbow against the tin wall of the booth, but all he could find were the old letters from his desk. Cursing, he saw the address book right in front of him, on top of the coin box, where he had left it. He dialed the number of his friend's office, and while the switchboard operator kept him waiting, he pushed back his hat and ran a finger under his collar. It was getting hot in the booth; he opened the door to get some air, but closed it again, catching a trouser cuff, when his friend's hearty voice said, "McIver speaking."

"Mac? Walt Henderson."

"Oh, hi, Walt."

"You busy, Mac, or can you spare a minute?"

"Not too busy. What's on your mind?"

"Well, I was just wondering if you had anything new on that opening you mentioned a while back."

"On the which?"

"The opening. You know, you said there might be a job in your—"

"Oh, *that*. No, haven't heard a thing, Walt. Everything takes forever to happen in this outfit."

"Well," Walter said, "okay, Mac. I just thought it might have slipped your mind, is all."

"No, don't worry, Walt, I'll be in touch with you. What's the matter, boy, things getting sticky where you are?"

"Oh, no," Walter found himself saying, and he was immediately glad of the lie. He almost never lied, and it always surprised him to discover how easy it was. "No, I'm all *right* here, it's just that I didn't want to—*You* know, I thought it might have slipped your mind or something. How's the family?" They chatted a little; then Walter apologized for bothering him and they said good-by.

It was three thirty. The only thing left to do now, he guessed, was go home. But he sat there for a long time, holding the door half open, and a faint, canny smile began to play on his face. The ease of the lie had given him an idea that grew, the more he thought about it, into a challenge, and then into a profound decision.

He would not tell his wife. Tonight when she asked how the day had gone, he would say, "Oh, all right," or even "Fine." Then in the morning, he would leave the house at the usual time, stay away all day, and come back at the usual time—and he would do the same thing every single day until he had a job.

There! he thought. *That's* more like it. *That's* pulling yourself together. He felt almost triumphant as he gathered his address book and his coins, straightened his hat, and got out of the booth.

"Dropped your pencil, bud," somebody called after him.

"Oh." Walter said, turning around. "Oh, thanks."

Now all he needed was a way to kill the next hour and a half. He walked aimlessly for a while, trying to look hurried and impatient, impelled by business, and it wasn't until he found himself walking west on Forty-second Street that he decided to go to the Public Library. He mounted the wide steps importantly, and soon he was installed in the reading room, examining a bound volume of *Fortune* magazines and going over and over his plan.

The deception would not be easy, of course. It would mean watching his every word and gesture, every day; it would mean being ready with a quick, natural-sounding reply whenever she asked about the office, and never making a slip. But in the end, when it was all over and he could tell her at last, he would know the firm joy of self-mastery. He knew just how she would look at him when he told her—in blank disbelief at first and then, gradually, with the kind of respect he hadn't seen in her eyes for years. "You mean you kept it to yourself all this *time?* But *why*, Walt?"

"Oh, well," he would say casually, even

shrugging, "I didn't see any point in upsetting you, darling." It would be a reward worth every minute of the ordeal.

When it was time to leave the library, he lingered in the main entrance for a few minutes, smoking a cigarette and looking down at the five o'clock traffic and crowds. The scene held a special nostalgia for him, for it was here, on a spring evening six years before, that he had met her for their first real date. "Can you meet me at the top of the library steps?" she had asked over the phone, and it wasn't until many months later that this had struck him as an odd meeting place. When he'd asked her about it then, she'd laughed. "Of *course*, it was inconvenient, silly—that was the whole point. I wanted to pose up there, like a princess in a castle or something, and make you climb all those lovely steps to claim me."

And that was exactly how it had seemed. He'd escaped from his office ten minutes early that day and hurried to Grand Central to wash and shave in a gleaming subterranean dressing room; he had waited in a fit of impatience while a stout, slow Negro attendant, humming obscurely in a resonant bass, took his suit away to be pressed. Then, after tipping the attendant more than he could afford, he had raced outside and up Forty-second Street, tense and breathless, afraid of being late, even half afraid it was all some kind of joke and she wouldn't be there at all. But when he got to the library, he saw her up there, standing alone, a slender, radiant blonde in a navy-blue coat. He slowed down then, and mounted the steps toward her with careful nonchalance, trying not to show the hours of anxiety, the days of planning and saving, the moment had cost him.

When she saw him coming, she smiled. It wasn't the first time he had seen her smile that way, but it was the first time he could be sure it was intended wholly for him. It caused a warm tremor of pleasure in his chest. He couldn't remember what they said when he joined her, but he remembered being quite sure it was turning out well, that her wide shining eyes were seeing him exactly as he wanted most to be seen. The things he said, whatever they were, struck her as witty, and the things she said, or the sound of her voice when she said them, made him feel taller and stronger and broader of shoulder than ever before in his life. Then he took her arm, claiming her, and they started down the steps together, laughing and talking. And the evening before them, spread out and waiting at their feet in the city twilight, seemed miraculously long and miraculously rich with promise.

Now, as he started down alone, the

memory was exhilarating. It strengthened him to have one clear triumph to look back on, one time in his life, at least, when he had denied the possibility of defeat and had won. Other memories crowded in when he crossed the avenue and started back down the gentle slope of Forty-second Street. They had come this way that evening, too, and walked all the way to the Commodore for a drink. And now, as he passed its enormous gray exterior, he remembered how she had looked sitting beside him in the cocktail lounge, squirming forward from the hips while he helped her out of the sleeves of her coat, and then settling back, the coat loose around her shoulders, giving her long hair a toss and looking at him in a provocative, sidelong way as she raised the glass to her lips. A little later she had said, "Oh, let's go down and look at the river. I love the river at this time of day," and they had left the hotel and walked there, arm in arm.

He walked there now, down through the clangor of Third Avenue and then down toward Tudor City—it seemed a much longer walk alone—until finally he was standing at the little balustrade, looking down over the swarm of sleek cars on the East River Drive, and at the slow, gray water moving beyond it. It was on this very spot, while a tugboat moaned somewhere under the darkening skyline of Queens, that he had drawn her close and kissed her for the first time.

Now he turned away, a man charged with determination, and set out to walk all the way home.

When he let himself in the apartment door, the first thing that hit him was the smell of Brussels sprouts. The children were still at their supper in the kitchen; he could hear their high, mumbled voices over the clink of dishes, and then his wife's voice, gentle and coaxing. When he slammed the door, he heard his wife say, "There's Daddy now!" and the children began to call "Daddy! Daddy!"

His heart sank. It was as if the full impact of the day had not sunk home until this minute: he was unemployed. Hold on, he told himself. Just hold on. He put his hat in the hall closet and turned around just as she appeared in the kitchen door, smiling and drying her hands on her apron. "Home on time for once," she said. "How lovely. I thought you'd be working late again."

"No," he said. "No. I didn't have to work late."

"You do look tired, though," she said.

"No," he said. "I feel okay, honey." He kissed her, and they walked together into the steamy brightness of the kitchen. Nicky, the four-year-old, was waving his spoon and chattering—"Daddy's home on time for once"—while his little sister smiled placidly from her high chair, her face smeared with mashed potato. Walter kissed her first, cupping one tiny shoulder blade in his hand and brushing his lips against her cheek, and then he kissed Nicky and tousled his hair. "You ought to've finished your supper by now, buster," he said.

"They *both* ought to've finished *long* ago," his wife said. "Now, you hurry and eat everything up. Daddy's very cross at you for being so slow." They bent over their plates again, and watching them, Walter felt his eyes sting with tears.

Each detail of the evening routine had a special poignancy tonight. As he washed up in the bathroom, he heard the scraping of chairs and the stacking of dishes that meant the children's supper was over, and then the light scuffle of shoes and the slamming door that meant they had been turned loose in their room for an hour of play before bathtime.

Walter dried his hands and combed his hair; then he went out to the living-room couch and settled himself, trying his best to look natural, with a new magazine that had arrived that morning. In a minute his wife came in to join him, her apron removed and her lipstick replenished, bringing a cocktail shaker full of ice. "Oh," she said with a sigh, "thank heaven *that's* over. Now for a little peace and quiet."

"I'll get the drinks, honey," he said, bolting to his feet.

"You will not," she commanded. "You sit down. You deserve to be waited on when you come home looking so tired. How did the day go, Walt?"

"Oh, all right," he said. He watched her mix the drinks at the little cabinet they used for a bar, carefully measuring out the gin and vermouth and jiggling the shaker in her neat, quick way. She looked dead-tired herself, he thought. The little vertical line between her eyebrows showed clearly, even when she smiled, and there were other lines around her mouth.

"There," she said, settling herself at his side, with the tray before them on the coffee table. "Will you do the honors, darling?" And when he had filled the two glasses, she raised hers and said, "Oh, lovely. Cheers." This bright cocktail mood was a carefully studied effect, he knew; so was her motherly sternness over the children's supper; so was the brisk, no-nonsense efficiency with which, earlier today, she had attacked the super market; and so, later tonight, would be the tenderness of her surrender in his arms. The orderly rotation of many careful moods was her life, or, rather, what her life had become. She did it well, and it was only rarely—looking very closely at her face—that he could see how much the effort was costing her.

"Is there anything wrong, Walt?"

"No," he said, forcing himself to smile. "What do you mean?"

She let her head sink back against the upholstery, smiled, and closed her eyes. "Oh, I don't know—just the way you were looking at me, I guess. Poor darling, you've been working so hard. Isn't it lovely to think it's Friday night?"

This was a jolt; he had completely forgotten it was Friday. That meant two whole days before he could even begin to look for a job, two solid days at home, without a hope of escaping the burden of his secret. "Sure is," he said, and took a deep drink. Then he said, "Funny, I'd almost forgotten it was Friday."

"Oh, how *can* you forget?" she said. "I look forward to it all week." She squirmed luxuriously into the couch. "Oh, and I can hardly wait for your vacation, Walt. Won't *that* be wonderful? Two whole weeks at the lake, with absolutely nothing to do all-l-l day."

"Sure will," he said, and hid his mouth with the glass again, afraid the shock might show on his face. How was he going to handle *this* one? How could he ever tell her there would be no vacation this year?

"Pour me just a *tiny* bit more, darling, and then I must get back to the chores." He poured a little for her and a full glass for himself. His hand was shaking and he spilled a little of it, but she didn't seem to notice. They talked in an odd, disjointed way for a while longer, and then she got back to her chores: basting the roast, drawing the children's baths, tidying up their room for the night. Through it all, Walter sat staring at the open magazine, allowing a slow, gin-fuddled confusion to pervade his plans. Just hold on, he told himself dully. Hold on, whatever you do. No matter what she says, don't tell her. Not tonight, or tomorrow, or Sunday. Or *any* time, until it's all over. Just hold on.

But holding on grew more and more difficult as the children's splashing bath noises floated into the room. It was more difficult still by the time they were brought in to be kissed good night, hugging their Teddy bears and dressed in their clean blue pajamas, with their little faces shining and smelling of soap. Afterward it became impossible to stay seated on the couch. He sprang up and began to stalk around the room, lighting one cigarette after another, running his fingers through his hair, listening to his wife's clear, modulated reading of the bedtime story (". . . You may go into the fields or down the lane, but *don't* go into Mr. McGregor's garden . . .").

When she came out again, closing the

children's door softly behind her, she found him standing like a tragic statue at the window, staring down into the courtyard. "What's the matter, Walt?"

"*Nothing's* the matter." He turned to face her with a wide, false grin. "Just looking out the window, is all."

"Well," she said, "I'm going to have one more cigarette, and then I must go and get dinner on the table." She sat down again on the edge of the couch, not leaning back this time, for this was her busy, getting-dinner-on-the-table mood. "Have you got a light, Walt?"

"*Yes,*" he said, bounding toward her with uneven, spastic strides, as if a light were the very thing he'd been waiting to give her all day.

"For heaven's sake," she said, "look at those *matches*. What *happened* to them?"

"These?" The raddled, twisted matchbook seemed, somehow, a piece of incriminating evidence, and he felt his cheeks growing hot. "Guess I must've been tearing them up or something," he said. "Nervous habit."

"Thanks," she said, accepting the light from his trembling fingers, and then she began to look at him with wide, dead-serious eyes. "Walt, there *is* something wrong, isn't there? I *know* there is, from the way you're acting."

"Of *course* not, honey. Nothing at *all*." As he stepped back, his foot caught the coffee table and sent one of the glasses rolling in a wet half circle on the carpet. "Oop! Sorry," he said, and bent over clumsily to pick it up.

"Tell me the truth, Walt." She was sitting there, poised and tense, the cigarette forgotten in her hand. "Is it the job? Is it about—what you were afraid of last week? I mean, did anything happen today to make you think they might— Did Wingate say anything? Tell me." The lines on her face seemed to have deepened; she looked severe and competent and suddenly much older, not even very pretty any more, a woman used to dealing with emergencies, ready to take charge.

He turned and began to walk slowly away toward an easy chair across the room, his back eloquent of impending defeat. At the edge of the carpet, he stopped and seemed to stiffen, a wounded man holding himself together; then he turned around and faced her, the beginning of a smile on his lips. "Well, darling . . ." he began. His right hand came up and touched the center button of his coat, as if to unfasten it, and then, slowly, he collapsed backward into the chair with a great, deflating sigh, one foot sliding out on the rug, the other curled beneath him. It was the most graceful thing he had done all day. "They got me," he said. THE END

Dream TV Show

By Jon Whitcomb

Newest parlor game at my house is called "If I Were General Sarnoff" and can easily be played by one person. All you need for this diversion is pencil, paper, and one television set, preferably turned off. Object of game: to construct an imaginary ideal TV show. Rules: none. Casting: unlimited. Expense: no object. Format: you can have a quiz show, full-length play, vaudeville, or revue. The trick here—and it's a lulu—is to produce a show without any of the things you gripe about in those sessions that begin, "The trouble with television is . . ." Like most people, I'm bored with long, tiresome commercials, old-hat skits, and type-casting. When I play I.I.W.G.S., I miscast everybody for kicks, and my commercials (I leave them in because somebody's got to foot the bill) are short and to the point. My show is in color—the glorious, frenzied, wide-screen color the technicians are always promising us. Master of ceremonies is Oliver J. Dragon, courtesy of the "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" show. Mr. D., in high collar and white tie, opens proceedings in his deepest chest tones, saying he is delighted to introduce the greatest assemblage of stars in TV history, with the biggest talents and the highest fees in show business. And my Coaxial Follies of 1954 is rolling.

Les Paul and Mary Ford, *manhandling their guitars through batteries of electronic tubes, pinch-hit for the hundred-or-so-man symphony that used to be heard over this channel. What's more, this duo can take on everything from ballet scores to bop, and you'll never miss the ninety-eight who aren't there.*

Jack Benny *presents the classic art of ballet, introducing the premiere performance of his new troupe, "Benny's Ballet," and proving that no violin is necessary in the pursuit of Higher Things. Traditionally attired in flattering tutu and feathered "Firebird" headdress, he executes graceful arabesques,* grands jetés, *and* cabrioles, *pursued by Marjorie Main, and winds up entangled in a treetop, yelling for Rochester.*

Frank Sinatra, *in white tails, appears next, leaning against Jane Russell, who is tastefully and partially wrapped in white sequins. Screen pans to close-up of Miss R., who beams at Frankie Boy. He becomes even more plaintive-voiced than usual and is a thundering success. Exhausted, he manages his final moon-struck notes cradled in Miss Russell's arms as she totes him, waving limply, off the stage.*

(continued)

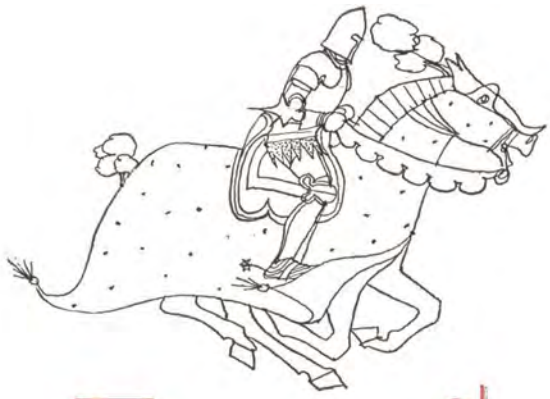
Cyd Charisse *should enter that ballet, come to think of it. Leading Twelve Lonely Maidens. While Benny broods in his tree, the maidens, warn of the Powers of Darkness and other traditional trivia. Later Miss Charisse does a streamlined solo in a pink spotlight. Just watching her is so benumbing (see benumbed Whitcomb pic above), I haven't yet decided just what I want to have her dance. This might take a lot of further thought. Anyway, the scene ends with my camera on long boom, traveling up and down the lady in a series of lingering close-ups. When the real material is there, and it's mellow, let's dispense with the long shots.*

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca *play Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler in my special silent version of "Gone with the Wind." Lights come up on Imogene being laced into her corset by Sid. You know what to expect if you remember her Doris Hickenlooper. Sid breaks the laces. They argue. They kiss, and are interrupted by Belle Watling (Mae West), who persuades Rhett to run off with her. Caption: I WON'T THINK ABOUT IT NOW—I'LL THINK ABOUT IT TOMORROW. Scarlett throws a tantrum, and the Yankees set the curtains on fire. Rhett rushes in to save Scarlett, who insists on returning to the burning Tara for a load of carrots. Caption: I'LL NEVER GO HUNGRY AGAIN. Fade-out.*

Mary Martin *is an old favorite of mine, and the magnificent mimicry of her famous fashion skit from last year's Ford show just about made television what it is today. Curtain rises on a bare, Daliesque setting with a single prop, a big oval mirror. The incomparable Miss Martin, in the tube of jersey, manages to look in the course of a few minutes like a caricature of every vogue that has hit women over a space of thirty years. The written commentary by Lois Long is the same; it remains one of the slickest bits of TV writing in my memory. I use it here as a fitting climax to my ideal television show.*

THE END

Glen stood outside her door, holding the gift, thinking he was a fool to have come.



GIFT FOR SYLVIA

She was his girl and he knew all about her, just as the whole town did. But because he loved her, he had to make sure . . .

A SHORT SHORT STORY BY MARY KNOWLES

ILLUSTRATED BY ED ROBERTSON

Glen Foster sat on the bus that would take him to St. Ann's Hospital. He was seventeen and sharply dressed, as befitted the occasion, in navy-blue jacket and gray slacks, the narrow red knit tie bright against the plaid shirt. His short-cropped blond hair was damp from his recent shower, his face smooth and clean.

He held the white-tissue-wrapped gift for Sylvia's baby awkwardly in his big hands and wished that Mom had not let the clerk tie it with blue ribbon. But Mom had said, "I'm sorry, darling. The clerk asked me and I said it was a boy, and blue is for boys. You'll be taking it in the car, anyhow."

And then, when Dad had taken the car on business, she had said, "I'll take the gift to Sylvia if you want me to."

"No," he'd said. "I can go by bus." It was something he had to do. Deliver the gift for Sylvia's baby himself.

Sylvia's baby . . . Again he had a feeling of unreality. Sylvia couldn't be married to Boyd Thomas! Sylvia couldn't have a baby! Sylvia was only sixteen, and someday when they were older, when the time came for marriage, he was going to marry Sylvia. Not now, with high-school graduation, and college, and all their bright dreams still ahead of them. Not yet . . .

He looked out the window. They were passing Washington Park, and he remembered a year ago. A warm spring night. He had been sixteen and Sylvia fifteen, and he had taken her to the junior prom. It was intermission, and the gym, decorated with paper spring flowers, was hot and stuffy. Sylvia grabbed hold of his hand, laughing, and said, "Let's go out for a breath of fresh air, Glen."

Still holding hands, they ran, laughing, down the sloping lawn and across the street into Washington Park. And then as they walked along the path, beneath the tall trees, their laughter stilled, because all at once they were in a hushed, enchanted world of clouds and moonlight.

When they came to the great fountain in the center of the park, they sat down on the lawn and silently watched the crystal water spill over the marble statues of smiling angels, and moonlight sifted through the trees, sprinkling silver over everything.

There was no sound but the splash of water. They were all alone in the vast park, in the great, wide world. Glen became conscious of Sylvia's hand in his, soft, warm. He was aware of her sitting beside him, her slim body clad in a white dress, filmy and soft as a cloud, and her hair ". . . like the night, touched with glancing starry beams."

He knew she would be gazing up at the fountain, a rapt

They were bewitched, boy and girl by a moonlit fountain. He knew then he loved her.

GIFT FOR SYLVIA

(continued)

expression on her face, and he wanted to see her profile in the moonlight. But when he turned his head, she was looking up at him, her lips parted, and his heart began to pound in a wild, sweet way as their eyes met.

Quite simply, he took her in his arms and kissed her. With something of wonder at first, because they had never kissed like this before, the two of them so alone. Tenderly he kissed her, then fiercely as her kisses answered his.

He became conscious of her young body pressed hard against his, her bare shoulders, her breath coming fast, and there was a pounding in his ears. He thought, She doesn't realize what this is doing to me. She doesn't know the danger to her. And he knew he had to protect her.

Gently he took her arms from around his neck and stood up. He didn't want Sylvia that way. The night of the junior prom. What would have happened was for later. Years later, when Sylvia had won the scholarship to the conservatory of music, when she was a concert violinist and he was an engineer. What could have happened belonged to marriage.

He said, "The intermission must be over by now." And he reached down, pulled her to her feet.

They walked back along the path through the moonlight, and the music of the orchestra came to him from the gym decorated with spring flowers, and life was as it had been before. Junior proms, and football games, and Cokes with the gang at Hoddy's, and classes . . . The things that belonged to being fifteen and sixteen.

Then Sylvia said, "We have the next dance with Ralph and Diana. You know, Glen, Diana's name suits her perfectly. Diana, tall and dark. Diana, goddess of the hunt."

He thought she was being very generous, because Diana was a bit on the plump side. But he thought how like Sylvia it was to see the best in people. And they talked, as they walked out of the park and up the sloping lawn, about people they knew and whether their names suited them or not. Hugh . . . Beverly . . . Deborah . . . Miss Treadle, the sewing teacher.

He said, "Your name suits you, Sylvia." And he thought, ". . . All the loveliness of spring."

There was a long pause, and then Sylvia said, "Your name should be Norman."

"Norman!" He laughed. "Why?"

"Ever since I was a little girl," she told him solemnly, "Norman has meant a knight to me. A knight on a white charger." She paused, looking up at him, her eyes shining in the moonlight. "A knight who would protect his fair lady from harm. Your name should be Norman."

His throat had tightened so he couldn't speak, because he knew then he loved Sylvia, who was sweet and beautiful and kind, and someday, when they were both grown up, she was the girl he was going to marry.

Now Glen looked again at the gift in his hands and came back to reality. The gift for Sylvia's baby. Sylvia and Boyd's baby. He remembered the day Speed Chandler had stopped him in back of the high school and whispered the gossip about Sylvia and Boyd. Glen had said, "You're a dirty liar!" and smashed him.

There'd been a terrific battle, and after it was over, he'd hurried home, feeling sick. He and Sylvia had agreed it would be better for them to date other kids. When they got to college, that would be soon enough to go steady.

But when Sylvia had started dating Boyd, he had worried. Boyd was older and smooth-talking and had a reputation with the girls. He was a tall, very handsome boy, and he had been a good violinist. But a hunting accident a few months before had blown two fingers off his left hand, and he would never play again.

Sylvia had told Glen, "I can understand how Boyd feels! Never to play the violin again!" And there had been nothing Glen could say, because it was a tough break for Boyd.

That day Mom had met him at the door, gasped, "You've been fighting!"

"You should have seen the other guy!" He had grinned, and then winced as the cut on his lip opened again.

"Why were you fighting, Glen?"

"Speed Chandler made a remark about Sylvia and Boyd I didn't like." Expecting her to retort indignantly, "I'm glad you beat him up!"

Instead, she had stood there looking pale, and after a long moment she had said, "Sylvia and Boyd had to get married, Glen."

"Oh, no, Mom!" The tragedy of it had hit him. Sylvia with her dreams unfulfilled. He had thought, Boyd shouldn't have let it happen! He should have protected her. Sweet, sympathetic Sylvia. Generous Sylvia . . .

"They've gone to stay with Boyd's aunt in Vancouver."

Sylvia and Boyd had stayed in Vancouver until a month ago. Then they had returned and had been living at the Harding home, waiting for the baby to be born. Both families were helping them financially, making the best of a bad situation.

Glen had not seen Sylvia, but when he'd heard the baby had arrived, he'd told his mother, "Could you please buy a gift for me to give Sylvia's baby?"

Mom had said, "I think that's a sweet idea, Glen." She hadn't said any more, but he knew she understood.

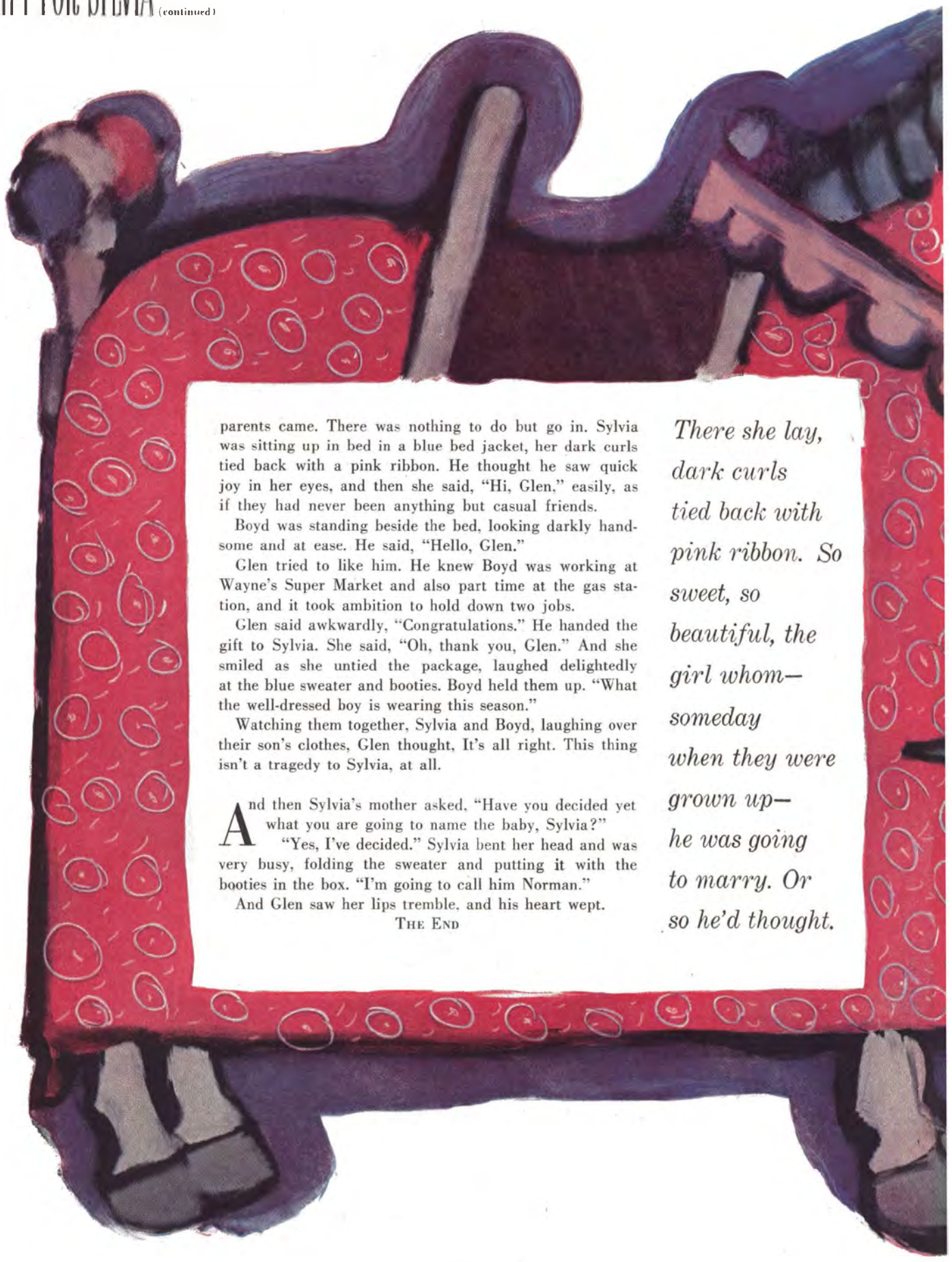
The package he held contained a sweater, a pair of booties. There was a card, too. He had hesitated a long time, wondering how to sign it, so Sylvia would know how he felt about the whole thing. Finally he had signed simply, "Glen."

He heard the bus driver call out, "St. Ann's Hospital!" He stood up, a very tall, thin boy with large feet, and walked down the aisle with awkward adolescent grace.

In the hospital, he told the girl at the registration window, "Mrs. Boyd Thomas, please," and again he thought, Sylvia, a married woman! Sylvia with a baby. Not yet. Not so soon. . . .

She was in Room 311. He took the elevator to the third floor and then walked down the hallway. When he reached 311, he heard Sylvia's laugh, and he stood quite still. He was a fool to have come. Everything was changed now. . . .

He turned to go back down the hall; but then Sylvia's



parents came. There was nothing to do but go in. Sylvia was sitting up in bed in a blue bed jacket, her dark curls tied back with a pink ribbon. He thought he saw quick joy in her eyes, and then she said, "Hi, Glen," easily, as if they had never been anything but casual friends.

Boyd was standing beside the bed, looking darkly handsome and at ease. He said, "Hello, Glen."

Glen tried to like him. He knew Boyd was working at Wayne's Super Market and also part time at the gas station, and it took ambition to hold down two jobs.

Glen said awkwardly, "Congratulations." He handed the gift to Sylvia. She said, "Oh, thank you, Glen." And she smiled as she untied the package, laughed delightedly at the blue sweater and booties. Boyd held them up. "What the well-dressed boy is wearing this season."

Watching them together, Sylvia and Boyd, laughing over their son's clothes, Glen thought, It's all right. This thing isn't a tragedy to Sylvia, at all.

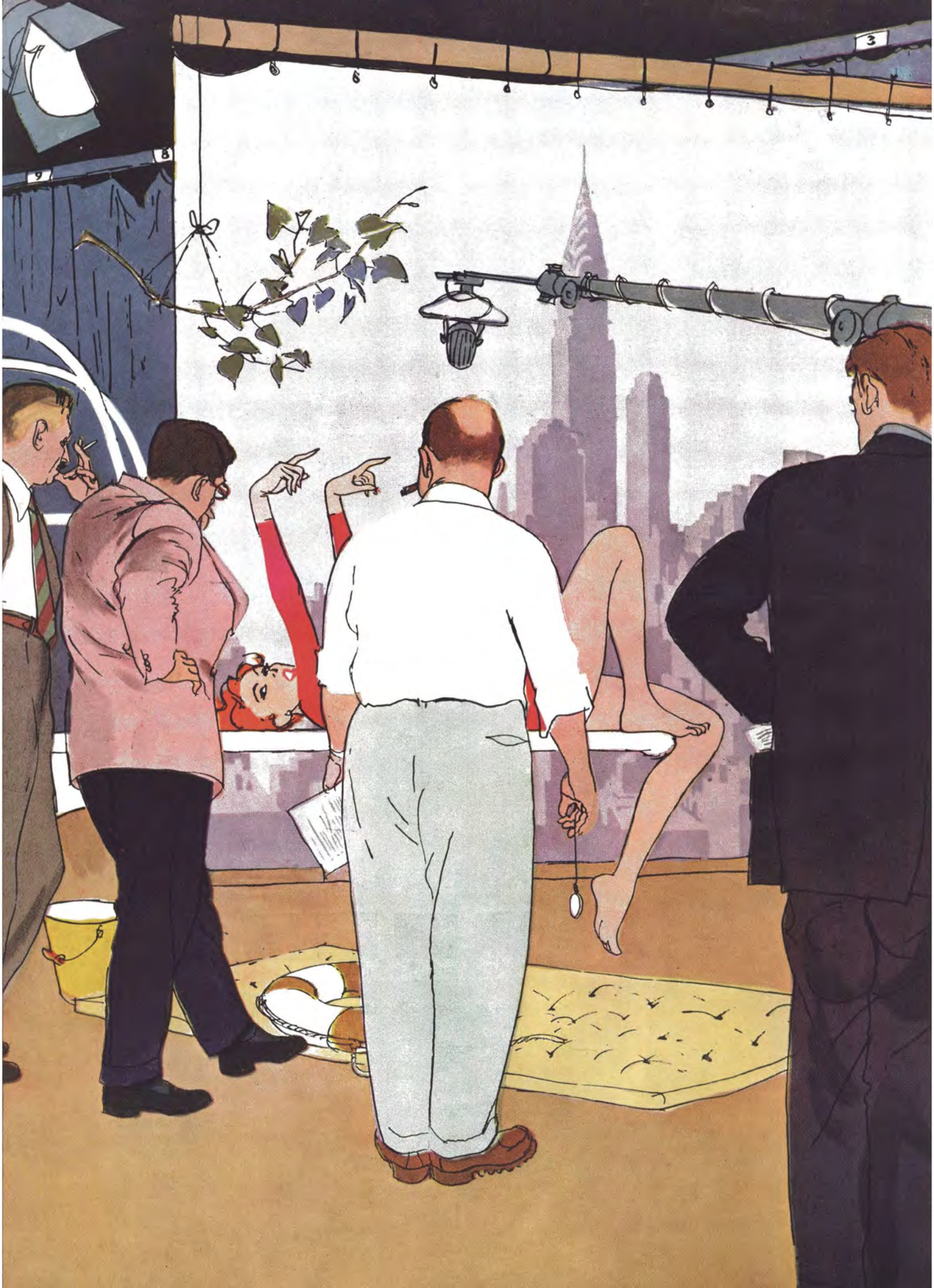
And then Sylvia's mother asked, "Have you decided yet what you are going to name the baby, Sylvia?"

"Yes, I've decided." Sylvia bent her head and was very busy, folding the sweater and putting it with the booties in the box. "I'm going to call him Norman."

And Glen saw her lips tremble, and his heart wept.

THE END

There she lay, dark curls tied back with pink ribbon. So sweet, so beautiful, the girl whom— someday when they were grown up— he was going to marry. Or so he'd thought.



MY ENEMY ... MY LOVE

This was more than a mild case of mutual hatred. It threatened to ruin a few lives and burn a television studio to the ground

BY MEL HEIMER ILLUSTRATED BY LLOYD VIEHMAN

The minute I finished reading Sam Crowell's script, I threw it on my desk and looked at Max Sharoff, who does the publicity for the show, and said, "That is absolutely *great*. And do you know who we got to get—nobody else but—for the big role? We got to get Jennifer Wright."

If I knew then what I know now—Well, just let it go by saying it was the biggest single mistake I ever made in my life. And I'm a television producer, so you can figure I've made some daisies.

Only listen, this was a mistake anybody could have made. The part was that of a young Hepburn, kind of, moody and skinny and full of beans, and lots of wind and rain in her hair. Now, who would *you* hire for a thing like that except Jennifer Wright? You see? She was the only one.

So I hired her. It was like letting the genie out of the bottle. Whooey.

My name's Charlie West and I'm the guy behind the "Fillmore Refrigerator Playhouse." Some citizens call me Hot Shot Charlie because I wear white wrap-around camel's-hair coats and hang around Reuben's or Lindy's and smoke my Havana specials out of a 14-K cigar holder. Also, I read *Variety* and go to the fights in the Garden on Friday nights, and there are times, like at farewell banquets for Georgie Jessel or Sophie Tucker every couple of years, when I definitely am not sure which spoon to use on the shrimp cocktail. All that interests me is that Neilsen rating. The "Fillmore R.P." has been right up there fifth for nearly fourteen months now. Let some of those arty shows tie that.

My background is that I used to be an office boy over at RKO Radio Pictures in Radio City, after which I was a press agent just like Max Sharoff (only I dealt mostly in saloon comics and burleycue queens). A couple seasons ago I got this idea for this dramatic show on video, and here I am now, a big producer, yet. Only my background isn't what you really want; if you want anybody's, you want Sam Crowell's, because he is the closest thing to a hero in this piece. But sometimes during those earth-shaking Six Days of getting "The Filly" produced, it seemed like you spelled hero m-u-d.

Well, to get right down to it, I picked up the Ameche-o-phone the minute I made that crack to Max and I got General Artists' Agency, which handles Jenny Wright, and told them I had this wonderful TV play and they got to get me Wright for the lead role. Sol Shine was the guy I spoke to and I told him real heavy what prestige this would mean for Wright and how she couldn't turn it down.

"She can turn it down," Sol said when I got through larding him. "Only if the dough is right can she not turn it down. What is the dough?"

"Three thousand," I said. I tried to make it sound big but it was hard.

"For eight thousand," he said, "I *might* get her on the Super Chief next week."

There is no sense in listing all the crass details, but let me just state coldly that I never paid before and have not paid anyone since, six thousand boffos. I got the contract in the mail that afternoon and Sol sent it back, signed, in three days. I waited until I saw that signature before I called up Sam and told him the good news.

Good news. You'd of thought I had just fed him ground glass.

"Oh, *no*, Charlie," he exclaimed in pretty obvious agony. "Not Wright!"

That I could not figure. "You were expecting maybe Garbo?" I asked. "Here I get the hottest commodity in Hollywood for your lousy little play and you are mortally wounded." I blew a little smoke into the mouthpiece and got on my high horse. "Don't forget, Sam," I said loftily, "you are expendable. Any author is expendable. If Shakespeare got temperamental around me, I could replace him tomorrow with Nick Kenny."

"I can see," he said darkly, "that you just do not understand."

"I understand everything," I said. "How do you think I got where I am if I didn't? This play will star Jennifer

The finger she pointed at Sam was like a poisoned dart. "That man," she screamed, "must go!"

Wright and that is about the absolute size of it."

"You are the reincarnation of the Marquis de Sade," he said.

"Flattery will get you nowhere," I said and hung up. It was only then that I noticed Max Sharoff had come into my office and was shaking his head at me.

"I suppose you are dissatisfied also that I didn't get Garbo," I said. "Well—"

"I been talking to some of the boys," Max said. "I just learned about the incident of Wright and Sam Crowell and the umbrella."

I just looked at him.

"You remember," he went on, "that before Sam found that newspapering didn't bring in enough money to pay a man's average bar bill, he was the movie critic on the *Star-Ledger?*"

I nodded.

"Well, it seems that whenever Jennifer Wright appeared in a movie, Sam got out the razor. He wrote continually that she was gauche—"

"I never made her for an Argentine."

"—and affected and awkward and generally a lousy actress. He really belted her around in his column, but good." It rang a little familiar now. I remembered he did use to crucify some doll in the paper, only I didn't recall it was Wright. All right, that was a couple seasons back. Kid stuff. I told Max as much.

"No," he said. "You see, the thing was that one day in the *Star-Ledger* city room, when the rewrite men are sitting around playing seven-card high-low, Jennifer Wright comes walking into the place with blood in her eye and goes right over to Sam's desk like she was a homing pigeon and tongue-lashes him all over." He sighed. "Then what does she do?"

"What does she do?"

"She belts him over the head with an umbrella and stalks out." Max shook his head sympathetically. "Poor Sam never heard the end of that for six months. A couple of the boys even gave him a fancy umbrella as a Christmas present. It wasn't long after that that he quit his job and went in for writing for the twenty-one-inch screen. An episode like that could mark a man for life."

That *was* interesting information. Especially when you considered that having the author around during the Six Days when you rehearse a weekly show is a positive essential. He has to be ready with his hot little typewriter to cut lines here, add lines there, throw out whole scenes, and of course, argue ceaselessly with the director, which I think must be written into his contract.

So I was going to have Sam Crowell sitting around in Studio 4-B and no more than forty feet away, Jennifer Wright giving out with the emoting.

"Say, listen," I said to Max, "what do you think about gently approaching Sam about maybe he should grow a mustache or a beard?" I pondered that. "I think he is the kind of soul who would look very different if he was to have, say, a beard."

Max eyed me sadly. "Actresses can *smell* out critics, wherever they are," he said.

It was around thirteen days later that we all finally got together in Studio 4-B, which is upstairs over a dance hall on Seventh Avenue, and I gave my regular little pep talk to the crew and cast about how I was determined that we all would make this particular program the greatest. Nobody ever swallows this. but the truth is a television producer does not have too much to do with his time, except to see that the make-up men do not steal too much grease paint to take home. So I always make like Rockne in the Notre Dame dressing room, to make it look like I'm earning my pay check, which is an interesting one. Also, I may impress anybody who happens to be around from Benson and Bolles, the ad agency that owns the show.

You have about forty, fifty people around for a meeting like that. Jenny Wright was sitting right in the middle. The way she just listened quietly and also the way she had behaved when I had met her at the train the night before, you could see she had no idea who wrote this show. Actresses are like that; they just count the number of sides they have to speak, and if the part is fat enough, that is all they think of. I would like to bet that the original Ophelia thought that Shakespeare was the name of a good beer imported from Munich.

But how long could you sit on that keg of powder? I took a deep breath and dove in.

"We got here a fine, tight script by Sam Crowell, as you all know," I said, "and I know you'll do right by it and we may even end up with a Pulitzer Prize or something."

Jenny looked up at me like I was an overripe tomato. She could do it. too. She was slim and aristocratic looking in a warm, real, live way, and she really *was* full of beans and fire. She was the kind of dame men either like very much or dislike very much, although not too often the latter.

"This . . . play . . . was . . . written . . . by . . . Sam Crowell?" she said. All I could do was nod weakly.

She got up slowly and went over to one of the high windows that looked out on Seventh Avenue; then she took a look at the cover of the playscript she held and as if she was getting rid of furniture from a room where lately there had been the bubonic, pitched it out into the stream of taxicabs and moujiks in the street.

"My natural inclination," she said, "is to follow it out. However, I have two film commitments on the Coast. I will write this off as a bad mistake and say no more about it." She looked around, almost a little desperately, for the trench coat she had worn to the studio.

First I tried the tough pitch, which ordinarily I am quite good at.

"Jenny," I said sternly, "I got to caution you that I have a contract with you. Made in good faith. You are bound to do this play and that is about it."

"Rats," she said. "My lawyer is Phil Reed and did you ever see a contract that Phil Reed could not break if he put his mind to it? Thank you and good-by." She had me there. Phil Reed was California's answer to William H. Fallon; he even had got Mark Meadows out of that paternity case when the infant in question had red hair, brown eyes, and lordosis, just like Meadows.

I caught up with her at the door.

"Honey," I said, "look at it this way—the working week of at least fifty people depends on you. Stagehands, prop men, electricians—all the rest. You don't do this play, nobody can do it and they don't work." I was pretty loose with my comments, because they would work if we had to get John Foster Dulles on the show to read the funny papers. But you know, you try anything. "Baby, this is good. It will do more for you than 'Saint Joan' or if you sang the 'Bell Song' from 'Lakmé.' Think of your career." I held her by the shoulders, searching her face. "Think of the others!"

She paused. "It can't be a good play," she said.

"Baby, you must have read that play before you came East," I said. "You had the script, you know. You *couldn't* have changed your mind so quick." I had her there. She stood there, scowling. Finally she looked at me.

"Okay," she said. "I'll do it. Only"—she looked hurriedly, ominously, around the cavernous studio. She spotted Sam, far off in a corner, pitching cards into a hat—"keep that—that thing away from me. Do you hear?" I peeled the trench coat off her and yessed her soothingly.

"You will not know that Mr. Sam Crowell exists," I said. "Depend on it."

She walked out of the coat and away from me toward Elia Reston, our director. She was no sooner gone away than Sam stopped pitching the cards and moseyed over to me. Sam is around thirty, thirty-two, lean and quizzical looking, and it is hard to figure a nice guy like him ever crucifying some doll in a movie review. But you know

those critics. They come in all sizes and shapes, most of them some degrees away from being enchanting.

"You see what kind of pigeon you have hired to destroy entirely my work of art," he said with a long face. "I hope you're satisfied." I just stood there, holding the coat and worrying, easily, smoothly. Then I turned around.

"Actresses and authors," I said. "Perish forbid. I would trade a gross of them for a pair of good, talented strip-teasers."

"Listen," Sam said to me the next day—Lord knows how we got through that first day, but we did somehow—"don't get the idea that I harbor any grudge against this Wright woman." I said no, of course I never thought anything like that because after all, what's getting hit over the head with an umbrella to an adult, intelligent man. "Very funny," he said sarcastically, "but the truth of the matter is, I just think she's a lousy actress. It's that simple."

"Do you know what the last picture of hers, 'Star of Evening,' grossed?" I asked.

"Betty Grable movies make big money, too," he said.

I snorted. "Go ahead, run down American institutions," I said. "I'm expecting any minute you should begin tearing apart Mom's apple pie."

"Charlie," he said, "you are not as dumb as you look, although almost. And in your short years on earth—how many? Thirty-five, thirty-six?—"

"Thirty-four. I figure to be forty by the end of this week."

—"you have seen the good ones, like Fontanne and Julie Harris and Vivien Leigh and Ina Claire. Now don't sit there and tell me this girl has *that* kind of talent?"

I looked at him and shook my head patiently. "You know, Sam," I said, "what all you critics overlook completely in your learned comments is personality." I waggled a finger at him. "Don't tell me John Barrymore was a great actor. Oh, all right, he could be when he wanted to; he just didn't want to, often. And Hepburn? Garbo? Humphrey Bogart? People like that wouldn't know Stanislavsky if they fell over him. Act? They don't act. They open up the pores of their personality and pour it over you. And you love it."

He looked at me as if I had escaped from my restraining jacket. "You honestly believe this woman has *that* kind of personality?"

"She's a young Bankhead," I said calmly.

"And you're a young cretin," he said.

I shrugged and got up to go over and see Elia. Before I did, I eyed Sam. "Only one thing, Walt Whitman," I said sharply. "Lay off the dame. You needle Jenny too much and I'll have your stories barred from every show in town. You won't even be able to write the commercials for Arthur Godfrey."

"Yeah, yeah," he said.

I was whistling in the dark. You can talk as big as you want to an author and threaten to have him thrown out of Writers, Incorporated, or whatever is that union they belong to—but if he's got something on his fat mind, he's going to shoot it out of his mouth. Sam Crowell was like that, anyway. I could harness him like I could harness Rex, king of the wild horses.

Sam was waspish. He was like a mongoose picking at a cobra. It could have been a Pier Six brawl, I suppose, except because Jenny was trying to concentrate on her acting, it was kind of one-sided. It was unsettling, watching a man act like that; it was the kind of thing you associate with some dames.

He did all his needling through third parties like Elia or me. Elia would interrupt a scene and say to Sam, "We need a sentence or two right in here, kid, to bridge the time gap between when Miss Wright enters the room and when Joe comes in at the door, right, and yells hello to her."

Sam would just look lofty and bored. "Okay," he would say. "Only that scene doesn't need any more dialogue. What it needs is an actress who can take those few seconds of time and, wordlessly, make something of them. I remember Shirley Booth doing a similar scene in 'Come Back, Little Sheba.' Masterful, that's all; just masterful."

"Why don't we call in George S. Kaufman to work on the script?" Jenny would say bitterly.

That is, for the first couple of days she would say it. Gradually the job of trying to get inside the role and learn her lines took up so much time and energy that she could just glare and turn her back when Sam sank the needle.

"You won't even sell a script to Milton Berle," I threatened Sam.

He just looked bland. "What'd I say?" he said. "I haven't addressed Miss Wright at all."

My aching head reached its pinnacle of pain Thursday afternoon. Sam was still at it, tossing left jabs. Finally, after he pointed out that his fourteen-year-old sister back in Pittsburgh could easily handle a scene that was giving Jenny trouble, *her* aching head blew off at the top. She advanced on me like Karloff getting ready to transplant my brain into an ape's body.

"*Mr.* West," she announced grimly, "I am *not* a temperamental woman."

"Who said you were is a liar," I

agreed, not being completely truthful.

"At this point in the rehearsals of this two-penny thriller, however, I must make one demand," she said. "That man"—she pointed at Sam, lurking at a near-by table with a coffee container in one hand—"must get out of here. Out of this room. Out of my sight." She lighted a cigarette and tossed the pack onto a chair with finality. "He goes, or I quit."

"Don't forget you are under contr—" I began.

"He goes or I quit."

"You're serious," I said.

"I'm serious."

I just stood there nodding my head up and down a couple of times. Then I turned slowly to Sam.

"Maybe for the good of the whole thing, Sam," I said. He was burning but he still was lofty. He picked up his gabardine topcoat jauntily and hung it over one arm. At the door of 4-B he paused and bowed mockingly in Jenny's direction. Then he looked at me and shook his head sadly.

He went out and we got back to rehearsing and things went along a little more smoothly. I was sure it was just my imagination when I thought that Jenny Wright's performance seemed to lose a little of the fire and beans after Sam got out.

Well, we got "The Filly" into shape pretty good by Friday night. I got a good four hours sleep then, which I guess is probably more than most TV producers—I'm just naturally the easygoing type, I suppose—and turned up at 4-B around noon Saturday. Eight rough hours were in prospect; a run-through of the whole thing, then a dress rehearsal, and finally a forty-five-minute break for grub before we went on the air. Elia Reston met me at the entrance door and looked exactly like his mother died; I remember thinking just that and simultaneously thinking, well, we got the show together and it's good his mother waited until Saturday.

I wish it *had* been his mother dying, only.

"She's not coming," he said like a broken man.

"Jenny?"

"Jenny."

"Listen," I said in my best Hot Shot Charlie tones, "you call her up and say *nobody* comes to work late on the day of the show. Even six-thousand-dollar actresses. Tell her I said—"

"She's not coming late," Elia said like Banquo's ghost. "She's not coming at all."

I stared. He took a folded newspaper out of his jacket and held it out to me.

"Sam laughed last," he said.

I looked at the part of the paper he was pointing to. There was a little prefacing paragraph to this big feature story, about how Sam Crowell, the distinguished former film critic for the *Star-Ledger*, graciously had written the article at the request of his former bosses. There it was, spread across three columns, with the title "Are Actresses People?" It was Sam at his most violent. He took about fifteen hundred words to answer the title in the negative. It didn't take long to see who he was using as the prime illustration for his belief. "Now to give an example," the fourth paragraph began, "I recently wrote a play, a good play, I believe, for which a much-publicized Hollywood performer was engaged. I realize it is difficult for an author to be completely objective about the performance of his own works, but in this case there were complications—since this svelte young Diana of the silver screen was obviously psychopathic. To begin with . . ."

I looked up at Elia in a daze.

"She phoned about a half hour ago," he said, "and announced she would not appear in anything Sam wrote even if Darryl Zanuck produced it in Madison Square Garden and gave her a half interest in Twentieth Century-Fox to act in it."

"Call her back," I said weakly. "I'll talk to her."

"She's not at her hotel. She's not anywhere. The desk clerk said she went out and made a point of telling him she probably would not be back before midnight."

"Call her friends," I said, desperation creeping into my voice. "Call restaurants where she might be. Call—"

"She's a lone wolf, Charlie, you know that," Elia said. "You wouldn't know how to begin."

"Sol Shine?"

"In Mexico, trying to sign up some actress."

He was right. How would you go about finding a dame like that in a city of eight million? Asking the cops for help was useless; they would not figure the need to find her as being an urgent one and besides, they were too busy running down corner-store bookies. We were right up against a rock garden. We were nine hours away from disaster.

I could see it now, the announcement on Channel One that due to circumstances beyond control, the "Fillmore Refrigerator" would not be seen and instead, a brisk new movie starring Tom Mix and Esther Ralston would be shown. And I could see beyond that. I could see Benson and Bolles reluctantly informing me they were getting a new producer. I could see me trying to get a table in Lindy's and being turned down.

"Get Sam down here," I said, "right away."

Sam arrived in around twenty-five minutes. He peeked in through the door coyly and looked at me. "The princess has relented?" he said. "Little old me is invited in? I'm actually—"

"You're actually dead," I said coldly. He came in and sat on the edge of the table and I told him what had happened. He just whistled softly. I glared. It was very easy to do.

"You," I said, "will whistle out of the other side of your mouth unless you get Jenny Wright here in time to play the leading role in 'The Filly' in"—I looked at my watch—"somewhere under eight hours."

He just looked confused. "Me?" he said. "What do you want from me? How could *I* find her?"

"Sam," I said. "I don't care if you use a Geiger counter or a divan rod—I only want you should have Jennifer Wright here for that performance." I leaned toward him menacingly. "You know all them threats I been making about having you barred from television throughout America? I was only kidding, you know."

He smiled weakly. "Oh, I know that, Charlie," he said.

I bit out my next statement. "I am not kidding *now*. I guarantee it this time. I will have you blackballed. I will have you permanently disbarred. I will have you thrown out of Writers, Incorporated. I will make you lose your license, or whatever it is playwrights have. I will see to it that you—" I was starting to sputter. I composed myself. Then: "Sam, I will sue you. I will sue you for every penny you have. I swear it."

I guess that was what hit home. The prospect of being sued made Sam Crowell whiten around the mouth.

"Well, sure, Charlie," he said in a small voice. "I'll help you find her, if—"

"No ifs," I said majestically. "You *got* to find her."

He looked at me, all at sea. "Well, come and help me look, then," he said.

I put out my cigarette and sighed, a big sigh that even then didn't get the world off my shoulders. "I might as well," I said. "If I stay around here, I'll only throw myself despairingly in front of an onrushing camera."

Our first stop was the Algonquin, where Jenny was staying. Blank number one. "She went out of here," the desk clerk said, "as if Sherlock Holmes had a posse on her heels. Speaking of Holmes, Mr. West, I've just finished writing a TV play in which I prove conclusively that Holmes was not a man or a woman, as some claim, but actually an eleven-year-old boy. If you're interested—"

We shuffled out of the old theatrical hotel morosely. Sam said how about Sardi's, so we tracked over there and went through the whole joint, upstairs and down. Young Vincent said he hadn't seen Miss Wright in three days. Then we made for the Absinthe House over on West Forty-eighth, where a lot of the theater crowd hang out, but no dice.

"The Central Park Zoo," Sam said. "She's just the kind of girl whose closest friend would be Jimmy, the misanthropic chimpanzee in the primate house." I didn't even laugh. Furthermore, we *did* go to the zoo, but no Jenny Wright. I looked closely at Jimmy the chimp but I just couldn't see him playing the lead in "The Filly."

The day drifted along. Drifted? It went by like a souped-up Jaguar. It was close to five before Sam came up with his big idea. I had been keeping in touch with Elia by phone, telling him not to let any of the cast leave 4-B and to give Benson and Bolles a big song and dance. Now I was about ready to give in. I was preparing in my mind a little speech to tell the Channel One people so they could get the Tom Mix movie ready. Sam blinked.

"Charlie," he said, "are there any Jennifer Wright movies in town?"

I shrugged. "Who knows? I never go to the movies. I'm a silent drinker."

"What," he said, "is more logical than, if a movie actress wants to stay out of sight, than for her to hunt up one of her pictures and go and see it?"

"For eight hours?" I said. "Even if she did go see it, she's certainly seen the picture by this time and gone somewhere else."

He stood back and looked at me condescendingly. "You *don't* understand about actresses, do you? They could watch themselves performing for a week without food or water, like a camel. I know."

Well, what could we lose? I said okay and we went over to a newsstand at Fifty-ninth and Madison and picked up a paper. We looked all through the movie ads until finally we found it—a revival of "Star of Evening" at a little house near Seventy-second and Third. A cab got us there in five minutes. Inside it was dark and reasonably quiet; the only sounds were those of the actors on the screen and the crackle and rattle of popcorn being chewed and candy unwrapped.

My feet were dead. "You look," I told Sam. "I'll wait here in the back."

"Shh," hissed an usher. "You'll disturb the animals at feeding time."

I watched Sam as he went down the right aisle first, peering systematically, slowly, at all the dark shapes. That seemed silly to me. How could he tell what one woman looked like in the dark of a theater when she was only a lump

in a seat? I followed him down the aisle and told him so. He waved me away.

"I know what she looks like," he whispered. "I could tell her if she was three blocks away in Times Square. I could tell her anywhere, believe me."

I went back up the aisle again and stood in the back, thinking on that. It seemed like a funny thing for a man to say about a doll he had no use for. Then I turned back to watching Sam. Up and down the aisles he prowled. He went through the whole orchestra. When he came out again he looked dejected. "I'll try upstairs," he said. In eight, ten minutes, he was down again.

"Don't tell me," I said. "I know. Well, let's get out of here and you can write me a letter of resignation to give Benson and Bolles. At least you can do that for me."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Let me make a last try." He walked firmly down the aisle and then turned around and faced the darkened audience, like he was Fred Waring going to lead a choral group. He spoke up—loud.

"Jenny!" he called out commandingly. "Where are you, anyway?" A wave of tittering ran through the peasants in the orchestra seats.

"I ain't Jenny," a girl in around the tenth row said in a Brooklyn accent, "but I'm Mabel. Won't I do?" Everybody started laughing.

"Poor Jenny," somebody else yelled, "bright as a penny—her equal would be hard to find." The joker evidently had seen "Lady in the Dark."

"Jenny's down the block in the Silver Dot Saloon," a loudmouth suggested. "Why don't you look for her there and leave us watch the movie?"

It was like a regular house party. Everybody got into the act. I guess if you were not teetering on the edge of the Grand Canyon like I was, you could have enjoyed it and laughed up a storm. I just stood there glumly. Maybe the whole routine was hilarious—but it wasn't raising Jennifer Wright.

"Now, Jenny," Sam said again, loud and clear, "don't you think you've pouted long enough? You're an actress. Have you forgotten that?" He got a little tremolo in his voice. "Have . . . you . . . forgotten . . . that the . . . *show must go on?*"

That got the audience whooping louder than ever.

"Do tell!" somebody yelled in a giggly voice.

"Don't worry," another bright boy howled out, "there just happens to be this girl named Greer Garson, see, who just happened to know the part by heart, and now that poor old Jenny's gone, why brave little Greer will go in her place. . . ."

And so on. I was doubled up from laughing. Yeah.

There was what seemed like a twinkle-eyed old grandma sitting on the aisle near Sam. She reached up and plucked his sleeve. "Pardon me, son," she said, "but exactly why *does* the show have to go on?" She probably was a fugitive from "Life Begins at Eighty."

I was glad everybody was having a good time but personally I could feel the slow death creeping over me. "C'mon," I yelled down at Sam, "let's shake this flea-bag." He came up the aisle slowly, with his shoulders sagging. There wasn't any doubt what was going on in his mind. He was wondering how much I would sue him for.

And then the funny thing happened. It seemed funny, then; looking back now, I can see I should have made a figure on it all the time.

Sam got into the back of the theater and was just working his way slowly into his topcoat, when he took an idle look at the screen, where "Star of Evening" was still rolling along.

I guess a lot of you saw that movie. If you did, you remember there's a part where the young girl who wants to be an actress and the handsome young bum who is an unemployed house painter or something, are on the lawn of the sheep meadow in Central Park as twilight is falling, and he's lying on the grass and she twists around and looks down at him and begins that Elizabeth Barrett Browning poem about *How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . . .*

That part came on just as Sam got into his topcoat. You'd of thought he was playing living statues or had been ordered to halt in the middle of taking one giant step.

I love thee to the level of every day's most quiet need . . . A cop strolled by on the screen and looked benignly at the lovers. The sun was sinking behind the apartments on Central Park West. The whole thing was in Technicolor. I couldn't help thinking, looking at it, that Jenny Wright had had a very good friend on the camera crew. She looked good enough to eat.

Sam just stood there, motionless. Very softly, I heard him say "Gee."

. . . and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.

The camera slowly panned away from Jenny and her house-painting boyfriend and up to the sky in the south, where you could see clouds coming up; then a few drops of rain started and soon there they were, right in the middle of a summer storm, where a moment before they had been basking in the late afternoon sun. Hollywood, it's wonderful. I try that on TV, the critics cut me to ribbons.

Sam shivered a little like a man in a coma. Then he put one foot after another and started down the aisle. When he got to the front of the house, he turned again slowly and looked around the joint, a dazed expression on his face. Grandma plucked again at his sleeve. "Look, sonny," she said firmly, "we got that all settled. The show does not have to go on." He ignored her.

"Jenny!" he called out. Boy, there was mush in his voice; even I could tell that. A woman probably could hear the sound of far-off flutes in it. Sam flung out his arms to the balcony.

"Jenny—do you know *what?*" he cried. "Jenny—I love you!" I was as flabber as gasted as a man can be. The audience was, too. It must have been the way he said it; everybody suddenly fell silent. All you could hear was the rain of the summer storm on the screen. Even the popcorn chewers paused. And then it came. A small voice from a remote corner of the balcony, right under the projection booth.

"You're crazy." Pause. "You *do?*"

It was our pigeon, no doubt about it. There was a long, long pause. Then, a little stronger but awfully shaky: "That's silly. That's the silliest thing I ever heard."

Sam nodded vehemently in the dark. "I know, I know!" he yelled up at her. "—Only do you know? It's true!" He wiped his forehead. "I am absolutely, positively astonished. Why, you're, you're . . . you're an *actress!* And of all things, I love you!"

This seemed to be a signal for violent applause from the audience, which had no idea Jennifer Wright was the girl up in the balcony but which wouldn't have cared, anyway. You could tell by the keening, trembling voices of the girl upstairs and the man downstairs that these were two people in love, just discovering the fact. John Q. Public loves nothing better than to eavesdrop on the real thing.

When the applause had died down, Jenny spoke up again in that small voice. "I think you're a mental case," she said. She caressed "you're."

"I know I am!" he shouted. "Jenny, Jenny, Jenny—I will spend my entire life and a day besides, making up for everything I ever have said to or about you. I swear!"

"You mean, if I let you," she said. It sounded as if she was crying softly. Sam hung his head like he was playing a Jimmy Stewart role.

"Yes," he said meekly, contritely. "If you let me."

Grandma got up from her seat and turned around and peered nearsightedly at the balcony.

"Honey," she hollered up at Jenny, sitting there in the dark, "he's a nice kid. Go on and let him!"

There was another burst of applause and finally it stopped and Jenny said, so you hardly could hear her, "Well . . ."

That was all Sam needed. He bounded up the aisle, raced past me, headed for the stairs to the balcony, and near the top of them, met Jenny hurrying down. I just looked up at them as they stopped and stood there, looking at each other. Then I eyed my watch. We had a good hour to post time. I galloped out to the lobby, where there was a pay telephone, and called Elia Reston at 4-B. I blurted out what had happened and that we would be there in a couple minutes and to get the cameras and everything squared away. Then I began to giggle hysterically.

"Eli," I said, "you never will guess what has happened between Jenny Wright and Sam Crowell."

That Eli. A college type. I never met one of those college types yet that didn't know the answer to everything, or think he did.

"You mean they've discovered they're in love with each other?" he asked. "Heck, anybody could see that. Charlie, you should brush up on your Freud."

"Aw, go back to your cameras," I said disgustedly, and hung up. Some wise guy.

Well, that was about it. I certainly pulled a rock in hiring Jenny Wright to play in Sam Crowell's drama, but all was well that ended well, like Edgar A. Guest used to say. I only had one more uneasy moment. That was when "The Filly" telecast was finished and the Benson and Bolles people were telling themselves what a wonderful show they had put on and everybody was congratulating everybody else—you know, the dopey way show people do. Sam had been sitting next to me in the control room. As the last scene died away, he began burbling to Elia just what had happened in the little Third Avenue movie house.

"—and boy!" he exclaimed, shaking his head and grinning this big grin of relief. "You know what we had to do to *find* her? The only thing that worked at *all?* I had to yell out, right in that dark cinema cathedral before all those people, that I loved her! Loved her, can you imagine?" Elia chuckled and nodded. Sam looked at him, a little delirious-like. "And the funny part about it was . . ."

"The funny part about it was *what?*"

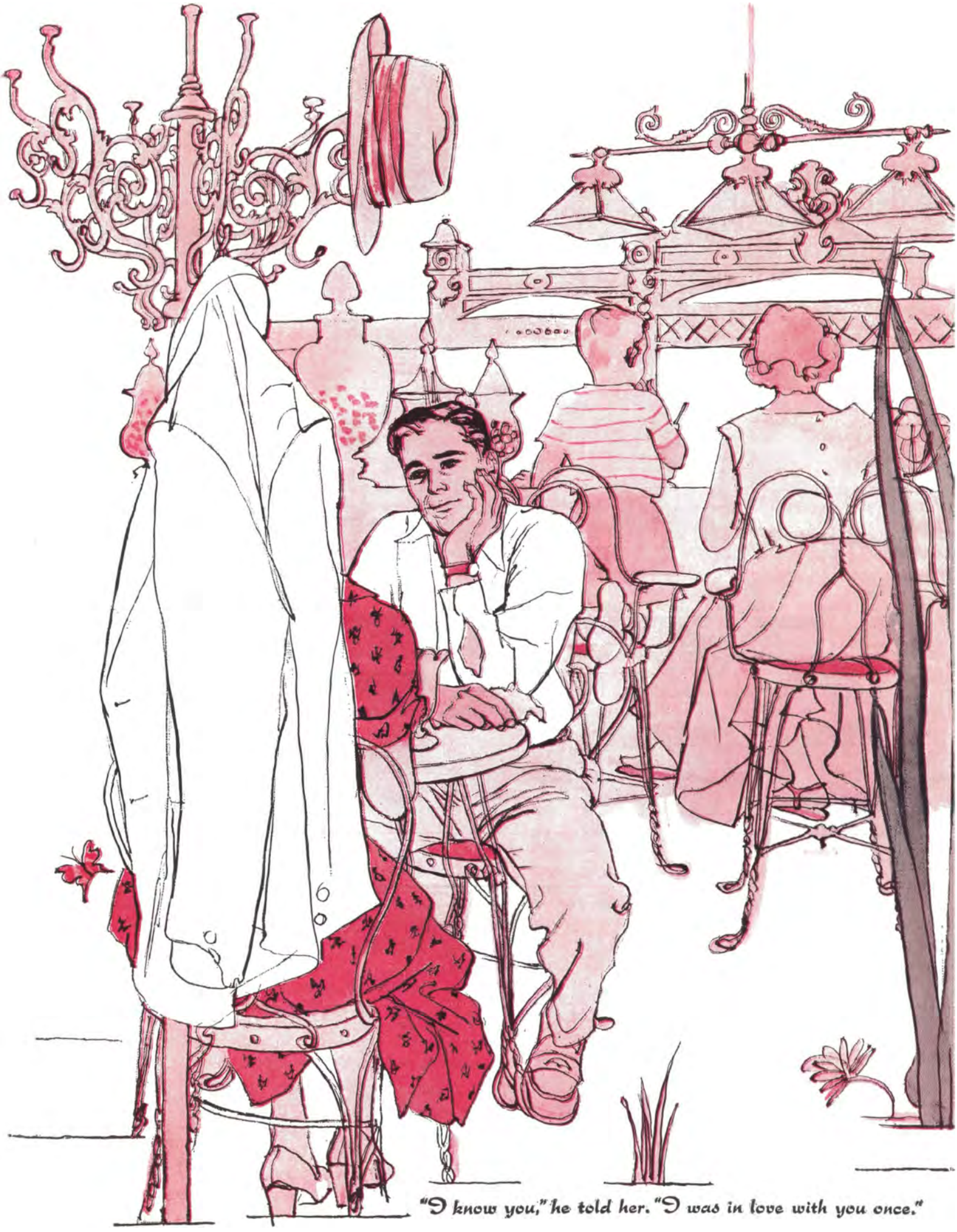
Jenny Wright, hair still streaked with gray make-up and face still shiny from grease paint, was standing at Sam's elbow. She must have broken the world's record for getting from the studio floor up to the control booth.

She had her hands on her hips—and Sam reached up and caught her hands and drew them toward him until she followed them and landed in his lap, her head cradled against his blue suit, marking it up beautifully with assorted make-up tints.

". . . was that it was true," Sam said softly. Then he kissed her. I never thought I would live to see the day when a critic kissed an actress—but there it was. I looked for a moment; then I turned to Elia.

"Come into my office," I said briskly. "I want to get started on next week's show." And so we did. And *that* was a Six Days for you. There was this ham actor we got to play Rasputin, you see, and the first day of rehearsal he got a great big yen for the blonde clotheshorse who was playing the empress, so . . . Aw, but you know television. It's gonna kill me yet.

THE END



"I know you," he told her. "I was in love with you once."

THE Swan

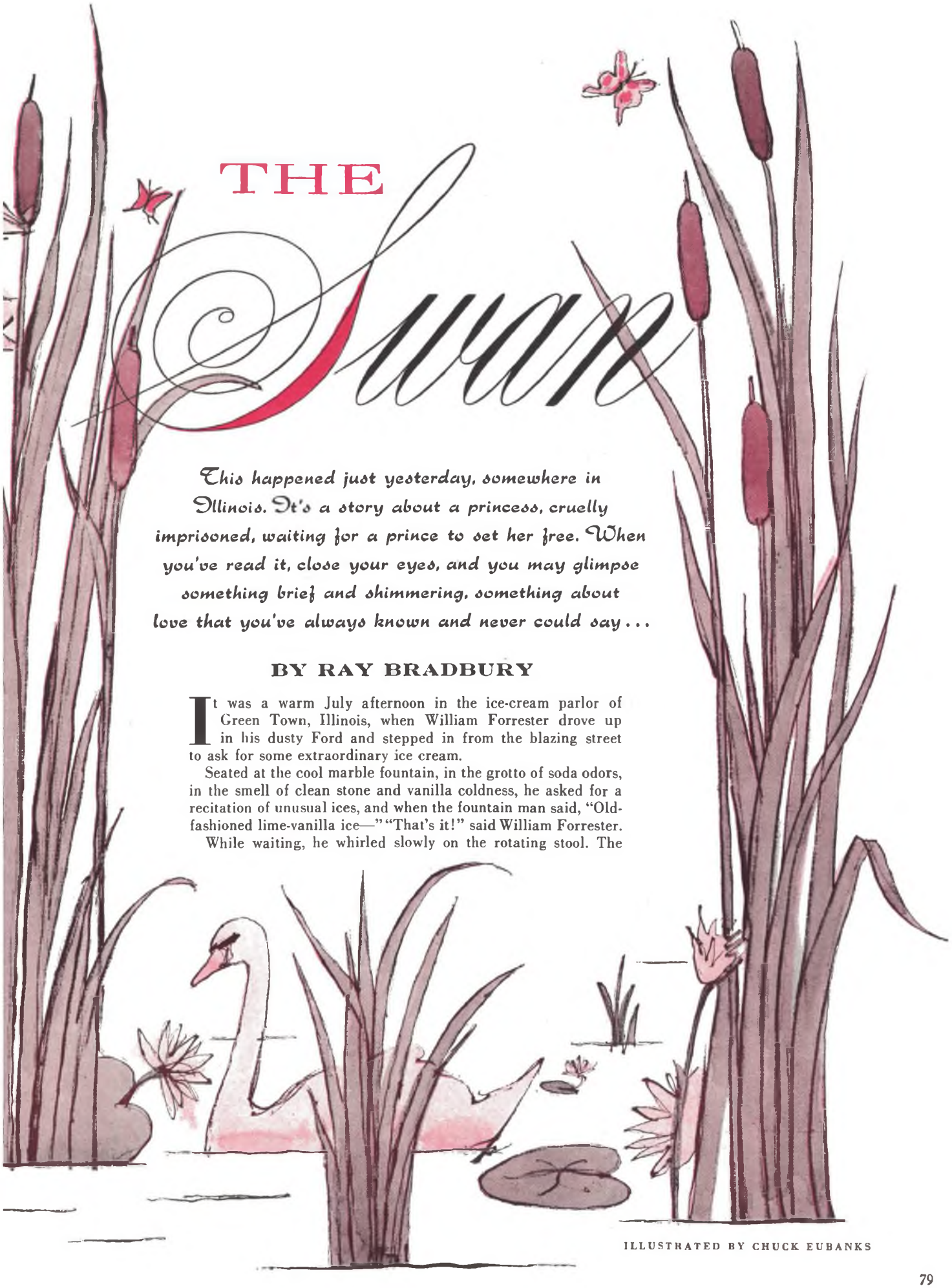
This happened just yesterday, somewhere in Illinois. It's a story about a princess, cruelly imprisoned, waiting for a prince to set her free. When you've read it, close your eyes, and you may glimpse something brief and shimmering, something about love that you've always known and never could say . . .

BY RAY BRADBURY

It was a warm July afternoon in the ice-cream parlor of Green Town, Illinois, when William Forrester drove up in his dusty Ford and stepped in from the blazing street to ask for some extraordinary ice cream.

Seated at the cool marble fountain, in the grotto of soda odors, in the smell of clean stone and vanilla coldness, he asked for a recitation of unusual ices, and when the fountain man said, "Old-fashioned lime-vanilla ice—" "That's it!" said William Forrester.

While waiting, he whirled slowly on the rotating stool. The



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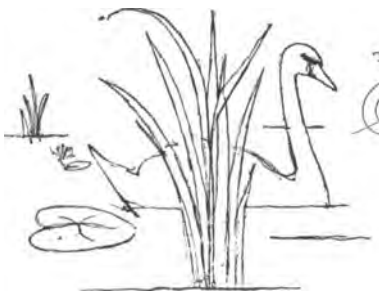


THE *Swan* (continued)

silver spigots, the gleaming mirrors, the revolving ceiling fans, the green shades over the small windows, the wire chairs, passed under his moving gaze. He stopped turning. His eyes touched upon the face and form of Miss Linella Simms, ninety-five years old, ice-cream spoon in hand, ice cream in mouth.

"Young man," she said, "you are a person of courage, stamina, and taste. It takes a gentleman of fearless emotions to order, straight out, lime-vanilla ice."

He bowed his head solemnly to her.

"Come sit down," she said. "We'll talk about odd ice creams and things of that sort. Don't be afraid, I'll foot the bill."

Smiling, he carried his ice to her table and sat.

"Well," she said. "You're William Forrester, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"I've heard a lot about you." She moved her spoon to her mouth deliberatively. "Quite the rascal, I believe."

"I know you," he said. "You're Linella Simms."

"The oldest maiden lady on record, more's the pity."

"I was in love with you once," he said.

"Now, that's the way I like a new conversation to open." She dug quietly at her ice cream. "That's grounds for another meeting. No, don't tell me where or when or how you were in love with me. We'll save that for next time. I have to get home now. You work for the *Chronicle*, don't you? Well, come to my house tomorrow afternoon for tea. And just so we'll both have something for our curiosity to chew on, Mr. Forrester, *you* remind *me* of a gentleman I went with almost a century ago."

She sat across from him, and it was like talking to a gray and lost and quivering moth. The voice came from far away inside the grayness and the oldness, wrapped in the powders of pressed flowers and ancient butterflies.

"Well." She arose. "Will you come tomorrow?"

"I most certainly will," he replied.

And she went off into the town, leaving him there to look after her.

William Forrester spent the next morning checking some sports items for his newspaper. He had time at lunch for a quart of English-toffee ice cream and an egg sandwich, did some fishing in a river outside of town, caught some small fish and threw them back happily, but did all these things with his eyes fixed upon some distant point. It was almost automatically, as three o'clock approached, that he found himself inside his car, his hands on the steering wheel, turning in at a certain address, motoring up the circular drive, and stopping under an ivy-covered entry. Letting himself out, he was conscious of the fact that his car was like his pipe—old, chewed-on, unkempt, in this huge green garden by this freshly painted, three-story Victorian house. He saw a faint mothlike movement at the far end of the garden and heard a whispery cry, and saw that Miss Simms was waiting for him, removed across time and distance, seated alone, the tea service glittering its soft silver surfaces.

"This is the first time a woman has ever been ready and waiting," he said, walking up. "It is also," he admitted, "the first time *I* have been on time."

"Why is that?" she asked, propped back in a wicker chair.

"I don't know," he admitted.

"Well." She started pouring tea. "To start things off, what do you think of the world?"

"I don't know anything."

"The beginning of wisdom, as they say. When you're seventeen, you know everything. When you're *twenty*-seven if you *still* know everything, you're still seventeen."

"You seem to have learned quite a lot over the years."

"It is the privilege of old people to seem to know everything. But it's an act and a mask, like every other act and mask. Between ourselves, we old ones wink at each other and smile, saying, 'How do you like *my* mask, *my* act, *my* certainty? Isn't life a play? Don't I play it well?' "

They both laughed quietly. He sat back and let the laughter come naturally from his mouth for the first time in many months. When they quieted, she held her teacup in her two hands and looked into it. "It's lucky we met so late. I wouldn't have wanted you to meet me when I was twenty-one and full of foolishness."

"They have special laws for pretty girls twenty-one."

"So you think I was pretty?"

He nodded good-humoredly.

"But how can you tell?" she asked. "When you meet a dragon that has eaten a swan, do you guess by the few feathers left around the mouth? That's what it is; a body like this is a dragon, all scales and folds. So the dragon ate the white swan. I haven't seen her for years. I can't even remember what she looks like. I *feel* her, though. She's safe inside, still alive; the essential swan hasn't changed a feather. Do you know, there are some mornings in spring, or fall, when I wake and think, I'll run across the fields into the woods and pick wild strawberries! or I'll swim in the lake, or I'll dance all night tonight until dawn! and then, in a rage, discover I'm in this old and ruined dragon. I'm the princess in the crumbled tower, no way out, waiting for her Prince Charming."

"You should have written books."

"My dear boy, I *have* written. What else was there for an old maid? I was a crazy creature with a headful of carnival spangles until I was thirty, and then the only man I ever really cared for stopped waiting and married someone else. So in spite, in anger at myself, I told myself I deserved my fate for not having married when the best chance was at hand. I started traveling. My luggage was snowed under by blizzards of stickers. I have been alone in Paris, alone in Vienna, alone in London, and all in all, it is very much like being alone in Green Town, Illinois. Oh, you have plenty of time to think, improve your manners, sharpen your conversation. But I sometimes think I could easily trade a verb tense or a curtsy for some company that would stay for a thirty-year weekend."

They drank their tea.

"Oh, such a rush of self-pity," she said, good-naturedly. "About you, now. You're thirty-one and still not married?"

"Let me put it this way," he said. "Women who act and think and talk like you are rare."

"My," she said seriously, "you mustn't expect young women to talk like me. They're much too young, first of all. And secondly, the average man runs helter-skelter the moment he finds anything like a brain in a lady. You've probably met quite a few brainy ones who hid it most successfully from you. You'll have to pry around a bit to find the odd beetle. Lift a few boards."

They were laughing again.

"I shall probably be a meticulous old bachelor," he said.

"No, no, you mustn't do that. It wouldn't be right. You shouldn't even be here this afternoon."

"Where should I be?"

"Swimming, picking strawberries. If you won't do them for yourself, do them for me. Where would you like to go, what would you really like to do with your life?"

"See Istanbul, Port Said, Nairobi, Budapest. Write a book. Smoke too many cigarettes. Fall off a cliff but get caught in a tree halfway down. Get shot at a few times in a dark alley on a Moroccan midnight. Love a beautiful woman."

"Well, I don't think I can provide them all," she said. "But I can tell you about many of those places. And if you'd care

to run across my front lawn tonight about eleven and if I'm still awake, I'll fire off a Civil War musket at you. Do you suppose that would satisfy your masculine urge for adventure?"

"That would be just fine."

"Where would you like to go first? I can take you there, you know. Just name it. London? Cairo? Cairo makes your face turn on like a light. So let's go to Cairo. Just relax now. Put some of that nice tobacco in that pipe of yours and sit back."

He sat back, lit his pipe, half smiling, relaxing, and listened, and she began to talk. "Cairo . . ." she said.

An hour passed in jewels and alleys and winds from the Egyptian desert. The sun was golden and the Nile was muddy where it lapped down to the delta, and there was someone very young and very quick at the top of the pyramid, laughing, calling to him to come on up the shadowy side into the sun, and he was climbing, she putting her hand down to help him up the last step, and then they were laughing on camelback, loping toward the great stretched bulk of the Sphinx, and late at night, in the native quarter, there was the tinkle of small hammers on bronze and silver, and music from some stringed instruments fading away and away and away. . . .

William Forrester opened his eyes. Miss Linella Simms had finished the adventure and they were home again, very familiar to each other, in the garden, the tea cold in the silver pourer, the biscuits dried in the late sun. He sighed and stretched and sighed again.

"I've never been so comfortable."

"Nor I."

"I've kept you late. I should have gone an hour ago."

"You know I loved every minute of it. But what you should see in an old silly woman . . ."

He lay back in his chair and half closed his eyes and looked at her. He squinted his eyes so the merest filament of light came through. He tilted his head ever so little this way, then that.

"What are you doing?" she asked uncomfortably.

He continued looking. "If you do this just right," he murmured, "you can adjust, make allowances." To himself he was thinking, You can erase lines, adjust the time factor, turn back the years.

Suddenly he started.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

But then it was gone. He opened his eyes to catch it. That was a mistake. He should have stayed back, idling, erasing, his eyes gently half-closed. "For just a moment," he said, "I saw it."

"Saw what?"

The swan, of course, he thought. His mouth must have formed the words.

The next instant she was sitting very straight in her chair. Her hands were in her lap, rigid. Her eyes were fixed upon him, and as he watched, feeling helpless, they cupped and brimmed full.

"I'm sorry," he said, "terribly sorry."

"No, don't be." She held herself rigid and did not touch her face or her eyes; her hands remained, one atop the other, holding on. "You'd better go now. Yes, you may come tomorrow, but go now."

He walked off through the garden. He could not bring himself to look back.

The weeks burned from July into August, and he was invited to teas, to suppers, to lunches. They sat talking through the long, green afternoons. They talked of art, of literature, of life, of politics. They ate ice creams and squabs and drank good wines.

"I don't care what anyone says," she said. "And people *are* saying things, aren't they?"

He shifted uneasily.

"I knew it. A woman's never safe from gossip, even when she's ninety-five."

"I could stop visiting."

"Oh, no," she cried, and recovered. In a quieter voice, she said, "You know you can't do that. You know you don't care what they think, don't you? As long as we know it's all right?"

"I don't care," he said.

"Now." She settled back. "Where shall it be this time? Paris. I think Paris."

"Paris," he said, nodding quietly.

"Well," she began, "it's the year 1885, and we're at sea. Now we're coming into Marseille. . . ."

Here she was on a bridge, looking into the clear waters of the Seine, and here he was, suddenly, a moment later, beside her, looking down at the tides of summer flowing past. Here she was with an *apéritif* in her talcum-white fingers, and here he was, with amazing quickness, bending toward her to tap her wineglass with his. His face appeared in mirrored halls at Versailles, over steaming *smörgåsbords* in Stockholm, and they counted the barber poles in the canals in Venice. The things she had done alone, they were now doing together.

One late afternoon at the end of August, they sat staring at one another.

"Do you realize," he said, "I've seen you nearly every day?"

"Impossible!"

"I've enjoyed it immensely."

"Yes, but there are so many young girls. . . ."

"You're everything they are not—kind, intelligent, witty."

"Nonsense. Kindness and intelligence are the preoccupations of age. Being cruel and thoughtless is far more fun when you're twenty." She paused and drew a breath. "Now I'm going to embarrass you. Do you recall that first afternoon we met in the soda fountain, you said that you had had some degree of—shall we say affection—for me at one time? You've never mentioned it again. Now I'm forced to ask you to explain the whole uncomfortable thing."

"That's embarrassing," he protested.

"Spit it out!"

"I saw your picture once, years ago."

"I never let my picture be taken."

"This was an old one, taken when you were nineteen."

"Oh, that. It's quite a joke. Each time I give to a charity or attend a ball, they dust that picture off and print it. Everyone in town laughs, even *I*."

"It's cruel of the paper."

"No. I told them, 'If you want a picture of me, use the one taken back in 1878. Let them remember me that way. Keep the lid down, in the name of the good Lord, during the service.'"

"I'll tell you all about it." He paused a moment. He was remembering the picture now, and it was very clear in his mind. There was time, here in the garden, to think of every aspect of the photograph and of Linella Simms, just nineteen, posing for the first time, alone and beautiful. He thought of her quiet, shyly smiling face.

It was the face of spring, it was the face of summer, it was the warmness of clover breath, it was the tenderness of ears. Pomegranate glowed in her lips, and the noon sky in her eyes. She was the sweetness of April grass and the little forests of mint you found in woodlands. She was the first strawberry on your tongue, and to touch her face was that always new experience of opening your window one December morning, early, and putting out your hand to the first white, cool powdering of snow that had come, silently, with no announcement, in the night. And all this, this breath-warmness and plum-tenderness, was held forever in one miracle of photographic chemistry that no clock winds could blow upon to change one hour or one second, and this fine first cool, white snow would never melt but live a thousand summers.

That was the photograph; that was the way he knew her. "When I first saw that picture—it was a simple, straightforward picture with a simple hairdo—I didn't know it had been taken that long ago," he said. "The item in the paper said something about Linella Simms marshaling the Town Ball that night. I tore the picture from the paper. I carried it with me all day. I intended going to the ball. Then, late in the afternoon, someone saw me looking at the picture. They

THE *Swan* (continued)

told me about it. How the picture of the beautiful girl had been taken in 1878 and used every year since by the paper. And they said I shouldn't go to the Town Ball that night, carrying that picture, and looking for you."

They sat in the garden for a long minute. He glanced over at her face. There was no way to tell what she was thinking. Her face showed nothing. She rocked for a little while in her chair and then said softly, "Shall we have some more tea? *There* you are."

They sat sipping tea. Then she reached over and patted his arm. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"For wanting to come to find me at the dance, for clipping out my picture. Thank you so very much."

They walked about the garden.

"And now," she said, "it's my turn. Do you remember I mentioned a certain young man who once attended me, seventy years ago? Oh, he's been dead thirty years now, at least, but when he was very young and very handsome, he rode a fast horse off for days or on summer nights over the meadows around town. He had a healthy, wild face, always sunburned. His hands were always cut, and he fumed like a stovepipe and walked as if he were going to fly apart, wouldn't keep a job, quit those he had when he felt like it, and one day he sort of rode off away from me because I was even wilder than he and wouldn't settle down, and that was that. I never thought the day would come when I would see him alive again. But you're pretty much alive, you spill ashes around like he did, you're clumsy and graceful combined, I know everything you're going to do before you do it, but after you've done it I'm always surprised. Reincarnation's a lot of milk-mush to me, but the other day I felt, What if I called 'Robert, Robert' to you on the street? Would William Forrester turn around?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Neither do I. That's what makes life interesting."

Summer was almost over. The first cool touch of autumn moved slowly through the town, and there was a softening and a gradual burning fever of color in every tree, a flush and coloring in the hills, and the color of lions in the wheat fields.

William Forrester walked across the garden on one early September afternoon to find Linella Simms writing with great care at the tea table. She looked up. "I've been writing you a letter," she said.

"Well, I've saved you the trouble."

"No, this is a special letter. Look at it." She showed him the blue envelope. "Remember how it looks. When you receive this, you'll know I'm dead."

"That's no way to talk, is it?"

"Sit down and listen to me."

He sat.

"My dear William," she said, under the parasol shade, "in a few days, I will be dead. No"—she put up her hand—"I don't want you to say a thing. I'm not afraid. When you have lived as long as I have, you lose that, too. I never liked lobster in my life, and mainly because I'd never tried it. On my eightieth birthday, I tried it. I can't say I am greatly excited over lobster yet, but I have no doubt as to its taste now, and I don't fear it. I dare say death will be a lobster, too, and I can come to terms with it." She motioned with her hands. "But enough of that. The important thing is I shan't be seeing you again. There will be no service. I believe a woman who has passed through that particular door has as much right to privacy as a woman who has retired for the night."

"You can't predict death," he said at last.

"For fifty years, I've watched the grandfather clock in the hall, William. After it is wound, I can predict to the hour when it will stop. I'm no different. I can feel my machinery slow, the last weights shift. Oh, please don't look that way—please don't."

"I can't help it," he said.

"We've had a nice time, haven't we? It has been very special here, talking every day." She turned the blue envelope in her hands. "I've always known the quality of love was the mind, even though the body sometimes refuses this knowledge. The body lives for itself. It lives to feed and to sleep. It's essentially nocturnal. But what of the mind which is born of the sun, William, and must spend thousands of hours of a lifetime awake and aware? Can you balance off the body, that pitiful, frail thing of night against a whole lifetime of sun and intellect? I don't know. I only know there has been your mind here and my mind here, and the afternoons have been like none I can remember. There is still so much to talk about, but we must save it for another time."

"We don't seem to have much time now."

"No, but perhaps there *will* be another time. Time is so strange and life is twice as strange. The cogs miss, the wheels turn, and lives interlock too early or too late. I've lived too long, that is certain. And you were born either too early or too late. It was a terrible bit of timing. But perhaps I am being punished for being a silly girl. Anyway, the next time around, the time might be functioning again. In the meanwhile, you must find a nice girl and be married and be happy. But you must promise me one thing."

"Anything."

"You must promise me not to live to be too old. If it is at all convenient, die before you're fifty. I advise this simply because there is no telling when another Linella Simms might be born. It would be dreadful, wouldn't it, if you lived on to be ninety years old and some afternoon walked down Main Street and saw me standing there, aged twenty-one, and the whole thing out of balance again? I don't think we could go through any more afternoons like these we've had, no matter how pleasant, do you? A thousand gallons of tea and fifty million biscuits are enough for one friendship. So you must have an attack of pneumonia some time in about twenty years. For I don't know how long they let you linger on the other side. Perhaps they send you back immediately. But I shall do my best, William, really I shall. And everything put right and in balance, do you know what might happen?"

"You tell me."

"Some afternoon in 1985 or 1990, a young man will be walking downtown and will stop in the drugstore and order a dish of some unusual ice cream. A young girl the same age will be sitting there, and when she hears the name of that ice cream, something will happen. I can't say what or how. *She* won't know why or how, assuredly. Nor will the young man. It will simply be that the name of that ice cream will be a very good thing to both of them. They'll talk. And later, when they know each other's names, they'll walk from the drugstore together."

She smiled at him.

"This is all very neat, but forgive an old lady for tying things in neat packets. It's a silly trifle to leave you. Now let's talk of something else. Is there any place in the world we haven't traveled to yet? Have we been to Stockholm?"

"Yes, it's a fine town."

"Glasgow? Yes. Where, then?"

"Why not Green Town, Illinois," he said. "Here. We haven't visited our own town together."

She settled back, and said, "I'll tell you how it was in this town when I was only nineteen, a long time ago. . . ."

It was a night in winter, and she was skating lightly over a pond of white-moon ice, her image gliding and whispering under her. It was a night in

summer in this town of fire and heat in the air, in the cheeks, your heart warm, your eyes full of the glowing and shutting-off color of fireflies. It was a rustling night in October, and there she stood, pulling taffy from a hook in the kitchen, laughing, and there she was, running on the moss by the river, and swimming in the granite pit beyond town on a spring night, in the soft deep warm waters, and now it was the Fourth of July with rockets blasting the sky and every porch full of relatives, and a brass band playing somewhere in the park as she glided by, singing.

"Can you see all these things?" asked Linella Simms. "Can you see me doing them and being with them?"

"Yes," said William Forrester, eyes closed. "I can see you."

"And then," she said, "and then . . ."

Her voice moved on and on as the afternoon grew late and the twilight came on very quickly, but her voice moved in the garden and anyone passing on the road, at a far distance, could have heard its moth sound, faintly, faintly. . . .

Two days later, on September fourteenth, William Forrester was at his desk in the news office when the letter came.

He recognized the blue envelope but did not open it. He simply got up, put the letter in his coat pocket, put on his hat, and walked out of the office.

"Taking lunch early?" asked a voice.

He didn't hear the voice, but pushed out the door and walked around the town for half an hour, the letter in his pocket. It was a warm day; summer had stayed on for this afternoon in September, to bring everyone out into the town. He turned in at the soda fountain and sat down at the counter and laid the letter out before him.

He looked out at the broiling yellow sunlight on the concrete sidewalks and buildings. He looked at the wall calendar. September 14, 1954. He looked at his wrist watch and felt his heart beat slowly, saw the watch hand moving slowly, slowly, the calendar frozen there with its one day seeming forever, the sun lost in the sky and hardly moving toward its sunset. The warm air turned under the fans over his head. A number of women laughed by the open door and were gone through his vision which was focused beyond them, at the town itself, and the high courthouse clock. He opened the letter and began to read.

He turned slowly on the revolving chair. He tried the words again and again, silently on his tongue, and at last spoke them aloud and repeated them again.

"A dish of lime-vanilla ice," he said. "A dish of lime-vanilla ice." THE END

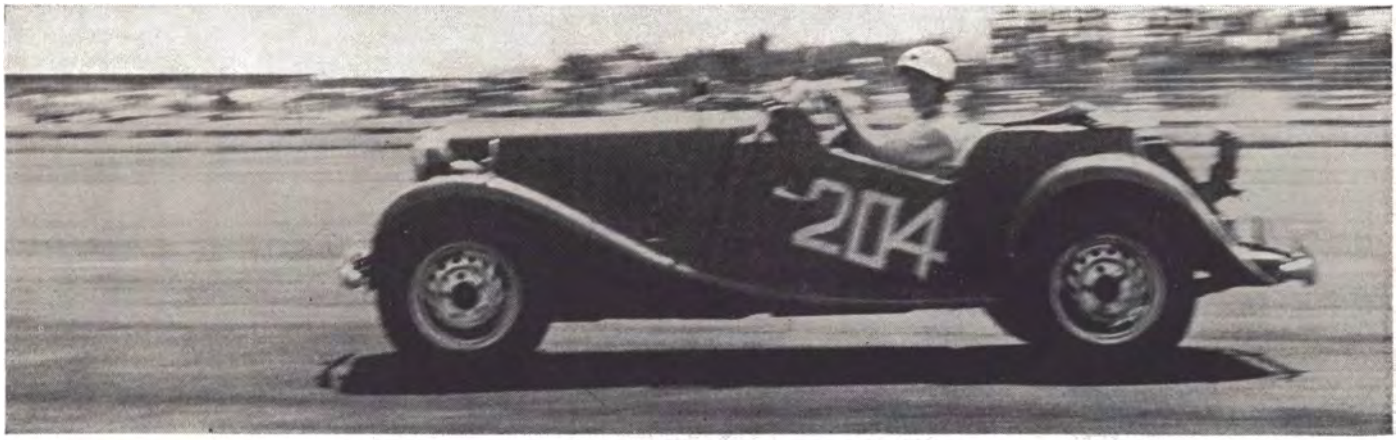
CLAUDIA RELAXES ON THE BEACH *during the time laps—trial runs around the track—made the day before the Westhampton (Long Island) Sports Car Race. Her crowd, mostly in their early twenties, all go to the presentation dinner after the race. Senior member of her circle is twenty-six-year-old Sherwood Johnston, who, with Bill Spear, placed third this year in the famed twenty-four-hour speed-endurance contest at Le Mans, France. Claudia is the only girl in the group, which talks cars, drinks nonalcoholics. She wears the baroque-pearl bracelet in every race—for luck.*

FINISHING UP A JOB, *she fastens the bonnet strap of a friend's $6,000 Cadillac-Allard. The lights are taped to prevent splintering.*

PIT GIRL

Eighteen-year-old Claudia Hall is the darling of the East Coast sports-car set

Claudia Hall, eighteen, lives in a world of men—socialites, mechanics, international sports-car drivers, well-heeled youngsters, and anybody who would rather spend $2,250 on an MG or $15,000 on an Italian Ferrari than eat regularly. Three years ago, Claudia was on her way to dancing school in suburban Floral Park, New York, when she spotted a fire-red sports car in a dealer's window. The fever that so far has gripped some sixty thousand sports-car owners in the U.S. came over her. For the next year, Claudia, who lives with her parents and brother in a modest six-room house, went to work modeling for advertisers. She saved her pay checks and spent all her spare time learning about carburetors, cylinder pressures, and pistons. At sixteen, she bought the fire-red car, an MG, got a junior license, and joined the society-packed MG Car Club. Membership fee: twelve dollars. Claudia now enters sports-car rallies, owns several trophies, and knows the inner workings and outer designs of every sports car. Too young to compete in major races, she acts as pit girl for friends, servicing their cars during the events, changing tires, checking air pressures and instruments, refueling in relays. Her pit-girl reward: no money, but the thrill of belonging to the car-racing fraternity.



SHE COMPLETED HER TIME LAPS *for an MG race at the Linden, New Jersey, air base only to be disqualified for being a woman. Because there's no element of danger in rallies, women are often allowed to compete. At rallies, each car is manned by a navigator and a driver, and sets out individually. The contestants are given a specified time—anything from three hours to three days—to complete an intricate route, and they get docked more for coming in early than late.*

PHOTOS BY GEORGE BARRIS

(continued)

Grease monkey: four-feet-eleven and blue-eyed

CLAUDIA TINKERS *on her MG at Bill Frick's Long Island sports-car garage. An internationally known mechanic, he owns a Ferrari and specializes in turning out Studillacs—Studebaker cars with Cadillac engines—and similar conversion jobs.*

SHE VIGOROUSLY POLISHES *a friend's Jaguar at a Linden, New Jersey, race. She hates shoes, would rather go barefoot—even when driving. She often borrows cars, and has driven practically every famous make from a Maserati to a Porsche.*

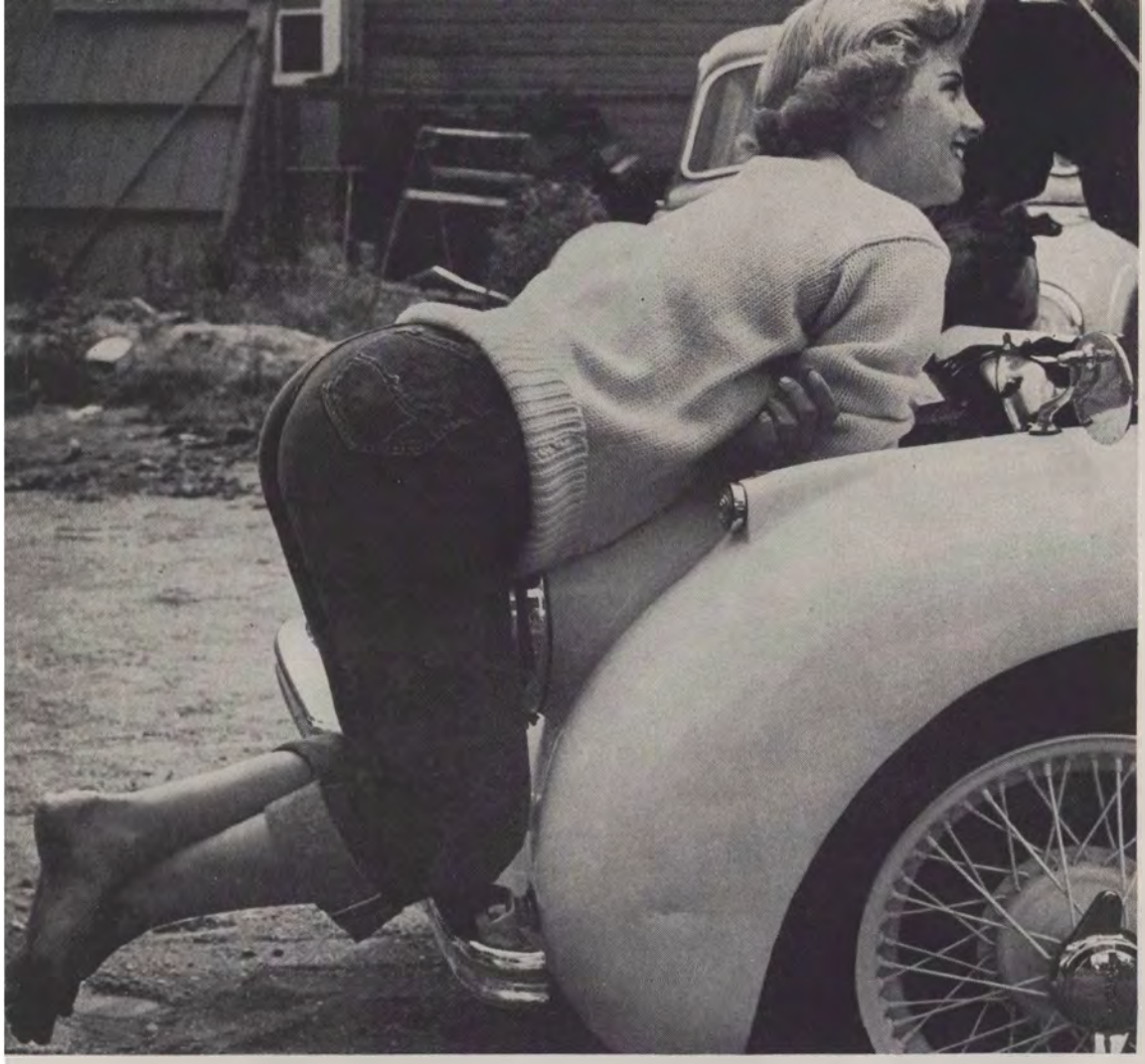
THOUGH DELICATELY BUILT, *Claudia tackles every job expected of a pit-crew member. Here she rolls a twenty-pound wheel to the pit area to make a prerace change.*

FRIEND *Sherwood Johnston chats with a meet official. His Le Mans triumph was a big surprise, as he was the youngest U.S. driver.*

IN CRISP MORNING AIR, *she clocks cars at Westhampton. Up since four A.M., Claudia took time out only for a carton of coffee.*

WATCHING A RISKY TURN, *she tenses. Last year Claudia saw a friend killed when his car got out of control. She has never had an accident. Chilled but alert (right), Claudia waits to service a car.*

(continued)



PIT GIRL (continued)

Claudia loves the sun and speed, the camaraderie, the sports-car lingo

CROUCHED *on a white Jaguar at a local garage, she talked to the car's owner, who looked familiar. Later, she remembered he was a Long Island driver she had beaten in a rally earlier this year. In the informal sports-car clan, the only requirement for opening a conversation is enthusiasm for sports cars.*

IN HER BEDROOM. *Claudia devours all the sports-car magazines, which she borrows from a friend. She decorated her room, makes many of her size-five clothes. To be in shape for her full days, she usually goes to bed at nine thirty.*

CRASH HELMETS *cost $40 and up. She has her head measured at Cavanagh's. Her helmet will be ordered from England, take six weeks to arrive.*

IN HER BUBBLE BATH. *she reads about Stirling Moss, a frequent date. Only twenty-three, he's a top British driver who won U.S.'s Sebring Grand Prix.*

CLAUDIA CARRIES A PILLOW *with her everywhere, snatches cat naps at odd moments. Because she thinks sleep is essential for good control, she goes out on dates only once a week.* *(continued)*

IN A MASERATI, *Claudia takes off on the Westhampton track during the time laps. Several thousand enthusiasts showed up to watch the practice runs; about twelve thousand turned out next day for the race.*

CLAUDIA RUNS INTO *the most common track hazard—a cinder in her eye. During every race, a doctor and ambulance stand by, ready for anything.*

SPORTS-CAR DEVOTEES *eat at Manhattan's Le Chanteclair. Owners René (ex-French racer) and Maurice (above) Dreyfus display racing photos.*

CLAUDIA TESTS *a $1,500 Nash Metropolitan for a friend, and approves it. Though most of her sports-car friends belong to the million-dollar bracket and international racing set, Claudia accepts no favors. She works hard at dramatics, plans an acting career, and has already stepped from modeling to playing bit parts in movies. This earns her enough to cover the $2,000 a year she estimates it takes to be a sports-car fan. With the money she made from a small role in "Five Bridges to Cross," with Tony Curtis, she may buy the car she really wants—a silver-blue Austin Healey—price, $3,200. Like every other youngster in her crowd, she'd love to get to Europe as a mechanic in the big Le Mans race in France.*

THE END

The Blunderer

A COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL BY PATRICIA HIGHSMITH

The man in dark-blue slacks and forest-green sport shirt waited impatiently in the line.

He looked behind him to see if there was anyone he knew in the line. There wasn't. But he couldn't have timed it better, he thought. Just in time for the eight o'clock show. He shoved his dollar through the scallop in the glass.

"Hello," he said to the blonde cashier, smiling.

"Hello. How're you tonight?"

It wasn't a question she expected to be answered. He said nothing.

He went into the slightly smelly theater, and casually looked around as he walked toward the center aisle. There was Tony Ricco. "Hello there, Tony," he said in the patronizing tone he used when Tony was behind the counter of his father's delicatessen.

"Hi, Mr. Kimmel!" Tony smiled. "Alone tonight?"

"Yes, my wife's just left for Albany." He began to sidle into a row of seats.

But he did not sit down. He kept on going and came out in the wall aisle. He walked to a door with a red EXIT sign, went out on the sidewalk and around the corner. He got into his black, two-door Chevrolet and drove to within a block of the Cardinal Lines Bus Terminal. Then he waited in his car for about fifteen minutes, until a bus marked NEWARK—NEW YORK—ALBANY pulled out of the terminal. He followed it, keeping two or three cars between him and the bus. He followed it through the tedious traffic of the Holland Tunnel, and then northward in Manhattan.

At the first rest stop, he thought. Or if not the first, then the second.

The bus finally slowed near a group of lighted stores and a café. He drove on for a few yards, parked his car at the side of the road, and got out. He walked quickly back toward the bus. People were getting off. He saw her stepping clumsily down from the bus.

"You!" she exclaimed. Her gray-and-black hair was

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO BENDER

Unwittingly, clumsily, with every foolish step, Walter Stackhouse was drawn closer to a killer who felt sheer, cold ecstasy in a woman's dying scream

disheveled. Her stupid brown eyes looked up at him with animal fear.

"I still have a few things to say, Helen. Let's go over here." He took her arm, turning her toward the road.

"They're only stopping ten minutes. We shouldn't—"

"They're stopping twenty minutes. I've already inquired."

She came with him. "If you think I'll change my mind about Edward," she began proudly, "I won't. I never will."

Edward! The proud lady in love, he thought with revulsion. "I understand," he said calmly.

The bushes were dense and high beside them. Suddenly he lunged against her, thrusting her deep into the underbrush. He struck the side of her head. Then his hand found her throat and closed on it, crushing her scream. He struck her body with his other fist, using its heavy side like a hammer. Down on the ground now, he hit her face until he felt her body relax under the hand that held her throat, and then he reached into his pocket for his knife, opened it, and plunged its blade down three, four, five times. A glorious sense of justice filled him, a sense of injuries avenged—years of insult and injury, boredom, stupidity, most of all stupidity, paid back to her.

He stopped only when he was out of breath. Then he looked down at the dark silence at his feet, and closed his knife.

A few moments later, he turned his car toward Newark.

Walter Stackhouse stared at the item headed BODY OF WOMAN FOUND NEAR TARRYTOWN. He glanced over the story, but the words didn't register. He was thinking of Clara. The vacation hadn't done her any good at all. They had been in Cape Cod eight days now, and she was still as tense, as ready to pick a fight, as the day they had taken off from Long Island. This afternoon she was back on her job again—planning her attack for next week, she had said. She had sat poring over the map of the Oyster Bay estate after lunch, and had finally shooed him out of the room so she could concentrate better. Walter knew she would sail into the two prospective buyers like a fury next week. It was a wonder anybody ever bought anything through her, but people did, he knew. The Knightsbridge Real Estate Brokerage considered her their best sales agent.

Walter looked out the car window at the door of the inn. No sign of her yet. She had said she would be down at seven. It had begun to rain in big, slow summer drops. He looked at the row of trim New England houses down the street. Their low, white fences around the green lawns looked like stitches on a sampler. Walter liked New England.

Clara thought Waldo Point was touristy, but it was the least touristy of a whole string of towns up the Cape. She hadn't thought Provincetown was touristy. But that had been the first year of their marriage, and this was the fourth. Now she was determined to find fault with everything he happened to like.

Walter looked down at his newspaper. He read the item about the murdered woman again. The woman had been brutally stabbed and beaten, but she had not been robbed. She had been on a bus, had been missed after a rest stop. The police had no clues. Walter wondered if there would be anything in the story for his essays. He remembered the apparently motiveless murder that had later been explained by a lopsided friendship between murderer and victim, a friendship like that between Chad and his ne'er-do-well friend, Mike Duveen. Walter had used the story to point up the dangerous elements in the Chad-Mike association. He tore the item about the murdered woman out of the paper and stuck it in his pocket. It was worth keeping for a few days, anyway, to see what kind of man the murderer was—provided they caught him.

He heard her footsteps, *tok-tok-tok* on the high heels as she ran, and he sat up quickly and thought, Darn, I should have backed the car right in front of the inn, because it's raining.

"Why didn't you pull up in front of the door?" Clara asked.

"Sorry, darling, I just thought of it—a little late." He risked a smile.

Clara shook her head despairingly as she got in.

"How about a drink over at the Anchor Club since it's our last night?" Walter asked.

"All right. I'm sure *you'd* like a drink."

Maybe he could persuade her to have a Tom Collins, or a sweet vermouth with soda, anyway. But he probably couldn't persuade her, and was it really worth it, making her sit through his drink? Walter suffered one of those ambivalent moments when he couldn't decide what to do. He passed the Anchor Club without turning.

"I thought we were going to the Anchor Club," Clara said.

"Changed my mind. As long as you won't join me in a drink—" Walter leaned over and squeezed her hand affectionately. "Let's head for the Lobster Pot and get something to eat."

Clara's hand did not move under his. "I didn't say I wouldn't have a drink. You're getting worse every day, Walter, you really are."

Walter tried to smile. He made an effort to think of something pleasant to say to her before they reached the Lobster Pot. "You look wonderful in that shawl. I like the colors," he said. She had bought it that day, a turquoise-and-fuchsia length of silk that set off the tan of her smooth, firm shoulders.

"It's a stole," Clara said.

"A stole. I love you, Kits." It was his pet name for her, and he used it sparingly so it would not wear out. He stopped the car in front of the restaurant and leaned over to kiss her.

She lifted her face to him, and he kissed her on the lips, gently, careful of her lipstick.

"What about setting a date for that party?" Walter asked in the restaurant. "We could have it the end of August."

"All right," Clara said in a small, unwilling voice. Clara didn't like parties, mostly because it disturbed her to see people a bit drunk. The drinking was heavy around Benedict.

It was not a party for any reason, except they had not given a real party since the buffet of New Year's Day, and they had been to a great many since. Their friends around Benedict gave parties often. They began to make up the guest list: the Iretons, of course; the McClintocks; the Jensens; the Philpotts, who were Clara's bosses at the Knightsbridge Brokerage; Jon Carr; and Chad Overton.

"Chad?"

"Yes." Walter said. "I think we owe him an invitation, don't you?"

"I think he owes us an apology, if you want my opinion."

Walter took a cigarette. The last time Chad had come to the house, he had somehow taken on enough Martinis to pass out on the sofa. Chad was on the black list. Yet they had stayed at Chad's apartment several times on nights when they had gone in to New York to see a play. Chad had spent the night at a friend's so they could have his apartment.

He even owed his present job to Chad. Chad was a member of the Wall Street firm where Walter had held his first job, as a junior lawyer. Chad had recommended him more highly than he deserved to Cross, Martinson, and Buchman, Counselors at Law, who paid him a senior lawyer's salary, though Walter was only thirty. Clara knew that as well as he.

"Smoking in the middle of your meal?" Clara asked.

Walter put his cigarette out with deliberate calm. "Clara, I like Chad, but if we keep on boycotting him like this,

we'll lose him as a friend, just as we lost the Whitneys. Over some trifle."

"We have not lost the Whitneys. You seem to think you've got to lick people's boots to keep them as friends."

Walter let it go. Chad would not be invited, he knew.

They drove home to Benedict, Long Island, the following day. Clara learned that the Oyster Bay sale could easily hang fire for another month, and in her state of suspense, a party was out of the question. During the next fortnight, Chad was rebuffed when he called up and asked if he could drop by. Jon Carr, Walter's best friend, invited them to a dinner party at his Manhattan apartment, but Clara refused and hung up before Walter could get to the telephone.

They gave the party on September eighteenth, a Saturday night. Walter had strung paper lanterns around the terrace and the garden. About forty people had been invited.

Mrs. Philpott brought a large box of candy for Clara. Walter saw her present it with a few words of praise that made Clara's face glow. Clara had sold the Oyster Bay estate to one of the Philpotts' clients about ten days before.

"Peter isn't here yet," Clara said to Walter.

"Pete Slotnikoff! You're right." Walter smiled. "Pretty sharp of you to notice, since you've never met him."

"I know all the people who *are* here—obviously."

"Pete hasn't got a car. He may be a bit late. By the way, Jon asked us to go fishing next Sunday off Montauk Point. There's another girl going."

"Jon's bringing a girl?"

"Well, a friend of Jon and Chad's," Walter said, reluctant to mention Chad's name, but Clara knew Jon hadn't been seeing any women since his divorce a year ago, and he couldn't very well say Jon was inviting a girl on a fishing trip.

"I'm not so sure I want to spend a whole day with someone who might be a terrible bore," Clara said. "And if Chad's going, there'll be drinking, and you'll reek for hours."

"I don't think that statement is entirely warranted."

"I do. I've been through it too often. I think your friend Peter's arriving."

Walter started toward the front door,

trying to assume the pleasant, relaxed expression of a good host.

Peter looked shy and bewildered. He was the new junior in Walter's firm, fresh out of law school. "I've brought a friend," Peter said. "I hope you don't mind. Her name is Ellie Briess. Walter Stackhouse."

They exchanged greetings, and Walter took them into the living room to introduce them and see they got drinks. Walter was a little surprised Peter had a girl-friend. She was even rather pretty. Walter started to go back and ask Clara again about the fishing trip, then changed his mind. Her answer would be the same. And if he went in spite of her, the hell she would raise later just wouldn't be worth it.

"Walter, old man, do you think I can get a refill?"

Walter smiled at the familiar face of Dick Jensen, and put an arm around him. "You sure can, brother. I want one, too. Let's go into the kitchen."

Claudia, the colored maid, was busy slicing the cold roast beef. Walter told her it was too early to start serving and she had better see who needed another drink.

"Mrs. Stackhouse told me to bring the food on now, Mr. Stackhouse," Claudia said, with a neutral resignation.

"There you are," Dick said, "overruled by the court."

Walter gave him a smile as he made their drinks. Even Dick knew Clara meant to prevent anybody's getting drunk by serving the food early. Walter and Dick raised their glasses.

"Here's to Clara! If she won't drink, I will!" Dick said.

"Here's to Jensen and Stackhouse, Incorporated!" Walter drank.

Dick was Walter's closest colleague at the office. They were planning to open their own office around the first of the year, a legal agency that would handle only small claims. They both disliked corporation law.

"Where's your wife?" Walter asked.

"Out on the terrace, I think."

Walter made a drink for Polly Jensen and went out on the terrace. He didn't see Polly, but Peter's girl was standing alone in a corner of the terrace. He went over to her.

"Can I offer you this?" He couldn't think of her name. She accepted it. "Are you from New York?"

"I live there. Just now I'm looking for a job there—or anywhere. I teach music to children."

"Music to children!" The idea of teaching music to children was suddenly enchanting to Walter. He wanted to say, "What a shame we haven't any children for you to teach music to." There was something about the girl that made him like her at once, a straightforwardness and a kind of peasanty robustness he supposed suited Peter to a T. "Have you known Peter long?"

"Only a few months. Since just after he started working for you."

"He's a nice boy."

"Oh, he's *such* a nice boy." She said it with such conviction, Walter felt his

own remark had sounded flippant in comparison.

Jon came up and asked Walter what he had decided about the fishing trip the following weekend.

"I'm not sure I can, Jon. Looks like next Sunday we're supposed to—"

"I understand," Jon murmured.

Walter glanced at the girl, feeling embarrassed, because he felt the girl understood, too. Everybody did, everybody who had ever seen him and Clara together for five minutes. The girl turned away and walked slowly down the terrace steps into the garden.

Jon was looking at Walter thoughtfully, as if about to make a weighty statement. Jon was editor-in-chief of an architectural magazine, and he was ten years older than Walter. Walter admired Jon and often felt inferior to him. From Jon's point of view, Walter thought, he himself was an unworthy friend. One of the essays Walter intended to write was based on their friendship.

"I know what you're going to say, Jon," Walter began, "but after all, I have to live with her."

Jon smiled. He was choosing to say nothing.

It was after three before the last guests had gone.

"Who's that girl Peter Slotnikoff brought?" Clara asked as they were getting ready for bed.

"I don't know," Walter called over the shower. "Her name's Ellie, I think."

"I wonder what she's doing, going around with that naïve Peter?"

Walter turned the shower off. "She likes him, I suppose."

"She likes any man around better, I can tell you that."

Walter slept badly. He tried to shake his headache next day by banging a tennis ball up against the side of the house, but it didn't work. Clara was sunning herself on the upstairs terrace. She was not in a friendly mood. She had accused him of having drunk too many last evening and of having a hangover. His headache wasn't from a hangover, but Walter hadn't tried to argue with her.

Finally, he went into his study and sat at his desk. He dragged a big blue scrapbook toward him and opened it. He had made a new note the other day on the Dick Jensen-Willie Cross friendship, he remembered. He went into the bedroom and felt in the pockets of several jackets in the closet, found the note on a small scrap of paper, another note on an envelope, and a newspaper clipping. He carried them back to his study.

The note on Dick Jensen referred to a proposal by Cross that Dick do some free-lance work for Cross's firm. Dick had refused, he had told Walter, but Walter was not sure he would hold to it. Dick, though he didn't admit it even to himself, was in awe of the more dynamic and unscrupulous Willie Cross. Walter added the note to his outline. The essay was growing slowly. Other outlines were completed, but so far Walter had written only one essay, on Chad Overton and his friend Mike.

Walter was going to call his book "Unworthy Friendships," though he never expected to offer it for publication. The essays were all based on his observations of people he knew. His idea was that most people maintain at least one friendship with someone inferior to themselves, because of certain needs and deficiencies either mirrored or complemented by the inferior friend.

Claudia knocked, and came in with a tray. She had brought him a chicken sandwich and a bottle of beer. "I thought you might be getting hungry, Mr. Stackhouse. Mrs. Stackhouse has already had her lunch out on the terrace."

"Oh." Walter said, disappointed. He smiled at Claudia. "Thanks, Claudia. Just what I need."

"Will there be anything else, Mr. Stackhouse?"

Claudia was that rare thing, a servant who enjoyed her job and did it to perfection. Claudia was cheerful about everything, even Clara's exacting routine. Walter stood up and reached into his pocket. "Yes. I want you to buy yourself a present."

"Ten dollars! Why, Mr. Stackhouse!"

"That's for doing such a good job last night."

Claudia beamed. "I sure do thank you!" she said as she went out.

Walter sipped his beer and unfolded the newspaper clipping. It was the item he had torn out in Cape Cod.

BODY OF WOMAN FOUND NEAR TARRYTOWN

Tarrytown, Aug. 14—The stabbed and beaten body of a woman identified as Mrs. Helen P. Kimmel, 39, of Newark, N.J., was found this morning in a wooded section south of Tarrytown.

Police believe she was assaulted while taking a short walk along the highway during a rest stop of her bus, en route from Newark to Albany, at about 9:15 last evening. She died from strangulation, but her body also showed severe bruises and knife wounds about the head and face. None of the passengers reported hearing an outcry, though the victim's body was found less than twenty yards from where the bus had been standing.

The victim's husband, Melchior J. Kimmel, a bookdealer, identified the body in Tarrytown this afternoon.

The attacker had probably been a maniac, Walter thought, with no relationship to the woman at all, so the item was of no use to him. Walter started to throw it away, then stopped. It was strange no one had heard any outcry if she had been only twenty yards away. Unless the man had leaped out of the woods and stunned her with the first blow. Walter wondered if someone she knew could have intercepted her at the bus stop. . . .

He leaned toward the wastebasket and dropped the clipping. It missed the basket and fluttered down to the carpet. He would pick it up later, he thought.

He put his head down on his arms. He suddenly felt he could sleep.

It happened the following Sunday.

Walter had developed a touch of flu in midweek, and had spent Thursday and Friday in bed. On Sunday, they went to a party at Bill and Betty Ireton's. The two Scotches Walter drank went straight to his head, and he staggered a little when he crossed the lawn to his car. Though the drive back in the fresh air and a cup of black coffee at home cleared his head completely, Clara was incensed.

"A few more episodes like that, and we'll be black-listed by all our friends!" Clara said.

Walter looked up from his newspaper. "If you think the Iretons would be disgusted at seeing somebody a little high, you must be out of your mind, Clara. Anyway, they both know I've just been down with a fever."

"You couldn't have seen Betty's face when she saw you stagger. You were too drunk."

Walter was positive it wasn't so. He stood up. "You're the one who's going to get us black-listed, Clara. You've got a negative attitude toward everything and everyone!"

Clara sat upright, her mouth a thin line of righteous affront. "And you're so positive," she jeered. "Sweetness and light!"

Anger leaped in him suddenly. "Clara, I want a divorce."

She looked stunned. "I don't think you mean that."

"But I do. It's not like last spring, when we discussed it. I'm not going to think things can get better this time, because obviously they can't."

Last spring, they had come to the same point exactly, and Clara had threatened to kill herself if he divorced her.

Walter had made her drink some whisky to pull herself together, and she had broken down and cried, told him she adored him. The evening had ended very differently from the way Walter had anticipated.

"It's that girl, isn't it?" Clara asked suddenly.

"What girl?"

"Don't pretend. You want to divorce me so you can have her, don't you? You're infatuated with her."

"*What* girl?"

"Ellie Briess!"

"Ellie Briess?" Walter repeated incredulously. "Good Lord, Clara, she's got absolutely nothing to do with us!"

"I don't believe you. You've been seeing her on the sly—ever since that night she came here with Peter Slotnikoff."

Walter swallowed. Last Thursday evening, when he had been sick in bed, Pete and Ellie had come by to see him. Ellie had brought some tulip bulbs, and they had stayed about half an hour. Walter hadn't given the girl a thought since. "Haven't we reason enough to end this without dragging in fantasies?"

"If you divorce me, I'll take that Veronal tonight."

"No, you won't." Walter poured a brandy for her. It was like the time before, he thought, only this time it wouldn't be. He swore it to himself.

"Why don't you take a walk and leave me alone," Clara said, standing up. "At least give me some privacy to kill myself!" Her voice was still under control, but she was trembling, working herself up into a frenzy.

"Clara, let's not be melodramatic."

"Then leave me alone!"

"All right, I will!"

He strode past her and up the stairs, angry as he had never been before, yet still able to see himself objectively—a furiously angry man, hurling shirts and a pair of trousers, a toothbrush, and the brief case he would need tomorrow, into a suitcase.

He got into his car and drove off. He could spend the night at Jon's, he thought. But he didn't want to spill out all his troubles to Jon. *Ellie Briess.* Of all wild ideas! Clara was insane. That had occurred to him before. He remembered

the evening Pete and Ellie had come. Ellie had said she might get a job at a school in Lennert, just south of Benedict. Clara had heard her say that. But the idea of attaching a meaning to it!

Walter drove until it got dark. He wanted to get as far away from Clara as possible. But suddenly he thought. . . . Clara *had* taken the sleeping pills, it was already too late for a stomach pump to be of much use. . . . A thrust of panic caught him.

He turned around and headed for Benedict.

"*Clara!*"

Walter picked her up by the shoulders and shook her. She didn't stir.

He tried a cold wet towel on her face, tried slapping her. No response. On the night table stood an empty greenish bottle and a glass with a little water in it. Walter telephoned for a doctor.

Twenty-five minutes passed before the doctor arrived. Neither the stomach pump nor the doctor's two injections had any effect.

"She'll have to go to the hospital," the doctor said.

Walter carried her downstairs. They drove to a hospital near Huntington.

"Do you think she'll live?" Walter asked one of the hospital doctors.

"Depends on her heart," the doctor answered. "She's in a deep coma."

She was still in the coma the following afternoon, Monday. Walter had been at the hospital the entire time.

"We should know in another forty-eight hours," the doctor said. "If the coma lasts longer than that, I doubt if she'll pull through."

Walter drove to New York. He felt he had to see Jon. His suitcase was still in the back of the car, and it seemed now that he had never intended to go to a hotel with the suitcase, that it was only a prop. His real intent had been to get out of the house in order to let Clara kill herself without his intervention. His tired mind reasoned that he had known all along she would take the pills. So he must have wanted to kill her. If she died, he was her murderer!

He tried to explain this to Jon.

"I think I understand," Jon said. "You reached a point finally where you said to yourself, 'I've had enough. I'll let her kill herself.' Didn't you?"

"Yes. But that doesn't make me less guilty. I could have prevented it."

"No," Jon said. "No one who knows the facts would say it's your fault, Walt."

Clara came out of the coma the next afternoon. She looked groggy, but she was able to recognize Walter. He sat on the edge of the bed and took her hands tenderly. He felt he had never loved her so much.

"Walter, don't ever leave me," Clara said in a feathery whisper.

"No, darling." He meant it.

Two days later, Clara came home. She was still too groggy to stay up more than a few hours at a time, but she seemed

cheerful and much more affectionate. Then on the evening of the fourth day, Walter asked, "By the way, what happened to those tulip bulbs Ellie and Pete brought us? They ought to be planted."

"I threw them away," Clara answered, a familiar note of challenge in her voice. "I didn't want Ellie's tulip bulbs in our garden."

"You didn't have to take it out on two dozen innocent tulip bulbs, did you?" Walter asked.

Clara stared at him. "I was right about Ellie, wasn't I? It hurts you to the quick, doesn't it?"

He shouldn't get angry, he thought. She was still under the effect of drugs, still not normal. Then he remembered she hadn't been normal before she took the pills, either. "Clara, let's talk tomorrow. You're very tired."

"You saw that girl while I was in the hospital, didn't you? Why don't you admit you're in love with her?"

Walter went over to the bed where she lay. "I'll sleep in my study tonight, Kits." He pressed her arm affectionately. "You'll rest better if you sleep by yourself," he added, in case she misunderstood his reason.

But from her affronted, staring eyes, he knew she had attached another meaning to it, anyway.

Walter slept wretchedly, and had a nightmare. He dreamed he saw Clara getting off a bus. He went up to her and asked if she would walk into the woods with him so they could finish what they had been talking about at home. Clara came willingly. When he got her into the woods, he strangled her. Then he walked to the main road, and there was a girl waiting for him. The girl smiled. It was Ellie Briess.

Only eight days after she left the hospital, Clara was back at work. Walter had tried to persuade her to rest longer, but it was useless. The doctor at the hospital had fairly ordered Walter to get psychiatric treatment for her. That was useless, too. Clara had only contempt for psychiatrists and for people who went to them.

Walter felt restless. His relationship with Clara was right back where it had been. She was liable to flare up and hurl accusations at him about Ellie at any moment. Clara's mother in Harrisburg was ill—she had had a second stroke—and Clara's cold indifference to her mother's suffering disgusted him. Her mother telephoned and asked if Clara would come down to see her. Clara said she was too busy. Walter had talked to her mother and tried to make excuses for Clara.

Walter realized he was postponing another talk about a divorce only because he dreaded another suicide attempt, and he despised himself for his cowardice. He felt trapped and haunted. He was afraid his loathing of Clara might reach a point where he would kill her in a moment of rage. He would reason that he had never struck her, that he was not the kind of man to do anything violent. But his hatred and resentment of her were the most intense emotion he had ever known.

He thought of the Kimmel woman in the woods, and he wondered if her husband could have done it, if the Kimmels had lived in a little hell together, too. Walter wondered whether he could tell, if he saw Kimmel, if he was a man who could murder his own wife. Walter speculated about going to Newark, just to get a look at Kimmel. Kimmel was a bookdealer, Walter remembered. He thought if Kimmel was a little mouse of a man, it would be obvious he was not the knifer and strangler, and he would forget about the story. He felt

it would relieve his mind if he saw him.

One Saturday, Walter got into his car and went to Newark.

There was no Melchior Kimmel in the telephone book, but there was a Kimmel's Bookstore at 313 Huron Street. The shop had a couple of dusty-looking front windows on either side of a recessed door. It looked like a shop that specialized in students' texts and secondhand books. Walter went in.

The place had a stale, sweetish smell. Shelves of books covered every wall from floor to ceiling. There was a young man in glasses browsing at one of the tables, and in back, a large bald-headed man sat at a desk under a green-shaded light. Walter walked slowly toward him.

The man looked up at Walter. He had a large pinkish mouth with oversized lips that looked painfully swollen. His small eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses followed Walter, then looked at the papers on the desk. Walter saw the man's body was proportionately as large and heavy as his face. The curve of his back looked mountainous under the fresh white shirt. The remains of a light-brown head of hair curled a little above his ears and curved around below the shiny pink back of his head.

Walter said, "Excuse me. Do you have a book called *Men Who Stretch the Law?* I'm not sure of the author's name."

"*Men Who Stretch the Law,*" the man repeated, getting up. He went to the shelf labeled LAW, and pointed a pen flashlight at the titles, went over them rapidly. "That wouldn't be by Melvin Cudahy, would it?"

Walter was surprised the bookdealer knew the man—a retired Chicago judge who had written a couple of obscure books on legal ethics. "I'm pretty sure it isn't Cudahy's," Walter said.

The man looked Walter over from his superior height, and Walter sensed a personal element in the inspection that rattled him. "I can probably get the book for you," the man said. "A matter of a few weeks at most. Do you want to leave your name so I can notify you?"

"Thanks." Walter followed him back to his desk. He felt suddenly shy about revealing his name, but when the man waited with his pencil poised over the tablet, Walter said, "Stackhouse," and spelled it out as he always did. "Forty-nine Marlborough Road, Benedict, Long Island."

"You're Melchior Kimmel, aren't you?" Walter asked.

"Yes." The tawny eyes, reduced to absurd smallness by the thick glasses, looked straight at Walter.

"I seem to remember—your wife was killed not long ago, wasn't she?"

"She was murdered, yes."

Walter nodded. "I don't remember reading the murderer was found."

"They're still looking."

Walter thought he heard annoyance in Kimmel's tone. He imagined Kimmel's body stiffened ever so slightly. Walter felt his momentum beginning to stall. He was only a man whose wife had been killed, Walter thought, a man to whom a violent tragedy had happened. It struck him as absurd now that he had ever wondered if Melchior Kimmel had actually murdered his wife. Wouldn't the police have found it out by now if it were true?

"Why? Did you know my wife?" Kimmel asked.

"Oh, no. I simply remembered the name—by accident."

"I see," Kimmel said in his precise, pleasant voice. His eyes did not leave Walter's face.

Walter sought for a phrase to take leave on. He felt Kimmel knew he had come to the shop only to look at him, to

assuage some sordid curiosity. A sudden fear came over Walter that Kimmel might lift his thick slab of a hand and knock his head off his neck. "I hope they find the man who's guilty," Walter said.

"Thank you."

"I'm sorry I've intruded like this," Walter said awkwardly.

"But you haven't intruded!" Kimmel said with sudden heartiness. The bulging lips, shaped somewhat like an obese, horizontally divided heart, worked nervously. "I appreciate your good wishes."

Walter walked to the front door, and Kimmel followed him closely, courteously. Walter felt suddenly easier, and yet in the last few seconds he had felt it was possible Kimmel had killed his wife. It was not his physical brutishness, not the wariness in his eyes, it was the sudden overfriendliness. Walter turned at the door and without thinking, held out his hand.

Kimmel shook it with a surprisingly soft grip, and bowed a little.

"Good-by," Walter said. "Thank you."

Walter looked back at the shop from his car. Melchior Kimmel was standing behind the glass of the front door. Walter saw him pass his hand slowly over the naked top of his head—the gesture of one who relaxes after a period of tension. Then Kimmel walked serenely back into the depths of his shop, bald head high, the long arms standing out a little from his huge body.

Melchior Kimmel sat down at his desk and stared into the cluttered cubbyholes. Another snooper, only more intelligent and better dressed. Or had he *possibly* been a detective? No. What had he tried to find out? Nothing. He had the feeling the man was a lawyer. Kimmel tore off the page on which he had written the man's name and the book he wanted, and put it into the cubbyhole where he kept his outgoing matters. Then he picked up a little brown notebook, opened it to a page near the back, and drew a short vertical line followed by the date and *See B-2489*, the number on the order page. There were several vertical lines now with dates beside them on the page, and three asterisks with dates. The asterisks stood for police detectives. The rest were merely visitors. There had been no police detectives in the last three weeks.

Walter got home around seven. He had brought a box of white chrysanthemums for Clara. She was sitting in the living room, going over some papers from her office, and she barely looked up when he presented the box.

"Do you want me to put them in a vase?" he asked, his voice suddenly tense.

"Please do," she said coolly.

Walter filled a vase in the kitchen. He took out the little card on which he had written *To my own Clara*, tore it up, and dropped it into the empty flower box.

"How was Ellie?" Clara asked when he brought the flowers into the living room.

Walter did not answer.

"Did you spend all afternoon with her?"

Very deliberately, Walter took a cigarette from the box on the table and lighted it.

"Why don't you spend the evening with her, too?"

That's a fine idea, Walter thought, but he kept his mouth closed and his teeth set. He went into the kitchen and told Claudia he would not be in for dinner. Then he went out the front door.

He drove to the Three Brothers Tavern in Benedict, and looked for Ellie's name in the Manhattan telephone book. The operator told him the number had been changed. She gave him a number in Lennert, Long Island.

Ellie answered. She recognized his voice at once. She said she had moved to Lennert that day.

"I'm not far away," Walter said. "Have you had dinner yet? I thought we might have a bite together somewhere."

"Thanks. I've too much to do tonight. The moving men dumped everything in the middle of the floor. I don't think I can go out."

She sounded so pleasant in contrast to Clara that Walter smiled. "Maybe I can give you a hand. What's the address?"

"Brookline Street. Number One Eighty-seven. The bell's under Mays. M-a-y-s. I haven't had time to change it yet."

He rang the bell under Mays. When the release buzzer sounded, he thrust the door open and climbed the stairs two at a time, clutching the champagne bottle under his arm like a football.

Ellie opened a door on the second floor. "Hello," she said. "Welcome."

"Hello." He came to a nervous stop in front of her. "I brought along a few sandwiches."

"Thanks very much! Come in. I doubt if you'll find a place to sit."

He came in. It was a single large room, cluttered with suitcases and cardboard boxes and unarranged furniture. He followed her into the little kitchen. She wore a skirt and blouse and loafers, and no make-up. "And this," he said, handing her the champagne bottle.

She took it out of its paper bag. "Champagne? What's this in honor of?"

"The new apartment. To christen it."

The champagne was cold. She got glasses, and they had turkey sandwiches and cole slaw with the champagne. She told him about her job. It was at a progressive school called Harridge, just outside of Lennert. She had talked them into hiring her, she said, by convincing them her method of teaching music appreciation was better than the one they were using.

Walter listened sympathetically. Being with a woman who bothered to be pleasant was such an unaccustomed treat that he was conscious of an abject gratitude to her. He looked at Ellie's generous, smiling mouth, and wanted to kiss her. Strangely, he felt she would not object.

"How are the tulip bulbs?" Ellie

asked him. "Did you plant them yet?"

Walter thrust back his first impulse to tell the truth. "Yes. Clara and the maid planted them last week, I think."

She played a record for him, a new LP recording of a Bartók quartet, and then Walter stood up to go.

"If there's anything I can do for you, I hope you'll let me know," he said.

"Do for me?"

He smiled. "Errands, I mean. In case the new apartment needs anything—" He felt suddenly shy.

"Thanks. I can't imagine what I'll need. I've got a car, you know, a kind of banged-up convertible that doesn't convert any more."

They were lingering near the half-open door, as if there were one more important thing to be said before they separated. She glanced up at him, and he thought she looked sorry to see him go, because this was probably not going to happen again. It wasn't going to happen again, Walter knew. He bent toward her and kissed her lips. She did not draw away. She opened her eyes after he straightened up. Then Walter turned abruptly and went down the hall.

Walter called Ellie on Monday morning from his office, and asked if she could have dinner with him on Wednesday evening. Clara was driving somewhere with the Philpotts to see an estate, and Walter had planned to say he had an appointment with Jon in New York. But Ellie said she had to learn some new music for her classes that week, and would have to work every evening.

Walter thought she sounded cool. He felt she had decided not to see him again. She probably had sized him up as a habitual philanderer, a suburban Lothario.

During his lunch hour Monday, Walter went to the public library and looked up the Kimmel story in the Newark and New York newspapers for August. There was a fuzzy picture of the body at the scene, a stocky woman sprawled on her back, her square, plain face almost obscured by dark blotches of blood. He was curious as to Kimmel's alibi. *Kimmel stated he was in Newark on the night of the crime, and that he had attended a movie from eight to ten p.m.* Walter assumed Kimmel had a witness to substantiate it, and that it had never been challenged. He left the library feeling depressed and somehow disappointed.

The indecisiveness of everything—what he was going to do about Clara, exactly when he and Dick were going to open the new office, what he felt about Ellie, or could feel—made him restless and inwardly furious with himself. He called Ellie a second time and pleaded with her to see him, if only for a cocktail somewhere.

She agreed to see him the following evening. Walter went to her place, and they drove to a restaurant a good ten miles away from Lennert and Benedict. They ordered Martinis at their table. Ellie seemed ill at ease. He wanted to take her in his arms. In the last week, he had indulged himself in fantasies of being married to her, of being happy as he had never been in his life. He had convinced himself, in his daydreams, that they could make each other happy. Now that she was before him, he felt surer than ever. He took a plunge. "Ellie, I'm in love with you."

"No, you're not. I love you." It was the last thing in the world he had expected her to say. "I think I fell in love with you the first time I ever saw you."

Walter sat rigidly. "Why do you say I don't love you?"

"Maybe you could. You certainly don't now." She stared at him, turning the stem of her glass. "Shall I give it to you straight? You're having troubles with your wife, so you imagine you're in love with me, or could be. But I'm not foolish enough to go on seeing a married man, even if I am in love with him."

It was her seriousness that stymied Walter. He realized he didn't match it with any plans of his own, and perhaps not with any emotion, either. He suddenly saw himself objectively, and he felt ashamed.

"It was a foolish thing to try deliberately for a job near where you live, and I don't generally do foolish things. I wasn't expecting to see you very often. I never expected to see you alone, like the other night. It's impossible. I know it. I like sure things. I want a home. I want children."

"So do I," Walter murmured. It was Clara who had never wanted children.

"I want something definite. It's just my luck I had to fall for you, isn't it?"

"I'm going to get a divorce soon, Ellie. Of course, I'm not getting along with my wife. That's been obvious to everyone who's been in the house in the last year and a half. It's a question of only a few weeks now. Then if we still like each other—still love each other—"

"I'll still feel the same in a few weeks. You see, it's you who're in doubt. I don't think we'd better see each other again until you know for sure."

"How I feel about you?"

She smiled. "That you're getting a divorce. Do you mind if we leave now? I can't talk any more tonight."

He was home by nine fifteen. Clara was in the living room, reading. It surprised Walter to see her home so early. She had been invited to have dinner at the Philpotts'.

"I wasn't invited to the Philpotts'," Clara said in the toneless voice she used at the start of every quarrel. "I saw your car in front of Ellie Briess's apartment tonight."

"So you even know where she lives."

"I made it my business to find out."

Walter knew she must have kept a patient watch, because his car hadn't stood more than five minutes in front of Ellie's house. "What're you going to do about it? Why don't you divorce me for infidelity?" Slowly he opened a pack of cigarettes, but his heart was pounding, because for the first time he was actually guilty of what she had accused him of.

"Because I think you'll get over this silly infatuation." She stretched out her arm to him. "Darling, come here."

He didn't move. It had happened a couple of times before, an artificial attempt at affection after days of hostility. "Shall we have this out now? I'm getting a divorce, Clara. I'm not asking you this time, I'm telling you. And it's not because of Ellie, I'll tell you that, too."

Clara sat up suddenly on the edge of the sofa. "Do you want a corpse on your hands?"

"I am not playing nursemaid to you for the rest of your life—or mine. If you won't agree to a divorce, I'll go to Reno and get one."

Walter went upstairs. She didn't believe him, he thought. That was too bad.

He called Ellie from the Three Brothers Tavern.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"No. I've got a friend here."

"Pete?"

"No, a girl."

"I wanted to tell you I'm going to Reno next Saturday. I'll be gone six weeks. It's the only way I can get it." He waited, but she said nothing. Walter smiled. "How are you, darling? Do you ever think of me?"

"Yes."

"I love you."

They listened to each other's silence.

"If you still feel that way in a couple of months, I'll be here."

"I will," he said. Then he hung up.

The front-door chime sounded while they were at breakfast. It was a telegram for Clara.

Clara read it quickly. "It's from the doctor," she said. "Mother's dying."

Walter read the telegram. There were heart complications, and her mother was not expected to live more than thirty-six hours. "You'll go to Harrisburg, won't you? Today?"

"I suppose so," she said irritably. "I wish my car weren't laid up."

Walter didn't volunteer his. Three days ago Clara had had an accident: a truck had backed out of a lane on a country road and smashed the front of Clara's coupe. Clara had put the blame entirely on the truck driver for not honking, but Walter was sure the accident—Clara's first—had been due to the aftereffects of the sleeping pills, her slower reflexes. The accident had unnerved her. For the last two days, Roger, the Philpotts' chauffeur, had been driving her to and from work in the Philpotts' car.

"Maybe Roger can drive you down," Walter suggested.

"He's got more important things to do than drive me to Harrisburg. I'll see how the trains are. There's Roger now," she said, looking out the window. She turned to Claudia. "Would you lay out some things for an overnight trip, Claudia? My gray dress and the green suit and the blue suitcase. I'll be back around three or four to pack." Then she was gone.

Walter called Clara at twelve from his office to ask if there was anything he could do to help. Clara said no. She had decided to go by bus, because the trains didn't fit her schedule, and she would be leaving from the Thirty-fourth Street Terminal at five thirty.

"*Bus?*" Walter asked. "You'll get there exhausted, Clara. It'll take you hours. I'll drive you there, if you like."

"Don't bend over backward to be gallant, Walter. I'm sure you have more interesting things to do with your time. I've got to go now. Luncheon appointment. Good-by."

Walter put the phone down angrily. He'd be there to see her off, he supposed, but he rebelled now against doing her even that courtesy. He wanted to find out what she intended to do with the house after their divorce. And how they were going to divide their joint bank account. He had been postponing a lot of questions.

He was at the bus terminal at five fifteen. Clara was already there.

"How long do you think you'll be in Harrisburg?" he asked her.

"Oh, I should be back Saturday. Or even tomorrow evening." Her face was animated and smiling, but there was a shine of tears in her eyes that startled Walter.

"And if she dies? Aren't you going to stay for the funeral?"

"No." Clara bent over, balancing herself on one small high-heeled shoe as she removed a tiny piece of paper that had stuck to the bottom of the other heel. She put out her hand automatically for Walter to support her.

A strange sensation went through him at her touch, a start of pleasure, of hatred, of a kind of hopeless tenderness. He had a sudden desire to embrace her hard, then fling her away from him. She looked down as she drew on one of her black kid gloves, and Walter saw a teardrop on the glove. He watched her anxiously, wondering if she was really this upset about her mother or if it was something else. He knew he couldn't ask her now any of the things he had intended to ask her. "Call me when you get there," he said quickly. "Call me any time."

"Aren't you looking forward to an extra forty-eight hours without me? Why don't you take Ellie with you to Reno?" She looked at him sharply, with the evil, forced smile, as if her witch's mind had it all planned, as if she knew he would never be with Ellie, that there would never be happiness for him on earth.

"Clara—"

"What do you care if I die, too?" She turned away abruptly and walked toward her bus, which had just been announced.

Walter followed her with her suitcase. He squeezed the handle of the suitcase and wished he had the nerve to crash it over her head.

"You don't look at all happy," she told him brightly.

Walter looked down at her, letting it seep into him. If he hated her enough, he thought— "Where does your bus stop?"

"Stop? I don't know. Probably only Allentown. I think I can get on now."

She climbed the steps of the NEW YORK—PITTSBURGH bus. Walter watched her move down the aisle and take a seat beside a window, but she did not look out to try to see him.

Walter got his car from the parking lot and took an eastbound street. Crossing Eighth Avenue, he saw a bus cross the next street uptown, headed west. Walter swung his car suddenly into Eighth Avenue. Another bus was about to cross the avenue, sat waiting for the light. It was the NEW YORK—PITTSBURGH bus. Walter looked at its windows as it passed, looking for Clara, but he could not see her. He followed the bus west to Tenth Avenue, then uptown. He did not mean to go through the Lincoln Tunnel, but he was caught in a stream of cars, sucked into the tunnel like something going down a drain.

I'll turn around in Newark and come back, he thought. But he kept on, following the long gray body of the bus through Newark, and beyond.

I'll light a cigarette, and when it's finished, I'll turn around and head home, Walter thought.

He wondered what Clara was thinking about. Ellie and him? Or was she reading the *World-Telegram* and thinking of nothing personal at all? He imagined her putting her newspaper down, leaning her head back as she sometimes did to rest her eyes. He imagined his hands closing around her small throat. He'd go no farther than the first rest stop, he thought. He would go up to Clara and say what he had said in the dream. What Melchior Kimmel might have said. *Clara, I have to talk to you. Come with me. . . .* Then he would walk with her for a few yards, the bitter words of the bus terminal would repeat themselves, she would

call him a fool for driving all this distance, and he would walk back to the bus with her, his nerves at the cracking point.

Far away on his left, Walter saw the lights of a town. He did not know where he was.

Then the bus slowed on the crest of a hill. Walter drove on up the hill. The bus had pulled into a crescent-shaped area in front of a restaurant. Walter drove several yards past the restaurant, pulled over at the edge of the highway, and cut out his lights. Then he walked back. He looked for Clara's small, quick figure among the people who were still getting off the bus. She must already be in the restaurant, he thought.

He did not see her at the counter or at any of the tables. He supposed she was in the ladies' room, and he stood near the end of the counter, waiting. He waited perhaps five minutes. She didn't appear.

"How much time have we?" Walter asked a man at the counter.

"Fifteen minutes," the man said.

More than ten had passed. Walter couldn't understand what had happened to her—unless she was still in the ladies' room, which was most unlikely. Or unless he had followed the wrong bus. He ruled out that possibility, too. He went out to the highway and looked in either direction. But it wasn't like Clara to take a walk. He looked back at the lighted doorway of the restaurant, stared at it for

minutes while people came out and got onto the bus.

The bus motor started up. Walter heard the driver ask one of the women if there was anybody else in the ladies' room. He couldn't hear her reply, but the bus driver shrugged, then got back into his seat. The bus rolled backward, then forward, curving out toward the highway.

Walter gave one last look all around him, then started on a run for his car. He still looked for her, insanely, on the highway as he drove back.

He reached home after eleven. The house was empty. He found himself listening for a car, a phone call. There was only silence. He dialed Ellie's number. Ellie didn't answer.

Walter got back in his car and headed for Lennert. He felt jumpy, on guard—against what he didn't know. He felt guilty, as if he had killed Clara, and his mind traced back to the moments waiting around the bus. He saw himself walking with Clara by some thick trees at the side of the road. Walter moved his head from side to side, involuntarily, as if he were dodging something. It hadn't happened. He was positive. But just then the road began to wobble before his eyes, and he gripped the wheel hard. Lights skidded and blurred on the black road. Then he realized it was raining.

Ellie was still not home. Walter waited in a near-by bar, sipping brandies. Around twelve thirty, he saw her car turn into her street. Ellie was not driving. Walter recognized Peter Slotnikoff at the wheel.

"We've just come from Gordon's," Ellie said. "We were expecting you all evening."

Walter barely remembered: Gordon Freeman, a friend of his and Jon's, had called a few days before and invited Clara and him to a cocktail party. "I couldn't make it." Walter said.

Peter left a minute later.

"I wanted to see you before I left," Walter said. "Can we go upstairs?"

"Is anything the matter?"

"No."

They went upstairs.

"Clara left for Harrisburg tonight to see her mother," Walter said, as soon as they were in Ellie's apartment. "Her mother's very ill. She may die."

"That's bad news."

"It doesn't change my plans. I'll still be leaving Saturday."

Ellie made a drink for him. He followed her into the kitchen. He had not seen her in about three weeks. When Ellie turned to him with his drink, he put his arm around her and kissed her, a long, desperate kiss, but it did not make him feel what he had felt before with her. He thought suddenly, suppose he were not in love with her and never could be? Suppose in another two months, he would be as repelled by her shiny nose, her blunt honesty, as he had been attracted a month ago?

"Is something the matter?" Ellie asked.

He had thought, waiting for Ellie tonight, that he might tell her about following the bus. Now he felt afraid. "Nothing, really."

"Is everything all right at the office?" she asked.

"They've given me leave without pay. Dick Jensen and I might be out by the middle of December. We're going to start a small-claims office." He told her about it. It was easier to talk about the office than about himself and Clara and her. Finally he asked, "Do you see Pete often?" Actually, he didn't much care whether she did or not.

"I don't have any serious interest in him, if you're thinking of that," she said, smiling.

Walter smiled, too, at her directness. He got up to leave. "I may not see you until I get back, Ellie. Clara may be back tomorrow night. Just might."

At the door, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "I love you," she said.

He said nothing.

There was no message from Clara the next morning. Walter wanted to call Harrisburg, but he waited until he was at his office.

A woman answered the telephone in Harrisburg, and said she was Nurse Somebody-or-other. Walter asked if Mrs. Stackhouse was there.

"No, she's not," the nurse said. "We were expecting her last night. Who is this?"

"This is Walter Stackhouse. You haven't had any word from Clara?"

"Nothing since her telegram saying she was arriving at eleven last night. Is she on her way?"

Walter said he had put Clara on the bus at five thirty yesterday afternoon, and that he couldn't imagine what had happened to her.

"If the bus had an accident, you'd surely have been notified. Maybe you'd better tell the police, Mr. Stackhouse."

The nurse's anxious voice frightened Walter. "All right, I will," he said. But he had a conference at ten o'clock, and it was ten past ten now. Walter went to the conference, and did not get out until twelve. He was on his way into his own office to call the police, when Joan, his secretary, told him the Allentown Police Department had telephoned fifteen minutes ago and had left a number for him to call.

Walter asked Joan to call it. He felt suddenly that Clara was dead, that her body had been picked up, bruised and stabbed, in some woods.

"Mr. Stackhouse?" asked a drawling voice from Allentown. "This is Captain Willard, Twelfth Precinct, Allentown. The body of a woman tentatively identified as Clara Stackhouse was found this

morning at the bottom of a cliff near Allentown. We'd like you to come to the morgue here to confirm the identity."

Walter had only to see the left foot in the tattered stocking to know. He shut his eyes at the sight of her crushed head, opened them only when the police officer said, "Will you come in here? We have a few questions."

The sickening smell of disinfectant filled the adjoining room, too. Walter sat in a chair and answered the questions mechanically, concentrating on the plain brown front of the desk in an effort to keep from fainting. When the officer paused, Walter asked, "Have you got the man?"

"The man?"

"The man who did it," Walter said.

"The cause of death is presumed to be suicide," the officer said calmly, "unless otherwise proved."

Suicide hadn't occurred to Walter. He didn't believe it. "How do you know she wasn't pushed over the cliff?"

"That isn't the concern of this department. There'll be an official autopsy, of course."

Walter stood up. "I think somebody ought to find out whether she jumped or was pushed. I want to know!"

"All right, you can talk to him," the officer replied, nodding at the corner behind Walter.

Walter looked around and saw a man he had not noticed, a young man in civilian clothes who pulled himself up from a chair and came toward Walter with a faint smile on his face.

"How do you do? I'm Lieutenant Lawrence Corby of Allentown Homicide."

"How do you do?" Walter said.

"When did you see your wife last?"

"Yesterday at five thirty at the bus terminal in New York."

"Did you have any reason to think your wife would commit suicide?"

"No, she—" Walter stopped. He remembered her tears, her *What do you care if I die, too?* He said quickly, "She was upset yesterday. But I can't imagine her killing herself this way."

"I saw the cliff today," the young lieutenant said. "It isn't very likely she fell off. The cliff's by a roadside restaurant, too, and nothing very violent could have gone on there without somebody hearing it."

It hadn't occurred to Walter that the cliff had been right *there*, right by the restaurant. Now he remembered the high land the restaurant had sat on. "I doubt very much if she'd have chosen this method of killing herself. She did try to kill herself with sleeping pills about a month ago." He realized he was talking in circles. "I'm not at all sure of suicide. I hope somebody's going to make some investigations."

"Did she have any enemies?"

"No." His mind flitted over the people who didn't like her, people she had antagonized since she had begun working six months ago. It was absurd. "No," he repeated. Walter looked at the young man with more interest. At least he was going to ask a few questions, make some kind of an effort. He was no more than twenty-five or six, Walter thought, but he looked intelligent.

"You went home after you left your wife at the bus terminal?"

Walter hesitated. "Yes. Not directly home. I was trying to reach a friend. In Long Island. I drove around a while."

"Did you reach the friend?"

"Yes."

"Who was the friend?"

Walter hesitated again. "Ellie Briess." Walter gave her address and telephone number.

"Would you like to see the cliff yourself?" Lieutenant Corby asked.

"No. I don't think so." Walter saw himself seizing Clara by the throat, pulling her down the cliff, saw both of them plunging off, down to the sharp, pointed rocks and brush below. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them, the young lieutenant was looking at him.

"Well, let's wait and see what the autopsy reveals." The lieutenant flipped his tablet shut, nodded good-by, and left.

Ten minutes later, Walter left the building. Clara's jewelry, minus one earring, was in his overcoat pocket, but they had not let him take her suitcase. He went into a drugstore on the corner and called Ellie.

He told Ellie Clara was dead and the police thought it was a suicide. He cut through her questions and said he had told the police he had seen her last night and they might call her to check on it. "I didn't tell them when I saw you. We'll have to say it was after twelve."

"Does that matter?"

He set his teeth, cursing his nervousness. Ellie had been at Gordon's until twelve, so he couldn't have seen her before. And there was Pete, too, who knew exactly when he had seen her. "No," Walter said, "it doesn't matter. Are you going to be home, Ellie? I can be there in a couple of hours."

"I should have forced her to go to a psychiatrist. I should have insisted on going with her on this trip. I didn't." Walter sat on Ellie's couch, squeezing his ankle between his hands. He had told Ellie about the sleeping-pill episode and about Clara's car accident four days before.

"You can't force somebody to go to an analyst," Ellie said. "Are the police convinced it was suicide?"

"They seem to be. There was a detective—the lieutenant who might call you. There'll be an autopsy. If they find out she's been injured by something other than her fall, that's a different story."

"Then they're not absolutely convinced." Ellie said.

"I think they *are*. They always make routine investigations." His tone was impatient. Ellie had taken it with remarkable calm, he thought. It made him feel there was a distance between them, that she was not as sympathetic toward him as she should have been.

"Where were you last night around

seven thirty," Ellie asked, studying him.

"Home," Walter said. "Or driving home. Why?"

"Because it could look as if you have a motive for killing her."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—me. The divorce. Coming to see me afterward."

"But I wasn't there. How could I—"

"Of course," Ellie said. "I'm only thinking of the worst. I just thought, in case they do ask, you'd better be able to say where you were at seven thirty."

"I told them I was home."

Ellie looked at him a moment. "Not exactly, because Gordon called you around seven thirty to see if you'd come to the party. Nobody answered."

"Maybe I'd gone out again by seven thirty. I spent most of the evening driving around, after I found you weren't in. I wasn't noticing the time. They're not going to ask all that, Ellie."

"All right. Maybe they won't."

Neither of them said anything for a few moments. Then Walter stood up.

"I'd better go," he said.

She was still distant, he thought, still holding back when she said good-by, and he wondered if it was the shock of Clara's death that had caused it. Or had she sensed he was lying?

At home, there was a telegram saying Clara's mother had died that afternoon.

Allentown called the next morning and told Walter the autopsy had revealed no injuries other than those that would have been inflicted by a fall down a cliff. Walter felt a little relieved. All the morning newspapers had described it as a suicide.

Around two o'clock, Walter got a call from Lieutenant Corby. Corby asked if Walter would be good enough to come to Allentown that evening at seven. Walter agreed.

He wondered if Corby had picked up a suspect or had actually gotten a confession from someone. Corby's call had suddenly erased suicide from Walter's mind. A murderer could have pushed Clara over the cliff without inflicting any injuries on her with his own hands.

Jon had called earlier that day, and was to come to Benedict at six. Walter telephoned him and explained he had to go to Allentown and couldn't see him until later. Jon asked if Walter would like him to go with him.

"Thanks," Walter said gratefully. "I'll pick you up at your apartment."

They got to Allentown punctually at seven. Jon waited in the car while Walter went into the police building.

The young lieutenant opened the door at Walter's knock. "Good evening," he said, smiling.

"Good evening." Walter went in slowly, his gaze traveling to a bare table, where a husky man of about fifty sat. He had a roundish, unintelligent face, and was dressed in workman's clothes.

"Mr. Stackhouse, this is Mr. De Vries," Corby said. "Have you ever seen Mr. De Vries before?"

"I don't think so," Walter said tensely.

Corby turned to De Vries. "What do you think?"

There was a sudden brightness in De Vries's eyes. His gray-and-brown head nodded.

Corby looked at Walter. His boyish smile had grown wider. "Mr. De Vries thinks you are the man who asked him how long the bus stop was at the café the night your wife was killed."

Walter stared at De Vries's face again. He remembered now that round, nondescript face turning to him above the coffee cup. He realized suddenly that to take the trouble to describe him to De Vries, Corby must suspect him.

"This is all by the merest accident," Corby said with a laugh of pleasure that made Walter start. "Mr. De Vries is a truck driver for a Pittsburgh company. Occasionally he makes the run back to Pittsburgh by bus. We know him. I ran into him this morning, and when he said he'd been on the bus your wife was on, I asked if he remembered anyone suspicious around the bus stop that night."

Walter wet his lips. "Yes. I was there. I followed the bus in my car. I wanted to talk to my wife."

"And did you?"

"No, I couldn't find her. I looked everywhere. Finally, I asked this man how long the bus was stopping."

"Your story of driving around all evening in Long Island, then, is a lie?"

"Yes," Walter said. "It was stupid of me. I was frightened."

Corby looked at him speculatively, still with the same little smile. Then he said to De Vries, "I suppose you can go now, John. Thanks very much."

He turned back to Walter. "Now tell me exactly what happened. You followed the bus from New York?"

"Yes." Walter shook his head at Corby's offer of a cigarette and reached for his own pack. "I felt— I felt we hadn't concluded something we were talking about at the bus terminal, so I—"

"Were you arguing?"

"No." Walter looked straight at the lieutenant's smiling, self-assured face. "We'd better take this step by step. I saw the bus pull into the space in front of the restaurant, and I stopped my car on the highway and walked back. It couldn't have taken me—"

"You walked back? Why didn't you pull up by the bus stop?"

All the questions were loaded. Walter answered slowly. "I'd shot past." He told carefully how he had hurried up to the bus, looked all around for her in the restaurant. He explained that Clara had been on her way home to see her dying mother.

Corby took notes in his brown tablet. "Did you find any suicide notes at home?"

"No."

Corby rubbed his little reddish mustache. "Were you and your wife happy together?"

Walter tried to choose his words. He wasn't good at it. "We were getting a divorce. I was to have left for Reno this morning." He reached in his inside pocket. "This is my plane ticket. I didn't cancel it."

"Reno. Your wife wasn't willing to divorce you?"

"No. She didn't want a divorce, but she knew there was nothing she could do to stop me from getting one—except kill herself. It's a peculiar situation to you, I suppose, both of us living together till the last minute. But you didn't know my wife. She was very high-strung. I was afraid of just this, suicide or something violent." Walter felt his story was beginning to make sense, that suicide seemed more and more obvious. But Corby was still looking at him, with his bright-schoolboy expression, as if Walter's intention of getting a divorce had opened a new path for his suspicions.

"Did you have any specific reasons for wanting a divorce? Are you in love with somebody else?"

"No."

"You seem to he much surer today that your wife was a suicide than you were yesterday."

"I was very upset yesterday. I wasn't logical."

"You're unusual. Most people are never convinced their wives or husbands or relatives are suicides. They always demand that the police search for a murderer."

Walter said nothing.

Corby strolled to the door as if the interview was over. "One thing more," he said. "Did you happen to hear of another death like this a few months ago? A woman who was found dead—beaten and stabbed and strangled near a bus stop at Tarrytown?"

Walter was sure his face did not change. "No, I didn't."

"A woman by the name of Kimmel. *She* was very definitely murdered," he added with the pleasant smile, which looked increasingly unpleasant to Walter. "But the similarity of the two cases struck me—that interval at the bus stop."

Walter was silent. Corby waited. "Have you come to a conclusion?" Walter asked. "Do you doubt that my wife was a suicide?"

"Oh, it's not for *me* to come to a conclusion!" Corby said with another incongruous laugh. "I don't know if we've got all the facts yet." He opened the door for Walter. "Good night."

Walter went out to the car. It was going to be in the papers, anyway, he thought. He might as well tell Jon the whole stupid story. Walter told Jon as they drove back. The only thing he lied about was his reason for following the bus. He said he had wanted to finish something he and Clara had been talking about.

"It's a piece of bad luck," Jon said.

"It's worse than that. It's—" But he didn't want to tell Jon how openly suspicious Corby had been. Above all, he didn't want to tell Jon that Corby had mentioned the Kimmel case. *Was* Kimmel under suspicion? Had they even arrested Kimmel since he had seen him three weeks ago? "It's the shame of it, I suppose—being caught in a lie."

"I don't think they'll bother putting it in the papers, Walt. What purpose would it serve?"

Walter said nothing. He was not so sure it wouldn't be in the papers.

In the roomy square kitchen in his two-story house in Newark, Melchior Kimmel sat breakfasting on rye bread with cream cheese and a mug of rich black coffee with sugar. The Newark *Daily News* was propped up in front of him, and he was staring at a lower corner of the second page. His left hand had stopped in mid-air with the half-eaten piece of bread in it. His mouth hung open, and his heavy lips grew limp.

Stackhouse. He remembered the name, and the photograph clinched it.

Kimmel read the two short columns closely. Stackhouse had followed his wife and had been identified, though there was still doubt as to whether he had killed her. Kimmel's bald head bent forward intently.

"Why didn't he report wife's absence?" was the heading over the last paragraph of the account.

Why, indeed, thought Kimmel. That was exactly his question.

A chill went over Kimmel. Why had Stackhouse come all the way from Long Island to see him? Stackhouse must have done it. And Stackhouse was going to be nailed. He'd probably break down and admit it after two hours' pressure. And suppose that gave the police ideas about himself?

Kimmel began to tidy up his kitchen, wiped the enamel tabletop with a moist dishcloth. There was always Tony, he thought. Tony had seen him in the movie, and that story of his having spent the evening at the movie was so entrenched in Tony's mind now, that Tony believed he had looked at the back of his neck all evening. But the police had spent only five minutes questioning Tony. What if they questioned him for several hours?

But it hadn't happened yet. Kimmel thought.

Kimmel got into his car and drove at a leisurely rate to his bookstore. He loved Sunday mornings in his bookstore. He was not open for business on Sundays, and he could browse among his books undisturbed, read publishers' brochures thoroughly, and answer in careful detail his correspondence.

The first thing Kimmel did was pick out Stackhouse's order from the other order slips in the cubbyhole. Stackhouse's book hadn't come in yet, and he wasn't going to notify him when it did—by that time Stackhouse might be in prison, anyway—but there was no real reason why he had to destroy the paper, Kimmel thought.

The front door opened, and a man came in.

Kimmel stood up. "I'm sorry," he said. "The store isn't open today."

The man smiled. "You're Melchior Kimmel?"

"Yes. Can I help you?" Kimmel asked. His words came breathlessly, because he had not realized until the man asked his name that he was a police detective and he was usually faster.

"I'm Lieutenant Corby, Allentown Police. Do you have a few minutes to spare?"

"Of course. What is it?" He slipped the hand with the order paper into his trouser pocket.

"A coincidence. Did you happen to see the story of the woman who was killed near a bus stop the other day?"

"Yes, I saw it just this morning," Kimmel said in the earnest manner he always assumed with police. "A suicide, wasn't it?"

The young lieutenant smiled again. "We don't know yet. The husband acts guilty, and it's a convenient way to murder. Follow the bus, wait until it stops—" Corby's blue eyes lingered on Kimmel. "He could hardly fail, because his wife would come with him to some secluded place. Did it occur to you Stackhouse could have killed his wife like that?"

What a question, Kimmel thought. The paper had stated he might have killed his wife like that. Kimmel looked at Corby with hauteur. "The subject of murder depresses me—naturally, I think. I only glanced over the story this morning." Kimmel folded his arms. "What, specifically, did you want to ask me?"

"I've just been going over the police file on your wife's murder. You were at a movie that evening, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Alibi supported by Anthony Ricco."

"Yes, that's correct."

"Were you never suspected?"

Kimmel lifted his eyebrows even higher. If Corby wanted to antagonize him, he would fail. "Not that I know of."

"I wish you'd read over this Stackhouse case carefully. If you'd like, I'll send you a copy of the police records."

"But it really doesn't interest me,"

Kimmel said with a perplexed smile. "I don't see—"

"I'm sure you haven't forgotten your wife's murderer was never found. The most amazing connections can turn up."

Kimmel let his mouth open a little. Then he asked brightly, "Are you looking for a man who preys on women at bus stops?"

"Yes. One man at least. The one who killed your wife. I'm working on your wife's case, too." His thin lips smiled below the little mustache. He stepped back. "I guess that's about all. Thanks very much, Mr. Kimmel."

"You're very welcome." Kimmel watched him go. Then he took the order slip from his pocket and put it back among the other orders. If they found it in his desk, he would say he didn't remember the name on it. It was safer than destroying the order. If they ever made a thorough search of his papers, they would notice a missing order. He was getting too anxious. But still, no one until now had actually guessed how he had done it. And suddenly Stackhouse had, and now Corby.

About an hour later, Kimmel had a telephone call from Tony. Tony said a detective had just been to see him and gone over all the facts he had given the police. Kimmel made light of it. He did not tell Tony the man had come to talk to him, too.

For nearly ten days, Walter did not see Ellie. He had seen her the night he drove back from Allentown with Jon. Ellie had come to the house in Benedict, and Walter had told her about being at the bus stop and about the interview with Corby. Walter would never forget her puzzled expression, her amazed "You didn't *tell* anybody?" when he described getting back into his car after discovering Clara was not on the bus. Walter had explained it by saying he had thought he must have followed the wrong bus, but he knew there was no explanation for his behavior except the real one, that he had felt guilty even as he waited around the bus. His story sounded so illogical he was positive neither Jon nor Ellie believed it.

It was the newspapers that kept him and Ellie from seeing each other for ten days: as long as there was suspicion against him, Ellie could easily be pointed out as his motivation.

Corby had telephoned Ellie the day after the papers broke the story of his being identified at the bus stop. Ellie had handled it well, Walter thought. She had told Corby that Walter had come to the house at midnight and stayed about half an hour. He had not mentioned following the bus. She had minimized the possibility of a romance between them by saying she had seen Walter only three or four times altogether and hardly knew him. Ellie had said Walter had told her he wanted someone to talk to and had not found any of his closer friends at home that night. Walter had spoken of his wife and his anxiety about her nerves. He had told her his wife had just left for Harrisburg to see her mother, and that he was going to Reno the following day for his divorce. Corby had done it all by telephone. So far, apparently, he had not thought Ellie of sufficient importance to pay her a visit in person.

After ten days, when Walter had heard nothing from Corby, he invited Ellie over for dinner. He had given Claudia the evening off. They had Martinis in the living room, where Walter had made a fire. The Martinis put Walter in a cheerful mood. He told Ellie he intended to sell the house soon, and that he and Dick expected to start their new office December first, a month earlier than he had originally hoped.

The telephone rang when they were in the kitchen fixing dinner. Walter answered it.

"Hello, Mr. Stackhouse? Lieutenant Corby. I wonder if I could see you for a few minutes? It's rather important. It won't take long."

"You can't talk to me over the phone? Right now I'm—"

"I'm right in Benedict. It'll only take a few minutes."

Walter went back into the kitchen cursing, yanking the dish-towel apron out of his belt. He told Ellie that Corby was on his way over. "It's probably better if you're not here, Ellie. Why don't you go to the Three Brothers and have another drink, and I'll call you when he's gone."

Ellie was a little annoyed. She hurried, and Walter did not tell her not to. When she was gone, he looked around the living room and picked up her half-full glass. The doorbell rang, and Walter turned and set the glass back of the ivy on the mantel.

"I've interrupted you," Corby said as soon as he came into the living room. "I'm sorry."

"Not at all," Walter said.

Corby dropped to the sofa and crossed his thin legs. "I've been talking to this man Kimmel lately."

"Kimmel?" Walter tensed, expecting Corby to say Kimmel had told him he had been to his shop.

Corby refreshed Walter on the Kimmel case. "I have been interested in this case since August. I'm interested in any case that hasn't been solved," he said with his boyish, conceited smile. "And I'm convinced this man Kimmel is guilty." He lit one of his filter-tipped cigarettes. "Kimmel is very upset about your wife's case, more upset than he shows. And the more upset he is, the more he'll betray himself."

And meanwhile, Walter thought, I'm the tortured guinea pig.

"Would you mind if I look around the house?" Corby asked suddenly, rising.

Walter was going to lead him to the stairs, but Corby stopped before the fireplace. He reached out and picked up the glass from behind the ivy. Walter knew there was lipstick on the rim. Corby gave Walter a smiling, understanding glance.

"You were seeing Miss Ellie Briess tonight?"

"Yes."

Walter led the way upstairs. He showed Corby the bedroom, then the maid's room, though there was no bed in it. The maid did not sleep in. Corby asked the maid's name and where she lived, and wrote it down. Walter took Corby to his study. Corby looked around appreciatively at the shelves of books.

"Photograph album?" Corby asked, lifting the cover of the blue scrapbook on the desk.

"No, it's a notebook." With a gesture, Walter invited him to look at it, though he disliked Corby's even touching it. Walter watched him bending over the pages, trying to read the finely written lines. Corby turned another page. There was a newspaper clipping lying loose.

Corby picked it up. "This is about Kimmel!"

"Is it?" Walter asked incredulously. He was positive he had thrown the clipping away.

"Why, yes!" Corby said, turning his amazed smile to Walter. "You tore it out?"

"I must have. But I don't remember it." Walter looked at Corby, and in that instant something terrible happened between them: Corby's face held simply a natural surprise and discovery, the discovery of Walter's deceit.

"You don't remember it?" Corby asked.

"No. I often cut things out of the paper. The whole scrapbook is a hobby. I'm writing some essays under the general heading of 'Unworthy Friends.' When I tore that out, I must have been interested in the tie-up between murderer and victim. Nothing ever came of it, and I suppose that's why I forgot it. It's an amazing coincidence. If I'd—" His mind went blank suddenly.

Corby was watching him, smiling a little. "Go on."

"There's nothing more to say." Suddenly Walter remembered. The piece of paper had fallen on the floor that day. He'd been too lazy to pick it up, and Claudia must have found it and put it in his scrapbook. Drat her efficiency! Clara had put that into her.

"Have you ever seen Kimmel? Talked to him?"

"No." Walter said, and in the next second wanted to change his answer. His mind see-sawed horribly between telling the whole story and concealing as much about Kimmel as he could. But what if Kimmel told it tomorrow? Or had told it already? "It's obvious you suspect me," Walter said suddenly, "but I'd like to point out that I wouldn't have waited around a bus stop fifteen minutes looking for my wife if I'd just murdered her."

"No. Unless you dispensed with her very quickly and came back to pretend you couldn't find her." Corby gave his happy laugh. Again it shocked Walter. "At any rate, you've shown us how it *might* have happened. The Newark police had put the Kimmel murder down as person or persons unknown, a maniac's attack. I wonder if it occurred to you that Kimmel might have killed his wife, either when you tore the story out or afterward?"

"No. I didn't think about it at all. Besides, they said he—" Walter stopped. There was no mention of Kimmel's alibi in the clipping Corby had looked at.

Corby looked as if he knew what Walter had been about to say. "Do you mind if I take this?" he asked, waving the newspaper clipping.

"Not at all," Walter said.

Corby went to his coat and hat, laid on a straight chair in the hall. "Something burning?"

Walter hadn't noticed it. It was something in the kitchen.

"Good night," Corby said. "Sorry to spoil your evening."

Walter turned from the door, trying

to imagine the story of the newspaper clipping in the papers tomorrow. But they couldn't indict a man just because he had a newspaper clipping! They hadn't indicted Kimmel yet, either. Maybe Kimmel was innocent. Only Corby seemed to think he was guilty. Corby and himself . . .

He turned the oven off and flung up a window. Then he called Ellie at the Three Brothers. Ellie asked what had happened.

"Nothing. Nothing except the potatoes burned."

Three days went by. Nothing was in the papers. Then one morning when Dick Jensen was in Walter's office, Joan's voice said over the speaker, "Lieutenant Corby to see you, Mr. Stackhouse. Shall I tell him to wait?"

Dick gave Walter a little smile, and walked to the door without a word.

Dick and his wife must have had at least one visit from Corby, Walter thought. The Iretons had had two. "I'll see him now," Walter said into the speaker. That Corby was invading his office made him panicky.

Corby came in, brisk and smiling. "I know you're busy, so I'll get to the point. I'd like you to come over to Newark with me this afternoon to meet Kimmel."

Walter stood up slowly. "I don't care to meet Kimmel. I've got work that has to be—"

"I want Kimmel to meet you. Of course, you can refuse to go—"

"I think I do."

"—but I can make your own situation several times as embarrassing as it is for you now."

Walter had been congratulating himself that Corby hadn't released the story of the Kimmel clipping to the newspapers. Now he realized Corby meant to hold the clipping over him. "If you're talking about publicizing the clipping episode, go ahead. But I don't care to meet Kimmel."

"It's more than just an episode. It could ruin your entire life," Corby said.

Maybe Kimmel had already told Corby he had been to his shop. Why *wouldn't* Kimmel have told him that—and a lot of other things: that he had asked some very strange questions, that he had acted like a man with murder on his mind. If he refused to go to Newark, Corby would bring Kimmel to his office, Walter supposed. "All right," Walter said, "I'll go."

"Fine." Corby smiled. "I'll be back around five."

There was nobody but Kimmel in the shop. Walter saw him get slowly to his feet behind his desk, like an elephant rising, on guard.

"Kimmel," Corby said familiarly,

"I'd like you to meet Walter Stackhouse."

Kimmel's huge face looked blank. "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" Walter couldn't decide if Kimmel had already betrayed him to Corby, or if he was going to, in a cold, quiet way, as soon as Corby asked the proper questions.

"Mr. Stackhouse has also had the misfortune of losing his wife recently," Corby said, tossing his hat onto a table of books, "and at a bus stop."

"I think I read of it," Kimmel said.

"I think you did," Corby said, smiling. "Does Mr. Stackhouse look like a murderer to you?"

"Isn't that for you to find out?" Kimmel placed the tips of his fat, flexible fingers on his desk. "I don't understand the purpose of this visit."

An annoyed frown was settling in Corby's eyes. "I suppose you deny it crossed your mind Stackhouse killed his wife the same way *you* did when you read about Stackhouse's being at the bus stop?"

"It could hardly have failed to cross my mind that Stackhouse may have killed his wife. The newspapers implied as much," Kimmel answered calmly. "However, I did not kill my wife."

"Kimmel, you're a liar!" Corby shouted. "You know Stackhouse's behavior has betrayed *you*, and yet you stand there acting blank about the whole thing!"

With magnificent indifference, Kimmel shrugged.

Walter and Kimmel looked at each other. One side of Kimmel's heart-shaped mouth moved in a faint smile that seemed to say, "We are both victims of this absurd young man."

Corby moved about restlessly. "You don't think it's the least bit unusual that Stackhouse tore the story of your wife's murder out of the paper and then followed the bus his wife was on the night she was killed?"

"You told me Stackhouse's wife was a suicide," Kimmel said with surprise.

"That has not been proved satisfactorily." Corby drew bitterly on his cigarette.

"Just what *are* you trying to prove?" Kimmel asked, folding his arms, leaning against the wall.

"Mr. Stackhouse," Corby said, turning away from Kimmel, "didn't you think when you read about the Kimmel murder that Kimmel might have murdered his wife?"

"You asked me that," Walter said. "I didn't think that." In the last seconds, a sympathy for Kimmel had sprung up so strong in Walter that it embarrassed him, and he felt he should try to conceal it. He was positive Kimmel had not told Corby about his visit and that he was not going to.

Corby dropped his cigarette butt on the floor and ground it under his toe. "Another time," he said sourly. "Some other time."

Kimmel followed them both to the front door. He swept the door open for them. Corby went out without a word.

Walter turned. "Good night," he said to Kimmel.

Kimmel's eyes surveyed him coldly through the glasses. "Good night."

It had started to rain in thin drops. The dark street looked like a tunnel in hell. Walter had a wild desire to rush back into the bookstore and talk to Kimmel, tell him exactly why he had torn the story out of the paper, tell him everything he had done and why.

Corby drove in a sullen, thoughtful silence toward New York. They were in Manhattan before Walter remembered he had an appointment with Ellie at the Commodore Hotel at six o'clock. He was an hour and a half late.

When Walter got out at the Third Avenue parking lot where he kept his car, he said, "I hope this interview accomplished what you expected it to."

Corby's narrow face lowered in a deep, absent-minded nod of acknowledgment. "Thanks."

Walter hurried to the hotel. He didn't see Ellie anywhere in the downstairs bar, and he had just given her up and was going out through the lobby, when he saw her coming in.

"Ellie, I'm terribly sorry. I wasn't able to reach you—stuck in a conference for three hours."

Ellie said nothing. They sat down at a table in the bar and ordered drinks. He felt she didn't believe him. She knew he had been with Corby.

"Corby came to the school at one o'clock today," she said. "He told me about the clipping he found in your house."

He felt the blood drain from his face.

"It happened the night I waited in the Three Brothers, didn't it? Why didn't you tell me?"

He hadn't had the courage, that was why. And when it hadn't come out in the papers, he had hoped— "Ellie, the story Corby is making out of this is fantastic!"

"Corby told me he thinks Kimmel killed his wife. He thinks Kimmel followed the bus and that you did the same thing."

"Well, do you believe him?" The same resentful anger that he felt against Corby was rising in him now against Ellie.

"I don't understand why you had that clipping. What essays are you writing?"

Walter explained it, told her he had thrown the piece away and Claudia must have found it and put it back in his scrapbook. "Good Lord, Ellie, there was nothing in the newspaper about Kimmel following the bus! Corby hasn't proved that Kimmel followed the bus!"

"Will you swear to me you didn't kill her?"

He sat back. "What do you mean? I've been over every step of that night with you. You know every move I made."

"If there isn't anything to Corby's story, then why do you react like this?" she said.

"It's the principle of the thing, that you even have to ask me!" he said vehemently. "You don't believe me, either."

"I do. I want to." She lowered her voice. "Let's stop it. We're talking too loud."

"You suspect me, don't you?"

She looked at him fiercely. "Walter, I'll excuse this—put it down to nerves, but not if you keep on with it!"

"Oh, you'll excuse it!" he mocked.

She jumped up and slid out from the table. Walter fumbled for his billfold, threw down a five-dollar bill, and ran after her. She was out the main door by the time he got up the stairs.

"Ellie!" He looked all around for her in the chaos of traffic and people.

She had disappeared.

Walter lingered at the corner and looked around for Corby.

He could still leave, he thought. It was a reckless, stupid idea. He had left work undone at the office, and Dick had been annoyed with him. He could start back and be at the office by four fifteen. But he knew if he went back to work or back to home, the same arguments would torment him again. Walter walked on to the bookshop. He thrust the door open and went in.

He saw Kimmel glance at him, look away, and then back again suddenly. Walter approached him.

"Can I see you for a few minutes?" he asked.

Kimmel looked at the door behind Walter. "Are you alone?"

"Yes."

Kimmel glanced at the two or three people in the store, absorbed in books, then turned and walked toward the back of the store. Walter followed him. Kimmel stood behind his desk, waiting.

"I'd like you to know I'm not guilty," Walter said.

"That's of great interest to me, isn't it?"

Walter thought he had prepared himself for Kimmel's hostility, but face to face with it, it flustered him. "I should

think it would be of *some* interest. I realize I've brought the police down on your head."

"Oh, do you!"

"I also know that whatever I say is inadequate—and ridiculous," Walter went on determinedly. "I'm in such a terrible position myself."

"Yes, you are," Kimmel said in a tone of satisfaction. "You are far worse off than I am."

"But I'm not guilty."

"I don't care what you've done or haven't done!" Kimmel said more loudly, though, like Walter, he kept his voice low enough not to attract the attention of people in the shop.

"I realize all you wish is that you'll never see me again. I came here only to—" Walter stopped as someone came close to the desk.

"Do you have anything on outboard motorboat machinery?" the young man asked.

Kimmel stepped around his desk.

Walter shifted, waiting. It was going wrong. He began again when Kimmel came back. "Neither do I care whether you are guilty or not," he said quietly.

Kimmel lifted his eyes to Walter. "And what do you think?"

Walter thought he was guilty. Corby thought so. But did he act guilty? He didn't, Walter thought.

"*What?*" Kimmel repeated boldly, straightening up, recapping his fountain pen. "That's of prime importance, your opinion, isn't it?"

"I think you are guilty," Walter said. "But it doesn't matter. People think I am guilty, too. We're both in the same position."

"Why do you think I should care if you're innocent?" Kimmel asked, thrusting his big face forward.

Walter abandoned it. "I want to thank you for something you had no need to do—not telling Corby I came to see you. It wouldn't have injured you to say so. It would have injured me."

"I can still tell him."

Walter blinked. It was as if Kimmel had spat in his face. "Are you going to?"

"Have I any reason to protect you?" Kimmel asked, his low voice shaking. "Do you realize what you have done to me?"

"Yes."

"Do you realize I am followed wherever I go, that this will go on and on for me and probably for you, too?"

"Yes," Walter said. Only he didn't really think so. Not for himself. He was answering Kimmel like a child who is reprimanded. "Did you kill your wife?" Walter asked suddenly.

A round corner of Kimmel's mouth trembled in an incredulous smile. "Do you think I would possibly tell you, you prying idiot? Do you think you can be trusted with a man's innocence?"

"But I want to know!" Walter waited, watching Kimmel. He felt Kimmel was going to answer and that everything, his life, his fate, was poised like a rock on the edge of a precipice, and that Kimmel's answer would decide whether it fell or not.

"I am not guilty," Kimmel said.

Walter did not believe him, but he felt Kimmel had reached the point of believing himself innocent, even though he had murdered. Walter suddenly realized he wanted to believe Kimmel had murdered, and that logically there was still a possibility Kimmel had not. That possibility terrified Walter. "It never crossed your mind to do it?"

"To kill my wife?" Kimmel snorted astonishment. "No, but it obviously crossed yours!"

"Not when I tore the story out of the paper. I tore it out for another reason. Later, it did cross my mind you'd killed your wife. I admit it. I admit I thought of killing my own wife that way. But I didn't do it."

"You'd better get out of here," Kimmel said. "You never can tell when Lieutenant Corby is going to walk in."

"I've one thing more to say. I feel we are both guilty in a sense. I in my thoughts—"

"I am not guilty."

Their bitter dialogue in subdued tones went on. "I happen to think you are." Then Walter burst out, "I've told you I *thought* about it. I might have done it that night if I'd seen my wife. I don't care what you make of that, or if you tell the police, what they make of it. Do you understand? In a sense, we're both guilty." But Walter realized it made sense only to him, that it was only his own belief in Kimmel's guilt that evened the scales, not Kimmel's guilt, because that hadn't been proved.

Kimmel leaned his heavy thighs against the edge of his desk, planted his fat hands palms down on the blotter. "I understand you, Stackhouse. That doesn't make me like you any better. I dislike you intensely." Kimmel paused. He looked as if he were waiting for his anger to mount. "I wish you had never set foot in this shop. Do you understand that?"

"Of course, I understand." Walter felt curiously relieved.

"And now I wish you would go!"

"I will." Walter smiled a little. He took a last look at Kimmel—massive, his glasses empty circles of reflected white light, his mouth lewd yet precise and intelligent. Walter turned and walked quickly to the front door.

He kept on walking briskly toward his car. He felt more strongly than ever that Kimmel was guilty. *I've told you I am not guilty*, Kimmel's voice repeated in his ear, the vibrance of truth in his tone. *I dislike you intensely.* . . . Walter walked with a spring in his step. He felt relieved of a terrible strain. Kimmel hadn't cared if he was innocent or not! Why had he thought Kimmel *would* be interested in his confession? What kind of a confession was a confession of innocence! *It's equally damning if you only thought of*

killing Clara, Walter thought, as he had often thought before. He felt his thoughts were spilling over, running nowhere, running dangerously. He had just thought of telling Ellie about the conversation with Kimmel! Because it had been a good thing, this interview with Kimmel, and he wanted to share it with her because he loved her.

Only perhaps he didn't love her. He remembered their conversation on the telephone this morning. He had called her and apologized for last night. He had sworn what she asked him to swear, that he was innocent, and when Ellie still sounded cool toward him, he had lost his temper again. He had said he didn't care what she thought. And in the next moment, he had been ashamed of himself, not because he did care what she thought but because he was using her so obviously, had been using her all along, first as an escape from Clara, now as a kind of moral prop, someone who loved him.

For a moment, as he stood with his hand indecisively on the car-door handle, Walter tried to justify himself, tried to recreate the ugly atmosphere of those last weeks with Clara, her maddening accusations that had driven him to Ellie. He could not make it as ugly as the present, or as maddening, or as wrong. Clara had at least been alive then. And Walter often felt, with an intense and painful realization that blotted out everything else, that he still loved Clara, that he would never love anyone else. He felt it now. He opened his car door and ducked in.

"Do you think Stackhouse is guilty?" Corby asked.

Kimmel shrugged. The light hurt his eyes. The room he stood in was lined with small hexagonal white tiles, like a huge bathroom. It was the basement of the main police station in Newark.

Corby sat down on the edge of the wooden table. It was the only article of furniture in the room, except for a straight chair in the corner, where a policeman in uniform sat with folded arms. "What else did he say?" Corby asked.

"That's all," Kimmel replied calmly. The wool of his trousers scratched the delicate skin of his buttocks. Corby had come for him before dawn this morning, and in his haste to dress, Kimmel had not put on underwear.

"It took Stackhouse nearly twenty minutes to apologize, then?"

"We were interrupted several times. He just stood in the back of my shop by my desk and chatted with me."

"Chatted. He said, 'I'm so sorry, Mr. Kimmel, to have caused you all this trouble.' And you said, 'Oh, that's quite all right, Mr. Stackhouse. No hard feelings.' Was that it?"

"I told him," Kimmel said, "that I did not think either of us had anything to worry about, but that he had better not come to see me again, because you would attach a meaning to it."

Corby laughed. "You're protecting Stackhouse, aren't you, Kimmel? You like murderers, don't you?"

"I didn't think you thought he was a murderer."

"Since finding the clipping, I do. I told you that as soon as I found it!" In

the empty room, Corby's voice grated like a metal file.

"I think you think there is still ample room for doubt about Stackhouse, but that you will not let yourself be fair with Stackhouse because you have decided to break a spectacular case!" Kimmel shouted louder than Corby. "Even if you invent the crimes yourself!"

"Oh-h, Kimmel. I didn't invent the corpse of your wife, did I?"

"You invented my participation in it!" His plump hands twisted and twitched, touching their fingertips lightly together below the bulge of his belly. Kimmel glanced at the policeman in the corner. The policeman had not said a word, but his presence embarrassed Kimmel.

"Did you ever see Stackhouse before I brought him to your shop? I thought he might have come to see you. He's that type."

Kimmel wondered if Stackhouse had told Corby he had come, if Stackhouse had been that stupid. "No," Kimmel said. He took off his glasses, blew on them, reached for a handkerchief.

Corby slid off the table and strolled toward Kimmel, arrogantly. Kimmel took a small step back. "Tony's working on our side now," Corby said, close in his face. "He's remembering things, like your saying to him just a few days before you killed Helen that there are ways of getting rid of the wrong wife."

Kimmel did remember that, sitting with Tony in a booth at the Oyster House. Tony had been there with some of his adolescent friends and had sat himself down in the booth, uninvited. Kimmel had talked so boldly because he had been annoyed at Tony's sprawling himself down before being asked to sit down. "What else does Tony remember?"

"He remembers he tried to come by your house after the movie that evening and you weren't home. What if you had to say where you were?"

Kimmel gave a laugh. "It's absurd. I know Tony did not try to come to see me. It's absurd to try to reconstruct the dullest, quietest evening in the world more than three months later, when everybody's forgotten it."

"The dullest, quietest evening in the world." Corby lighted a cigarette.

Kimmel wanted to put on his glasses, but he was afraid Corby would slap them out of his hands if he lifted them. Corby had last week, and they had broken. This was a new pair. Kimmel shifted as Corby advanced, but he did not retreat another step.

"Shall we talk about Helen? About the time she threw away your 'Encyclopedia Britannica' out of sheer malice? I heard you paid fifty-five dollars for that set secondhand, and you really couldn't afford it."

Kimmel looked up at the ceiling as if he were not even listening. He made a tremendous effort to think who could have told Corby about the "Encyclopedia Britannica," because it had happened way back in Philadelphia. Laura? Greta? Fear began to grow in Kimmel like a tiny fire. If Corby had these details about the past, what about August?

"I've also heard about the time Helen was manicuring her friends' fingernails for pin money," Corby went on, bouncing on his heels triumphantly. "You must have loved that—women coming in and out of the house all day, sitting around gabbing. That's when you decided you never could educate Helen up to your level."

The manicuring had lasted only a month, Kimmel thought. He had put a stop to it. But the social embarrassment had caused Kimmel to move from Philadelphia to Newark.

"Even before that," Corby continued, walking slowly around Kimmel, stopping behind him, "you had reached a point where you couldn't touch Helen. Then the loathing transferred itself to other women,

too—*all* other women. I know all about Laura. From Laura herself. She doesn't like you. Says you gave her the creeps."

Kimmel stiffened with shame. His jittering hands lifted the glasses, tried to slip the earpieces around his ears and missed one ear. Kimmel grabbed for the glasses and accidentally batted them down on the floor.

Corby laughed. "I didn't do it that time, Kimmel!"

Kimmel could tell from the sound that they had broken on the tile floor. He did not stoop to pick them up.

"It was a sad day for Helen when she married you, wasn't it?" Corby's voice went on behind him. "Little could she know—a simple girl out of the Philadelphia slums—that you'd kill her fourteen years later just because she was stupid!"

Kimmel turned around. "I didn't—" The image of Ed Kinnaird's face was before his eyes. It enraged him. His fat fists rose a little, shaking, impotent. The image of Ed Kinnaird's face was superimposed upon the blur of Corby's face, but Ed Kinnaird's face was not blurred at all.

"Were you going to say you killed her not because she was stupid but because her affair with Ed Kinnaird disgusted you, shamed you before your friends, threatened your standing as a bookdealer, a scholar, and a gentleman?" Corby asked sarcastically.

"Who told you about Ed Kinnaird?"

"I don't always reveal my sources," Corby said with a smile in his voice. "No use getting somebody else murdered. Why didn't you murder Ed Kinnaird, Kimmel? You might have gotten away with that."

Nathan had been at the house the night before, Kimmel thought, the night Helen and Ed Kinnaird had come in, but he didn't believe Nathan would have told. Kimmel respected Nathan more than anybody he knew. Nathan, the professor of economics, was too decent for that. He would answer only what he was asked. What bothered Kimmel most was that no one had informed him of Corby's investigations in the neighborhood. "It wasn't Nathan, was it?" Kimmel asked in a weak voice.

"Oh, it was several people," Corby said casually. "Nathan did tell me about the night you and he were playing pinochle and Helen came in with Ed Kinnaird to change her clothes before they went out dancing. Kinnaird walked in as unconcerned as you please. You might as well have been a fat eunuch sitting there!"

Kimmel staggered forward, grappling for the growing, focusing column of Corby's body. Then Kimmel felt his stomach heave. His feet left the floor and something smashed against his shoulderblades. Jujitsu. Corby had once threatened to use it. Kimmel grimaced. His face was pressed against his belly, and his legs were propped against something—the wall. Then his heels slid off the wall, and the sides of his shoes hit the floor. His feet began to sting. The pain in his spine was excruciating.

"You told Helen to get out of the house—right in front of Nathan," Corby's voice rasped. "Ed got out, but Helen stayed and wailed it all to her friend Lena over the phone. Really, Kimmel, with all the people who knew about your fracas with Helen that night, you've gotten off amazingly well until now, haven't you?"

Kimmel's mind was entirely occupied with self-pity, with the appalling realization he had been struck, flung into a corner in a heap. Kimmel hauled himself to his feet, so blind with anger he literally saw nothing as he moved toward Corby's voice. A poke in his chest stopped him, rocked him back on his feet, and his loss of balance was almost as humiliating as his lying in a heap on the floor. Kimmel's back struck the wall.

"That's all for today," Corby said.

Kimmel shoved himself from the wall. "My glasses," he said in a squeaky voice. He felt them pushed into his hand, heard the nosepiece crack with the force of Corby's pushing, and felt the sharp edge of a broken lens. Kimmel thrust them on. He had to hold them on with one hand. He started forward and nearly tripped over his big, dragging feet. He held himself as tall as he could as he passed Corby.

"This won't be the last, Kimmel. I'll call you again soon, and everyone in the neighborhood's going to know about it—all your friends."

Kimmel got himself up the stairs to the ground level of the building. There was another policeman reading a newspaper at a desk in the hall. The policeman did not even look at him as he passed. It gave Kimmel a ghostly feeling, as if he might be dead and invisible.

As soon as he reached home, Kimmel dialed Tony's home number. Tony answered.

"Hello, Tony. Can you come over to my house, please?"

There was a startled silence. "Sure, Mr. Kimmel. Your *house?*"

"Yes."

"Sure, Mr. Kimmel. Uh—I didn't have breakfast yet."

"Have your breakfast." Kimmel put the telephone down.

Kimmel slowly and methodically went about his morning bath. He took a clean white shirt from the stack in his drawer, put it on, and put his robe on over it. His fingers caressed the starched white collar appreciatively.

The doorbell rang as he went downstairs. Kimmel let Tony in. He came softly, a little reluctantly. Kimmel could see the apprehension in his black eyes.

"I stepped on them," Kimmel said in anticipation of Tony's question about his glasses. "Will you come into the kitchen?" He motioned Tony to a straight chair and set about making coffee, which was difficult because he had to hold his glasses on.

"I hear you've talked to Corby again,"

Kimmel said. "Now what did you tell him?"

Tony cracked his knuckles. "He asked me if I'd seen you after the movie. I said no—at first. I really didn't see you."

"What if you didn't? You weren't looking for me, were you?"

Tony hesitated.

Kimmel waited. A stupid witness! Why had he chosen a stupid witness? If he had only looked around in the theater that night, he might even have found Nathan! "Don't you remember? We spoke to each other the next day. You never said you'd been looking for me!" Kimmel was repelled by the shiny black hairs that grew over Tony's thick nose, connecting his eyebrows. He would look like a scared wretch on a witness stand, like a hireling.

"Yeah, I remember," Tony said. "But I might have forgotten."

"And who told you that? Corby?"

"No. Well, yeah, he did."

"Told you you might have forgotten. Said I could have been miles away killing Helen by nine thirty or ten, didn't he? Who is *he* to tell you what to think?" Kimmel roared with indignation.

He stared at Tony. All he saw in Tony's face was fear and doubt now. And when a primitive mind like Tony's began to doubt— Tony *couldn't* doubt, Kimmel thought. Doubt demanded a mind capable of entertaining two possibilities at once. No, Tony was against him.

"Mr. Kimmel, I don't think— I don't want to get into no more trouble over this."

"Tony, you are in this to the extent that you saw me *in* the theater," Kimmel said in a placating tone. "That's all I've ever asked you to say, isn't it?"

"Yes, but don't be angry, Mr. Kimmel, if I don't—don't see you so much any more. I'm scared." He looked scared. He turned and trotted down the hall and out the front door.

"I want fifty thousand," Kimmel said. "In installments, if you like, but all within a year."

Walter reached for a cigarette. "Do you think I would even begin? Do you think I am guilty in the first place? I am innocent."

"I could make you look very guilty. Proof is not the thing. Doubt is the thing," Kimmel replied quietly.

Walter knew it. And he knew why Kimmel was here, and why his glasses were broken and tied with string, and he understood why Kimmel had at last been driven to revenge. Yet Walter's uppermost emotion was shock and surprise at Kimmel's threat. "Still, rather than pay a blackmailer, I'll risk it."

"You are most unwise."

"What proof have you got? You have no witnesses."

"I've got the dated order you left in my shop. The date can be confirmed by the people I wrote to for the book. I can weave a fatal story for the newspapers around that day you first came to see me." Kimmel's eyes stretched expectantly behind the glasses.

Walter studied his eyes, looking for courage, determination, confidence. He saw all three. "I don't buy," he said. "You can tell Corby what you like."

"You make a terrible mistake." Kimmel stood up to leave. Then he said in a different tone, "I protected you this morning. I was beaten, tortured, about whether I had seen you before your wife's death. I did not betray you." Kimmel was convinced he had come through hellfire, and for Stackhouse's benefit. He was convinced Stackhouse owed him something. It shamed him to ask for money, but he did it because he thought he deserved it.

"That protection wasn't wholly altruistic, was it?" Walter asked. "I'm sorry you were beaten. You needn't protect me. I'm not afraid of the truth."

"But you *are*—and besides, I can tell them more than the truth!"

Walter noticed the horribly familiar smell of the bookshop clinging to Kimmel, emanating from his clothes. It gave him a feeling of being closed in, trapped. It was made worse by the soundproofed ceiling that muffled Kimmel's muted, passionate voice. "I'll take the chance," Walter said. "I'll tell Corby the truth myself. But I'll never pay you a dime for anything."

"I'd like to say you're a man with courage, Stackhouse, but you're only a coward and a blunderer."

Walter yanked the door open. "Get out."

"Thank you, Mr. Stackhouse," Kimmel said in a pleasant tone, loud enough for Joan to hear at her desk outside. "I'll call you in forty-eight hours for your decision."

Walter closed his door and walked to the window. He imagined himself telling Corby he had "just wanted to see Kimmel" when he went to his shop in October. Corby would think, Well, what purpose did looking at Kimmel have? Of course, it had some purpose. No action was totally without purpose. The more of the truth he revealed—at this late date—the worse it would look. He had a nervous impulse to call up Jon and ask his advice, then realized he wouldn't have the courage to tell Jon this. Jon knew about the Kimmel clipping. Corby had told him. Jon had apparently accepted the clipping as pure coincidence when Walter explained it. But if Jon, if everybody else, were to know he had been in Kimmel's shop in early October, the rest would suddenly crystallize.

Walter saw Corby's long, loose figure emerging from the darkness, and he got out of his car. Corby's narrow face lighted under the dapper brim of his hat.

"I have to talk to you," Walter said.

Corby smiled his boyish smile and got into the car. Walter got in and closed the door. "Kimmel came to me today with a blackmail proposition. I'm telling you what it's all about before he does. I saw Kimmel a few weeks before my wife's death. I ordered a book from him."

Corby sat upright, smiling. The brown notebook came out of his pocket. "Do you mind telling me the date of this visit?" He asked it with no particular surprise, as a doctor might ask about a recurrent pain.

"October seventh." Walter remembered it exactly because it was the first day he had gone to Ellie's apartment in Lennert. He told Corby every word he and Kimmel had exchanged, and Corby took it all down, including the name of the book he had ordered. "Kimmel's going to tell you I talked with him about murdering my wife. Or that I asked so many questions that what I wanted to find out was obvious."

"What did you want to find out?"

Walter hesitated. "I wanted to see Kimmel. I did think he might have killed his wife. It fascinated me. I wanted to see if he looked like the kind of man who might have done it."

"It fascinated you." Corby looked at him with interest, the bright-schoolboy look again, as if he were comparing Walter to a textbook criminal type. "Do you concede, Mr. Stackhouse, that you at least entertained thoughts about killing your wife?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't do it?"

"No."

"But you guessed how Kimmel did it?"

"How Kimmel *might* have done it."

Corby laughed. "What is this? Both of you defending each other?"

"If you've got so much against Kimmel, why don't you arrest him? It doesn't take a lawyer to know you haven't enough to indict either of us. If you had what you needed, we'd be in jail!"

"I think you will be. Kimmel will crack soon. He's got a peculiar psychical structure"—Corby mouthed the words pedantically as he wrote in his tablet—"full of little cracks. I simply have to find the most vulnerable."

"You won't find any cracks in me."

"Mr. Stackhouse, I don't believe your story at all." Corby flipped his tablet shut.

Walter sat stunned for a moment. "All right, get it from Kimmel!"

"I will. Your conversation with Kimmel might have gone as you say, but I think you killed your wife. I think you're as guilty as Kimmel."

"You're so determined to prove me guilty you're incapable of looking at the facts."

"But I am looking at the facts. They're pretty damning. The more you furnish, Stackhouse . . ." Corby left it unfinished. He smiled. "Maybe next week we'll have the final installment. Is this all for tonight?"

Walter set his teeth together. Corby got out and slammed the door shut, and Walter heard his quick steps running up the stone stairs that led to the door of the police station. A curious feeling came over Walter as he sat there staring through the windshield. It took him a moment to understand what it was: he had given up.

"Hello, Mr. Stackhouse," Kimmel's voice said over the telephone.

"The answer is still no. I've talked to Corby myself."

"I'm not interested in what you told Corby. I'm interested in what I'm going to tell the newspapers. You should be, too.

"They won't believe you. They won't print it."

Kimmel gave an unpleasant laugh. "They'll print everything I tell them. Don't you want to change your mind for a mere fifty thousand dollars?"

"No. I don't care any more what you say. Do you understand?"

Kimmel was silent, but Walter kept holding the phone, waiting. It was Kimmel who hung up first.

Walter went back to the letter he was writing. His hands felt weak and damp with sweat. He added another paragraph, feeling a little insane, like the crackpots who put ads in the papers to sell an estate they haven't got or offering to buy a yacht they can't afford.

It was a letter to Columbia University, requesting that a notice be put on the Law School bulletin board that the firm of Jensen and Stackhouse was looking for a couple of young law students as part-time assistants. But Walter did not really believe now that the office would ever open. Not after Dick saw the papers.

* * *

NEWARK MAN TELLS OF STRANGE VISIT BY HUSBAND OF SLAIN BENEDICT WOMAN

Newark, Nov. 27—An amazing story—with nothing but a pencil-written order for a book and a tortured man's grim statements to back it up—was unfolded late last night in the offices of the Newark *Sun*. Melchior J. Kimmel, owner of a Newark bookstore, stated that Walter Stackhouse, husband of the late Clara Stackhouse of Benedict, Long Island, came to his shop three weeks before Mrs. Stackhouse's death in October and asked pertinent questions about the murder of his own wife, Helen Kimmel. . . .

Walter thrust the Long Island paper under his arm and ran out to his car. He wanted to see the other papers, all of them at once. At the newsstand in Benedict, he bought all the New York papers. He stood glancing through the write-ups, looking for the worst.

"I was horrified," Kimmel stated. "I decided to report it to the police, but on second thought decided to stay clear of the thing. In view of later developments, I bitterly regret my cowardice. . . ."

A New York tabloid had a lengthy story with a photograph of Kimmel talking vociferously with raised finger and a picture of the order slip with Walter's name very legible on it, and the date.

Kimmel further asserted that Stackhouse came to see him again on November fifteenth. This was confirmed by Lt. Lawrence Corby, Allentown Police, Homicide Division, who has been investigating the Kimmel and Stackhouse cases for the past several weeks.

Police records reveal that Stackhouse was seen and identified at the scene of his wife's unsolved death plunge. Records also show that a newspaper story, dated August fourteenth, of Helen Kimmel's murder on August thirteenth, was found in Stackhouse's possession by Lieutenant Corby.

"It's your lies I can't forgive," Ellie said.

They were sitting in the front seat of her car. Night had fallen suddenly in the last fifteen minutes, and the darkness pressing against the car windows made Walter feel he couldn't breathe.

"You said you didn't believe Kimmel's story," Walter said.

"But you've admitted the visits. Why didn't you mention them to me? Or at least to Corby, which was much more important?"

"If you could only realize, Ellie, that this is a series of circumstances—accidents—that it could all have happened and I could still be innocent. You can't really believe I'm guilty of murder, Ellie!"

"I'd rather not say anything," Ellie said quietly.

"But you have to answer me that!"

Her expression did not change. "I could probably have taken all of it—even if you'd killed her—if you'd only been honest. I knew the state you were in just before she died. If you had done it and told me, and gone to prison or whatever, I think I'd like you more than I do now. I'd understand you. I don't even understand you now. And I don't

love you any more. It can't be too upsetting to you," she went on, with a trace of bitterness. "You've never made any plans about us, anyway—certainly not about marriage."

Walter knew he had not decided whether or not he wanted to marry her. He remembered his conviction during the weeks he was not seeing Ellie and when Clara was still alive, that he loved Ellie and they would eventually be together. Now it seemed he had played every card wrong—and deliberately so. He had gone to Ellie's apartment and talked with her the night he had spoken to Corby. He had intended to tell Ellie everything then, but he hadn't. It was as if he had deliberately tried to lose Ellie. Walter said desperately, "Do you think I'm guilty of murder?"

"Yes, I do think so," she said, still looking at him. "I think I suspected you all along."

Walter stared back at her, thunderstruck. He watched a different expression growing in her face now—fear. She looked as if she was afraid of physical retaliation from him. "All right," he said through his teeth. "I don't care any more. Do you understand that?"

She nodded and said, "Yes." Her tense, full lips actually seemed to be smiling at the corners. She was looking at him in a terrible, fascinated way, as if he were a murderer and she were trying to remember him, to see into him, because she might never see another man like him as long as she lived.

"If nobody understands the truth, then I'm tired of explaining. Do you understand that?" He opened the car door and started to get out, then looked back. "I think this last meeting of ours is absolutely perfect. It fits in with everything else!" He closed the door after him and walked across the street toward his own car. He was staggering from tiredness, wobbling as if drunk.

It was at the head of the tabloid column, in heavy print. Walter read it hungrily.

HAUNTED HOUSE?

The mystery of a certain young lawyer's part in his wife's death remains unsolved, but there is no mystery as to his whereabouts. Apparently undaunted, he has set up business on his own in Manhattan. We wonder if clients are staying away in as big droves as they are from his Long Island house, now up for sale. Local folk say the place is haunted.

Walter got up and paced slowly around his desk. Every day, something else. In eight days, he had had exactly three clients. He flung the newspaper into the wastebasket.

He imagined Jensen over at Cross, Martinson, and Buchman, watching, waiting for him to fail and give up. The day Walter had come in to collect his belongings from his office, everybody had looked at him as if amazed he was still a free man. Walter remembered with a cringe of shame his naïve question to Dick: "Do you think I'm guilty? Is that it?" Dick had stammered around, trying to explain why he did not want to open the new office with him. "I just don't *know*, Walter, if you want me to be perfectly honest. That's all I can say."

And Jon. And the Iretons. And Claudia. Claudia had been plagued with Corby's questioning, too, but she hadn't told him until the morning the papers came out with Kimmel's story. Then she had collected her clothes from the house and fled as if he might attack her next.

And he could not really tell himself he didn't care. He cared, or he wouldn't have opened the new office all by himself, in defiance of everyone. He cared, or he would have become blithely insane by now, or would have drowned himself in the Hudson River. He cared. He wanted to live. That was the reason he had asked Ellie and Dick the naïve questions.

He jumped as a flash of white fell from the slit in his door. There were four letters. Walter opened the letter with the Cross, Martinson, and Buchman return address.

Dear Walt,

I think I ought to warn you that Cross is going to do all he can to get you disbarred. They can't disbar you unless you're proved guilty, of course, but meanwhile Cross can raise enough smoke to ruin your new office. I don't know what advice to give you, but I thought it only fair to tell you.

Dick

Walter folded the letter, then automatically tore it up. He had been expecting this, too. It would be like all the rest. They wouldn't officially stop him from practicing, ever. Only unofficially. Only enough talk about disbarment to put him out of business.

"This is Melchior Kimmel. I should like to see you. Can you make an appointment—"

"No."

"—with me this week?"

"No, I cannot."

"But it's very important. Very. If you—"

Walter put the telephone down so hard it slithered off the hook and dropped. He heard Kimmel's voice going on as he picked it up and replaced it. Walter was shaking. How bad Kimmel found out where he lived? Even his old office didn't know where he had moved to. Walter lighted another cigarette and resumed his pacing of the living room. He was trembling inwardly. What did Kimmel want? Was it another blackmail proposal? What worse could Kimmel do than he had already done?

He wanted to call Jon and say, "They're trying to disbar me now. Look at me. You can gloat. You can all congratulate yourselves. I'm licked!"

Walter took his overcoat from the closet and went out the door. It was a large apartment-hotel with a slow elevator service. Walter ran down the seven flights of stairs. Then he walked west, toward Central Park.

He could see the dark mass of its trees. It seemed to offer shelter, like a jungle. He turned up his collar. It was cold, so cold the park should be absolutely deserted, he thought. A path curved ahead of him, and around the curve lay another. He tried to think of nothing at all. He tried to imagine his brain as empty as the park. Then he came upon a couple sitting on a bench, embracing each other, motionless, as if they were frozen. Walter turned off the path suddenly and leaped up a dark hill. The wiry underbrush caught at his trouser cuffs as he climbed. At the top of the rise, he turned and kept walking in long, plunging strides, heedless where his feet landed.

He heard the sound of a shoe stubbing on a rock.

Walter stared into the blackness behind him. He heard nothing now. Perhaps he had imagined the sound. But for an instant he had been absurdly frightened, imagining Kimmel behind him, puffing up the hill, looking for him. Walter made himself walk in calm, slow paces down the hill.

A twig snapped behind him.

Walter took the rest of the slope in leaping strides, jumped down a rock face onto a path, and stepped quickly into the shadows of an overhanging tree.

Now he could hear steps distinctly.

He saw Kimmel come to the edge of the rock, look all around him, then descend by a gentler slope beyond the rock. Kimmel must have followed him from the apartment, Walter thought, must have been watching the building. Walter pressed himself against the hill. Kimmel held his hand in a strange way, as if he carried an open knife whose blade he kept hidden in his sleeve. Walter stared

at the hand, trying to see, after Kimmel had passed him.

Walter waited until Kimmel was too far away to hear his footsteps when he moved, and then he stepped out on the path and walked in the other direction. He took several steps before he looked behind him, but just as he looked, Kimmel turned around. He started quickly toward him.

Walter ran. He ran as if panicked, but

He was massive, but soft. It was this softness that hid brute strength.

his mind worked calmly and logically. What are you running for? he asked himself. You wanted a chance to fight it out with Kimmel. This is it. It occurred to him Kimmel might not even have seen him, because he was nearsighted. But Kimmel was running now. Walter could hear his heavy, ringing steps in a cement-paved tunnel he had just come through.

Walter climbed a hill off the path, clutching at bushes to pull himself up. He wanted to hide himself, and he also wanted to see, if he could, where to get out of the park. The hill was not high enough for him to see any buildings, east or west, that would orient him. He heard Kimmel going by at a trot on the path below. Walter let his breath out with relief. He waited until he thought three or four minutes had passed, and then he began to descend the hill.

When he was almost down, he heard footsteps coming back. He clung to the branch of a tree for a moment, his shoes sliding, and he knew there was no hiding now, that surely his feet could be seen by the light of the lamp a few yards away, or he could he heard if he started climbing again. Walter tensed himself, ready to spring, and when he saw the dark figure just below and in front of him, he jumped.

They both crumpled with the impact. Walter hit with all his strength. Half kneeling on him, Walter lunged for his throat and held it. He was winning. He felt intensely strong. He lifted the heavy head and banged it again and again on the cement path until an ache began to paralyze his arms. Then he flung the head down for the last time and sat back on his heels, taking fast gulps of air.

He heard a step and staggered to his feet, prepared to run. But he stood without moving as the bulky figure approached him.

It was Kimmel.

A wave of sickness and terror broke over him. He stepped back. Kimmel's hand struck him across the side of the head, and Walter fell. The hard shins of the dead man were under him, and Walter scrambled to roll away, but Kimmel crashed down on him and held him down like a black mountain.

"Idiot!" Kimmel said. "Murderer!"

Kimmel's hand took a grip on his throat. Walter tried to scream. He saw Kimmel's right hand rise, and felt the sting of a knife-blade through his cheek, heard the blade grate against his teeth. The hot pain in his throat spread down into his chest. This was dying. A thin coolness flashed across his forehead: that was death and Kimmel's voice, calling him murderer, idiot, blunderer, until the condemning words became a solid fact like a mountain sitting on top of him, and he no longer had the will to fight against it. He saw Clara turn her head and smile at him, a quick, soft smile of affection as she had smiled in the first days he had known her. Then the pain began to stop, swiftly, as if all the pain in the world were running out through a sieve, leaving him empty and pleasantly light.

Kimmel stood up, looking around him, clumsily mashing his slippery knife shut, and listening for sounds above the roar of his breathing. Then he faced the darker direction and began to walk.

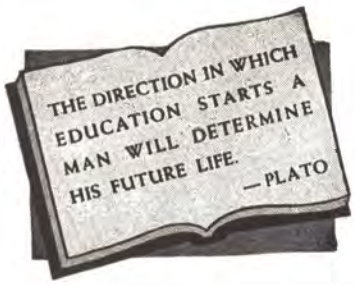
Two corpses! Kimmel almost laughed out loud. Let them figure that one out if they could.

There was Stackhouse, anyway! Enemy Number One! Corby was next. Kimmel felt a surge of blood lust, and he thought if Corby were only here, he would finish him off tonight, too.

"Kimmel?"

Kimmel turned around and saw about ten feet away the figure of a man, saw the dull shine on the barrel of a gun pointed at him. The man came closer. Kimmel did not move. He had never seen the man before, but he knew he was one of Corby's men. The paralysis had come over him already. In those seconds the man advanced, he knew he would not move, and it was not because he was afraid of the gun or of death, it was something much deeper he remembered from his childhood. It was terror of an abstract power, terror of authority. His hands raised automatically, and this Kimmel hated more than anything. But when the man came very close and motioned with the gun for him to turn and walk, Kimmel turned with an absolute calm and began to walk. Kimmel thought, This time I am finished and I shall die. But he was not at all afraid of that. He was only ashamed of being physically so close to the smaller man beside him and ashamed they had any relationship.

THE END



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PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE

A $200 Trip Through the Land of Enchantment

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

New Mexico, colorfully stamped with imprints of its ancient Indian civilizations and sixteenth-century Spanish colonization, has the added tourist attractions of green forests, underground caverns, and lots of good fishing. A party of four can enjoy a ten-day auto tour of this "land of enchantment" for $200, plus travel costs to and from the entry point at Raton Pass. Since many New Mexico motels have kitchenettes, the budget price assumes you'll prepare most of your own meals.

You leave Raton via U.S. 64 and Cimarron Canyon and head for Taos, the art colony and onetime home of Kit Carson. You'll want to see Taos Indian Pueblo and, near by, the beautiful mission church of Ranchos de Taos. On the way to old Santa Fe, state capital, you detour briefly to view the cliff dwellings of Bandelier National Monument.

After stopping at the Indian pueblos of Cochiti, San Felipe, and Santo Domingo on the way south to Albuquerque, you drive west to Grants, with a side trip to the "Sky City" of Acoma, said to be the country's oldest Indian pueblo.

If you're a first-time visitor to the "Sunshine State," you'll be surprised at the ice caves twenty-six miles south of Grants via State Road 53. Near by, on the same road, is Inscription Rock of Ages. From this landmark, cut back to U.S. 85 and follow it south along the Rio Grande to the town of Truth or Consequences. Near it, you'll find hot springs, Elephant Butte Dam, and good fishing.

White Sands National Monument, one of the wonders of America, is next on the itinerary. From there, you go to Roswell by way of Ruidoso, a pine-bordered mountain retreat which features, in season, fishing, hunting, riding, and skiing.

From Carlsbad, eighty miles south of Roswell, the fifty-six-mile round trip to Carlsbad Caverns National Park is an

Santa Fe Railway

The Horsetail Dance, an ancient ritual to insure a good crop of colts, is revived by Indians at the art colony of Taos, New Mexico, a colorful Budget Trip stop.

all-day excursion, which includes an underground luncheon served deep in the caverns. Route 62 eastward from Carlsbad to Hobbs completes the 1,200-mile circuit of the state.

The budget: gas and oil, $20; nine nights' motel lodging, $63; food. $80; and incidentals—including entrance fees to points of interest, boat hire, ten-day fishing license, and some meals out—$37.

A zoo in reverse, Kruger National Park is the major tourist attraction for the growing number of visitors to the Union of South Africa. An easy automobile drive from Johannesburg, it has just about every kind of African wild life. The switch is that the animals are free in this huge preserve and it's the visitors who are caged—by law—in their own safe cars.

New York State abounds with homes and monuments dedicated to former U.S. Presidents. Most visited is Franklin D. Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park and the near-by memorial library.

Two homes of Theodore Roosevelt are open to visitors: his birthplace and boyhood home, at Twenty-eight East Twentieth Street, Manhattan, and Sagamore Hill, in Oyster Bay, Long Island.

Places associated with George Washington are found throughout the Hudson River Valley; and in Manhattan, Fraunces Tavern and the Subtreasury Building display Washington memorabilia.

One of the nation's best-known Presidential sites is Grant's Tomb on New York City's Riverside Drive. Also open to visitors is Grant's cottage on Mount McGregor, near Saratoga Springs, where he finished writing his memoirs and died.

Buffalo has many remembrances of Grover Cleveland and Millard Fillmore, and a dark spot on a boulder on Fordham Drive marks the place where William McKinley was assassinated.

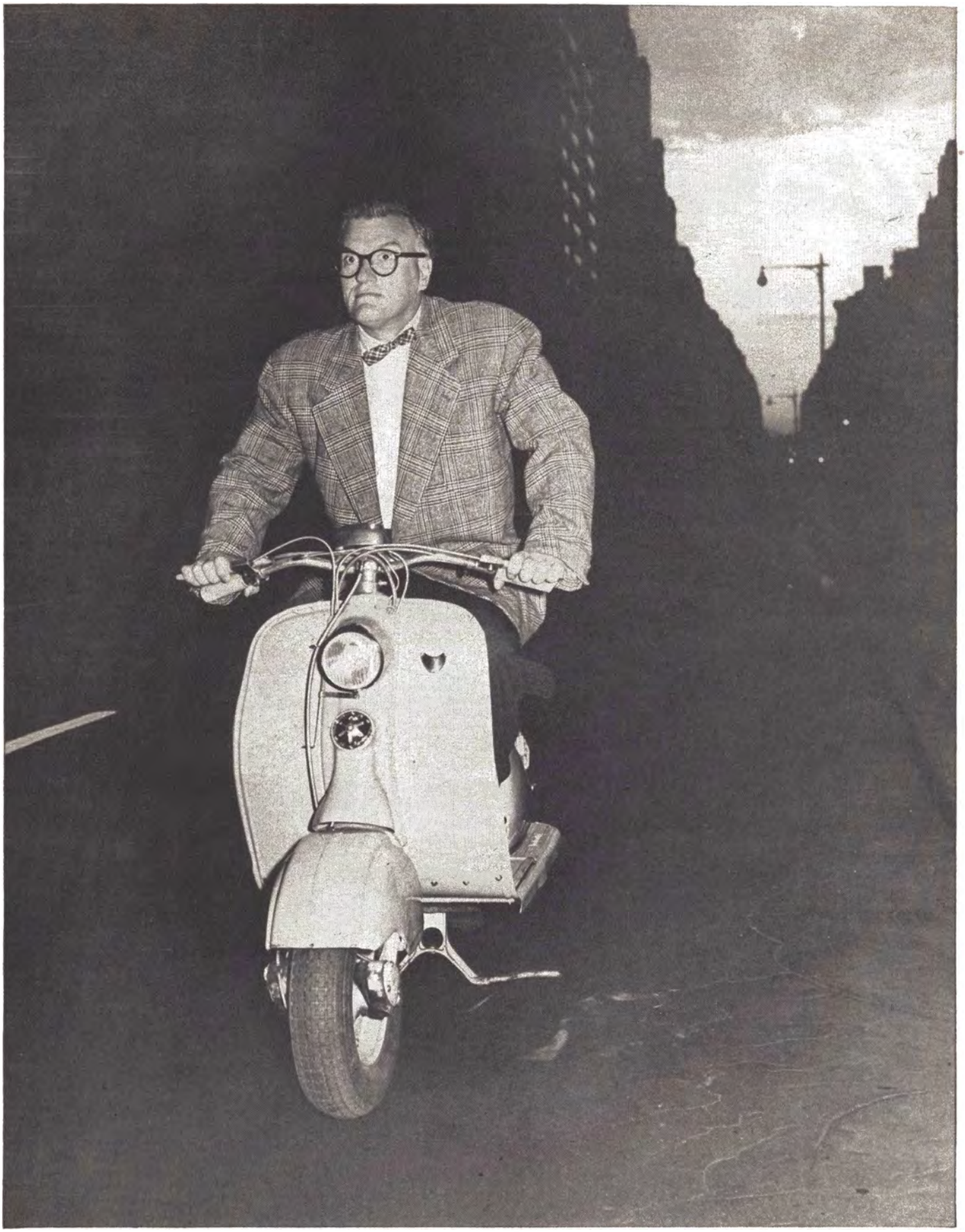
Any malihini who has fallen under the flower-perfumed spell of the Hawaiian Islands will readily understand that Aloha Week is celebrated for a whole month. The festival begins in Honolulu on October eighteenth, and no sooner has the last aloha been sung, a week later, on the island of Oahu, than the heralds are blowing the conch-shell trumpet to signal the start of merrymaking on Kauai, Maui, and Hawaii.

Strictly speaking, there are no spectators at this all-out festival. Even the most recently landed visitors are expected to don aloha shirts, *muumuus*, *holomuus*, or Polynesian-print sarongs. The theme of the celebration has a dual character: Hawaii of yesterday—from tribal times through the united kingdom of the islands—and the modern, cosmopolitan Hawaii, with its people of Hawaiian, Samoan, Tahitian, Caucasian, Japanese, Korean, Puerto Rican, Chinese, Okinawan, and Filipino ancestry.

Color permeates the activities, from the dropping of a hundred thousand orchids on two arriving passenger liners from the mainland through the revival of old Hawaiian customs at the village in Ala Moana Park. There are hulas on Honolulu's main street, pageants, water carnivals at Waikiki, traditional luau and hukilau feasts, and the international Hoolaulea (carnival ball).

Italy is putting new emphasis on automobile travel. The Italian Touring Club now operates six motorist camps, with electricity, water, sanitary facilities, restaurants, and entertainment. Nightly prices are about twenty-four cents a person, plus sixteen cents for car-parking space. Motels are beginning to appear in Italy, too.

A new English edition of "Camping in Italy" is available for $2.50 from the Italian Touring Club, Corso Italia 10, Milan. THE END



A FAVORITE MEANS OF DAWN TRANSPORTATION for the six-foot-two, two-hundred-pound Garroway is his Lambretta, one of a variety of automotive equipment he owns. His three-hour morning program, for which he gets to the studio at five-thirty, is a personal triumph. It now reaches forty-nine cities and earns a yearly advertising revenue of $10,000,000. In many ways, Garroway is a solitary figure, slow to talk about himself, quick to praise the others on his show. And nobody has ever seen a crack in his calm reserve.

HIS SHOW "TODAY" is a mixture of news, records, interviews, ball scores, and book reviews, spangled with commercials. Garroway, a model of promptness, works amid a maze of clocks which tell the time in key cities of the world. At right is Roy Waldron, co-owner of the show's chimpanzee star, J. Fred Muggs.

GARROWAY TODAY

He doesn't sing, dance, or try for big laughs, yet with his low-pressure, offbeat technique, he has made early-morning television fans out of millions of sleepy-eyed Americans

BY LEWIS W. GILLENSON

When the early-morning television show "Today" went on the air, the general impression was that the powers at NBC had gone daft. How could they expect the average citizen to watch a television show at such a raw hour in the morning, what with the hurly-burly of getting the family out of bed, breakfast ready, Dad off to work, and the kids off to school. The show would fold in a week, its detractors claimed.

But "Today" didn't fold. It has now been on the air for two and a half years, reaching some 2,500,000 viewers in forty-nine cities. Families eat breakfast around the television set. Dad shaves with one eye on the mirror and the other on the screen. And some folks have gone so far as to hook automatic switches to their alarm clocks so they can turn on "Today" without getting out of bed.

Primarily responsible for all this is a tall, gray-blond, soft-spoken man who wears huge horn-rimmed glasses. His name is Dave Garroway, and he serves as a kind of gathering point for the show's loosely knit format, which includes news, records, interviews, sports scores, and movie, book, theater, and fashion reviews, along with a baby chimpanzee named J. Fred Muggs and a few gags tossed in for good measure.

Always the Well-behaved Guest

Surprisingly enough, Garroway makes "Today" go without doing much of anything. Some performers tap dance. Others sing or tell loud jokes. Garroway just floats around in a friendly, quiet sort of way. He has the uncanny knack of drifting from the screen into the viewer's household, and before anyone is aware of the fact, joining the family.

Once within the family circle, Garroway gains the respect of his listeners by behaving as a guest should—a requirement especially important for a man who does his visiting before and during breakfast. Accordingly, he governs himself by exacting standards of good taste. An improper or remotely suggestive gag or line has no place in his script.

Recently a guest who fretted away a few days waiting to be interviewed on "Today" was finally summoned.

"Hear you're making a bit of a trip," Garroway began.

"You're damned right I am," the guest answered. Before he could continue, Garroway turned his back and walked away. In a flash, the camera switched to the turntable, a record went on, and the interview was over before it began.

It is hard to write gags for Garroway, because he delivers his lines at such a low pitch. There is no acting, mugging, or slapstick. The line has to stand up by itself, except for the help he may give it with an offbeat ad lib. He constantly changes the material to suit his fancy as he goes along—a habit that, understandably, drives his writers crazy.

There is no limit to Garroway's wanderings when it comes to subject matter. He once pondered the importance of the human thumb. "Without this happy little digit, what would our babies suck on?" he asked his audience. "Just imagine

(continued)

His formula for success: a firm belief in people and the products he sells

sticking a stamp with a fist, or hitching a ride with the third finger, right hand. Let's face it, old tigers, without this useful little item, we'd still be crawling around in the caves."

Born a Numerologist's Delight

Garroway was born on the thirteenth day of July in 1913 at Thirteen Van Velson Street in the Thirteenth Ward of Schenectady, New York.

He was the only son of Bertha and David Cunningham Garroway, an engineer for the General Electric Company. "Real Grant Wood types," he says. His mother apparently had a trying time with her offspring. With almost frightening regularity, he would develop an intense interest in electricity, chemistry, astronomy, or some such subject, with the result that the household was in a constant state of displacement. To tempt her son away from the evil odors of his laboratory, Mrs. Garroway bought a baby grand piano. One day she returned home to find the instrument's hammers and strings separated from the sounding board. Such peccadilloes in the Garroway household did not call for the rod. She quietly admonished Dave to "put it all back together." That accomplished, the young Garroway showed no further concern, musical or mechanical, for the piano.

During his high-school days, young Dave became simultaneously fascinated by hypnotism and the mathematics of gambling. He won a hundred dollars in a card game and later remembered stashing away the money in a book entitled *The Gold Hunters*, on a well-camouflaged shelf of his bedroom wardrobe.

"We had recently moved," he recalls. "It was one of the twenty-six times we moved before I got out of high school. When we got to our next house, a half mile or so away, I took the book and buried it behind some old clothes at the top of the same wardrobe. Couple of days later the book disappeared. My folks swore they never saw it. Nothing else in the house had been touched, so that eliminated burglary. So I trudged over to the hypnotist, and we worked out a scheme whereby he'd hypnotize me, then try to pump out of me where I had misplaced the book. After ten tries, we both gave up. I was telling nothing.

"About a week later, I woke from a peculiar, fitful sleep. I felt a bump in my back, reached around, and there was the book with the money. I looked about the room. The sheets were smeared with mud, my feet were dirty and cold. All I can figure is that I must have been hiking in my sleep, outdoors, the Lord knows where, and I must have retrieved the book from where I'd hidden it and then brought it back. Been worrying me for twenty-five years."

Whatever else may be worrying Garroway is kept well hidden. "He seems absolutely frustration-proof," one friend says admiringly.

"He's a great big St. Bernard with a bottle when you're in a jam and when you're carrying your miseries on your sleeve," says his old friend and associate producer, Warren Ketter. "But I'll be darned if I ever saw Dave break down."

A Master at Self-control

In the summer of 1950, after a crashing success with their Chicago-produced "Garroway at Large" show on TV, Garroway and his friend and writer Charlie Andrews took off for Europe. They reached Zermatt, the foothill town of the famed Matterhorn in Switzerland, in a heavy rainstorm. There was a cable for them at the hotel desk, and Dave picked it up.

"Later," says Andrews. "I learned that after Dave read the wire, he started walking in that miserable rain all over the town. I got up about eight and saw Dave standing there in soggy clothes. He walked over to the window and said, 'Charlie, I want you to see the most heavenly sight in God's green acres.' Then he snapped open the shade and pointed to the Matterhorn. And believe me, it was; the sun was shining and the mountain—it was like a fairy-tale illustration. I drank it in for a few minutes, then noticed Dave staring at me. 'We got a cable last night, Charlie,' he said, 'and it says they canceled our show.' That's all he said. I almost bawled, and he spent the rest of the day comforting me."

Garroway himself, by any standards, had a right to show some emotion. The show was the first big burst of success he had known after twelve years of uncharted but persistent preparation.

At Washington University, in St. Louis, he majored in psychology, English, and astronomy. He was a good student, but not a startling one, and played a lot of golf with his father, winning the city's father-and-son golf tournament five times.

After graduation, he tried selling piston rings and failed miserably. His family moved to Boston, and for a short period Garroway entered the world of astronomy

JACK LESCOULIE, here lunging at guest Giorgio Santelli, a fencing master complements Garroway's personality on the long morning show.

HIS FAMOUS SIGN-OFF SIGNATURE was unplanned. It seemed to him one day the world could use a little love and . . . "peace." The word and the open-palm gesture sum up his deep, intangible appeal.

at Harvard University. His post has been reported variously by enthusiastic press agents as professor of astronomy and chief telescopist, certainly as a ranking stargazer. "Truth is," says Garroway, who owns telescopes, is adept at grinding lenses, and knows what he sees in the Milky Way, "I opened the astronomy lab three nights a week and handed out the equipment to the students. I got three bucks per session, and I needed it."

An Inspired Sales Gimmick

His first serious venture into commerce involved a book written by a friend. Whimsically titled "You Don't Say," it listed eight hundred of the most difficult-to-pronounce words. To sell the book, Garroway hit on a gimmick all his own.

"I figured the guys who are least approached by hucksters and who would be most interested in such a book would be public-school principals. I'd ask one to pick out any five words. If he pronounced them correctly, he got the book free—the book was loaded with real toughies, so I didn't give many away—but if he made it,

(continued)

so much the better. Then the flattery had him hooked. I'd leave him a pile of books to distribute to the teachers on consignment. A couple of weeks later I'd return. The principal by this time was running all over the school, making a pitch for my book, keeping records, collecting money. That bolstered the Garroway exchequer by about a hundred dollars a week. For 1938, that was good livin'!"

The book bonanza gave out and Garroway drifted to New York. There he bumped into an old high-school chum, who invited him out for an evening of bridge. The dispatch with which he devastated his opponents impressed one of them, who was the personnel manager of NBC. She offered him a job—as a pageboy.

"I was hardly a boy—even in those days," says Garroway. "But I'd always heard NBC had more vice-presidents than pages, and I figured most of them came from the ranks, so I donned the colors—at $15.65 a week."

At Large in Pittsburgh

The second rung in the pageboy's ladder of success was radio-announcing school. Garroway graduated twenty-third in a class of twenty-four. Soon afterward he shed the pageboy's uniform for a job at KDKA, in Pittsburgh, as a special sports announcer. He broadcast a canoe race, ending with a gurgle; swam with a water-polo team during a match; and kept up an engaging chatter wherever he went.

Once he challenged Pennsylvania's state-champion golfer to a match to be broadcast while they played. The sight of the big, whimsical-looking fellow murmuring into a little microphone strung around his neck as he putted so unnerved the champ that he blew the match. Garroway, who is fiercely competitive despite his casual exterior, got a juicy delight out of winning.

A Passion for Sport Cars

In 1939, Garroway moved to Chicago as a staff announcer at WMAQ. It was a large station bursting with talented people, and for a while he broke no talent barriers. He met an old college girlfriend named Adele Dwyer, and after a brief courtship they married.

In those years, Garroway got interested in sports cars. He bought an SS-1. Gradually he added antique Rolls Royces, Ferraris, and Duesenbergs, which he worked on in his garage with the passion that only such devotees understand. A car Garroway purchased in 1947 for $2,500 is now worth $11,000 by virtue of the alligator-skin seat covers, gold-plated arm rests, and other such opulent accessories he has added. It has repeatedly won prizes as the most beautiful sports car in America. After coming to New York, Garroway sadly parted with most of his $50,000 stable.

His wife tolerated the vehicles and reaped some rewards in return. She, too, had a hobby—designing costume jewelry. Among the myriad of Garroway hobbies is gem carving. He would rush in from the garage, scrub off the grease, and dig into the stones with his instruments while his wife prepared the settings. Despite this collaboration, the Garroways otherwise lived worlds apart. After the war, they were divorced. Their child, ten-year-old Paris, and her father are extremely close.

The marriage had been interrupted when Garroway joined the Navy as an ensign after passing I.Q. tests with some of the highest grades ever recorded by the Navy. After a few weeks at sea and a series of violent bouts with seasickness, he was land-based in Hawaii as an instructor in yeoman's school. Life there was distinctly unwarlike; Garroway graced Waikiki's beaches daily. ("Still got the glow," he confides.) Idleness then as now bothered him. He persuaded the owners of station KGU in Hawaii to let him try a nighttime disc-jockey show. It gave him a small measure of popularity until the Navy put a stop to it.

After the war, Garroway got a break as a disc jockey in Chicago on the midnight-to-two-A.M. shift, until then dead air. There were no ratings, no listener checks. "Half the time," Garroway says, "you wondered whether your audience wasn't limited to short-order cooks and burglars."

He developed a love for pure jazz, once refused a request for a Guy Lombardo tune by breaking the record over the air and announcing as he smashed it, "Honey eyes, we're feeding this cheese to the studio mice."

He Brought Intimacy to TV

During the ten-inch TV era, in 1949, Jules Herbuveaux, manager of station WNBQ, in Chicago, put together a half-hour television variety show and hired Garroway as emcee. Most TV producers, mindful of Milton Berle's success, were casting about for emcees who could bring the night club into the living room. Garroway was the antithesis. Working without an audience, he pulled down the pace of the performances. He moved around the big set very close to the camera and spoke to the couple in the living room. His language—light and fragmentary—was believable. He sold the linoleum product with informality but never kidded the product. The show was an instant hit and rapidly began reforming television tastes. Intimacy, the mainstay of his TV personality, became a key word in the industry.

When the show got zany, it did it through the cameras. Garroway would sign off by saying, "This show came from Chicago, not Hollywood, where you can trust a friend," then turn and display a long butcher knife sticking into his back.

PRODUCER SAM GOLDWYN resisted a discussion of film censorship, but few interviewees hold out against Garroway's quiet, persistent probing.

Or he would announce, "This is Chicago, the short end of the coaxial cable." He would bend, pick up a cable, and disappear in a puff of smoke. Small gags, drawing a chuckle rather than a boffola.

The recently departed Friday-night Garroway show premiered a year ago from New York with essentially the same formula, but the critics were unanimous in suggesting that somewhere between Chicago and New York something had been left behind.

In the company of show people or the public, Garroway never loses his graciousness. When autograph hounds assault him, he writes and says pleasant things as long as he absolutely must. But he's inclined to end-run them if he can.

Tallulah Versus Garroway

Tallulah Bankhead once visited Chicago and went to a favorite jazz *bistro* with Garroway. As they reached their table, several young couples surrounded Garroway, thrusting pads for him to autograph. While Garroway signed, Bankhead burned. When the fans departed, Tallulah sniffed, and snapped, "Dahhhling, it's revolting. Autographs. In this place. With those brats. I would nevah allow it."

"Dahhhling," Garroway answered softly, "*you* weren't asked."

Garroway enjoys his work and he knows that for him it's the easiest way to earn $300,000 a year.

What never fails to astonish many who know him is his physical discipline. He is up at three A.M., works steadily on the air from seven to ten (an extra hour for the difference in the time zones), immediately goes into conference for the next day's material. He spends one afternoon preparing his two-hour Sunday-night radio show, eight to ten on NBC, and until recently spent three full days on his Friday-night television show.

Garroway is careful about his hours, more so than most performers. He gets to bed around nine thirty. When he sneaks a night off to go to the theater or to a concert, he grabs a few hours sleep on the couch in his office. He drinks little and figures that since he's been keeping the hours of a second-story man for twelve years, his system is used to it.

Despite his heavy schedule and his popularity, Garroway is not inclined to start coasting. "This schedule is therapy for me," he says. "Radio and television have helped me put my personality together and made me a reasonably happy man. The audiences have given me a lot, and I'm thankful. I figure the nicest thing I can give them is this." Garroway held his palm up in that familiar sign-off gesture and intoned with a warm smile, "A little love and . . . peace."

THE END

THE LAST WORD

PHOTOGENIC WIFE

New York, New York: May I extend my congratulations for the outstanding photography and writing in "My Wife," by

Betty Seghers

Carroll Seghers II [July]. It was a beautiful piece of work which triumphed over the maudlin and saccharine.
—RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

Pembine, Wisconsin: As the mother of Betty, my only daughter, I must say it truly captures her personality. I am very proud of Betty and her COSMOPOLITAN picture story.—MRS. GERTRUDE HANNEMAN

Guthrie Center, Iowa: I have been somewhat puzzled. Certainly she is a most attractive girl, and it is natural for a man to be proud of an attractive wife and pleased that other men think her attractive. But if he loves her as much as he says, what kind of psychology makes him eager for other men to gloat over and ogle her, as in the night-club picture?
—MRS. G. SHERMAN HELD

CANCER

Madison, Wisconsin: I should like to express thanks for the support given cancer control by COSMOPOLITAN. "To Smoke or Not to Smoke . . ." by Bob Considine [April], did much to focus attention on the challenge of this disease.
—WALTER J. KOHLER, CHAIRMAN
BOARD OF DIRECTORS
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

FAMILY DOCTOR

Washington, D.C.: As the parents of six children, my wife and I were very pleased to read your fine article, in the July issue of your fine magazine, on the general practitioner of medicine ["Is the Family Doctor Obsolete?"]. There is infinite need for the consolation and comfort the ministrations of the family doctor bring to a family. We know full well the value of our family doctor and consider him an integral part of the lives of each of us. —JAMES FRANCIS REILLY

SENIOR READERS COMMENT

Bainbridge, New York: For heaven's sake, who chooses the stories for your magazine? Every one in this July issue ends in mid-air. What kind of entertainment is that for a seventy-four-year-old woman who knows what good reading is?
—MRS. GEORGE FAIRFIELD

San Diego, California: I am going to be as quick to compliment as I usually am to criticize. I have dropped magazines I have read for years because they start a story or article, give you a few lines, then continue on page 2000. And in between the numbered pages, those that have advertising have no numbers. I am seventy-five years old, see poorly, and that arrangement peeves me. Last month I was given a copy of COSMOPOLITAN, and the first thing I noticed was the way page followed page—no hunting for the continuation. So this month I bought a copy, and I'll continue each month. Was I foolish or nice to tell you this?
—MRS. JACOB LUSTIG

Nice. Definitely. ***—The Editors***

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Looking into October

JANE RUSSELL—the never-before-told story of the inner serenity of the star whose religious devotion has made all things possible. You won't want to miss the deeply inspiring "Black Sheep with God."

DIETING creates complex body changes, often beneficial, sometimes charged with risks. Next month's true-false discussion of dieting beliefs will help you find the advantages, minimize the dangers.

FICTION BONUS—two complete novels. Irwin Shaw's "Wistful, Delicately Gay" and Charlotte Edwards' "Hitchhiker" are examples of the finest in contemporary writing. Each paints a character as haunting as someone you used to know. You will never forget them.

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Springfield Plantation

"Some people think I follow the sun,"

says Mrs. Sturdivant Fisk Giocondo,

"and some think that the sun follows me"

"Yes, it's my villa at Bar Harbor in July, the South Carolina Plantation for the quail, then Cat Cay, Hobe Sound, Pebble Beach, and Banff. We scarcely ever kill the fires in the private car."

Like all really great social leaders, Mrs. Giocondo has been married four times—once for love, once for money, once for social position, and once for novelty.

"And each time there was a suitable SPRINGMAID sheet for my trousseau," she says, "except for Giocondo! Basement bargains are too good for him."

When Mrs. Giocondo starts dropping names, they are blockbusters, for she danced so often with the Prince that three Duchesses pressured the Foreign Office to void her visa. At Capri she was snubbed by Il Duce's doll. She was banned when she took a bulldog to Berchtesgaden and a velocipede to Venice. When the Pretender stepped on her bobby pin, the Infanta Torquemada accused her of trying to spike a rumor. She sold New York Central short the day after she left Palm Beach, and Beria is reported to have been strangled with one of her SPRINGMAID sheets. She gave a life-sized calendar to the Khedive, who promptly steamed away on the royal yacht. In South America she got a black eye for saying "No!" to a son of a President.

The bigger the names, the higher her endorsements, and now she takes two agents — one internally and one externally.

Other well-known users of percale sheets are:

MADEMOISELLE GABY DESLYS
MADAME POMPADOUR
MADAME DU BARRY
MADEMOISELLE NINON DE LENCLOS
MISS VIVIAN GORDON
DUCHESS DE REICHSTADT

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

BRECK CREME RINSE · A NEW PREPARATION IS OFFERED IN COMBINATION WITH A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Creme Rinse, a new preparation, is used after the shampoo to add softness, lustre and manageability to your hair. It also makes combing and arranging easy. Breck Creme Rinse is helpful in the care of permanent waves and in the prevention of dry, brittle hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair, another is for oily hair and a third is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. Enjoy the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition and follow with fragrant Breck Creme Rinse.

Special Introductory Offer - a 2½ oz. bottle of Breck Creme Rinse with $1.00 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos - for dry, oily or normal hair. Both for $1.00 plus 3¢ federal tax.

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