COSMOPOLITAN

September, 1959 • 35¢

Thirst for Knowledge: A SPECIAL ISSUE

How Far You Can Push Your Child
COLLEGE CRACKUPS ON THE INCREASE

What Good Is High School Anyway?
A PRINCIPAL WARNS PARENTS

The School Queen Elizabeth Will Choose for Princess Anne

Twelve Pages of Campuses and Clothes

"Happy Memories of My Classroom"
BY SAM LEVENSON

Bright Women Problems
BY SOCIOLOGIST ELFRIDA VON NARDROFF

ELFRIDA
Still Learning

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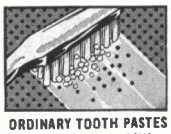

ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES don't have germ-killing hexachlorophene. Laboratory tests prove they can't destroy decay germs as new Ipana can.

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COSMOPOLITAN

SEPTEMBER, 1959 Vol. 147, No. 3

SPECIAL SECTION: THE THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE

FICTION

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

ENTERTAINMENT

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SERVICES

OUR COVER—*Statistics-conscious Elfrida von Nardroff was once a mere statistic herself—one of 4,153 students at Duke and, later, of 2,500,000 U.S. women in managerial positions. Then, in 1958, after twenty-one weeks of grimacing and hair-tugging on the now-defunct "Twenty-One" quiz show, Elfrida emerged (finally defeated) with the singular title of "top money-winner in quiz show history." Her thirst for knowledge still unsated, she plowed her $220,500 (before taxes) into a Ph.D. at Columbia. What of marriage and more conventional womanly pursuits? Elfrida's word is "Never be surprised when a career is thrown over for marriage and children." But, to find out what marriage-partner problems Elfrida and other "bright women" must face, check her answers on page 42. Photo by Erwin Blumenfeld.*

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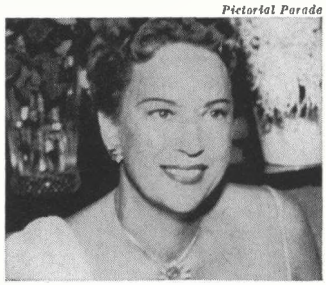
Women, Knowledge, College, Careers

On page 42, our cover girl, Elfrida von Nardroff, describes her experiences with what one lady executive calls the "woman barrier"—that wall of mutual self-consciousness which often exists between bright women and the rest of society.

This difficulty, however, is only one by-product of the thirst for knowledge which is sweeping America. A more serious problem is faced by persons who demand more of themselves, intellectually, than they can deliver. Educators are alarmed over the high percentage of college students who, by striving for goals hopelessly beyond their abilities, may be risking mental breakdown. "Don't Push Your Child Too Far" (page 37) gives the frightening facts.

Pictorial Parade



Mary G. Roebling

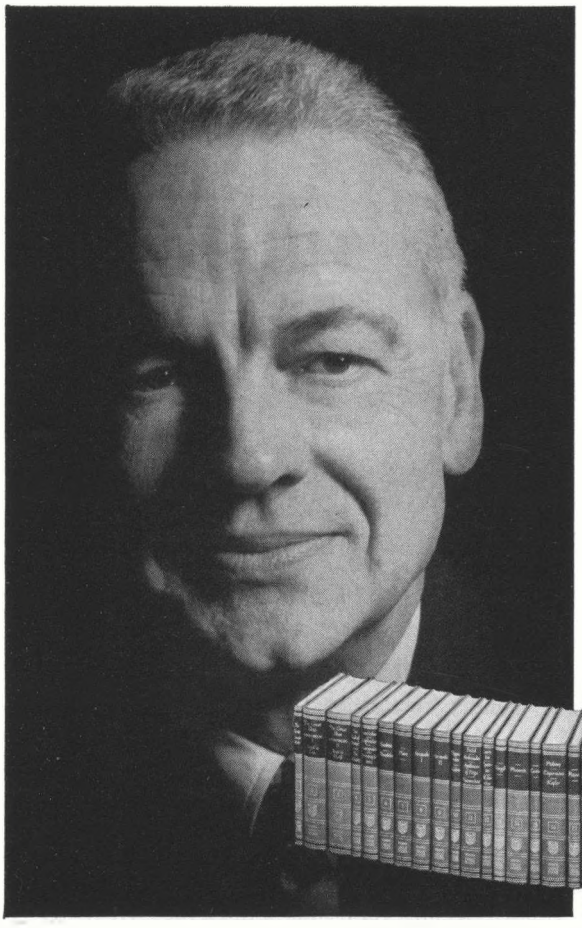
Another kind of barrier comes in for some severe criticism (page 54) from Dr. Eugene Stull, a school principal with strong ideas about what education should be. His school is housed in a $5,500,000 building that is a marvel of modernity, but as for so-called "modern" ideas in education, Dr. Stull accepts them only with reservations.

In sharp contrast to the education American women receive is that offered in the English schools described by James Brough on page 78. Institutions like the one Princess Anne will attend could never be called "progressive," having long been famous for rigorous discipline and high standards.

Does this mean they produce a high proportion of complex-ridden bright women? Possibly. But matters have come to a sorry pass indeed when a broad fund of knowledge becomes a source of problems.

For bright women the best answer, as New Jersey bank president Mary G. Roebling suggests, may well be frank acceptance of their destiny as leaders. "Such women," she observes, "have a place in our society enjoyed by no others. They are accepted on the merits that have gained for them leadership in their chosen fields."

It thus appears that the "woman barrier" may be broken, opening up new vistas in the search for knowledge.



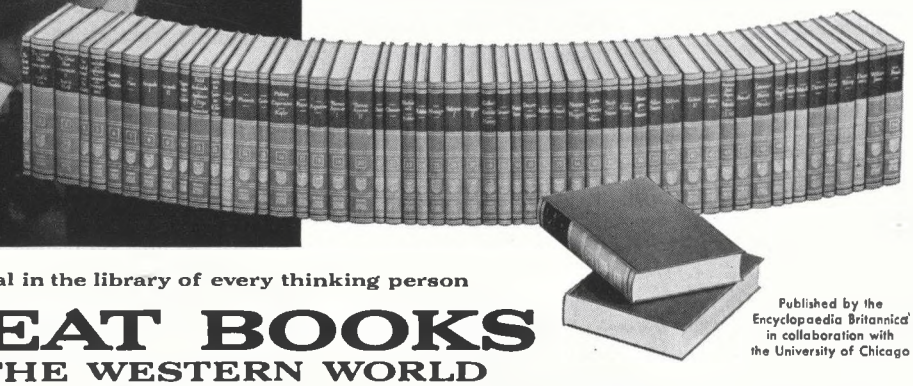
How long has it been since your mind was stretched by a new idea?

A challenging statement by Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins

"Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: 'A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions.' The truth of this statement cannot, of course, be denied. A child who suddenly realizes that the letters in the alphabet are not just isolated sounds and shapes, but meaningful symbols that form words, has grasped an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. There comes a time, though, in the lives of too many of us when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens our minds cease to grow.

"Unhappily, the more successful a person is in his daily work the more likelihood there is that this unfortunate condition will result. As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty —whether it is law, medicine, engineering, science, business or any one of the hundreds of other engrossing occupations—we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. With the years, the mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great subjects of philosophy, government, religion—the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

"If it has been some time since your mind was stretched by a new idea, the publication of the Great Books described below will be interesting and important to you."



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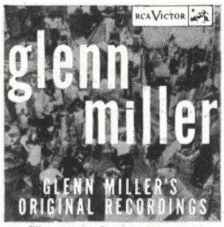
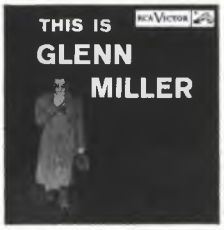
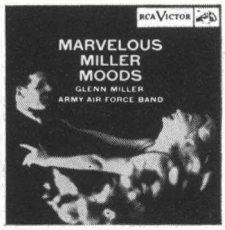


45. The original recordings of *In the Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000, Little Brown Jug, St. Louis Blues, Farewell Blues, American Patrol, King Porter Stomp,* etc.

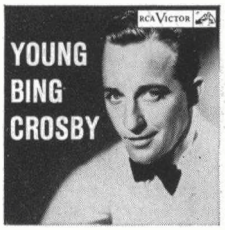
109. 12 all-instrumental Miller "takes" from 1940-42 broadcasts. Swingers and ballads include *I Got Rhythm, Limehouse Blues, My Buddy, On the Alamo, Moonlight Sonata, On Army Team, Anchors Aweigh, Vilia, Sleepy Lagoon.*



110. The original versions of Miller's biggest dance hits. *Serenade in Blue, Adios, At Last, Pavane, Danny Boy, Chattanooga Choo Choo, Beautiful Ohio, Anvil Chorus, My Isle of Golden Dreams, Johnson Rag, Sun Valley Jump,* etc.



97. Glenn with the Army Air Force Band. Mostly smooth ballads such as *My Ideal, People Will Say We're in Love, A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening, Star Dust, Long Ago and Far Away, Holiday for Strings, I Love You,* more.



116. Bing in the late '20s and early '30s with the Whiteman and Arnheim bands. Swingin' Rhythm versions of *Ol' Man River, I'm Comin' Virginia, Them There Eyes;* first ballad hits: *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, It Must Be True.*

120. The man who invented crooning and introduced the biggest hits of the early '30s: *Auf Wiedersehen, My Dear; Sweet and Lovely; Just Friends; All of Me; Time on My Hands; The Blue of the Night; You're My Everything,* etc.

54. One of the all-time great vocal collections. *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; He's Got the Whole World in His Hands; Nobody Knows the Trouble I See; Deep River; Roll, Jordan, Roll; Plenty Good Room;* 15 more.

123. The greatest tenor of all—his biggest operatic arias, 10 pre-1921 gems: *Celeste Aida, La Donna è Mobile, Vesti la Giubba, Cielo e Mar, Che Gelida Manina, O Paradiso!, The Flower Song* from Carmen. Improved sound.

117. 16 earthy songs of wanderlust and women—most of them previously unreissued — by the fabulous "father of country music." *Blue Yodel No. 5, High Powered Mama, No Hard Times, Let Me Be Your Side Track,* etc.

91. Original recordings of romantic hits, including recitations by Franklyn MacCormack. *Josephine, I Love You Truly, None But the Lonely Heart, Why Do I Love You?, Because You Love Me, Alone, The Lamp of Memory,* etc.

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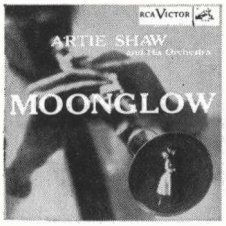
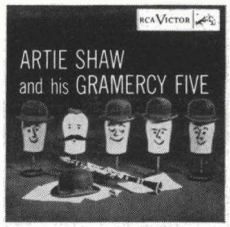


83. Artie's 12 biggest band hits, 1938-43. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust* (with Billy Butterfield, Jack Jenney), *Frenesi, Indian Love Call* (Tony Pastor), *Nightmare* (theme), *Temptation, Dancing in the Dark, Traffic Jam*, etc.

106. Vintage vocals by Billie Holiday, Lena Horne, Helen Forrest, "Hot Lips" Page (also featured on trumpet) plus swinging instrumentals such as *Concerto for Clarinet, I'll Never Be the Same, Keepin' Myself for You*, etc.

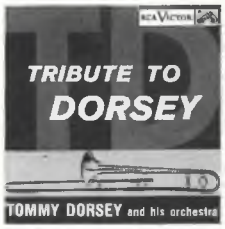


105. Chamber-jazz masterpieces by the 1940 (Butterfield, Guarnieri, etc.) and 1945 (Eldridge, Kessel, etc.) Fives. *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Special Delivery Stomp, My Blue Heaven, Summit Ridge Drive, The Sad Sack*, etc.

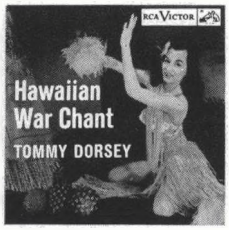
101. 16 gems from the band's finest period, 1940-42 (with Webster, Hodges, Carney, Ivie Anderson, Herb Jeffries, etc.). *Take the "A" Train, Cotton Tail, Main Stem, Perdido, I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*, more.

119. The original (1944) *Black, Brown and Beige Suite* plus 10 more in fat collection from the 1940-46 period. *Creole Love Call, Jack the Bear, Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me (Concerto for Cootie), Warm Valley, Ko-Ko*, more.

48. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. All big ones. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Boogie Woogie, Little White Lies, Star Dust, Opus No. 1, Who?, I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You.* 3 others.



111. 1938-46 Dorsey treasures: star Sinatra, Stafford, Berigan, Elman, Shavers, etc. *East of the Sun, Embraceable You, Blue Skies, What Is This Thing Called Love?, Tea for Two, The One I Love, Chloe, For You, Violets for Your Furs*, 6 more.



112. 1936-46 TD rhythm anthology with Tough, Rich, Elman, DeFranco, etc. Vocals (and most of the arrangements) by Sy Oliver. *On the Sunny Side of the Street; Chicago; Swanee River; Well, Git It!, Deep River*; 7 more.

115. The fabled jazz guitarist's best recordings from the late '30s —7 with the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, 3 with U. S. stars (Hawkins, Stewart, etc.) 2 unaccompanied. *Georgia, Avalon, Shine, Rose Room, Star Dust.*

87. Highlights of historic 1947 concert with Teagarden, Hackett, etc., plus others (Ory, Byas, Hodges, etc.) from same period. *Rockin' Chair; St. James Infirmary; Pennies from Heaven; Save It, Pretty Mama; Sugar*—12 in all.

92. The original recordings of BG's biggest hits, with Krupa, Elman, James, Berigan, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, Don't Be That Way, One O'Clock Jump, Bugle Call Rag, Down South Camp Meetin', And the Angels Sing.*

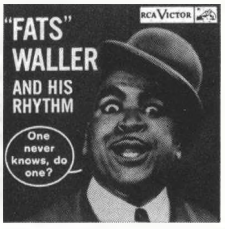
107. Original pre-1940 big-band "killer dillers." Features Krupa, James, Berigan, Elman, Stacy, Freeman, Musso, etc. *Swingtime in the Rockies, Big John Special, Sugarfoot Stomp, Life Goes to a Party, Wrappin' It Up*, 7 more.

108. The original Goodman Trio, Quartet and Quintet (with Wilson, Krupa, Hampton, Tough, etc.) play 12 of their 1935-38 best. *Body and Soul, Tiger Rag, Runnin' Wild, The Man I Love, Sweet Georgia Brown*, etc.

85. 16 classic Chicago-Dixieland jazz sides cut in 1939. Personnel includes Brunies and Cless. *Sister Kate, At the Jazz Band Ball, Black and Blue, That Da Da Strain, Dinah, Riverboat Shuffle, Relaxin' at the Touro, Eccentric*, etc.

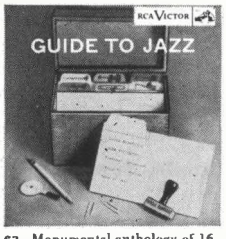
104. Jelly's richest legacy. 16 1926-28 collector's dreams with Simeon, Dodds, Ory, Mitchell, etc. *Original Jelly Roll Blues, Grandpa's Spells, Black Bottom Stomp, Doctor Jazz, The Pearls, Kansas City Stomp, The Chant*, etc.

64. The jolly jazz genius, vocals and piano with his combo—the cream of his repertoire. *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie, Your Feet's Too Big, Honeysuckle Rose, Hold Tight, Two Sleepy People, The Minor Drag, The Joint Is Jumpin'*, 5 more.



113. Latest group of Waller reissues, 16 selections. *Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid, Lulu's Back in Town, Us on a Bus, Georgia on my Mind, Carolina Shout, My Very Good Friend the Milkman I'm on a Seesaw*, etc.

118. 14 varied 1930-57 versions of *St. Louis Blues* by Goodman, Waller-Payne piano duet, Lena Horne, Armstrong, Ellington, Gillespie, Prado, Maxine Sullivan, Teagarden, Tex Beneke, Hines, John Kirby, Eartha Kitt, etc.



62. Monumental anthology of 16 traditional jazz classics selected by French critic Panassié from RCA Victor archives. Armstrong, Basie, Bechet, Dodds, Ellington, Hampton. Hawkins, Henderson, Hines, Lunceford, Morton, etc.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB, P.O. Box 80, Village Sta., New York 14, N.Y. **P15-6**

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45	48	54	62	64
83	86	87	91	92
97	101	104	105	106
107	108	109	110	111
112	113	115	116	117
118	119	120		123

ATTENTION, STEREO OWNERS: These collector's items are not and never can be available in stereo, but they belong in every well-balanced record library. Most of The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club's new selections and alternates, however, are available in stereo versions at $4.98, at times $5.98. If you prefer to receive the stereo version whenever you order an album, please check box. ☐

The Uke and the Raccoon Coat

Culver Service

No fashion (not even the nineties bloomer) is so far out it can't come in again.

College humor (see page 62) may be flagging in some colleges, but it looks to us as though it is rocketing at Notre Dame. Latest story from that campus tells of an undergraduate who went home for a weekend. While he was gone, some of his classmates spent many a laborious hour rolling up balls of paper; other classmates cleared the student's furniture from his room. Into the empty room went the paper—a roomful. The undergraduate arrived back on campus, went to his dormitory, opened his door— Well, boys will be pranksters.

What's "in" and what's "out" where campus clothes are concerned? Our picture of lasses exercising with dumbbells gives you a good idea of what is "out" in college fashions, but was "in" at Western High School, Washington, D.C., in 1898. Or at least these clothes were "out" last week. So fast do fashions change that we may be due for this 1898 fashion bit again. In the meantime, take a look at page 46 and see the girls of today. There *are* some fripperies like striped stockings in the offing, and pantalettes, if not blue serge bloomers, are beginning to be heard about. Meanwhile, the ukulele is coming back, and the raccoon coat refuses to go away again.

Our Man in Vancouver

Trinidad on a hot day wasn't hot enough to keep the American Consul, D. H. Robinson, from sitting down and writing a story called "The Civil Servant" (page 86), about a man in the State Department who got bored and started some excitement. This is, probably, the most "inside" story about what kind of commotions can happen in secret places.

Robinson is now our American Consul in Vancouver, B.C., and is writing another story, this one of course in the cool north, but with, undoubtedly, the warmth and comic touch of "The Civil Servant."

Puns-Drunk in Bout With Borge

How catching is making puns? We found out, when we talked with Dick Harrity barely an hour after his interview with that master of the pun, Victor Borge, at Borge's Southbury, Connecticut, farm.

"That daft Dane," Harrity told us, owl-solemn, "provided a piano accompaniment of Haydn-go-seek. He would turn a discussion of Debussy into claire-de-lunacy. Once he called his fancy fowl with the full chests 'the Anita Ekbergs of the feathered kingdom.' Sometimes," punned Harrity helplessly, "he simply went punning wild."

Since Borge's native tongue is Danish, his punning in English strikes us as wondrously adept. But Borge doesn't call it English. "I speak," he says grandly, "four languages: Danish, German, French, and Western."

How come the Western? The pianist-comic learned his English by going to Western movies on Forty-second Street in New York, learned three phrases that stuck in his mind: "Go West, young man"; "When does the next stagecoach leave?"; and "There's gold in them thar hills!" Taking all this literally, Borge hit the trail. Harrity tells it all on page 10.

Deep Sea Mystery

"The Sailcloth Shroud" (page 110) is the third Charles Williams suspense novel to be published by COSMOPOLITAN. It is also a chilling sea story of a man who died three times—or so it seemed.

Williams himself was born on the Texas edge of the Gulf, went to sea "before the war, during the war, and after the war." "The Sailcloth Shroud," which will be published this fall by Viking Press, is Williams' dozenth novel; he has also been married a dozen years, but draws no conclusions from these two coincidental facts. What he *does* say about his wife, with some awe, is that when they were married, she was "an Eastern girl who was probably the only Republican in Texas." Williams is currently sailing among the Bahamas in search of a "piracy" story. Whatever he finds, gold or bones, or a combination thereof, it will probably give us shivers. **—H. La B.**

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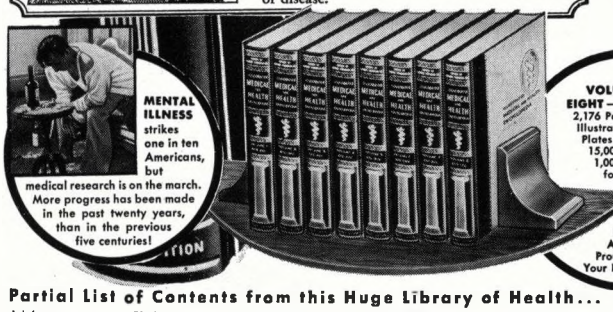

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OUR READERS WRITE

Women and Manly Men

OUR WOMANLY WOMEN

Chattanooga, Tennessee: Your article, "Our Manly Men," by Morton M. Hunt in the July issue, has certainly sickened me. There is only one thing that Mr. Hunt has done in writing this article. He has made it quite clear to me and, I am sure, to several thousand other readers of COSMOPOLITAN magazine, that he just cannot stand the idea of the feminine sex being as competent, brilliant, and sexually important as the "Manly Man."

—MRS. DARREL W. MERRITT

Miami, Florida: I'm sure every woman who has read "Our Manly Men" will be more than ever convinced that "men are beasts." *Too* bad men are losing their manliness, and it's about time—if the definition of being a man means an animal who treats a woman like a dog.

If men are not more careful in the future in disclosing how bad off women were not too far back, more women may smarten up and remain happily single and free. —MRS. JEAN BRONSON

WOMAN'S PLACE

Bard, New Mexico: You titled your July issue "Man and His Woman." Isn't that typical? Why not "Woman and Her Man"?

Any woman of spirit resents being considered inferior, and this resentment reflects on the person of the male in her life who acts as jailor and owner, whether husband or father. She gets tired of being called upon throughout her life to make all the compromises, of being always the "unselfish" one in her relationship with the males in her life.

—MRS. ROY R. GIBSON

WOMAN'S EVALUATION

Castro Valley, California: Instead of lamenting the crushed ego of the American male, shouldn't we be teaching our youngsters to make a proper evaluation of what constitutes manhood? I have no sympathy for the man whose security as a male depends upon a refusal to change a diaper. —DAWN DRAYTON

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

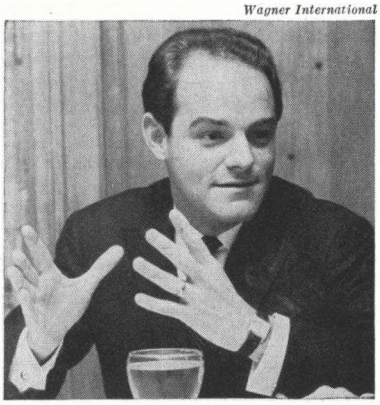
Sarasota, Florida: Re: "The Sterilization Scandal" in your July issue, why do people keep trying to pass laws which won't work because these laws interfere with private affairs? Remember prohibition?

For centuries, the survival of the tribe and wealth of the family depended on great numbers of children. *Then* children were a community affair. *Now* the situation is reversing itself; so, children should be a matter of individual choice. I am very grateful that my doctor dissuaded me from a sterilization operation when, as a young invalid, it seemed wise, for I have had two children since. But I am even more grateful he didn't play God, but left the decision with my husband and with me; we are the only ones who have a right to make this decision, even a right to make mistakes.

Until the past few generations a woman wasn't an individual but a sort of slave; she could make no decisions on property, law, or even her own body. Even now, the law compels her to bear a child begun in criminal rape or incest. Why not change bad laws instead of adding to them?

To conclude: *Must* a woman have a baby? Who says so? —CLAIRE RIDDER

Wagner International



Designer Luis Estevez

WOMEN'S CLOTHES

San Mateo, California: Bravo for Señor Luis Estevez! (July—Jon Whitcomb's article). Them's my sentiments exactly.

I particularly enjoyed his "Aunt Maude" remark about fashion magazine articles being from another planet to most women—not only that, but the fashions and models sometimes look as if they *came* from another planet.

I even agree with his closing paragraph, which states that a woman should change her clothes with her moods—although on a schoolteacher's salary, with four children, I find this is just a little difficult.

—MRS. DE LA ROCHA

New York, New York: We would like to call to your attention an inaccurate report in your July issue of the association between Grenelle and Estevez. For four years Luis Estevez was a minority stockholder in Grenelle-Estevez. He then left and formed his own company, Estevez Inc. He did not "reorganize" Grenelle, as your statement implies. That firm, which has been in existence for over thirty years, continues today as Grenelle-Roberts, Ltd.

—M. A. WEISS,
PRESIDENT
MILTON A. WEISS, INC.

MIDWESTERN MENTAL HEALTH

St. Louis, Missouri: Eugene D. Fleming's article, "Psychiatry and Beauty" in the June COSMOPOLITAN, effectively stated the case for all of us who work in the psychiatric field.

We would like to call to your attention, however, a common failing of writers who glowingly refer to developments in New York or California and, by omission, relegate the Midwest to the limbo of the Dark Ages.

St. Louis State Hospital, with 3,200 patients, has not only had a Beauty Shop since 1930, but also has a Charm School. Your readers might be interested in this since it has been a volunteer project, and, we believe, one of the first of its kind in a mental hospital. We were lucky, six and a half years ago, in obtaining through the Council of Jewish Women the skills of Ruth Tobin, who conducted such a program on TV at that time, and has written creatively in this field.

With an intuitive grasp of sound psychiatric principles, she has helped many of our patients regain their self-confidence, and thus their mental health. Her series of lectures, demonstrations and written beauty guides covers make-up, hair styling, posture and wardrobe. The staff is planning an extension of this service for patients who need counseling in this area so that they may successfully find employment after they leave the hospital.

Two other groups, the Cosmetologists Association and the United Beauticians, have for years given up a free day each month to supplement the work of our busy Beauty Shop staff.

These services are therapeutic in themselves, as stated in Mr. Fleming's article, but in our experience have extra meaning when given by volunteers.

—MRS. ELIZABETH G. PAINTER,
DIRECTOR OF VOLUNTEERS
ST. LOUIS STATE HOSPITAL

SLEEPY BEATNIKS

East Walpole, Massachusetts: "Twilight of the Beat" (fiction, July, 1959) was real crazy! One good thing about these poor, tired old beatniks and their revolt against society is that they'll never resort to violence. . . . They're too BEAT!!

—MRS. G. F. STEINBACHER

We're looking for people who like to draw

BY JON WHITCOMB

DO YOU LIKE to draw or paint? If you do – America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. About ten years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art. Some hesitated to think they had talent. Others just couldn't get the professional art training they needed without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience, the professional know-how, and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then – illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings – we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands win the rich rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are a few:

New Mother Wins New Career

When Kathryn Gorsuch found out that she was to have a baby – she left her file-clerk job at an aircraft company and studied art at home with us. By the time the baby was seven months old, she rejoined the same company – this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

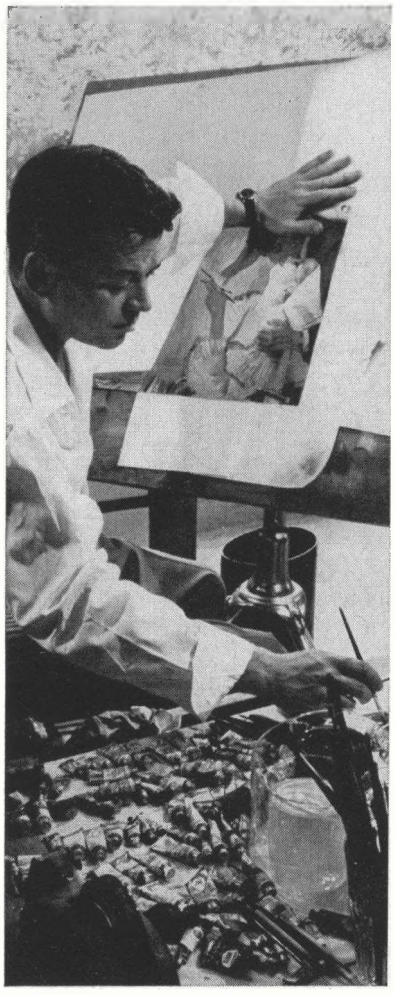
Lilian Ashby of Toronto writes: "I'm losing count but I believe I have painted 57 and sold 41 pictures since beginning your wonderful Course."

Escapes Dead-End Job

Stanley Bowen, father of three children, was trapped in a dull, low-paying job. By studying with us, he was able to throw over his old job to become an illustrator for a fast-growing art studio . . . at a fat increase in pay!

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Convinced she had the makings of an artist, she enrolled with us. Soon, she landed a job as a fashion artist. Today, she does high-style illustration in New York.

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



Artist JON WHITCOMB paints a love story illustration for a top magazine in his Darien, Conn., studio.

Mrs. Crathie Guy, North Carolina housewife, writes: "After my fourth lesson, I began selling my drawings. Now I work full-time as an artist in my own home studio, and I can't keep up with all the orders I get."

Elizabeth Merriss – busy New York mother – adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Happy With Career of Her Own

Mrs. Doris S. Hagen, New Rochelle, N. Y., writes: "The Famous Artists Course has provided me with extra money for trips and a bank account to do with as I please. Without it, I would not have had a profession."

John Busketta was a gas company pipefitter when he enrolled with us. He still works for the same company – but as an artist in the advertising department, at much higher pay!

Typist to Fashion Artist

With our training Wanda Pickulski gave up her typing job, became fashion artist for a local department store.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage until he studied with us. Today, he's a successful advertising artist . . . earns seven times as much . . . and he's having a beautiful new home built for his family.

A West Virginia sales girl studied with us, got a job as a fashion artist. Later she became advertising manager of the best store in town.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Just send for our remarkably revealing 12-page Talent Test. Thousands formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade and analyze it for you free. If you show talent, you'll be eligible for professional training by our School, in your own home and in your spare time. Mail coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

NORMAN ROCKWELL	FRED LUDEKENS
JON WHITCOMB	BEN STAHL
AL PARKER	ROBERT FAWCETT
STEVAN DOHANOS	AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN	HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK	ALBERT DORNE

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 14, Westport, Conn.

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Mr.
Mrs. .....Age.....
Miss (please print)

Address .....

City.....Zone.....

County .....State.....

Borge, veteran of a million miles of "Road," draws record-breaking crowds at the Greek-American Theatre near Los Angeles.

Borge in the Hinterlands

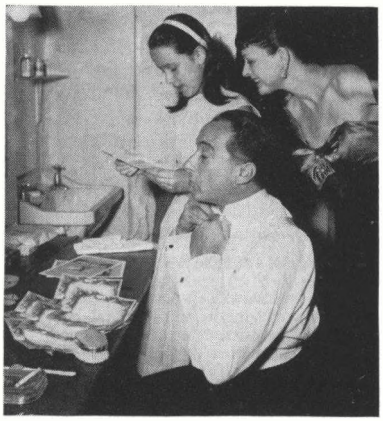
For the past three and a half years, Victor Borge, the distinguished master of musical depreciation and virtuoso of the scherzo frantic, has been successfully conducting a one-man revival of "The Road"—the show business term for any city, town, or hamlet beyond the reach of the Times Square subway. On Mr. Borge's marathon tour, which began after his record-breaking Broadway run of 849 performances, he has covered over a million miles, made 525 one-night stands, played 627 other dates in larger cities and towns, and substantially increased the national mirth rate by clobbering the classics from coast to coast.

As a rule, only the biggest New York successes, such as "Oklahoma!", "South Pacific," "My Fair Lady," and "The Music Man," or a well-known dramatic star like Katharine Cornell, who, over the years, has built up a faithful following on the road, can take the financial risks of greatly increased production costs and heavy traveling expenses involved in an extensive tour. As a result, about the only live entertainers most American communities ever see are local children in the annual school play and the aforementioned Mr. Borge.

"Playing my show all over America," explained Mr. Borge, when I had lunch with him recently at his 540-acre farm at Southbury, Connecticut, "has been a rich and rewarding experience which I deeply treasure, and so does my partner, the Department of Internal Revenue.

"One of the main reasons for the success of 'Comedy in Music' on the road is, I believe, the fact that I have not been overexposed on television," continued Mr. Borge. "I limit my TV activity to just one big show a year. As a result, when I make a personal appearance in a town, people come because my personality and performance are fresh to them.

"People in many areas of the country see little live entertainment," stated Mr. Borge, "and when they do have an opportunity of going to the theatre, it becomes a special occasion and a gala event charged with excitement and expectancy. I sense this the second I step on the stage, and it makes each performance a fresh adventure and a challenge. It also makes me feel that I have a real obligation to the audience. Not only have they paid to see me, but they have given me two and a half hours out of their lives and it is up to me whether that time is to be wasted or turned into a happy experience and, perhaps, a pleasant memory."



Backstage before the show, wife Sanna and Sanna, Jr., read fan mail to Victor.

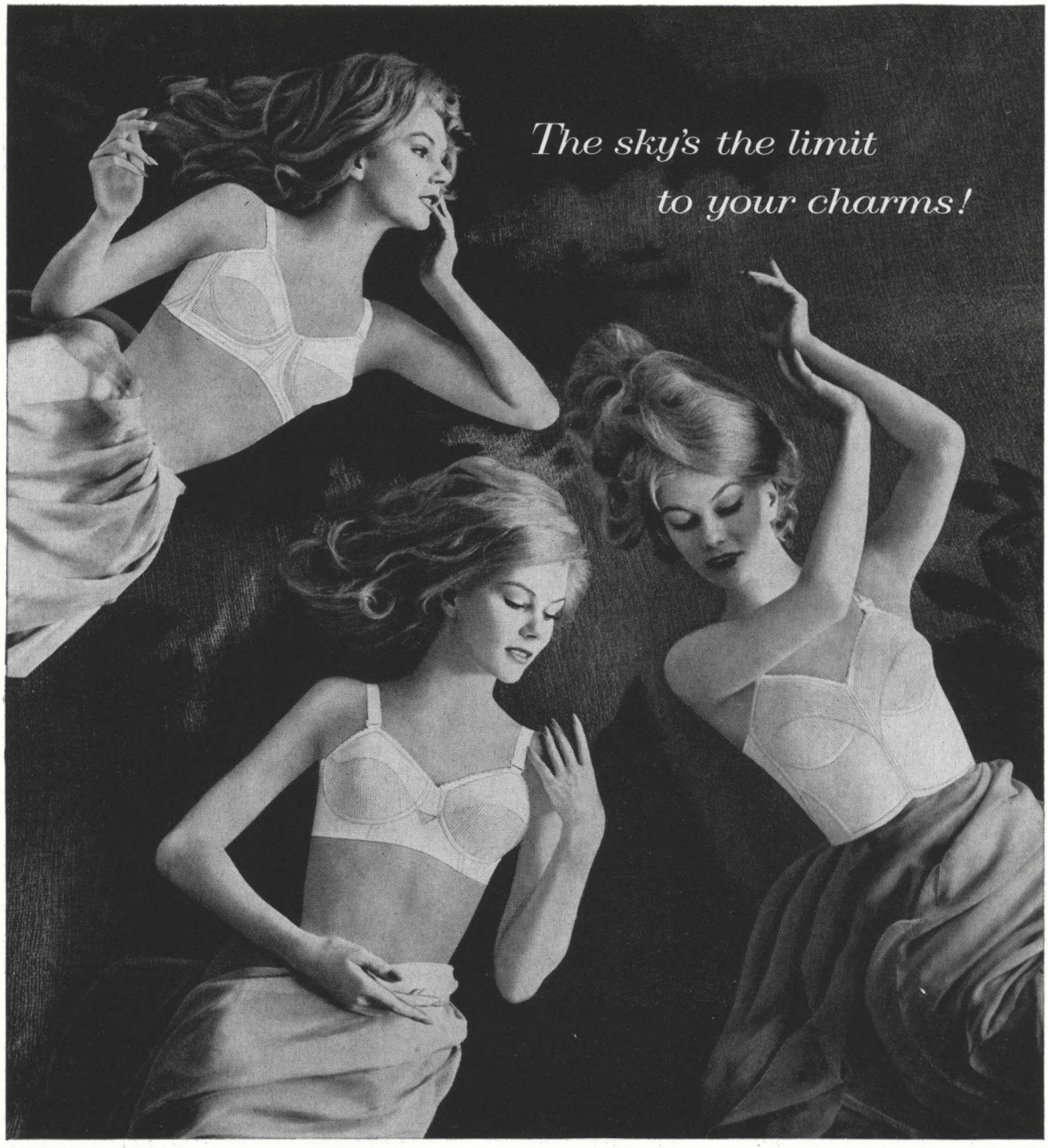
To judge from one review that appeared in a Shreveport, Louisiana, newspaper, Borge has left many merry memories behind him on his tour. The reviewer said that Borge's show was the most delightful two and a half hours of his life. "How really nice," beamed Borge, when he read this. Then turning thoughtful, he added, "Of course, the critic may have had a very miserable life.

"I opened 'Comedy in Music' on the road at the Metropolitan Theatre in Seattle," said Mr. Borge, "and I lifted the roof and tore the house down. The theatre isn't there now. Then I won both kudos and cash at Las Vegas with my interpretation of the three B's—Beethoven, Bach and Blackjack. For an encore I took my piano into the swimming pool and played beneath the surface to waves of applause, or maybe it was water. At any rate, my piano has never sounded the same since. At Dallas I played Bach in the Cotton Bowl and Bach lost. I played Liszt before ninety-three thousand in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium; Liszt was slaughtered by a lopsided score."

Smorgas-Borge

"Then I shifted from football stadiums to arenas, which are much more intimate, and where I use a large revolving turntable, twenty-two feet wide and four feet high, which is placed in the center. It makes a complete revolution every two minutes, to give everyone a clear view of the show, and gives me the feeling that

(*continued on p. 12*)



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NEW AND YOUNG
FROM WARNER'S

I'm being served up like a smorgasbord.

"Which reminds me that I must serve you another Rock Cornish hen," exclaimed Mr. Borge. "We raise and process fifty thousand of these little birds with large breasts every week here at ViBo Farms, and I've got to get rid of them some way. One of the reasons I keep touring is to make money to feed the birds and, of course, the children. We have five—Sanna, Jr., fifteen, the twins, Ronnie and Janet, thirteen; Victor Bernhardt, five; and Frederikka, three. When they were a little younger I used to forget their names sometimes, but they didn't always come when I called them anyhow. When school is out, my wife and I take them along with us on the road."

Borge is an outrageous punster, and his mad plays on words as he answers requests makes the audience a part of his act. Here are some typical exchanges during a performance in Rochester last spring:

"Bach," requested one member of the audience.

"Which one? Johann? Sebastian? Offen?"

"Cole Porter."

"Sorry, no beer here."

"Spellbound."

"B-o-u-n-d."

"Tchaikovsky."

"Gezundheit."

Then Borge sat down at the piano and started to play Chopin with the touch of a master, and a respectful hush came over the audience. When he finished, there was an ovation for Victor Borge, the serious musician. That swift shift from lunacy to artistry revealed a clown who *could* play Hamlet if he could only keep from laughing. And therein lies Borge's universal appeal.

The Grand Piano Tour

"Traveling night after night by train, bus, plane, and automobile is hard work," admitted Mr. Borge, "but it becomes a habit, like opium. Sometimes, when I'm at the farm here and I'm preoccupied and a train whistles or a plane flies overhead, I run right upstairs and automatically start packing my suitcase.

"But I like touring because I meet such interesting audiences, especially in the smaller towns. When I play a big city I go right back to the hotel after the show and never go anywhere. But when I appear in a smaller town, if I'm invited to a reception or a party after a performance I gladly accept so that I can pay my respects to the people who came to see me in the theatre. And their warmth and generosity always remind me of my greatest success . . . the day in 1948 when I became an American citizen."

"Comedy in Music" is now continuing its tour "with the original Broadway cast," and, judging by the reviews from one end of the country to the other, if the "road" is dead, then it died laughing . . . at Victor Borge.

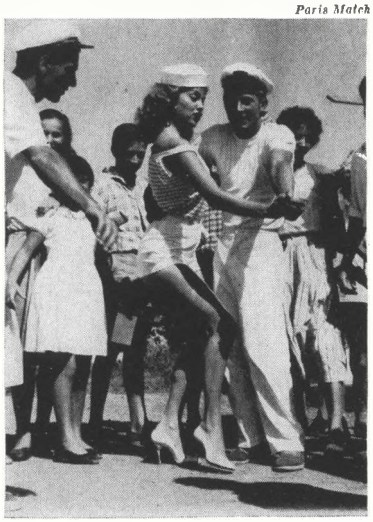
—RICHARD HARRITY

RECORDS

The Talented Troup

One of these days the public is going to realize that Bobby Troup's talent is enormous. Before he was out of his teens (and that was twenty years ago), he had written "Daddy" and followed it with a succession of rhythmic novelties and less well-known ballads. He plays piano well, sings with a whispering warmth, is an engaging and witty master of ceremonies, and has been proving of late that he is an actor of great capability. RCA Victor has recently issued an LP called *Bobby Troup and His Stars of Jazz*, which gives some idea of what he can do. He has surrounded himself with a group

Paris Match



"Decorative" vocalist Abbe Lane gives an expert cha cha lesson in Venice.

of players who appeared on his ABC-TV jazz show, and he has hired fine arrangers (Shorty Rogers and Jimmy Rowles) to make frames for his musicians to work in. The results are well worth hearing.

Abbe Lane—Where There's a Man. (RCA Victor.) Miss Lane is not a singer —oops, I'm breaking my rule about No Knocking in This Column. Okay, Abbe Lane *is* decorative. Sid Ramin, who accompanies her on this LP, is one of the best of the new arrangers—so good that you are inclined to enjoy the record.

Porgy and Bess. Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte. (RCA Victor.) Frankly, I didn't want Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte to appear together any more than I wanted another album of songs from *Porgy*, but I had no choice, and here they are, and what a treat for their fans!

Top and Bottom Brass. Clark Terry Quintet. (Riverside.) Clark Terry plays flügelhorn better than any other flügelhorner, or flügelhornist, I have ever heard. He also plays trumpet well. Good modern stuff by a talent who, like the above-mentioned Troup, ought to be better known. —MEGHAN RICHARDS

MOVIES

Goldwyn in Catfish Row

Porgy and Bess, George Gershwin's memorable opera, has been made into a handsome motion picture by that elder genius of the colossal, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. In fact, the filming of *Porgy and Bess* is a bit too handsome and a mite too pretty, thereby sacrificing compassion for color and losing the feeling of depth and reality which made the stage production outstanding. But in *Porgy and Bess* the music's the thing, and the Gershwin score, unchanging and unchangeable, moves the listener afresh with its richness, warmth, and rhythm. Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge are convincing in the title roles of this story, but it is Pearl Bailey as the tart-tongued Maria, and Sammy Davis, Jr., as the slick-talking Sportin' Life, who strut off with the acting honors. Hollywood's first opera is a fine film that misses greatness because it has more eye than heart appeal.

In this time of the Nuclear Nightmare, it is indeed refreshing to see a picture like John Ford's *The Horse Soldiers*, the account of a Yankee cavalry raid deep behind the Confederate lines which has all the romantic charm we associate with the deeds of derring-do of King Arthur's knights. Not that this film is a fantasy. It is as realistic at times as a Mathew Brady photograph. It's just that now, when there's no room for romance in war, or poetry in push buttons, it's nice to be reminded how hardy, handy and colorful the United States Cavalry once was. *The Horse Soldiers* stars William Holden as a Union Army doctor, and John Wayne as the leader of the raid who falls in love on the gallop with Constance Towers, a Dixie deb, whom he takes along for the ride in order to keep her from revealing secret military plans she has overheard. But more important than plot is the film's focus. It's always on the individual soldier, so that while war is hell, it is also human. Both Yank and Rebel went into battle when the mustang was a dread machine of war, and a charge sent horse soldiers into action instead of sending a monkey to the moon.

—RICHARD HARRITY

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CASE HISTORY

Life for Stillborn Babies

Wide World

BESIDES RESTORING LIFE TO the stillborn, medicine has made strides in caring for tots like this 1½-pound premature infant. Compare pencil beside her for size.

On a November morning in a midwestern hospital, a baby was being born and, until the moment of crisis, when the birth was stopped short and life was suddenly snuffed out, all had seemed to be going well.

Mrs. Dubois, as we'll call her here, was a healthy young woman. She loved children, wanted a big family. She had other children—five of them—all healthy and all carried and delivered without difficulty. And her present pregnancy had been trouble-free throughout.

When she entered the hospital three hours after the first signs of labor appeared, there was no hint of crisis to come. She was put to bed, labor progressed smoothly, and in five hours she began to crown.

Nitrous oxide-oxygen was used for anesthesia, an episiotomy was done, and immediately and spontaneously the baby's head emerged. Then it happened. Shoulder arrest! The baby's head was there but the little body didn't follow.

Shoulder arrest is an emergency for which a good obstetrician and delivery room team are prepared. And doctor and team now worked expertly. But this was a difficult case. It was eleven minutes before the left arm could be extracted and the body rotated. The baby's face had been blue for minutes. Now, with the left chest accessible, the doctor searched for heart tones; none could be heard. And it was still another three minutes before the delivery could be completed.

There were no signs whatever of life—no heart beat. The whole body was blue, the arms and legs limp.

Without delay, the mouth was cleared, a tube inserted, and artificial respiration was begun with oxygen administered through the tube.

But three minutes after delivery, there was still no heart beat and the cause seemed hopeless.

Still, there was one faint chance.

Massaging the Heart

Cardiac massage has worked in adults. It doesn't always work but, by now, it has restored dozens of lives. In some emergencies, the chest has been cut open with the crudest implement—even an ordinary pocket knife—to get at the heart to squeeze it. As long as it's squeezed, it pushes out blood, and body tissues are fed. And sometimes, after it's squeezed, it starts to work by itself again.

Quickly, the infant's chest was opened on the left side. The heart was flabby, dilated, dead. With a forefinger, the doctor gently began massaging the heart, rhythmically squeezing it against the breast bone, then letting it relax, then squeezing again.

The time now was three minutes after delivery; it was six minutes after the heart beat was known to have disappeared and fourteen minutes after arrest of the shoulder.

Then, as he worked with his forefinger, the doctor could feel the heart muscle become a little less flabby. It was beginning to tighten and regain tone. And suddenly, there came a slow, irregular contraction. Then another. After three minutes of massage, the heart was beating by itself—working in normal rhythm, one hundred and twenty beats a minute.

But there was no spontaneous breathing. Oxygen was being fed in through the tube. Then, finally, there came the first gasp of the child. And after a pause, another gasp, a deep one. Then another. Then some breathing—very irregular. It wasn't until thirty minutes after delivery, with the chest incision already closed, that the baby was breathing regularly and the tube could be removed.

It was fifteen minutes later before the first cry of the infant was heard; it was not a very lusty one.

But the child was alive—even if there was still much to worry about.

In the first hours after delivery, frequent twitchings, especially of the muscles of the face, occurred. When the child was touched, the stimulus produced abnormal movements of the arms and legs. Gradually, over the first twenty-four hours, the twitchings and abnormal movements disappeared. And feedings were begun—and, happily, retained.

Although the baby received antibiotics, on the second day she had a temperature of 102. It came down, though. And that crisis was past. Meanwhile, the chest stayed clear. When it had been closed, after the massaging, a tube had been left in place for constant suction drainage. On the fourth day, the chest was clear enough so that drainage could be stopped, and the tube was pulled out.

Still, there was cause for worry: had there been any damage to the brain and nervous system in the minutes that the child had been stillborn—any irreversible damage? After the first twenty-four hours, there were no apparent signs of such damage. Yet the child was listless.

On the twentieth day, however, she began to improve—and once started, the improvement was rapid. The lethargy disappeared; she became active; her behavior seemed normal. At one month, she was smiling. Soon afterward, she was discharged from the hospital. If there were any abnormalities, they were not detectable.

None could be found at four months. The little girl, Mrs. Dubois reported happily, had begun turning herself over at about six weeks. Now, at four months, she weighed fifteen pounds, took her bottle readily, loved to pat it, babbled contentedly, carried on "conversations."

The doctors—Horst H. Epple and James M. Sutherland of the Department of Obstetrics and Department of Pediatrics of the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine—tested her carefully. Placed on her stomach, she raised her head high, supported herself on her forearms. Placed in sitting position, she could sit for several minutes. Given a little support, she could maintain her weight in standing position. Her deep tendon reflexes were normal.

No definite forecasts can be made at four months of age, but her behavior, the doctors feel, is normal, perhaps even a little precocious.

Stillbirths, each a tragic ending to months of hope, have many possible causes—births so premature that there is no hope for life, and abnormalities that are incompatible with life.

Yet heart massage, first used to restore life in adults, now promises to give life to at least a few stillborn infants, as it did to little Ella Dubois, today a happy member of a grateful family.

It is one of many advances that have remarkably improved the outlook in childbirth. In less than half a century, maternal mortality has been reduced by almost 95 per cent—and infant mortality by 75 per cent. Each year now, there still are some 100,000 infant deaths, but it is also true that 300,000 children who would have died in infancy if they had been born forty years ago will celebrate their first birthdays this year.

Many once-common deadly diseases—pneumonia, other respiratory infections, and digestive diseases—have been brought under control. Improvements in pain-relieving methods for the mother during childbirth and in techniques of delivery are saving the lives of babies.

New Aids in Prematurity

Today, the main reason why babies fail to survive after birth is prematurity. Increasingly now, when premature births do occur, better knowledge and techniques help. During premature labor, at the first sign of distress in the infant, oxygen is administered to the mother to bolster the child's respiration. Upon delivery, many physicians now delay cutting the cord until pulsations cease in order to try to give the baby more blood, and thus help in combating the initial shock of birth.

Special hospital care for the premature infant has increased his chance for life. And there is now some hope that still further progress may come from a new constant-temperature incubator developed at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. One of the weaknesses of the premature baby is his inability to adjust his own body temperature properly. Conventional incubators keep him warm but, for fear of overshooting the 98.6-degree mark, the incubators have had to be kept at a temperature below this.

In the new incubator, air is pumped in at a controlled temperature of 86 degrees. In addition, infrared heat enters through a plate glass panel at top. A temperature-sensing element taped to the baby's skin automatically turns the infrared heat source on and off to keep the temperature within a tenth of a degree of 98.6, providing an environment close to the one supplied by the mother's body prior to birth.

"There is still much room for progress," notes Dr. Lewis A. Barness of the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. "And there is a great deal of hope, too, that progress can come in *preventing* prematurity—through better nutrition for expectant women and through strengthening of prenatal care. Meticulous medical supervision throughout pregnancy — detection and management of toxemia and other disorders in early stages and treatment of even mild health disturbances in the mother—may help to avoid premature birth. It may help, too, in an area we are just beginning to understand—prevention of congenital malformations and defects."

—LAWRENCE GALTON

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

By "buying time," cortisone and similar hormones have been saving the lives of an average of almost forty critically ill patients a year in a single West Coast hospital. In cases of peritonitis, meningitis, shock and other extremely critical conditions, the hormones serve as emergency aids, spreading what amounts to a protective mantle over the patient. They do not cure the ailment, but they do keep the patient alive long enough to allow antibiotics or surgery to take effect. In recent years, at Highland-Alameda County Hospital in Oakland, California, the drugs have been administered to more than four hundred persons, of whom, it is estimated in a late report, 70 to 80 per cent would have lost their lives if the hormones had not been used to "get them over the critical hump."

Kidney stones: One cause of kidney stones is increased production by the body of compounds called oxalates. Now a promising new approach to prevention and treatment may lie in the discovery by a Harvard University School of Public Health physician that a deficiency of vitamin B-6 causes the increased production. Dr. Stanley N. Gershoff has found that when vitamin B-6 is given to patients—even those on diets presumably adequate in this vitamin—oxalate production is sharply decreased.

Asthmatics who do not respond to usual treatment to dilate the airways with medication may be helped greatly—and apparently safely helped, even over an extended period—by small doses of cortisone or cortisonelike hormones. In a long-term study, twenty-four patients ranging from ten to seventy-five years of age improved dramatically, and most were able to lead fairly normal lives. The small daily doses of hormone seem to reduce inflammation in the airways and permit patients to respond to previously ineffective dilator drugs. They have been used in some cases for as long as seven years without apparent harm.

Recurrent clubfoot, a deformity in which the foot is flexed on the ankle and turned inward, sometimes can be treated successfully by soft-tissue surgery such as transplantation of tendons, thus avoiding extensive bone operation. Two surgeons of the Nebraska Orthopedic Hospital, Lincoln, Nebraska, report success in 70 per cent of forty-six such procedures. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

Are You Only Semi-Educated?

Do you know the basic facts of history, English, science, mathematics? Or do you belong to the growing ranks of the well-schooled ignorant? This test will give you the answer.

For years, the embarrassed father unable to answer a son's homework questions has been a favorite cartoon subject. Today, though, there are some people who feel that this situation is getting less funny—and more true.

One of these people is LeClair Smith, a Plattsburgh, New York, Internal Revenue officer and the father of a twelve-year-old son. Last January, Mr. Smith outlined his gripes to Terry Ferrer, the Education Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Smith said that he was "appalled at the drastic changes which have taken place in the school system during the past five decades." A former P.T.A. president in Newburgh, New York, he feels that "the lowest common denominator of intelligence now seems to be the accepted standard."

His own theory of education advocates elimination of the popular multiple-choice type of test, de-emphasis of extracurricular activities and sports, and a return to traditional homework and "old-fashioned facts" instead of the "abstracts" of modern education.

Are you one of the "semi-educated" people Mr. Smith is worried about? Are you as intelligent as you think you are? To show how far today's supposedly educated person has strayed from those "old-fashioned facts," Smith put together some questions he believes any intelligent person should be able to answer confidently. Give this "test for the educated" a try, and assess your own intelligence. Being able to answer all the questions correctly doesn't mean you're an educated person, Smith says—but it's a good start.

THE SMITH TEST

1. Can you rattle off the multiplication table through 12 x 12 without hesitation?

2. Who wrote *The Wealth of Nations*? Can you give, in a few words, his opinion on the real source of man's wealth?

Answer: Adam Smith did, and he said that labor, not land or money, is the real source of a nation's wealth.

3. Here are some fictional characters. Whose brain children are they, and in what novels do they appear? *a.* Hester Prynne; *b.* Quasimodo; *c.* Edmond Dantès.

Answer: a. Hester Prynne is found in *The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
b. Quasimodo is a character in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, by Victor Hugo.
c. Edmond Dantès is in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, by Alexandre Dumas, père.

4. Can you use "who" and "whom" correctly and know why each is correct?

Answer: "Whom" is the objective case of the pronoun "who," and is used when the pronoun is the object of a verb or of a preposition, e.g., "Whom did you ask?" "To whom do you refer?"

5. Can you spell "parallel," "questionnaire," and "Libya"?

6. Is your writing legible enough so that the average person can read it?

7. Can you conjugate the present tense of the Latin verb "to love" and decline the Latin noun "farmer"?

Answer: Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amant. Agricola, agricolae, agricolae, agricolam, agricola, agricolae, agricolarum, agricolis, agricolas, agricolis.

8. Can you explain the difference between latitude and longitude?

Answer: Lines of latitude run east and west, paralleling the equator. Lines of longitude run north and south, from pole to pole.

9. Can you explain the difference between stalactites and stalagmites?

Answer: Stalactites hang down from the ceilings of caves. Stalagmites are formed on the floors of caves and extend up.

10. Do you know what a pocket veto is?

Answer: A pocket veto is effected when a chief executive holds a bill, without signing or vetoing it, until after a legislative body has adjourned.

11. Can you explain the characteristics of a deciduous tree?

Answer: A deciduous tree sheds its foliage annually.

12. Can you state Archimedes' Principle?

Answer: "The loss in weight of a body submerged in water is equal to the weight of the water displaced by the body."

13. Can you give any one of Newton's Laws of Motion?

Answer: "Every body left to itself, free from the action of other bodies, will, if at rest, remain at rest and will, if in motion, continue to move with constant velocity. The rate of change of the momentum of a body measures, in direction and magnitude, the force acting on it. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction."

14. Do you know what artist painted the murals in the Sistine Chapel?

Answer: Michelangelo.

15. Who is Lin Yutang?

Answer: A Chinese writer and philologist, born in 1895, author of *My Country and My People*, and *Moment in Peking*.

16. What is a tort?

Answer: A civil wrong for which the law requires compensation for damages.

17. Define: (a) carnivorous; (b) herbivorous; (c) omnivorous.

Answer: (a) flesh-eating
(b) plant-eating
(c) eating all kinds of food indiscriminately

18. What is a split infinitive?

Answer: An expression in which the sign of the infinitive, "to," is separated from its verb by an intermediate word, as in the phrase "to quickly leave."

19. Who discovered how blood circulates in the human body?

Answer: William Harvey, early in the seventeenth century.

THE END

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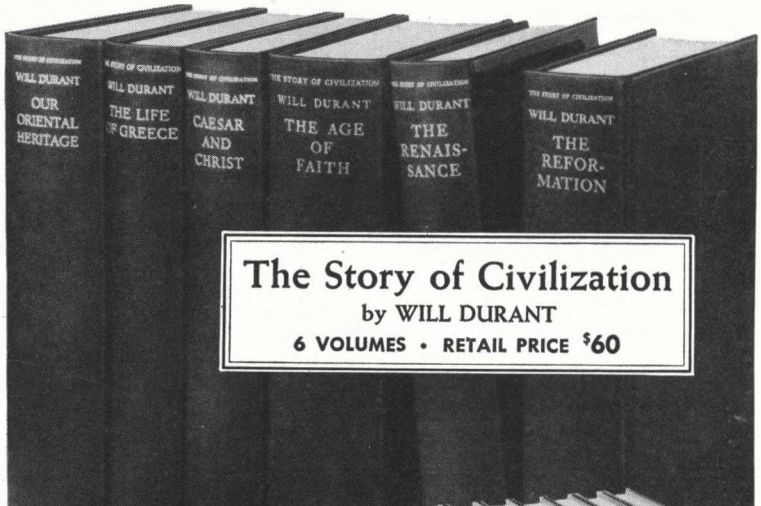

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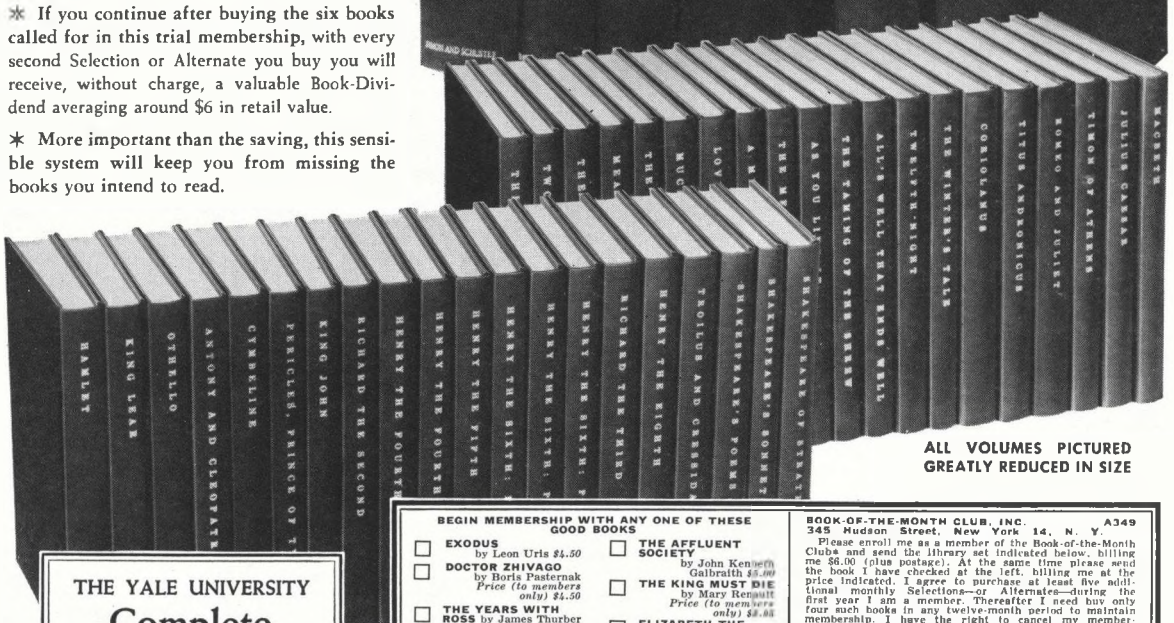

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A new novel tells the eye-opening story of ruthless intrigue behind the serene exteriors of our nation's capital.

The Age of the Shrug in America

BOOKS • BY GERALD WALKER

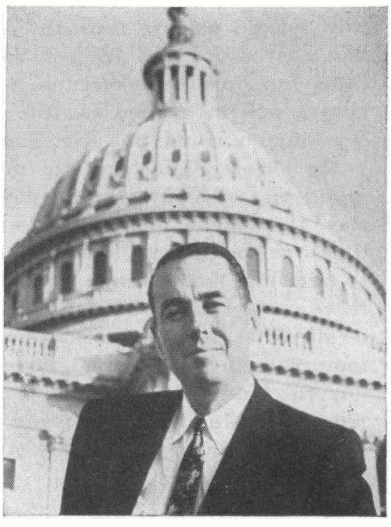
Advise and Consent, a novel by Allen Drury (Doubleday and Company, $4.50). At last an American publishing house has claimed too little for a book. Beneath the title on the jacket are the words "a novel of Washington politics." It should read: "*the* novel of Washington politics."

Because Allen Drury is a veteran journalist who has covered national politics and the Senate for fifteen years, the last five as Washington correspondent for the New York *Times*, it is not surprising that his first novel should display an intimate knowledge of the labyrinthine ways of the District of Columbia. But not only has novelist Drury drawn upon reporter Drury's immense fund of political inside dope; he has also added a strongly personal sense of historical perspective, dignity, and human tragedy.

The story is set in the future, perhaps a decade or so from now, toward the close of the third year of the second term of an unnamed President. There are no Republicans or Democrats in this book; the central figures are identified only as members of the majority or the minority. But the Russians are mentioned by name, and make their presence felt.

It was a point in history which racked the spirit of Senator Robert Durham Munson. "In his lifetime [Bob Munson could not help but reflect] he had seen America rise and rise and rise, some sort of golden legend to her own people, some sort of impossible fantasy to others to be hated or loved according to their own cupidity, envy, and greed, or lack of it; rise and rise and rise—and then, in the sudden burst of Soviet science in the late fifties, the golden legend crumbled, overnight the fall began, the heart went out of it, a too complacent and uncaring people awoke to find themselves naked with the winds of the world howling around their ears, the impossible merry-go-round slowed down."

Or, again, in the words of the deeply principled Senator Orrin Knox, "This was the era, domestically, when everything was half done; the era, in foreign affairs, when nothing was done right because nobody seemed to care enough to exercise the foresight and take the pains to see that it was done right. This was the time when the job on the car was always half finished, the suit came back from the cleaners half dirty, the yardwork was overpriced and underdone, the bright new gadget broke down a week after you got it home. . . . The great Age of the Shoddy . . . the Age of the Shrug. . . . It was as though, having been young, America had matured overnight, but not to middle age; instead it seemed at times that she had matured immediately into senescence, so that she was tired, infinitely tired, baffled and confused and either incapable of seeing the path to take or incapable of setting her feet firmly upon it if she did see it."



Reporter turned novelist: Allen Drury

Such is the state of our nation when the ailing, bold, crafty and ruthlessly dedicated man who sits in the White House decides to inject a more flexible note into the conduct of our foreign policy, for which purpose he "needs a new face" and offers the name of Robert A. Leffingwell as his nominee to become the next Secretary of State. The confirmation of this appointment by the Senate is the axis around which revolves this monumental (616 pages) political epic.

During the course of Allen Drury's skillfully arranged fictional events (so vividly suspenseful that one wonders, at around the two-hundred-page mark, how the author can possibly keep things going for another four hundred or so; but he

(continued)

does), the reader is privileged to listen in on hush-hush legislative strategy conferences, is treated to an eye-opening exhibition of all the subtle little finesses which mark parliamentary tactics, and has his emotions worked upon by several very large climaxes which include: Leffingwell's perjury in denying to a Senate subcommittee that he ever belonged to a Communist cell; the heart-breaking suicide of a senator, shaken by politically motivated blackmail threats to reveal a homosexual episode in his past; the President's role in mercilessly hounding a political opponent to death by means of this homosexual smear campaign and his attempt to keep this quiet by offering the Presidency itself as a bribe to the one man in Washington who can destroy him.

The Atypical Reporter

Lurid as these happenings may sound, it is a measure of Allen Drury's skill and intent that his book never settles for the easy sensationalism and behind-the-scenes cynicism which too regularly mark the usual reporter's novel. For Mr. Drury is not the usual reporter. He loves his work and thoroughly respects the people with whom it brings him into contact (his book is, in fact, dedicated to the "distinguished and able gentlemen" of the Senate of the United States). *Advise and Consent* is both discreet in its treatment of the intimate affairs of individuals and sober in its presentation of the national dilemma toward which its author sees us drifting. Its finest achievement lies in showing us that, for better or worse, the world of Washington politics is comprised neither of heroes nor of villains, but of men.

THE CAVE, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House, $4.95). A novel that seems to cry "masterpiece" from the first paragraph, here is the saga of a man who becomes trapped in a cave, and the ramifications of his adventure for his fellow Kentuckians who attempt rescue.

WHAT IS THE STARS?, by Arthur Roth (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc., $3.95). Marked with the same fresh talent that distinguished the writer's widely praised novel *A Terrible Beauty*, here is a jovial, yet dead-serious story of the men of the present-day Irish Army.

NEW YORK *Places & Pleasures: An Uncommon Guidebook*, by Kate Simon (Meridian Books, Inc., cloth edition, $3.50; paperbound, $1.95). Truly, as the subtitle indicates, this is an uncommon guidebook. A knowledgeable and extraordinarily well-written set of pointers on what to do both on and off the beaten path. No visitor to New York can afford not to read it. Miss Simon obviously loves her city and communicates her love. THE END

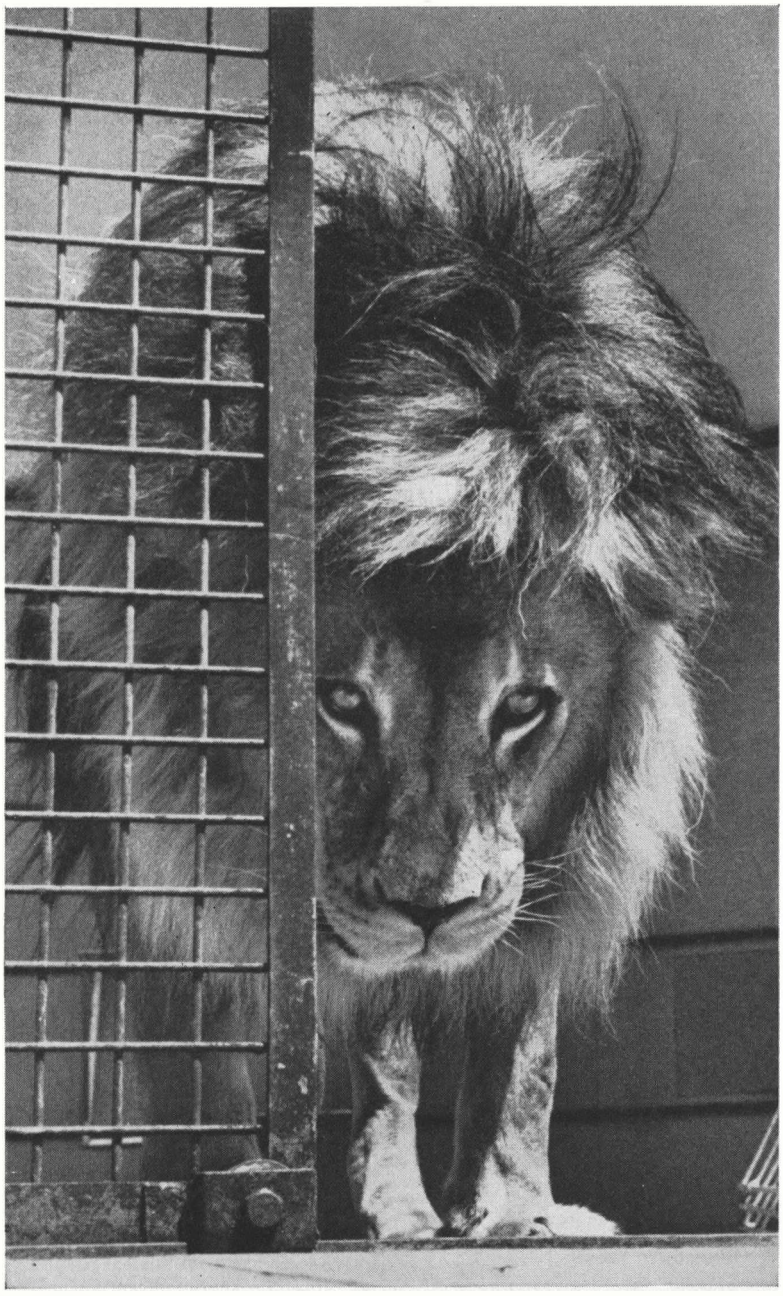
Allen Drury's Washington

Like a city in dreams, the great white Capital stretches along the placid river from Georgetown on the west to Anacostia on the east. It is a city of temporaries, a city of just-arriveds and only-visitings, built on the shifting sands of politics, filled with people passing through. . . . Washington takes them like a lover and they are lost. Some are big names, some are little, but once they succumb it makes no difference; they always return, spoiled for the Main Streets without which Washington could not live, knowing instinctively that this is the biggest Main Street of them all, the granddaddy and grandchild of Main Streets rolled into one. They come, they stay, they make their mark, writing big or little on their times, in the strange, fantastic, fascinating city that mirrors so faithfully their strange, fantastic, fascinating land in which there are few absolute wrongs or absolute rights, few all-blacks or all-whites, few dead-certain positives that won't be changed tomorrow; their wonderful, mixed-up, blundering, stumbling, hopeful land in which evil men do good things and good men do evil in a way of life and government so complex and delicately balanced that only Americans can understand it and often they are baffled.

—From *Advise and Consent*, page 21.

The Insecure Lion

...who prefers his cage to freedom



A CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER recently carried a story about a lion that escaped from his cage during a carnival.

Men showed their heels. Women screamed and shielded their children.

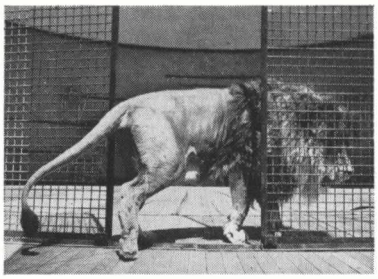
Now you'd expect an escaped lion to bolt for the tall grass. But this king of beasts had been in captivity so long, he took a quick look at the world and then turned and walked back into his cage.

Obviously, security was more desirable to the lion than freedom.

His behavior demonstrates that to be free you must be independent.

When people over-emphasize security —or dependence—they can't help but lose some of their initiative. You see it in the way people more and more rely on government instead of on themselves.

It would appear that people don't realize that whatever they get from the government must eventually be paid for by them or their children. This type of "security" may be easy to take at first. But it is habit-forming; after a while, people may prefer this false security to freedom.



Then, like the lion, they walk back into their cage.

Absolute security under government is illusionary. For the only thing that government can give to the people is that which it first takes *from* the people.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

Are College Tours Worth the Money?

Our student ambassadors abroad are no mere vacationists. Some of them earn academic credits, some just look and learn, but all major in world citizenship.

TRAVEL WITH DON SHORT

Thousands of American students participating in September's great back-to-the-books trek are taking with them concepts of their fellow humans which have been enriched by a summer of travel and, in some cases, study and work in foreign countries. This year has been the biggest in a movement begun about twelve years ago by students who returned to their campuses from the disillusionment of war believing that all men have a duty to see, know, and understand their fellows in other countries.

Some of the deadly seriousness of the pioneers is gone, but their purpose is still, this summer as in the past, to learn by seeing and participating. The student travelers had fun: some studied anatomy at the Lido; some improved their musical appreciation to the strains of Dixieland jazz in rec halls of student ships; a few educated their taste buds at Grinzing near Vienna. These brief excursions, however, were just the froth on the fountain of learning. One way or another all of the student tourists had ample opportunity to supplement their academic knowledge.

Generally, student tours are in the economy class. Since these are usually summer-long trips, ship travel is feasible, and it's inexpensive. The accommodations are generally in dormitories or cabins accommodating two, four or six students. Many of the ships provide special student programs which include shipboard orientation programs, discussions of countries and their customs, language studies, and recreation.

In Europe, which is the destination of most student tours, travel is usually by bus. Some organizations prefer to use the little Volkswagen-type buses which take nine or ten students and a leader. The small groups allow greater flexibility in schedules and occasional brief detours.

Accommodations abroad are provided, for the most part, in smaller hotels and inns. A great many tours make provisions for the students to spend a week or more living with a European family. American students who attend lectures or special short courses at European universities usually live on the campus.

There are a few de luxe tours for students, with first-class ship travel, first-class hotels, meals at famous restaurants and night clubs, and admission to shows and concerts. These range in price up to about $2,900 for a sixty-three-day trip, with about $500 more for extras.

On the whole, however, the price range for tours lasting eight to twelve weeks is approximately $750 to $1,200, including the transatlantic crossing. On such tours the student must allow anywhere from $100 to $500 for extras—entertainment, tips, laundry, and souvenirs. In some cases the tour operators provide a free evening or afternoon in a big capital city. The students have a choice of dining places or entertainment but must pay the bills themselves.

Monkmeyer

Shipboard lectures prepare students for putting best foot forward on foreign shores.

Responsible Young Ambassadors

This summer's student tourists in Europe had greater individual freedom than any of their predecessors. Direct supervision has given way to counseling on most of the student tours. Parents are usually advised that the student's behavior is a matter between them and their children. The educational institution or tour company provides counseling on personal problems and advice on correct conduct, dress, local customs, and courtesies. It assumes that the student is sufficiently grown up and intelligent to conduct himself in a proper manner. All of the student tour organizations emphasize to tour participants that the American student abroad is a good-will ambassador and his conduct a yardstick by which people abroad will judge America.

The majority of student tours concentrate on sightseeing and visits to well-known places on the theory that most of these young people are making their first extended trip abroad. In all cases, the sightseeing has educational overtones. The conductor of the group, who is usually a faculty member of an American educational institution, is selected because he has a broad general background on the countries to be visited or subjects to be explored.

In addition to the usual sightseeing, student tours make visits to foreign universities, where they have special interviews with faculty members, curators at museums, and sometimes local government officials. Also, they may attend operas, ballets, concerts, and plays.

Live-and-Work Programs

There are study tours also, covering most of the countries of Europe, with special summer courses at leading universities and credits at the college back home. Some students go for the seminars and work programs, of which there are a great variety. A big feature of these programs is the chance to live in a foreign community, such as the Kibbutz in Israel.

A number of nonprofit and commercial organizations operate the tours, including independent travel study tours, seminar tours, and work programs. They include:

Americans for Democratic Action, 1341 Connecticut Ave. N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

American Youth Abroad, 88 University Station, Minneapolis 14, Minn.

American Youth Hostels, Inc., 14 W. 8 St., New York 11, N.Y.

Consolidated Tours, Inc. (U.S.S.R. specialists), 250 W. 57 St., New York 19, N.Y.

Council on Student Travel, Inc., 179 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y.

Eur-Cal Travel, 2308 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 4, Calif.

European Traveling Seminar, Potomac Plaza, 901, 2475 Virginia Ave., Washington 7, D.C.

Experiment in International Living, Putney, Vt.

Flying College Summer Tours, Inc., Prof. Harold Tarbell, Ph.D., Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

General Tours, Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Popularis Tours, Inc. (Catholic Students), 286 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

SITA (Students International Travel Association), 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Educational Travel Inc., Dept. WT 2, 701 Seventh Ave., New York 36, N.Y.

University Travel, Harvard Square, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Wakefield-Fortune Tours, Inc., 15 E. 58 St., New York 22, N.Y.

Wells Tours, Inc., 9250 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. THE END

SHIRLEY MACLAINE
Sassy and Off-Beat

The "no method" acting of this nine-picture wonder will net her a neat $250,000 for her latest movie, Career, *but she pinches pennies like a $60-a-week secretary, never wears a dress, and, when she starts to work off her inhibitions, people think that she is "fried to the eyeballs."*

BY JON WHITCOMB

FUR-HATTED *for role in* Can Can, *Shirley drapes herself in a V.I.G.G. (Very Important Glamour Girl) pose. Shirley's gimmick: comedy plus sex.*

The Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *Me and Juliet* opened on Broadway five and a half years ago, with Isabel Bigley in the leading female role. In the chorus was a long-legged dancer with red hair, green eyes, and freckles, who got her job through dogged persistence—having been twice rejected in auditions for the show. She wore her hair in a flaming pony-tail. As it spun like a pin wheel behind the show's star, it provided a distraction very like that of a display of fireworks.

Warned the stage manager: "Cut your hair." Miss Pony-tail ignored him. One night, during the performance, she was escorted down to the basement of the theatre to star in a little scene of her own: the red mane was forcibly chopped off.

"So now I have this egg-beater coiffure," says Shirley MacLaine, Hollywood's newest big movie star. "Mind if I borrow your comb?"

The Gypsy in Her

The freckles and the green eyes remain the same, and the streamlined MacLaine chassis belongs to a girl who deserves a Silver Cup for Looking Least Like a Movie Star. She is tall, 5′ 6″, and has big feet—size 8½. Thus far, she has exhibited little interest in landing on the list of The Ten Best-Dressed Women. Her short hair commutes between red and pale blonde, depending on the film she's in, and is worn in the style associated with small boys who go for months between haircuts. Her long legs, which seem to start at the shoulders, and her dancer's training give her a regal bearing and grace in movement which might make her—if she ever wished it—a clothes horse par excellence. On this magnificent frame she drapes pants and a shirt, her favorite outfit away from the studio. Whether the pants are pedal-

pushers, toreador pants, or just a pair of old, faded slacks, Shirley still looks like a "gypsy" (slang term for youngsters who make a living on the musical stage, going from show to show in the gypsy rehearsal uniform which consists of a frayed shirt tied in a knot across the stomach, and ragged shorts or pants with the legs slit into fringe).

Dressing the Part Is "Out"

The MacLaine fee for a picture is now a quarter of a million dollars, but Shirley has yet to dress the part. Not for her the clouds of mink, cabochon emeralds, and Balenciagas which used to distinguish flicker queens from peasants; until recently she was still turning up for TV rehearsals in her old gypsy outfits. Watching her arrive at the NBC color studios as a guest on the Dinah Shore Chevy Show, choreographer Tony Charmoli said, "Shirley, you're a big celebrity now, and I'll bet you haven't spent a nickel for rehearsal clothes since you were in the chorus."

Shirley patted her worn levis. "That's right," she said; "these are the same ones."

"No matter how much money Shirley makes," Charmoli says, admiringly, "she'll always be the thrifty type. Just the same, next time she was on the show, I could tell that she'd been shopping. She turned up in a new outfit that was practically an ensemble. The pants and shirt *matched*."

Violating all the conventional rules of cinema glamour, Shirley MacLaine symbolizes the changes that have taken place in pictures and movie personalities. The gilded cuties are considered "out" and the sassy off-beatniks are "in." As the sassiest and most off-beat of the new arrivals, Shirley belongs to a distinctly fresh era of movie goddesses.

In less than six years, Shirley has made nine pictures and has been nominated for an Oscar (for *Some Came Running*). She is married to Steve Parker, who produces movies in the Orient, and has a three-year-old daughter named Stephanie Sachiko.

Both Parkers are confirmed Japanophiles, and their house in Encino, a Los Angeles suburb in the San Fernando Valley, shows the results of their passion for the Nipponese way of life. One room, the den, is entirely Japanese in design. Visible on the front lawn is a two-and-a-half-ton stone lantern which Steve shipped home. Meals are served on the floor, and the Parkers take their shoes off when indoors. Steve's business keeps him in Japan for months at a stretch. As a result, Shirley has made several trips to the Far East and would like to make a picture there some day. Stephanie is a small, impish version of her mother, with whom she has appeared on magazine covers; and, like her mother, she's a professional clown with a large repertoire of facial antics.

GREEN-EYED "PIXIE" LOOK *has been called "one of Shirley's estimated 8,884 known expressions—and God only knows how many more there are!"*

Shirley's real surname is Beaty. She was born in Richmond, Virginia, to Ira Beaty and the former Kathlyn MacLean. When she was eleven, the family moved to Arlington, where Shirley and her younger brother, Warren, went to high school. Summers, she studied ballet in New York, having taken up dancing in an effort to correct weak ankles. Since Beaty was often mispronounced, Shirley took the last name of her mother, spelling it MacLaine to indicate the correct pronunciation.

Loss of her pony-tail in *Me and Juliet* made her the perfect understudy for Director George Abbott's next show, *The Pajama Game*. Star Carol Haney's ankle broke three days after the show opened, and Shirley—with an identical hair-do—was dancing in the "Steam Heat" number when Alfred Hitchcock's scouts visited the show in search of a leading woman for *The Trouble With Harry*.

Old Corpse, New Career

This was the film in which "Harry" was a corpse who was buried and dug up several times during the course of the story. The picture was scheduled to be made in Vermont during the weeks when autumn foliage was at its most colorful, and the director needed a leading lady to play Mrs. Harry while the maples were still a brilliant red. *The Pajama Game* had been running only six days when Hal Wallis of Paramount (which distributed *Harry*) offered Shirley a contract.

Just Acting Natural

The screen test she made ran only a few minutes, but it was to become one of the most interesting bits of film in the backstage history of the movies. Shirley simply sat on a stool and talked about herself. From behind the camera, Director Daniel Mann prompted her quietly with questions. Her answers were made with such candor and naturalness that this unrehearsed interview now seems like a carefully staged scene from a major dramatic film. Filling the screen, the expressive MacLaine face rippled with changing expressions like a wheat field swept by the wind. Old hands at Paramount could not recall a performer since Audrey Hepburn who displayed such virtuosity and casual charm in a first test. At the finish, the lens retreated far enough to show Shirley full-length, demonstrating bits of the songs and dances from her show.

Startled and impressed, Wallis and Hitchcock lost no time in signing her up. Miss Haney's ankle healed. Shirley left the show, married actor Steve Parker, and reported to the set in Vermont just

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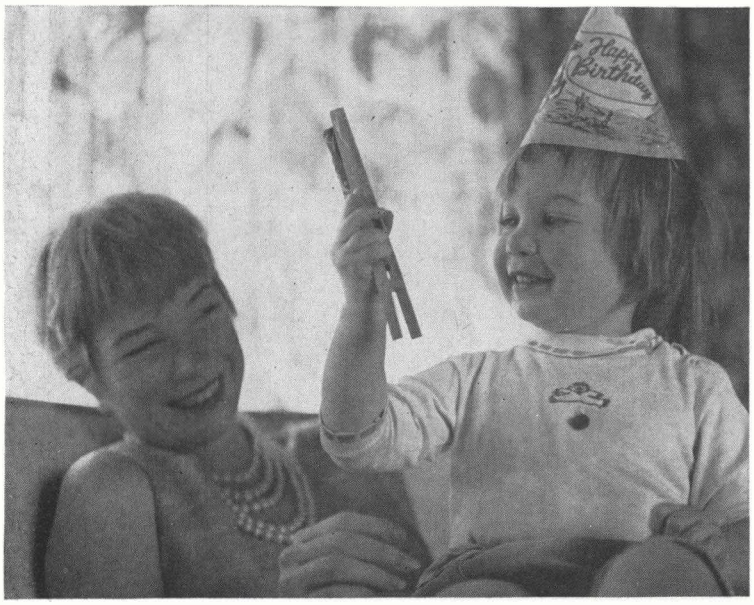

IN ORIENTAL LIVING ROOM *of Encino home, Shirley amuses daughter, Stephanie Sachiko Parker, three, who is skilled mimic of her comic mom.*

FIVE MINUTES AGO *a dipsomaniacal heiress on the* Career *set, Shirley now composes herself quickly, sits down for a cozy chat with Jon Whitcomb.*

in time for the turning of the leaves. It must have been an odd honeymoon, with the bride hard at work and the groom something less than welcome near the cameras. "Hitchcock takes a very firm stand on boy friends and husbands," Shirley said. "Every time Steve came around, he got the bum's rush."

Shirley's next exposure was in a Martin and Lewis musical, *Artists and Models,* followed by *Around the World in 80 Days,* in which she played a Hindu princess in a black wig. This spectacular piece of miscasting did little for her except provide a trip to Japan, but she remembers that, during production, she introduced Elizabeth Taylor to Mike Todd. *The Sheepman, The Matchmaker,* and *Hot Spell* displayed Shirley respectively as a cowgirl, a flirty period milliner, and a Southern belle; but it was not until *Some Came Running,* in which she played an awkward, small-town lady-of-the-evening, that she began to justify the promise of her memorable screen test. The industry considered her performance to be Acting with a capital A, and her Academy Award nomination was the result.

By this time, Shirley had finished *Ask Any Girl* at M-G-M, in which she was treated to pretty clothes and a curly hair-do, and had started work at Paramount on *Career,* the film version of an off-Broadway play owned by Wallis. Between scenes, I asked her whether she had a speech ready in case she was awarded an Oscar for her acting in *Some Came Running.*

"Don't be silly; why would I need a speech? Nobody as new as I am could possibly snag an Oscar. I'm terribly lucky, and I loved getting the nomination —but that's all I'll get, of course. Since then, I haven't even thought about it."

When Shirley was called back to the cameras, I turned to Grace Harris, the lady in charge of the MacLaine wardrobe. "My little friend Shirley is a real character in every sense of the word," she said, affectionately. "I don't always understand her, but I never stop adoring her. To work with her, I've got to do the concentrating on such things as her clothes, hair, and make-up. She's too busy, acting, to bother."

Chuckles and Forty Winks

Within five minutes of my first meeting with Shirley, she had fallen fast asleep on my shoulder. We were in her dressing room while the company was working on a close-up of Tony Franciosa, one of Shirley's two leading men. The other, Dean Martin, was loafing on the sidelines, where he and Shirley had been clowning for photographers around a prop bathtub. Shirley considers Dean Martin the world's funniest man, and he

regards her as the perfect audience. They keep each other in stitches, which is not difficult because his mildest sally sends her into wild laughter. Somewhat exhausted by the morning's shooting, during which there had been off-camera interludes of being an audience for Dean, Shirley dozed off the minute she sat down in her dressing room.

How to Charge a Battery

When she awoke a few minutes later, she said, "I can go to sleep anytime, anywhere. Charges my batteries. When I wake up, I'm all refreshed. Then I just go on from there." For her role as a spoiled heiress in *Career*, she was wearing a smart tweed suit with double strands of mink on the sleeves of the jacket. Her hair was pale gold, cropped short. With charged batteries, she joined me as I walked to the Paramount commissary for lunch.

At a table in the corner, she said, "I've just *got* to eat heavy today. We're doing a hysterical scene—I have to do a lot of crying. I don't supply my own tears. They put stuff on my cheeks. There's no sense in weeping real tears when the false ones look just as good."

I asked her what she thought about during a hysterical scene.

"What kind of a mess those TV repairmen are making at the house," she answered. "They're putting a color set in a storage wall today. The place is carpeted in white, and they'd just better clean up when they're done."

As she spoke, she kept glancing over to the table about thirty feet away where Dean Martin was being interviewed by a woman journalist. He was doing tricks with the sugar bowl and a couple of spoons, and the writer was laughing helplessly. Shirley was as restless as a playgoer who has just been seated in the thirty-fifth row from the stage. We skipped dessert and moved over to Martin's table. Grabbing Shirley's handbag, he opened the lid and shouted into it, "Look alive down there! I said, 'ham on rye!'" Lunch broke up in a torrent of giggles.

The following morning I drove out to the Parker ranchhouse in Encino and had a late breakfast with Shirley and Stephanie. The crying scenes were finished and Shirley would have a week before her next appearance on the set. Wearing yellow toreador pants and a sleeveless shirt to which she'd added five strings of pearls, Shirley toasted English muffins and rummaged in the refrigerator for orange juice. Stephanie wrestled with a good-natured boxer puppy.

We ate in the kitchen, separated from the front lawn and the Japanese lantern by glass walls. Beyond the lawn, other houses, perched like this one on the crests of foothills, dotted the valley. Over muffins and marmalade, Shirley observed that her dancing days were over. "I've had it," she said. "It's acting from now on. You've got to work too hard at dancing, every day, to keep it up." I said that some dance numbers I had seen her do on the Dinah Shore show looked fine. "Don't believe it," she told me, with one eye on Stephanie. "I was faking. Unless you work out every day and stay in top-notch trim, your elevations suffer. Your timing goes off—it all falls down."

As an ex-dancer, Shirley classifies herself now as a non-Method actress. "When I read the script of *Career*, I felt that I knew and understood the heroine, a girl who is supposed to be a much-married dipsomaniac. The first impression is the one I go on. I read the script; then I never have to go back to it. Lines are easy for me. I have a photographic memory. Anyhow—that's *my* method."

Commenting on this theory, her director, Joseph Anthony, later said: "She's 'method' anyway. She has great inner reality. It's entirely sensory; she doesn't like to intellectualize."

Most Spontaneous Girl in Town

Shirley's high spirits, the way in which she relieves certain inner tensions by behavior of a very uninhibited sort, sometimes give strangers the impression that she must be plastered. A friend says, "Shirley doesn't drink. She's an explosive girl, and it has to come out somehow. She's not really fried to the eyeballs—she's just letting off steam."

A Paramount executive said, "Shirley is the most honest woman you'll ever meet. She's absolutely direct. She says just what she thinks as soon as she thinks it."

Married to a businessman who works six thousand miles away, Shirley's thoughts are aimed principally at the Orient. "You'd like Japan," she told me. "Just go there once, and you'll never want to leave."

When Shirley was carrying Stephanie, Steve announced toward the end of her pregnancy that he had to go to Japan on business. Worse yet, he would have to be gone six months. Shirley was horrified. She felt that he should see the child before he left, and he was scheduled to leave the next morning. Without hesitation, she got into her MG and drove to the hospital.

"I want to have my child today," she said.

The doctors induced labor, and she gave birth immediately, watching the process, with great interest, in an arrangement of mirrors. It was an easy birth, with no complications, and Shirley was able to introduce Stephanie to Steve that same afternoon. THE END

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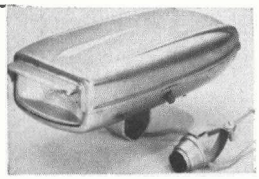

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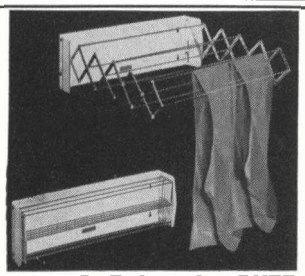

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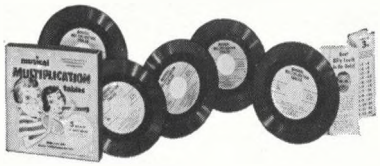

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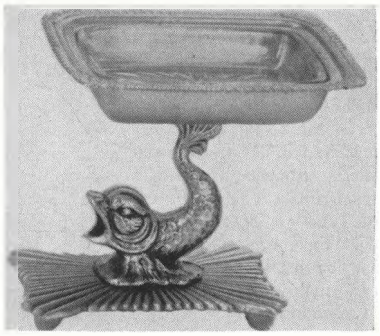

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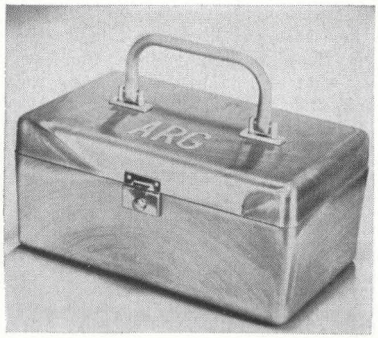

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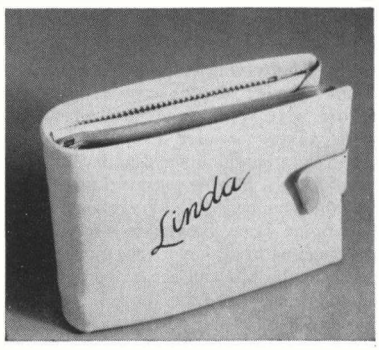

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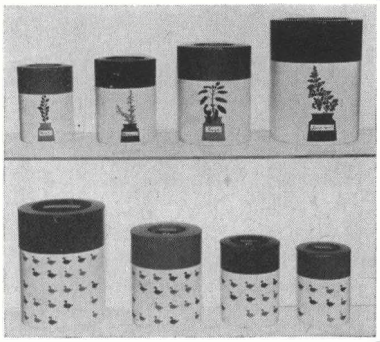

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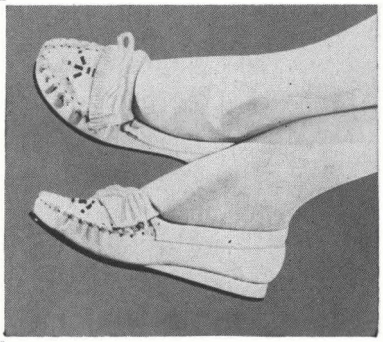

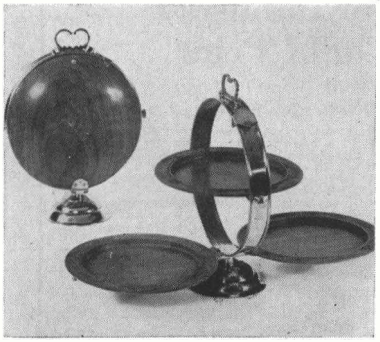

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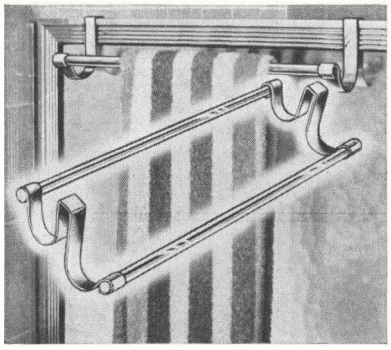

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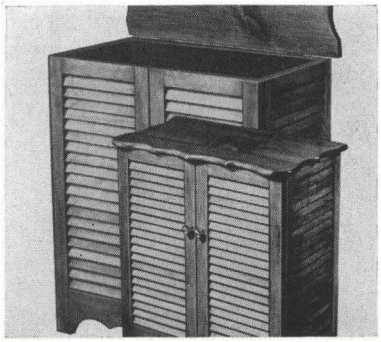

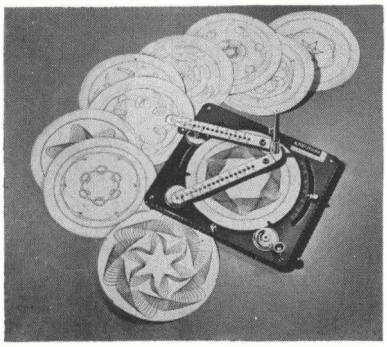

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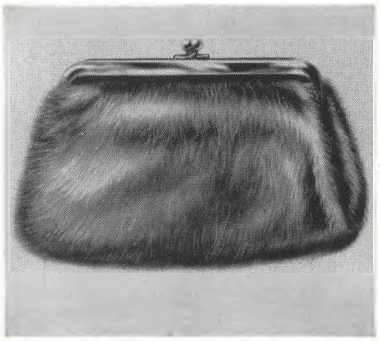

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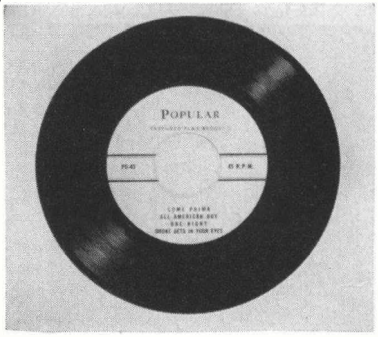

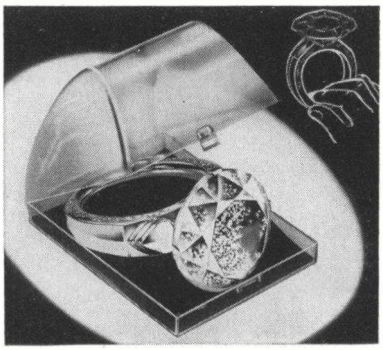

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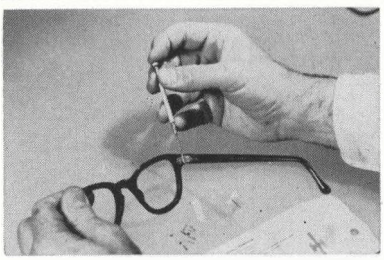

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LOOKING INTO PEOPLE

Mom Wears Pants, Kids Insecure; School Debut Jitters; and Psychogenic Fever

Drawings by McKie

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Mom wears pants, kids insecure. In families where Pa's the boss, children tend to grow up emotionally healthier than in those where Ma wears the pants. So report psychiatrist Nathan B. Epstein and psychologist William A. Westley (McGill University), after studying the families of college students. If the father was the "man of the house," the children were generally well balanced. If the father was a Milquetoast and let the mother rule the roost, the emotional health of the children was low. The reason seemed to be that a reversal in the traditional husband and wife roles in a family kept children from developing a clear identification with their own sex—the boys with maleness, the girls with femaleness—and this lack of identification decreased their feelings of security. Oddly, the sexual relationship of the parents had little to do with the problem. Parents of some of the best adjusted children had a poor sexual relationship, whereas parents of some of the most maladjusted children got alone fine sexually.

"Milk for bambino: papa, vino." This slogan is strongly entrenched among Italians both in Italy and in the United States, experts of the Yale Center of Alcoholic Studies have found. Whereas Americans believe milk is good for everyone, Italians regard it as primarily for young children. Of 1,500 Italians interviewed, only 3 per cent drank milk with lunch or dinner, most of them considering it neither particularly suitable for adults nor, in fact, very healthy for them. On the other hand, the vast majority were certain that wine with meals is healthy for adults, and only a single person thought drinking it regularly with meals could lead to alcoholism. Tending to bear this out, the alcoholism rate among Italians is extremely low—only about one-eighth of that among Americans generally. The Yale experts warn, however, that this need not imply a connection between milk drinking and alcoholism, or wine drinking and sobriety. Both France, a top wine-drinking country, and Finland, the world's top milk-drinking country, have high rates of alcoholism. One must look for the causes of drunkenness in many deep-rooted, complex cultural factors.

School-debut jitters. It's normal for the "whining schoolboy," as Shakespeare said, to go "creeping like snail, unwillingly to school." But in a child who has just started school, tummy aches, nausea, headaches, and so on may be symptoms of a special condition. Quite simply, says Dr. F. A. Dunsworth (Dalhousie University, Halifax), Junior may be showing an inner revolt against school because it has taken him from his mommy. "School phobias" are commonest in only children, or in youngest children, who have been overprotected and made too dependent on

their mothers. Most often the cure lies in changing the parents' attitudes and the youngster's thinking.

"When Irish brides are waiting." Faith, and it's a sad song the colleens are singing, for the fair ones of Ireland lag far behind those of all other countries in their trips to the altar. But 'tisn't as bad as it used to be. Population expert Clyde V. Kiser (Milbank Memorial Fund) reports that the average age of Irish brides now is twenty-six, although it was almost twenty-eight in 1941. American brides are the youngest, averaging 20.2 years. Brides' average ages in other countries: Canada, 21.7 years; France, 21.9; England, 22; Sweden, 22.8; Finland, 22.9; Norway, 23.5; Netherlands, 24.3; Switzerland, 24.5. The main cause of late Irish marriages is poor economic conditions. Says Dr. Kiser, "Probably many engaged Irish men and women live with their parents and wait around until circumstances are such that they can be married. For many, the opportunities and even the inclinations fade with age." The result of this situation—which is worsened by heavy migrations of men to other countries—is that almost 25 per cent of Irish women never marry.

Do "repeat" marriages last? The chances for success of a repeat marriage may be greatly influenced by how many times each mate has been married previously, and how the marriages were terminated, according to sociologist Thomas P. Monahan (Philadelphia). "Past-performance" marriage records in Iowa (one of the few states keeping such data) show that the shakiest of all marriages—with an *80 per cent chance of divorce*—are those in which both mates have been divorced twice. Least likely to break up, with only a 10 per cent chance of divorce, are marriages between widows and widowers whose lost mates were their only previous ones. Where one mate has been widowed once, and the other is marrying for the first time, the divorce risk is 16 per cent (the same as for a couple both of whom are marrying for the first time). If one or both mates have previously been divorced once, the chance is one in three that the new marriage will break up. Where one mate has been divorced twice before, and the other divorced once, the break-up risk is two out of three.

(continued)

"Crazy" modern artists. Some of those modern paintings may indeed look "crazy" to you, but don't assume the artists are, cautions Swiss psychiatrist Alfred Bader. True, some insane patients of his, when encouraged, dash off striking canvases. However, these spontaneous works lack the organization and technique characteristic of real works of art; nor, says Dr. Bader, can insanity create artistic genius. Conversely, the truly gifted artist does not need a psychosis to express himself. To explain the alleged "insanity" of modern abstract art, Dr. Bader points out that many creative artists have turned from the realistic painting of the past because color photography has largely taken over the portrayal of people and scenes. "Instead," he says, "the artist turns toward an inner reality, seeking his themes in the depths of his own being." Anyway, the prices paid for the results—up to $250,000 for a prime Picasso—might suggest that the successful modern artist is as crazy as a fox.

The vanishing "he" man. American males and females are becoming increasingly more alike, not because—as commonly supposed—girls are being trained to be more like men, but because our boys are being trained to think and feel more like women. So conclude sociologists Edward M. Bennett and Larry R. Cohen (Tufts University), after studying 1,300 northeasterners of all ages. "Traits long regarded as 'masculine'—those of the Indian brave, frontiersman, soldier, etc.—actually show up either as weak or generally lacking in our present-day males," the experts report. "On the other hand, qualities thought of as 'feminine'—warmth, dependence, compliance, fear—while stronger in women, are also very strong in our men. In other words, feminine feelings are stronger than masculine feelings in both sexes." Primarily because of an extended childhood with his mother and with female teachers, the American male is apparently being cast in a half-feminine personality mold. "He continues to be 'masculine' only because he is less feminine than a woman."

Sons as "proxy husbands." A widow or a divorced woman may warp her young son if she treats him as a substitute for the missing husband, say psychiatrists Howard Lee Wylie and Rafael A. Delgado (Worcester, Massachusetts). Studying fatherless boys who were disturbed or delinquent at the Worcester Youth Guidance Center, they found that in many cases the mother was bitter about or contemptuous of her dead or divorced husband, and viewed the son with antagonism, berating him for being "bad just like his father," expressing the fear that he was headed for the same "no good end," and constantly demeaning and humbling him. On the other hand, a mother who had been very attached to her husband sometimes sought to make her son into a "substitute lover," lavishing abnormal affection on him. Often such a mother jealously schemed to keep her son away from girls, and thus steered him toward homosexuality. In cases in which a mother and her young son live alone, psychiatrists strongly recommend that every effort be made to provide the boy with ample male companionship, and that he have frequent contacts with uncles or other friendly older males who can supply the necessary "fathering" influence.

Your Psychogenic Fever. That fever mark when you take your temperature may sometimes mean only that you're unduly worried or excited. As proof that "psychogenic fever" may exist, Dr. Kerr L. White and Dr. Walter N. Long, Jr. (North Carolina Memorial Hospital), found that male patients while playing cards for money showed temperature increases of 1.5 degrees above their normal reading, although there was no increase in their temperatures when they played without gambling.

Religion and marriage views. A coed's religion greatly influences her dating habits and her marriage plans, it was learned by sociologists Victor A. Christopherson (University of Connecticut) and James Walters (Florida State University). When queried on the subject, a group of several hundred coeds, composed of almost equal proportions of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews (designated here by "C," "P," and "J"), answered as follows. "Have you dated men of a different faith?" *Yes*—C, 64 per cent; P, 52 per cent; J, 14 per cent. "Would you marry someone of a different religion?" *Yes*—C, 10 per cent; P, 15 per cent; J, 4 per cent. "Would you convert to your husband's religion?" Yes—C, 1 per cent; P, 17 per cent; J, 3 per cent. "Would you allow your children to be reared in a different faith?" *Yes*—C, 14 per cent; P, 23 per cent; J, 9 per cent. "Do you desire a large family?" *Yes*—C, 10 per cent; P, 5 per cent; J, 1 per cent. "Should your husband help with housework and child care?" *Yes*—C, 62 per cent; P, 42 per cent; J, 46 per cent. "Would you consider divorce a suitable solution if your marriage didn't go well?" *Yes*—C, 2 per cent; P, 19 per cent; J, 16 per cent.

Working wives. If you are a working wife, you may find that your marriage is much affected by your husband's attitude toward your having a job. Marriage counselors Artie Gianopulos and Howard E. Mitchell (Philadelphia) report that in seventy-five cases they investigated there was far more conflict in every phase of domestic life—sharing household tasks, managing finances, caring for children, etc.—when the husband disapproved than when he approved of the wife's working. One reason: If a couple's adjustment is already inadequate, the wife's object in getting a job or pursuing a career may be to fill needs not satisfied in the marriage, and this adds to the husband's resentment and increases conflict. But if the husband wants the wife to work, either because he welcomes the extra money or because he wants her to be happier, the wife's working may serve to bring the couple closer together.

Lady psychiatrists. If both a woman and a man psychiatrist are available, to whom should the disturbed person go, or be sent—to one of the patient's own sex, or to one of the opposite sex? Psychiatrist Evelyn Ivey (Morristown, New Jersey) queried many members of her profession, male and female. Almost all thought that for adults (except homosexuals), the sex of the psychiatrist should generally make little difference. For most child patients, both boys and girls, women psychiatrists are usually chosen. For adolescents it was felt there might often be an advantage in choosing a psychiatrist of the patient's own sex. But for homosexual males (and to some extent for homosexual females also), the majority of specialists—the women overwhelmingly—felt a woman psychiatrist could be more helpful.

Smart enough for college? If you're wondering whether you (or your son or daughter) can keep up mentally with the college average, here's the answer: Psychologist Harold Richardson (San Jose State College) finds from records of ten representative American universities that the average IQ of all students is about 120, although for freshmen it's about 116. Presumably, after the freshman year most of the less-bright students have been weeded out, thereby raising the average IQ level for the college as a whole. THE END

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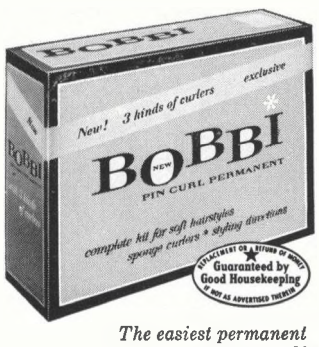

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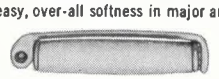

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Don't Push Your Child Too Far

More and more parents are learning from tragic experience the shocking truth about college-student crackups. Mental troubles are now the foremost health problem on our campuses—and the danger is growing every day.

BY JAMES PALMER AND MARY ANNE GUITAR

In a letter from Pennsylvania's Villanova University last January, a twenty-one-year-old premedical student named Peter Edson proclaimed: "I accomplish now in one day on Dexedrine more than in two weeks off it." A month later, in a fit of despondency—the aftermath of drug-taking—he committed suicide.

Meanwhile:

—at a women's college in Massachusetts, a pretty freshman, panic-stricken by approaching exams, suffered a nervous collapse and was removed from school "for a rest."

—on a campus in California a student political leader was hospitalized for a digestive ailment brought on by anxiety.

—in Illinois a mixed-up sophomore had his stomach pumped after having taken an overdose of sleeping pills.

—in New York a dissatisfied eighteen-year-old engineering student confessed to one of the year's most gruesome murders.

College crackups—and the tensions that produce them—have become a source of concern to educators everywhere. Psychological troubles are now rated as the number-one student health problem in most universities. They also are considered to be the most frequent reason why four out of ten boys and girls drop out of college without graduating.

Psychiatric help? It is needed by 10 to 15 per cent of the entire college population, according to some estimates; 20 per cent, according to others. And some authorities—among them Dr. Dana Farnsworth, Director of the University Health Service at Harvard—feel that the percentage is gradually increasing.

Moreover, recent evidence suggests that, up to now, the seriousness of such cases may have been underrated. In tabulating data on 218 disturbed students he had interviewed during the course of a year, Dr. Melvin L. Selzer, an associate psychiatrist at the University of Michigan, found he had diagnosed a full 17.8 per cent of them as schizophrenic!

This was so much higher than the anticipated figure that Dr. Selzer decided to investigate further. From two colleagues, he obtained the case histories of an additional 288 students who had reported emotional problems. An analysis of these revealed an incidence of schizophrenia that was even higher—a whopping 24.6 per cent!

If these figures seem hard to believe, one reason may be that students often make a habit of playing down their problems. As one psychiatrist puts it: "It is part of the game to seem adjusted, and they make an almost frantic effort to be at ease. So the superficial impression around campus is that everyone is having a wonderful time, because those who are, make quite a noise about it; those who aren't, pretend; and those who can't pretend, keep quiet."

Some Unlikely Victims

This kind of covering up may be the explanation behind another surprising fact: that breakdowns can and do happen to students who are popular, studious, and outwardly well adjusted. The widespread notion that the "poor mixer" or the "warped genius" of the Loeb-Leopold type is the only one who is in danger simply will not stand up in light of the facts.

Any such idea is firmly refuted by the figures on twenty-five student suicides at Yale. Warped geniuses? Hardly. Only six of the twenty-five were rated as excellent students. Poor mixers? By no means. The group included no fewer than ten big-men-on-campus!

Other studies support this conclusion. They also make it clear that the reasons behind a college crackup are not the ones most people suspect.

Alcohol—Symptom, Not Cause

Alcohol and drugs, which get a large part of the blame, are not really responsible. To be sure, they represent dangers—grave ones—and they figure in a high percentage of breakdowns. Psychologically speaking, however, they are symptoms of sickness rather than underlying causes. The student who takes them up is attempting either to compensate for a problem, or to escape from it.

The real sources of trouble are considerably less spectacular, and therefore far more dangerous. One university psychiatrist touches upon the general theme of them by observing: "In this era of spoon feeding, many students expect everything to be done for them. When they find it doesn't happen in college, they fold up and leave."

In this statement, the implied problem is the attainment of maturity and independence. And that, in brief, is what college demands of every young person: that he become an adult. Students who were "Bob" and "Nancy" to their high school teachers suddenly become "Mr. Johnson" and "Miss Brown" when they get to college—with all the change in status that this implies. The college boy or girl is treated as an adult and he is

Oddballs and overstudious types aren't the only ones who break down. It happens just as often to average students, big-men-on-campus.

expected to act like one. Childish behavior will not be tolerated any longer. It's grow up—or fold up.

In this process of maturation, the individual must face a series of adjustments and decisions which, in their importance, outrank any he has encountered before. It is these which may start him on the road to a crackup. Let's examine some of the more important ones.

The Strain of Competition

Learning to meet competition is a tremendous emotional hurdle for many boys and girls. On the campus, rivalry, both scholastic and social, is intense. The young person who happens to be unaccustomed to this often finds it highly disturbing.

This is doubly true if, as so often happens, he comes out poorly in the contest. (For in college, even the most gifted individual is pretty certain to encounter his peers. The bright boy from a small high school will meet other bright boys—from big schools. And the belle of the senior class may be faced with the shattering discovery that, by college standards, her appeal is only average.)

Students mature enough to accept disappointments of this kind will get along satisfactorily. But there is trouble ahead for those who haven't the inner strength to do so. Let's look at one such example—a pretty and popular freshman at a Massachusetts women's college who, at first glance, seemed a most unlikely candidate for a crackup.

Life had accustomed this young woman to success. Throughout her school days she had stood at the head of her class. In high school she edited the school paper, led the debating team to victory in a tri-state meet, and, without special effort, made straight A's. When she entered college, she and everyone who knew her expected this enviable record to be continued.

And, for a time, it was. As the first half of her freshman year drew to a close, she appeared to be doing splendidly. Her grades were nearly perfect. And she was popular enough to have been elected president of her dormitory.

What no one suspected, however, was that success wasn't coming easily any longer—that she was slowly exhausting herself in the effort to outshine girls more gifted than she. That the only thing which kept her going was a sickening fear of defeat. Midyear examinations were coming up. As the time for them drew nearer, she became more and more uneasy. Every day her inner tension grew. She had to do well! She had to!

Had to? No, that was not true—subconsciously, the realization came—for there was a way out, an escape. . . .

She was riding her bicycle at that particular moment. And when she reached the edge of the campus she simply kept pedaling. Out into the street. Down to the highway. On and on. When she collapsed at last from fatigue and hunger she had ridden nearly one hundred miles!

"I just couldn't stop," she told shocked authorities afterward. "I had to get away!"

Too upset and humiliated to return to school after what had happened, she *did* get away—for good—by joining the army of dropouts.

Cases like this are not uncommon. Every year hundreds, striving for an unattainable scholastic ideal, push themselves to the brink of a breakdown and are forced to quit school. Yet such casualties, though numerous, constitute only a small segment of the total picture.

Unready to Choose a Future

An equally important part of that picture is accounted for by the second major emotional hurdle that college students face: choosing a profession. For some, a decision of such importance—and finality—can be overwhelming. A few actually go so far as to flunk out, simply to gain more time for making up their minds. Others are constantly in the process of changing their career plans, and hence their courses. A freshman at a school in Tennessee presents a typical example. His continual switching of classes was the thing that brought him to the attention of the university psychiatrist. As it turned out, however, the confusion in his curriculum was nothing compared to the confusion in his mind.

He had started out to become a doctor. (This was what his parents wanted him to be.) He was barely launched on a premedical course, however, when he decided to become a physicist instead. Shortly thereafter, this, too, palled and he began to feel that, after all, his real abilities might lie in the field of foreign trade. When he finally was called in for consultation he was thinking of a career as a teacher of philosophy!

"What," he was asked, "do you *want* to be?"

"Why, I don't know, really . . ." he answered after a long pause. "I guess it doesn't matter too much. I mean . . . well, I just want to be a success!"

Students like this, whose goals are not clearly formulated, simply may not be ready for college. On the other hand, they often can be helped in solving their dilemma by a series of aptitude and personality tests. For the problem of choosing a career is closely related to still another emotional hurdle: the problem of identity.

During their high school years, most boys and girls get their opinions from their parents. The values, religious beliefs and political leanings of the father and mother are, as a rule, accepted without question.

Each Must Decide: "Who Am I?"

College, however, trains young people to decide such matters for themselves. And the initial effect of this training is sometimes to sweep away the old values without immediately offering any new ones to take their place. Trapped in a philosophic vacuum, the student may fall prey to what psychologist Erik Erikson calls "the identity crisis." He may become so confused that he no longer knows who he is, where he is going, what he stands for.

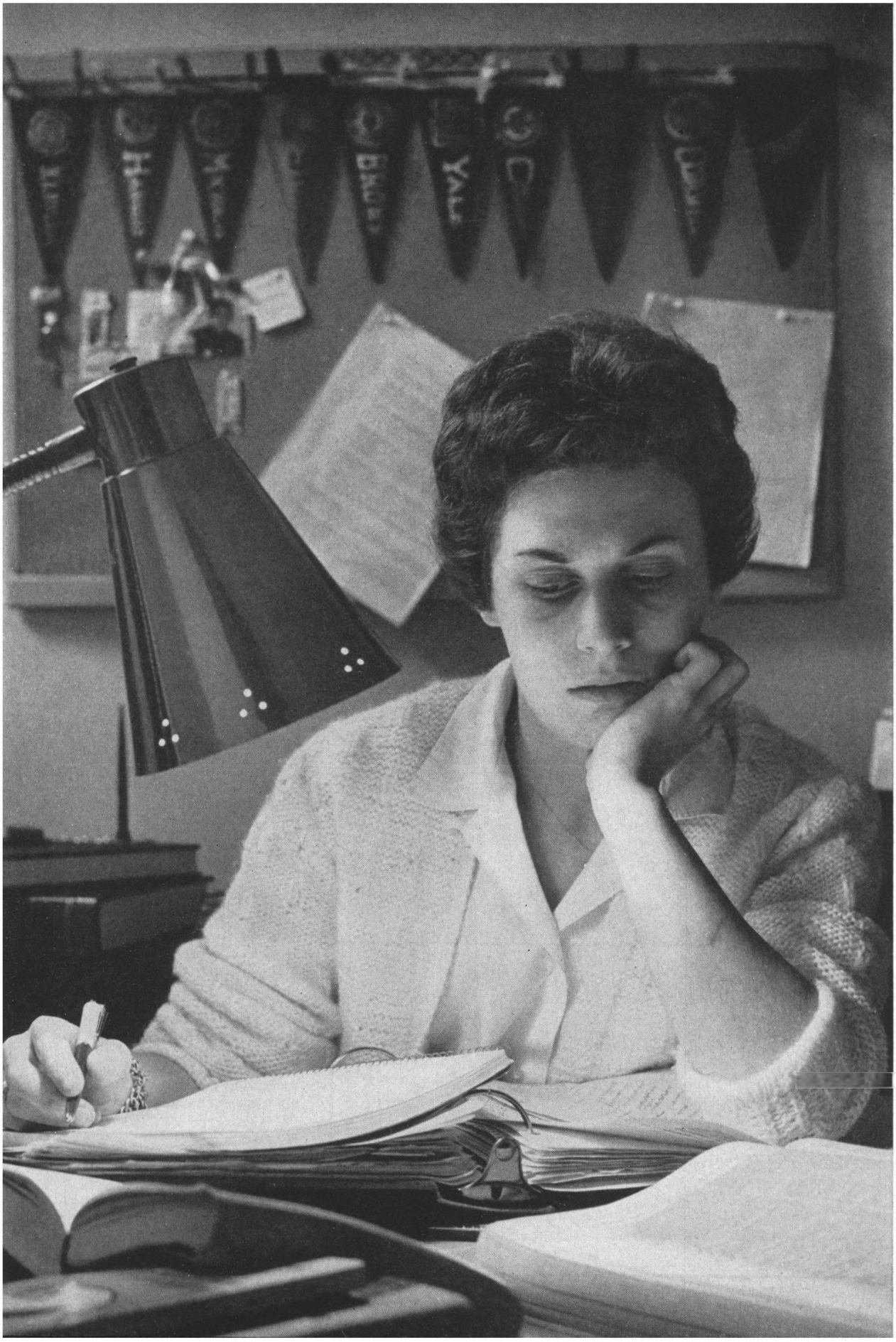
The young man we have been discussing proved to be such a case. He was the only child of devoted but overbearing parents. All his life, the psychiatrist learned, he had been told what to do and, even more important, what to think. Now, having rebelled at last against the career that had been chosen for him, he was unable to make a choice of his own.

A series of interviews with the psychiatrist helped him gain the beginnings of insight into his own personality. Tests were utilized to indicate his basic abilities. He also was advised to give himself more time and not try to make a decision until his ideas became less chaotic.

(continued)

EARLY DANGER SIGNAL *is a sudden inability to concentrate on studies. Disturbed students may spend long hours at their books, still not do well.*

Maxwell Coplan


YALE

The disgraceful fact: our 1,947 colleges

The solution proved effective. After a few months, he found a decision much easier to make. He wanted, he said, to become a doctor after all. This time he stuck to it.

Another source of serious anxiety among students is sex. It comprises not a single problem, however, but an entire series. Some of the more important questions to be settled are:

Am I attractive?

Do I fit into my proper masculine or feminine role?

Should I marry before graduating from college?

Should I engage in sexual relations without marriage?

It is the latter question that causes the greatest amount of conflict. "Most men," a freshman girl observes ruefully, "push the relationship further than the girl would like. She either goes along with it —or stops dating him."

In a situation of this kind the problem of identity again assumes a role of some importance. For the girl who is unsure of her identity is pretty certain to be unsure, too, of what her standards of conduct are. As a consequence, she may drift into promiscuous behavior that will damage her personality for life.

Sex As a Blues Chaser

One of the saddest things about such damage is that it may result in the sex act's losing all real significance. A recent study at a New England school describes a student who used sex simply as something to cheer her up when she was feeling blue! In the words of the investigating psychiatrists: "She changed men the way some women change clothes, or buy a new hat when they are feeling depressed."

Apparently this device was not entirely effective, however, for when she came in for consultation she seemed alarmingly listless and apathetic. (This despite the fact that she had two sizzling love affairs going at the moment!) She confessed to finding school a bore and said she had been thinking seriously of dropping out.

Driven by Loneliness

Investigation revealed she had a father and mother who were unusually reserved and cold. All her life she had felt that they rejected her. Her love affairs, she claimed, came from a need "to feel close to someone." In spite of her amours, however, she suffered from a deep sense of loneliness.

Her feelings of emptiness and depression might have led to a complete breakdown if treatment had not been available. As it was, she achieved what amounted to a partial recovery. One part of her therapy was the stipulation that she be less promiscuous. Thus, through denial, sex was made to seem more important and meaningful. As a result, love-making —and life—regained significance for her. She decided to remain in school.

What about marriage? Does it increase the danger of breakdown for an undergraduate? Do marriage and college place a double burden of stress upon individuals who try to combine them?

Just the opposite, apparently. Most educators seem to find marriage a healthy and stabilizing influence, provided the students enter into it with their parents' consent.

"From the standpoint of mental health," the guidance counselor of a Midwestern women's college says, "I would call student marriages a good thing. Married students face a lot of problems that single ones don't—but then they seem to handle their problems better too. The married girls are definitely steadier."

While marriage may create some problems it also solves many. The sex problem and the need for a sense of belonging are two of these. Furthermore, as one campus wife puts it: "When you're married you don't have to worry about your date rating!"

Inherent in the whole problem of sex and marriage, as well as in most of the other problems that college students face, is what many authorities consider the greatest problem of all: the student's relationship with his parents.

Scars of Parental Rejection

Oftener than not, when a breakdown occurs, this relationship is closely involved. The student who goes to pieces over his studies may merely be trying to achieve what he believes his father and mother expect. The one with identity trouble may be attempting to reconcile his own desires with his parents' plans for him. The one who turns to promiscuous sex may be seeking the warmth and affection he has never known at home.

In some cases parents, through their unreasonable demands, make a crackup for their son or daughter almost inevitable. Remarks like "Our family always makes A's" can set up dangerous tensions in the student who, try as he will, is unable to do excellent school work. Insistence upon certain grades, certain honors, or membership in certain organizations often places unbearable stress upon the individual who cannot measure up.

The parental relationship is vital, too, in setting the tone of a student's reactions to whatever other problems may arise. The young person whose father and mother have started him on the road to emotional maturity usually will be able to deal with the crises that college brings. But the one who has been overprotected or, worse yet, who faces parental domination so strong that eventually he will be forced to react against it, is likely to need help—and quickly.

Such help, had it been available last fall to eighteen-year-old Richard Hicks, Jr., might have prevented one of the year's most shocking crimes.

Young Hicks, a day student at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, was signaling for help in a number of ways.

Our College Youth—Mental Health's Forgotten Legion

Today there is an urgent need in American colleges and universities for mental hygiene programs. The first signs of mental illness often become manifest in college. Suicide is a leading cause of death among students. Preventive psychiatry (health education, counseling, early diagnosis and treatment, and mental rehabilitation) is needed to protect America's future leaders.

HENRY M. PARRISH, M.D.
Former Yale University psychiatrist, now associated with Vermont Department of Health

have only 40 full-time psychiatrists.

He seems to have had feelings of persecution. And he was bitterly unhappy at school—perhaps because of the prejudice he imagined he found there—and wanted to quit.

When his father refused to allow this, further signs of trouble began to appear. He became a frequent absentee from class. He spent for other purposes the money given him to pay his tuition.

His determination to leave school grew stronger. The argument over this was resumed again and again. The father, however, steadfastly refused to yield.

At length the son decided to take matters into his own hands. One morning he waited until his mother had left the apartment. Then he took a revolver and turned it upon his father, who was still sleeping, putting a bullet through the older man's head.

The murder accomplished, he took a large trunk, crammed the body into it, and summoned a taxi. He directed the cab to a riverboat pier, where he unloaded the trunk and dumped it into the water. (Before closing the lid, he had placed inside, with eerie symbolism, a book called *The Nature of Prejudice.*)

Not surprisingly, this lad—"always a good boy," according to stunned relatives—escaped the death penalty, despite a full confession mentioning the father's refusal to let him quit school as his motive. A psychiatric report diagnosing him as schizophrenic ended the trial. He is now in a hospital for the insane.

Danger Signs to Watch For

The signs of an approaching crackup are something that every student—and every parent—urgently needs to learn to recognize. Poor school work is usually the first symptom. Alert guidance counselors keep their eyes open for a boy or girl who is underachieving, who, though bright, is barely making passing grades. Chances are, such a student is having emotional trouble. As a result, he may be unable to study because of apathy or poor concentration.

The normal boy or girl experiences similar feelings, but he is able to overcome them through an extra effort of will. Not so the one who needs help. He may succeed for a time, perhaps, with the aid of stimulants. Oftener than not, he fails altogether. Such failure is a danger signal to watch for.

In more immediate peril is the individual who has become dependent upon some form of escape from reality. The student who cannot study has a problem; he has tried to solve his problem—by evasion. His solution—alcohol, drugs, promiscuous sex—almost always complicates his life still further, however, increasing rather than lessening his emotional stress. Eventually, as we have seen, the consequences can be tragic.

Most serious of all are the symptoms which, by suggesting incipient insanity, make prompt professional attention imperative. These include: frequent and severe periods of depression; delusions, usually of persecution; violent and unmotivated mood variations; incoherent behavior of any description. When these signs appear, psychiatric help should be sought without delay.

Once the signs of trouble have appeared, can anything be done to head off an impending crackup? Yes, in most cases, provided treatment is begun promptly.

Unfortunately, this is not always done. Sometimes the student himself makes it impossible by being too fearful or shy to seek help. More often, he wants help but fails to get it because of the shortage of facilities. At fifteen to twenty-five dollars an hour, private psychiatric counsel is out of reach for a great many boys and girls. Yet their problems may get short shrift at the college health center—if they are lucky enough to be attending a school that has one. Fewer than half of the country's nearly two thousand higher educational institutions have such facilities. And among those, only 101 have any sort of mental health program. When it comes to psychiatrists, the shortage is even more acute. A number do part-time work with students, but only forty work at colleges on a full-time basis.

This does not begin to fill the need. Columbia's Dr. J. Alison Montague says: "I have no doubt that if we had fifteen full-time psychiatrists we could fill up all their time. So many students are reaching out for guidance that I have to refer over half of my cases to mental health centers or private psychiatrists."

Improvement With Minimal Help

For those young people fortunate enough to find facilities for treatment, the outlook is often amazingly good. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two the personality is highly flexible. The defenses have not become rigidly established, as they will in later years. And the classroom already has accustomed these boys and girls to the acceptance of instruction and guidance. "It's amazing," says one authority, "how quickly most of them improve—with only minimal help."

Such help has long-range value. The student who gains insight into his own personality during the college years has a useful tool to help him in solving the conflicts that occur later on. It's a kind of mental health insurance for the future.

"Students come to me years later," says one guidance counselor, "and say, 'You opened the door for me.' And so often that's how it is—like opening a door. Once you get it open, self-understanding seems to follow almost automatically."

Today, as we enter an era of crowded classrooms and rising scholastic standards, it is more important than ever to open that door for the troubled boys and girls who stand, fearful and perplexed, on the threshold of the adult world.

THE END

Now Is the Time When Help Can Work Wonders

During college a student frequently faces some of the most crucial decisions of his entire life. This is a strenuous time when many "crackups" occur. But it is also a time of rich opportunity for personality development. In my opinion this is the most favorable time of life for resolving neurotic difficulties. Before life has congealed with the commitments of vocation, marriage, and children, there is greater freedom for experimentation. Even a *little bit of help* at this time can be invaluable.

JOHN M. STEVENS, M.D.
Director, Mental Health Clinic
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Bright Woman and Her Problems

Quiz champ Elfrida von Nardroff brings her famous answering ability to a new and perplexing group of questions. The topic: How can a woman be frankly bright, yet escape the universal prejudice against female intelligence?

BY ELFRIDA VON NARDROFF

Q. ***Elfrida, what would be your own definition of an intelligent woman?***

A. I cannot give a simple, objective answer, since I myself am presumably a member of that category. (I must assume, at least, that I am enough of an "intelligent woman" to give intelligent answers to these questions.)

There are a great many women in this country who might he thus classified. And their numbers are increasing every year —as current statistics clearly show. In the years since 1940, the number of women in the professions has doubled, rising from approximately 1,500,000 to a total that now stands at well over 2,500,000. The same goes for women in managerial and supervisory capacities. We have close to 1,000,000 of them today, as compared with a mere 450,000 in 1940. The figures on women in government are equally impressive. There are some 10,000 women now serving as county officials, plus a total of 533,000 in the United States governmental service. And, most significant of all, approximately 1,000 of those in governmental positions have policy-making jobs.

May all of these be considered "intelligent women"? What does the term actually mean? My assumption is that it refers not merely to the woman with a high IQ, but to one who applies that IQ in a certain direction. Thus, the woman we are talking about is not simply someone who solves practical, everyday problems with above-average ingenuity, but rather a special type peculiar to the modern world.

This new genus has two living species. The first of them is the successful *career woman*. This woman does not simply hold a job, nor is she admired by the public for some extraordinary personal quality not involving mental discipline, as certain members of the entertainment field are. The intelligent woman, species career woman, is a high-level executive or professional.

Let me describe the second species simply as the *intellectual*. My criteria here would not admit someone who was simply well informed. Few college graduates are intellectuals. Too many women go to college today and emerge unmarked by creative thought, having remained resolutely uninvolved with anything they have studied.

I believe that the intellectual is a person whose primary value is ideas. Such a woman may or may not work for a living. But she spends much of her time and energy thinking about, reading about, and talking about the arts, humanities, and sciences.

Q. ***Anatole France said, "Intelligent women always marry fools." Do you agree?***

A. Anatole France obviously meant that any man is a fool to marry an intelligent woman, that no one but a fool would do so. He did not mean that intelligent women choose fools to marry.

I agree that if a man marries a woman who does not live up to his expectations, he is a fool in that he defeats his own purposes. Whether the intelligent woman falls short, however, depends on what a man wants. Imbued with the standards of a more patriarchal culture than our own, Anatole France objected to the fact that an intelligent woman couldn't be dominated. But I feel that today many men are not in the least disturbed by increased female independence. They prefer an equal partner to a chattel.

This new partnership pattern, however, has not yet been smoothly integrated into our society. We have not yet structured our responses to this new kind of marriage, whose functions are not so clear-cut as the old ones.

Q. ***Do you think intelligent women are rare?***

A. Intelligent woman, species career woman, is less rare than in the past, as the statistics I have already cited indicate. There seems to be a feedback between a woman's professional success and general public tolerance of such success.

However, a woman's success is still a little precarious. Neither she nor the public is surprised when a career is thrown over for the sake of marriage and children.

Intelligent woman, species intellectual, on the other hand, may be decreasing in numbers, as is her male counterpart. This scarcity of intellectuals may be due to our society's growing emphasis on what Ortega calls the "learned ignoramus"—the person who is so specialized that he knows more and more about less and less.

Of course, intelligent women of either species are rarer than their male counterparts. Although they are often rewarded for intellectual and professional success, women do not lose face if they fail to achieve it. Our society still allows women to have prestige without intelligence. Today, as before, the husband defines the family status.

People tend to conform to the roles that society expects. And women are not given the same incentives as men to be creative

or to translate original thoughts into action. A woman seldom is made to feel guilty if she majors in economics in college, takes a job as a secretary after graduation, then marries and never holds another job.

Q. ***You were once quoted (Newsweek, June 9, 1958) as saying, "During my freshman and sophomore years at Duke University, my scholastic average was an unprepossessing but ladylike C." By "ladylike," were you suggesting that any mark higher than a C would have made you appear less ladylike or, possibly, less feminine?***

A. No, I did not mean less feminine. Nor would it have been, strictly speaking, unladylike, for education for women started with the upper classes in America. The statement was a play on words, alluding to that old Harvard tradition, the "gentleman's C." To be a grind at Harvard used to be considered a social error, but not unmasculine.

However, I do not feel that when I was at Duke, a girl's popularity was affected one way or the other by her marks.

Q. ***Did you ever have the feeling, in your childhood, among intellectual friends of your Columbia physics-professor father, and your drama-teacher mother, that intelligence was a drawback to a woman in social relationships?***

A. Among the intellectuals I have known through my academic family, intelligence *per se* in a woman has never been considered a drawback. But like all males, intellectual men look first for charm or sex appeal or the homely virtues—depending on the situation—in a woman. If she's intelligent, too, all the better, most of them feel.

If intelligent conversation is all that is required, a man will probably be able to find it more easily among other men. And, like most men, intellectual men are accustomed to compartmentalizing their lives, finding one thing here, another there.

Q. ***Do you think there is a strong difference between those men who don't want a woman to be as intelligent as they are, and those men who do?***

A. Although any man's attitudes depend, in the final analysis, on his particular family situation and life experience, certain economic, occupational, and ethnic groups emphasize male dominance in the husband-wife relationship. The degree to which male dominance is emphasized is one measure of the extent to which a man will object to a woman's intelligence. The degree to which a man emphasizes the virtues of the old-fashioned family life is another measure of the extent to which an intelligent woman will conflict with him.

In my own experience, the type that most resents intelligent women is the self-made man who has risen in the business world without formal education.

Q. ***Would you say, then, that the more intelligent American men prefer intelligent women? Or possibly that the more emotionally mature American men do?***

A. In general, only intelligent men like intelligent women. But not all intelligent men prefer intelligent women. I would attribute this situation to the social, cultural, and psychological factors mentioned above. Furthermore, the comparative scarcity of intelligent women has something to do with it. One has a better statistical chance of finding most desirable qualities in non-intelligent women, and most men are conditioned by this reality.

I do not think that emotional maturity has a positive correlation with a preference for intelligent women. A man with

Erwin Blumenfeld

ELFRIDA, back at Columbia University, pays for Ph.D. in social psychology with $220,500 won on Twenty-One.

The intelligent woman's dilemma: one type of man dislikes her as a threat to his masculinity, another type admires her, but for neurotic reasons—he wants to be dependent on a woman.

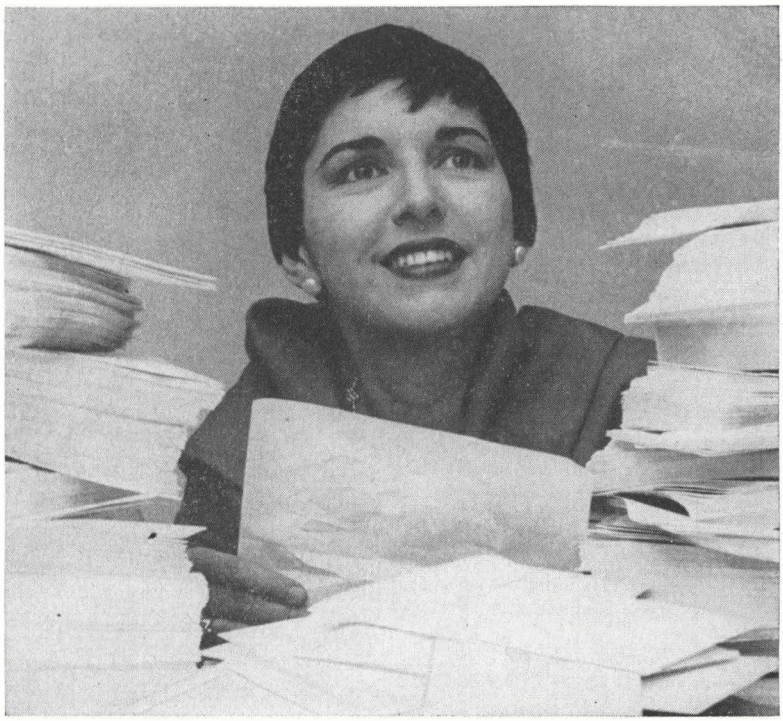
an authoritarian personality may be so insecure that he sees an intelligent woman as a threat to his masculinity. But I know men who admire the intelligent woman for an equally neurotic reason: they want to be dependent on a woman.

Q. Do you think a woman ought to try to appear, to a man, less sensible or intelligent than she really is? What would be the disadvantage of doing so? Do you think this masking of intelligence would lead to a dishonest relationship?

A. This depends entirely on the woman and what she wants. In most cases, a career does conflict with marriage, as so much recent literature has pointed out. If a woman successfully suppresses her desire for a career, nothing is lost. But I do not think a woman should try to appear less intellectual than she really is. Most intellectuals need to express themselves without inhibitions.

If an intelligent woman has sufficient challenging diversions outside her home, as has the intelligent man who prefers marriage with a less intelligent woman, then she might try to "sublimate" her intelligence at home. But such an attitude would involve a severe personal adjustment.

I would say that if a woman wants marriage for security and children, she might have to sacrifice a career. But she should not "marry down" intellectually. The first would not involve a dishonest relationship, but the second would. When a woman does marry beneath herself intellectually, then the danger depends on how much the woman really values intelligence, for this kind of intelligence is a value, not a possession. It must be nurtured or it is lost.



PUBLIC CONCERN over Elfrida's single status grew as her quiz show winnings mounted. Hundreds advised rapid marriage as a tax dodge, bachelors proposed by postcard. Elfrida stayed single, paid estimated $180,000 taxes.

Q. What dangers do you believe are involved in a woman's marrying a man from whom she might feel the need to conceal her intelligence?

A. I do not believe concealment is possible. Either the intellectuality would disappear, or it would operate openly. The decision to give up a career is not concealment. The dangers in doing so would be that the woman might begin to resent her husband either consciously or unconsciously.

The very question itself points up a disharmony in our social structure. Female intelligence, in the career sense, may be antithetical to homemaking. However, male intelligence of this type is the ideal basis for family life.

Yet female intelligence of the noncareer, intellectual type presents few hazards to family life. Such intelligence may in the future be the answer to present conflicts between marriage and career. And home life may be enriched as a result. Intelligence in woman is no longer a freak mutation. It cannot be ignored or turned back.

Q. Do you think that an intelligent woman has a definite need for a career of her own?

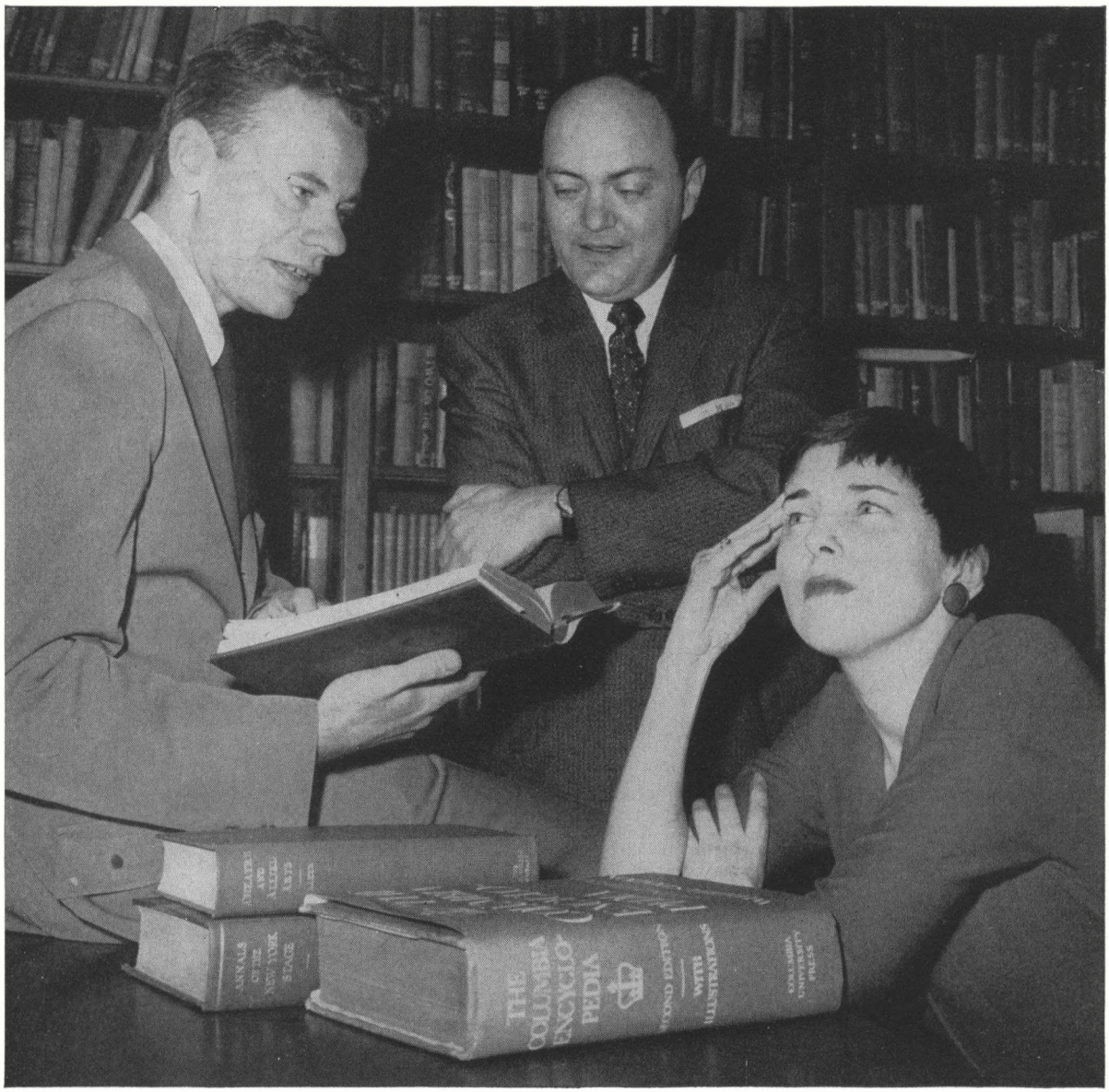
A. An intelligent woman, as I have indicated before, is not *necessarily* a career woman, although she may be. A career woman can certainly be a good wife, but with children difficulties arise that are inescapable. Each woman must make her own decision as to whether a career or having children is more important to her.

Q. Were there any indications of change in your relationships with men as a result of your quiz show appearances?

A. In general, there were not. There were some men who were attracted to my fame and money, but fortunately they were few. My relationships with most men remained remarkably the same.

Q. Why did you decide to go back to school?

A. I had been planning to go back to school full-time but had not saved enough



MALE RESENTMENT is the usual lot of the woman who dares to outshine men. Elfrida, however, received nothing but good wishes from Charles Van Doren, who held the record for quiz show winnings until she topped him, and from Joseph L. Morrison (center) the North Carolina journalism teacher she defeated in order to do it. Van Doren even went so far as to offer financial advice from his own experience as a big-money winner. "The type that most resents intelligent women," Elfrida observes, "is the self-made man who has risen in the business world without education."

money to stop working entirely. My winnings will allow me to get my Ph.D. much sooner (and much more comfortably) than I had hoped. I want very much to become a professional social psychologist, which will involve both research and teaching.

Q. How much reading do you do in an average week? How do you divide this reading between newspapers, books and magazines?

A. During the academic year I study seven to eight hours a day; most of this is required reading for my courses. While I was working I would guess that I read at least two books a week, spent a half hour a day on the New York *Times* and about three hours a week on various magazines and journals.

Q. How can an intelligent woman who goes from college to marriage and housework keep her mind alive?

A. An intelligent young woman has, by the age of twenty, formed habits of reading and thinking which need only the time, encouragement, and stimulus of other thinking people to continue throughout her life no matter what she does.

Books are basic, of course, but the solitary reader suffers enormously from lack of cross-fertilization from other minds. Reading clubs are one answer to this. An even better one is to enroll in a course at a nearby college. THE END

Different College–Different Look

At the University of Wisconsin, raincoats are iridescent; at Princeton they're dirty. Radcliffe girls dress like Bohemians, Sophie Newcomb girls like prom queens. What you wear to college depends on where you go.

BY LYN TORNABENE *Photos by Black Star*

"You can always spot an 'import' at a football game," a Penn State coed said recently with the utmost disgust. "They wear heels." She wasn't referring to Givenchy originals, for which she has no particular dislike. She meant those most unpopular people on a coeducational campus—girls brought in for weekend dates from out-of-town girls' schools or high schools. In the opinion of Penn State coeds, the *least* an 'import' can do is find out that no "dorm girl" would be caught dead at a football game in dressy shoes, and honor the custom. What the Penn State girls don't know is that by the equally rigid but unwritten code of Eastern girls' schools, if you have a weekend date at an out-of-town school, you wear high heels. And so it goes. Both Miss Penn State and Miss Wellesley would look like invading Martians if they went to a formal at a Southern school, where the last of the belles are struggling to perpetuate full-length net, hooped, ante-bellum evening gowns. Elsewhere in the country, short cocktail dresses are worn at formals. College men have similar difficulties of assimilation at unfamiliar schools. If, for instance, a University of Georgetown lad wore his ever-loving madras plaid jacket on the ultra-conservative Harvard campus, he might well be snubbed right out of town. The blue or brown gabardine topcoats worn at Tulane wouldn't do for a University of Kentucky visit—there only raglan-sleeved tweeds or dark Shetland wools are worn.

There is no one key to this complicated code. College dress isn't particularly regional, and it certainly isn't predictable. No one could have guessed how wide-spread and long-lasting would be the influence of the college-going GIs. The khakis they wore in postwar years are still seen on many campuses, modified and called chino, but khakis none the less. Before the war, colleges were more formal. Men wore jackets, women wore skirts and, often, no lipstick. Fewer students worked their way through school, fewer needed long-lasting, practical clothes.

High schools tend more to cross-country conformity. Their fads come and go quickly, and frequently involve small, cheap items like the short-lived sword pins indicating dating status. Back-belted pants and skirts swept the country until principals noticed they were making debris out of auditorium seats. Parents noticed a like effect on car upholstery.

College students also have fixations about certain items of clothing. A Princeton man might spend only five dollars on chino slacks, but he'll invest twice that to procure a hand-knit, solid-color tie. Texas men's closets may be crammed with dungarees, but the leather boots on the floor cost forty dollars and up.

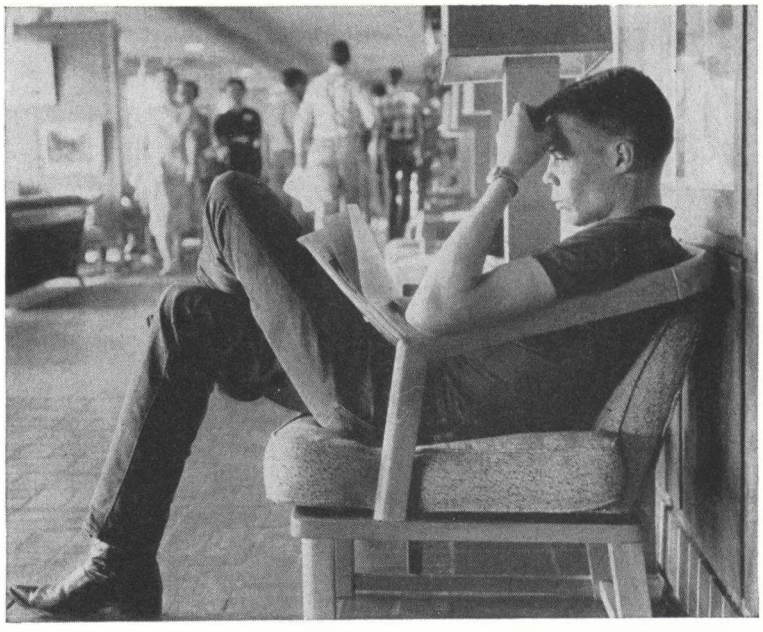
On the following pages we present, for your edification, "in" clothes at campuses around the country. We suggest, however, that before you take off for a bowl game, you consult local authorities. You never can tell what tomorrow will bring.

(continued)

SMITH COLLEGE, *Northampton, Massachusetts. When there are no men around, girls at such Eastern schools as Smith, Vassar, Radcliffe, Wellesley waver between looking casual and downright sloppy. Classroom uniform: Bermudas, often with knee socks or leotards. Kilts appear (usually on "freshmen who read fashion magazines"). Epidemic of the indestructible raccoon coat continues.*

Different College—Different Look (continued)

THE UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI, *Florida, in the heart of one of America's most enticing vacationlands, is often referred to as "the country club college" by Northern students. But the bare-legged, open-collared approach to education is inspired more by the intensity of the subtropical sun than by the proximity of beaches.*



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *Charlottesville. This tradition-bound college is one of the country's oldest. Students at left study in front of a rotunda designed by Jefferson. In a campus atmosphere that is unusually formal, men prefer to wear ties and jackets to class.*

TEXAS A & M. *Because about 70 per cent of these Texas students are in R.O.T.C., military uniforms prevail. When not in khakis, boys adhere to a rigid traditional code of dress which varies with school class; only seniors may wear what they please. Boots are standard (spurs optional).* (continued)

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI. *More often high school than college apparel, "his" and "hers" shirts like these abound.*

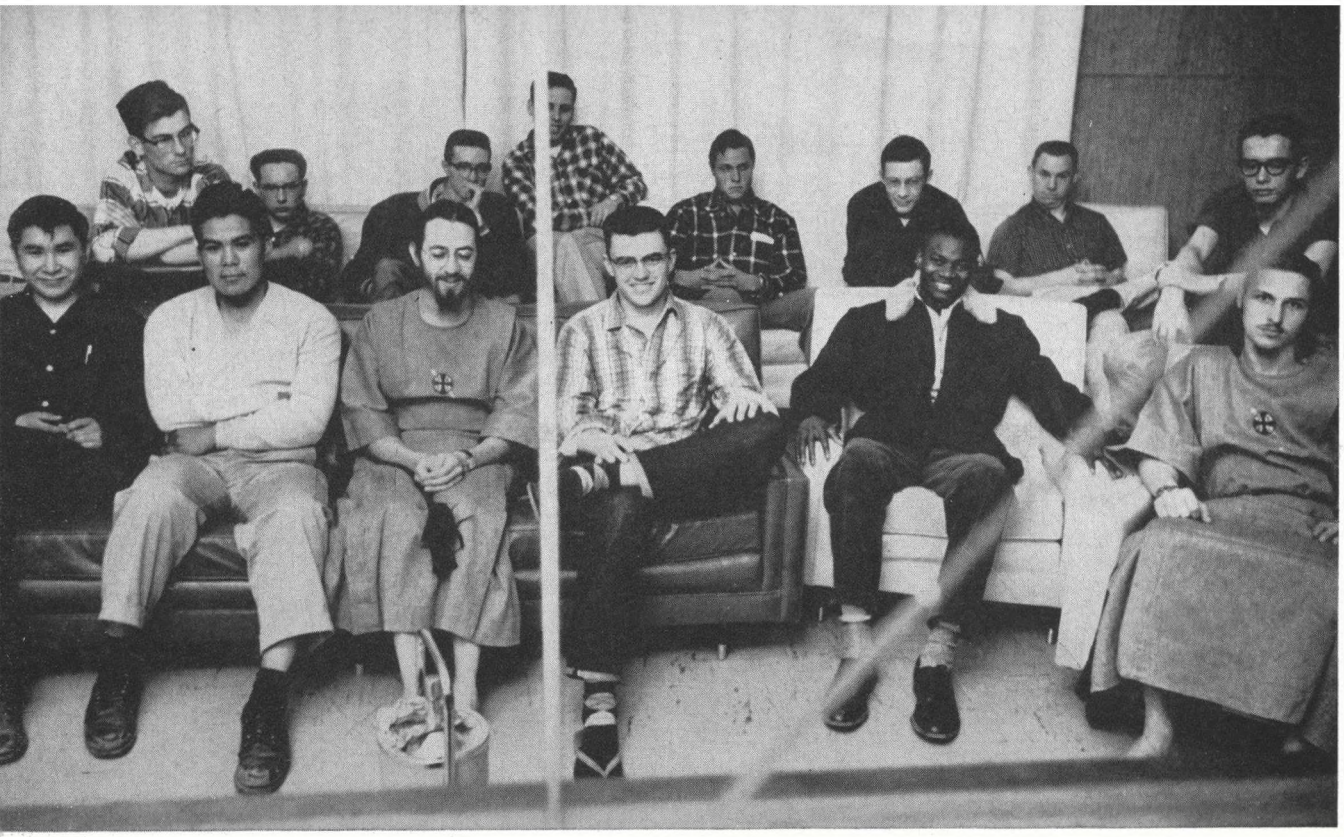
BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE. *Massachusetts. Typical campus garb is skirts, heavy sweaters, knee socks and loafers.*

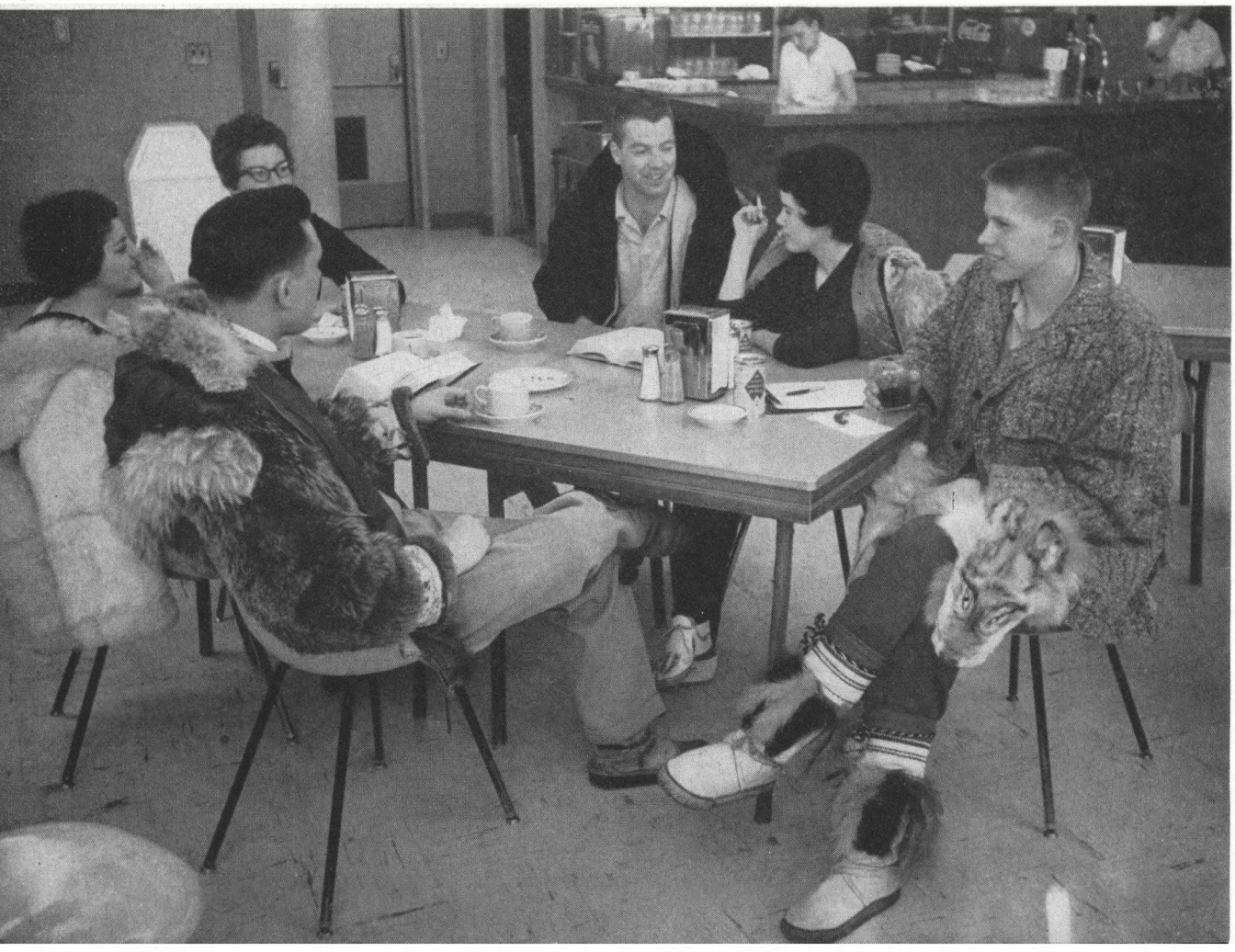
CAL TECH, *Pasadena. Crested blazers have been worn to identify Cal men with their dormitories for fifteen years.*

SOPHIE NEWCOMB. *New Orleans. Ultra-feminine Southern belles like escorts to wear white jackets for dinner dates.*

Different Campus—Different Look (continued)

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, *New Jersey. Though their school is usually associated with the Ivy League and its look, Princeton boys are careless about their clothes—"slovenly," is the way one professor puts it. Chino pants are typical; jackets, as on the boy at left, are rare. The student at right sports a cotton "beer jacket," traditionally worn by juniors and seniors in May and June. Nearly every Princetonian owns a white poplin raincoat, but won't wear it unless it's soiled. Rivals at Yale dress more nattily; Harvard men follow graduate students' example, wear conservative, sometimes three-piece, suits.* (continued)





Different College—Different Look (continued)

Bob Willoughby

Bob Willoughby

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA *is the only American campus displaying a* Caribou Crossing *sign. The most vigorous, exciting college in this country, it expects to double its enrollment of seven hundred in the next three years, triple it in the next ten. The polyglot student body at this far northern school is unlike any other. A typical group (upper left) includes two Eskimos, two barefoot cultists from the World Fount of Knowledge and Light, and a Nigerian. The group in the snack bar (lower left) takes a break in wolverine fur parkas, wolf-head fur mittens, and, on their feet, hide and fur "mukluks" made by the Eskimos. This apparel is worn through the icy, dark winter, and nippy 40-degree spring. Summer temperatures go to 90 degrees, and students dress more like their Miami cousins.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII *is called "the rainbow school" because every morning there is a rainbow over it, thought to be caused by the mist rising from the Manoa Valley where the school is situated. The campus itself is a rainbow of colorful foliage and colorful clothes worn by the students on their way to class. Most men wear exotically printed "aloha shirts" outside their pants. Coeds wear alohas also, but favor ankle-length "muu muus," which come in ten styles (one shown below right). Another popular coed outfit is the "tea timer"—a short Chinese-style tunic slit up the sides, worn over long cotton pants. Typical students (upper right) are Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Hawaiian, and mainland American, or a combination of any or all. To compete in the annual beauty queen contest, a coed must be a mixture of at least three races.*

THE END

ABINGTON'S $5,500,000 school, where author is Principal, has 70 teaching stations, full vocational training facilities.

Multi-Million-Dollar

The head of one of the nation's finest high schools tells why he is proud of the students produced by his giant institution, and discusses problems faced today by educators everywhere.

BY DR. EUGENE STULL *Photos by Bernie Cleff*

I am the principal of one of America's new multi-million-dollar high schools. Schools like ours—Abington, Pennsylvania, Senior High—have been called "comprehensive" by their supporters, and "supermarkets" by their critics. Both terms refer to the major aim of these schools: to meet the educational needs of everyone within the framework of a single institution. By any name, however, their increasing numbers make it clear that they are the schools of the future.

Will they be able to meet the future's needs? I sincerely think so. But it would be unrealistic to deny that, in trying to be everything to everybody, they face some serious problems.

These problems of modern high schools have nothing to do with money. They are a matter of values and attitudes. Nor are they confined to one specific area, but are nation-wide.

We find, for example, that simply because we do so much, there are some people who expect us to do even more. Our health service tries to limit itself to emergency treatment, but it is frequently approached by parents who want the nurse to give their children vaccinations or other medical aid which, properly, should be taken care of by a private physician.

In still other cases, we are asked to participate in disciplinary problems that have little to do with the school. Not long ago, the father of one student came to me with what I thought was a peculiar request. His fifteen-year-old son had been wearing a long, ducktail haircut of which the father did not approve. "Will you," he asked me, "please see that he gets his hair cut?"

Parents Send Burdens to School

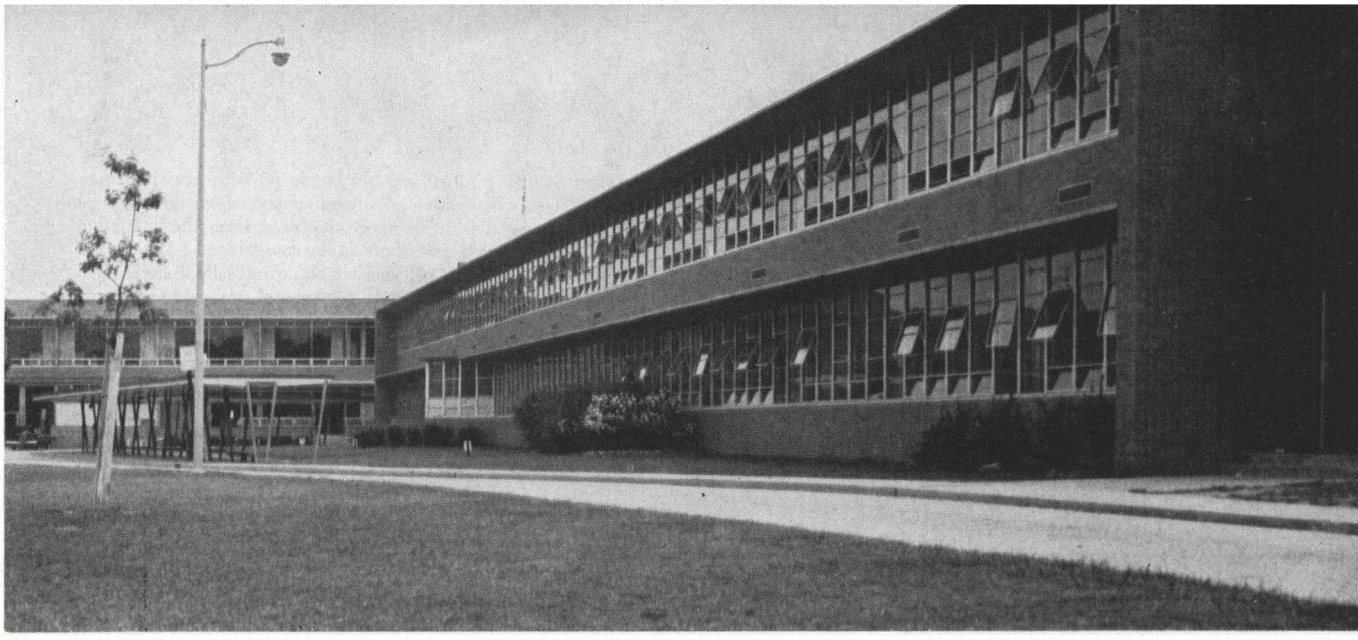
This request illustrates what has become one of our biggest problems: the attitudes of parents. High schools are continually being urged to step in and take over whatever duties or tasks parents find too unpleasant, or too troublesome, to handle. This, in spite of the fact that we have already branched out into such fields of instruction as sex, the importance of thrift, choice of a mate, and behavior on dates—for girls, we even explain the menstrual cycle.

It is high time the public decided how far it wants us to go in this direction. For I think "supermarkets" and other, similar, terms that have been hurled at our newer schools have been directed not so much against the expansion of genuine instruction as against this assumption of parental functions.

Are there further problems? Yes, and one of them is rather puzzling. For, although such schools are the finest and most complete in the country, there are some people who seem to take a rather light view of their importance.

We have one student, for example, who has remained in school somewhat against his own wishes—for the sum of twenty-five dollars a week! His father pays it to him as the only means of keeping him here. The boy was on the verge of dropping out and getting a job. His reason: he needed more money to operate his car.

Some parents are guilty of the same general attitude. Among the notes we received this year, to account for students' absences, was one that said: "Mary was absent because she was doing a television commercial for Pink Pamper Shampoo." Another mother wrote us that she had kept her son home so that he could



Science wing (right) contains nine labs. Hangarlike structure opposite is the gym; parking space nearby holds 500 cars.

High School Dilemma

hold the ladder while she picked cherries!

Usually, we who must deal with this sort of thing prefer to regard it as thoughtlessness rather than outright disrespect for the school. Unfortunately, it is not always possible to do so. A case in point is that of a mother who telephoned this spring, to ask that her son be excused from classes so he might run errands in preparation for his brother's wedding. When she was told that this was not considered sufficient reason, she glibly inquired, "Would he be excused if I said he had a doctor's appointment?"

A Disrespect for Learning

There was a time when schools regarded parents as their staunchest allies —when a teacher's suggestion that a youngster had misbehaved in school was almost certain to bring punishment at home. Unfortunately, this attitude is changing. Today it is not uncommon to find parents and children ganging up to evade the school's rules.

We have a policy of telephoning the homes of absent students to check up on them. The results of these calls have sometimes been surprising. Not infrequently, we encounter a mother who is willing, and even anxious, to "cover" for a hooky-playing son or daughter. The following is an actual dialogue that took place this year:

Our caller: "May I speak to Ann?"

The mother: "Why, Ann's not here now. She's at school, you know."

"This is the school calling. She isn't here."

A long pause. "Oh . . . well, you know, she always goes over to her aunt's when she's sick. That's probably where she is!"

Many of the attitudes that are a source of trouble today got their start in the 1930s as part of the doctrine known as "progressive" education. After more than twenty years, we are in a position to assess the amount of progress it has produced. And the answer can only be that, far from advancing education, the progressive theory has acted as its most serious setback.

Until its appearance, schools had been frankly authoritarian. Learning was accomplished by means of heavy homework and rigorous classroom drill. Discipline in the school was maintained through

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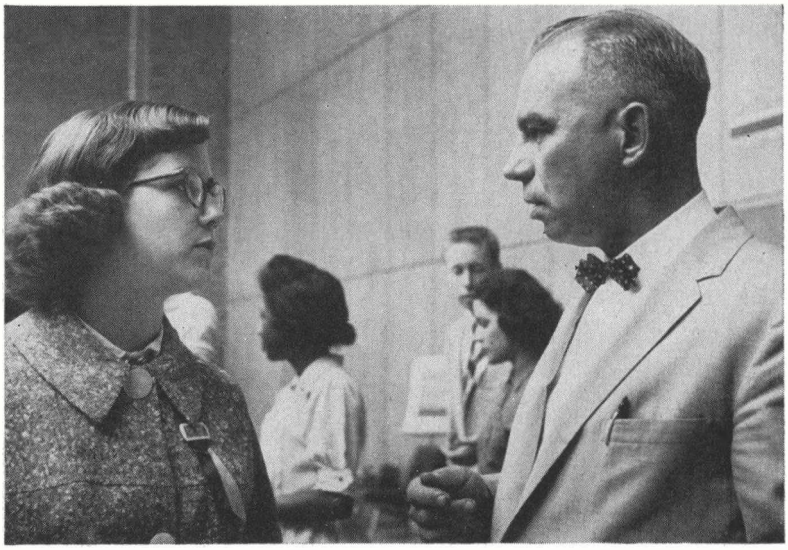


PRINCIPAL STULL experiences a moment of schoolmasterly pride as he congratulates senior Linda Coram on her winning of a National Merit Scholarship.

High School Dilemma (continued)

fear—with the aid of a wooden paddle.

The progressives felt that this system was antiquated. Among their more important precepts were:

—Let the child develop naturally.

—Consider his physical as well as his intellectual development.

—Teach by arousing the student's interest rather than by force.

—Let the teacher be a guide, not a taskmaster.

It looked good—on paper. And the teachers' colleges were quick to take up the torch.

Backward With the Progressives

A good many of them, I am sorry to say, are still carrying it. Two teachers of my acquaintance were taking a graduate course in audio-visual teaching not so long ago in which the class—composed entirely of adults, mind you—wound up the session by acting out their instinctive reactions to a phonograph record.

The song on the record was about "Peter Cottontail," so several of these teachers and teachers-to-be began hopping about the room like rabbits! Others rode imaginary bicycles or flapped their arms in imitation of birds on the wing.

And we should bear in mind that all this was being done so the graduate students could try the same routine later with the children in their own classes!

There have been other cases in which teachers have been prepared by what amounts to sandbox training. One woman teacher whom I know was studying how to teach American history. Her professor had progressive ideas about the need for illustrating the lessons. As a result she spent one entire class session learning how to make a paper tepee. "You can imagine what a fool I felt," she says, "coming out of class after two hours with nothing to show for it but a toy tepee!"

There has been practically no limit to how far such "progressive" techniques have been carried. I remember meeting a manual arts instructor, whom I'll call Joe, one evening on his way to a night class in teaching methods. He was carrying a big bunch of flowers.

"Well," I said, "where are you going—to a wedding?"

He gave me a sheepish grin. "As a matter of fact, I am. We're having a sort of wedding in class tonight."

The wedding he meant, it turned out, was the marriage of the noun to the verb! The whole thing was being acted out, even to a bouquet for the bride. Joe was not the bride. He was the best man—otherwise known as the conjunction!

I don't suppose Joe ever staged such a wedding among the students of his manual arts class. But, that was the idea. It was just one more example of the progressives' attempt to make school effortless and interesting—and like most of these attempts it only succeeded in making school look ridiculous.

The progressives and their "revolution" in education were responsible for damage more serious than this, however. Their belief in pupil freedom and mild control (if any) turned many a classroom into bedlam. Moreover, their assertion that report cards and grades were evil things, and that a student should be promoted whether he did passing work or not, is one of the reasons why, today, virtually all schools are faced with growing numbers of "non-achievers"—students who have never mastered even the minimum essentials of learning.

At one neighboring school there is a boy who is several years behind his proper age group in one of his studies. To protect his sense of adequacy, he has been allowed to remain with the students of his own age—but he is studying in a less-advanced text than the one used by the others. His book is covered to match those of the rest of the class, and I don't think many of the other students suspect what is happening. The unfortunate thing, however, is that the boy himself doesn't appear to care! Thanks to the progressives, he has been so well protected from his own shortcomings that he has no desire to do better.

Sometimes these non-achievers reach high school not only through the indulgence of progressively-oriented teachers but, at least partly, through parental insistence. In one case we had a boy transferred to our school who was sadly lacking in scholastic preparation. I examined his folder, which had been forwarded to us, and found this comment written by a third-grade teacher: "I suggested that Jimmy should not pass to the fourth grade. The principal agreed but the parent would not hear of it."

The tragedy is that, for pupils like Jimmy, defeat is never avoided—only postponed. For, as educator Frank D. Ashburn says, "To tell a child he cannot fail, not to permit him to fail, is to do him the grave disservice of rearing him in the shadow of a shocking falsehood. Life will show him soon enough that failure is possible."

Diplomas for Illiterates

When you see the sort of school work turned out by some of these non-achievers, future failure for them is not difficult to predict. For their trouble is more than poor grammar and the inability to spell; in many cases they cannot even arrange words in a sequence that will express thought. Their teachers must cope with papers that read like this:

"It means merrily that when one nation is going to separate from another they should state why they're going to break of.

"first it sudmitts that all mern are create equal under their creator and when men do not tready you a such you should throw them of.

"It say that talk no good for people like that that are deaf to the voice of justice and consanquntly that we must denounce our separation and hold then as enemies."

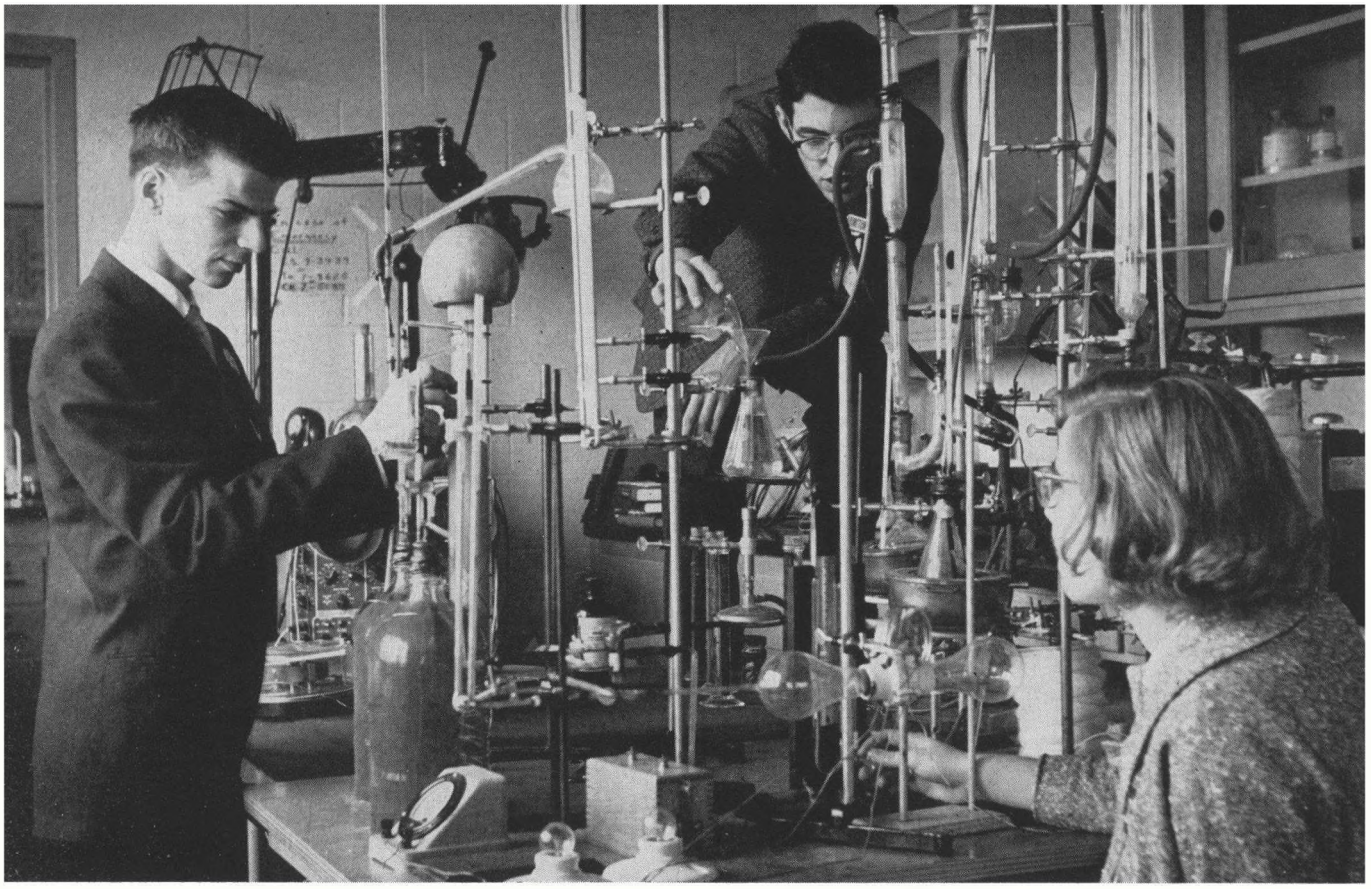
Recognize it? You should. For it is a summary of the first four paragraphs of the Declaration of Independence. The

(continued)

A COMMITTEE of seniors meets to decide which students will share class's $3,400 scholarship fund. Most of money comes from Senior Work Day jobs.

ALL-NIGHT PARTY following Commencement exercises is annual event at Abington. Dr. Stull (rear) joins businessmen, who sponsor the event, in serving a 5 A.M. breakfast to some five hundred and fifty hungry students.

SIX-LANE SWIMMING POOL at school is used both by students and by the entire community. It stays open all year, and is in use for five nights and six days of each week. The ability to swim is a requirement for graduation.



ATOMIC ACCELERATOR, a rare achievement for high school physics students, is made ready for an experiment by its builders, Bill Garace (left), Bob Starer, and Lynn Rowland. With it, they can convert matter into energy.

INTEGRATION has never been a problem at Abington. Negro students participate fully in all academic and extra-curricular activities. Track is one of eighteen sports offered. These boys await starter's gun in the 100-yard dash.

High School Dilemma (continued)

writer was a young adult of perfectly normal intelligence—a junior in a California high school!

And how about this:

"It is my opinion that every man should continual his education. If it is anyway possible. It would increase his abilitty, more than likely increase his salsary on which to surport a family. You will no douth have many experiences."

This was written by a *graduate* of a Chicago high school as part of a freshman assignment at the University of Illinois!

Results like these are attributable not only to the passing of non-achievers, but also to the progressives' theories on how to teach reading and writing. Under them, the alphabet method of spelling and "sounding out" words was discarded in favor of a system based upon recognition of the whole word as a unit. (As Rudolf Flesch has pointed out in *Why Johnny Can't Read*, this method, far from being new, goes back at least 3,500 years —to the ancient Chinese and their "picture words.")

Apparently it worked for the Chinese, but for Americans this type of instruction has proven pretty hopeless. I remember hearing my own nephew, at age seven or so, come to the word "kettle" in his reader and call it "pot"—a mistake that never would have been made by a youngster who had been taught the sounds of the alphabet. The boy's error was understandable, however, in view of the education he had been receiving, for he correctly recognized the word as standing for a container of some sort—he merely was mistaken as to which kind.

We in Abington have never gone in for progressive education, and the students who need extra help are few. When need arises, thanks to our extensive facilities we are able to give remedial help when another high school could not.

In view of this, it is ironic that one of the biggest complaints heard is that educational plants like ours are needlessly extravagant.

What We Value, We Pay For

Such allegations are grossly unfair. It is undeniable that in this country today we are spending more for school construction than ever before. But we also are spending more for construction of every kind. Comparatively speaking, the outlay for schools is not exorbitant.

In Ridgewood, New Jersey, for instance, there is a new elementary school which, it is true, cost $18.09 per square foot to build—but ten miles up the road there's a fat-rendering plant whose cost per square foot was $25.75! In Westbury, New York, there is a bank whose cost per square foot was higher than that of the town's new high school. And in Lynchburg, Virginia, the new elementary school was cheaper, comparatively, than a certain drive-in restaurant!

As for Abington High, its $5,500,000 price tag has been called "a whale of an expenditure for a town of only 50,000." Yet even a figure of that magnitude seems reasonable when you consider that in the next fifty years some 100,000 boys and girls will receive their instruction there.

What Society Must Do

If they and the other high school students of the future are to receive an even better education than they are getting today, there are a number of things that should be done. They are changes, however, which cannot be carried out solely by educators. They involve changes in public attitudes, and therefore are the responsibility of everyone. Some of them are:

We must restore the prestige of scholarship. Ours is the only era in human history that has failed to respect learning. It is essential to re-acquire that respect if our society is to survive. (Fortunately, the situation already seems to be changing for the better.)

We must restore respect for the teacher. As a co-worker and a pal, he has been a washout. This is not his fault; it's simply that one doesn't often accept instruction from a pal, or make his best effort for a co-worker. If a teacher is to *teach* he must be regarded as a superior—at least within the confines of the classroom.

We must make discipline mean something. The high school student almost never receives any. Being able to break the rules with impunity, he tends to lose regard for them, and for the authorities who are supposed to enforce them. The solution lies not in stricter rules, but in putting teeth into those we now have.

We must modify the stress on athletics and other extra-curricular activities. These things are valuable within limits. But it should be borne in mind that they are just what their name implies—extras —and not the main business of school.

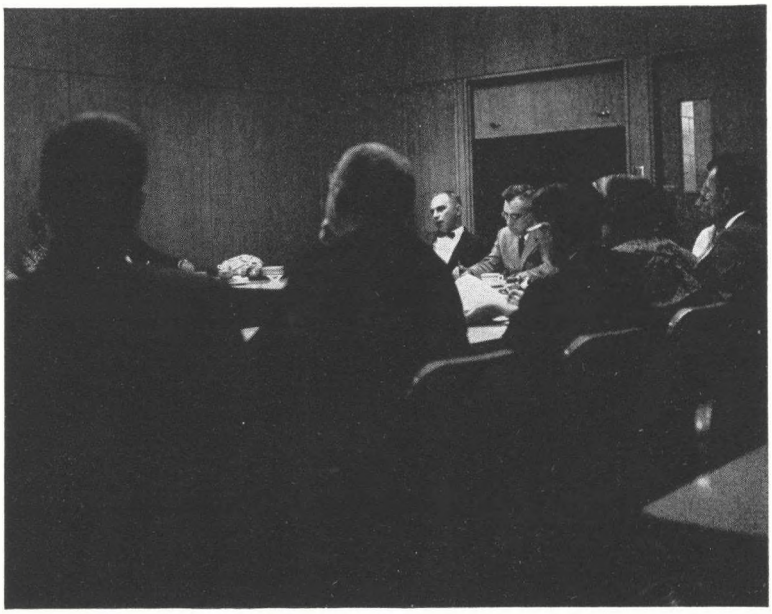
We must decide what we want our schools to be. The progressives, who claimed to know all the answers, were given their chance and they have failed. Now the question is, Where do we go from here? The criticism of large, modern schools like Abington High has raised an issue that must be decided one way or the other. And only the people who vote for the individual school bond issues can say what sort of education Americans believe in. To do that, they've got to give the problem some serious thought.

Money—and More Than Money

Above all, we must never assume that money is the only answer. Money is a great help, but it can only solve a certain percentage of our problems. For education is an intangible and, as such, requires proper attitudes and values on the part of society, if it is to succeed.

In other words, examine your own thinking, America, and clear up the conflicts that exist there, before you criticize us for trying to carry out your orders.

THE END



THERE IS NO P.T.A. at Abington. Instead, this twenty-one-member Parents' Advisory Council meets four times a year, discusses "high-level" problems.

Students Answer Our Survey

School-age Americans worry about the divorce rate, fall in love regularly, and think four can live well on $2,500 a year.

Do America's bright young seventeen- to twenty-year-olds consider themselves happier than their parents were at that age? Are they ready for marriage? How do they look at their future financial needs? What's worrying them? What do they know about love?

To find definitive answers to these much discussed questions, COSMOPOLITAN surveyed top-ranking students in high schools and colleges across the country. What we learned will surprise you, and will soothe a few wrinkles in parental brows.

"I am happier than my mother was when she was seventeen," says a high school senior from Louisiana. "I have more educational and social opportunities, and a brighter and more secure future. Young people today have more advantages than in any past generation, and therefore they should be happier." Over half the students surveyed voiced almost identical sentiments. Those who didn't fell into one of two categories: the noncommittal, and the ones who felt today's "opportunities" and "advantages" have done more harm than good, like the South Dakota boy who says, "They [his parents] did not have as many conveniences or as much entertainment as we now have, but they were able to create their own fun. It seems today we are not able to do that."

Gloomy Stereotype Denied

Happier than their parents or not, none of the students reports being totally *unhappy*, a notable fact in view of the number of stories to the contrary. Coupled with this wide-spread euphoria is a monumental naïveté about what it costs to exist these days. Note these typical high-school answers to our question, "How much money would you need to live comfortably?": "It depends on the number of children and other factors, but I believe that with an average-sized family [1.74 children, according to the 1958 census] I could do well on $2,500 a year." "For a family of three, I feel $5,000 would assure comfortable living."

College students generally asked for more: "I could live comfortably on $10,000 a year," says one. "At least $7,000" is the average aspiration; the highest, with no explanation, "$18,000."

What They Fear Most

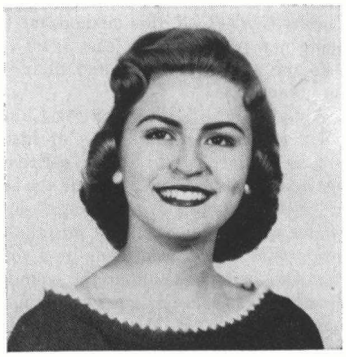
Our young future leaders are worried about the same thing everyone else is: the threat of war. Eighty per cent discussed it, most at some length. "I worry that an unexpected attack might take away my beautiful country, its highly developed culture, and my loved ones. If we should have a war, the boy I care so much for might go away and never come back," is the way one Kentucky coed puts it. Others say, simply, "The hydrogen bomb." Additional causes of concern: integration, juvenile delinquency, conformity, and materialism. Over and over came statements such as this one from a Georgia coed: "The majority of youth in college are able to see many of the needs of our country, but are not willing to do much about them. We put too much value in material things and not enough in God."

If the students interviewed have their say, America's staggering one-out-of-three divorce rate will be lowered considerably in the future. Young women want to be prepared to earn their own way before marriage, not necessarily to have a career, but to be able to help support the family if money becomes a problem. They want education beyond high school, not to increase their book knowledge, but because they hope college will mature them, help ready them for being wives and mothers. Most admit they have thought they were in love often, but now realize they have had only "crushes."

Pretty serious citizens, these young people preparing to begin their 1959-1960 school term.

"I worry that someday Russia might conquer America. I hope my generation can help prevent this from happening."

DONNA LEE HORNUNG
Keldron, South Dakota

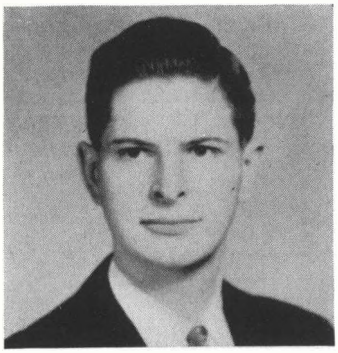


"At seventeen practically every girl thinks she has been in love, although sometimes she finds she was mistaken."

PRISCILLA MARSHALL
Blakely, Georgia

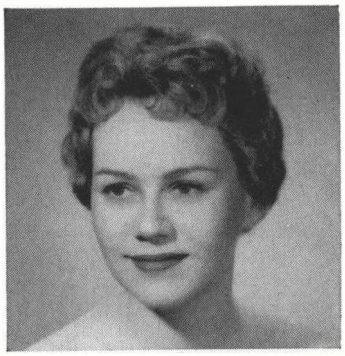
"All people are as happy as they believe they are."

LOY PALMER
Arizona State University



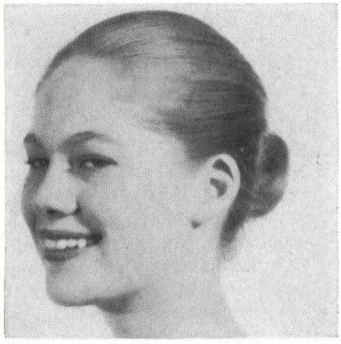
"Americans are losing their perspective. A new car yearly has come to have greater significance than spiritual values."

DANIEL J. GEAGAN
Boston College



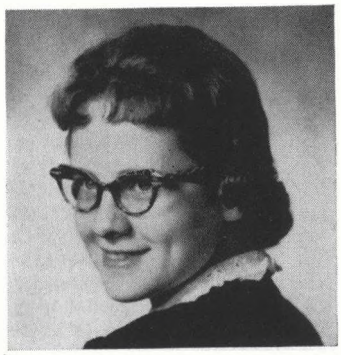
"I've fallen in love three times in the past two years."

PATRICIA SCOTT
Michigan State University



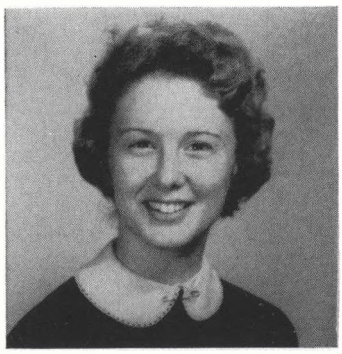
"I know of nothing worse than parents who try to push their children into anything, especially a higher education."

ELLEN ANN DOTY
Tampa, Florida



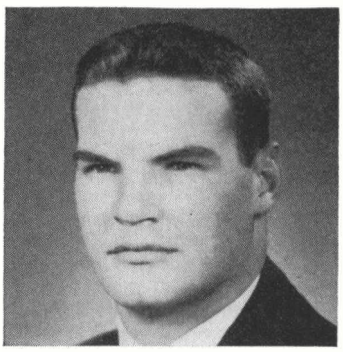
"America is a Christian country but I am worried about many of our citizens who do not recognize God."

JOANNE TEMPLE
Wilmot, South Dakota



"Alone, I could live comfortably on $4,000 a year. A family with two children would require $5,500."

BETTY KAVANAUGH
Polsgrove, Kentucky

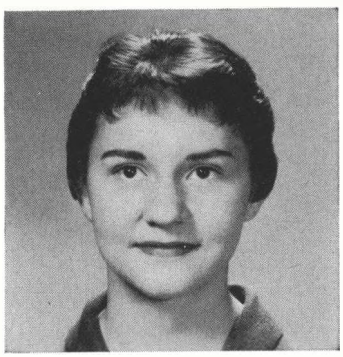


"Booker T. Washington is one of my favorite Americans."

WADE BYRD
Durham, North Carolina

"A college education is the best insurance policy anyone could possibly have."

JACQUELINE DALEY
Arizona State University



"I have the potential to become happier than my mother was in her generation."

ADA MARIE WOOD
Cedar City, Utah

"I never thought college would be so wonderful and varied and full of opportunities."

PATRICIA HOPPER
East Lansing, Michigan

What's Happened to College Humor?

Where are the goldfish swallowers, the Rowbottom rioters, the campus wits of yesterday? Why have today's students lost the ability to laugh at themselves—and at the rest of us?

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

A couple of decades ago, when Hugh Troy, who is generally conceded to have been the greatest practical joker of all time, was an undergraduate at Cornell University, he happened to come across a wastebasket made from the foot of a rhinoceros. He saw it in the house of an artist friend, and asked if he could borrow it. Then he waited for the first snow of the season. That night, after the snow stopped falling, Troy and a confederate attached two long lengths of clothesline to the wastebasket, one on either side, and filled it with heavy weights. Lowering it experimentally into the snow, they found, as Troy had suspected they would, that it made a perfect rhinoceros footprint. Each holding an end of the line, they proceeded to walk the basket all the way across the campus to Beebe Lake, the source of the college's drinking water, and onto the ice, where they hacked out a huge jagged hole.

The tracks were discovered as soon as dawn broke, and zoologists were routed out of bed. They looked at each other in stupefaction. "It *can't* be!" one cried. "It *is*!" said another. They followed the tracks to the hole in the ice, where they concluded, logically enough, that the rhino had broken through. The newspapers headlined the astonishing news, and for days afterwards hundreds of the local people refused to drink the water from the lake. Presently, Troy and his friend let word get around that it all had been a hoax and the townspeople went back to tap water.

The merry-andrew spirit that led Troy to this and other pranks (he once put a flock of chickens, ducks, pigeons, and other birds in the university's pipe organ) was characteristic of college students during the first thirty or thirty-five years of this century. Students were continually engaged in such stunts as kidnaping the captain of a rival school's football team, stealing clappers from bells in clock towers or rigging the bells so that they would ring at odd hours, or staging elaborate impersonations.

Prankster in the Pulpit

Lucius Beebe, the impeccable chronicler of high society and high living, once hired a ventriloquist, dressed him in ministerial garb, and introduced him to the chaplain at Yale as an eminent preacher from the West. The chaplain invited the visitor to preach the following Sunday. The ventriloquist launched into a long harangue. At its climax, he looked upward and shouted, "Am I right, Lord?" And he threw back his voice: "You are right, son!" The congregation broke up.

At one time, college pranks were designed not only to bedevil other students and teachers but the old folks at home as well. It was on the Princeton campus a few years ago that a rash of telegrams were sent home. They all said, IGNORE FIRST WIRE. Naturally, the parents who received them made frantic telephone calls to find out what was afoot.

Such shenanigans, however, were mild compared to the Rowbottoms, or riots, that kept the campuses of the University of Pennsylvania and other Eastern colleges in turmoil every spring up until a few years ago. Legend says that Rowbottom was the name of a youth who started the first springtime riot; over the years, his name became a kind of "Hey, Rube" signaling the beginning of mass marching and good, clean destruction of property. The Rowbottoms have simmered down into panty raids, or into the unique competition that swept the country some months ago—that of seeing how many people could cram themselves into a Volkswagen or a telephone booth.

Only occasionally do student capers erupt into something of serious proportions. One such incident occurred in New Haven, Connecticut, last St. Patrick's Day, and was immortalized in newsprint as The Yale Riots. A few days before St. Patrick's Day, snow had fallen (snow seems to act as a kind of wet, sticky catalyst for college high jinks) and students had begun snowball battles with each other and with townspeople.

How a Joke Snowballed

The snow fights went on until the time of the annual St. Patrick's Day parade. Then things really got out of hand. A group of Yale men chivalrously began pelting some of the girls from Albertus Magnus, and some others came to their defense. The police rapidly got into the battle. "The whole thing could have been as much the fault of the police

as the students," a reporter on the New Haven *Register* told me recently. "There wasn't much real property damage done —a few store windows smashed in, here and there," he continued, "but the rioters easily could have got out of hand. They swarmed all over the town." A. Whitney Griswold, president of the university, took unprecedented action. He confined the entire student body to campus, and kept the rule in force for several days, until he had had a peace talk with the city authorities.

But the Yale Riots were exceptional. In most colleges today there exists an atmosphere of studiousness, sobriety, and mannerliness. Where, one wonders, are the Beebes and Troys today? Where the Rowbottoms? They seem all but extinct, and I have a sneaking suspicion, rapidly developing into a lead-footed conviction, that most of the fun and frivolity, the hell-raising and hurrah, the roistering and rambunctiousness that characterized college students of a generation ago has vanished.

Something, too, has gone out of the college humorists, once thick as bison, and out of the magazines they publish to serve as valves for the high humor that cannot be entirely blown off in snow fights, panty raids, and goldfish-swallowing contests.

The college humor magazines once were so plentiful that a commercial mass-circulation magazine, appropriately enough called *College Humor*, was published for years and served as an hilarious monthly anthology of the best of student efforts. The magazines—at one time there were over two hundred of them—printed cartoons, jokes, sketches, parodies, essays, and short stories, as well as poems such as this one of anonymous authorship:

A divinity student named Tweedle,
Once wouldn't accept a degree.
"It's tough enough being Tweedle,
Without being Tweedle, D.D."

Brash, Tasteless, Refreshing

The magazines had names like *Widow* (Cornell), *Banter* (Colgate), *Ski-U-Mah* (Minnesota), *Crimson Bull* (Indiana), *Jackolantern* (Dartmouth), *Pelican* (University of California), *Columns* (Washington), etc. They spoke with the brashness of youth, and the almost universal tastelessness, and it added up to a refreshing irreverence. Their editors were continually in trouble with the college authorities, simply because they could not help offending authority. Sometimes, too, they got into trouble with the municipal authorities and the police.

As far as historians have been able to ascertain, the first campus humor magazine was the Harvard *Lampoon*, founded in 1876 by four men who wanted to do for the college community what *Punch*, the nationally circulated periodical, was doing for the nation at large. *Lampoon* was an immediate success and was nicknamed *Lampy*. It was probably inevitable that Harvard's traditional rival should follow suit, and in 1879, the *Yale Record* appeared. "The last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth saw the establishment of numerous campus publications," wrote Cecil B. Williams, a professor at Oklahoma State University, in a report published in June, 1958. "The campus humor magazine achieved its greatest vogue by the 1920s."

Great Names on Old Mastheads

Talent flocked to the funny magazines. The editorial board of the *Lampoon* included, at various times, Owen Wister, Edward Everett Hale, William Randolph Hearst, George Santayana, T. R. Ybarra, Earl Derr Biggers, Harford Powel, John Reed (Reed, whose book, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, is buried in the Kremlin wall, is listed in the *Lampoon* directory as "Agitator"), Gluyas Williams, Frederick Lewis Allen, Robert Benchley, Roger Burlingame, John P. Marquand, Robert E. Sherwood, Oliver LaFarge, and Saddrudin Aga Khan (who, in addition to being the brother of a god, also publishes *Paris Review*).

The *Lampoon* became such a flourishing proposition that it eventually acquired its own building, located at the lower end of Mt. Auburn Street in Cambridge. The mere mention of the building is enough to mist over the eyes of old members of the staff. In a memoir written for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the *Lampoon*, Edward Streeter ('14), author of *Dere Mabel* and *Father of the Bride*, said:

"The deadline for sending the magazine to the printer was four o'clock on certain Thursday afternoons. On those days, the editors assembled promptly at two, drank a considerable amount of beer, and began considering what should go into the issue besides advertising—if anything."

The Club Lampoon

The fact that it had its own building may have been what caused the *Lampoon* to evolve, over the years, into more of a private club than a publication, as one of its critics has said. *Lampoon* men were among the most adroit pranksters on the Cambridge campus. In addition to getting into almost constant trouble with the conservative college authorities, the staff baited the Boston and Cambridge

(continued)

Courtesy San Jose State College Lyke

Campus magazines harped on sex, twitted trustees, were always in hot water.

police at nearly every possible opportunity. At one time it had a fund used for the twin purpose of bailing out jokesters and paying fines.

Some of the *Lampoon* stunts made national headlines. In 1938, the city council proposed to make Harvard independent of Cambridge. As a protest, *Lampoon* editors marched about dressed in Storm Trooper uniforms. When a councilman named Michael A. Sullivan attempted to stop the parade, the Troopers pelted him with eggs. Two years later, an issue of the *Lampoon* "exposed" the same Sullivan, a violent anti-Communist, as "the brains behind the American Communist movement." He sued for libel, asking $100,000, but withdrew the suit after the *Lampoon*'s president apologized. On May 1, 1939, another president, Edward C. K. Read, won the Wellesley Hoop Race wearing a blonde wig.

The Profitable Parody

In the early 1940's, the editors began parodying national magazines, and selling the special issues outside the campus. The average sale was around twenty thousand copies—a high figure for a campus magazine. Other schools imitated the parodies, but with less success.

The *Lampoon* is known best to the public at large, but colleges around the country acknowledge that the Stanford University *Chaparral* has maintained the most consistently superior standards during the past few years. Also—unusual for a college magazine—it is a huge financial success. "It appears monthly during the academic year," writes the aforementioned Professor Williams in his survey, "and circulates about forty-five hundred copies to a student body consisting of five thousand undergraduates and three thousand graduates—over 50 per cent—and always shows a profit. It is now heavily pictorial, with local pinups (well clothed) and numerous cartoons, but includes jokes and stories."

A sixtieth anniversary edition of *Chaparral* printed last June contained a selection of "best" cartoons from its six decades, thereby presenting a fairly comprehensive panorama of the kind of humor found in college magazines. When a librarian at the University of Pittsburgh says, "College humor seems to me to be a rather static thing, based as it is so exclusively upon the late adolescent's discovery of comedy in man's biological predicament," she is correct. A preoccupation with sex has always kept most of the college magazines in hot water. In a survey I conducted a few months ago, I learned that nearly every one of the magazines still in existence has been censored or banned at one time or another by college authorities. *Hum Bug*, the University of Utah's magazine, was, in the words of the school librarian, L. H. Kirkpatrick, "chloroformed" by the faculty. "Legend has it," says Kirkpatrick, "that the naughtiest cartoon in many a year got by the board of censors because the professors were too innocent to know what the kiddies were driving at."

A Dig at the Authorities

Heavy-handed though the jokes and cartoons may be, some of the jibes at authority in the magazines are genuinely witty. *The Skiff*, Texas Christian University's humor magazine, once printed an *Application for an Athletic Scholarship* that poked fun sharply at subsidization of football players. Some of the questions in the application were as follows:

Name?

Name used in the last school you attended?

Age? (Anyone over fifty will not be considered seriously.)

Can you read and write? (If candidate is unable to read and write English, this application blank should be filled out by a Notary Public.)

What remuneration shall you expect each month?

What was your salary at the last school attended?

What have you been offered from other universities?

Do you have your own press agent?

Can you write your own autograph?

If you do not choose a fraternity, would you prefer the president's house?

Will you mention the name of the school in advertisements for soap, cigarettes, cereals, etc., that you may endorse?

Shall we send a taxi for you every morning or would you prefer your own car?

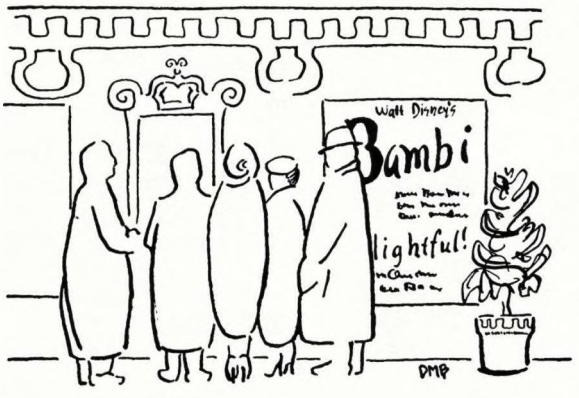
Will you be in school after football season? If not, where shall we send your weekly check?

Articles of this kind often led to the "chloroforming" of the best of the college magazines. Another factor was lack of student enthusiasm. Geoffrey Marshall, a recent graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, wrote me:

"There was a humor magazine here for years, called *Hullabaloo*. It tends to die out and then come back. I was a co-editor my sophomore year. We had enough cartoons and written material to make an issue, but we couldn't get anyone to work on getting ads. The other editor and I couldn't get enough ourselves, nor were we wont, so nothing came of my year with it. Since that time it hasn't been published. It's expensive, and consequently has to sell for around fifty cents."

College Magazines Survive

Still, says Professor Williams, at a number of other institutions the magazines are doing "well." That is to say, they are surviving here and there, despite the generally low quality of their editorial content.



Cartoons Courtesy the Harvard Lampoon

The trend at present is for the humor magazine "to become less joke-and-cartoon book" and to evolve "more in the nature of the feature magazine" (thank you again, Professor Williams). The Arizona *Kitty Kat* is an example. "Recent issues have had few, if any, jokes and no shady cartoons, using mainly-clothed local beauty pictures and news feature pictures on such subjects as jazz musicians and bands, and practice-teaching sessions; and written matter on such subjects as the beat generation, expulsion from college, grade averages, and the history of college humor," Williams writes.

The Guffaws Fade Away

The same is approximately true of *Lyke*, which is published by students at San Jose State College, in California. The summer, 1959, issue featured not only jokes and cartoons, but a debate on the future of the school athletic program, an interview with the writer Ray Bradbury, a seminar called "Will There Be a Nuclear War in the Twentieth Century?" and a couple of short stories. The only memorable joke in the issue, however, was a badly drawn cartoon in which a professor had written *Cogito, Ergo Sum* on the blackboard for the benefit of a hulking athlete. In the second frame, the athlete had vanished.

The most obvious explanation for the decline of the college humor magazine is that there is not as much talent around as there once was. And accordingly, Walter Frederick, Publications Director of the University of California, believes that college humor has succumbed to outside competition. "There are too many diversionary interests to sidetrack the college student of today," he says, "and too many increased avenues of humor in the professional field. As one student said to me, 'Why buy the *Pelican* when I can flick a television switch and see a $100,000-a-year professional comedian?' Also, the majority of the big-circulation magazines contain a certain amount of humor."

It is true that the popularity of national magazines like *Playboy* and *Mad* has hit the college publications hard.

A recent survey showed that one out of every two college men in the United States reads *Playboy*. *Mad*, originally published as a comic book, has a newsstand circulation of one million. The newsstands are also covered with imitators, usually short-lived, bearing names like *Gent*, *Rogue*, *Dude*, *Rake*.

"Too Beat to Bother"

The dearth of college humor may be directly attributed to the fact that college students these days just don't *feel* funny. "It may be," says Louis T. Ibbotson, librarian at the University of Maine, "that this generation is just too beat to bother with humor." And a member of the staff at Middlebury College, in Vermont, adds, "From reading our literary magazine, humor seems to be completely lacking in most of the material students write for publication. . . . Everything seems very grim and without belief of any hope or kindness in the world."

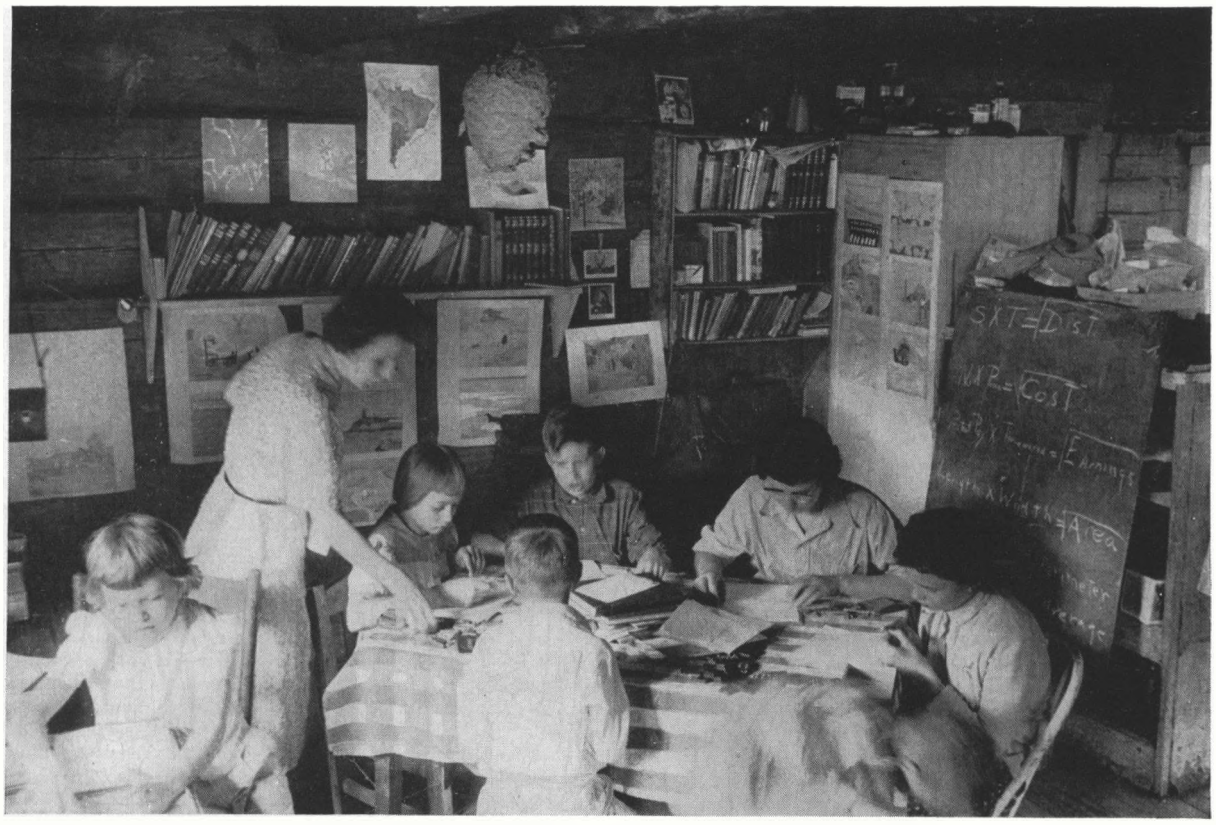
"Happy mother's day, my sweet."

The Last Word on Humor

He is not wrong, according to James Thurber, whom I consulted to get the final, definitive comment. Thurber, perhaps our most distinguished living humorist, was editor, in 1917, of the Ohio State University *Sun Dial*. He told me he had not read a college humor magazine for years ("Thank God," he said), principally because he is certain he could not understand the language in which they now are written. "In my day, there were funny magazines all over the place, although mostly in the East," he said. "Some of them weren't bad at all. Stephen Vincent Benet, Robert M. Coates, and many other pretty good writers came out of those magazines. Well, you just don't hear of good college humor magazines any more. The way I've explained it, to my satisfaction, at least, is that in the twenties, the war was over, everything was going to be fine, there was no depression in sight as yet, and no Hitler had come along. Humorists were, as H. W. Ross, *The New Yorker* editor, said to me, a dime a dozen. After 1930, about the only two humorists who came along were S. J. Perelman and John McNulty. Well, there was Peter DeVries, later. But we haven't had anybody of note since then. And I don't believe it's hard to understand. In these days, with the threat of extermination hanging over us, it's very difficult to be funny."

Too Much Pressure for Pranks

Still, some collegians can laugh today, as a remark made recently by a young cousin of mine proves. His college, like all institutions of higher learning, has recently been spurring students to greater and greater efforts, in accordance with the new emphasis on education that was launched when the Russians beat us into space with Sputnik. There is even a suspicion that in some colleges professors are pushing students through their classes, just for the purpose of turning out more graduates. I asked this young man, whose grades were poor all during his last semester, what was the best joke he'd heard on the campus. "The best joke," he said, with a half-smile, "was—*I passed*." THE END



"LATE-FOR-SCHOOL means extra chores." After a hearty breakfast of eggs, elk steaks, whole-wheat pancakes, children begin their studies in the cabin at 8:30. They get two recesses, a half-hour for lunch, are dismissed at 3:30.

"My Family Was Falling Apart"

Exactly one year ago, ignoring local gossip and school authorities, Mrs. George Wolfe took her seven children into the Idaho wilderness. Her purpose: to pull her failing family together, give every child a unique "second chance" in his school work. Here is what happened.

BY C. ROBERT LEE *Photos by the author*

Last September Reho and George Wolfe quietly removed their seven children from the public schools of Lewiston, Idaho, and vanished into the vast wilderness of the northern Rockies, their destination a remote log cabin on an abandoned mining claim in the Salmon River Canyon, one of the most forbidding, inaccessible regions in the United States. A few days later George Wolfe returned to his job in Lewiston and told his astonished neighbors that he was leaving his wife and seven children in the cabin for the rest of the school year—and possibly the next year also. Why? Because Reho felt she could give her children a better education in the wilds than they were receiving in the Lewiston schools.

In the storm of gossip that instantly broke in Lewiston, a few of Reho's friends hailed her as a heroine in the best American tradition, but most of the citizens maintained she was a dangerous crackpot who should be locked up. More serious than the gossip was the matter of the Idaho compulsory school attendance law and the fact that the professional educators of Lewiston saw the Wolfes' declaration of independence from the community education system as an affront and a menace.

Last month my wife and I trekked into the Rockies by car and finally by muleback, to find out from Reho herself the story of her struggle to give her chil-

MRS. WOLFE SUPERVISES children's Sunday violin practice. "Seven violins cost less than $100 because of my husband's shrewd buying." Left to right: Carol, 15; Linda, 9; John, 8; David, 12; Billy, 6; Sharon, 13; Marge, 10.

dren the education she felt they deserved.

From the first she remained singularly untroubled by the maelstrom of legal and personal accusation which swirled around them. "Our decision to move was not a sudden one," she explained. "As the children kept coming, life had begun to pile up on us. There was no unity or harmony in our family. George became ill with hepatitis, a liver ailment, and soon the whole family was infected. By the time the children had recovered, they were behind in school, all except fifteen-year-old Carol, who somehow managed to keep up an A average. I went into domestic service to help with the growing pile of debts, and the children were left with little supervision. Disciplinary problems became the rule—at school as well as at home. My children were growing up with the wrong attitudes in the wrong environment. Something had to be done if we were to survive as a self-respecting family."

Learning Without Distraction

Reho Wolfe was no stranger to wilderness life. She and George had lived for several years in the Salmon River country where George had worked for the Forest Service, and later had farmed as a tenant rancher. More recently the family had vacationed in the cabin on the old, abandoned mining claim, and the children had loved it. Reho felt that by living under semiprimitive conditions her children would learn the basic values of life, and that without the distractions and demands of city living, she could help them to concentrate on their neglected education.

"Nine days after school opened last fall," Reho pointed out, "I knew my children, with the exception of Carol, were not going to be able to keep up with their grades." An outstanding student herself, Reho had been salutatorian of her high school class. Lacking encouragement, she had not continued her own education, but she was determined that her children should receive all the help and encouragement she could provide, at whatever cost to herself. "One principal told me," Reho recalls, her dark eyes narrowing, "that some children can only do average work. I hotly disagreed with him. They can all excel in their studies with practice if they're not mentally retarded in some way. But first you must remove outside influences that become mental blocks to them. They must have constant supervision. It takes time. It consumes you, but it doesn't matter—parents owe that much to their children."

As soon as the decision to move the family away from Lewiston was made, Reho made an attempt to track down the owner of the cabin and mining claim. After several long and frustrating trips she found that according to the mining laws of the state she could file on the claim herself, which she promptly did. The next three weeks the Wolfes accomplished what seemed an almost impossible task. They assembled enough food, clothing, books, cooking utensils, bedding, and miscellaneous supplies to last a family of eight an entire winter.

Treacherous Supply Route

Delivering the supplies was a gigantic undertaking. The 6,000-foot walls and turbulent "white waters" of the Salmon River Canyon are among the most rugged in North America. George decided to float their supplies down the river rather than pack them over the narrow trails. Monroe Hancock, an old friend of the Wolfes', a veteran of fifty years of navigating the treacherous waters of the Salmon "River of No Return," volunteered his services to help boat the Wolfes' supplies through the dangerous rapids. Under Monroe's expert guidance all the supplies arrived intact.

George Wolfe returned to Lewiston and his night job as railroad storekeeper. An accomplished musician, he gave violin

(continued)

"My Family Was Falling Apart" (continued)

SUNDAY RECREATION: family piles into boat of nearest neighbor, Monroe Hancock, 72, who lives a mile upriver. Cocker spaniel, Blackie, is children's pet.

lessons during the day. As he moved around the town he heard vivid comments on their adventurous decision.

"Rattlesnakes will eat those children alive if the bears or cougars don't get them first."

"I'll bet she had a fight with George, and just *says* she's doing it for the sake of the children."

Wrath of the Community

"What right has she got to take those poor children way out there in that wilderness? The school board ought not to let her get away with it."

"One friend," George recalls wryly, "even bluntly suggested Reho should have consulted a psychiatrist before we made the move."

Getting settled in the cabin was not the only obstacle Reho was to face in her fight to help her children get a new start in life. Two weeks after the move, a U.S. forest ranger appeared at her door and coldly informed her that she had no legal right to live on the mining claim and that she would have to move. "I knew that he didn't know what he was talking about," Reho said, "but the children were worried. For the first time in their lives they felt important because they were assuming some responsibility for their own welfare. They didn't want to go back to Lewiston."

The unpleasant visit of the ranger was soon forgotten as Reho and the children buckled down to serious school work. Explains Reho, "We are using the Calvert School correspondence method of instruction for the primary grades at a cost of eighty dollars per child per year. I knew it would take the children time to equal Calvert's standards, but with proper guidance and discipline I knew they could.

"Their science and reading books are identical with those of the public schools. Spelling, arithmetic, history and geography are considerably more thorough. By reviewing the previous day's lessons each day in addition to doing their daily assignments, they have made amazing progress. Although their grade levels differ, they now compete with each other."

Meanwhile Dorcey Riggs, the county district school supervisor, had called a special meeting of the school board. A criminal complaint for contributing to the delinquency of minors and causing their habitual truancy from school was filed against Reho Wolfe. When the case came before Wayne MacGregor, Jr., the county prosecutor, he refused to take action against Mrs. Wolfe, pointing out that the object of a compulsory education law is to see that children are not left in ignorance. "The law was not made to punish those parents who provide their children with instruction equal or superior to that obtainable in public schools," MacGregor declared. Idaho's attorney general, Graydon Smith, was summoned to Grangeville. After conferring with the prosecutor, Smith promptly dismissed the case.

During the excitement Mrs. Wolfe and the children were peacefully working on their school lessons in their remote cabin. The letter notifying her of the action was incorrectly addressed and went to four different towns before it finally reached her—fifteen days after the hearing was over.

Flights to the "Outside World"

During the winter months the only practical way back to Lewiston is by plane. Ivan Gustin, a veteran of twenty-one years of bush flying, is Reho's sole contact with the "outside world." He flew the children out regularly last winter to visit their father.

"Without exception," Reho states, "they were sorry to leave their dad, but it was very encouraging that they were anxious to 'get back to the ranch' where 'school is a lot of fun.' Besides, they had George's summer vacation at the ranch to look forward to. He either came every weekend in the summer or some of the children went to visit him."

One weekend, late in March, George arrived at the cabin with the news that the Forest Service was taking court action to test the legality of the Wolfes' mining claim. A hearing was scheduled for May 5, and a plane was to pick Reho up on May 1, to fly her to the hearing where George would meet her. When the day arrived, the weather was so stormy that all planes were grounded. Determined not to jeopardize her right to live on the river, Reho Wolfe decided to make the trip on foot. Her good friend, Monroe Hancock, agreed to look after the children, while she made the

In a canyon between mountains rising 6,000 feet high an education at eighty dollars a child per year.

long, tortuous trek through the stormy wilderness. At the higher elevations snow was falling. At the lower elevation where Reho walked, a fine, misty spray made the trail slippery and dangerous. Trudging wearily upward into the storm, Reho was tormented by the frightening prospect of losing all she had fought for. At dusk, chilled and wracked with weariness, she rested beside a small fire she managed to start with two pieces of pitch. She fell asleep and awakened three hours later, choking on the smoke from the smoldering fire, to find clear moonlight. She continued on the rough trails until she strained a muscle in her leg. After another short rest, she stumbled the last two miles into the Red River ranger station. The startled ranger drove her the remaining distance.

Fighting for More Time

In all, Reho Wolfe had covered twenty-seven miles of wilderness trails in twenty hours. "My children were well on their way to a bright, new world," she said, the memory of that long, desperate journey still painful, "but they needed more time. Time was suddenly terribly important."

Gossip had circulated widely about Reho and George and, at the hearing, they were stared at with suspicion and curiosity. Mrs. Wolfe was called "a brilliant intellectual" by some people, and "an illiterate ne'er do well" by others. Henry Felton, the Wolfes' attorney and long-time friend, was there to represent them. He called the charges of the Forest Service ridiculous and accused the Service of being a tool of the school board. The hearing established that Reho had met all the requirements of the mining laws and that her claim was valid. When the meeting was over, the prosecuting attorney for the Forest Service shook hands with Mrs. Wolfe, expressing his admiration for her remarkable courage. Commented the District Ranger Chief, A. W. Blackerby, "I certainly have a lot of respect for Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe. I hope everything works out the way they want it to."

And has everything worked out the way Reho and George wanted? "Rattling around all alone in our ten-room house in Lewiston is pretty depressing," George Wolfe admits. "But when your family's future is in danger, you do what you feel you have to."

As for Reho, she says, her eyes bright with pride and satisfaction, "The progress each one of the children has made is remarkable. Marge (ten) has always been extremely shy and backward. In school she never recited or raised her hand. Last year she was promoted to the fifth grade. I wanted the school to hold her back but they refused. She couldn't read or add very well, even on a third-grade level. Today, Marge is ready for fifth-grade work. She is much more at ease with herself, doesn't hide out alone as she did in town. She's decided she wants to be a naturalist.

"Twelve-year-old David was belligerent and introverted. He would stand or sit for hours and just look at his work. He used school only as an excuse to skip chores. His dad had to work nights on the railroad, and was busy in the daytime giving violin lessons. There wasn't much time left over to give David the attention he desperately needed."

A New Reliability

"Monroe has made David his special project. He's taught him things that have helped David to come out of his shell. David and Blackie, our cocker spaniel, are our self-appointed protectors. They even chased a small bear away one night.

(continued)

USING HOME-MADE LYE SOAP, Carol and Sharon wash as Linda "helps." "Without modern conveniences, the children are learning more responsibility."

"A school principal excused my youngsters' poor marks with 'Some can only do average work.' I hotly disagreed. I was right."

David's unloaded rifle and shells are handy at all times. He is usually up by five o'clock. He starts the stove fires and then, if he feels like it, he goes fishing, and we have fresh fish for breakfast. David is getting along so well that as long as he keeps up with his chores and school work, I let him do pretty much as he pleases."

A Twig Is Straightened

"He has a remarkable ear for violin tones, and plays with vitality and feeling. Since coming here he has also shown a creative talent in his miniature wood carvings. I know that David has a better chance to become a real man because of his experience here in the wilderness. I sincerely doubt that would have happened if he had continued as he was, unwilling to assume any kind of responsibility for himself or others.

"Linda, who is nine, has always seemed to have a chip on her shoulder. She bitterly resented our not having large cars and all the luxuries wealthy people enjoy. She had been spoiled by people who invariably commented on her good looks. When she's happy, she sparkles; but when crossed, she's impossible. She hasn't progressed as much as the others, but she's learning that a person must give as well receive. Monroe named his new boat "Adnil" ("Linda" spelled backwards), because one day while he was away, Linda slipped into his house and washed and ironed all his dirty clothes. Such an act of consideration would not even have occurred to the child a year ago.

"Thirteen-year-old Sharon's greatest problem is energy. She's intelligent, but inclined to be slow. Our concentrated whole wheat diet, raw sugar with molasses, and plenty of fresh air and exercise have helped her tremendously. Naturally she feels more like doing her school work."

With a twinkle in her eye, Mrs. Wolfe adds, "The new diet and exercise haven't hurt me any, either. In fact, they've given me back my figure. I'm down to 126 pounds from 156."

With the older children settled down in well-disciplined patterns of study, Reho has turned her attention to John (eight) and Billy (six). "It's surprising," she says, "how much they have learned just by listening to our school discussions. John is reserved and shy, Billy aggressive and stubborn. One day Billy demanded of his older brother, 'John, you know where the gold is hidden. Where do I start digging?'"

Without her eldest daughter's help, Reho feels her venture could not have succeeded. "Carol," she says, "has demonstrated the very highest qualities of character and personality. She would like to pursue a musical career. Her music teacher was deeply disappointed to lose her from the school's orchestra. She was in the first violin section."

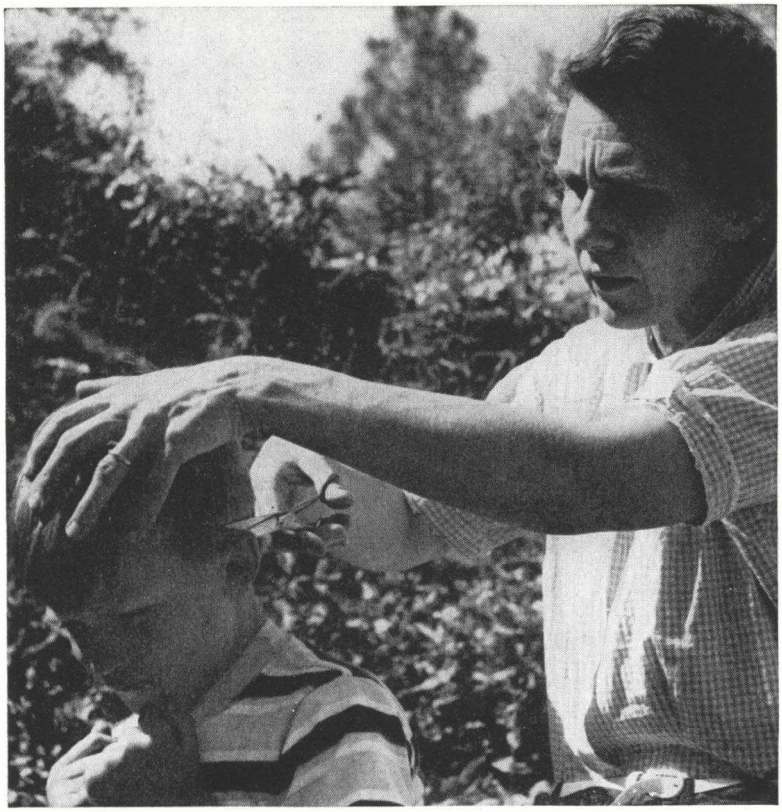
Carol is enrolled for four years in the home study program of the American School, Chicago, at a cost of $195. "Most of her test papers," Reho says proudly, "are returned from Chicago with 'Superior Work' marked on them. When Carol was small, George and I spent many hours reading to her and teaching her to write and spell. It was a good investment that later paid off. The 'battles' Carol and I used to have are now constructive discussions from which we both emerge feeling we have a greater understanding of our problems."

More Than Textbooks Can Offer

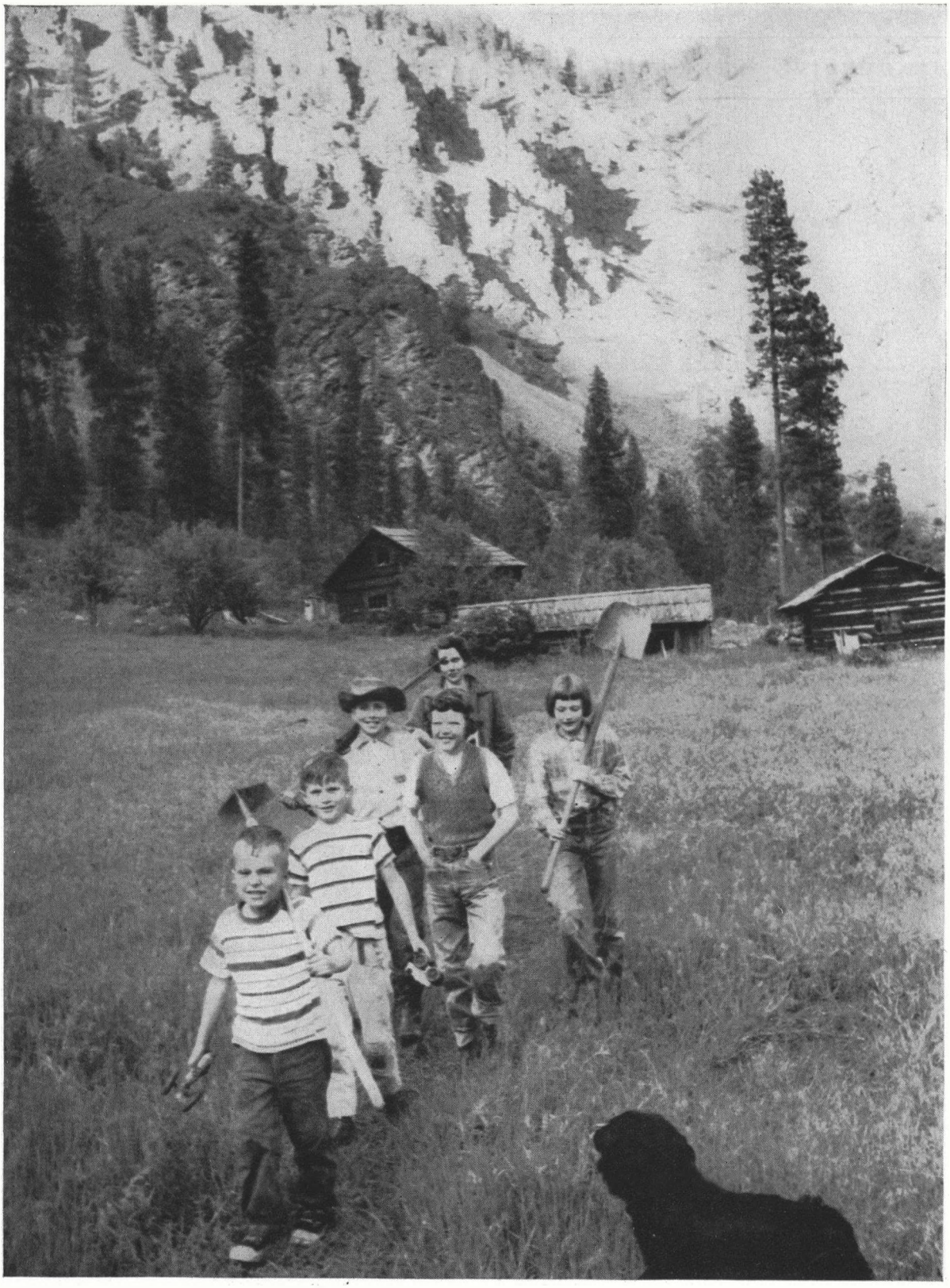
Reho Wolfe sums up their situation: "I need one more good year to straighten out my family," she says. "They're already starting to realize how important it is to think for themselves. The older ones are learning that education is useful even in our somewhat primitive environment. (They're realizing that food, shelter, heat, and light do not always come with the flick of a switch.) And when they return to 'civilization,' they will see how useful this knowledge is."

"I want my children to know more than textbooks can offer. I want them to be prepared to face the demands of our material-minded world, and to be aware of the price they must pay for its rewards."

THE END



UNBOTHERED BY PHOTOGRAPHER, John gets his hair cut by the family barber—his mother. Along with the other children, he is losing his shyness.



LAUGHING AND EAGER, the children head for their garden patch after supper. Changes in the children's personalities began as far back as November, when their appetites, interest in school, and cooperativeness improved.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

"Happy Memories of My Classroom"

Sam Levenson recalls the days of stoopball and kick the can, when he picked up the tricks that made his teaching career a hilarious high-water mark in education annals.

BY ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.

Sam Levenson began his career in humor as a New York City high school teacher, ad-libbing to his students in the process of teaching them. From amusing his pupils, Levenson eventually graduated to entertaining their parents—and his show business career began. Today he is one of the most sought-after network comedians—a humorist whose material is always gentle, warm and human, never bitter or cruel. Much of Mr. Levenson's material revolves around his memories of school, both as a student and, in later life, as a teacher. While he loves to joke about education, he is deeply concerned with its status, and often he discards the role of humorist to make serious comments on our progress in the field of learning.

Q. ***Sam, you've had two sets of school days—one as a student and the other as a teacher. Let's go back to the first set. Were you a brilliant student?***

A. Me, a brilliant student? Hardly. I had a mental block (to use the modern word for an old-fashioned blockhead). Math! How I struggled with math! I don't know why I could never catch on. When I went through college I finally learned math because I had to, but it was always a very painful subject for me. I was pretty good in English and in foreign languages, and I was very good in music, which was my first love. But that math . . .

Q. ***Today's students complain a lot about heavy homework; did you have much homework to do when you were going to school?***

A. We had to do homework even if the teacher didn't assign any. My father didn't believe there could be such a thing as *no* homework. If I came home and said there was no homework, his answer was, "Oh, they threw you out of school? How could you have *no* homework? *Do your homework*!"

My parents made us—my six brothers, one sister and me—sit and read our books at the dining-room table. Papa was at the head and Mama sat cutting dress patterns at the other end of the table, or chopping hamburgers—bang, bang—the table going up and down, and the notebooks dancing on the table. But everyone was there. If there was a discussion, everybody had something to say. We'd ask Papa questions, and he would "check on us." He couldn't help us with our homework. You see, he didn't have enough formal education. He saw to it that we did our work, though.

Today the fathers and the mothers are actually sitting around doing the homework *for* the kids. You know the mother who says to her child: "What do you mean the teacher gave you a D for that composition? *I* wrote it!"

Q. ***You make it sound as if your performance in school was very important to your parents, Sam. They must have gone over your grades pretty critically.***

A. My father wanted me to get grades

like 102. If I got a 98, he'd ask, "Who got the other two points?" Nothing was good enough.

In those days, you presented your report card to a regular jury—your father and all your older brothers. It had to go through everybody's hands before Papa signed it. And the card was very simple to read and understand . . . not like the complicated cards of today. The card carried words like "Deportment"... remember? "Proficiency," "Work"; and you got simple A's, B's, C's, and D's. If you got an A, you were in solid with Papa. If you got a B, Papa figured maybe you'd been sick. If you got a C, Papa resigned himself to the fact that he was going to have a gangster in the family. As simple as all that. D? I would be afraid to come home with a D. D stood for "Disgrace."

My brother Mike came home from school with a medal. My father said, "Hooray, we finally made it; somebody's got a medal from school. So what did you get it for?"

"It's for running," Mike answered.

My father said, "From whom?" He just couldn't understand anybody *running* for a medal.

Q. *Your school-day athletics pretty much centered around the playground and the streets when you were growing up, didn't they, Sam?*

A. That's for sure, and the games developed accordingly. . . . Stickball, stoopball, johnny-on-a-pony, one-o-cat, kick the can, kick a kid. And there were seasons for each game, too. Suddenly, from the underground, the word would pop up, for instance, that the *top* season was on. And out from the drawers came all the old tops. You sat there; you put the tops in the middle of a circle, and the idea was to hit the other tops out of the circle with your top. Then there was checkers. I used to wear away half a finger, during the summer, shooting checkers. This wasn't *playing* checkers; this was *shooting* checkers. We used to pull horse hairs out of horses' tails and make rings, too. The horses didn't always stay around for this experiment. They would run wild, and you could cause plenty of neighborhood screaming when you started some horse running down the street because of a sore tail.

Q. *This sounds like the era of the Nickel Rocket baseball.*

A. Who had a nickel? You made your own baseball. We used to weave a baseball out of big rubber bands. You didn't buy the bands; you had to go looking for rubber bands. On the streets of New York, you can always find anything if you look long enough, so we'd find rubber bands. You'd ask your brothers who were already working to bring rubber bands. And you'd keep weaving one rubber band over the other until you had a baseball of good size—about five inches in diameter. Then, you felt, you were ready. And you used to try it! It would take one bounce and go over the roof. A summer's work gone on one bounce. You know where almost all balls ended? On the grocery store awning. They used to collect there by the dozens.

Awnings played a key role in our lives. If it hadn't been for the awnings, half of us would have been killed. We used to fall out of windows or off fire escapes and onto awnings. Or onto fat women. You know, today a kid falls on a guy who is skinny. He gets killed; the kid gets killed. In those days, you'd fall on a fat woman, and you'd just glide off. The mamas were all so round and fat. To be fat was popular then. Any woman who wasn't fat was thought to be either sick or rich. Rich women were very skinny, my mother used to say.

Q. *How did your mother fit into your scholastic world, Sam?*

A. Her most important contribution was lunch. Lunch and recess were the two big moments in our school day. As I told you, she didn't like skinny people —so her self-appointed job was keeping us all chubby. No trouble there with me. How she did it on our Depression income I'll never know.

I used to take two sandwiches to school. My mother's sandwich recipe was very simple: just take a roll and put a roll into it. Didn't you ever have a roll sandwich? I didn't know that salami could be sliced more than one slice at a time until I was eighteen. I thought you just took one slice and that was lunch. You know something? I don't get any more kick out of caviar, today, than I got out of my salami then!

Poor as we were, my mother insisted on fresh food only. She wouldn't eat canned goods. She wouldn't take into the house anything that wasn't fresh. She used to buy fresh fish, living fish, out of a tank and, while the fish were still swimming around, my mother used to ask the fish peddler, "Are these fresh fish?"

Q. *Sam, you kid them a lot, but I know your parents contributed a great deal to you in your school days. Isn't that so?*

A. I think there was a devotion to culture in our home that is not quite as common any more. There were real values in those homes, where books were sacred. We kids knew it, too. There was always music in the home, for instance. Parents put themselves in hock to buy pianos and violins. The local settlement houses grew up to meet the needs of the kids who wanted music and whose parents wanted them to have music. In proportion to income, those people spent much more for culture than we spend nowadays. We buy a new TV set, and the family sits down in front of it, and this is culture.

In the old days, every home had a piano. There were more homes with pianos, then, than there are now. It was only a little upright, but you had a piano. We bought an old broken-down piano for seven dollars. It was the worst possible old piano, but you had to have a piano in the house. These people really sacrificed for culture, and if successful, intelligent men were produced in the slums, it was because of this struggle by parents to overcome their environment.

Q. *Sam, when did you decide to become a teacher? And why?*

A. The year 1929 was no time to take up music as a career. Vitaphone came into the theatres and the music industry was starving. So when I went to Brooklyn College, I decided to go into teaching. I graduated in 1934, another bad year. Everybody was looking for security, and I was one of the lucky kids who got it. My first teaching salary was $2,148 per year. It seemed like a small fortune.

Q. *How about your first day of school as a teacher?*

A. My first realization was that the kids were *veterans*. This was a new job for me, but they'd been around. I was easy prey; I was young.

Photos by George Joseph

You learn in the course of time not to believe everything students say. One of the standard situations: You say to a student, "You're late."

"No," he answers, "the bell is early."

(continued)

Sam Levenson (continued)

When the class finds out you don't know which bell indicates a fire drill, they will hold many fire drills for you. One example: I am a new teacher. The bells clang, and I don't understand why I'm the only teacher leading a class to safety today. The other teachers don't seem to give a darn what happens to their kids. So I get them out of the building, and then I see the whole school looking out of the windows at me, asking, where the heck is he going with the kids?

The first time there was a bona fide fire drill, I did get the kids out fine. The bell clangs; hurry up; the school is burning; let's get out. Then I lost the class completely; yes, I lost them. I don't remember what happened. I took them down Stairway Three, went right, and they went left. So I came back without my class. I don't know where they went.

Q. ***You certainly don't seem to remember your classes as "blackboard jungles," Sam.***

A. I did have a couple of tough ones. Often, the classes which nobody else will teach are handed to the youngest teacher. I had one or two. For instance, the principal gave me a typewriting class. I didn't know any typewriting. My only hope was that the kids would know less. The one who terrified me most was the kid who had already flunked and was taking the course for the second time. He already knew more about typing than I did. So I made him monitor. He became my helper. If the kids asked me a question I couldn't answer, I'd say, "Even George can answer that. The answer is—George, you tell 'em." And George would tell 'em. He became a big shot.

They gave me a French class to teach in that typewriting room. Whoever thought it was a good idea to put the students in a room with a bunch of typewriters should have had his head examined. I don't know that these kids learned French, but they sure learned how to take apart a typewriter. I wish I could get a man today to fieldstrip a typewriter and put it together as well as those kids could. They didn't steal whole typewriters; they stole a key at a time.

I did catch one kid passing a complete typewriter to another kid outside the window, lowering it on a rope from the fourth floor. If it had ever fallen! I didn't care that he was stealing the typewriter, but if it had ever *hit* the other kid, I'd have had a death on my hands.

Q. ***What about the tough, undisciplined kids, the juvenile delinquents? Some people say it's unfair to keep such kids in school until the legal release age of sixteen because not only do they fail to learn, but they disrupt the class for the others. How did you handle kids like these?***

A. Well, first of all, I used to learn the kids' first names and even their nicknames. I preferred to get their nicknames. You have no idea how close you can get to a kid if you know his nickname is Pinky. You get friendly with them this way. If a kid was a discipline problem and looked as if he was going to make trouble, I'd stop whatever I was teaching and say, "Look, Pinky, let's get it clear. If you are going to be a pest, let's talk it over. What do you want? What are you looking for? Do you want to get out of the class? I won't feel bad. I'll sign you out. You don't want to learn Spanish? You don't have to learn Spanish. It's okay."

Then I would say to the class, "What do you think we ought to do with him? Invite him out? Or invite him in?"

So the kids would turn to him and say, "What do you want, Pinky? Do you want to stay? Or do you want to go?"

He'd turn around to somebody and say, "Is it your business whether I go or I stay?" So, now he's on the defensive.

Then I would say, "Look, I can give you only five minutes. The class wants to learn. Are you going to stop thirty-eight other kids from learning because you don't want to stay? If I tell you to bring your mother here to talk to me, you won't bring her anyhow. I know, your mother is 'sick.' I know the whole routine and all the excuses you can dream up. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go to your house."

"Wha??? You're going to come to *my* house?"

I'd say, "Yeah, on the way home."

Naturally his answer was "Say, don't come to my house. My mother'll kill me if you come to our house." All right, settled—no problem.

Then there was the way I would handle the kid who played hooky. The next day I'd ask, "What's playing at the Paramount?"

He'd say, "You caught me?"

I'd say, "Yes. Now look, the other kids didn't have the pleasure of being at the Paramount. So you do all the jokes; do the whole stage show." It didn't pay to play hooky any more. Not only did the kids *not* cut my class, but they used to bring hooky-players to sit in my room! I became the floor show for the school. Any teacher who had a kid he didn't know how to handle would say, "You go to Mr. Levenson's class." I used to pack 'em in. I had a ball. And most important, I was teaching these kids to get along, to be honest, to be human, to have a sense of humor, to behave. I was teaching them things which they would probably remember long after they had forgotten the Spanish.

Q. ***I gather you don't think it's always the kids who make problems at school. Who do you think is to blame? The parents?***

A. Quite possibly. I know a lot of mamas who will say, in front of the kid, "Who does that teacher think she is, anyhow?" Most PTAs are fine, but there are some which are used just to put pressure on teachers. If parents are not happy, they pressure the principal, and he in turn pressures the teacher to make arrangements to keep the parents happy. The real problem person is the middle-class mother who has everything in the world *except* a kid who is doing well in school. Now this becomes a loss in *her* social status, in *her* social prestige. She can't allow *her* kid to be looked down upon in the class. So she lectures the teacher: "You can't give my kid a 'sixty-five' in English. What will the other children think? What will the neighbors think?" If the community is small enough, this kind of pressure can be powerful. You'd be amazed at how much misguided influence a dissatisfied parent or two can exert on a school.

Q. ***Sam, to sum up and perhaps help to keep a few parents from applying the wrong kind of pressure in their school districts, what do you think parents should expect their kids to get out of their school days?***

A. A huge question. I feel the great aim of education should be to help a kid recognize his basic talents and make the most of them. If this were to happen, we all would have abilities, jobs and careers that would please and satisfy us. There would be fewer people trapped in jobs they hated and for which they were unsuited.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if education could help us all to be as happy in our careers as, say, Leonard Bernstein is in his? Or Jonas Salk. When he talks about medical research, he lights up. That's what I mean by real adjustment. Salk is completely immersed in his work.

Helen Hayes, when she walks out on stage, is an actress to the core. And Bob Hope has found his place as a comedian. Each teacher should ask himself at the beginning of every lesson: to what extent does this lesson develop the abilities and potentialities of these kids for their own satisfaction and for their usefulness to society? If the lesson doesn't meet these needs, tear it up, throw it in the basket, and start all over again. THE END

Photo by Yuba Valaitis

SOME OF OHIO STATE'S 25,000 students call for a touchdown. There are five times as many collegians today as in 1935.

How to Keep Pace in the Hectic Race for Higher Learning

Driven by a diploma fixation unparalleled in history, parents are scrambling to get infants into the "right" nursery schools, hiring tutors, moving to prestige neighborhoods. But the inside track in the college admissions rat race is something only students themselves can find.

BY THOMAS B. MORGAN

Picked over, evaluated, interviewed, tested, and (often) tormented, the college class of 1963, nearly eight hundred thousand strong, the largest freshman class in the history of American education, was admitted this fall by our 1,947 colleges after a year-long saga that can only be called a rat race, genus *Great American*. Even in the best of families anxiety over admittance to college—sometimes years before Junior was old enough to apply—reached the stage of comedy which was never far from tears. The worst example of good people gone goofy over the college thing was a noted newsman who recently packed his fourteen-year-old son off to a European prep school because he had learned that, all other things being equal, an Ivy League school gives preference to boys with interesting and diverse backgrounds.

The Diploma-Seeker

It has reached the point where it is now possible to identify the collegiate counterpart of the social-climber, the prestige-striver, and the success-chaser in American folklore: he is the diploma-seeker. Often as not, he's a nice kid egged on by an ambitious parent who is living his life over through his son and cares more about the name of the college at the top of the diploma than the ideas for which it stands.

Theoretically, there's no reason why such a rat race should exist. Any American boy or girl who wants to go to college and has the money, or even part of it, can have a fling at a bachelor's degree. Many authorities in the education field go a step further and assure us that there is a *good* college available for every good student, but this is, if true, more difficult to prove. Let's just leave it at this: there's room for everybody, at the moment (if not at the top, at least somewhere). This fall, for example, there is still room in our colleges for another

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The big reason for college-entrance panic: a degree means an additional $100,000 in lifetime earnings

seventy-five to eighty thousand freshmen, and some colleges had scouts out well into the summer beating the bushes for youngsters to fill their dormitories. It would seem, on the surface, that as far as higher education is concerned we are in a buyer's market.

All this is pure theory—the truth is something else again. Last spring, and especially during May, which was the month of decision for most college admissions committees and applicants, both sides were in a perfect stew. Eugene S. Wilson, director of admissions at Amherst, described the general situation in plain English: "It's chaos." Robert Lincoln, director of the College Admissions Assistance Center, which tries to find openings for high school grads with no place to go—and qualified students for those colleges that have empty dormitory beds—said: "We're inundated!"

Three-School Parlay

While admissions directors were working feverishly, high school seniors (and their parents, of course) were watching the mails for at least one invitation to higher learning. The most common system employed to secure this acceptance was the Three School Parlay. The system was to apply to at least three schools: first, a prestige school (such as an Ivy League school or one of the League's satellite colleges; a small liberal arts college like Oberlin or Carleton with an outstanding reputation in academic circles; or a respected institution of the West Coast, e.g. Cal Tech or Stanford); second, another prestige school; and third, a school not far from home (such as the state university), which could act as a cushion if all else failed. Go-for-broke gamblers applied at *three* top schools. A student might alter the system because of lack of funds, sentiment about a parent's alma mater, special interests, or even common sense, but such a student was not rat race material anyway.

Among those who make multiple applications, the very-very bright students often get their pick of the colleges. In fact, colleges woo them more assiduously nowadays than athletes. Fighting alumni who once were able to demand winning football teams have had to take a back seat; they don't control things any more because the big money for education now comes from foundations that pay only for the pursuit of excellence. By and large, the forty or fifty famous-name, prestige schools skim off most of the cream of the high school classes. This further enhances their prestige, but makes it more difficult for other colleges to acquire the very "name" value that would help solve the problem we're talking about.

The problem is simply this: there aren't enough big-name colleges for all those high school grads who want to go to colleges with big names.

Plight of Borderline Students

Except for the very-very bright ones, those who wanted the Ivy League or the best of the Midwest, South, and the West Coast, just had to sweat it out until acceptances were issued in May, and the borderline cases—if they knew they were borderline—just agonized.

I met the parents of a boy who had been rejected by Harvard, Swarthmore, and Dartmouth, in that order. They were sad, angry, and lonely: sad because their son's ego had been damaged, angry because *their* ego had been damaged, and lonely because the boy had enlisted in the Coast Guard.

The father of another boy who made Swarthmore was so happy, he went out and bought him*self* a cabin cruiser.

The vice-president of one of the most selective colleges in the country told me of an alumnus who had been so certain that his son would be accepted in May that he forbade the boy to consider any other school. The letter of rejection was sent, the father intercepted it, and spent three weeks writing to brother alumni urging them to cancel all contributions to the alumni fund. Then he barged in on the vice-president, who gave him the final word: No. Ashen-faced, the father-alumnus swore he would never give another dime to the college. "I checked on that," the vice-president said. "In twenty-seven years, you've given forty-two dollars." The wounded man left quietly.

No one in higher education, and particularly no admissions director, to whom I talked remembers a time when there were so many parents and students passionately, even neurotically, involved in the business of merely getting into a certain college. And many parents and students seem to believe that the problem is not a matter of their collective attitude about education, but rather a simple matter of mushrooming population. "If there weren't so many people, the colleges wouldn't be so crowded," is the way one parent explained his own daughter's disappointment. The facts prove otherwise. In the book *How to Get Into College*, Frank Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board, points out the dramatic way in which Americans have discovered the college diploma:

"The average number of students entering college during the years 1930-35 was 150,000—one-fifth of today's figure. . . . There were 9,027,000 youths of college age in 1930. Twenty-eight years later, in 1958, we had 9,055,000 youths of that age. This means that enrollment increases are due almost entirely to changes in attitude toward education."

Maybe this did not *have* to happen, but it did. How much of it was due to a broader understanding of the spiritual and social values for the conservation of which colleges exist and how much of it was due to the demands of the larger rat race are any man's guess. The college diploma is worth less now in snob appeal than it was twenty-five years ago, but much more in cold cash; in a lifetime of earning, the average college grad can expect to make nearly $100,000 more than the average man who quits at the end of high school. This basic, economic incentive, and the prosperity which has made it possible for more people to indulge in four additional, nonprofit years of education, are certainly part of the reason why the colleges are filled today with over 3.5 million students—with the war and postwar population boom not scheduled to hit the colleges until 1960!

Does Prep School Help?

In anticipation of this next great influx into the colleges, the race even extends down into the elementary schools. Parents who were themselves raised in the "egalitarian" thirties and would have been shocked a few years ago at the thought of giving their children anything but a "free, democratic, public school education," now hustle their babes off to private grade and prep schools. Over 85 per cent of the private boarding schools in America are completely filled this fall. Part of the increase may be due, of course, to the baby boom and to growing dissatisfaction with public schools in certain cities. But most parents have an eye to the future and few are unaware of the very high percentage of prep school grads accepted by the prestige colleges. No one is quite sure what this flight to the prep schools means in terms of better educated citizens. Colleges with the highest admissions standards generally draw heavily on prep schools, and these

same institutions have the lowest rate of failure. At Harvard, for example, "about 90 per cent of those who enter as freshmen receive their degrees. The national average is under 50 per cent," the college reports. On the other hand, studies have shown that private school students do not perform as well in college as public school students with the same I.Q. It has been suggested that this means that while the prep school student is usually better prepared for college, he is sometimes lacking in motivation.

Tutoring for College Boards

Further along, parents are found hiring tutors for their children in anticipation of the College Entrance Examination Board tests given six times a year, mostly for high school seniors. Parents know that the 250 member colleges of the College Board (including the vast majority of the prestige colleges) count heavily on the Board's Scholastic Aptitude and Achievement tests to help admissions committees do their work. Basically, that work consists in predicting whether or not a young applicant will succeed—that is, graduate—in the respective colleges.

The Board announced that it deplored tutoring—"coaching"—for the college exams and stressed the fact that test scores are only one of the many factors in a student's application, and a factor certainly less important than the student's high school record. But the Board is not shy about revealing that many research investigations have shown that a student who does well on the College Board exams is likely also to do well in college. It is commonly assumed by students and parents, therefore, that College Boards are a matter of life and death.

The president of one college in the Board association ruefully told me that he was beginning to have his doubts. He felt that there may be a basic conflict between admissions procedures as now practiced and the aims of education. Last year, admissions standards at his top-ranked college were higher than they had ever been before. This meant that applicants had to stand higher in their high school classes and make higher scores on the Board exams. "But in spite of the highest admissions standards in our history," the president said, "the class did not do as well as the class of the year before. It was not a matter of successes and failures. It was a matter of quality." Then he added: "Maybe we're raising a breed that knows how to take tests and not much else."

What happens to the students themselves is the thing that has been forgotten in the admissions rat race. By 1970, the competition for space in "the college of your choice" will make the current situation seem simple and uncomplicated. The crowding, the College Boards, the magnetism of the prestige colleges (even if the list of such colleges is doubled), the inadequacies of any admissions system, and the ironies of educational theories-and-results are realities that won't be easily altered. More than ever, it seems, the individual student is going to have to take responsibility for himself. Like it or not, before he can get the education he wants, he has to run in the rat race. He has to prepare himself to win if he can and yet not sacrifice the qualities that got him into it in the first place.

I asked a dozen directors of admissions at top U.S. colleges to give me their best advice for potential applicants. Almost without exception, they underplayed the usual advice about preparing applications, geographical distribution, taking College Board exams, and the like. As important as these things may be, the admissions directors said, they miss the substance of the matter, which is *motivation*. Looking behind the applicant's high school record and test scores, the colleges seek evidence of initiative, curiosity, and maturity in the student's character. Obviously, not many students acquire this spark on the day they decide to go to college. B. Alden Thresher, director of admissions at M.I.T., says that a parent who raises a child who is well-adjusted, healthy, interested in the world around him, encouraged to use his curiosity and to learn "is taking the most important step toward this end." In practice, the best evidence of motivation is the desire and ability to read and write, to use the English language well. As David Henry, director of admissions at Harvard, says: "We would simply urge potential applicants to do a good job in high school, both in and out of the classroom, and to cultivate the highly desirable habit of reading books."

"Begin as early as possible," says Mother Brady, director of admissions at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart. "The avid and thoughtful readers get into the best colleges."

Too Many Keys, Too Few Doors

To be avid and to be thoughtful are the keys to the kingdom. Yet, as college admissions become more and more competitive, parents and students have to face the awful truth that all avid and thoughtful boys and girls are not going to get into the best-known schools. Here, then, are some other bits of advice from admissions directors:

1. *Think ahead.* The freshman year in high school is none too soon to begin thinking about college—not just college in general, but the actual institutions that might be suitable. Colleges are happy to send catalogues to interested students and parents. Study the qualifications. Take the right courses and take only four "solids" a year. If possible (Mother Brady urges) take four-year sequences; that is, four years of science, of English, of Latin, or of a modern language. Don't waste time on the extras; shorthand, typing, speech, and home economics can be learned after school or during the summer. Have a go at the College Board Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test, which is a new practice test beginning this fall. If scores on the test are low, go over vocabulary and basic mathematics at least fifteen minutes a day for the next year.

2. *Be realistic.* Examine your own school record, your rank in your high school class, and your preliminary College Board scores—these are objective criteria. If you can weigh them honestly, you can shoot for the top or make application at colleges that are more likely to accept you. Talk to parents, guidance counselors, alumni. Jar your own thinking about college—your aims and purposes—to help you make mature decisions. And remember that there are many fine colleges that never get on the lists of "ten best" but offer superb faculties and facilities.

Learn by Borrowing

3 *Don't let money stand in your way.* This is easy to say, but hard to practice. Authorities estimate that up to 50 per cent of high school graduates who are qualified to go on to college don't because they feel they can't afford it. But you don't have to be scholarship material to get help. J. Harold Goldthorpe, in a recently completed study for the Federal Office of Education, reports that 83,000 students continued their education last year by borrowing from the college. Yet, the total borrowed was only $13,488,000 —*about half the amount of money available for student loans!* The money is there if you need it.

There is no final way for a student to be sure that he will get into the college of his choice. The best admissions procedures are far from perfect. No one knows how to distinguish the "late bloomer" from the merely uninterested student. As Thresher of M.I.T. says, "We are dealing in risks and probabilities, and no candidate is ever a 'sure thing.' Conversely, none, however unpromising, is completely devoid of hope; some who looked quite undistinguished at entrance have performed brilliantly." Nurturing small flames and developing them into blazing fires has always been one of the most rewarding of experiences for college teachers. Meanwhile, parents and high school officials are keepers of the flames, small as well as large. If they see the college rat race for what it is—merely the uncomfortable beginning and, in no way, the end—the students ought to be able to survive quite nicely.

THE END

London Daily Express

FOR PRINCESS ANNE, *Queen Elizabeth currently favors Heathfield, a school whose roster of Old Girls includes queens, princesses and tycoons' daughters.*

The School Queen Elizabeth Will Choose for Princess Anne

The "boarding school" may be a castle with a 200-acre park, but pocket money is about $5 a month, rooms are Spartan, and scholastic standards stratospheric.

BY JAMES BROUGH

When Britain's Queen Elizabeth arrived home in August after a hectic six weeks in North America, one of the biggest problems on her mind had nothing to do with the Commonwealth or affairs of state. Relaxing in the solitude of Balmoral Castle in Scotland, her thoughts turned anxiously again to a family problem familiar to many mothers: What school should her daughter attend?

For months before she flew to Canada last June, the Queen had been trying to decide what to do about Princess Anne, a headstrong, precocious nine-year-old, who is noticeably brisker and brighter than her brother Charles, who will be eleven on November 14.

The Queen had previously invited Michael Hamilton and Michael J. Babington-Smith, parents of Caroline Hamilton and Susan Babington-Smith, to dinner at Buckingham Palace. Caroline and Susan are the two little girls who for the past year have been attending a private day school with Anne in Knightsbridge, London. The after-coffee conversation that evening centered on the puzzling subject of how best to educate a princess.

Two considerations have always weighed heavily with the Queen. She and her husband, Prince Philip, will be traveling overseas more than any previous royal couple ever did, and while they are away, their two children must be safeguarded against loneliness and the overprotective upbringing that, in the past, has put ignoramuses on the British throne.

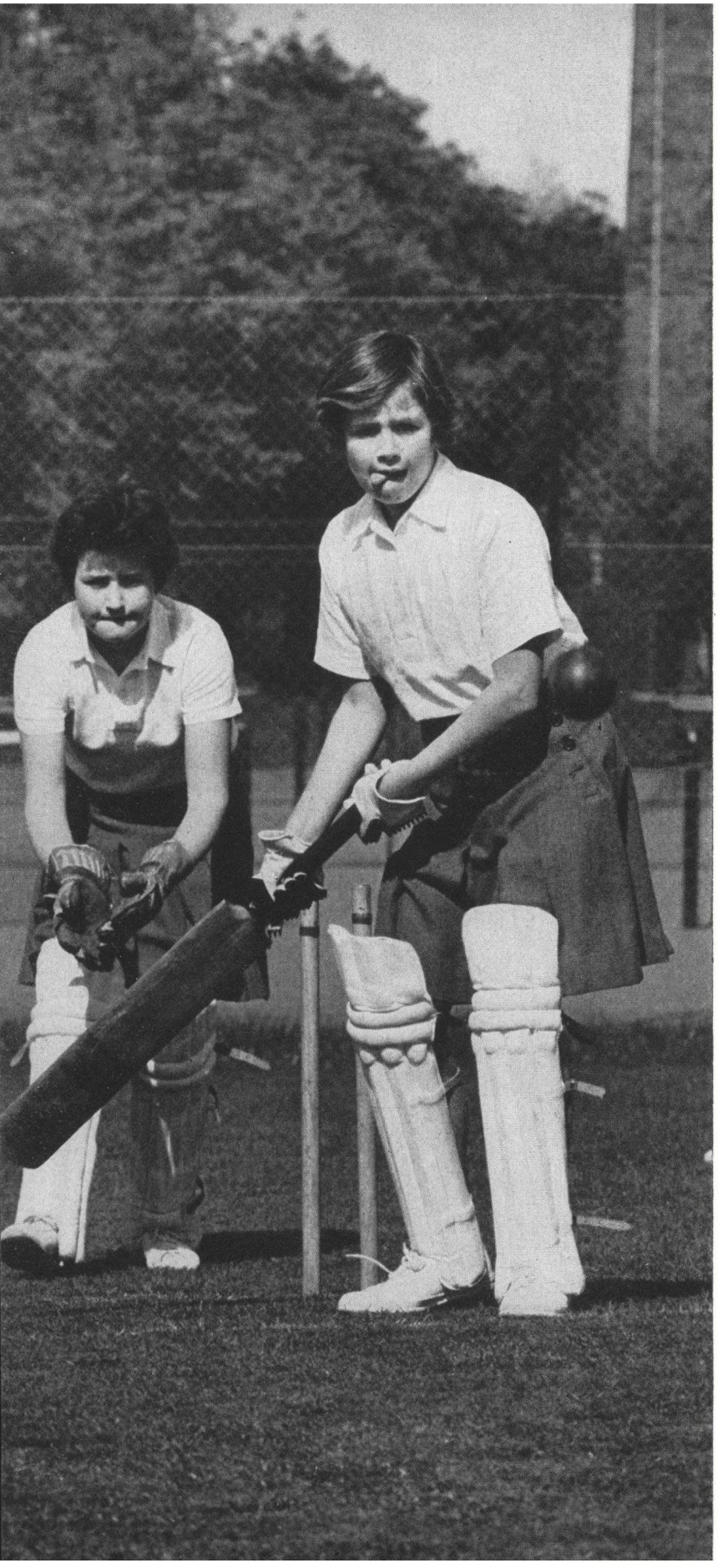
Her dinner guests both advised her that they intended to put their daughters into boarding school. By every current indication, Queen Elizabeth intends to follow their example. She has decided that Princess Anne, for her future happiness, must be sent away from the stuffy Palace atmosphere to a school where she will be educated satisfactorily among girls of her own age. Prince Charles was enrolled at Cheam for similiar reasons.

At present, the school she favors for Anne is Heathfield, an old-fashioned establishment near Ascot, Berkshire, where she has already had inquiries made.

At Heathfield, generations of pupils have been drilled in elegance as well as athletics. Royalty and tycoons' daughters share the roster of Old Girls: Queen Marie of Rumania; Princess Margrethe of Denmark. Tina Onassis, wife of the Greek shipping magnate, went there, and her daughter, Christina, is now a Heathfield student.

IN QUADRANGLE *at Cheltenham Ladies' College, students get mid-morning break for a sticky bun and milk. Time between classes: two minutes.*

Photos by Black Star—Brian Seed



The English School (continued)

Where Princess Anne's future is concerned, the most important Old Girl is Princess Alexandra, her cousin. She is the daughter of Marina, Duchess of Kent, and Marina's influence with Queen Elizabeth is strong. It looks as if Princess Anne will be following in her cousin's footsteps at Heathfield after her twelfth or thirteenth birthday.

Education in the classroom sense is not Heathfield's *forte*. It more closely resembles a "seminary for young ladies" of *Vanity Fair* vintage than any other major British school. Pre-war arrivals were accustomed to bringing along their personal maids.

Today, visitors are still greeted by a bowing butler, who seats them in an anteroom lavishly furnished with flowers and gleaming antiques. If the time of day is appropriate, a glass of excellent sherry is poured.

The headmistress, Miss K. A. F. Dodds, is an exquisitely dressed woman who, in the words of one visiting American parent, "would seem more in place on Park Avenue than in a study hall." She has a solid reputation among other parents, however, for training their daughters to be *ladies*.

Accommodations for the young ladies are antiquated. Hall floors are carpeted, but the carpets are threadbare. Girls still wash in their bedrooms from chinaware pitchers and basins, looking a little scruffier than students at less fashionable schools. Privacy is limited; mistresses are apt to open doors without knocking.

For many an English boarding-school girl, privacy is a luxury. She leads a strict, hard-working life with no dates, little lipstick, few movies. Princess Anne will be no exception. Her mother wants her reared without privileges, wherever possible.

Brains Outrank Beauty

The statement of a nineteen-year-old American, Molly McDonald, who spent two years in an English boarding school, gives an idea of the atmosphere Princess Anne will find. She says: "We never seemed to meet any boys, so social competition was nil. But we more than made up for it in intellectual and athletic competition, which was fiercer than anything I'd ever known."

Though boarding schools represent Britain's distinctive contribution to education, only a few thousand of the country's seven million schoolchildren attend them. The approximately one hundred schools for girls are overshadowed by

CHELTENHAM CRICKETEERS *tensely await a tossed ball. Competition in athletics is fierce. Beauty ranks below skill with hockey sticks, fencing foils.*

Eton, Harrow, and the roughly two hundred other establishments for boys. The statistics are necessarily vague, since nobody has ever been able to decide what a typical English boarding school consists of.

One light-hearted definition claims that they're called "English" because they teach Latin and Greek, "boarding" because they take in day students, and "schools" because they are largely devoted to athletics. More seriously, one educator has called them "expensive, nonlocal, class schools catering to the well-to-do."

Cheltenham Ladies' College

The school Molly McDonald went to was conservative rather than relaxed—Cheltenham Ladies' College in Gloucestershire, with an enrollment of 781, is by far the largest girls' boarding school in Britain.

Though American girls are found increasingly in British schools as United States industry sends fathers overseas, Molly McDonald is scarcely a typical Cheltenham graduate. Much closer to the norm is eighteen-year-old Nicola Baines, whose father commands a company of Britain's Royal Engineers. Her fifteen-year-old brother Andrew is at Winchester, the ancient public school for boys, founded in 1382, and Nicola, a hazel-eyed brunette, was sent to Cheltenham in 1955, when Lieutenant-Colonel P. S.

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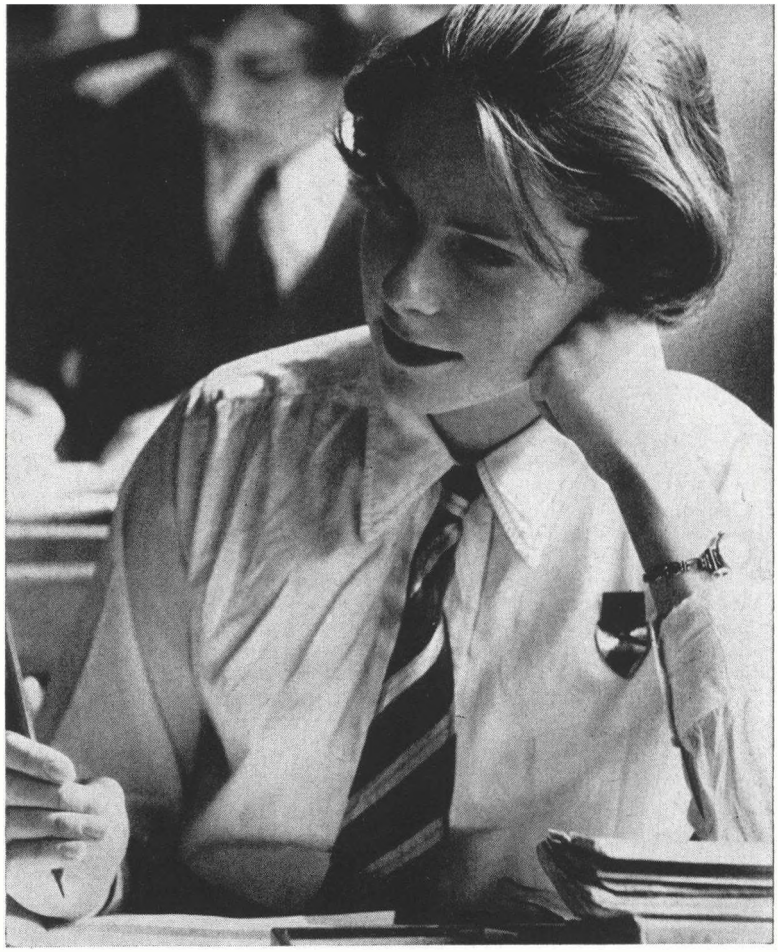


NICOLA BAINES, *eighteen-year-old daughter of an English Lieutenant-Colonel, settles down to a French lesson at Cheltenham Ladies' College. Admits Nicola: "At first it seemed so ladylike I didn't know how I'd stand it."*

"EVENING BREW-UP" *at St. Bridget's, Nicola's house, where all the girls are seniors. In the kitchen the girls are allowed to make snacks, mix milk drinks, fill hot water bottles. Bedtime for all older girls is ten o'clock.*

Iced buns are "greased rats," chocolate pudding, "Ganges mud."

Baines was posted abroad, to Germany.

Up to that time, she had been attending a co-educational day school. "They slid down the banisters and whistled in the corridors there," she remembers. "When I first went to Cheltenham it all seemed so ladylike I didn't know how I'd stand it."

But she kept her chin up, as a colonel's daughter should, and very soon thrived in this school which is run like a regiment. Now she is a senior and a prefect, one of the devoted group of "non-commissioned officers" without whom the monumental task of running Cheltenham would be impossible.

Day Begins at St. Bridget's

Nicola shares a two-girl bedroom with Cheltenham's Senior Prefect in St. Bridget's, the house for seniors only, which is one of the main school buildings. Other, larger rooms sleep up to half a dozen girls. Like most quarters at the college, her bedroom is austere but comfortable. What it lacks in luxuries, it makes up in view. The school is set among green-velvet lawns, burgeoning flower beds, magnificent trees.

The day begins at 7 A.M., followed soon after by a ten-minute silence for private prayers. Then Nicola dresses in sage-green skirt, white blouse, and tie, a few of the more than one hundred items on the outfit list—from bathing cap to Bible—with which every new girl supposedly arrives.

No girl may wear make-up of any description with her uniform, but Nicola is allowed nylon stockings and a dab of lipstick after classes are finished for the day. Hats and gloves are required only for outings. Smoking is absolutely forbidden.

At 7:45 A.M. she hurries down for breakfast at the 5 m.p.h. walk that distinguishes girls at Cheltenham, where running indoors is barred but timetables are tight. The meal, even by British standards, is sturdy: cereal, bacon, boiled eggs or tomatoes on toast, bread, butter, marmalade, tea.

Twenty-five minutes later, Nicola is back to make her bed. In accordance with the rules, she turns back the sides of her counterpane, lifts her chair on top of the bed, then on the chair piles all her oddments from the dressing table and mantelpiece so the college maids can clean the room at maximum speed. She also polishes her own shoes and, in college tradition, keeps them gleaming. On Sundays she does her own mending, along with some hand laundry.

Personal adornments are rigidly limited, but many girls collect little glass animals and various knickknacks. In juniors' bedrooms, you can find dolls alongside framed pictures of Elvis Presley. Bathroom schedules are figured as accurately as railroad runs. By American standards, accommodations are old-fashioned but adequate. A girl gets to bathe at least every other day, but lingering is not encouraged.

As a prefect, Nicola is allotted a "beat" on a marble-floored corridor, where she must stand watching for sloppy dressing, jostling, even conversation between girls, which is forbidden in the corridors. "Comb showing," she'll say crisply as a culprit passes by, and the guilty one unquestioningly shoves the offending comb deeper into her coat pocket.

Nine A.M. finds the whole college assembled, tier on tier, in the enormous Gothic hall for ten minutes of prayers and hymns, sung to the pealing organ.

The day's studying begins at 9:20 A.M. Nicola carries her pile of books to classes in another bit of Cheltenham tradition known as a "sack." This is a kind of canvas music case bearing on its flap an ink-written record of her school life.

Classroom sessions last precisely forty minutes, and the girls have exactly two minutes between classes. They may have to accelerate to 6 m.p.h. to reach their next study room.

A girl is expected to work and keep working; she is graded not by age but by achievement level. Teachers' demands are stiff; scholastic standards are high; honor rolls are long. It's easy to spot many students as budding doctors, lawyers, scientists, business executives. A listing of Old Girls reads like *Who's Who in the World of Women.*

Midmorning studies are interrupted and Nicola collects a sticky bun and glass of milk. Seven hundred girls chatter like ten thousand starlings as they enjoy one of their permitted gossips of the day. Then a bell rings decorously and instant silence falls. It's time to work again.

Hearty Roasts, Fish on Friday

Luncheon at 1:20 P.M., eaten in house dining halls, is the day's big meal: roast, stewed, or cold meat, depending on the calendar, with fish on Fridays; potatoes and a second vegetable; dessert of steamed pudding, stewed fruit and warm custard, or something equally hearty. Second helpings for all unless supplies run out. Salads very rarely.

On the stroke of one each day, Principal Joan Tredgold is available as counselor to help solve any girl's problems. She goes to the Lower Hall, to the "throne" there, on which Cheltenham's principals have sat for nearly a century. Miss Tredgold is a Cheltenham girl herself, a dignified, far-from-remote woman of silk and steel who would have risen to the top in any profession.

"The criticism is sometimes leveled at us," she has said, "that at Cheltenham the girls do nothing but work. Parents know that this is not true."

Too Busy to Misbehave

Joan Tredgold is also combined judge and jury. The rules forbid her charges to ride in a bus or go to a movie without her express permission. They may not visit friends unless parents sanction it in writing. No girl is ever allowed out alone. Some areas of the sedate, stiff-starched town of Cheltenham are out of bounds, including the busy High Street. Yet punishment problems seldom arise. Miss Tredgold's secret is to keep her girls so occupied they just haven't time to misbehave.

After classes or organized games (cricket, tennis, hockey, lacrosse), Nicola and her schoolmates change into "mufti"—nonuniform clothes. The effect is as startling as butterflies hatching. Girls follow London and Paris fashions as faithfully as parents permit, resplendent in spike heels and *Harper's Bazaar*-style dresses.

Tea at 4:50 P.M., evening study and preparation, 7:20 P.M. supper, and 7:50 P.M. prayers bring the day to its close. The youngest girls go to bed at eight o'clock, seniors at ten. Radios are allowed in bedrooms but confiscated if played too loud or late.

What does Nicola think of her life? "I just love it." Her two sisters, twelve-year-old Joanna and nine-year-old Kirsty, have already been enrolled there.

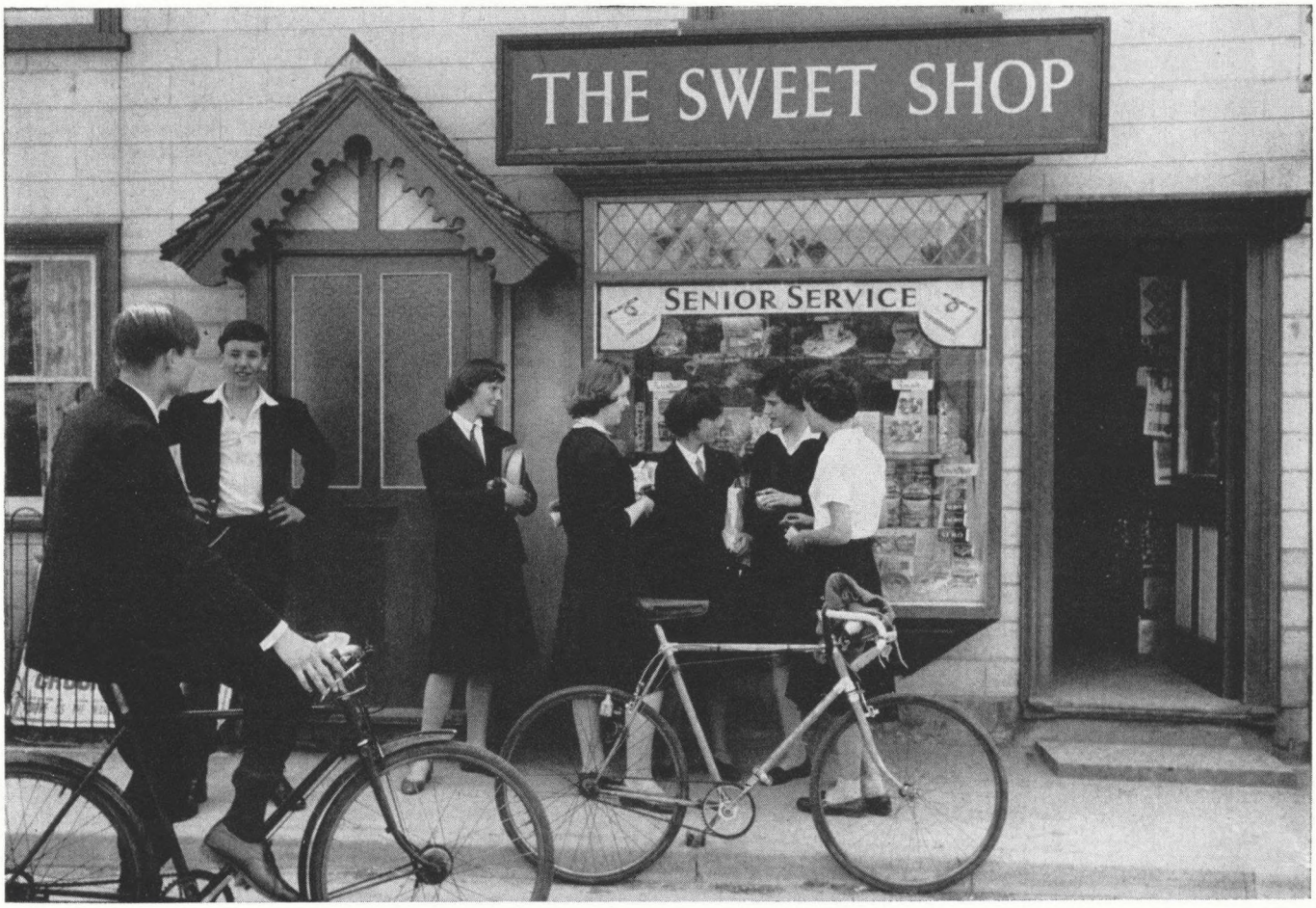
Cheltenham, founded in 1853, is the oldest school of its kind in Britain. It still carries the stamp of its former principal Dorothea Beale, who was, in effect, founder of the college and ruled there from 1858 until her death in 1906. An anonymous jingle of the time linked her name with another trail-blazing educationist, Frances Mary Buss:

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel.
How different from us,
Miss Beale and Miss Buss!

What distinguishes Cheltenham and some other English schools from their American counterparts is the suffragette

(continued)

DEBBIE SEAL, *fourteen-year-old American (center, above), makes her bed in Benenden dormitory, once the home of Viscount Rothermere. Stuffed toys, left, are allowed. At village shop, girls pretend not to notice the boys. Talking to boys or men is prohibited. Also forbidden: lipstick when in school uniform, smoking at any time.*



Benenden: "We don't let girls leave with a handshake like a wet fish."

flavor which still remains there. They fight the battle of rights for women, in the belief that a girl's education must be identical to a boy's. It's a reaction to the centuries of inequality, to the attitude expressed by Dr. Samuel Johnson when he growled: "A man is better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek." An American girl may find the continuing scholastic sex war a bit quaint.

There are more relaxed establishments where she can feel more at home. One example is Benenden, which is hidden in a two-hundred-acre private park on the outskirts of a village of that name high on the Weald of Kent, with fifteen-mile views to the sea. This is a comparatively young school, opened in 1923 in a huge manor house formerly owned by the first Viscount Rothermere.

Debbie Seal, a tall, dark-eyed, fourteen-year-old New Yorker, has been going to Benenden for almost two years, since her father went to work in London and took his family along.

Was her first term lonesome or unhappy? "Oh, no. You see, there's a 'housemother' for new arrivals: another girl who takes care of you, shows you around and so forth. And everyone was terribly interested because I'm an American. The most difficult time came at the end of the first term. The girls sort of lost interest in me as something special. But the second term was fine, and everything's still fine. I can't wait to get back to school after every holiday."

Mr. and Mrs. Seal enthuse over their daughter's education: "It's way ahead of anything we know at home." She was "far behind" her classmates when she arrived. "But I'm pretty well caught up now," she says.

Archaeology and Expeditions

Benenden has 295 girls, thirty-four mistresses, thirteen visiting instructors for such subjects as music, domestic science, and, inevitably, fencing. There are eighteen separate clubs, ranging from the Archaeological Society, which keeps busy digging in the school grounds, to the Villeins, formed "to further interest in history by means of expeditions, lectures, papers, etc."

A headmaster at an English boys' school is often restricted in influence by tradition; innovations which would disturb established custom are out of the question. But girls' schools, younger and less hidebound, express very closely their principal's personality. Benenden's good humor reflects the character of Miss Elizabeth Clarke, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Letters (Oxford), barrister-at-law and local magistrate, to whom her students talk as to a favorite aunt.

One visitor who arrived on a raw, damp morning was amazed to see the whole school scurrying helter-skelter out of the grounds, half of them wearing the graceful navy-blue cloaks which are uniform there, the others chilly-looking in skirts, blouses, and sweaters. "I've just given them a day's holiday," Miss Clarke explained calmly. "If I tell them all to wear cloaks, they'll take them off as soon as they get outside. If I say nothing, some of them will be sensible enough to wear them."

No Wet Fish or Bone Crushers

A friendly gesture that Debbie enjoys is the handshake between mistresses and girls which is the last order of the day before bedtime. Miss Clarke believes: "You can tell a lot from a handshake. We don't allow a girl to leave school with a handshake like a wet fish or one that crushes your bones."

Handshaking comes every night after the girls in each of the six houses gather in their house mistress's private sitting room, which is furnished like the living room of a comfortable country house. While the girls knit or tackle their mending, the teacher reads aloud to them. Later, any girls with personal problems linger on to ask for adult advice.

Older and younger girls are mixed in dormitories. They change rooms every term, explicitly to encourage fresh friendships, implicitly to avoid unduly close attachments.

Rising bell sounds at 7 A.M., but nothing much happens until monitors and dormitory heads shake the girls out of bed in time for 7:40 A.M. breakfast. This is the routine cereal-bacon-eggs-and-tea meal. During the day, students get four more meals or snacks if they want them.

Every English boarding school fosters its own special slang: Eton's tuck shop is the "sock shop"; Harrow's swimming pool is the "ducker." Benenden slang focuses on food. Baked jam roll is known as "baby's leg," chocolate blancmange as "Ganges mud," iced buns as "greased rats." Clothes get renamed, too. "Jelly-bags" are long, navy-blue stocking caps worn to early church service. "Creeps" are the light wool spring dresses the girls change into before tea, all of one pattern but of any color, most often dazzlingly bright.

Written rules are few. Pocket money is set at $5.60 a term, but is not rigidly limited. In the village store, girls are supposed to buy only candy, but they go ahead and buy anything within reason. They may chew sweets at any time; "even in class if you're clever," Debbie says. They may write to and receive letters from anyone without censorship.

There is no formal sex education except for an amiable lecture to leavers. Otherwise, instruction is given informally and individually as questions arise.

Miss Clarke believes in creative hobbies; every girl must do something. Debbie is knitting a cardigan. Others make radios, grow cacti, mold ceramics, practice the accordion, which is a favorite instrument. The three garages have wall murals painted by the girls and washed off every year to give a fresh group a chance. In the modern chapel, the "kneelers" (flat pads with *gros point* covers) are embroidered by students and staff.

Despite, or because of, the school's easygoing ways, Benenden manages to field the best lacrosse team of its category in Britain, and its girls plunge into the all-important General Certificate of Education exams at fifteen, a year earlier than is general elsewhere.

$1,050 a Year, Plus Extras

At $1,050 a year, excluding extras, Benenden is also one of the most expensive schools. Cheltenham fees, for example, are $905.

The Queen visited Benenden in 1950, but she hasn't been back since she started thinking about a school for Princess Anne. Like most such places, Benenden has a long waiting list—private education is booming in Britain.

In theory, it's hopeless for American parents to try to get their daughters into any really worth-while establishment, but in practice it can quite readily be achieved. This is the word of Mrs. Frederick vanPelt Bryan, British wife of a U.S. Federal judge, who has helped place many American girls in English schools. After a recent tour of over one hundred British halls of learning, she commented. "Headmistresses there find that American students are wonderful to teach. They welcome a girl from this country like a breath of fresh air, and they're always anxious to make room for one or two. Part of that welcome, to be frank, comes because they find the average American arrival is quite untutored, by British standards. Scholastically speaking, she's almost a clean slate in their view, and they can get first-class results from her." THE END

BOOTS AND BOOKS *in hand, Benenden upper school girls set off by bus for Wye Agricultural College. All "outings" are educational, but girls get one-day holidays. Below, returning to dormitory after class, Debbie and friend share a cloak. After twenty-two months, Debbie says she is "pretty well caught up" to English students.*

Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

The Civil Servant

Old Mac was just a tiny cog in the vast machine of government until he found a way to play God with a stroke of his pen.

BY D. H. ROBINSON ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

Chris MacDonald woke up in his room at the YMCA, scratched his balding head and turned off the alarm. Half past six. He went to the window and looked out on the inner court. Drizzling. It always seemed to drizzle in Washington in April. Especially on Monday mornings.

Chris dressed and went down in the elevator to breakfast in the cafeteria. Here he joined Mr. Levengood, who worked at the Mint, Mr. Snedker from the Library of Congress, and Mr. Hopkinson from Interior—all middle-aged gentlemen like himself who lived at the Y. They ate grumpily, without speaking, sharing their digestion tablets and their cough drops.

After breakfast Chris grunted his goodbye, and started in the rain for that low-lying section in Washington known as "Foggy Bottom." He paused before the Department of State to look up at the familiar building, then started slowly up the front steps. He passed the step with the blue stain in it where somebody had tested his fountain pen. He climbed the step with the chip off the top—he always liked to hit that with his right foot—and reached the entrance to the building. The guards on duty at the doors glanced at their watches. For them it meant eight o'clock, another day, another week. Chris MacDonald was never late.

Late that morning Chris MacDonald got a call. Jerry, the office boy, stuck his head in the office door and said the Chief wanted to see him right away. Chris put away his travel forms and his eyeshade, hung up his seersucker office jacket, and put on his suit coat. He went out of the little office marked "C. K. MacDonald, Foreign Service Travel Orders" and went into the waiting room outside. It was full of Foreign Service personnel—young couples with small children; elderly, dignified gentlemen; middle-aged couples. They were an old, familiar sight to Chris. Some of them were on their way back to their posts, some were on home leave, some were going overseas to their first posts. He went on through the waiting room into the corridor to take the elevator.

At the fourth floor Chris emerged into a different world. All around him were important-looking visitors, with foreign accents, black Homburgs, and brief cases. He went down a long, dignified corridor, past doors with little wooden signs. "Western European," "Near Eastern and African," "Latin American." He finally paused before a door with a sign reading "J. T. Hickey, Chief of the Foreign Service."

He went into the small waiting room, hesitated. The receptionist looked up. "Go in, Mr. MacDonald." He went in and looked around. Mr. Wintringham was there from "Near Eastern and African," Mr. Abernathy from "Transportation," and Mr. Halloran from "Budget." They shifted uneasily.

The Chief was walking up and down, an angry-looking man in his shirtsleeves. Behind him was a huge wall map of the world, dotted with pins. Embassies and Consulates, from Kabul to Capetown, from Helsinki to Buenos Aires—they dotted the world.

The Chief got right to the point. "The Anderson family just stopped in to say goodbye to me . . . they said they were on their way back to Addis Ababa after home leave. I didn't know they were on home leave. I didn't know they had even asked for it. What I want to know is, how did they get it?"

The men looked at one another. "Did you see their orders?" the Chief asked, looking at Chris.

Chris nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Did they have my name on them?"

"Of course, Mr. Hickey."

"Abernathy, did you see the travel order?"

"Yes, sir, TM-4."

"Everything in order at my shop, sir. Usual routine home leave."

The Chief shook his head. "I don't understand it. Six months ago it was that Williams family, suddenly turning up from Singapore. Last year it was that young Barker kid, from Madagascar. They all turn up with home leave, and I don't remember sending for any of them." He looked at them. "Are you sure you don't know anything about it?"

"No, sir." "Positive." The men shook

He watched them happily. The evening was short, but, Chris knew, it doesn't take long to fall in love.

their heads. Hickey closed his eyes. "Maybe I did send for them, but if I did, my memory's going. That's all I wanted to talk to you about. Get going."

The men looked at each other, shuffled toward the door. The Chief sighed, picked up a list of names, turned toward the wall map. Belknap, his assistant, efficient-looking and slightly Harvard, stood ready.

"Hanson, Vice Consul, Warsaw . . . transferred to Rome." Belknap briskly moved a pin. "Armstrong, First Secretary, Istanbul . . . transferred to Cairo." Belknap moved another. Chris closed the door.

In the hall, Chris walked impassively toward the elevator. He respectfully stood in the back while people pressed around him. He got off, walked toward his office, then stopped. A family was coming out. It was a nice-looking family. Father, mother, and six-year-old daughter. Chris recognized them. The Andersons. They were saying goodbye to Miss Adamsby and Miss Jones.

"Thank you ever so much for helping us while we've been here. I don't know what we'd ever have done without you," said Mrs. Anderson.

Miss Jones smiled. "It's been a pleasure."

"We'll never know how it happened," said Mr. Anderson. "There we were, four years out in Addis Ababa, and all of a sudden we got the orders to come home. I thought we'd never get home."

"I got a new dollie," said the six-year-old. She held it up. Her father patted his stomach. "I put on ten pounds." The mother touched her new hat. "I guess we've all got something." They shook hands all around, and moved happily toward the front door.

Chris followed them slowly, watching as the guard called a taxi and the family piled in and drove off. He walked slowly back to his office. Inside, he carefully locked the door, unlocked a drawer of his desk, took out a little black book. There, on the very first page, was the name "Anderson." Underneath was written in careful handwriting, "Four years in Addis Ababa. Daughter has had malaria and dengue. Wife homesick." Chris looked at it a moment, then took a pen, drew a line through it, wrote, "okay." He glanced through other names in the book. "Williams, Singapore. Talk of a divorce." "Henry Barker, Madagascar. Drinking too much." After each name, a careful hand had written "okay." Chris began to smile a little, then chuckled. He looked happy.

After work that day the pretty, innocent Miss Jones and the older Miss Adamsby were sitting over Cokes in a drugstore. Miss Jones was feeling sorry for Mr. MacDonald, as usual.

"Poor Mr. MacDonald. All those forms, vouchers and travel orders. I should think he'd go crazy."

"Some of 'em do," said Miss Adamsby somberly.

"Doesn't he have any other interest in his life? Gardening or playing an accordion or anything?"

"Not that I know of," said Miss Adamsby.

"That poor man. Day in and day out. Three hundred and sixty-five days a year."

"You should have seen him about ten years ago."

"Was it worse?" asked Miss Jones. "He was just like the others. Worried. Irritated. Then he just seemed to snap out of it."

The pretty, young Miss Jones sighed. "I don't know how he did it. It's the forms that drive me crazy. Everything in sextuplicate. You know the trouble with the government. Miss Adamsby? There's too little sex and too much tuplicate." She nodded her pretty head innocently. Miss Adamsby choked on her Coke, and stared at her.

Back at the YMCA Chris put away his umbrella and rubbers in the clothes closet, changed into his athletic costume with "Central YMCA" written on the front, and went down in the elevator to the "Members Exercise Class." Here he joined eight or ten other assorted gentlemen. They were all bending and twisting in wand exercises while a lady pianist played slowly and thumpingly "You Are My Lucky Star." Chris picked out a wand and bent and twisted solemnly with the others.

Mr. MacDonald ate his lunch as usual the next day in a neighborhood cafeteria by himself, while he read the "Federal Worker," propped up against a bottle of ketchup. After lunch, Chris walked through the park with a supply of crackers for the squirrels. Mr. Moseby was there, from Buildings Maintenance, with his bag of peanuts. They were debating the relative merits of peanuts versus crackers, a debate that had been going on for some years now, when Chris's eye was caught by the headline of the morning newspaper in which Mr. Moseby had wrapped his lunch.

FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER LANDS IN JAIL, VICE CONSUL FROM MOMBASA TRIES TO PLAY ROMEO, said the headline. Chris read on.

"Miss Laverne O'Brien, 21, was coming out of the Regent movie on Connecticut Avenue last night when a tall, good-looking young man came up to her . . ."

Mr. Moseby was still talking. "Peanuts provide more fat oil than crackers. Squirrels need fat oil just as much as we humans. Where would you be without fat oil?" Chris murmured he didn't know. "So there," said Mr. Moseby. "What is good for the human, is good for the squirrel." Chris munched thoughtfully on his crackers.

About four o'clock that day, the Chief sent for Chris. There was quite a gathering in the outer office . . . newspaper reporters Chris recognized from downstairs, a couple of others from outside. Miss Sparrow, the Chief's receptionist, was holding them off. She waved Chris in.

Mr. Hickey was walking angrily up and down before his wall map. His pot of coffee stood in front of him. Across the room, seated in a chair, his long legs stretched in front of him, was somebody Chris recognized from the newspaper photo. It was Sam Wilson, the Vice Consul from Mombasa. Mr. Hickey waved his cup of coffee at him.

"You're supposed to be a Foreign Service Officer." He picked up the newspaper. "Look at that. FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER PLAYS ROMEO. What are you trying to do, get the State Department in *more* trouble?" The young man said nothing, continued to stare out the window.

The Chief went on. "Why you had to ask the girl to marry you is what I don't see. If you'd just asked her if she wanted to go to the movies or have a cocktail, but you walked up and asked her to marry you." He shook his head. "You'll have to go back."

Wilson looked up. "Go back?"

The Chief nodded. "To Mombasa. We've got enough headaches here. MacDonald, see that he's on the first plane tomorrow."

"Yes, sir." Wilson looked from Chris to the Chief. He seemed about to say something, then shrugged. He got out of the chair, followed Chris to the door. He looked back a moment, then went out. The Chief looked at Belknap, waiting by the wall map. "Damn," said Mr. Hickey. He jabbed a pin into the map.

Chris led the way downstairs to his office. He sat the young man in the corner, got out the appropriate travel forms, asked the routine questions. Name, rank and post, age. Wilson answered them all. As Chris filled in the answers, he glanced casually at the young man.

"Gotten in a little trouble, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Spoke to a young lady. What made you do that?"

"I don't know." He shrugged. Chris kept on writing.

"Paper says you asked her to marry you. What made you do that?"

"*I don't know.*"

"You must have had some reason. You don't just go up to strange girls on the

public street and ask them to marry you."

The young man looked at him a minute, got up to stare restlessly out the window, then swung around to Chris.

"Have you ever been in Mombasa? Or Mozambique?"

"No."

"I have. Three years now. Three years of heat and mosquitos and going nuts. Dignity," he said. "I've been behaving with dignity in more flea-bitten, God-forsaken posts than I ever knew existed. I had enough of living out there by myself. I came home to get married. Any half-way attractive, lonesome American girl I could find. That's why I asked her to marry me."

Chris stared at him. "Don't you know anybody at home?"

"Everyone I knew has gone away or gotten married. I had only three days left, so I came back here to find somebody." He pointed at the forms. "Go ahead and fill 'em out."

Chris worked for a moment, filling in the forms.

The young man went on. "I don't want to marry a foreigner. I want an American wife. Somebody who'll remember about fall and football games, and the Fourth of July. About Indian summer and burning leaves. Who'll at least know what you're talking about." He stared out the window a moment. Beyond the Memorial was the bridge and the river and, beyond them, the hills of Virginia. He swung around.

"When you've finished those forms, just let me know. I'll come and pick up my ticket."

"Where are you staying?" asked Chris.

"The Capitol Hotel. On Second Street, Northeast. So long." He clapped on his hat, strode out. Chris followed him to the door, closed it behind him. He leaned against it a moment. A still, small voice began to be heard.

"Chris."

Chris looked around. "Yes?"

"I know what you're thinking about. You're thinking of doing something to help this Wilson."

"He wants a wife. That's the right of every American male."

"But don't you go helping him. You heard what the Chief said. He's getting suspicious."

"He needs help. Just like the Andersons and the others."

"Be careful. This is getting to be a vice with you. Like marijuana or something."

The door to Chris's office opened and Miss Jones came in with the mail, started sorting it for Chris's in-basket. Chris looked at her. She was a pretty girl. What was it he'd heard about Miss Jones? From some small town somewhere. Alone in the world except for a distant aunt here somewhere. "Miss Jones." He smiled at her.

He heard the still small voice coaxing him. "Beat it!" he said with a grin.

"Yes, Mr. MacDonald?" She smiled back at him. She's friendly, too, thought Chris.

"Miss Jones, there's a young man in town. He's a stranger in Washington and I'd like to show him some of the sights tonight. Would you mind coming with us?"

"Oooh," said the voice.

"The sights, Mr. MacDonald?"

Chris nodded. "The Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, the Cherry Blossoms."

She hesitated. "I don't know. I was going to wash my hair tonight."

"I wish you would come, Miss Jones. This is important."

She looked at the old gentleman, beaming earnestly in front of her. "If you want. The Bijou Apartments at seven." She smiled cheerfully, went out.

Chris picked up the phone, dialed a number. "Hello, Capitol Hotel? I want to leave a message for Mr. Sam Wilson." He waited. "Please tell him that Mr. MacDonald from the State Department will come to see him at six-thirty.

"And tell him . . . that he has a date for him." He hung up. "Oooh," said the voice. It faded away. At six-thirty that evening, Chris turned up at the hotel. It was a flea-bag sort of place and through the dusty windows in the lobby could be seen the lighted dome of the Capitol. The old desk clerk looked at him suspiciously. "You a friend of Wilson's? If you are, get him out of here. He's caused us enough trouble."

Chris went up to Room 34. He knocked and the door was opened promptly. Wilson was waiting, dressed to the teeth, wearing his brightest tie.

"Come in, Mr. MacDonald." Sam held out something. "Which do you think she might like?"

"Which?" said Chris.

"Presents," said Wilson. "I got them in Africa. Here's an ivory fan and this is a boa. Ostrich feathers." Chris looked about him. There were fans, peacock feathers. There were boxes, made of sandlewood or black ebony.

"I'd take the fan," said Chris. "Come on. We'll be late." He put the fan in Sam's hand, led the way to the door.

For the rest of that evening, Chris was in his element. He took Wilson and Miss Jones to the Lincoln Memorial, and to peer through the fence at the White House. He took them on a trolley car out to Glen Echo, the amusement park. He escorted them on the carousel, the roller-coaster and, as a final, sly gesture, steered them into the Tunnel of Love.

Towards the end of the evening, Chris led them back to the city. They strolled by the Potomac, under the cherry blossoms at Hanes Point. Chris wearily brought up the rear. As they sank down on a bench by the river, the long day, the exciting evening, had all been too much for Chris. He fell asleep.

Wilson sat awkwardly beside Miss

The Civil Servant (continued)

Jones. He talked about the monuments, the sights they'd seen. Everything but what was on his mind. Finally, he blurted it out. She wasn't asked out this evening just to go sightseeing. She was asked out so he could ask her to marry him.

"Marry you."

He nodded convulsively. "MacDonald knew I came to Washington to find a wife. That's why I came back on home leave—to take someone back to Mombasa with me. He was helping me out."

"Oh, no."

"He was helping me." He swallowed. "I suppose it's terrible. But darn it, I do like you. It isn't as though I didn't like you."

She nodded. "I like you too. You're . . . different."

He grabbed her impetuously. "Marry me, Miss Jones. You've got to."

"No. It isn't just that I don't know you. That doesn't really matter."

"What is it, then?"

She turned away. "It's just that I couldn't marry anybody in the Foreign Service. I want a home, Sam. A real home."

He waved his arms. "We'd have a home."

She shook her head. "No. You never have a home. I've seen them. A few years here, a few years there. And then when you come back to the States, you're lost."

"Miss Jones. Susan." He grabbed her desperately. She pushed him away.

"No, Sam. I . . . I'm sorry. You go back to Mombasa."

"Susan."

"No." She tore herself away. Then she rushed back to kiss him quickly, turned and rushed down the path.

"Susan. Come back." He started to follow, then sank hopelessly beside Chris. Chris snored on.

The next morning when Chris reached his office, an agitated Miss Adamsby met him to say that Miss Jones hadn't come in that day. "She didn't say what was the matter with her. She just phoned to say she wasn't coming in. I don't understand it. Oh, and that Vice Consul Wilson stopped in and asked for his travel orders. He left this note."

"Thank you," said Chris. He took the note, read it slowly.

"Dear Mr. MacDonald," it said. "She won't marry me because she doesn't want to marry into the Foreign Service. Thank you very much for what you've done for me. I'm going back to Mombasa. Samuel R. Wilson."

Chris slowly folded the note, went into his office, sat down. The still, small voice was heard. "Well, well. Old Chris MacDonald. Boy, have you loused things up."

"Shut up," said Chris.

The voice chuckled. "Oh, boy. You helped. You helped fine. You don't think she didn't come to work because she didn't feel well, do you? She just didn't dare see him again." Chris groaned. "And as for him, he'll just go back to Mombasa and be miserable. And, boy, when you're miserable in Mombasa, you're real miserable." The voice chuckled cheerfully. Chris stood up.

"I'm going to help them."

"What? Wait a minute."

"No, I got them into this and I'm going to get them through it." He went out.

"Chris!" But there was no answer. The voice groaned.

Later that afternoon, Miss Jones got a phone call at her aunt's house. It was a beautiful little house in Georgetown, just the kind of place any normal girl would love to call her own. She walked sadly about the comfortable old living room, touching the furniture, the curtains across the windows, the heavy antique sideboard.

The phone rang and her aunt came to say that it was someone from her office. Jonesy hesitated. She didn't want to talk to anybody from the office today. She didn't want to think about the place. If only Sam weren't in the Foreign Service.

"Better hurry, Susan," said her aunt. Jonesy went to the phone.

It was Miss Adamsby. She hated to disturb Miss Jones but there were some travel orders to be delivered. To a Mr. Hodges, at the Potomac Inn. Could Susan just come around to the office, pick up the orders, and take them to Mr. Hodges? There was nobody else free. She'd see that the orders were ready by six o'clock.

Jonesy said okay. After all, it was her job. She'd pick them up and deliver them to Mr. Hodges.

At the Capitol Hotel, Sam was just beginning his packing. He was going back to Mombasa and he might as well get started. He knew when he was licked.

The phone rang and it was Jerry at the other end. The office boy. He had a message for Mr. Wilson. He was to be at the Potomac Inn at six. To pick up his orders. "Okay," said Sam. He sighed.

The Potomac Inn was a cozy place, a restaurant by the river. It was a meeting place for Foreign Service officers and their families when they were in Washington. For that reason, Jonesy had always avoided it. She hesitated a moment at the entrance, clutching the envelope with the orders for "Mr. Hodges," then went in.

She looked around. There was a fireplace at one side, a small bar across the room, and at the far end someone was playing a piano. On the walls were framed pictures, signed photographs for the most part, of Foreign Service officers and their families from all the corners of

the earth. One family was grouped in a garden in South Africa, another before a palm tree in India, a third on a snowy hillside in Finland. There was generally a grinning native servant in the picture, and a dog or a pet monkey. Jonesy looked at the pictures. A few of the faces she recognized. They were people who had come through her office on the way to or from their posts.

She walked slowly in among the tables of cheerful families. One family was planning their trip. Should they go to Ohio first and *then* the Grand Canyon, or should they go to the Grand Canyon first and then stop off in Ohio on the way back? Another family was budgeting their time. So much for the dentist and a check-up at the doctor's, so much for shopping. And when were they going to those movies they wanted to see? The wife had a list of all the movies she'd wanted to see for the past ten months.

Finally, Jonesy reached the end of the room. Outside was a small, wall-enclosed garden, with a tiny fountain in the center. Jonesy saw a man with his back to her. "Mr. Hodges?" He got up. It was Sam.

"Jonesy," he said, and impulsively threw his arms around her. "Sam," she said and struggled to get away. A man's voice broke in.

"Well, well . . . if it isn't Sam Wilson." He clapped Sam heartily on the back. "How are you Sam? Haven't seen you since Cairo. Grace, look who's here. Sam Wilson." His wife came in with a couple of other people. They greeted Sam enthusiastically, pumped his hand, slapped him on the back. First thing he and Jonesy knew they were sitting at a large table. Jonesy found a drink pressed into her hand. A "gimlet" the man called it. The evening got under way.

In another room, from behind a curtain, Chris MacDonald was peering in. He saw Sam's Foreign Service acquaintances surround them and lead them to a table. He saw Susan take her drink and then take another. He nodded to himself, walked back to his table.

A man stood beside him. "You wanted to see me?"

Chris looked up. "Mr. Hickey! How do you do!"

"I got your message," said the Chief. "It said to meet you at half-past six."

"That's right. Have a seat." He pulled a chair up for Mr. Hickey. The Chief sat down.

"What was it you wanted to see me about? The message said important."

"It is. It is." He snapped his fingers at the waiter. "A Scotch and soda for Mr. Hickey. And another one for me. Make them doubles."

"I'm a busy man, MacDonald . . ." began the Chief.

"Sure. Africa . . . Asia. I know. Have a drink. You may need one before the evening's out." Chris beamed, and pressed the Chief back in his seat.

In the next room, Jonesy found herself relaxing. She sipped her drink. looked at the people. She began to remember them from her personnel files.

"Johnson. You're the Consul in Lima. You won the Peruvian golf championship." Johnson nodded with delight. She went on, "You're the Monahans. You were stationed in Warsaw. You didn't get paid for six months because the checks got held up."

"That's so, by gosh. We lived on vegetables." The Monahans laughed. It did them good to be remembered. They didn't

feel quite so much like strangers. They asked Jonesy to dance, and she accepted. They didn't do the ordinary dances. Jonesy found herself doing the czardas, and, after that, the mazurka. A Vice Consul from Bangkok tried to teach her something with a lot of knee action, walking around with the palms out. This is wonderful, decided Jonesy. Wonderful people, wonderful life.

In the other room, Chris and the Chief were drinking.

"You know, Mr. Hickey, a man with your responsibilities should have a hobby. Something different from your work."

The Chief frowned. "Did you bring me over here to discuss a hobby for me?"

"In a way, yes," said Chris.

"I'm a busy man, MacDonald." The Chief started to get up but Chris pushed him back. "Sit down. Just a few minutes."

He peered behind the curtain again. They were all gathered around the piano in the other room now, singing the songs they had carried all around the world with them. "I Bin Workin' on the Railroad" . . . "Suwannee River." Chris saw Sam and Jonesy standing closer together. They were singing with the others; now it was that old favorite of the Foreign Service, "Going Home."

As they sang, Jonesy looked at the faces about her. They didn't look so tired now; they looked peaceful and happy. She saw the wives standing close to their husbands, saw the mothers with their children asleep on their laps, sitting quietly in the corners. And Jonesy saw that there was more to happiness than just a home. That in wandering over the world together, sharing the troubles and the hardships in their lives, these families had built up something strong. Something lack of money, loneliness, or illness could not destroy. Chris saw her go close to Sam, stand next to him.

"What are you looking at?" said the Chief. "Ever since we came in here, you've been glancing back of that curtain! What is it?"

"Mr. Hickey, you remember that young Vice Consul you told me to send to Mombasa? Sam Wilson?"

"Of course. He left two or three days ago."

Chris shook his head. "He didn't leave."

The Chief stared at him. "What are you talking about?" He suddenly tried to get behind Chris to look through the curtain. Chris held him off.

"Mr. Hickey, I didn't send Wilson back. I kept him here so's he could find a wife."

"But . . . I told you to ship him out," sputtered the Chief.

"I know. There he is." He pulled back the curtain. Mr. Hickey stared in. He saw Vice Consul Wilson and Miss Jones, locked in each other's arms. The Chief swallowed once or twice, turned accusingly to Chris.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"I wanted you to know that Wilson stayed because I let him stay. He didn't want to but I arranged it."

"You disobeyed an order? You, a Civil Servant for thirty-five years?"

"Yep," said Chris.

"You will see me in the morning." Hickey turned and walked out.

Chris went slowly back to his table, put on his rubbers, his overcoat, fastened on his cellophane hat cover. He picked up his umbrella, turned for one last look into the dining room. Sam and Susan were deep in a kiss. Chris nodded happily, walked cheerfully out the door.

The next day Chris was ushered into the office of Mr. Hickey. The Chief was flanked by two other personages . . . he recognized the Personnel Board. In the anteroom one or two reporters leaned sleepily against the wall. To them it was just another routine personnel meeting.

Chris was greeted gravely. This is a serious charge, Mr. MacDonald. Failure to carry out a direct order. One cannot condone such an offense in times like these. Mr. MacDonald has a responsible position. What does he have to say for himself?

"Guilty," said Chris cheerfully.

"Guilty?" said the Chief.

Chris nodded. The reporters lost their sleepiness. "Listen to this," said one. They put their ears to the door.

"Chris," said the Chief. "I don't think you realize the seriousness of this. You are charged with deliberately keeping Wilson from his duty. Keeping him in Washington. You must see the consequences. You may have to stand a formal trial before the Civil Service Board."

"Okay with me," said Chris. "It's time I spoke my piece."

"You mean you admit keeping Wilson here against orders?"

"Sure. And that's not all. I've been doing it for years. There's a whole book full." And he tossed his little black book on the table. The Personnel Board stared at the book, then at Chris. He smiled cheerfully. "We'll have a bang-up trial."

The next day Chris was in the newspapers. "GOVERNMENT CLERK PLAYS SANTA CLAUS," said one heading. "UNCLE WHISKERS," said another. With a picture of Chris.

The government witnesses got together in an anteroom before the trial. Was Chris really insisting on going through with this trial? Mr. Hickey nodded gloomily. He had just talked to Chris. He almost seemed to be enjoying the prominence. They shouldn't have left him down in that basement so many years.

The Bureau of the Budget representative said it wasn't going to be good for them. They didn't know how much Chris had spent on these projects. The budget would never be balanced.

The FBI representative said it made them look bad too. That a government clerk could sit calmly in a public building and run his own travel bureau. Mr. Hoover was pretty sore. The government witnesses were called into the trial room and the Board's presiding officer called the meeting to order.

Chris sat calmly in the defendant's chair. One by one the government witnesses stepped reluctantly forward. Mr. Hickey tried to say that the little black book could belong to anybody. So could that little stamp with his name on it that Chris used. Chris said he forged the Chief's signature on those orders. He could do it again if they didn't believe him. And he demonstrated.

The Bureau of the Budget representative tried to say that the amount of money Chris may have cost the taxpayers was infinitesimal, not worth bothering about. Chris asked how could they figure out how much had been spent. He didn't submit any vouchers. Without their vouchers they were lost. Why he might have gotten away with thousands.

The next day the headlines spoke again. LEAK IN THE BUDGET DIKE. ONE-MAN DEFICIT.

That evening Chris received callers at the YMCA. Sam and Susan. "You've got to do something," said Sam. "Please." said Susan. "You're forcing them to make an example of you."

"Let the trial go on," said Chris. He'd been happy helping others. It had given him something to think about besides his forms in sextuplicate, his vouchers, and his room at the Y. He didn't mind if he had come to the end of the road. It was kind of a relief, in a way.

Sam and Susan walked down by the Tidal Basin. Over them hung the cherry blossoms. Sam said they had to help Chris. They couldn't go to Mombasa and leave Chris in trouble. If it hadn't been for Chris they wouldn't even have met each other.

"All those names in that book," said Susan. "The people he's helped. That will make him guilty." Sam suddenly stopped. Those names. Perhaps if *they* knew about Chris's problem.

They went around to the State Department, down to the basement to the office of the Wireless Bulletin, the Department's overseas daily cable on spot news. "Have you been carrying anything on Chris MacDonald's trial?" Sam asked

the night editor. "Nope," was the reply. "I like Chris."

"Carry it tonight," said Sam. "It may be the only way to help him."

That night the Wireless Bulletin carried a special lead article on Chris MacDonald's predicament. Foreign Service officers and their families all over the world read about Chris. To many of them a great deal was explained. They'd always thought there was something funny about their getting home leave at that time. Just when Edith needed that change of climate. Or when young Frank was getting anemic.

The next day when Chris came to trial the Bureau of the Budget witness said they had estimated the cost of Chris's hobby and he named the sum. Chris shook his head in awe. It would take the rest of his life to pay it back.

The State Department witness said they had decided reluctantly that they must ask for his dismissal, as an example to other public servants. Whereas this might be considered a first offense, they pointed out, it had been going on for quite a time.

It looked bad for Chris until a messenger from the "Wireless Bulletin" brought in a tray full of messages. Telegrams had started to pour in from all over the world. All urged clemency for Chris, pointing out what a benefit he had been to the morale of those overseas. The Board and the government representatives were considering the messages when a new witness asked to be heard. He was a businessman and he waved a telegram he wanted put into the record. It was a message from his agent in Kabul, Afghanistan, stating that the American Consul there had refused to invoice any merchandise from that area as long as MacDonald was on trial.

A weeping Italian woman was led in. She had a sister in Palermo, Sicily. The sister . . . "She all ready to get her visa but the American Consul there . . . he say no MacDonald, no visa."

Hurriedly a conference was called in the antechamber. They would be hearing from congressmen next.

The Bureau of the Budget man held out the longest. "We can't let this man get away with this. No telling what'll happen to future budgets." Mr. Hickey shook his head. MacDonald was right, he had decided. Perhaps he *had* been too strict about not bringing people back from overseas. He'd just forgotten that all those pins on the map in his office were not just pins but people. He should probably be grateful to Chris for raising the morale of Foreign Service officers.

"But these telegrams from overseas," said the Budget Bureau man, "that businessman, and that Italian woman. It's practically a sitdown strike."

"Oh, no," smiled Hickey. "Don't take it so seriously. That's just a gesture. Chris has done a lot for some people. I think we can do the same for Chris. After all, though it has been going on for some time, it *is* a first offense."

"All right," sighed the Budget man. "We'll have to carry this little item over in future budgets. We'll call it Operation MacDonald under Miscellaneous."

So the government withdrew its case. The Civil Service Board freed Chris with pleasure. That afternoon Chris, Sam and Susan were out at the airport. Sam and Susan were flying to Mombasa and Chris was there to see them off. They stood awkwardly for a moment; then Susan kissed Chris impulsively. "We'll never forget you."

"We'll name the first three Chris," grinned Sam. And they went to the plane.

Chris rode the bus slowly back to town. He got off at the YMCA, and went up in the creaking elevator to his little room. It was raining outside. And it isn't even Monday morning, thought Chris. The still, small voice began to be heard. "Back to the old grind. Pretty dreary-looking, ain't it, Chris? How's for tryin' some more of that Santa Claus stuff?"

Chris looked up in surprise. "I thought you were against my doing those things."

The voice snorted. "I didn't think you'd get away with it. But you're a big hero now. Big shot. Let's you and me go back to the office and dig up some names." The voice cooed coaxingly.

Chris shook his head. "No."

The voice sounded surprised. "No? You goin' to give up bein' a big shot? You know how dull that job can be."

Chris shook his head firmly. "It isn't dull. And even if it is, there are millions of others with dull jobs. They lick them, don't they? If they can do it, so can I. Now get out. I'm dressing."

"Oooh," said the voice, and faded away forever.

Chris put away his clothes and put on his exercise shorts and his T-shirt with "Central YMCA" on the front. He put on his old bathrobe and went out to catch the elevator.

In the gym the "Members Exercise Class" had started. Mr. Levengood, Mr. Snedker. Mr. Hopkinson . . . Chris looked at them with new appreciation, even affection.

"Here's your wand," said Mr. Snedker testily. He tossed Chris a wooden wand. The others grunted or belched. Chris took his place in the ranks.

"You . . . are . . . my . . . lucky . . . star," began the piano. Chris jumped and bent with the others. He was happy. He had come home. THE END

ON THE MOUNTAIN

In a primitive mountain hospital they found again the love and trust that, somehow, they had mislaid in the course of their busy, prosperous, so-called married lives.

BY MARY JANE ROLFS ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

They had been driving for four hours, following the slick, black highway that wound up into the Sierra Mountains. After they left Sacramento, where the heat had pushed down on them like a great weight, the first chill of the mountains had been welcome. Now it was stinging cold.

"How much farther?" Audrey's voice was less clipped and careful.

"I don't know the road very well. I'm doing the best I can. I'm just as anxious to get there as you are."

They were silent for a mile or two. The great trees on either side of the highway glistened and whispered under the bright August moon. Chuck reached down and turned on the heater.

"Ron had a terrible fever when he had measles," Audrey said. "A hundred and four. I was frightened out of my wits. You wouldn't remember, of course. You weren't there."

Chuck decided to ignore the little stab. "Kids always run high fevers. It doesn't mean a thing. Ron probably picked up some bug and the camp director is worried about an epidemic. I told you what Dr. Barnes said. He didn't seem worried or alarmed. He didn't even think it was necessary for us to come."

Audrey moved restlessly, irritably. "A country doctor! What would he know? If we'd sent Ron to Camp Glen . . ."

"All right!" Chuck said abruptly, harshly. "All right. We've been through that enough times."

Again they were silent. Audrey sat far over on one side of the car, snapping and unsnapping her bag, lighting one cigarette after another. Chuck thought how much easier it would be if they were—friends. He did not think "if we still loved each other." It had been so long since they had pretended to more than an armed truce, a careful politeness in front of Ron, a dignified reserve before their friends.

His thoughts traveled erratically through the years, trying to find the exact time and reason for the separation of their hearts. There had been no year when they lost all their money, no month when one broke faith with the other, no week when angry words had sliced between them. Chuck had known things were not right but there had never been time to think about it. He had his office and a large territory to cover and then—well, a man *needed* those few hours every week on the golf course to unwind.

"I knew the minute I got that message," Audrey said for the fifth time, "that something terrible had happened to Ron. I knew he hadn't just sprained an ankle on a hike or got a sore throat."

"That's nonsense, Audrey," Chuck said, keeping his voice kind and patient. "I told you exactly what the doctor said. I haven't kept anything from you. Nothing bounces back like a healthy thirteen-year-old boy. Why, by the time we get there, he'll probably be perfectly well and howling to get back to camp."

"We'll take him home tomorrow," she went on, as if Chuck had not spoken. "We'll get him into Dr. Curtis, where he'll have decent care. I should never have let you persuade me, let you talk me into sending him to these godforsaken mountains in the middle of nowhere." She began to shiver.

Chuck remembered that Audrey had not always thought the mountains were godforsaken. In the early years of their marriage, before the expensive trips to Bermuda and Palm Springs and Mexico, they had camped on their vacations, carrying Ron in a basket on the back seat of the car. In those days sometimes they lay under the great trees staring at the moon and talking all night—about their hopes for Ron, about Chuck's plans for the business and Audrey's part in it. The success, when it came, was abrupt and extreme. There were the long trips and after a while the business became so consuming, so wearing, that Chuck rarely talked about it at home. "Tell me what *you* did all week," he would say, but he was often too tired to listen.

Chuck saw the lights of a truck stop, the sign "EATS" shining comfortingly over the road. He pulled the car to the side, turned off the engine, but left the heater running.

In a moment he returned to the car with two steaming cups of coffee and two soggy hamburgers smelling of onion. "Drink the coffee," he said. "It will warm you."

Chuck was suddenly struck with the incongruity of Audrey's costume, here in the wild, craggy mountains: her sleek, black suit, the furs at her throat, the ridiculous hat and the spike-heeled shoes. If he had only thought to bring his overcoat, he might have thrown that over her shoulders.

He had just returned to the office after lunch when Audrey called. She was at one of those luncheon things with Cecilia. The maid had located her there. A Dr. Barnes had called from Portola. Ron

"He's our only child," Chuck told the doctor desperately. Audrey had turned away, hiding the stark terror in her eyes.

was in the hospital with some kind of infection. Would Mr. or Mrs. Kent call?

"You call him, Chuck, and I'll pick you up in fifteen minutes," Audrey had said. "You just can't be too busy for this, Chuck. Please. Be on the sidewalk so I won't have to park."

Audrey had refused to stop at the house for clothes. "We just can't leave him in that place a minute longer than we have to," Audrey insisted. "A railroad hospital almost three hundred miles up in the mountains . . . we'll bring him straight home where he'll get decent care."

This was the first time they had stopped since they left San Francisco. The smell of the coffee and its heat turned anxiety into mere weariness. The hamburger was greasy on its soggy bun but Chuck devoured it.

"You might as well eat this one," Audrey said. "I can't swallow a bite." She had stopped shivering and was sipping at the paper cup of steaming coffee. "I should have let you stop sooner," she said. "I know when you miss meals you get a headache." She looked at him almost shyly. "We haven't been on such a long drive in years. I remember how we used to . . ." Her voice was soft with the memory of other drives planned with giddy anticipation, enjoyed as flights from work and routine. The present reached in with cold hands and her face clouded. "I suppose it's only some little throat thing," she said. "Something they can clear up with a shot of penicillin. If they have penicillin in a place like that. How much longer do you think it will take to get there?"

"Traffic is light—maybe an hour or so now." Chuck disliked the big car. Audrey had talked him into it, as she had talked him into the private school for Ron, the dancing class, the tennis lessons, the too-big allowance. Tonight Chuck was glad for the power in the car, its steady performance. The road climbed higher and higher and he felt his ears closing and then popping open. Coming home tomorrow, they would drive slowly, take time to enjoy the grandeur and magnificence of the mountains. He had loved them as a boy—the pack trips he had taken with his father, the cookouts and fishing trips. It was part of the reason he had wanted Ron to come up here. If Ron had gone to Camp Glen, Audrey would have visited him every Sunday, to question him about the names of the boys at camp, who their parents were.

"If his temperature was one hundred and four at noon, when you talked to the doctor," Audrey said, her voice tight again, "then it would be higher later in the day. He's hundreds of miles away, with strangers . . ."

"Ron's in a hospital," Chuck said. "He's surrounded by people who know what to do for him. These railroad hospitals may be small, but—"

"I wish he were at home," Audrey said, "with our own Dr. Curtis."

An hour later, when they pulled into the dusty, dreary little lumber town, Chuck silently made the same wish. The hospital was a small, frame building which had once been white. It looked as if it had been flung down there on the mountainside, like a soiled handkerchief.

"It's horrible." Audrey said. "To think of Ron in a place like this!"

The hospital's waiting room had a long bench, covered with soiled oilcloth, running around the room. Two old-fashioned rockers flanked a wicker table. Ragged magazines were strewn around the room and an ashtray on the floor was full of cigarette butts.

The sign underneath the bell said RING HERE. The wall around it was smudged with dirt. Chuck's heart sank. After so many years of letting Audrey decide about Ron's school. Ron's vacation. Ron's friends, why had he been so insistent on a mountain camp? If there was anything seriously wrong with Ron, Chuck would spend the rest of his life in torment. In a terrible, blinding flash, he remembered all the times Audrey had asked his advice about Ron and Chuck had answered. "Whatever you think, Audrey. I'm very busy now. You decide."

Gingerly Chuck pressed the bell. A nurse, who looked like any other nurse, came to the door. "Yes? Oh, you must be Ron's parents, the boy they brought over from camp this morning. Dr. Barnes is waiting to see you."

Something had changed, then, since noon, when Dr. Barnes had said it wasn't necessary to come.

"I'd like to see my son," Audrey said, terror trembling on her lips.

The nurse nodded and disappeared, pulling the door shut after her. Audrey lit a cigarette and stood in the middle of the room. Chuck wiped away some of the brown dust on the oilcloth bench and sat down. His shoulders and legs ached with weariness from the long drive.

A young man entered, pulling a white jacket on over a shabby sweater. His hair was tumbled and mussed. "I'm Dr. Barnes," he said. "I guess you're Mr. and Mrs. Kent. Ron's parents. I called your office, Mr. Kent. They told me you were on the way up here. I went fishing for a while this afternoon. When I came back, Ron didn't look too good. I'm glad you're here."

"You went fishing!" Audrey said indignantly.

"Now, Audrey," Chuck said. "Let's hear what Dr. Barnes has to say."

"Sit down," Dr. Barnes said, and all at once he did not look so young or so rumpled. He looked tired and worried and as unhappy as any doctor about to deliver bad news.

Dr. Barnes watched Audrey hold her skirt away from the bench when she sat down. His eyes traveled thoughtfully from her flimsy shoes to the fur at her neck, flickered over the doorway and rested a moment on the big, pretentious car.

"You're strangers and you don't know anything about me or this hospital," he said quietly. "I took my training at the University of Chicago. My license to practice is on the wall in the office if you want to see it. This is a general hospital, twenty beds. We take care of everything that happens around here, from logging accidents to tonsillectomies. Only hospital in a hundred miles. Dr. Potter is head of the hospital. You can check on him easily enough by calling any doctor in San Francisco."

"You have a right to know something about us," Chuck began. "Our credit—"

Dr. Barnes continued in his monotonous, mountain drawl. "Your boy is sick. He's a lot sicker than he was when Andy brought him over from the camp this morning."

"Is Ron in pain?" Audrey asked. "I must see him."

"I'll take you to him in a minute," Dr. Barnes answered. "Some pain, yes. The kind of headache he's got isn't any fun but we're holding it down the best we can. I've been waiting for you to get here so I could get your permission to do a spinal tap. I can't tell you much, until I have the results."

"Polio." Audrey breathed the word.

"I'm afraid it's worse than that," Dr. Barnes said. "It might be encephalitis or spinal meningitis. We have to do the tests to know. Fortunately, we have a good lab here. If you'll come with me and sign the papers, you can see Ron while I get things ready." Dr. Barnes rose and they dumbly followed him into the hall.

Here the place looked more like a hospital, smelled more like a hospital. They passed a little room, like a laboratory, heard groans from one end of the hall, saw a nurse bustling into a room. A paper was thrust at them. Audrey and Chuck signed their names and a nurse tiptoed ahead of them, leading them to Ron's room.

He was a husky boy with dark hair, rumpled now and needing a shampoo. His hands looked filthy against the white sheet.

"They get awful dirty at the camps up here," the nurse said. "Dry mountain dust just seems to stick to you. It'll wear off, though. I was just about to sponge him again—might rouse him enough to know you're here." She was soaking

towels in a pan of water and spreading them over Ron's chest.

He stirred, opened his eyes and looked at them. Audrey leaned over the bed. "We're here, Ron. We'll take you home in the morning where Dr. Curtis can fix you up in no time. Don't worry, Ron. We'll get you out of this dreadful place."

Dr. Barnes stood at the door, an expression of surprised hurt on his face. "Maybe you would like to call your own doctor," he suggested.

"Please do whatever you think is necessary," Chuck replied, pulling Audrey away from the bed. That glazed look in Ron's eyes, the shallow breathing, the strange way he moved his head—whatever there was to be done, Chuck wanted done right away.

"I'll call you the minute I'm finished," Dr. Barnes promised. "Dr. Potter is on his way."

In the waiting room they sat silently. Audrey leaned forward tensely, her hands twisting in her lap. The hamburgers Chuck had eaten earlier were like hot irons burning in his chest. The ugly little room was quiet. Chuck moved closer to Audrey, reached for her hand. It lay limp and unresponsive in his. It was as if all the feeling, all the warmth, all the understanding flowed away from her down the hall to Ron's room.

"Ron wanted to come here," Audrey said dully. "He wanted to come to a mountain camp, so far from home, from where I was. For years you left it all up to me, the whole thing, and then suddenly you came along and took over. We should have compromised. Camp Glen is very good and it's only a short drive to the best facilities, medical, whatever . . ."

"He's thirteen," Chuck said. "What does a boy of thirteen want with a white coat for dancing class and a camp that isn't much different from home? With all the cotton wool you wrapped him in, he got sick at home too," Chuck reminded her defensively. He was aware of the strangeness of their quarreling at such a time.

"Yes, but there he had Dr. Curtis, one of the best doctors in the country, and the best of everything."

Audrey had always leaned on doctors, Chuck thought, pediatricians, child psychologists, specialists in this and that. Because she had nothing else to lean on?

"This is Dr. Potter," Dr. Barnes said, standing in the doorway. Dr. Potter wore khaki pants and a plaid shirt. He smelled of pine needles and fish. He was probably fifty, with white hair and a young face brightened with merry brown eyes. He shook hands with Chuck, patted Audrey on the shoulder heartily.

"Come on in the other room," Dr. Potter said. Again they entered the dim hallway and followed the plaid shirt. He waved them into a room furnished with a huge, round dining table, an old-fashioned buffet. A milk bottle filled with wild mountain flowers brightened its dinginess only a little. Dr. Barnes came from another door carrying a big coffee pot and a plate of doughnuts.

"You folks have any dinner?" Dr. Potter said, looking sharply at Audrey. "We've got some fried chicken left from supper. Could you eat a little?"

Audrey shook her head.

"Ron's a pretty sick cookie," Dr. Potter said slowly. The voice was rough, the words calloused, but the eyes were very gentle. "Ron's got spinal meningitis. He's got three of the most virulent . . ." His voice droned on, naming the dreadful names, describing the horrible possibilities, outlining the treatment. He told them the whole story, knowing they didn't understand a word of it, wanting only to keep talking until the initial shock wore off.

"We'll have to get him out of here," Audrey said. "Out of these mountains. He'll need a brain specialist."

"Even up here in the mountains," Dr. Potter said dryly, "we've heard of such things. One of the best specialists in the country for this sort of thing is over in Reno. I just got through talking to him on the phone. It's his opinion that it would be damned near fatal to move the boy in his present condition."

"I never dreamed—couldn't we charter a plane?" Audrey turned to Chuck.

Dr. Barnes looked out of the window, his young face flushed.

Anger flashed in Dr. Potter's eyes for a moment, but it quickly sputtered to an amused twinkle.

Chuck, with a man's understanding of a man's work, squirmed with embarrassment. "Ron is our only child," he said, as if that explained everything. "Naturally, my wife is upset. I have every confidence in you, but . . ." He was not used to doctors in plaid flannel shirts who smelled of pine needles and fish. He was not used to hospital waiting rooms that were gritty with dust. He had never known a doctor who referred to a desperately ill boy as a "sick cookie." "I don't know," he said. "We're a long way from home."

"That makes it hard, I know," Dr. Potter said. "This is a little mountain hospital. We do the best we can. We have as fine equipment here as you'll find anywhere. This doesn't happen to be a case that calls for equipment. It calls for good nursing and drugs and the best set of prayers you know. We'll do everything for Ron that can be done." He paused and looked sharply at Audrey.

"You aren't doing us any favor, folks," he continued. "We don't exactly need the business. We aren't set up for isolation cases. There will be problems in the kitchen. We only have five real nurses in this town and they're all overworked. I'm not anxious to have an isolation case. It makes the other patients uneasy and it's hard on the staff. But I'll tell you one thing." His voice was harsh with emphasis. "While that boy is in our hospital, he's as much our boy as he is yours and we're just as anxious to get him well. Now you make up your mind whether you want to charter a plane and fly him out of here. I've got three operations in the morning and I need my rest."

Chuck saw that Audrey was lost, drowning in fear and indecision. He realized that, although she might have decided on the big car, the private school for Ron, the people who were acceptable for him to know, she couldn't make this decision. She had used up all her strength on trivialities that couldn't help Ron now. "We can't promise anything," Dr. Potter said. "There might be brain damage. We'll do the best we can."

"I will appreciate it if you will keep him here," Chuck said humbly. "We'll help in any way we can."

Dr. Barnes reached across the table for the coffee pot, and refilled their cups. "I think you ought to get your wife to bed, Mr. Kent," he suggested.

"Ron should have a special nurse," Audrey said, awake now, alert to practicalities. "Someone will have to be with him all the time. He's only a little boy and he'll be frightened."

Dr. Potter snorted. "Ron's got more guts than you give him credit for. He even made a pretty bum joke just now when we did the spinal. Sure, he needs a nurse. Trouble is we haven't got one. Now, that's something you could charter a plane for."

"Alice just got off that amputee case an hour ago," Dr. Barnes offered. "If she isn't dead on her feet, she might come back. We could ask."

"We'll pay her double," Audrey said quickly. "Whatever she wants. Tell her to set any price."

Dr. Potter smiled. "You don't know Alice. A million dollars wouldn't bring her down here, but a sick boy might."

He reached for the phone on the wall behind him. "Alice," he bellowed, "get your big feet back in those white gunboats of yours. We need you. You just washed your hair? Well, wrap a towel around it and come on down. Thirteen-year-old boy. Meningitis. Hell of a nice kid, Alice. All right, make it snappy."

He turned to Chuck and Audrey. "Dr. Barnes is in charge of the case. He knows what to do and nobody could do it better. You call me at home if you need to, Bert. The next twenty-four hours will be the worst. Alice and Dr. Barnes can handle things until noon tomorrow. After that, you're going to have to spell

each other in that room until I get a nurse. I figured you were people with some sense, so I already called Min's Motel and told them to hold a cottage for you. It's not much, but it's the best we have here. Go over there and get some rest. In the morning, get some groceries. You won't want to eat in any of the restaurants. And you'd better get some sensible shoes, Mrs. Kent. You're liable to be on your feet quite a lot. Min left the door open and the lights on in cottage number ten. Come out on the porch and I'll show you how to get there."

Min's Motel was a combination of the cheapest and drabbest chenille, linoleum and oilcloth. Everything in the room was gritty with the dry, brown dust that seemed to be everywhere in the little town. A tiny gas heater held a weak flame, and on the dresser a shirt cardboard carried the crayoned message: HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE. I'M PRAYING FOR YOUR SICK SON. MIN.

"We'll have to buy pajamas, toothbrushes, tomorrow," Chuck said. He was exhausted, drained of all feeling except fear.

"Unless he's better tomorrow and we can fly him out of here," Audrey said. She was silent a moment, standing in the dreary room. "We'd better get some rest," she said. "We'll be needed tomorrow."

So they lay on the bed in their city clothes in a dingy motel in a mountain town and each one felt the agony more sharply for being alone. Love might have helped, might have eased them, but they had lost it somewhere along the way and they were too tired just now to hunt for it.

Somewhere around six o'clock Audrey got up, showered and dressed again in the crumpled black suit. She went out to the pay telephone in the driveway and called Dr. Curtis in San Francisco. The answering service reported that Dr. Curtis was in Mexico on a month's vacation. Would she care to leave a message for his associate?

Audrey hesitated and then called her friend Cecilia. "Yes?" Cecilia answered, a shred of alarm in her sleep-thick voice. "Audrey, what in the world? Well, that's a shame about Ron, of course, but . . ." Cecilia's voice clearly indicated that she couldn't understand what Audrey was calling *for*. "Well, darling, I do hope he'll get well in time for you to be here for the New Members Tea. We're absolutely counting on you to do the flowers. Of course, I know you're distracted about Ron but, my dear you *would* send him off into the wilds like that. Well, lots of luck and I hope Ron's fine in a day or two. If you don't make it back for the tea, I'll explain to the girls. I'm sure they'll forgive you."

Audrey returned slowly to the room. Chuck was pulling on his coat. "I'll have to get a razor," he said. "There seems to be a lot of stuff in the kitchen. Coffee pot, frying pan. We'd better get what we need to keep us going for a few days."

"Yes," Audrey answered mechanically. "I'll make a list."

Neither of them mentioned the thought uppermost in their minds—that maybe they wouldn't need anything after all; that maybe they would have to drive home today to the emptiness of their lives without Ron.

"I'm sure you're starving," Audrey said, "but I must get to the hospital first to see how things are. There could have been a change during the night."

"Of course," Chuck agreed. Underlying his anxiety was a little flutter of pleasure because it was the first time they had wanted the same thing in a long time.

Audrey sat close to him on the front seat. In the early morning light, the sun was still timid and weak, the little town was silent and dead. A few of the bungalows that spotted the hills showed lights burning like eyes peering through the early morning mist. There was an odor, even on the main street, that was peculiar to the mountains; pungent, clean, and fresh as a spray of hope. The hospital didn't look much better in the daylight; if anything, it seemed a little shabbier and dirtier and more resigned to the endless pain and fear that it held for those who mounted the rough board steps.

On tiptoe Chuck and Audrey crept past the closed doors, hearing the faint kitchen sounds in the distance. Outside the door of Ron's room, they saw Dr. Barnes curled up on a cot, his head pillowed on his arms. He looked like a young boy, exhausted and troubled in his sleep.

Alice, the nurse, rose from her chair as they came in. "His temperature is down," she said. "All night I kept working and watching and it's down a little. Dr. Barnes checks every hour. I think that Ron's going to make it. I honestly do."

Looking at Ron, at his tumble of dark hair, his nose that had grown in advance of the rest of his face, his grubby hands lying so still, Chuck thought that the love he felt would strangle him. He remembered Dr. Potter's warning about the possibility of brain damage, and he wanted to pray only that Ron should live.

It did not matter if a few parts of that precious machinery were marred—just let it exist. He felt ashamed of his desire to pray—it was like asking for a loan from a friend you hadn't talked to or thought of in years.

Audrey leaned over the bed. Alice watched for a minute, frowning, but she didn't interfere. "Listen, you aren't supposed to be in here without a mask," she said. "Dr. Potter would skin me if he knew, but I can't help thinking love gives you an immunity. Don't quote me, for gosh sakes. Come on in the other room

Day after day they sat in the little room together—and little by little they lost their feeling of being alone.

and Mabel will give you some coffee. She's just going off duty. Better get masks and gowns before Dr. Barnes wakes up. Honest, folks, I think Ron is better. Look, you better get out of here. Nobody's supposed to come in without protection."

Chuck and Audrey tiptoed into the dining room where they had sat last night in such wild terror. With the morning sun flirting against the windows, the room looked cheerful and warm. The wild flowers in the milk bottle were gay and bright. Mabel was moving starchily around the room, filling the sugar bowl, pouring syrup into the jar on the table.

"You're Ron's folks, I bet," she said. "I looked in on him last night. He's going to be okay. Like some eggs or toast or something? I could tell Dolly in the kitchen. She wouldn't mind fixing a little something under the circumstances." Mabel studied Audrey for a moment. "I suppose you just ran out of the house like any mother would. You'll die in that suit before the day is over. Not that it isn't stylish but, good Lord, the temperature will hit a hundred today at least. Penney's has some real cute sundresses on special at $2.98. That and some sandals would make you more comfortable. If you're short of cash, I could lend you some. I know how it is with sickness in the family."

"We don't know how long we'll be here," Audrey answered. She looked down at her skirt. The smart black suit didn't look smart here. It looked gloomy and drab. "That's really very nice of you," Audrey said humbly. "It's a good suggestion. That is, if we stay."

"A week at least." Mabel said positively. "Even with a miracle you couldn't move him before a week, maybe two. If I was you, I'd get settled in and be comfortable. Listen, if you really want to help, I'll get you sterile gowns and masks and you could relieve Alice for a while. She's dead on her feet. Got kids at home to take care of, you know, and when that girl works, she works. Seems like everything happens at once. We had a bad logging accident last week and two babies and then Jose, the man who cleans up, went on one of his toots. Last night we didn't even have a bed for Dr. Barnes and he wouldn't leave your boy, sick as he was. We all pitch in when Jose takes off but I bet that waiting room is a mess. First things first, Dr. Potter says."

While she chattered Mabel showed Audrey and Chuck how to tie on masks and gowns, how to wash their hands in the bowl placed outside Ron's door, cautioned them about bringing anything out of the room.

Dr. Barnes, his eyes bleary with fatigue, didn't say anything to give them hope. A talk with Dr. Potter produced nothing new. Yet, like soldiers laying in supplies for a siege, they made a hurried trip to Penney's, the dime store, the grocery. In the stores the clerks looked at them curiously, and asked about their boy. Everybody in Portola seemed to know about Ron, be anxious for him.

"A terrible thing," the man in the drug store said, "but you was lucky it happened here. Nobody would do more for your boy than Doc Barnes and Doc Potter. Not like them city hospitals with visiting hours and everything like a big auto repair shop. Oh, those docs are strict as all get out with the nurses and like that, but they know there's more to sickness than just shooting folks full of medicine. Doc Potter is real human. Tough, but human. Now, Doc Barnes is more thin-skinned . . ."

Then days began when all the hours ran into each other on rising and falling tides of hope and despair. Days they sat in the hot, stuffy little room, faces hidden behind stifling masks. Nights they took turns—six hours for Chuck, four for Audrey. They moved from Ron's room to Min's Motel like little trains wound up to travel a certain track.

In years Audrey and Chuck hadn't spent so much time together, been so united in anything. Having breakfast together in the little motel kitchen reminded Chuck of the early days when Ron was small and there wasn't much money.

"I remember how you used to walk down to the bus stop sometimes to meet me," Chuck said. "You had Ron in the stroller and you were wearing a dress sort of like that one."

Audrey looked down at the flowered $2.98 sundress from Penney's. "I remember," Audrey answered. "I was so busy and important those first years after we were married. I had the house and Ron, and you thought every little thing I did was miraculous. And then you started traveling so much and Ron went to school and I didn't seem to be important at all any more. I kept trying to find things to make myself important again—I guess I didn't look in the right places."

"You'll feel better when we get back to San Francisco with your friends," Chuck said tentatively.

"Nothing seems real except right here in Portola," Audrey said. "As if time had turned backward and I were young again and strong and could do anything anyone needed me to do. It's been the most terrible week of my life, and yet . . ."

Chuck nodded and reached for her hand. He felt the quick response as her fingers met his. All the meals they had eaten together in the dingy little kitchen, the intimacies of life in the crowded, drab motel room, held the poignancy of something very fragile and impermanent.

Time had stopped for them. The life that went on in the little hospital absorbed all their emotions and interest. They were never really without fear, but sometimes they forgot their own anguish for a little while as they were called to help Alice or Mabel, or other nurses, or Dolly in the kitchen. Audrey was called on more than Chuck and he wondered whether this was a tribute to her superior abilities. He watched her reassuring a frightened young man awaiting the birth of his first child, helping an old woman down the hall, reading to a child whose eyes were large with fear at losing his tonsils. All her pretensions and affectations seemed to have been left in the closet at Min's Motel with the black suit and the flimsy shoes.

The days moved on, the noon heat offering them hope, the chill nights leaving them numb with despair. There was the hour Ron woke up and spoke to them clearly and coherently. There was the night he complained that his eyes hurt and he couldn't see. There was the noon he ate a little lunch. There was the late afternoon when he slept so long that even Alice was alarmed and called Dr. Barnes. The two doctors were always there when they were needed: Dr. Potter with his lame jokes intended to cheer them up, Dr. Barnes with his shy, faithful smile of reassurance.

Then Ron was sitting up; he was eating watermelon; he asked for a book; he was irritable; he wanted to go home. He laughed!

At the end of the second week, Dr. Barnes said, "I think he'll make a complete recovery. There's a little weakness in the right leg . . ."

"Weakness, hell." Dr. Potter scoffed. His face beamed. "A few good hikes will fix that. You sure pitched in and helped, Mrs. Kent. We needn't have made you work so hard but I figure nothing shrinks worry like work and you needed to be busy. Now, take some time off, go fishing, rest. Enjoy the scenery. You're wearing Ron out hanging over him. He's had a lot of poking and jabbing and sighing over him. Time he was let alone a little." He paused and smiled affectionately at Audrey and Chuck. "It won't be long now before you'll be back home among friends."

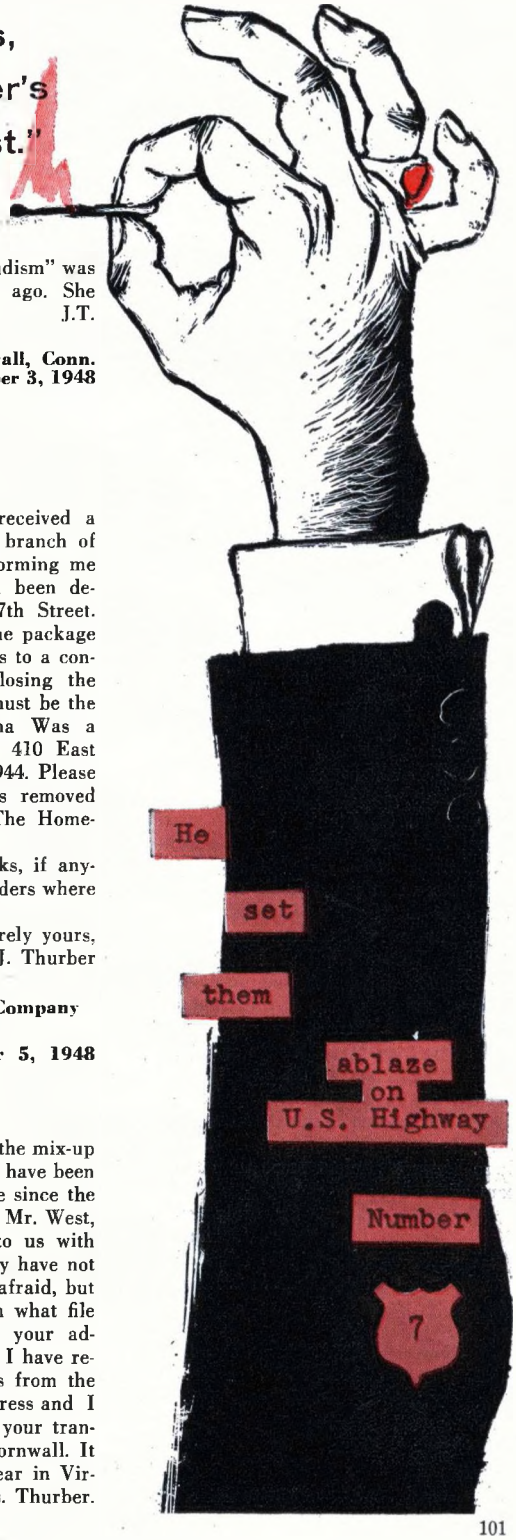
Audrey and Chuck turned to each other and for a moment neither of them could speak. "We are among friends," Audrey said. "We have been ever since we got here."

Arm in arm they walked down the rough, board steps and drove to Min's Motel, their home away from home, where they had found a treasure, long buried, which would change their whole lives. THE END

FILE & FORGET

"Grandma Was a Nudist" is not to be confused with "The Implications of Nudism," by Dr. Margaret Peckham.

James Thurber, the famous expert on The War Between the Sexes, adds a footnote to history—Thurber's War with "Grandma Was a Nudist."



ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

I want to thank my secretary, Miss Ellen Bagley, for putting the following letters in order. I was not up to the task myself, for reasons that will, I think, become clear to the reader. J.T.

West Cornwall, Conn.
November 2, 1948

Miss Alma Winege
The Charteriss Publishing Co.
132 East What Street
New York, N.Y.
Dear Miss Winege:

Your letter of October 25th. which you sent to me in care of The Homestead, Hot Springs, Ark., has been forwarded to my home in West Cornwall, Conn., by The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va. As you know, Mrs. Thurber and I sometimes visit this Virginia resort, but we haven't been there for more than a year. Your company, in the great tradition of publishers, has sent so many letters to me at Hot Springs, Ark.. that the postmaster there has simply taken to sending them on to the right address, or what would be the right address if I were there. I explained to Mr. Cluffman, and also to Miss Lexy, when I last called at your offices, that all mail was to be sent to me at West Cornwall until further notice. If and when I go to The Homestead, I will let you know in advance. Meanwhile, I suggest that you remove from your file all addresses of mine except the West Cornwall one. Another publishing firm recently sent a letter to me at 65 West 11th Street, an address I vacated in the summer of 1930. It would not come as a surprise to me if your firm, or some other publishers, wrote me in care of my mother at 568 Oak Street, Columbus, Ohio. I was thirteen years old when we lived there, in 1908.

As for the contents of your letter of the 25th, I did not order thirty-six copies of Peggy Peckham's book "Grandma Was a Nudist." I trust you have not shipped these books to me at The Homestead, Hot Springs, Ark., or anywhere else.

Sincerely yours,
J. Thurber

P.S. Margaret Peckham, by the way, is not the author of this book. She is the distinguished New York psychiatrist whose "The Implications of Nudism" was published a couple of years ago. She never calls herself Peggy. J.T.

West Cornwall, Conn.
November 3, 1948

Miss Alma Winege
The Charteriss Publishing Co.
132 East What Street
New York, N.Y.
Dear Miss Winege:

In this morning's mail I received a card from the Grand Central branch of the New York Post Office informing me that a package of books had been delivered to me at 410 East 57th Street. The branch office is holding the package for further postage, which runs to a considerable amount. I am enclosing the notification card, since these must be the thirty-six copies of "Grandma Was a Nudist." I have not lived at 410 East 57th Street since the fall of 1944. Please see to it that this address is removed from your files, along with The Homestead address.

Whoever ordered those books, if anyone actually did, probably wonders where they are.

Sincerely yours,
J. Thurber

The Charteriss Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.
November 5, 1948

Mr. James M. Thurber
West Cornwall, Conn.
Dear Mr. Thurber:

I am dreadfully sorry about the mix-up over Miss Peckham's book. We have been pretty much upset around here since the departure of Mr. Peterson and Mr. West, and several new girls came to us with the advent of Mr. Jordan. They have not yet got their "sea legs," I am afraid, but I still cannot understand from what file our shipping department got your address as 165 West 11th Street. I have removed the 57th Street address from the files and also the Arkansas address and I trust that we will not disturb your tranquillity further up there in Cornwall. It must be lovely this time of year in Virginia and I envy you and Mrs. Thurber.

Have a lovely time at The Homestead.

Sincerely yours,
Alma Winege

Columbus, Ohio
November 16, 1948

Dear Mr. Thurber:

I have decided to come right out with the little problem that was accidentally dumped in my lap yesterday. I hope you will forgive me for what happened, and perhaps you can suggest what I should do with the books. There are three dozen of them and, unfortunately, they arrived when my little son Donald was alone downstairs. By the time I found out about the books, he had torn off the wrappings and had built a cute little house out of them. I have placed them all on a shelf out of his reach while awaiting word as to where to send them.

I heard from old Mrs. Winston next door that you and your family once lived here at 568 Oak Street. She remembers you and your brothers as cute little tykes who were very noisy and raised rabbits and guinea pigs. She says your mother was a wonderful cook. I am sorry about Donald opening the books.

Sincerely yours,
Clara Edwards (Mrs. J.C.)

West Cornwall, Conn.
November 19, 1948

Mr. Leon Charteriss
The Charteriss Publishing Co.
132 East What Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Charteriss:

I am enclosing a letter from a Mrs. J.C. Edwards, of Columbus, Ohio, in the fervent hope that you will do something to stop this insane flux of books. I never ordered these books. I have not read "Grandma Was a Nudist." I do not intend to read it. I want something done to get these volumes off my trail and cut out of my consciousness.

I have written Miss Winege about the situation, but I am afraid to take it up with her again, because she might send them to me in care of the Department of Journalism at Ohio State University, where I was a student more than thirty years ago.

Sincerely yours,
J. Thurber

P.S. I never use my middle initial, but your firm seems to think it is "M." It is not.

The Charteriss Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.
November 23, 1948

Mr. James M. Thurber
West Cornwall, Conn.

Dear Mr. Thurber:

Mr. Charteriss has flown to California on a business trip and will be gone for several weeks. His secretary has turned your letter of the 19th over to me. I have asked Mr. Cluffman to write to Miss Clara Edwards in Columbus and arrange for the reshipment of the thirty-six copies of "Grandma Was a Nudist."

I find, in consulting the records, that you have three times ordered copies of your own book, "Thurber's Ark," at the usual discount rate of forty per cent. I take it that what you really wanted was thirty-six copies of your own book and they are being sent out to you today with our regrets for the discomfort we have caused you. I hope you will be a little patient with us during this so trying period of reorganization.

Cordially yours,
Jeannette Gaines
Stock Order Dept.

P.S. You will be happy to know that we have traced down the gentleman who ordered those copies of "Grandma."

West Cornwall, Conn.
November 25, 1948

Mr. Henry Johnson
The Charteriss Pub. Co.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Harry:

Since the reorganization at Charteriss, I have the forlorn and depressing feeling that I no longer know anybody down there except you. I know that this immediate problem of mine is not in your field, but I turn to you as a last resource. What I want, or rather what I don't want, is simple enough, Harry. God knows it is simple. I don't want any more copies of my book. I don't want any more copies of my book. I don't want any more copies of my book.

As ever,
Jim

P.S. It has just occurred to me that I haven't seen you for more than two years. Let's have a drink one of these days. I'll give you a ring the next time I'm in the city.

The Charteriss Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.
November 26, 1948

Mr. James Grover Thurber
Cornwall, Conn.

Dear Jim Thurber:

I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you since I had the great good luck to join forces with Charteriss, but I look forward to our meeting with a high heart. Please let me know the next time you are in the city, as I should like to wine and dine you and perhaps discuss the new book that I feel confident you have in you. If you don't want to talk shop, we can discuss the record of our mutual football team. You were at Northwestern some years ahead of my time, I believe, but I want you to know that they still talk about Jimmy Thurber out there.

Your letter to Harry Johnson has just come to my attention, and I regret to say that Harry is no longer with us. He went to Harcourt, Brace in the summer of 1947. I want you to feel, however, that every one of us here is your friend, eager to do your slightest bidding. All of us feel very deeply about your having turned against your book "Thurber's Ark." I note that in your present mood you have the feeling that you never want to see it again. Well, Jim, let me assure you that this is just a passing fancy, derived from a moment of depression. When you put in your last order for thirty-six copies, you must surely have had some definite use in mind for them, and I am banking on twenty years' experience in the book publishing game when I take the liberty of sending these twenty books off to you today. There is one thing I am something of an expert at, if I do say so myself, and that is the understanding of the "creative spirit."

We have a new system here, which is to send our authors not ten free copies, as of old, but fifteen. Therefore, five of the thirty-six copies will reach you with our compliments.

Don't forget our dinner date.

Cordially,

P.S. I approve of your decision to resume the use of your middle name. It gives a book dignity and flavor to use all three names. I think it was old Willa Cather who started the new trend, when she dropped the Seibert. C.J.

The Charteriss Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.
December 13, 1948

Dear Thurber:

Just back at the old desk after a trip to California and a visit with my mother, who is eighty-nine now but as chipper as ever. She would make a swell Profile. Ask me about her someday.

Need I say I was delighted to hear about your keen interest in "Grandma Was a Nudist"? The book has been moving beautifully. We're planning a brief new advertising campaign and I'd be tickled pink if you would be good enough to bat out a blurb for us.

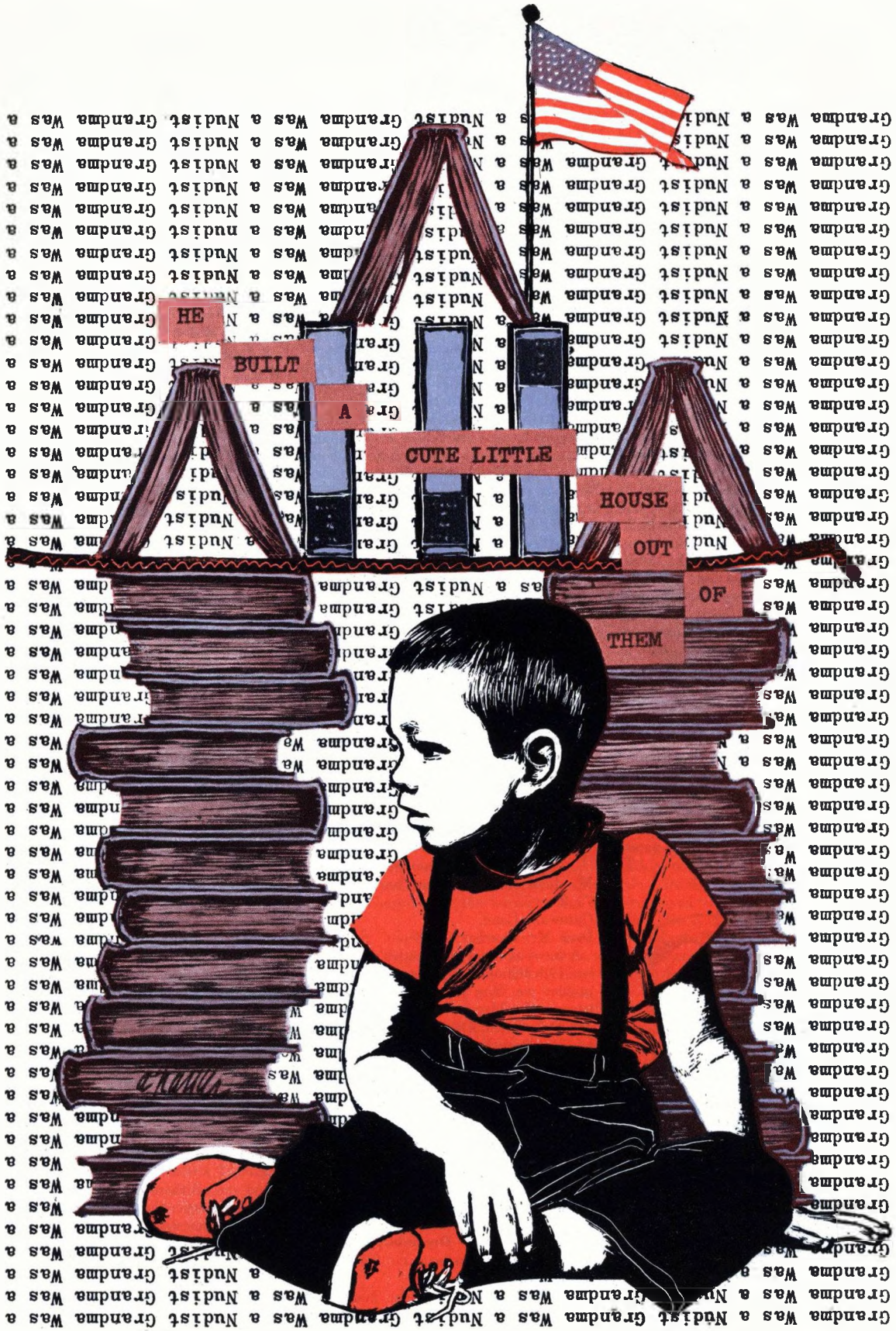
Yours,
Leon

The Charteriss Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.
December 15, 1948

Mr. James M. Thurber
West Cornwall, Conn.

Dear Mr. Thurber:

I hope you will forgive me—indeed,


HE
BUILT
A
CUTE LITTLE
HOUSE
OUT
OF
THEM

all of us—for having inexcusably mislaid the address of the lady to whom the thirty-six copies of "Grandma Was a Nudist" were sent by mistake. I understand that we have already dispatched to you at your home another thirty-six volumes of that book. My apologies again.

Sincerely yours,
H. F. Cluffman

West Cornwall, Conn.
December 19, 1948

Mr. H. F. Cluffman
The Charteriss Publishing Co.
132 East What Street
New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Cluffman:

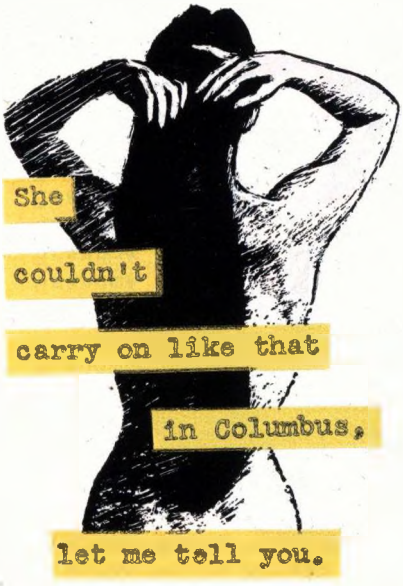
The lady's name is Mrs. J. C. Edwards, and she lives at 568 Oak Street, Columbus, Ohio.

I have explained as clearly as I could in previous letters that I did not order thirty-six copies of "Grandma Was a Nudist." If you have actually shipped to me another thirty-six copies of this book, it will make a total of seventy-two copies, none of which I will pay for. The thirty-six copies of "Thurber's Ark" that Mr. Jordan has written me he intends to send to West Cornwall would bring up to one hundred and eight the total number of books that your firm, by a conspiracy of confusion unique even in the case of publishers, has mistakenly charged to my account.

If your entire staff of employees went back to Leslie's Weekly, where they belong, it would set my mind at rest.

Sincerely yours,
J. Thurber

P.S. I notice that you use only my middle initial, "M." Mr. Jordan and I have decided to resume the use of the full name, which is Murfreesboro. J.T.



West Cornwall, Conn.
December 27, 1948

Mr. Leon Charteriss
The Charteriss Publishing Co.
132 East What Street
New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Charteriss:

I am sure you will be sorry to learn that Mr. Thurber has had one of his spells as a result of the multiplication of books and misunderstanding that began with Miss Alma Winege's letter of October 25, 1948. Those of us around Mr. Thurber are greatly disturbed by the unfortunate circumstances that have caused him to give up writing, at least temporarily, just after he had resumed work following a long fallow period.

Thirty-six copies of Mr. Thurber's book and thirty-six copies of "Grandma Was a Nudist" have arrived at his home here, and he has asked me to advise you that he intends to burn all 72. West Cornwall is scarcely the community for such a demonstration—he proposes to burn them in the middle of U.S. Highway No. 7—since the town regards with a certain suspicion any writer who has not won a Pulitzer Prize.

I am enclosing copies of all the correspondence between your company and Mr. Thurber, in the hope that someone connected with your firm will read it with proper care and intelligence and straighten out this deplorable situation.

Mr. Thurber wishes me to tell you that he does not want to hear from any of you again.

Sincerely yours,
Ellen Bagley

The Charteriss Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.
December 28, 1948

Mr. James Murfreesboro Thurber
72 West
Cornwall, Conn.
Dear Mr. Thurber:

I have at hand your letter of December 19th the opening paragraph of which puzzles me. You send me the following name and address—Mrs. J. C. Edwards, 568 Oak Street, Columbus, Ohio—but it is not clear what use you wish me to make of it. I will greatly appreciate it if you will clear up this matter for me.

Sincerely yours,
H. F. Cluffman

P.S. Leslie's Weekly ceased publication many years ago. I could obtain the exact date if you so desire. H.F.C.

The Charteriss Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.
December 29, 1948

Mr. James M. Thurber
West Cornwall, Conn.
Dear Mr. Thurber:

You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Charteriss was taken suddenly ill with a virus infection. He is now in the hospital, but his condition is not serious.

Since the departure of Miss Gaines, who was married last week, I have taken over the Stock Order Department for the time being. I did not take the liberty of reading your enclosures in the letter to Mr. Charteriss, but sent them directly to him at the hospital. I am sure that he will be cheered up by them when he is well enough to read. Meanwhile, I want you to know that you can repose all confidence in the Stock Order Department.

Sincerely yours,
Gladys MacLean

P.S. I learned from Mr. Jordan that you were a friend of Willa Cather's. Exciting!

Columbus, Ohio
January 3, 1949

Dear Jamie:

I don't understand the clipping from the Lakeville Journal Helen's mother sent me, about someone burning all those books of yours in the street. I never heard of such a thing, and don't understand how they could have taken the books without your knowing it, or what you were doing with so many copies of the novel about the naked grandmother. Imagine, at her age! She couldn't carry on like that in Columbus, let me tell you. Why, when I was a girl, you didn't dare walk with a man after sunset, unless he was your husband, and even then there was talk.

It's a good thing that state policeman came along in time to save most of the books, and you must be thankful for the note Mr. Jordan put in one of them, for the policeman wouldn't have known who they belonged to if he hadn't found it.

A Mrs. Edwards phoned this morning and said that her son Donald collects your books and wants to send them to you—to be autographed, I suppose. Her son has dozens of your books and I told her you simply wouldn't have time to sign all of them, and she said she didn't care what you did with them. And then she said they weren't your books at all, and so I just hung up on her.

Be sure to bundle up when you go out.

With love,
Mother

P.S. This Mrs. Edwards says she lives at 568 Oak Street. I told her we used to live there and she said God knows she was aware of that. I don't know what she meant. I was afraid this little boy would send you all those books to sign and so I told his mother that you and Helen were at The Homestead, in Hot Springs. You don't suppose he'll send them there, do you?

And here, gentle reader, I know you will be glad to leave all of us. THE END

Monument to Love

Nothing in the rules of love requires a man to give a woman everything she wants. Sometimes his worst mistake is to try.

BY EILEEN JENSEN ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

To look at Jeanie you'd never suspect that this little blonde with the aquamarine eyes and velvety voice was one of those high-powered American women who could run the world. If Ken had stopped to think about it he would have known that a girl who worked for Acme Powder and handled twelve big truck drivers hauling explosives was bound to have an impact all her own. He noticed small things, of course—she was always on time, her slip never showed, her purse was neat inside, her checkbook balanced. (Ken was thirty-one and he had waited hours for tardy types who weren't half as pretty as Jeanie. He had looked at more than his fair share of crooked seams and run-down heels and purses that appeared to have been organized by a nervous fox terrier burying a bone.)

Before he met Jeanie, Ken was beginning to think he somehow had missed the girl for him—passed her somewhere, unknowing. After Korea, he had returned to Indiana and started a ready-mix concrete business in Paris, a small middlewestern town near the state capital. A year later, a jet base was awarded to the area and Ken found himself in the middle of a business bonanza. Now he owned the plant, eighteen trucks, a private plane, a comfortable bachelor apartment, and a substantial bank account. One weekend a month, he flew with the Naval Reserve. Actually, he had been too busy to think much about the girl for Ken Howard. Then he walked into the Acme Powder Company office and there she was.

He stared. She smiled. Ken felt the little ripples of pleasure begin to leaf down his spine.

"You're dynamite," he said.

"That's what they all say."

"But I really mean it."

"That's what they all say."

"There seems to be an echo in here."

She gave him a blue stiletto of a look. "Can I do something for you?"

He refused to be punctured. "You can do everything for me. Let's start with dinner tonight."

"That's a very short fuse."

"No. I've waited thirty-one years. We'll make a lovely light." He leaned across the desk and kissed her right in front of two grinning truck drivers.

Jeanie gasped. She dispatched the two drivers with a sharp look. They shambled out into the hall. Jeanie waited until the office door closed behind them. She gazed at Ken with eyes like blue steel.

"Do you always go around kissing secretaries?"

"No, but in your case I'm happy to make an exception." He leaned over again but she ducked him. "Where would you like to go tonight?"

"I have plans of my own."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Busy."

"A week from tomorrow?"

She shook her head no. He sat down on the edge of her desk.

"Hard to get. I like that." He caressed her with his eyes. "What's so important that you can't go out with me tonight? Name one thing."

"If you must know, it's the Women's Club banquet."

"What's a cute chick like you doing with that bunch of old crows?"

"My mother's the president."

"Mrs. *Andersen*?" Ken whistled. "Then you should take me out to dinner. You owe it to me. That petition she circulated warning the city council not to cut down the maple trees on the courthouse lawn to make a parking lot cost me a month's business." Ken couldn't understand Mrs. Andersen's objection to that parking lot. He loved concrete. He doted on paved driveways, grew lyrical about stone terraces, drooled over poured foundations. He was a man who went around patting bridge abutments and admiring gas stations from the rear. "I had that contract all sewed up," he said, "when that meddling bunch of old biddies—"

"My mother's friends?" Jeanie's eyebrows winged up under the silky blonde bangs.

Ken gulped. He felt as if he had hit an air pocket. "Would you say I got off on the wrong foot?"

"That's one way to put it."

Ken regrouped his forces. "What's with this banquet?"

"I don't suppose an illiterate like you reads the papers."

"I spell out a word here and there."

"Then you ought to know it's a testimonial dinner for Senator Bell. He's retiring."

"That old windbag? Good riddance."

"That old windbag is my uncle."

Ken winced. "Are you related to everybody in town?"

"Everybody important."

"A snob, too." He shook his head sadly. "And I thought this was the start of a beautiful friendship."

"If this is the way you talk to your friends, I'm glad we're not enemies."

Ken walked up the street to the corner alone. I booted it, he thought, stopping for the light. Thirty-one years, and I kicked it away in five minutes. He crossed to the newsstand and bought an evening paper. There was a two-column picture of Senator Bell on the front page with a story about the public testimonial dinner. Ken leaned against a mail drop box and read the whole thing.

I'll go, he decided. I'll have to listen to a long-winded speech but I suppose that's the price you pay when you fall for a

senator's niece. He didn't intend to let this girl slip through his fingers.

At the dinner he barely could make out Jeanie's bright head nodding and turning like a golden blossom at the speaker's table on the dais across the room. Ken sat in the far corner of the hotel ballroom absent-mindedly forking the chicken patties and envying the thin man seated next to Jeanie the close-up view of her bare shoulders. Ken gazed around and estimated that some five hundred citizens were gathered to listen to her uncle's farewell remarks.

The Honorable Harvey Bell, retiring senator from Indiana, local boy who made good, didn't let his constituents down. The white-haired solon talked for almost an hour and he saved a real kicker for the end.

"I got to thinking I'd like to do something big for my home town," Senator Bell concluded. "I wanted to leave a memorial of my years in public service. I talked with the French ambassador in Washington and told him the South American people had built the Bolivar fountain in Bolivar, Missouri, as a gesture of international good will and I thought the French people might do something similar for Paris, Indiana—the town where I was born. [applause] He was surprised at first and said he hadn't even realized there was such a place as Paris, Indiana [laughter], and he doubted if anyone in France knew it either. [laughter] I told him we had a new jet base here [applause] and there were ten thousand eight hundred and three citizens here [applause] and every last one of you knew all about Paris, France! To make a long story short [Please do, Ken thought] the French government has commissioned a sculptor to copy one of their national art treasures and it will be presented to us as a gift." He paused for dramatic effect and ended with a flourish. "From Paris to Paris—with love!"

You could almost hear the trumpets. He bowed for five minutes.

A real promoter, Ken saluted him mentally. I could use a man like you at the plant. He cut his way through the crowd pressing around the senator, and managed to reach Jeanie's side.

Her eyes were saucers of surprise. "What are you doing here?"

He laid it on the line. "I wanted to see you again." He smiled at her, openly admiring the creamy shoulders. She turned pink. He couldn't tell whether she was pleased or embarrassed. The thin man hovering at her elbow was listening. He spoke up.

"Splendid idea, that memorial."

"Yes," Ken agreed. "A monument, maybe. Something tasteful in concrete?"

"It'll probably be a replica of the Eiffel Tower," he said, pronouncing it Eeful.

"The Eeful Tower is going to look pretty funny on the courthouse lawn." Ken grinned at Jeanie. "Think of all the maple trees that'll have to go." Her lips twitched. "If they want to send something practical," Ken suggested, "how about Brigitte Bardot? She'd look good on anybody's lawn."

"Coarse," the thin man said, his nostrils flaring delicately. "Not a true French artist."

Ken grinned again. "Every man to his own monument."

Jeanie laughed. "This is Dr. Dubois, head of the language department at State."

Ken gripped the limp hand. Dubois flinched. If this is my competition, Ken thought, I'm in like Flynn. This guy couldn't fly a kite.

Ken went off for his routine weekend with the Naval Reserve feeling confident. On the second day he began to worry. You never can tell about these graceful Frenchmen, he brooded. They talk well. They quote poetry. He could be kissing her hand, or worse, her shoulder, right now. Ken goofed on his landing. This is what comes of waiting too long, he told himself, stowing his gear, oblivious to the familiar din in the ready room. When you finally meet her, you flip—you see her face in every cloud. He sat down on a bench in front of his locker, fingering his hard-hat and listening to the noisy squadron unwind. Suddenly he realized that he had stretched Korea as far as it would go.

Here I am, he thought, zipping around like an over-age boy scout, flying high, wide and lonesome while that well-tailored frog makes time with my girl. *My girl.* He smiled to himself. She doesn't know it yet, but she will, she will. (Ken never regarded himself as a cynic but he had observed that most women had, if not a price, a goal. They invariably wanted something—a diamond, a mink, an American citizenship, a sports car. If Jeanie wanted the moon—soon available!—he intended to get it for her.)

On Monday he stopped in at Acme Powder and asked her to lunch. She had a date. He passed Dubois in the hall. On Tuesday Ken suggested dinner. She said her mother was giving a little family party for Uncle Harvey. On Wednesday Ken turned up with a thermos of hot coffee as she was unlocking the office door for the day. She didn't drink coffee. On Thursday he brought an armload of yellow roses and arranged them on her desk himself. On Friday she accepted his invitation to have a drink after five.

"I hate to say yes." Jeanie's eyes twinkled. "I'll miss seeing you every day."

He tucked her arm under his. "It's a chance you'll have to take."

He smiled to himself. A woman, like a jet, would straighten up and fly right with a good man at the controls.

Ken's romance with Jeanie went smoothly after that. They danced, they dined, they walked in the rain. They kissed experimentally. They kissed enthusiastically. It was some weeks before he began to notice that their relationship was delicately out of balance. Somehow, he had lost the upper hand. Oh, he telephoned, he made the dates, he held her close—but it was Jeanie who really planned their time. She knew Paris, Indiana, like the back of her hand. Her family had lived here for three generations (a fact Mrs. Andersen never let Ken forget) and Jeanie loved the town. She was one of those rare small-town girls with no yearning for a big city. Ken discovered to his surprise that there was a pizza oven where they could drive in at midnight and stand around watching while their order was baked and served piping hot. She showed him the tennis courts down by the waterworks—he hadn't known they were there. They tramped through the deep wooded ravine behind the city park—its damp banks literally paved with sweet wood violets. He played golf at the country club as her guest.

Ken didn't like it. He'd have preferred showing *her* the town. In his own bailiwick, he couldn't show her the jet base, she wouldn't come to his apartment, the concrete plant lacked atmosphere. She already had a diamond, a stole, a car. She said she worked because she didn't want to be a well-dressed bum. (Ken suspected she did it to get away from Mrs. Andersen and that stifling hilltop house choked with antiques.) He felt the need of a clincher, some sweeping gesture which would establish him as number-one boy. She still dated Dubois.

"What do you see in that guy?" he asked her.

"Mother likes him. He's going to Europe with Uncle Harvey."

"Sucking in with the family. Disgusting."

"You're jealous."

"I want to marry you. I don't want his fingerprints on you—anywhere."

"That's a charming figure of speech!"

"Am I too coarse for you?"

"At times, yes!"

"We can't all be delicate like Dubois. How come he's buddy-buddy with the senator?"

"Uncle Harvey needs an interpreter when he officially accepts the gift of the monument in France."

They kissed experimentally. Then they kissed enthusiastically.

"I thought that statue was just a campaign promise."

"Of course not! We haven't released the story yet but for your information it's going to be a gorgeous granite fountain, a replica of the famous *La Fontaine des Trois Anes*."

"Means nothing to me."

"It's an art masterpiece in the south of France—the Fountain of the Three Donkeys. Dubois says it's thirty feet long and twenty-six feet high with a watering trough across the front."

"Yipe! Where will you put it?"

"It'll be shipped in one hundred and five dovetailing pieces."

"And who's going to dove all those little tails again?"

"The city, of course!"

"Do you have any idea what that'll *cost*?"

"Oh, you always think about money!"

"Money's basic. If you'd ever been broke, you'd know that."

"The city has funds for that sort of thing!"

"What if the taxpayers don't want a fountain? I see very few donkeys watered here."

The blue eyes snapped. "I don't see how you can haggle over a few dollars when Uncle Harvey is going all out to give this town something lovely—a beautiful stone fountain—a permanent monument—why, it'll be a tourist attraction, it'll put Paris on the map, it'll be a national shrine!" Jeanie's face was flushed; her eyes looked bright as beads. "I'll bet reporters will come from all over to cover the dedication. They'll probably put it on network TV—and it wouldn't surprise me if President Eisenhower came himself. We've got a pretty good golf course here!"

Ken blinked. He felt as if he had just nosed out of a cloud bank and caught full view of the astonishing country below. *This is what she wants*, he thought, staring at her. *I couldn't fall in love with an actress, a teacher, a carhop—I had to pick a senator's niece, a monument buff!* A queasy sensation stirred in the pit of his stomach—that crawling uneasiness he used to feel when he briefed his crew for a rough go. This damn thing is going to snowball, he thought. It's going to be bigger than all of us. "Just where are you going to put this white elephant?"

Jeanie's lips were a firm pink line. "This *beautiful memorial* will be erected on a site selected by the city council."

Ken's stomach writhed.

After that they didn't go dancing any more—they went to council meetings. Ken listened to a running three-week debate between the park faction and the courthouse crowd. The courthousers wanted the fountain in the heart of the city. The opposition, led by Jeanie, thought it should be placed in the park. Ken had a vulgar suggestion of his own for what they could do with the monument—but he was bright enough not to mention it. Nevertheless, when he saw that Jeanie's side was losing, Ken—who didn't own a donkey, didn't want the monument, and stood to lose two good concrete customers among the courthouse crowd—got to his feet, his stomach knotting and unknotting, faced the squabbling taxpayers, and made an impassioned plea for the park site.

It would be more beautiful, he said, earnestly looking into the worried faces. It had a wider view, a big grassy approach, unlimited free parking space. They could floodlight the monument at night, make it a tourist attraction. It would be out of the downtown smoke and dirt which might discolor the granite. There would be no periodic washing required—the rain (God-given and unmetered) would do it for them. The area already was blessed with evergreens and the state would maintain the landscaping at no cost to the city. As a clincher, he personally offered to furnish the concrete for the base of the fountain.

That speech would have done credit to Harvey Bell. Ken sat down to applause. Even Mrs. Andersen smiled. Jeanie was looking at him as if he were Napoleon. When they were alone in the car she threw her arms around him and kissed him so hard she knocked his hat off.

"Wow!" He righted himself, happily. "That's the trouble with you sexy civic leaders. No restraint."

She kissed him again. He held on tightly.

"Let's get married, Jeanie. Now."

She snuggled against him. "All right. After the dedication."

Ken's stomach writhed. "What's the dedication got to do with it?"

"I'll be up to my ears! We'll have to have a parade and bands and floats and put up temporary stands near the fountain. Give a state dinner. Invite all the important dignitaries."

"Must we?"

"There'll be invitations to write and programs to print and—"

"This is going to take money!"

"There you go again!"

"I'm the practical type."

"Mother says the Women's Club will raise the money."

"How?"

"You'll see."

Oh, boy. That was the summer of the Projects. The tag day. The bake sale. The bridge party. The style show. The bingo. The raffles. Ken bought tickets, he delivered cakes, he hauled chairs, he donated bridge prizes. *This is a courtship?* he asked himself. He bought chances—chances on a portable TV, chances on a mink stole, chances on lawn furniture, chances on chances. He even blacked his face with burnt cork and performed as an end man in a Women's Club minstrel show. "When that donkey trough is erected," he told Jeanie, "I'll be the first ass in line." By the end of August the Paris Women's Club had eight hundred dollars and Ken Howard had an ulcer.

The monument arrived. Ken and Jeanie drove down to the depot to see the two boxcars containing the sixty-two tons of granite. They watched as a crew of men unloaded the wooden crates into an old storage shed where it would remain until it could be erected in the park. The next day a grass fire in the alley spread to the storeroom and ignited the crates packed with excelsior protecting the granite stone pieces of the fountain. Firemen fought for two hours to save *La Fontaine des Trois Anes*. Some of the crates were charred but the sculptured stones were barely discolored.

Ken munched his crackers and milk thoughtfully. "You don't suppose there's a curse on that damned fountain?"

"There is now."

Gradually, the monument took shape. Every evening Ken and Jeanie went and looked at it. He had to admit it was a good-looking hunk of granite. As the day of dedication neared and the last of the three donkeys was ready to be uncrated and placed, Ken declared a private celebration.

"Just the two of us," he said.

They went to the Elks Club and Ken ordered wine. The waiter brought the bottle in a bucket of ice and set two glasses on the table. "Telephone for Miss Andersen."

Ken watched her walk away from him—a neat little blonde with good legs and a flowing body. To look at her, he thought, you'd never guess her spine is spring steel. He poured himself a drink. He felt good. Only one measly burro between me and that steel, he thought, happily.

Jeanie was gone a long time. She came back fighting tears and downed two glasses of wine before she could bring herself to speak.

"There's a piece missing."

"My God." He didn't need to ask missing from what.

"The third donkey head. It isn't in the shipment. It's lost somewhere. It's probably on some dock in New York."

"We'll put a tracer on it," he promised.

"What if it never left France?" she asked.

"We'll cable Uncle Harvey."

"He's already sailed for home." Jeanie's eyes narrowed. "Dubois is still there. I could ask him to find it!"

"Never mind Dubois." They emptied the bottle. "*I'll* fly over and get it."

"In that little plane of yours? Who do you think you are—Lindbergh? You'll get yourself killed."

"I've died a thousand deaths this summer." Ken covered her hand as her tears threatened to well up again. "They have commercial airlines, Jeanie."

The missing stone was not in New York. Eleven days later (avoiding contact with Dubois) Ken located the sculptured head in a French shipping office where they were using it for a doorstop. It was dusty but intact. He never let it out of his sight again. After some discussion with the airline, he carried the granite piece onto the transatlantic plane himself and held it securely on his lap. When he went downstairs to the cocktail lounge he set the donkey head on the bar. It was a real conversation piece. The man seated on the stool next to Ken was especially interested. They had a few drinks together and then because they never had seen each other before and never would see each other again Ken opened up and told him the whole story. It was a relief to get it off his chest. He didn't know the man was an airlines press agent.

Ken's return landing in New York was a page-one news story from coast to coast complete with pictures of Ken with the donkey head under his arm.

"I'm the one on the left," he pointed out to Jeanie. She burst into tears. "Don't cry, Jeanie; it could be worse."

"How?"

He patted the donkey head. "It could have been the other end."

She crumpled the newspaper. "We're the laughing stock of the whole country!"

"You'll admit I put Paris, Indiana, on the map." He tried to embrace her.

She pushed him away. "I've never been so humiliated in my life!"

"*You're* humiliated?" Ken looked at the rigid arch of her back. The accumulated indignities of the past weeks swelled up inside him, exploding all at once. "How do you think I feel? I've turned myself inside out for you! But do you appreciate it? No! No matter what I do, it's never enough! Never enough! Well—you've got your monument—you can keep it to remember me by!"

He slammed out of her life so fast it's a wonder he didn't leave a vapor trail. He jumped into his car and sped away.

Now it was Jeanie's turn to worry. Gazing at Ken's retreating back, she knew he would not return. This was no casual rift, no temporary break to be mended with a kiss. What was worse, she sensed that his anger was justified. Like most women, surrounded by detail, living in a world of constant small demands, buffeted by a thousand and one petty little-things-to-be-done, Jeanie had lost sight of the main issue. She knew this man had to be the big wheel, the hub of her universe—he was an all-or-nothing type. What she needed now was a clincher, some sweeping gesture to establish him as number-one boy. Luckily, being a woman, she possessed a true feminine instinct for the right gesture. Jeanie began to pack a bag.

Ken drove through town sneering at all the civic improvements on Main Street. The whole town had spruced up for the anticipated 30,000 visitors the chamber of commerce predicted would attend the dedication of the new fountain in the park. The Paris *Daily Times* had painted and pointed up its brick office building. The lot next door was planted with red geraniums. The temporary stands were in place. Brass was polished, trim painted, sidewalks patched. Bright awnings had sprung up everywhere like striped mushrooms. Ken thought it was hideous. He hated every bright, clean, shining, freshly painted square inch of the town. He drove out to his plant and went into the big garage where the enormous red and white Howard Concrete parade float was parked. He kicked at the tires, vowing to himself that he wouldn't even go to the dedication.

It was late when he got back to his apartment. Jeanie was sitting in the hall in front of his door, waiting.

"What do you want?"

She gave him a long look. "You."

"You're a little late," he said.

"Please, Ken, don't say that."

"I gave you every opportunity—"

"Except one. You never let me do anything for *you*, Ken. You always had to be the big man, the dashing flyboy, the conquering hero. A woman needs to give, too. She wants to bestow herself."

She stood up and he noticed that she had been sitting on her suitcase. Ken caught his breath. As she walked into his apartment he could have sworn he heard a faint sound reverberating in the hallway—a gentle metallic twang—like the breaking of a delicate steel spring. He picked up her suitcase and followed her in. Not that I'll let her stay, he thought, with a grin.

He intended to be hard to get.

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

THE SAILCLOTH SHROUD

Her brown eyes burned. "You'd better have some good reason for this, Mr. Rogers," she said firmly.

His life depended on finding the true identity of the man he had buried at sea — and solving the grisly enigma of how the same man could apparently have died three times.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

I was up the mainmast of the *Topaz* in a bosun's chair when the police car drove into the yard, around eleven o'clock Saturday morning. It stopped near the end of the pier at which she was moored, and two men got out. I glanced idly at them and went on with my work, sanding the spar from which the old varnish had been removed. Probably looking for some exuberant type off one of the shrimp boats, I thought. They came on out the pier in the blazing sunlight, however, and halted to look up at me. They wore light suits and straw hats.

"You Stuart Rogers?" one of them asked. He was middle-aged, with a heavy, florid face and expressionless gray eyes.

"That's right," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"Police. We want to talk to you."

"Go ahead."

"You come down."

I shrugged, and shoved the sandpaper into a pocket of my dungarees. Casting off the hitch, I paid out the line and dropped on deck. I stepped onto the pier, stuck a cigarette in my mouth, and offered the pack. They shook their heads.

"My name's Willetts," the heavy one said. "This is my partner, Joe Ramirez."

Ramirez nodded. He was a young man with startling blue eyes in a good-looking Latin face. He appraised the *Topaz* with

admiration. "Nice-looking schooner you got there."

Ketch, I started to say, but let it go. "Thanks. What did you want to see me about?"

"You know a man named Keefer?"

"Sure. Don't tell me he's made the sneezer again?"

Willetts ignored the question. "How well do you know him?"

"About three weeks' worth." I replied. I nodded toward the ketch. "He helped me sail her up from Panama."

"Describe him."

"He's about thirty-eight. Black hair, blue eyes. Five-ten, maybe; 160 or 170 pounds. Has a tattoo on his right arm. Heart, with a girl's name in it. Doreen, Charlene—one of those. Why?"

It was like pouring information into a hole in the ground. You got nothing back, not even a change of expression.

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"Let's see—Thursday night, around midnight."

They exchanged glances. "You better come along with us."

"What for?" I asked.

"Verify an identification, for one thing—"

"Identification?"

"Harbor Patrol fished a stiff out from under Pier 7 this morning. We think it may be your friend Keefer."

"You mean he's drowned?"

"No," he said curtly. "Somebody knocked his head in."

"Oh." I said. I stared blankly. Keefer was no prize, and I hadn't particularly liked him, but— It was hard to grasp. "Who did it?"

Willetts gestured wearily. "He didn't say. Come on."

They followed me below and waited while I took a shower and changed. I snapped the padlock on the companion hatch, and we went up to the car. Ramirez drove. The old watchman looked up curiously as we went out the gate. Willetts hitched around on the front seat. "You picked him up in Panama, is that it?"

I lighted a cigarette, and nodded. "He'd missed his ship in Cristobal, and wanted a ride back to the States."

"Why didn't he fly back?"

"He was broke."

"Broke?" They looked at each other. "What did you pay him?"

"Hundred dollars. Why?"

Willetts made no reply. The car shot across the railroad tracks and into the warehouse and industrial area along the waterfront. "I don't get it," I said. "Wasn't there any identification on this body?"

"No. Stripped clean."

"Then what makes you think it might be Keefer?"

"Couple of things," Willetts said. "What else do you know about him?"

"His full name's Francis L. Keefer, but he was usually known as Blackie. I gathered his home port was Philadelphia. He was on an intercoastal freighter, bound for San Pedro; went ashore in Cristobal, got a heat on, and wound up in jail. The ship sailed, with all his gear on it. When he got out, he heard I was looking for a deckhand, and braced me for the job."

"And there were just you three? You and Keefer, and the guy that died at sea. What was his name?"

"Baxter," I said.

"Did you and Keefer have any trouble?"

"No."

The pale eyes fixed on my face, as expressionless as marbles. "None at all? From the newspaper story, it was a pretty rugged trip."

"It was no picnic," I said.

The car paused briefly for a traffic light, and turned, weaving through the downtown traffic. In a few minutes it slid down a ramp into a basement garage where several patrol cars and an ambulance were parked. We got out. Willetts led the way down a dingy corridor. Inside a doorway at the far end was a bleak room of concrete and calcimine and unshaded light. On either side were the vaults that were the grisly filing cabinets of a city's unclaimed and anonymous dead. An old man in a white smock pulled the drawer out on its rollers. The body was covered with a sheet. Ramirez took a corner of it in his hand, and glanced at me. "If you had any breakfast, hang onto it."

He pulled it back. I swallowed, turned away, and then forced myself to look again. It was Blackie, all right. There was little doubt of it, in spite of the wreckage of his face. On one forearm was the blue outline of a valentine heart with the name "*Darlene*" written slantingly across it in red script. "Well?" Willetts asked. I nodded.

"Okay. Let's go upstairs."

It was on the third floor, a long room containing several desks and a battery of steel filing cabinets. Most of the rear wall was taken up with a duty roster and some bulletin boards festooned with typewritten notices and circulars. A pair of half-open windows on the right looked out over the street. One man in shirt sleeves was typing a report at a desk; he glanced up incuriously. Traffic noise filtered up from the street to mingle with the lifeless air and its stale smells of old dust and cigar smoke and sweaty authority accumulated over the years and a thousand past investigations. Willetts nodded to a chair before one of the vacant desks. I sat down. "Joe, tell the Lieutenant we're here," he said to Ramirez.

Ramirez crossed to a frosted glass door at the other end of the room and went inside. Willetts tossed his hat on one of the filing cabinets, loosened the collar of his shirt, and sat down back of the desk. The room was stifling, and I could feel sweat beading my face. I wished I could stop seeing Keefer. "Why did they beat him that way?" I asked.

Willetts puts a cigarette in his mouth, and popped a match with his thumbnail. "We don't know. But suppose I ask the questions, huh?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Who you are, to begin with. What you're doing here. And how you happened to be sailing that boat up from Panama."

"I bought her in the Canal Zone," I said. I took out my wallet and flipped identification onto the desk—Florida driver's license, FCC license verification card, membership in the Miami Chamber of Commerce, and the usual credit cards. "I own the schooner *Orion*. She berths at the City Yacht Basin in Miami, and makes charter cruises through the Bahamas—"

"So why'd you buy another one?"

"Speculation. Summer's the slow season, and the *Orion*'s tied up. I heard about this deal on the *Topaz* through a yacht broker who's a friend of mine. Some oil-rich kids bought her a couple of months ago and took off for Tahiti without bothering to find out if they could sail a boat across Biscayne Bay. With a little luck they made it as far as the Canal before they gave up and flew back. I knew she'd bring twice the asking price back in the States, so I made arrangements for a loan, flew down, looked her over, and bought her."

"Why'd you bring her over here, instead of Florida?"

"Better chance of a sale. Miami's always flooded with boats."

"And you hired Keefer, and this man Baxter, to help you?"

"That's right. But four days out of Cristobal, Baxter died of a heart attack—"

"I read the story in the paper," Willetts grunted. "Let's get to Keefer. I want to know where he got all his money."

I looked at him. "Money? He didn't—"

"Yeah, I know." Willetts cut in. "That's what you keep saying. You picked him up off the beach in Panama with his tail hanging out. Listen, Rogers—when they pulled Keefer out of the bay, he was wearing a new suit that cost one hundred and seventy-five dollars. For the past four days he'd been driving a rented Thunderbird, and living at the Warwick Hotel, which is no skid-row flop, believe me. And he's still the richest stiff in the icebox. They're holding an envelope for him in the Warwick safe with twenty-eight hundred dollars in it. Now you tell me."

I stared. "I don't get it. Are you sure of all this?"

"We are. Where do you think we first

THE SAILCLOTH SHROUD (continued)

got a lead on the identification? We got a body, with no name. Traffic's got a wrinkled Thunderbird with rental plates somebody ditched after laying a block on a fire hydrant with it, and a complaint sworn out by the Willard Rental Agency. The Willard manager's got a description, and a local address at the Warwick Hotel, and a name. Only this Francis Keefer they're all trying to locate hasn't been in his room since Thursday, and he sounds a lot like the stiff we're trying to identify. He'd been tossing big tips around the Warwick, and told one of the bellhops he'd just sailed up from Panama in a private yacht, and then somebody remembered the story in Wednesday's *Telegram*. So we look you up, among other things, and you give us this song and dance he was just a merchant seaman, and broke. Now, Keefer lied to you, or you're trying to con me. And if you are, God help you."

It made no sense at all. "Maybe he had a savings account somewhere. I'll admit it doesn't sound much like Keefer—"

"Listen. You docked her Monday afternoon. Tuesday morning you were both in the United States Marshal's office on that Baxter business, so it was that afternoon before you paid him off. What time did he finally leave the boat?"

"Three. Maybe a little later."

"Right. If he'd sent somewhere for that much money, it would have come through a bank. And they were closed by then. But when he checked in at the Warwick, a little after four, *he had the money with him.* In cash."

"It throws me," I said helplessly.

"Could he have had it aboard without you knowing it?"

"Yes. Naturally, I didn't search his wallet. But I doubt he did, for several reasons. When I ran into him, he didn't have the price of a drink, and he needed one. In fact, I had to advance him twenty dollars to buy some dungarees and gear for the trip."

"That's great," Willetts said. "So he left there flat broke, and got here with around four thousand. I can see I'm in the wrong racket. How much did you have aboard?"

"About six hundred."

"Then he must have clouted it from Baxter."

I shook my head. "When Baxter died, I made an inventory of his personal effects, and entered it in the log. He had one hundred and seventy dollars in his wallet. I turned it over to the United States Marshal."

"Maybe Keefer beat you to it."

"Baxter couldn't have had that kind of money," I said. "He was down on his luck, and sailing back to save plane fare."

Before he could reply, Ramirez came out of the Lieutenant's office. He beckoned, and the two of them conversed in low tones for a minute at the other end of the room. I lighted a cigarette, and tried to make sense of it. They seemed to know what they were talking about, so it must be true. And if you knew Keefer, it was in character—the big splash, the free-wheeling binge, a thirty-eight-year-old adolescent with an unexpected fortune. But where had he got it?

The two detectives came back to the desk. "All right," Willetts said. "You saw him Thursday night. Where? And when?"

"Waterfront joint called the Domino," I said. "Near the boatyard. The time was around eleven-thirty. I'd been uptown to a movie, and stopped in for a beer before going aboard. He was there with some girl he'd picked up."

"Anybody else with him?"

"No, just the girl. They were in a booth. I went over and spoke to him. He seemed about half drunk, and they were arguing."

"What was her name?"

"He didn't introduce us. But I think the bartender knew her. Anyway, I went back to the bar. About ten minutes later she got up, bawled him out, and left. Keefer came over to the bar then, and we talked for a while. I asked him if he'd registered at the hiring hall for a job yet, and he said he had but shipping was slow. He wanted to know if I'd had any offers for the *Topaz*, and when the yard was going to be through with her."

We couldn't go on with a dead man aboard. I sewed him in the sail and threw him over. I couldn't remember the sea-burial prayers.

"Was Keefer flashing a lot of money around?"

"Not unless it was before I got there. We had a drink, but I wouldn't let him pay, thinking he must be about broke. I tried to get him to eat something; there's a lunch counter in the rear, and I ordered him a hamburger and a cup of coffee. He did drink the coffee—"

"Hold it!" Willetts broke in. "Did he eat any of the hamburger?"

"About two bites. Why?"

They ignored me. Willetts took a report of some kind from his desk and studied it, frowning. "You and Keefer leave together?"

"No. He left first. I was afraid he'd pass out somewhere, so I tried to get him to let me call a cab. He didn't want one, and when I insisted, he started to get nasty. He went out. I left about ten minutes later. I didn't see him anywhere on the street."

"That was about twelve? And you went right aboard the boat, and didn't go out of the yard again?"

"That's right," I said.

He nodded. "Give Joe the key."

"What for?"

The eyes grew cold. "This is a murder investigation, friend. You want to do it easy or hard?"

I shrugged, and handed over the key. Ramirez went out, along with the man who had been typing. Willetts pulled out some more papers and studied them. "How much longer is this going to take?" I asked. There were a dozen jobs awaiting me aboard the *Topaz*.

He glanced up briefly. "You in a hurry?"

I thought of Keefer's savagely mutilated face. "No," I said.

I lighted another cigarette. Somewhere in the city a whistle sounded. It was noon. Two detectives came in with a young girl who was crying. I could hear them questioning her at the other end of the room. Willetts shoved the papers aside and leaned back in his chair. "Did Keefer and Baxter know each other before they shipped out with you?"

"No," I said.

"You sure?"

"I introduced them."

"Which one did you hire first?"

"Keefer. I didn't even meet Baxter until the night before we sailed. But what's that got to do with Keefer's being killed?"

"I don't know." He frowned thoughtfully. "I still don't get this deal you couldn't make it ashore with Baxter's body."

I sighed. Another Monday-morning quarterback. It wasn't enough to have the Coast Guard looking down your throat; you had to be second-guessed by jokers who wouldn't know a starboard tack from a reef point. "The whole thing's a matter of record," I said wearily. "There was a hearing—" I broke off as the phone rang on an adjoining desk. Willetts reached for it.

"Homicide, Willetts. Yeah. Nothing at all? Yeah . . ." He listened for a moment. "Okay, Joe. Come on in."

He hung up, and swung back to me. "The yard watchman's got your key. Let's go in and see Lieutenant Boyd."

The room beyond the frosted glass door contained a single desk. The shirt-sleeved man behind it was in his middle thirties, with massive shoulders, an air of tough assurance, and a probing gaze that was neither friendly nor unfriendly. "This is Rogers." Willetts said. Boyd stood up and held out his hand. "I read about you," he said.

We sat down. Boyd lighted a cigarette and spoke to Willetts. "What've you got so far?"

"Positive identification by Rogers, and the manager of the car rental place. Also that bellhop from the Warwick. So Keefer's all one man. But nobody's got any idea where he found all that money." He went on, repeating all I'd told him.

"How does his story check out?" Boyd asked.

"Seems to be okay. Night bartender in the Domino remembers them. He's certain Keefer left there about the time Rogers says. Keefer got pretty foul-mouthed about not wanting the taxi, so he told him to shut up or get out. The watchman at the boatyard says Rogers was back there at five minutes past twelve, and didn't go out again. That piece of hamburger Keefer ate jibes with the autopsy report of what was in his stomach, and puts the time he was killed at around two in the morning."

Boyd nodded. "And you think Keefer had the Thunderbird parked outside the joint?"

"Looks that way," Willetts conceded.

"It would make sense; so Rogers must be leveling about the money. Keefer didn't want him to see the car and start getting curious. Where was it the patrol car found it?"

"Three-hundred block on Armory, about 12:30 A.M. It'd apparently jumped the curb, sideswiped a fireplug, pulled back into the street again, and gone on another fifty yards before it jammed into the curb again, and stopped. Might have been just a drunken accident, but I don't buy it. I think he was forced to the curb by another car. There wasn't a mark on his hands, though, so he didn't hit anybody. That sounds like professional muscle to me."

"Anything on the boat?"

"No. Joe says it's clean. No money, no weapon, nothing. Doesn't mean anything, necessarily."

"No. But we've got nothing to hold Rogers for."

"How about till we can check him with Miami?"

"No," Boyd said crisply.

Willetts savagely stubbed out his cigarette. "But, dammit, Jim, something stinks in this deal—"

"Save it! You can't book a smell."

"Take a good look at it! Three men leave Panama in a boat with about eight thousand dollars between 'em. One disappears in the middle of the ocean, and another one comes ashore with four thousand dollars, and four days later *he's* dead—"

"Hold it!" I broke in. "Nobody's 'disappeared,' as you call it. Baxter died of a heart attack—"

"On your evidence. And one witness, who's just been murdered."

"Cut it out!" the Lieutenant barked. He jerked an impatient hand at Willetts. "For God's sake, we've got no jurisdiction in the Caribbean Sea. Baxter's death was investigated by the proper authorities, and if they're satisfied, we are. Now get somebody to run Rogers back to his boat. If we need him again, we can pick him up."

I stood up. "Thanks. I'll be around for another week, at least."

"Right." Boyd said. The telephone rang on his desk as we went out. Just before we reached the corridor outside, we were halted by his voice behind us. "Wait a minute! Hold everything!"

We turned. He had his head out the door of his office. "Bring Rogers back here a minute." We went back. He was on the telephone. "Yeah. He's still here. Right."

He replaced the instrument and nodded to me. "You might as well park it again. That was the FBI."

I looked at him, puzzled. "What do they want?"

"You mean they ever tell anybody? They just said to hold you till they could get a man over here."

Special Agent Soames was thirtyish and crew-cut, but anything boyish about him was superficial; he had a cool and very deadly eye. We went down the air-conditioned corridor of the Federal Building. He opened a frosted glass door and stood aside for me to enter. Inside was an anteroom where a trim, gray-haired woman in a linen suit was typing at a desk that held a telephone and a switchbox for routing calls. Soames looked at his watch, wrote something in a book on a small desk near the door, and preceded me down a hallway to an inner office. It was small and cool, with light green walls, gray linoleum, and one window, across which were tilted the white slats of a Venetian blind. There was a single desk, with an armchair in front of it. He nodded toward it, and held out cigarettes. "Sit down, please. I'll be right back."

I fired up the cigarette. "I don't get it." I said. "Why is the FBI interested in Keefer?"

"Keefer?" He paused in the doorway. "Oh, that's the local police."

I stared blankly after him. If they

weren't interested in Keefer, what *did* they want? He returned in a moment carrying a Manila folder. He sat down and began emptying it of its contents: the *Topaz*' logbook, the notarized statement regarding Baxter's death, and the inventory of his personal effects. "I suppose you're familiar with all this?" he asked, without looking up.

"Yes, of course," I said. "But how'd it get over here? And just what is it you want?"

"We're interested in Wendell Baxter." Soames lighted a cigarette, and picked up the statement. "I haven't had much chance to digest this, or your log, so I'd like to check the facts with you just briefly, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," I replied. "But I thought the whole thing was closed. The Marshal's office—"

"Oh, yes," he assured me. "It's just that they've run into a little difficulty locating his next of kin, and asked us to help."

"I see."

He went on crisply. "You're owner and captain of the forty-foot ketch *Topaz*, which you bought in Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, on May twenty-seven of this year. That's correct?"

"Right."

"You sailed from Cristobal on June one, bound for Southport, Texas, accompanied by two other men you engaged as deckhands for the trip. One was Francis L. Keefer, a merchant seaman, possessing valid A.B. and Lifeboat certificates as per indicated numbers, American national, born in Buffalo, New York, September 12, 1920, etc., etc. The other was Wendell Baxter, occupation or profession unspecified but believed to be of a clerical nature, not possessed of seaman's papers of any kind but obviously familiar with the sea and well-versed in the handling of small sailing craft such as yachts, home address San Francisco, California. Four days out of Cristobal, on June five, Baxter collapsed on deck at approximately 3:30 P.M., and died about twenty minutes later. There was nothing you could do to help him. You could find no medicine in his suitcase, the boat's medicine chest contained nothing but the usual first-aid supplies, and you were several hundred miles from the nearest doctor."

"If I never feel that helpless again," I said, "it'll be all right with me."

Soames nodded. "Your position at the time was sixteen-ten North, eighty-one-forty West. Some four hundred miles from the Canal, and approximately a hundred miles off the coast of Honduras. It was obvious you were at least another six days from the nearest Stateside port, so you put about immediately to return to the Canal Zone with his body, but in three days you saw you were never going to get there in time. Correct?"

"In three days we made eighty-five miles," I said. "And down in the cabin where his body was, the temperature ran about ninety degrees."

"You couldn't have gone into some port in Honduras?"

I gestured impatiently. "This has all been threshed out with the Coast Guard. I wasn't cleared for any foreign port. We'd have been slapped in quarantine. And fined."

"And you had bad luck, from the moment you turned back?"

"Look," I said hotly, "we tried. We tried till we couldn't stand it any longer. Do you think I wanted the responsibility of burying him at sea? In the first place, it wasn't going to be easy facing his family. And if we couldn't bring the body ashore for an autopsy, there'd have to be a hearing of some kind to find out what he died of. That's the reason for all that detailed report on the symptoms of attack."

He nodded. "It's quite thorough. Apparently the doctor who reviewed it had no difficulty in diagnosing the seizure as definitely some form of heart attack, and probably a coronary thrombosis. But precisely what happened?"

"The weather turned sour. We blew out the mains'l in a squall, before we could get it in. There was no spare aboard. I managed to patch it up after a fashion, using material out of an old stays'l, but it took two days, and then the wind died altogether. We ran on the auxiliary till we used up all the gasoline; Keefer kept moaning and griping for us to get rid of him, said he couldn't sleep in the cabin with a dead man. Neither of us could face the thought of trying to prepare any food with him lying there. We finally moved out on deck altogether.

"By Sunday, June eighth, I knew I had to do it. I sewed him in what was left of the stays'l, with the sounding lead at his feet. It was probably an all-time low in funerals. I couldn't remember more than half a dozen words of the sea-burial service, and there was no Bible aboard. We did shave and put on shirts, and that was about it. We buried him at one P.M. The position's in the log. The weather improved the next day, and we came on here and arrived on the sixteenth. I turned his gear over to the Marshal's office, along with the report. But I don't understand why they couldn't locate some of his family; his address is right there. Fourteen-twenty-six Roland Avenue, San Francisco."

"Unfortunately," Soames replied, "there is no Roland Avenue in San Francisco."

"Oh," I said.

"So we hoped you'd be able to help."

I frowned, beginning to feel uneasy. For some reason I was standing at the rail again on that day of oily calm and blistering tropic sun, watching the body in its sailcloth shroud as it sank beneath the surface and began its long slide into the abyss. "That's great," I said. "I don't know anything about him either."

"In four days, he must have told you *something* about himself."

"You could repeat it all in thirty seconds. He told me he was an American, from California. He'd come down to the Canal Zone on some job that had folded up after a couple of months, and he'd like to save the plane fare back to the States by sailing up with me."

"He didn't mention the name of any firm, or government agency?"

"No."

"Did he say anything at all during the heart attack?"

"No. I think he tried to, but couldn't get his breath."

Soames' eyes were thoughtful. "Would you describe him?"

"I'd say he was around fifty. About my height, six-one. But very slender. Brown eyes, short brown hair with a good deal of gray in it. Thin face, high forehead, good nose, very quiet and soft-spoken—when he said anything at all. Not surly; just reserved."

"What about his speech?"

"He was obviously well educated."

"Any trace of a foreign accent? I don't mean low comedy—"

"No," I said. "It was American."

"I see." Soames tapped on the desk with a pencil. "Your report says he was an experienced sailor, but you don't think he'd ever been a merchant seaman, so you must have wondered about it."

"Yes. I think definitely he'd owned and sailed boats of his own. He was a blue-water sailor right down to his sneakers."

"Did he ever use a term that might indicate he could have been an ex-naval officer? Service slang of any kind?"

"Not that I can recall at the moment. But nearly everything about him would fit. And they teach midshipmen to sail at the Academy."

"You didn't have a camera aboard, I take it?"

I said I hadn't.

"What about fingerprints? Can you think of any place aboard we might raise a few?"

"I doubt it," I said. "It's been sixteen days."

Soames stood up. "Well, we'll just have to try to locate somebody in the Zone who knew him. Thank you, Mr. Rogers. We may be in touch with you later, and I'd appreciate it if you'd make a note of anything else you might recall."

"I'll be glad to." I said. "I don't understand, though, why he would give me a fake address. Do you suppose the name was phony too?"

Soames' expression was polite, but it indicated clearly that the conversation

was over. "We really don't know," he said.

I caught a taxi and went back to the Harley boatyard, but even after I'd changed into work clothes and resumed sanding where I'd left off I couldn't get Baxter out of my mind. Why had he lied about his address? Who was he? And where had Keefer got that money? From him? And who had beaten Keefer to death, and why? I shook my head and tried to forget the whole mess in the sheer pleasure of working on a boat.

I looked forward and aft below me. Another four or five days should do it. She'd already been hauled, scraped, and painted with anti-fouling. Her topsides were a glistening white. The spars and other brightwork had been taken down to the wood, and when I finished sanding this one I could put on the first coat of varnish. Overhaul the tracks and slides, reeve new main and mizzen halliards, give the deck a coat of gray non-skid, and that would be it. The new mains'l should be here by Tuesday, and the yard ought to have the refrigerator overhauled and back aboard by then. Maybe I'd better jump them about it again on Monday morning.

I could start the newspaper ad about Wednesday. She shouldn't be around long at fifteen thousand dollars, not the way she was designed and built. If I still hadn't sold her in ten days, I'd turn her over to a yacht broker at an asking price of twenty, and go back to Miami. The new mains'l had hurt, and I hadn't counted on having to rebuild the reefer, but I'd still be home for less than nine thousand—

"Mr. Rogers!"

I looked around. It was the watchman, calling to me from the end of the pier, and I noticed with surprise it was the four-to-midnight man. Otto Johns. I'd been oblivious to the passage of time.

"Telephone," he called. "Long distance from New York."

Must be some mistake, I thought, but I slid down and walked out to the gate. Johns set the instrument on the window ledge of the watchman's shanty.

I picked it up. "Hello. Rogers speaking."

It was a woman's voice. "Is this the Mr. Rogers who owns the yacht *Topaz*?"

"That's right."

"Good." There was relief in her voice. Then she went on softly, "Mr. Rogers, I'm worried. I haven't heard from him yet."

"From whom?" I asked blankly.

"Oh, I *am* sorry. It's just that I'm so upset. This is Paula Stafford."

It was evident the name was supposed to explain everything. "I don't understand," I said. "What is it you want?"

"He *did* tell you about me, didn't he?"

I sighed. "Miss Stafford, I don't know what you're talking about—"

"All right," she broke in, "perhaps you're right not to take chances. Fortunately, I already have plane reservations. I'll arrive two-thirty A.M., and will be at the Warwick Hotel. Please meet me there as soon as I check in." She hung up.

I shrugged, replaced the instrument, and lighted a cigarette. There was a weird one.

"Too bad about that Keefer fella," Johns said. He was a gaunt, white-haired man with ice-blue eyes. He leaned on the window ledge and began stoking a caked and smelly pipe. "Did I tell you he was here lookin' for you the other night?"

"He was? When was this?"

"Uh—Thursday. Same night he was killed. About seven, right after you went ashore."

I frowned. It was odd Blackie hadn't mentioned it when I'd run into him at the Domino. "Did he say what he wanted?"

"Said he forgot his razor when he was paid off. I said he'd have to see you about that, wasn't nobody allowed aboard unless you was there. He got mad and left."

"Oh." I said. "The companion hatch was locked; he couldn't have got aboard anyway. He should have known that."

It was too late to work any more. I showered, shaved, and changed into clean slacks and a fresh sport shirt. As I was putting away the shaving gear, I thought of Keefer. It was odd he'd come clear back out here just to pick up the cheap shaving kit he'd bought in Panama. Or had he? Maybe he *was* a thief, and that was just an excuse to get aboard. I yanked open the drawer under the bunk he'd occupied. There it was, the plastic case containing a safety razor and a pack of blades. My apologies, Blackie.

I went up the companion ladder. Dusk was thickening among the buildings of the yard, and with the slight breeze blowing in from the gulf it was cooler now. I sat down in the cockpit, took out a cigarette, and then paused as I started to flip the lighter.

Paula Stafford . . .

Wasn't there something familiar about the name? Then it was gone. Just imagination, I thought. I fired up the cigarette and inhaled, but the nagging idea persisted. Maybe Keefer had mentioned her during the trip. Or Baxter.

Baxter . . . For some reason, I was conscious again of that strange sensation of unease I had felt in the office of the FBI. Merely by turning my head I could look along the port side of the deck, between mizzen and main, where I had stood that day with head bared to the brazen heat of the sun and watched the body as it faded slowly and disappeared, falling into the depths and the crushing pressures and eternal darkness two miles below. What was it that bothered me? The fact that I'd failed to bring his body ashore, and that now he might never be identified?

I'm getting morbid, I thought. I flipped the cigarette overboard, locked the hatch, and walked up to the gate. Johns looked up from his magazine. "Goin' out for supper?"

"Yes," I said. "I thought I'd run uptown tonight."

I crossed the tracks in the gathering darkness. The bus stop was a block ahead and two blocks to the right. It was a district of warehouses and heavy industry, deserted now and poorly lighted. I turned right at the corner and was halfway up the next block, before a shadowy junk yard, when a car turned into the street behind me, splashing me for an instant with its lights. It swerved to the curb and stopped. "Hey, you," a voice growled. I turned, and looked into the dark muzzle of an automatic projecting from the front window. Above it was an impression of a hat brim and a brutal outcropping of jaw. "Get in."

Behind me was the high, impassable fence of the junk yard. I looked at the miles of nothing between me and the corner. The gun muzzle was unwavering. The rear door opened. Hands reached out of the darkness inside, and yanked. I fell inward and light exploded just back of my eyes.

My head was filled with a ground swell of pain; it pressed against my skull in waves of orange, and when I opened my eyes the orange gave way to a searing white that made me shudder and close them again. I was conscious of a retching sound and of the sensation of strangling. "Throw some water on him," a bored voice commanded. "He stinks."

Footsteps went away and came back. Water caught me in the face, forcing my head back and running up my nostrils. I choked. I opened my eyes again. The light burned into them. I reached for it to push it away, but couldn't touch it. Somewhere in the darkness beyond my own little cosmos of light and pain and the smell of vomit, the voice said, "Can you hear me, Rogers?"

I tried to say something, but only retched again. More water slammed me in the face. When it had run out of my nose and mouth I tried again. This time I was able to form words. They were short words, and very old ones.

"Rogers, I'm talking to you," the voice said. "Where did you put Baxter ashore?"

"Baxter?" I put a hand up over my eyes to shield them from the light. "Ashore?"

"He couldn't be that stupid." This seemed to be a different voice—tough, with a rasping inflection. "Let me belt him one."

"Not yet." This was the first one again. It was incisive, used to commanding, a voice with four stripes.

THE SAILCLOTH SHROUD (continued)

A random phrase, torn from some lost context, boiled up through the pain and confusion of my thought: *professional muscle.* Willetts had said it: *Sounds like professional muscle to me . . .*

"Rogers, where did you land him? Mexico? Honduras?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"We're talking about Wendell Baxter. Where is he?"

"He's dead," I said. "He died of a heart attack."

"And you buried him at sea. Save it, Rogers; we read the papers."

My head was beginning to clear. I had no idea where I was, but I knew I was sitting on a wooden floor with my back propped against a wall and the glare in my eyes was a flashlight held by someone standing over me. I looked under it and could see gray-trousered legs and expensive brogues. To my right was another pair of shoes, enormous ones. I looked to the left and saw one more pair. These were big and black, and the right one was slit along the welt as if the wearer had a corn. In my groggy state I fastened on details like that as if I were a baby seeing the world for the first time. Water ran out of my hair and clothing, and when I licked my lips I realized it was salt. We must be on a pier, or aboard a boat.

"Where was Baxter headed?"

"He's dead. For God's sake, why would I lie about it?"

"Because he paid you."

A little chill ran up my spine as I began to understand. "Listen—"

"Shut up till I'm finished. He should have had better sense than to trust a stupid clown like Keefer. The night before you sailed from Panama he was down to his last dollar, mooching drinks in a waterfront bar. When you arrived here sixteen days later he moved into the most expensive hotel in town and started throwing money around like Farouk. He had a big roll in the hotel safe and over six hundred dollars in his wallet when his luck ran out. Call it four grand; so you must have got ten anyway. It was your boat. Where is he now?"

"Dead—"

"Prime him once."

A big arm swung down and the open hand rocked my face around. I tried to get to my feet; another hand grabbed the front of my shirt and hauled. I swayed, trying to swing at the dark bulk in front of me. A fist like a concrete block slugged me in the stomach. I dropped.

"Where's Baxter?"

I fought to get my breath. "Listen—didn't he ever have a heart attack before?" I gasped.

"No," said the voice.

"Is Baxter his right name?"

"Never mind. What'd you do with him?"

"Why are you so sure the man with me was the one you're looking for?" I asked.

"He was seen in Panama."

"It could still be a mistake."

"Take a look." A hand extended into the cone of light, holding a photograph. It was a snapshot of a man at the topside controls of a sport fisherman. It was Baxter. But it was the rest of the photo that caught my attention—the boat itself, and the background. There was something very familiar about the latter.

"Okay, Rogers, what about it?" the voice asked coldly.

"It's Baxter." Lying was futile. "But I tell you—"

"We've wasted enough time with him!" This was the tough voice again.

I tried to estimate the distance to the flashlight, and gathered myself. It was hopeless, but I had to do something. I shot up just before the hands reached me, pushing myself off the wall and lunging toward the light. A hand caught my shirt. It tore. I hit the light, and it fell and rolled, splashing its beam along the opposite wall. There was an open doorway, and beyond it a pair of mooring bitts, and the dark outline of a barge. I lunged toward it. Something smashed against the side of my head, and I started to fall. I hit the door frame, pushed off it, and wheeled, somehow still on my feet, and I was in the open. Stars shone overhead. I tried to turn, to run along the pier. One of them hit me from behind with a tackle. Our momentum carried us outward toward the edge. My legs struck one of the mooring lines of

Keefer moved the skiff noiselessly toward his goal—the Topaz—and the money hidden there.

the barge and I fell between it and the pier. Water closed over me. I started to swim, and came up against solid steel. I was against the side of the barge. I pushed off it and brushed barnacles that cut my arm. It was one of the pilings. I came up.

"Bring the light!" a man was yelling above me. Apparently he'd caught th mooring line and saved himself from falling. I heard footsteps running. They'd be able to see me unless I got back further under the pier, but the tide was pushing me out. It was too strong to swim against. Light burst on the water. "There he is!"

I took a deep breath and went under, and immediately I was against the steel plates of the barge again. I swam straight down. My ears began to hurt, so I knew I was below twelve feet when the plates bent inward around the turn of the bilge and there was only emptiness below me. The current carried me under. I felt the back of my head scrape along the bottom plates. Then there was mud under my hands. For a moment I almost panicked. Suppose I couldn't get through? But there was no way to go back, not against the tide. I kicked ahead. My knees were in mud now.

Then there was only water below me, and I was going faster. I passed the turn of the bilge and shot upward. My head broke surface and I inhaled deeply—once, twice, and then I went under again just as the light burst across the water off to my left. I kicked hard, going with the tide. When I surfaced again I was fifty yards away and they were still swinging the light around and cursing. When I'd gone about a quarter mile I swam toward the beach until I could get my feet on the bottom, and waited. After a while I saw the light go shoreward along the pier and heard a car start up. I waded ashore and squeezed some of the water out of my clothes. Far to the eastward the city's lights were reflected against the sky. I started walking.

"Where is it?" Willetts asked. "Can you describe the place?"

"It's eight or ten miles west of town," I said. "I must have walked three before I flagged that patrol car. Wooden pier. The buildings ashore apparently burned down years ago."

He nodded. "Sounds like the old Bowen sugar mill. We'll run out and have a look after we take you back to your boat."

It was after 11 P.M., and we were in the detective squad room at headquarters. The two policemen who'd picked me up had taken me to County Hospital, where a bored intern checked me over and said I had a bad bruise on the back of my head but no fracture. Willetts and Ramirez had been off duty, of course, but they'd come in. "You never did see their faces?" Willetts asked.

"No. They kept that light in my eyes all the time."

"They give you any idea at all why they're after Baxter?"

"No."

"Or who he really is?"

"Who he really *was*," I said. "And the answer is no."

"But you think he might be from Miami?"

"That picture was taken on Biscayne Bay. I'm positive of it."

He leaned across the desk. "Look, Rogers. This is just a piece of advice from somebody who's in the business. If you know anything about this you're not telling, you better start spilling it before you wind up with fish swimming through you."

"I don't know a thing I haven't told you," I said wearily.

"Okay. We'll have to take your word for it. But I can smell these goons. They're pros, and I don't think they're local."

I shivered. Maybe it was the wet clothes.

"The thing I don't get is what he was doing on your boat in the first place. Keefer must have stolen that money from him; so if he was on the lam from a bunch of hoodlums and had four thousand in cash, why would he try to get away on a boat that probably makes five miles an hour, downhill? Me, I'd take something faster."

It was well after midnight when they let me out in front of the boatyard. I glanced nervously along the waterfront with its shadows and gloomy piers. There was nobody in sight except the old watchman reading a magazine in his hot pool of light. I went on through the yard. As I stepped aboard the *Topaz* I reached in my pocket for the key. Then I saw I wasn't going to need it.

They'd cut off the hasp with bolt cutters. I looked down into the dark interior of the cabin, feeling the hair rise along the back of my neck. There was no sound. I moved softly to one side, reached down, and flipped on the light. Nothing happened. I peered in. The whole cabin looked as if it had been stirred with a giant spoon.

I stared at it in mounting rage, grabbed a flashlight, and ran back on deck. Playing the beam over the outboard side, I found it immediately, a small dent in the white topsides with a smear of green paint in it. Skiff. I thought; it had bumped as it came alongside. But what were they looking for? I was straightening up when I saw something else. There was another dent, about six feet forward of this one. What the hell—had they come alongside at twenty knots and ricocheted? No, there was a smear of yellow paint in this one. *Two boats?* That made no sense at all.

Well, it didn't matter. The point was they'd been here, and they could come back. I'd better move to a hotel. I straightened up the mess; so far as I could tell, nothing was missing. After changing into dry clothes, I packed a bag with the rest of my gear, and went up to the gate. The old man was shocked and apologetic. "It's all right," I said. "Better call the police and report it. And when the foreman comes in, tell him to put a new hasp and padlock on that hatch."

I watched the empty streets from the window of the cab, but could see no one following us. The Bolton Hotel was in the heart of the downtown district, near the Warwick. I got a room, put the chain on the door, and lay down on the bed with a cigarette. Who was Baxter? There must be some clue, I thought. We lived together on a small boat for four days; even a man as uncommunicative as he was would have said something that would give me a lead. Think back.

The first time I ever saw him was the night of May 31. . . .

It had rained during the afternoon, but it was clear now, and the hot stars of the tropic latitudes were ablaze across the sky. *Topaz* was moored stern-to at a low wooden wharf with her anchor out ahead, shadowy in the faint illumination from the street lamp a half block away. It was 8 P.M. Keefer had gone off to a bar with what he had left of the twenty.

I checked the mooring lines and went below to catalogue and stow the charts I'd bought. They were on the settee in the after end of the cabin, across from the bottled-gas stove and sink and wooden refrigerator of the galley. I pulled down the folding chart table.

Switching on the light above it, I began checking the charts off against my list. It was hot and very still, and sweat dripped off my face. I was lighting a cigarette when a voice called out quietly from ashore. "Ahoy, aboard the *Topaz*."

I stuck my head out the hatch. The shadowy figure on the wharf was tall but indistinct in the faint light. But he'd sounded American, and judging from the way he'd hailed he could be off one of the other yachts. "Come on aboard," I sang out.

I stepped back, and he came into view down the ladder—tan brogues first, followed by long legs in gray flannel slacks, and at last a brown tweed jacket. It was an odd way to be dressed in Panama. I thought. His face appeared, and he stood at the foot of the ladder with his head inclined a little because of his height. It was a slender, well-made face, with the stamp of quietness and intelligence and good manners on it. "Mr. Rogers?" he asked. I nodded.

"My name is Wendell Baxter."

We shook hands. "Welcome aboard," I said.

"I heard you were looking for a hand to take her north."

"Well, I already have one man," I said.

"I see. Then you wouldn't consider tak-

ing two, to cut the watches?" he asked.

"Watch-and-watch does get pretty old," I agreed. "Have you had a chance to look her over?"

He nodded. "I saw her this afternoon."

"What do you make of her?"

"This is just a guess, of course, but I'd say she was probably an Alden design and New England built, possibly less than ten years ago, and she's been taken care of. Seems to have been hauled recently, unless she's been lying in fresh water. The rigging is in beautiful shape, except for the lower shroud on the port side of the mainmast."

I already had the wire aboard to replace that shroud. Baxter was no farmer. "All I can offer is a hundred for the passage."

"The pay isn't important," he replied.

"You're an American citizen, I suppose?"

"Yes. My home's in San Francisco. I came down here on a job that didn't work out, and I'd like to save the plane fare back."

I had the feeling that behind his quiet demeanor, Baxter desperately wanted the job. Well, why not? It would be worth the extra hundred not to have to stand six-and-six. "It's a deal," I said.

He left, and returned in forty-five minutes with a single suitcase. He stowed his gear and sat quietly smoking while I got a time signal. "I gather you've cruised quite a bit," I said tentatively.

"I used to," he replied.

"In the Caribbean?"

"No. I've never been down here before."

"My normal stamping ground is the Bahamas," I went on. "That's wonderful country."

"Yes, I understand it is." The tone was courteous, but it closed the door in my face. I shrugged. Talk wasn't compulsory.

When Keefer came back, I introduced them. We all turned in shortly after ten. When I awoke at dawn, Baxter was already up and dressed. He was standing beside his bunk using the side of his suitcase as a desk while he wrote something on a pad of airmail stationery.

Paula Stafford! That was where I'd heard the name! Or seen it, rather. The next morning when I went uptown before we sailed, he asked me to mail a letter for him, and I noted casually that it was addressed to somebody in New York, Stafford—I was positive of it.

What a dope I was! I'd forgotten all about her call. She was probably over at the Warwick Hotel right now, and could clear up the whole thing in five minutes. I grabbed the telephone.

"Good morning. Hotel Warwick."

"Do you have a Paula Stafford registered?" I asked.

"One moment, please. Yes, sir, we do."

She answered immediately. "Yes?"

"Stuart Rogers," I said.

"Oh, thank heavens!" She sounded slightly hysterical. "I've been trying to get you. Come on up."

I threw my clothes on and made it to the Warwick in less than five minutes. When she opened the door the first thing that struck me about her were her eyes. They were large and blue, but smudged with sleeplessness and jittery with some intense emotion she'd had too long. She gave me a nervous smile that was gone almost instantly, and shook a pill out of the bottle she was holding in her hand. She had dark hair which was slightly mussed, as if she'd been running her fingers through it, and was wearing a blue dressing gown. Paula Stafford was a very attractive woman, aside from an impression that if you made a sudden move she might jump.

She grabbed a glass of water from a table and swallowed the pill. Also on the table were a cigarette in a long holder, another bottle of pills of a different color, and an unopened bottle of whiskey. "Tell me about him!" she demanded. Then, before I could open my mouth, she said, "Do sit down," at the same time grabbing up the bottle of whiskey and starting to fumble with the seal.

I lifted the whiskey out of her hands before she could drop it. "Thanks, I don't want a drink. But I would like some information."

She didn't even hear me. She went right on talking. ". . . half out of my mind, even though I know he must be all right—"

"Who?" I asked.

This got through to her. She stopped, looked at me in surprise, and said, "Why, Brian—that is, Wendell Baxter."

I felt rotten about having to break it to her this way. "I'm sorry, but I thought you knew. Mr. Baxter is dead."

She smiled. "Oh, of course! How stupid of me." She turned, and began to rummage through her handbag. I stared blankly at the back of her head. Then she swung back with a blue airmail envelope in her hand. I felt a little thrill as I saw the Canal Zone postmark; it was the one I'd mailed for him. "You may read it," she said.

I slid out the letter.

Cristobal, C. Z.
June 1

Dearest Paula:

There is time for just the briefest of notes. Slidell is here in the Zone and has seen me. He has the airport covered, but I have found a way to slip out.

I am writing this aboard the ketch Topaz, *which is sailing shortly for Southport, Texas. I have engaged to go along as a deckhand, using the name of Wendell Baxter. They may find out, of course, but I might not be aboard when she arrives. As soon as we are safely at sea I am going to approach Captain Rogers about putting me ashore somewhere up the Central American coast. Of course it is possible he won't do it, but I hope to convince him. The price may be high, but fortunately I still have something over $23,000 in cash with me. I shall write again the moment I am ashore, either in Southport or somewhere in Central America. Until then, remember I am safe, no matter what you might hear, and that I love you.*

Brian

Twenty-three thousand dollars! I stood there numbly while she took the letter and slid it back into the envelope. "Now," she cried eagerly, "where is he, Mr. Rogers?"

I had to say something. But what?

"*Well?*" she said.

"Listen—" I blurted. "Who is Slidell? What does he want?"

She shook her head impatiently. "I don't know. He never told me."

"Has anybody read this letter except me?"

"Do you think I'm insane? Of course not! But will you answer my question?"

"All right. He died of a heart attack four days after we left Cristobal. And in those four days he never said anything about wanting to be put ashore. I made an inventory of his personal effects, and he didn't have twenty-three thousand dollars. He had about one hundred and seventy. Either Baxter was insane, or we're not even talking about the same man."

Her eyes began to widen. "You killed him," she whispered.

"Stop it!" I commanded. "There must be some answer."

"You killed him!" She put her hands up alongside her temples and screamed. "*You killed him!*" She went on screaming.

I ran.

I collapsed on the side of the bed, reached for a cigarette, and got it going somehow. Who would ever believe me now? If that letter ever came to light . . . I shuddered.

Questions piled up in my mind. If Baxter had twenty-three thousand dollars, where was it? Why had he never said anything about wanting to be put ashore? I wouldn't have done it, but how would he have known until he tried? Was he mad, the twenty-three thousand only a delusion? In that case, where had Keefer got four thousand? I've got to stop it, I thought; I'll be foaming at the mouth.

Regroup. Start over. What did I actually know about him? His first name was Brian. He'd been in Miami at some time. And he might have owned a boat. Then why not do something about it, instead of sitting here like a duck in a shooting gallery? I grabbed the phone.

There was still space on a flight at

5:55 A.M. I took it. Breaking the circuit, I got the operator again and put in a call to Bill Redmond in Miami. Probably love being hauled out of sleep at this time of morning, I thought. He was an old friend —we were classmates at the University of Miami—but he was a reporter on the *Herald*, and had probably just got to bed. The *Herald* is a morning paper. I gave him the story as briefly as possible.

"I've got to find out who he was, and I keep having a screwy impression I've heard of him before. Are you still with me?"

"Keep firing. What does he look like?"

I gave him a description, and told him about the photo. "I'm pretty sure what I saw in the background was part of the MacArthur Causeway. The cruiser was a big, expensive-looking job, so if it was his he was probably in the chips. One of the lifebelts was just beyond him on the flying bridge, and I could see the last two letters of the name. They were 'AT.' From the size of the letters it could be a long one. His first name was Brian. B-r-i-a-n. Got all that?"

"Yeah. And I'm like you. I think I hear a bell trying to ring."

"I'll be there this afternoon. See what you can find out."

I called the desk to get my bill ready and send for a cab. The airport was a long way out. I watched, but couldn't tell whether we were followed or not; there were cars behind us, but for the first five miles it still wasn't full daylight and all I could see was headlights.

It was busy even at this hour of morning. Long windows looked out on the runways, and at either end were the concourses leading to the gates. The airlines counters were strung out along the right. I checked in, bought a newspaper, and sat down on a bench near the counters.

If they were following me, they'd try to get on this flight. I was just in back of the two lines checking in. I looked them over cautiously while pretending to read. A graying man with a flyrod case. Two young girls. An elderly woman. A marine corporal. A squat, heavy-shouldered man carrying his coat over his arm— My eyes stopped, and came back to him. He was at the counter now, in the line I'd been in. The girl was shaking her head. I strained to hear. "—sold out. But we could put you on standby—"

He nodded. I could see nothing but his back.

"Your name, please?" the girl asked.

"J. R. Bonner."

I glanced down at his shoes. They were black, size ten or eleven, but the angle was wrong to see the outside of the right one. In a moment he turned away from the counter. I looked at him in the unseeing, incurious way your eyes go across anyone in a crowd.

Aside from an impression of almost brutal strength about the shoulders and arms, he could have been anybody—line coach of a professional football team, or boss of a heavy construction outfit. He wore a soft straw hat, white shirt, and blue tie. He was about forty, perhaps five-nine, and well over two hundred pounds, but walked like a big cat. He sat down over to my left.

What can you tell from appearances? He could be a goon with the deadliness of a cobra, or he might be wondering at the moment whether to buy his six-year-old daughter a stuffed koala bear or one of the Dr. Seuss books for a coming-home present. I glanced at his feet again, and this time I saw it. The right shoe had been slit along the welt for about an inch.

He made it. He got the last empty seat.

How was I going to lose him? He was a professional and knew all the tricks; I was an amateur. By the time we'd made the stop at New Orleans and taken off again I began to have an idea. Make it novice against novice, and I might have a chance.

We landed at Tampa at 11:40 A.M. As soon as the door was open I followed the crowd into the terminal. There were four cabs on the stand in front. I sauntered casually along the line with Bonner some twenty feet behind me, lighting a cigarette and looking at everything except me. I yanked open the door of the lead cab and slid in. "Downtown Tampa."

As we headed for the street I looked back; Bonner was climbing into the second one. I dropped a twenty on the front seat. "There's a cab following us. Can you lose him?"

The driver looked at the twenty and grinned. It took less than ten minutes. The second time we ran a light on the amber and he tried to follow us through on the red he locked fenders with a panel truck. I got out downtown, walked to a Hertz agency, and thirty minutes later I was headed south in a rented car.

At Punta Gorda I stopped at a motel for six hours' sleep and got into Miami about 2 A.M. I turned in the car and registered at a downtown hotel as Howard Summers of Portland, Oregon. I called Bill.

"Where are you?" he asked. I told him.

"I'll be there in five minutes. You ought to read the papers."

The *Herald* I'd bought in the lobby was lying on the bed. I spread it open, put a cigarette in my mouth, and started to flick the lighter. It was on the front page. The police had Baxter's letter.

LOCAL YACHT CAPTAIN
SOUGHT IN SEA MYSTERY

"Southport, Texas. . . . The aura of mystery surrounding the voyage of the ill-fated yacht *Topaz* deepened today in

a strange new development that very nearly claimed the life of another victim.

"Still in critical condition in a local hospital this afternoon following an overdose of sleeping pills was an attractive brunette tentatively identified as Paula Stafford of New York, believed by police to have been close to Wendell Baxter, mysterious figure whose death or disappearance while en route from Panama to Southport on the *Topaz* has turned into one of the most baffling puzzles of recent years. . . ."

I raced through the rest of it. It wasn't known whether the overdose was accidental or a suicide attempt, since no note was found, but when police came to investigate they found the letter from Baxter. Then everything hit the fan. The FBI was looking for me. There was a rehash of the whole story, and the letter was printed in full.

I pushed the paper aside and tried the cigarette again. This time I got it going. The letter itself wasn't bad enough, I thought; I had to make it worse by running. There was a light knock on the door. I jumped, but to my relief, it was Bill.

I let him in. He sighed and shook his head. "Pal, when you get in a jam, you're no shoestring operator."

We're about the same age, and have known each other since we were in the fifth grade. He's thin, restless, somewhat cynical, and one of the city's best reporters. "The first thing is to get you out of here," he said, "before they pick you up."

"Why?" I asked. "If the FBI's looking for me, I'd better turn myself in. At least they won't kill me. The others will."

"It can wait till morning. I want to talk to you. About Baxter."

"Have you got any lead at all?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "That's the reason I've got to talk to you. What I've come up with is so crazy if I tried to tell the police they might have me committed. Let's go."

"Where?" I asked.

"Home, you goof. Lorraine's making coffee."

"Sure, get yourself in a jam for harboring a fugitive—"

"Oh, knock it off, Scarface. How would I know you're a fugitive? I never read anything but the *Wall Street Journal*."

I gave in. I was too tired to argue.

They live close to downtown in a small apartment on Brickell Avenue. The living room was dim and quiet with just enough illumination from the kitchen to find your way past the hi-fi and record albums and rows and stacks of books, and the lamps and statuary Lorraine had made. She does ceramics. At the moment she was scrambling eggs, a long-legged brunette with a velvety tan and wide, humorous eyes. Beyond the stove was a counter with a yellow formica top and tall yellow stools.

She stopped stirring the eggs long enough to kiss me and wave a hand at the counter. "Park it, Mac. What's this rumble you're hot?"

"Broads," Bill said. "Always nosy." He set out a bottle of bourbon. I had a slug of it, with a cup of black coffee, and began to feel better. Lorraine served the eggs and sat down. She grinned. "Let's face it, Rogers. Civilization just isn't your environment. I mean, land-based civilization."

"I'll buy it," I said. "Only the whole thing started at sea. That can scare you." I turned to Bill. "Let's have it."

"Try this for size," he said. "Your man was forty-eight to fifty, six feet, one hundred and seventy pounds, brown hair with a touch of gray, brown eyes, mustache, quiet, gentlemanly, close-mouthed, and boat crazy."

"Right," I said. "Except for the mustache."

"Somebody could have told him about razors. He came here about February of 1956. Seemed to have plenty of money. Rented a house on one of the islands, a big one with a private dock, and bought that sport fisherman and a thirty-foot sloop. Not married, as far as anybody knows, but had a number of girl friends around town. Had a Cuban couple that took care of the house and grounds. Didn't work at anything apparently, and spent most of his time fishing and sailing. Nobody knows where he came from. His name was Brian Hardy, and the name of the fishing boat was the *Princess Pat*."

"It all fits," I said excitedly. "That was Baxter."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Bill replied. "Brian Hardy's been dead for over two months. You'll love this too. He was lost at sea."

It began to come back then. "No—!"

"It happened in April. I think you were somewhere out in the Exumas, but you probably heard about it."

"Yeah," I said. "Explosion and fire, wasn't it?"

"That's right. He was alone, taking the *Princess Pat* across to the Biminis. It was good weather, and the Stream was as flat as Biscayne Bay. He left around noon, and should have been over there in three hours or so. Sometime after dark he called the Coast Guard—"

"Sure," I broke in. "I remember now. He was talking to them right at the moment she blew up."

Bill nodded. "He said he'd been having engine trouble all afternoon. Clogged fuel lines. What with blowing them out and cleaning strainers and filters, he probably had the bilges full of gasoline by that time. Coast Guard figured it must have been the radio itself that blew it. Sparking relay contact, maybe. Anyway, he went dead right in the middle of a sentence. A few minutes later a tanker out in the Stream off Fort Lauderdale reported a boat afire. They went over, and got there ahead of the Coast Guard, but there wasn't anything anybody could do. She burned to the waterline and sank. Coast Guard cruised around, hoping he'd been able to jump, but if he had he'd already drowned."

"Did they ever recover his body?" I asked.

"No."

We looked at each other in silence, and nodded. "When they come for you," Lorraine said, "tell them to wait for me. I think so too."

"Sure," I exclaimed. "That answers one of the things that threw me. I mean, why those goons were so sure I'd put him ashore. It was because he'd done it to 'em once before."

"Not so fast," Bill cautioned. "Remember, this was twenty miles offshore. And it was established he didn't have a dinghy."

"Somebody else took him off." I said. "And five'll get you ten it was Paula Stafford. The Stream was flat. She could have come out from Fort Lauderdale in another boat after it was dark."

"But the Coast Guard didn't see another boat."

"They wouldn't. Look. They took it for granted the explosion occurred while he was talking to them, because his radio went dead. Well, the radio quit simply because he turned it off. Then he threw gasoline around the cabin, rigged a fuse that would take a few minutes to set it off, got in the other boat and shoved. He was five miles away when the tanker and Coast Guard got there. Did you find out anything else about him?"

"Not much. The police have never located any family. They don't know where his money came from, or where he kept it. There were no investments of any kind, only a checking account. The house is still sitting there vacant; he had a lease and paid the rent by the year."

I lighted a cigarette. "I want to get in that house."

"Not a chance. It'd be tough even for a pro. It's no orange crate."

"I've got to! Baxter's going to drive me insane, get me killed, or land me in jail. If I could only find out who he really was—"

He shook his head. "You wouldn't find it there. Don't you suppose the police have sifted everything in it? There was nothing, not a clipping or a letter or even anything he bought before he came to Miami. He apparently moved in the same way a baby is born—naked, with no past life whatever."

I sighed. "I know what you mean. He came aboard the *Topaz* the same way. He just appeared, like a revelation."

"But I haven't told you everything yet," Bill went on. "I got in the house,

and I may have stumbled onto something."

I looked up quickly. "What?"

"Easy, boy. It's probably nothing at all. Just an autographed book and a letter."

He went on. A police lieutenant he knew had let him in the house when he explained he wanted to do a feature story on the mysterious Brian Hardy. They prowled around for a while, finding nothing new, of course, until just as they were leaving. It was some mail, apparently shoved through the slot sometime after the last visit by the police sometime in April. It was only circulars, except for the letter and the book.

"They were both postmarked Santa Barbara, California," he went on. "And the letter was from the author of the book. Just routine jazz, thanking him for his praise and saying the book was being returned, autographed as per request. Lieutenant Riker kept them, of course, but he let me read the letter, and I got another copy of the book from the library. Just a minute—"

He went into the living room and came back with it. I recognized it immediately; in fact, I owned a copy of it. It was an arty and expensive job, a collection of some of the most beautiful photographs of sailing craft I'd ever seen. The title of it was *Music in the Wind*. A lot of the pictures had been taken by the girl who'd edited the job and written the descriptive material, a Patricia Reagan.

I looked at him a little blankly. I couldn't see the point.

"A couple of things," he said. "And both pretty far out. The first is he had hundreds of books, but this is the only one autographed. The second is the name."

"Patricia Reagan?" I frowned. Then I got it. "Oh—"

He nodded. "I checked on it. When he bought that fishing boat its name was *Dolphin III*, or something like that. He was the one who changed it to *Princess Pat*."

"You both have a boarding-house reach." Lorraine said.

"Where I'm sitting, I need one," I replied. "How was the letter worded? Any indication at all that she knew him?"

"No. Polite, but completely impersonal."

"You don't remember the address?"

He looked pained. "What a question to ask a reporter. Here." He handed me a slip of paper on which was scrawled, "Patricia Reagan, 16 Belvedere Pl., Sta. Brba, Calif."

Even with the difference in time it would be almost 1 A.M. in California. While the operator was putting through the call I wondered what I'd do if somebody woke me up out of a sound sleep from three thousand miles away to ask if I'd ever heard of Joe Blow III. Well, the worst she could do was hang up. The phone rang several times. Then a girl said sleepily, "Hello?"

"I have a long distance call for Miss Patricia Reagan," the operator said.

"She's not here," the girl answered. "This is her roommate."

"I'll talk to anyone there, Operator," I broke in, and then went on, "Can you tell me where I can get in touch with Miss Reagan?"

"Yes, she's in Florida. Just a moment." I waited. Then she said, "Here's the address. It's near a town called Marathon, in the Keys. She's on Spanish Key, and the mailing address is care of W. R. Holland."

"Does she have a telephone?"

"I think so, but I don't know the number. It would be listed under the Hollands' name. She's living in the house while they're in Europe. Working on some magazine articles."

I thanked her and hung up. Bill and Lorraine came into the living room. I told them, and put in the call to Spanish Key.

"Hello." She had a nice voice, but she sounded cross. Well, I thought, who wouldn't?

"Miss Reagan? I'm sorry to wake you, but it's very important. About a man named Brian Hardy. Did you ever know him?"

"No."

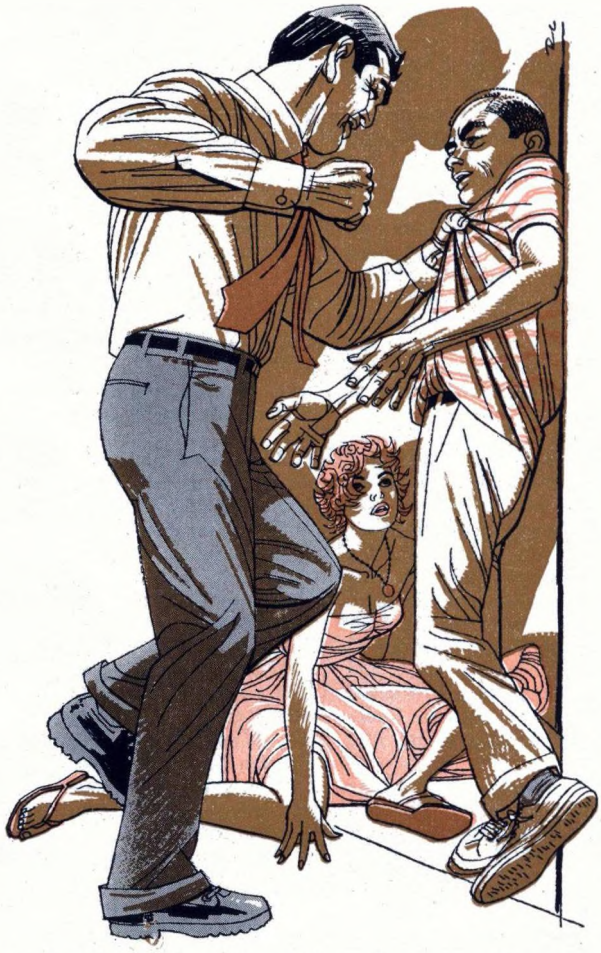
"Please think carefully. He used to live in Miami, and he asked you to autograph a copy of *Music in the Wind*. Which, incidentally, is a very beautiful book. I have a copy of it myself."

"Thank you," she said, somewhat more pleasantly. "Now that you mention it, I think I do remember the name. Frankly, I'm not flooded with requests for autographs. But I'm positive I've never met him, and his letter said nothing about knowing me."

"Was the letter handwritten, or typed?"

"Hmmm. Typed. I think. Yes, I'm certain of that."

"Maybe you knew him under some other name. Listen—" I described Baxter in detail, right down to his mannerisms and his ability as a seaman. I thought I



He knocked her down. I heard her whimper as he came at me.

heard a gasp. "Does any of that remind you of anybody you've ever known?"

"No," she said coldly.

"Are you sure?"

"It does happen to be a very good description of my father. But if this is a drunken joke of some kind, it's in very poor taste. My father is dead." The receiver banged as she hung up.

I dropped the instrument back on the cradle and reached dejectedly for a cigarette. Then I stopped, and stared at Bill. Of course he was. That was the one thing in common in all the successive manifestations of Wendell Baxter; each time you finally ran him down, he was certain to be dead.

The bus paused momentarily in front of the filling station and general store on Spanish Key. I got down, feeling the sudden impact of the heat after the air-conditioning. The secondary road turned off the highway about a hundred yards ahead. I started walking. It was 11 A.M., and I was dead on my feet. How long had it been going on now? This was—what? Monday? And all it did was get worse. I'd started out with one dead Baxter, and now I had three.

What would I prove, even if I did find out who he was? It wouldn't change anything. He'd still disappeared at sea, along with twenty-three thousand dollars; there was one living witness, I was it, and no matter how you sliced it there'd never be any more.

For the first half-mile there were no houses at all. The glaring marl road wound through low pine and palmetto slash that was more like the interior of Florida than the Keys. The sun beat on my head. All sound of cars passing on the Overseas Highway had died out behind me. If she wanted an isolated place to work, I thought, she'd found it.

The pines began to thin out a bit and the road swung eastward now, paralleling the beach along the south side of the Key. There were two or three houses here, but they appeared to be closed for the summer. The next mailbox, about a quarter of a mile, was Holland's. The house was on the beach, about a hundred yards off the road, with a curving drive and a patch of green lawn in front. It was fairly large, concrete block and stucco dazzling white in the sun, with red tile roof and aluminum awnings. Under the carport on the right was an MG with California tags.

I went up the concrete walk and rang the bell. Nothing happened. I pushed the button again, and waited. There was no sound except the lapping of water on the beach around in back, and somewhere offshore an outboard motor. I walked around the house, and could see the boat. It was coming this way. At the wheel was a girl in a brief splash of yellow bathing suit. There was a low porch back here, a glaring expanse of white coral sand, and a wooden pier. I walked out on it and took the painter as the boat came alongside. The girl lifted out a mask and snorkel and an underwater camera in a plastic housing, and stepped onto the pier.

"Miss Reagan?" I asked.

She nodded coolly. "Yes."

"My name is Stuart Rogers. Could I talk to you for a minute?"

"You're the man who called me this morning." It was a statement, rather than a question. She was rather tall, with a deep tan and dark wine-red hair, and her eyes were brown. The mouth was nice, the chin stubborn. There was no particular resemblance to Baxter.

We walked up to the porch. She sat down on a chaise with one long smooth leg doubled under her, and looked up questioningly at me. I held out cigarettes. She thanked me, and took one.

I lighted it, and sat down across from her. "This won't take long. You said your father was dead. Could you tell me when he died?"

"In 1956," she replied.

Hardy had showed up in Miami in February of 1956. That didn't allow much leeway. "What month?" I asked.

"January," she said. I sighed. We were over that one.

The brown eyes began to burn. "Unless you have some good reason for this, Mr. Rogers—"

"I do," I interrupted. "However, you can get rid of me very simply by answering just one more question. Were you at his funeral?"

She gasped. "Why do you ask that?"

"I think you know," I said. "There wasn't any, was there?"

"What are you trying to say? That you think he's still alive?"

"No," I said. "I'm sorry. He is dead now. He died of a heart attack on the fifth of this month aboard my boat, at sea."

Her face was pale under the tan, and I was afraid she was going to faint. "No. It's impossible. It was somebody else."

"What happened in 1956?" I asked. "And where?"

"It was in Arizona. He went off into the desert on a hunting trip, and got lost. He was never seen again."

"Then you have no proof he's dead," I said, as gently as possible. "And you admitted the description could be his. So why do you refuse to believe he could be the man I'm talking about?"

"I should think that would be obvious. My father's name was Clifford Reagan. Not Hardy."

"He could have changed it."

"And why would he?" The brown eyes blazed again, but I had a feeling there was something defensive about her anger.

"Couldn't you at least tell me how it happened?" I asked her.

She relented. "All right. He was hunting quail, in some wild desert country ninety or one hundred miles southwest of Tucson. Alone. Over the weekend, and he wasn't really missed until he failed to show up at the bank on Monday."

"Didn't you or your mother know where he was?" I asked.

"He and my mother were divorced in 1950," she replied. "We lived in Massachusetts."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry. Go on."

"They found out the general area he'd planned to hunt in, and organized a search party, but it was so remote and desolate it was Wednesday before they even found the car. He'd apparently got lost and couldn't find his way back to it. They went on searching with horses and planes until the following Sunday, even though they knew if they found him then he'd be dead. Almost a year later some uranium prospectors found his hunting coat; it was six or seven miles from where he'd left the car. Are you satisfied now?"

"Yes," I said. "But not the way you think. Have you read the paper this morning?"

She shook her head. "It's still in the mailbox."

I went and got it. "I'm the Captain Rogers referred to," I said. She read it through. "It's absurd," she said defiantly, when she had finished. "It's been over two years. And my father never had twenty-three thousand dollars. Nor any reason for calling himself Baxter. Or Brian,"

"Listen. One month after your father disappeared in that desert a man who could be his double arrived in Miami, rented a big home, bought a forty-thousand-dollar boat he renamed the *Princess Pat*."

She gasped. I went on relentlessly. I told her the whole thing. "Do you have a picture of him?" I wound up.

She shook her head dazedly. "In Santa Barbara. Not here."

"Do you agree now it was your father?"

"I don't know. It's so utterly pointless. Why would he do it?"

"He was running from somebody," I said. "In Arizona, and then in Miami. And in Panama."

"But from whom?"

"I don't know. I was hoping you might. Did you ever hear of a man named Slidell? Or J. R. Bonner?"

"No," she said. I was convinced she was telling the truth.

"Do you know where he could have got that money?"

She ran despairing hands through her hair. "No. No! Mr. Rogers, none of this makes the slightest sense. It *couldn't* have been—"

"But you know it was, don't you? Did you say he worked in a bank?"

"Yes. In the Trust Department of the

Drovers' National in Phoenix," she said.

"There was no shortage in his accounts?"

For an instant I thought the anger was going to flare again. Then she said wearily, "No. Not this time."

"This time?"

She made a little gesture of resignation. "Since he may be the man, I suppose you have a right to know. He did take some money once, from another bank. It couldn't have anything to do with this, but if you'll wait while I change I'll tell you about it."

The kitchen was bright with colored tile and white enamel. I followed her through an arched doorway into a large dining and living room. "Please sit down," she said. "I won't be long." She disappeared down a hallway to the right.

The room was cool, and the light pleasantly subdued after the glare of white coral sand outside. The front windows were draped with some dark green material, and the light green walls and bare terrazzo floor added to the impression of coolness. Near the archway from the kitchen was a sideboard and dining table. A long couch and two armchairs with a teak coffee table between them formed a conversational group near the center. The couch and chairs were heavy bamboo with brightly colored cushions. There were loaded bookshelves along the right wall, near the hallway, and a massive desk on which were a telephone, a portable typewriter, boxes of paper, and two more cameras, a Rollie and a thirty-five-millimeter job.

When she came back she'd changed to a crisp summery dress. She wore sandals, and was barelegged. Her hair, cut rather short, seemed a little darker than it had in the sun. She was pretty, I thought. She'd regained her composure somewhat, and managed a smile. We sat down and lighted cigarettes. "How did you locate me?" she asked.

I told her. "Your roommate said you were doing magazine articles."

She made a deprecating gesture. "I'm really a teacher, trying to become a photo journalist. An editor promised to look at an article on the Keys, and I had a chance to stay in this house while Mr. and Mrs. Holland are in Europe. I find it fascinating, and the water's absolutely beautiful."

I grinned. "This may sound like treason, from a Floridian, but you ought to see the Bahamas."

Her eyes became grave. "I was there once, when I was twelve. My mother and father and I cruised in the Exumas and around Eleuthera for about a month in our boat."

"What was the name of it?" I asked.

She shook her head, a little embarrassed. "*Enchantress*. 'Princess Pat' was a pet name, one of those top-secret jokes between fathers and young daughters."

"I'm sorry I have to ask about this," I said. "But how did he get to Phoenix?"

Downhill, as it turned out. She told me, and even after all this time there was hurt and bewilderment in it. The Reagans were from a small town named Elliston on the coast of Massachusetts. They'd always been sailors, either professional or amateur. Clifford Reagan belonged to the yacht club and had sailed in ocean races quite a bit, though not in his own boat. Apparently his father was fairly well off, and was on the board of directors of the leading bank. Clifford Reagan went to work in it when he finished college. He married a local girl, and Patricia was their only child. You could tell she and her father were very close when she was small. Then when she was sixteen the whole thing smashed. Her mother and father were divorced, but that was only the beginning. When they started to split up the community property, there wasn't any. He'd lost everything they owned gambling on Canadian mining stocks, plus seventeen thousand dollars that belonged to the bank. The elder Reagan made the shortage good, and it was thoroughly hushed up, but Reagan moved away. Maybe he settled on Arizona as being about as remote from any connection with his past life as was possible.

"My father was unhappy," she went on. "I saw him once a year, when I went there for two weeks when school was out. I could tell he hated the desert. But he'd managed to get a fairly good job in this bank, the Drovers' National, and he was getting too old now to keep moving around."

She was a senior in college that January in 1956 when the call came from the sheriff's office. She flew out to Phoenix. "I was afraid," she went on, "and so was Grandfather. Neither of us believed they'd ever find him alive. Suicide was in our minds, though for different reasons. Grandfather was afraid he'd got in trouble again. That he'd taken money from the bank."

"But he hadn't?" I asked.

"No," she said. "Not a cent."

There you were, I thought; it was a blank wall. He hadn't stolen from the bank, but he'd deliberately disappeared. And when he turned up a month later as Brian Hardy he was rich.

She asked quietly, "Would you tell me about it?"

I played down the pain of the heart attack and made it as easy for her as I could. I explained why we'd had no choice but to bury him at sea. Without actually lying about it, I managed to gloss over the sketchy aspect of the funeral and the fact that I hadn't known all the service. She gave a little choked cry and got up and went out in the kitchen. I sat there feeling rotten.

Then all of a sudden it was back again, that strange feeling of uneasiness that always came over me when I remembered

the moment of his burial, that exact instant in which I'd stood at the rail and watched his body slide into the depths. I didn't understand it, or even know what it was. When I tried to touch it, it was gone, leaving only that formless dread that something terrible was going to happen, or already had.

She came back in a moment, and if she'd been crying she had erased the evidence. She was carrying two bottles of Coke. "Why doesn't anybody seem to think this man Keefer could have taken that money—assuming it was even aboard?"

"Several reasons," I said. "The police would have found it, or some trace of it. When they add it all up, including what he could have spent, it still comes out to less than four thousand. And he couldn't have had it with him when he left the boat. He didn't have any luggage. He might have been able to stuff four thousand dollars in his pockets, but not nineteen thousand—."

I broke off as the doorbell chimed. We exchanged a quick glance and got to our feet. There'd been no sound of a car outside, nor footsteps on the walk. She motioned me toward the hallway and started to the door. It swung open, and a tall man in a gray suit and dark glasses stepped inside and motioned her back.

At the same instant I heard the back door open. A heavy-shouldered man wearing identical sunglasses appeared in the arched doorway from the kitchen. He removed the glasses and smiled coldly at me. It was Bonner.

The first one had a gun; I could see the sag in his coat pocket. Patricia backed away, and came up against the table beside the hallway. Bonner and the other man came toward me. Then I saw what she was doing, and was more scared than ever. The telephone was directly behind her; she had reached back, lifted off the receiver, and was trying to dial Operator. I picked up one of the Coke bottles. That kept their eyes on me for another two seconds. Then the dial clicked.

Bonner swung around, casually replaced the receiver, and chopped his open right hand against the side of her face. It made a cracking sound like a rifle shot in the stillness, and she spun around and sprawled on the floor in a confused welter of skirt and slip and long bare legs. I was on him then, swinging the Coke bottle. It knocked his hat off. He straightened, and I swung it again. He took this one on his forearm and smashed a fist into my stomach. It tore the breath out of me, but I managed to stay on my feet. He grinned contemptuously, and slipped a blackjack from his pocket. Three swings of it reduced my left arm to a numb and dangling weight. Another tore loose a flap of skin on my forehead, filling my eyes with blood. He dropped the sap, and slammed a short, brutal right against my jaw. I went down. Patricia Reagan screamed. I brushed away blood and tried to get up, and for an instant I noticed the other man. He didn't even bother to watch. He was half sitting on the corner of the desk, idly swinging his sunglasses by one curved frame while he looked at some of the pictures she'd taken.

I got up and hit Bonner once. That was the last time I was in the fight. He slammed me back against the wall, and when I fell he hauled me up and held me against it with his left while he drove the right into my face. It was like being pounded with a concrete block. I felt teeth loosen. The room began to wheel before my eyes. Just before it went black altogether, he dropped me. I made it up as far as my knees. He put his shoe in my face and pushed. I fell back on the floor. He looked down at me. "That's for Tampa, sucker."

The other man stood up. "That'll do. Put him in that chair."

Bonner heaved me up and into one of the armchairs in the center of the room. Somebody threw a towel that hit me in the face. I mopped at the blood, trying to keep from being sick.

"Go back to the motel," the man said, "and get Flowers. Then hide the car over there in the trees."

Patricia Reagan was sitting up. Bonner jerked his head. "What about her?"

"She stays till we get through."

"She'll just be in the way."

"Use your head. Some of Rogers' friends may call up here, looking for him. If they get no answer, they may come out. Put her on the sofa."

Bonner jerked a thumb. "Park it, kid."

She stared at him with loathing.

He hauled her up, threw her on the sofa and went out. "I'm sorry," I said. "I thought I'd lost them."

"You did, temporarily," the man put in. "But we didn't follow you here. We were waiting for you."

I stared blankly. He pulled the other chair around to the end of the coffee table and sat down where he could watch us both. He could have been anywhere between forty and fifty, and had short, wiry red hair, haze-gray eyes, and a face with all the softness and indecision of an axe blade.

I tried to swallow the dryness in my throat. "She doesn't know anything about this," I said.

He lighted a cigarette. "We're aware of that, but didn't believe you were."

I wondered how long Bonner would be gone. At the moment I was too badly beaten to move, but with some rest I might be able to take this one. As if he'd read my thoughts, he lifted the gun from his pocket. "You're too valuable to kill, Rogers, but I'll blow your knees off."

"You can't get away with this," Patricia said.

"Don't be stupid. We know your habits. Nobody'll show up, unless it's somebody after Rogers. In which case you'll say he's gone."

"And if I don't?"

"You will. Believe me."

"You're Slidell," I said.

"You can call me that."

"Why were you after Reagan?"

"I'm still after him. Reagan stole a half million dollars in bonds from me, and I want it back. Or what's left of it."

"And I suppose you stole them in the first place?"

He shrugged. "You might say they were a little hot. Negotiable, of course, but an amount that size is unwieldy; fencing them through the regular channels would take a long time or too big a discount. Reagan was just the connection we needed. He didn't want to do it at first, but I found a way to put on a little pressure. He was in hock to some gamblers in Phoenix. I suppose she told you what happened?"

I nodded.

He went on. "We were keeping a close watch on him, of course, but he was smarter than we thought. Either had another car hidden out there, or somebody picked him up. It was two years before I got a lead on him, and then it was just luck. Somebody spotted a picture in a yachting magazine, and when we ran down the photographer and got the original, there was Reagan.

"But he beat us again. When we tracked him down in Miami we found he'd been killed two weeks before when his boat exploded. At first we weren't too sure this was a fake, but when we searched the house and grounds and couldn't turn up even a safe-deposit key, we started looking again, for him and one of his girl friends who disappeared at the same time. We picked up his trail in San Juan, Chicago, and then in New York. They'd separated by that time and he'd hidden her somewhere because he knew we were closing in. He flew to Panama. I just missed him by twelve hours when he left Cristobal with you."

"And now he's dead," I said.

He smiled coldly. "Has a familiar ring, doesn't it?"

"I tell you—" I broke off. What was

the use? Then I thought of something. "He must have cached the money somewhere."

"Obviously. All except the twenty-three thousand he was using to get away."

"Then you're out of luck. His girl friend's in the hospital in Southport, and if she lives, the police are going to get the whole story. She'll have to tell them where it is."

"She may not know."

"Do you know why she came to Southport?" I said. "She wanted to see me because she hadn't heard from him. Don't you see I'm telling the truth? If he were still alive he'd have written her."

"That's possible. There are some very strange angles to this thing, Rogers, but we're going to get to the bottom of them. He *could* be dead because you and Keefer killed him."

"Oh, for God's sake—"

"Your story's full of holes. Let's take that beautifully detailed report describing the heart attack; that fooled everybody because it had an authentic ring to it. I mean, the average mope trying to make up a heart attack on paper would have been inclined to hype it up a little and say Reagan was doing something very strenuous when it happened. The medics know, of course, that you can die of a coronary while you're lying in bed reading the funnies. And so do you. One of your uncles died of one when you were about fifteen."

"I wasn't even present," I said.

He smiled coldly. "I know. But you *were* present when he had a previous attack. About a year before, when you and he and your father were fishing on a charter boat off Miami Beach. And he wasn't doing anything strenuous when it happened. He was just sitting in the fishing chair drinking beer."

It was the first time I'd thought of it for years. I turned then, and Patricia Reagan's eyes were on my face with doubt in them and something else that was very close to horror. Then the front door opened. Bonner came in, followed by a pop-eyed little man carrying a black metal case about the size of a portable typewriter.

Bonner swung me around facing the front window, and placed a small table on my right. Then he lighted a cigarette and leaned against the door, boredly watching. "This jazz is a waste of time, if you ask me."

"I didn't," Slidell said.

Patricia stared at Flowers, as mystified as I was. He was a slightly built man with a bald spot and a sour, pinched face made almost grotesque by the bulging eyes. He set the black case on the table and removed its lid. The top panel held a number of controls and switches, but a good part of it was taken up by a window under which was a sheet of graph paper and three styli mounted on little arms. Slidell's eyes were on me in chill amusement. "We're about to arrive at that universal goal of all the great philosophers, Rogers. Truth."

"What do you mean?"

"The instrument is a lie detector."

"Cut it out. Where the hell would you get one?"

"There is nothing esoteric about lie detectors. Almost anybody could make one. Operating it, however, is another story, and that's where we're lucky. Flowers is a genius in his field."

Flowers paid no attention. He plugged the cord into an outlet, wrapped a blood-pressure cuff about my right arm, and a tube around my chest. He threw a switch; the paper began to move, and the styli made jagged lines as they registered my pulse, blood pressure, and respiration. The room became very quiet. He made minor adjustments, and sat down, hunched over the thing with the dedicated expression of a priest. He nodded to Slidell.

"All right, Rogers," Slidell said. "All you have to do is answer the questions. Any way you like, but answer. Refuse, and you get the gun barrel across your face."

"It won't work," Bonner said disgustedly. "Anybody knows how they operate; blood pressure and pulse change when you're scared. So how're you going to tell anything with a punk that's scared stiff to begin with?"

"There will still be a deviation from the norm," Flowers said contemptuously.

"To translate," Slidell said, "Flowers means that if Rogers is scared stiff as a normal condition, the instrument will tell us when he's scared rigid. Now shut up."

Bonner subsided.

"Where were you born?" Slidell asked.

"Coral Gables, Florida," I said.

"Where did you go to school?"

"The University of Miami."

"What business was your father in?"

"He was an attorney."

There were fifteen or twenty more of these establishing questions while Flowers bent over his graphs. Then Slidell asked, "Did you know a man who told you his name was Wendell Baxter?"

"Yes," I said.

"And he sailed with you from Cristobal on June first?"

"Yes."

"Where did you put him ashore?"

"I didn't."

Flowers gave a faint shake of the head. Slidell frowned at me.

"Where is he?"

"He's dead."

"How did he die?"

"Of a heart attack," I said.

Flowers spread his hands. "You don't see any change in pattern at all?" Slidell asked.

"No. Of course, one short record is not conclusive—."

"I told you it wouldn't work." Bonner said. "Let me show you how." His hand

exploded against the side of my face. I tasted blood.

"You'll have to keep this fool away from him." Flowers cried out, with shrill petulance. "Look what he's done." The styli were swinging violently. Slidell cursed, and waved Bonner away.

"Give me the gun, and five minutes."

"So you can kill him before we find out anything, the way you did Keefer? Get back!"

Slidell and Flowers watched while the styli settled down. "All right, Rogers," Slidell said. How did Reagan die?"

"Of a heart attack."

"When?"

"Four days out of Cristobal. On June 5, at about 3:30 P.M."

"You read his letter to Paula Stafford. He had twenty-three thousand dollars with him, and was going to ask you to put him ashore somewhere."

"I don't know," I said.

"Did Reagan ask you to put him ashore?"

"No."

"Why didn't he?"

"How should I know?" I said.

Flowers held up a hand. "Run through that again. There's something funny here."

"Why didn't Reagan ask you to put him ashore?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"There it is again." Flowers interrupted. "Definite change in emotional response. I think he does know."

"You killed him, didn't you?" Slidell barked.

"No!" I said.

Then I was standing at the rail again on that Sunday afternoon, watching the shrouded body fade into the depths below me, and the strange feeling of dread began to come back. I looked at the machine. The styli made frenzied swings.

Slidell shoved his face close to mine. "*You and Keefer killed him!*"

"No!" I shouted.

Flowers nodded. "He's lying."

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My hands were tightly clenched. I closed my eyes and tried to find the answer in the confusion of my thoughts. It was just out of reach. In God's name, what? The water closed over him and a few bubbles drifted upward from the air within the shroud, and he began to fall, sliding deeper and fading from view, and I was afraid of something I couldn't even name, and I wanted to bring him back. I heard Patricia Reagan cry out. Bonner was shouting in my face. Slidell's voice cut through the uproar like a knife.

"Talk," Slidell ordered. "Begin with the first day."

We ran out of the harbor on the auxiliary, between the big stone breakwaters where the surf was booming. Baxter took the wheel while Keefer and I got sail on her. It was past mid-morning now and the trade wind was picking up, a spanking full-sail breeze out of the northeast. She was close-hauled on the starboard tack as we began to beat our way offshore. I made sandwiches at noon, and took the wheel. The breeze freshened and hauled a point to eastward. Baxter relieved me at four with the mountains of Panama growing hazier and beginning to slide into the sea astern. She was heeled over sharply, lifting to the sea with a long, easy corkscrew motion as water hissed and gurgled along the lee rail with that satisfying sound that meant she was correctly trimmed and happy and running down the miles. The wind went down a little with the sun, but she still sang her way along. Keefer took the eight-to-twelve watch and I slept for a few hours. When I came on watch at midnight our wake was aglow with phosphorescence . . .

"What the hell is this?" Bonner demanded. "Are we going to sail that lousy boat up from Panama mile by mile?"

"Foot by foot, if we have to," Slidell said, "till we find out what happened."

"You'll never do it this way. The machine's no good."

Flowers stared at him coldly. "Nobody beats this machine. When he starts to lie, it'll tell us."

"Sure. Like it did when he said Reagan died of a heart attack."

"Shut up!" Slidell snapped. "Take the girl out in the kitchen and tell her to make some coffee. And keep your hands off her."

"Why?"

"It would be obvious to anybody but an idiot. I don't want her screaming and upsetting Rogers' emotional response."

We're all insane, I thought. Maybe everybody who had contact with Baxter went mad. No, not Baxter. His name was Reagan. I was sitting here hooked up to a shiny electronic gadget like a cow to a milking machine while an acidulous gnome with pop-eyes extracted the truth from me—truth that I apparently no longer even knew myself. I hadn't killed Reagan. Then why that horrible feeling of dread when I remembered the funeral?

"All right, Rogers," Slidell said. "Reagan was still alive the morning of the second day. Keep going."

Dawn came with light airs and a gently heaving sea, and we were alone on the immensity of the sea. As soon as I could see the horizon, Baxter relieved me so I could take a series of star sights and work them out. At seven, I called Keefer, and began frying eggs and bacon. When I was getting them out of the refrigerator, I noticed it was scarcely more than cool inside and apparently hadn't been running the way it should. After breakfast I checked the batteries of the electrical system and ran the generator for a while. We were shaking down in the routine of sea watches now.

I got a good meridian altitude at noon. We were a little over one hundred miles out of Cristobal. It was a magnificent day. The wind had freshened again to a moderate easterly breeze, directly abeam as she ran light-footed across the miles on the long reach to northward. A little after 2 P.M. Baxter came up from below.

I grinned at him. "Thought you'd turned in. Couldn't you sleep?"

"Thought I'd get a little sun," he said. He slipped off the white bathrobe he was wearing, rolled it into a pillow, and stretched out along the cushions of the starboard side of the cockpit, wearing only a pair of boxer shorts. He lay feet forward, with his head about even with the wheel. He closed his eyes.

"I was looking at the chart," he said. "If the breeze holds, we'll be in the Yucatan Strait by Sunday."

"There's a chance," I said idly. It didn't matter, I was in no hurry.

He was silent for a minute. Then he asked. "What kind of boat is the *Orion*?"

"Fifty-foot schooner. She accommodates a party of six besides the two of us in the crew."

"Is she very old?"

"Twenty years," I said. "But sound."

"Upkeep gets to be a problem, though," he said thoughtfully. "I mean, as they get older. What is your charter price?"

"Five hundred a week."

"Did you ever think of buying a larger one? You could charge more, and your operating costs wouldn't go up in proportion."

"Sure," I said. "But I've never been able to swing it. Probably take fifteen to twenty thousand more than I could get for the *Orion*."

"Yes," he agreed. "The right boat would be pretty expensive."

We fell silent for a moment. Then I thought I heard him say something, and glanced up from the compass card. "Beg pardon?"

He made no reply. He appeared to stretch, arching his chest, and put a hand up to the base of his throat. "Something wrong?" I asked.

It was several seconds before he replied. "Oh," he said quietly. "No. Just a touch of indigestion."

I grinned. "Not much of a recommendation for Blackie's chow." Blackie had made the lunch this time, corned beef sandwiches with thick slices of onion. Then I thought uneasily of the refrigerator; food poisoning could be a very dangerous thing at sea. But the corned beef was canned; it couldn't have been spoiled.

"It was the onions," he said. "I should never eat them."

He removed the bathrobe from under his head and took a small bottle of pills from the pocket. He shook one out and put it in his mouth.

"I'll get you some water," I said.

"Thanks," he said. "I don't need it." He lay back with his eyes closed. Once or twice he shifted a little and drew his knees up as if uncomfortable, but he said nothing. After a while he took another of the pills, and appeared to go to sleep. His face and body were shiny with sweat as the sun beat down on him, and I began to be afraid he'd get a bad burn. After about a half-hour I touched him on the shoulder. "Don't overdo it the first day."

He wasn't asleep, however. "I expect you're right," he replied. "I think I'll go below for a while." He got up a little unsteadily and made his way down the companion ladder. After he was gone I noticed he'd forgotten the robe. I rolled it tightly and wedged it behind a cushion so it wouldn't blow overboard.

After a while Keefer came up, carrying a mug of coffee. We talked for a time about rigging a fish line to troll for dolphin and kingfish. He flipped his cigarette over the side and stretched. "Well, I think I'll flake out again."

He started below. Just as his shoulders were disappearing down the hatch my eyes fell on Baxter's robe, which was getting wet with spray. "Here," I called out. "Take this down, will you?"

I rolled it tightly and tossed it. The distance was less than eight feet, but just before it reached his outstretched hand a freakish gust of wind ballooned it and it was snatched to leeward. It went overboard and began to fall astern. I looked out at it and cursed myself for an idiot.

"Stand by the backstay!" I called to Keefer. "We'll go about and pick it up." I put the helm down. We came up into the wind with the sails slatting while I cast off the port job sheet and trimmed the starboard. Blackie set up the runner. We filled away, and I put the wheel hard over to bring her back across our wake. I steadied her up. "Can you see it?" I yelled.

"Dead ahead, about fifty yards," he called back. "But it's beginning to sink."

"Take the wheel!" I slid a boat hook from under its lashing and jumped forward. Only a sleeve still showed above the surface. "Steady! Right on!"

It disappeared. I marked the spot, and as we bore down on it I knelt at the rail between main and mizzen and peered down with the boat hook poised. We came over the spot. Then I saw it directly below me, two or three feet under the surface now, a white shape drifting slowly downward through the translucent blue of the water. . . .

"Look!" Flowers cried out.

They crowded around the table, staring down at the instrument and the sudden, spasmodic jerking of its styli.

I gripped the arms of the chair as it all began falling into place—the nameless fear, and what had caused it, and the apparently insignificant thing that had lodged in my subconscious mind on an afternoon sixteen years ago aboard another boat, a sport fisherman off Miami Beach. I *had* killed Baxter. Or at least I was responsible for his death.

Bonner grabbed me by the shirt. "You're lying!" I tried to swing at his face. I was raging. Slidell grabbed my arm before I pulled the instrument off the table by its wires. He barked at Bonner and pushed me back into the chair. The uproar subsided.

Slidell spoke to me. "You didn't get the bathrobe?"

"No," I said. All the rage went out of me and I was weak. "I touched it with the end of the boat hook, but couldn't get hold of it."

That was what I'd seen, but hadn't wanted to see, the afternoon we buried him. It wasn't his body, sewn in sailcloth, that was fading away below me, disappearing forever into two miles of water; it was that damned white bathrobe. And all the time I was trying to bury it in my subconscious, the other thing—already buried there—was trying to dig it up.

"And they were the only ones he had?" Slidell asked.

"I guess so," I said dully. I could hear Patricia Reagan crying softly on the couch.

Bonner's rasping voice cut in. "What the hell are you talking about?" Slidell paid no attention. Or maybe he gestured for him to shut up. My eyes were still closed.

"He didn't tell you what they were?" Slidell went on. "You didn't realize it until he had the second attack, that killed him—?"

"I didn't realize it even then," I said. "Why should I? I had no reason to connect the two. This one couldn't have been anywhere near as painful, because he didn't cry out. He didn't tell me because he knew I'd take him back to Panama, and you'd kill him, but why would I have any reason to suspect that? All I knew about him was what he'd told me. His name was Wendell Baxter, and he got indigestion when he ate onions."

Flowers' voice broke in then. "Wait a minute," he said sharply.

THE SAILCLOTH SHROUD (continued)

He'd never even looked up, I thought; people didn't really exist for him as such. They were just some sort of stimulating devices or power supplies he hooked onto his damned machine so he could crouch over it and stare enraptured into its changing expressions.

"All right," I said. "I'm lying. Or was. I was trying to lie to myself. I should have known it was a heart attack. He didn't swallow those pills."

"What's that got to do with it?" Bonner growled.

"They were nitroglycerin," Slidell told him impatiently.

"My uncle did the same thing, and it must have stuck in my mind because it was the first time I'd ever heard of pills you took but didn't swallow. You dissolved them under your tongue."

Slidell gestured irritably, and sat down. "Let's get on. We know now why he didn't ask you to put him ashore. The heart attack and losing his medicine scared him. Of course, he still might die before he reached Southport, but he'd have a better chance staying with the boat than landing on some deserted beach and fighting his way through a bunch of jungle alone. So he played the percentages."

I nodded. That seemed obvious.

"What was he wearing when he died?"

"Dungarees," I said, "and a pair of sneakers."

"If he'd had a money belt around him, you'd have seen it?"

"Yes. But he didn't have one."

"Did you put anything else on him when you buried him?"

"No," I said. "Only the sailcloth."

"And everything he owned was turned over to the United States Marshal?"

"That's right."

He lighted a cigarette and stared up at the ceiling. "Now I'd say we're getting somewhere, wouldn't you? Around nineteen thousand of that money is still missing. It wasn't buried with him, it didn't go ashore with his things, Keefer didn't have it, you haven't got it, and I don't think there's a chance it's on your boat. What does that leave?"

"Nothing," I said. "So he didn't have it."

He smiled coldly. "But I think he did."

I began to get it then. You had to remember two things. The first was that he wasn't remotely interested in nineteen thousand dollars' worth of chicken feed; from his viewpoint, the fact that it was missing was the only good news he had left. The other thing was that Reagan had been warned. He knew there was a chance he'd never reach the States alive.

Excitement quickened along my nerves. All the pieces were beginning to make sense now, and I should know where that money was. And not only the money. The same thing he was looking for—a letter. I could have done it long ago, I thought, if I hadn't tried to reject the blame for Reagan's death.

"Hey," Flowers called out softly.

It was then I realized the terrible beauty of the trap they had us in. They'd kill us when they got the answer, and any time I even thought of it they'd be able to see it there on Flowers' graphs. Slidell was watching me with the poised readiness of a stalking cat.

"Let's consider what Reagan would do," he said. "If he did die before he reached the States you'd turn his suitcase over to the United States Marshal and the money would be discovered. That might seem no great hardship, since he wouldn't need it any longer, but it's not quite that simple. Reagan was a very complex man. He was a thief, but an uncomfortable thief, if you follow me. It was gambling that always got him into trouble. And he loved his daughter very much. He'd made a mess of his life—that is, from his viewpoint—and while he was willing to take the consequences himself, he'd do almost anything to keep from hurting her again."

Patricia made a little outcry. Slidell glanced indifferently in her direction and went on.

"He was dead and at least reasonably honest as far as she was concerned. But if that money came to light, there'd be an investigation, eventually they'd find out who he really was, and she'd have to go through the whole thing again, only this time he'd be the most publicized thief since Dillinger.

"So he had to do something with it. But what? Throw it overboard? That might seem a little extreme later on when he arrived in Southport still in good health. Hide it somewhere aboard, so he'd still have it if he lived and it would never be found if he died? Impossible, on a forty-foot boat. And there was Paula Stafford. When it turned up missing, she might come out of the woodwork and accuse you of stealing it, which would lead to the same investigation. And he'd rather she had it anyway. *Along with the rest of it.* So the chances are he'd try to think up a way for her to get it without anyone's ever knowing. But how? And what went wrong?"

He was coming in from a different direction, but he was getting there as surely as I was. I wondered how near we would get before the machine betrayed me, before the conscious effort of my holding back was written there for Flowers to see.

"We don't know *how* he tried to do it; but what went wrong, obviously, was Keefer. When did you inventory his things?"

"The next morning after he died."

"And at least half of that time you would have been at the wheel, while he was below alone?"

"Yes," I said coldly. "I thought it was already established he must have rifled the suitcase, or he wouldn't have had four thousand dollars. But there's no way he could have taken twenty-three thousand dollars ashore with him. The police would have found it anyway."

"I know," he broke in. "But let's plug all the holes as we go. You docked in Southport Monday afternoon, the sixteenth. That was at the Yacht Club?"

"Yes," I said. "But we didn't dock. We anchored that night."

"Did you go ashore?"

"I didn't. Keefer did. He put the bite on me for another twenty-dollar advance and went uptown."

"Then he wasn't entirely stupid. You knew he was broke, so he had sense enough to ask you for money. Could he have been carrying any of it then?"

"Not much," I said. "I was below when he washed up and dressed, so he didn't have it tied around his body. I saw his wallet when he put the twenty in it. It was empty. And he couldn't have carried a great deal just in his pockets."

"You didn't leave the boat at all?"

"Only when I rowed him over to the pier in the dinghy. He didn't come back until about eight the next morning. I rowed over and got him. He shaved and had a cup of coffee, and we went up to the United States Marshal's office. He couldn't have picked up the money then because he was aboard only about ten minutes and I was there all the time. After the hearing, we came back, moved the *Topaz* to Harley's Boat Yard, and I paid him off. The only thing he was carrying when he left the boat was the two pairs of dungarees, and the money couldn't have been in them. I wasn't watching him deliberately, of course; I just happened to be there talking to him when he rolled them up. He might have had the four thousand in his wallet, but he couldn't have had the other."

"Did you go ashore that night?"

"No. Nor Wednesday night."

"But you did go ashore Thursday night, and didn't get back till twelve. He could have gone aboard then."

"Past the watchman?" I said, wondering if I'd get by with it. "The cabin of the boat was locked anyway."

"With a padlock anybody could open with a hardboiled egg."

"Not without the watchman's hearing it."

We were skirting dangerously close now. My stomach was tying itself in a knot. "How many keys to that padlock?" he asked.

"Only one," I said. "as far as I know."

"Where was it kept when you were at sea?"

"In a drawer in the galley. Along with the lock."

"So if Keefer wanted to be sure of getting back in later on, he had over a week to practice picking that lock. Or to make

an impression of the key so he could have a duplicate made. He had the rest of the money hidden, to pick it up when you weren't around. Thursday night was the first chance he had. As soon as you left he showed up and tried to con the watchman into letting him go aboard. When that didn't work he did the same thing we did, picked up a skiff over at that dock where the shrimp fleet ties up, and went in the back way."

"It's possible," I said. "But only a guess."

"No. We talked to that girl he was with in the Domino. She said he was supposed to pick her up at 8:30, but didn't show until nearly ten. Now guess where he'd been."

"Okay," I said. "But if he came aboard and got it, what became of it? You killed him the same night."

He smiled coldly. "Those were the last two holes. He didn't give it to the girl, and we know he didn't throw it out of the car when we ran him to the curb. Therefore, he never did get it. When he got aboard, it was gone."

"Gone? You mean you think I found it?"

He shook his head. "What equipment was removed from that boat for repairs?"

"The refrigerator," I said, and dived for him.

He'd been watching Flowers, and was already reaching for the gun.

I was on him before it came clear. The chair went over. I felt the tug of the wires, and the lie-detector crashed to the floor behind us, bringing the table with it. Flowers ran for the door. Slidell and I were in a hopeless tangle, fighting for the gun. He had it out of his pocket now. I grabbed it by the barrel, forcing it away from me. Then Bonner was on us. The blackjack sliced down, missing my head and cutting across my shoulder. I rolled Slidell over on top of me. For an instant I could see the couch where she'd been sitting; she was gone. If she had enough lead, she might get away.

We rolled again, and I saw her. She hadn't run at all. She'd just reached the telephone and was lifting it from the cradle and dialing. I heard Bonner curse, and then the sound of the blow and her cry as she fell. I tried to hit Slidell in the face, but the wire on my arm was entangled somewhere in the mess. Then Bonner was leaning over us, taking the gun out of both our hands.

Patricia Reagan got up from the floor beside the fallen telephone. She grasped the corner of the desk and reached for something on it.

Just as Bonner got the gun she came up behind him swinging the 35-mm. camera by its strap. It caught him just above the ear and he grunted and fell to his knees. The gun slid out of his fingers. I grabbed it, and then Slidell had it by the muzzle. "Run!" I yelled at her. "Get out."

She ran out the front door. Bonner shook his head and got up, staring groggily around the room. He ran toward the kitchen. "The front!" Slidell screamed.

I jerked on the gun, and this time I broke Slidell's grip. I rolled away from him and stood up. My knees trembled, and the whole room was turning. When the front door came by I lunged for it. But the wreckage of the lie detector was still tied to my right arm. It pulled me off balance just as Slidell hit me with a tackle. We fell across the edge of the table. Pain knifed its way through my left side, and I heard the ribs go like the snapping of green twigs. The gun was under me. I pulled it free and hit him across the left temple just as he was pushing up to his knees. He fell face down in the ruins of the table.

I got to my feet, and this time I remembered Flowers' machine. I tore it free and stepped across Slidell to pick up the telephone, but saw the dangling end of the cord where Bonner had pulled it out of the wall. I whirled and ran out the door. Sunlight was blinding after the dimness inside. Bonner was a hundred yards away, near the mailbox. I started after him. She wasn't in sight, but he turned left, toward the highway.

My side felt as if I'd been emptied and then stuffed with broken glass or eggshells. Breathing was agony, and I ran clumsily, with a feeling I'd been cut in two and the upper half of my body was merely riding, none too well balanced, on the lower. Then I saw her. She was running along the road less than fifty yards ahead of him. Just as I came out onto the road she looked back and saw him, and plunged into the palmetto and stunted pine, trying to hide. For a moment I lost them and was terrified. I tore through a screen of brush then and saw them in an open area surrounding a small salt pond. She ran out into it, trying to get across. The water was a little over knee deep. She fell, and he was on her before she could get up. He bent down, caught her by the back of the neck, and held her head under.

I tried to yell, but the last of my breath was gone. My foot caught in a mangrove root and I fell into the mud just at the edge of the water. He heard me and looked around.

"Pick—!" I gasped. "Pick—her up."

"You come and get her," he said.

Groggily, I cocked the gun, rested it on my left forearm, and shot him in the chest. He collapsed face down in the water. When I got to her the water around him was growing red, and he jerked convulsively and drew his legs up and kicked, bumping his head against my knees. I dropped the gun and got her out somehow, up beyond the slimy mud, and when she choked a few times and began to breathe I walked away a few steps and was sick. I sat down.

The sun beat down with brassy heat. Mosquitos whined thinly about my ears. I thought I heard cars going past on the road. After a while I turned, and she was sitting up. Then someone was running through the brush. Slidell, I thought; and I'd lost the gun. When the man came into view he was wearing the uniform of the Sheriff's Department. I got to my feet, took one step, and then everything began to wash out like an overexposed film.

Afterward I had a hazy recollection of riding in a car with Patricia Reagan beside me. She was talking to the man who was driving. Then I was lying on a table while a man cut off my shirt.

THE SAILCLOTH SHROUD (continued)

When I awoke I was in a hospital room with a steel-rigid side and a battered face through which I could see just faintly, and from the appearance of the light it seemed to be morning outside. After a while a nurse came in.

"What time is it?" I asked.

She smiled. "Miami Hospital. Tuesday. Nine A.M."

"What happened?"

"Shock, exhaustion, broken ribs, and a sedative. There are a bunch of people waiting to see you, so brace yourself."

The first were two agents from the FBI. After them came Bill, several other reporters, and a photographer. They all left finally, except Bill. He filled in the parts that were still hazy. The FBI had been looking for me down the Keys after receiving a tip I'd been seen on the Key West bus. An agent was in the police station in Marathon when the telephone operator called to report there seemed to be trouble at the Holland place on Spanish Key.

Patricia gave them the story while they were driving me to the doctor's office in Marathon. Miami passed it along to the office in Southport. Soames found the letter. It was in the door of the *Topaz*' refrigerator, in the electrical shop at the boat yard, along with a large envelope containing $18,400. It was a thick door, wood on the outside and enameled steel inside and packed with insulation. Keefer had taken out some screws, removed part of the insulation, and put in the envelope. It wasn't this which caused it to need repairs, of course; the trouble was in the refrigeration unit itself and had begun the first day out of Panama.

Reagan had worked it out cleverly. The letter was in an airmail envelope, stamped, addressed to Paula Stafford, unsealed. The money was in this large Manila deal he'd found on the boat; it had originally held Hydrographic Office bulletins. But he hadn't merely stuffed the money in, by single bills or bundles; he'd packed it in a dozen or more individual letter-sized envelopes and sealed them, so that when the big one was closed it felt like a bunch of letters. It was sealed. Or had been until Keefer opened it.

The letter read:

Yacht Topaz
At sea, June 3rd.

"*My Darling Paula,*

I don't really know how to start this. I write it with a heavy heart, for if you read it at all it will only be because I am dead. The truth is that I have been troubled by angina for some time, and yesterday I suffered what I think was a coronary attack. And while there is no reason to think I might have another before we reach port, I felt I should write this just in case one did cause my death before I had a chance to say my last goodbye to you.

I am afraid this has changed my plans for the future that I wrote you about, but if I arrive safely in Southport we can discuss new ones. I still have all your precious letters that have meant so much to me. They are in an envelope in my bag, which will be sent to you in case I have a fatal attack before we reach port.

My darling, I hope you never read this letter. But if you do, remember that my last thoughts were of you.

Forever,
Wendell

"Very neat," Bill said. "This one would have been open, so you'd read it to find whom to notify and where to ship his stuff. And naturally you wouldn't open a sealed package of old love letters. Inside the sealed envelope with the money there was another note to her, this one signed Brian, saying he'd put the other suitcase in a bonded warehouse in New York. He enclosed the storage receipt and a letter authorizing the transfer and storage company to turn the bag over to her. He told her to get it, but if Slidell caught up with her to give it to him."

I nodded. "Then Keefer must have seen him when he was fixing it up, and knew about the money before he died."

"Sure," Bill said. "Otherwise, he probably wouldn't have opened it."

"I didn't get much out of those FBI types," I said. "Have they found out who Slidell is?"

Bill lighted a cigarette. "Los Angeles hoodlum who had a winter home in Phoenix. Several arrests for extortion and one for murder, no convictions. The bonds came from four big bank robberies in Texas and Oklahoma. They're not sure yet whether Slidell actually took part, or just planned them. Funny part is he came from about the same kind of family background Reagan did, and even had a couple of years in medical school. Bonner was his bodyguard and hunker and general muscle man. The FBI was able to talk to the Stafford woman last night, and they've got the suitcase out of the warehouse, but they're still buttoned up as to how much there was in it. They're pretty sure she didn't know anything about where the money came from, or that her boy friend's real name was Clifford Reagan. She just knew he was in some kind of trouble. They're still on the trail of the other men Slidell had with him in Southport, but the Miami police nabbed Flowers at the airport this morning. He used to be the lie-detector expert for the police in one of those suburbs of Los Angeles until he got in trouble on a morals charge and was canned."

I looked out the window. "What about Bonner?"

He gestured impatiently. "Justifiable homicide, what else? You supposed to sit there and watch him kill her?"

I didn't say anything. In the movies and on television, I thought, you just point the gun and everybody obeys, but maybe they didn't run into Bonners very often. There hadn't been any choice. But it would be a long time before I forgot the horror of that moment when he kicked out with his legs and nudged his head against me there in the reddening water.

"I talked to the medics this morning," Bill went on. "They say losing his pills had nothing whatever to do with Reagan's death. They're prescribed to relieve the pain of angina, but for a massive coronary attack like Reagan's they'd do about as much good as giving him aspirin."

"I guess so," I said dully. "But if I'd had sense enough to guess what that first one was, I could have taken him back to Panama."

"Where he would still have died of a coronary—if Slidell hadn't gotten him first. Cut it out."

He'd been gone only a few minutes when she came in. She'd been back to Spanish Key to close the house and get her things. She was fully recovered and very lovely except for some puffiness on one side of her face.

"I wanted to thank you for saving my life," she said.

"Not at all." I told her. "I was the one who brought them there."

"No," she said. She looked away. "It wasn't you."

"Look—I'm sorry. I wish it hadn't happened."

"Please. I'd rather not talk about it." She came over and sat down in the chair beside the bed. "What are your plans now?"

"They say I can get out of here in a few days, so I'm going back to Southport to sell the *Topaz*. I'll tell you what—when I finish that, and these ribs knit a little, let me take you for a sail on the *Orion*."

She smiled wanly. "Thanks, I wish I could. But I may leave shortly for Santa Barbara."

"But what about the magazine articles?" I protested.

"Maybe I'll try them again some other time."

"You won't leave without coming by to see me?"

She did come by for a few minutes the next day, but it was the same thing. Just before she left, Bill and Lorraine showed up. Bill had already met her, of course, but I introduced her to Lorraine.

After she'd gone, Lorraine looked at me with the old matchmaker's gleam in her eye. "Now, there's a really stunning girl, Rogers, old boy. What's between you two?"

"Her father," I said.

I had a card from her after she went back to Santa Barbara, but I never saw her again. THE END

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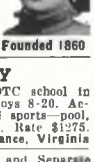

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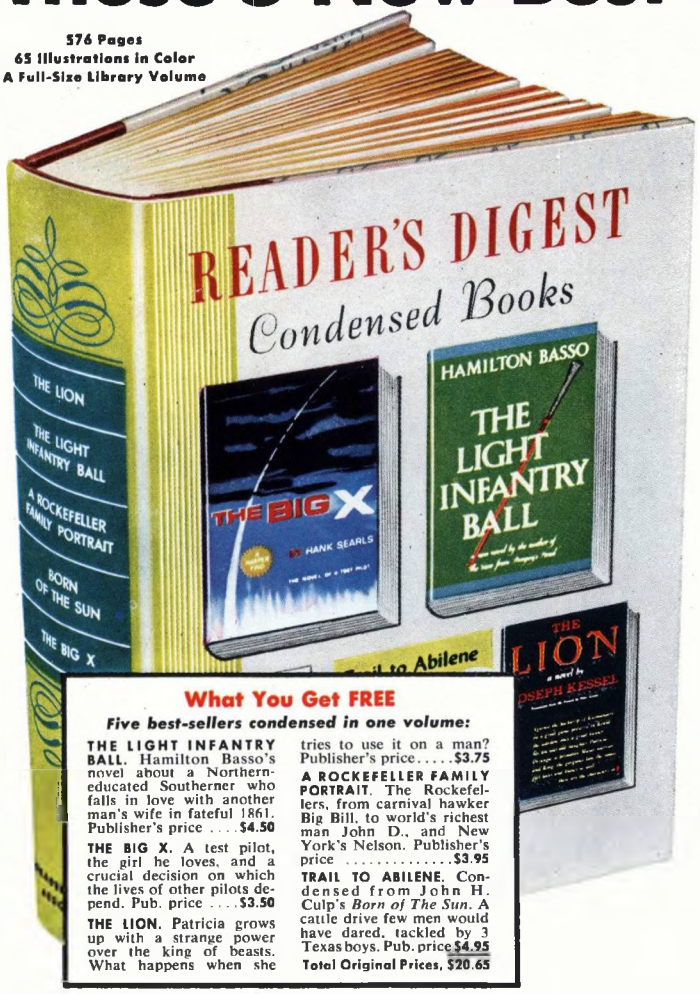

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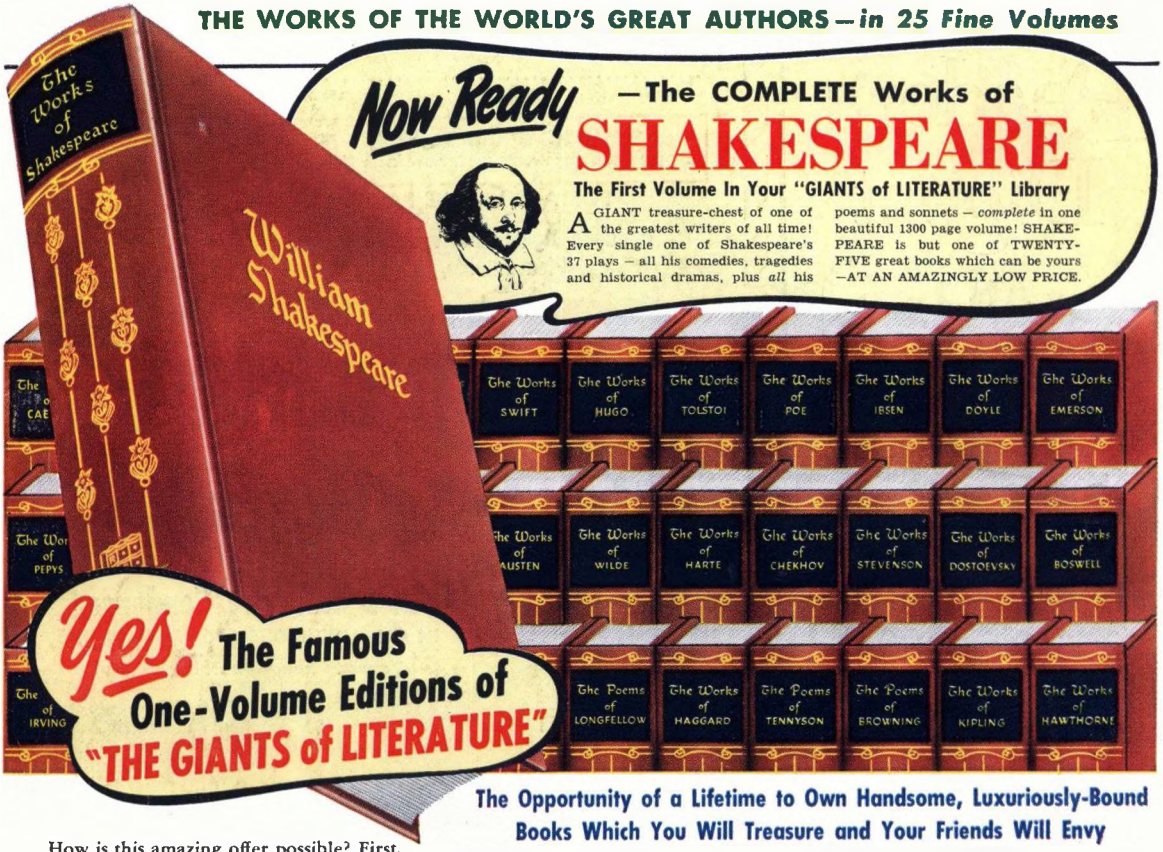

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