LADIES' HOME

JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 1957 · 35c

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

TV'S QUIZ CHAMP: TEDDY NADLER—How He Spent That $152,000

GOTHIC TALE BY ISAK DINESEN

HUSBANDS AND WIVES TELL WHY THEY LOVE EACH OTHER

Condensed NOVEL COMPLETE in This Issue

"I FORGAVE HIS INFIDELITY ONCE"

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Ladies' Home Journal

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VOL. LXXIV NO. 11 November, 1957

JOURNALITIES

Hamlen Hunt

If it weren't for the interesting people, we'd say don't bother looking at this column this month. We read it a moment ago, backward, beginning at the bottom of a blank sheet of paper, and all it does is point Morals, a boring thing to do. To avoid this at the start, let's point to HAMLEN HUNT, a Pretty Author who is *not* boring. She wrote *Marry I Must* (on page 72; but why not wait until you come to it, leafing through?). It's a short story about a girl named T. J. (that's all), whose only purpose in going to college is to get a man and home of her own. Well! You can't guess what happens to her! There's a moral to it—you'll see. The author's brief: "Born in New York City, of painter parents, attended Columbia University and Radcliffe College, married a doctor from Mobile, Alabama; we now live near Boston and have two daughters of notable charm."

Betty Hoffman

BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN frequently writes for the JOURNAL and is practically a member of the family, so we needn't pay much attention to her. She is a Wonderful Wife (of lawyer-husband Bob); a Wonderful Mother (of three); a Good Cook (she writes well too). About her inner life she says cats and reactionaries make her nervous and so do horses, only more so. This month she writes about the amazing Teddy Nadler and his family (*How America Lives*, page 161). Mr. Nadler is the $152,000 TV quiz-show winner whose photographic memory bested that of renowned scholars in many fields of knowledge. Yet, as former laborer Nadler explains, except for answering quiz questions, knowledge alone is useless and will bring you neither love nor fame nor money.

Tina Fredericks

Our photo editor, TINA FREDERICKS, was born in Berlin, Germany, and christened Anna-Katarina. Her father was in the publishing business and frequently brought home dozens of magazines. As a baby she ate a good many of them, she says, and that's how magazines got into her system. Her two daughters, Devon and Stacey, do *not* eat magazines. Tina is responsible for planning the series of cover photographs depicting episodes in the life of a Young Couple. Watch them. In time they will perform all the ordinary miracles. The miracle on this month's cover is a lopsided birthday cake—his. She is pleased; he is dubious, but he is going to eat it and like it. The moral is obvious. The photographer is MARK SHAW.

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

Stories

Special Features

General Features

Fashion and Beauty

Food and Homemaking

Gardening and Interior Decoration

Poems

Cover: Mark Shaw, Photographer
Tina S. Fredericks, Picture Editor

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At least 30 days before a change is to take effect please send your complete name, new address and a mailing label from a recent issue. If this is not possible, write out your old address and send it with the new one, including zone number. Address the Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide necessary postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

Most Fascinating Query of the Month

Victoria, Texas

Dear Editor of Ladies' Home Journal: I am a girl twelve years of age, and I would like to tell you something.

Many girls in this city like the JOURNAL. But most of the stories are for grownups. So we (our club) wrote three stories that we thought would interest twelve-year-olds. But we can't write these stories over and over. So we thought of your magazine. We decided to write you and ask if you could print one of our stories for others to read. Could you? American girls would love it. The titles are:

Shan—a story of a wild mare, tamed by a little boy.

The Courageous Cat—a story of a scientist woman in the African jungle, only a pet panther with her.

The Mysterious Teen-Age Girl—a teen-age girl is invited to the prom by the most popular boy in high school. Her friend, jealous, tries to compete, which causes lots of laughs.

Even if you can't print them, *please* write.

Sincerely,
CAROLE HALK,
Sec. and Treasurer

Loiter But Not Litter

Griswoldville, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: I thought of your timely and searching article on litterbugs (May JOURNAL) when I came across the following notice posted on the Esplanade in Sydney, Cape Breton:

"Loiter but not litter,
Rest but not molest,
Enjoy but not destroy."

Sincerely,
ADELAIDE R. KEMP

▶ *We've gone musical in Philadelphia, where many trash receptacles bear the sign: "Hey there, you with that trash in your hand." ED.*

Well-Stocked Library

Streetsville, Ontario

Dear Editors: In June, 1896, the members of our library board included the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among the list of subscriptions, and our readers have been enjoying it ever since. The only magazine to which our library subscribed before 1896 and which is still coming is the Illustrated London News; but for a while it was dropped, so your JOURNAL has the record.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. H. MANNING
Secretary,
Streetsville Public Library (Founded 1854)

Sadism in Delivery Rooms?

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor: I feel compelled to write you this letter asking you to investigate the tortures that go on in modern delivery rooms.

When I first started in my profession, I thought it would be wonderful to help bring a new life into this world. I was and am still shocked at the manner in which a mother-to-be is rushed into the delivery room and strapped down with cuffs around her arms and legs and steel clamps over her shoulders and chest.

At one hospital I know of it is common practice to take the mother right into the delivery room as soon as she is "prepared." Often she is strapped in the lithotomy position, with knees pulled far apart, for as long as eight hours. On one occasion, an obstetrician informed the nurses on duty that he was going to a dinner and that they should slow up things. The young mother was taken into the delivery room and strapped down hand and foot with her legs tied together.

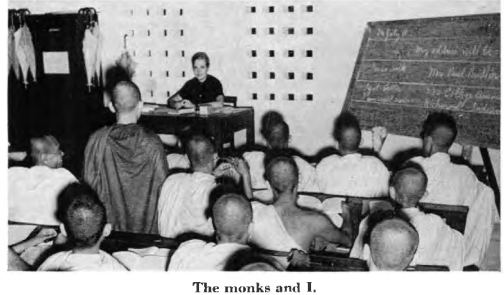
I have seen doctors who have charming examination-table manners show traces of sadism in the delivery room. One I know does cutting and suturing operations without anesthetic because he almost lost a patient from an overdose some years ago. He has nurses use a mask to stifle the patient's outcry.

Great strides have been made in maternal care, but some doctors still say, "Tie them down so they won't give us any trouble." I know that thousands of women are expertly and considerately treated during childbirth for every one that endures cruel treatment. But that one is too many. You of the JOURNAL have long been a champion of women's rights. I feel that an exposé of this type of medical practice would go a long way to aiding child-bearing women.

REGISTERED NURSE

▶ *We occasionally hear of discourteous, inconsiderate or, as in this case, downright inhumane treatment of young mothers and others in hospitals. We hopefully assume it is extremely rare. Would other readers care to report? ED.*

East Meets West



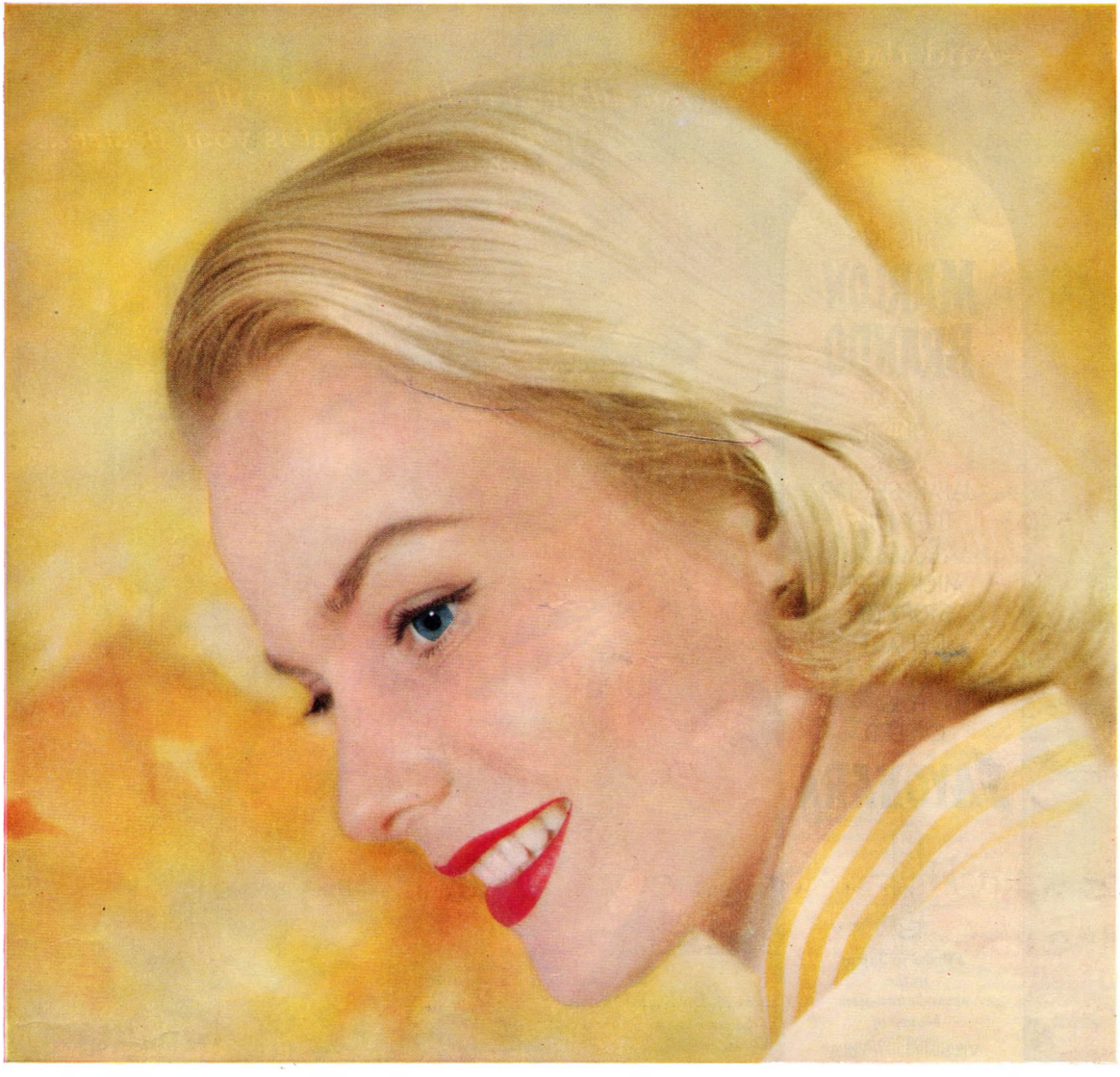
The monks and I.

Richmond, Indiana

Dear Editors: On a hot, sultry day half a world away in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, a young shaven-headed Buddhist monk named Prum Chhon is sitting in his saffron-colored robe, balancing a pad of paper on his knee. He is struggling with the hardest job he has ever tackled—writing a letter.

This painstaking epistle is written to me, wife of an American architect and mother of four children. For I had the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53



That Ivory Look—so clear...so fresh ...so easily yours

Gentle enough for a baby's skin, pure, mild Ivory Soap is so right for your skin, too.

What a sunny, sparkling look—a look that can brighten your complexion, too, when you use Ivory Soap. Remember, in skin care, there's no substitute for mildness—and Ivory has a mildness all its own. A change to simple, regular Ivory care leaves your skin softer, smoother textured—so fresh and clear with That Ivory Look.

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More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

the softest way to say goodnight...Arnel

the fiber that makes pretty fashions so easy to care for

Sears new Charmode Sleepwear stays lovely through laundering—drips dry, needs no ironing

Sears gives you the most deliciously soft *brushed* knit fashions you've ever slept in, made with Celanese Arnel and rayon (75%-25%) blend. And it's as carefree as it's cozy! Thanks to Arnel, you can wash these fashions in the machine or by hand; they dry quickly, rarely need ironing, keep their shape and delicate luster.

Find all of these new Charmode fashions in pink, maize, or nile green. *Shown left to right:* Tailored pajamas about $5.98. Luxuriously full granny gown, about $5.98. Fitted gown, about $4.98. All sizes 32 to 40. Bedjacket (not shown), small, medium, large, about $3.98. At all Sears, Roebuck and Co. retail stores, catalog sales offices, or order from Sears Catalog in your home, by mail or telephone. In Canada, Simpsons-Sears Ltd. retail stores only.

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If you've promised him a sailboat, only a sailboat will do. But for everyone else on that long list, there's a good book. Now, this Christmas, booksellers across the nation are featuring displays of fine books from *Doubleday* and *Better Homes and Gardens*, two of America's leading publishers. You'll find books on this list and at your bookseller's that will suit every taste, and flatter anyone who receives them. With just one stop at your book store, you'll take care of all your gift requirements easily and conveniently, and you'll spend less than you expected.

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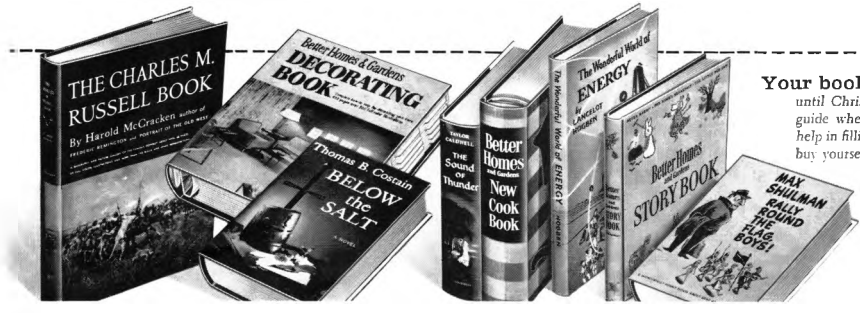

Your bookseller *is featuring all these books from now until Christmas. Tear this page out, use it as your buying guide when you visit him. You'll find him an invaluable help in filling your holiday gift needs. And while you're there, buy yourself a book, too!*

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Garden City, New York
Better Homes and Gardens
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"Me? Wear a strapless bra in November?"

"Of course, darling!... you feel so free in good news by WARNER'S"

The back can't budge...so the front stays up!

Wouldn't you like the easy freedom of your strapless bra all year? Trouble is, it slides or (horrors!) even slips. So you only wear it with special dresses, mostly in summer. But that's all changed now—with Good News™.

Here at last is a strapless that truly stays put—not sometimes, not mostly, but *always*. So, now for the first time you'll live in strapless freedom through every season, under everything—whether you're pounding a typewriter, belle-ing it at a ball or bathing a scrappy child.

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So—away with cutting shoulder straps! Good News is at your nicest stores. If not, write Warner's® at Bridgeport 1, Conn.

#P1031 (*above*). Front hook closing. Deep plunge style; white or black. #P1041. Front zipper. White. Both gently foam-lined cotton; both $6.50.

This is an actual photograph of the hands of Mrs. Margaret Lane, Seattle, Wash. Only her right hand was treated with Jergens.

Simple as 1 2 3 to stop "Detergent Hands"

It's simple to have lovely hands. Over 450 women proved it in a scientific test.* They soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft, smooth. Jergens stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film…it *penetrates* to help replace natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. It's the world's most popular hand care! Only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

COLIN SIMKIN COLLECTION

HOME TO THANKSGIVING

ARE OUR TEEN-AGERS SO DUMB?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Social scientists at Purdue University have been studying American high-school pupils for years, using the sampling method to obtain from students themselves, in answer to questionnaires, or in letters from pupils, signed and unsigned, a picture of American high-school students. Their first report, issued as a book entitled The American Teenager, and published during the current year, is startling in many respects, discouraging in some ways, and encouraging in others.

This reader of the report was far more horrified than its authors appear to be to learn from the answers of high-school pupils, whether to specific questions or in more or less spontaneous letters, that the typical high-school student misspells even the simplest words, has not apparently the foggiest notion of grammar or syntax, has failed to learn from "social studies" even the most elementary facts about the American Constitution and American history, geography and science.

The height of illiteracy is struck by a high-school junior who writes in regard to his problems, "It seems like I never have nothing to do and when I got to do it, it bores me." One can only ask (which the authors don't): How did that boy ever pass grade after grade through eleven years of schooling? Why with his ignorance and boredom should he be in high school at all, instead of learning a trade by practice?

The boy is *not* typical. But there is hardly one communication from pupils that is written in correct grammar without egregious misspelling. Examples (a high-school senior): "The things that make me mad *is* ——" "I have tried many remmetics [remedies]." "Talking *won't do no* good." . . . "It worked out *perfect*."

A senior-high-school girl, complaining of parents, says, "[They] won't let children make up their own *mines*. Parents don't stop and think that maybe *there* children don't want to make *there* career in the same field." I don't know what "career" this young woman hopes for. But this again is typical. In speaking of their futures they invariably speak about "careers," never about work, and all of them expect to be able to pick and choose what they will do. A minor writes, "I'm still a *miner*." (Perhaps he also hopes to make up his own mine.) Another writes, "*Now* matter" for *no* matter, and remarks "as time *gos* by."

"I don't get *to* good a grade. . . . I *trie* to study," explains one youth, complaining of continual noise at home from TV, as does another who writes, "My school work is *beging* neglected and my marks show this *neglegence*. . . . Time [watching TV] *go* by so fast . . . many good as well as *eductionally* programs on . . . I'm *shore* many people of my age have the same handicap."

Written by D. H. Radler from the findings of the group headed by H. H. Remmers, the report is filled with interpretations and deductions which doubtless represent the sentiments of the group as a whole. I say "sentiments" advisedly, because the authors are not devoid of their own convictions or prejudices in interpreting the material. They express their own shock at some of the things they find, and are curiously indifferent to other things, finding them more humorous than serious. They appear to be far more concerned, for instance, about the adolescents' attitude toward civil liberties, sex, parents and future career than with their actual accomplishments for their age.

Because there are many complaints of not knowing how to study, the social scientists suggest that a course on study methods might be added to the high-school curriculum. But since when have elementary- and high-school teachers been unable to guide and help their pupils to study in the courses they teach? Or are they actually permitted to do so?

How about the teen-agers' knowledge of American history? Ten per cent of the cross section queried thought Lincoln wrote the Declaration of Independence. Of science? Over one third thought the earth the center of the universe. Of geography? Seventy-five per cent think Venezuela is south of the Equator.

A junior in California writes, to the evident satisfaction of the investigators, as far as her views are concerned, "Another one of my dislikes is the segregation in the southern school. Our *Constitution* says CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

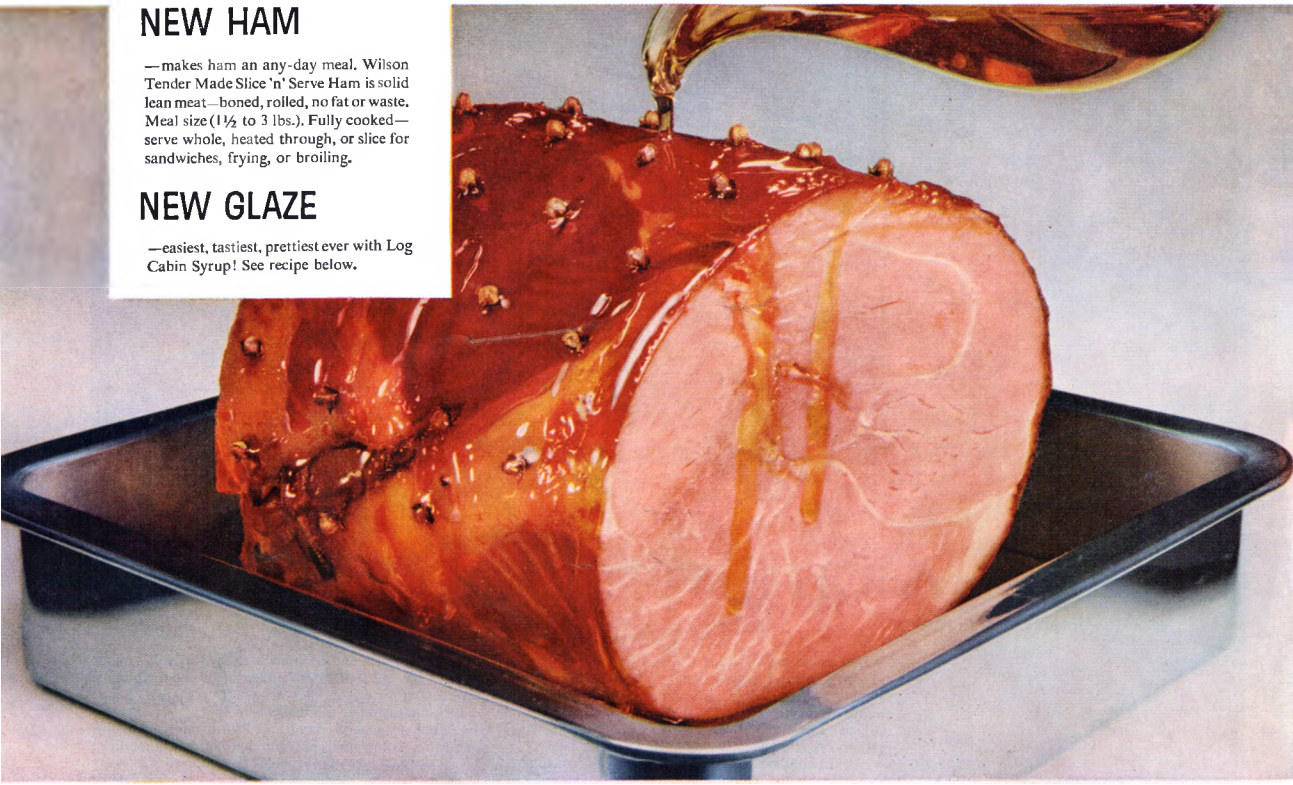
Wilson's new Tender Made Ham loves Log Cabin Syrup!

NEW HAM

—makes ham an any-day meal. Wilson Tender Made Slice 'n' Serve Ham is solid lean meat—boned, rolled, no fat or waste. Meal size (1½ to 3 lbs.). Fully cooked—serve whole, heated through, or slice for sandwiches, frying, or broiling.

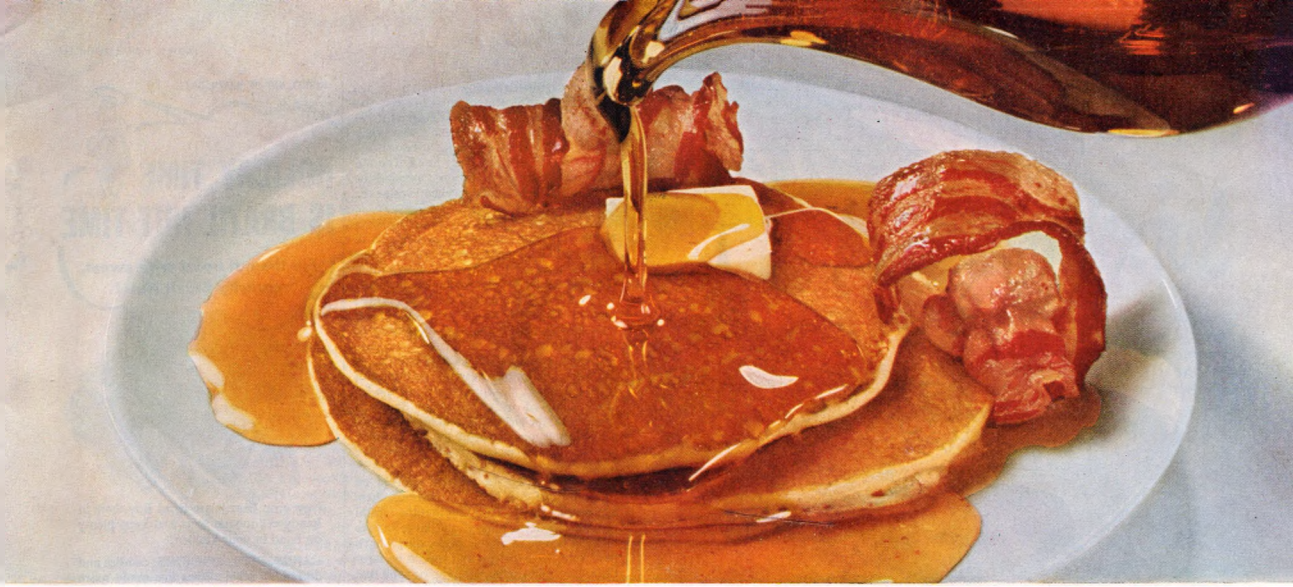
NEW GLAZE

—easiest, tastiest, prettiest ever with Log Cabin Syrup! See recipe below.



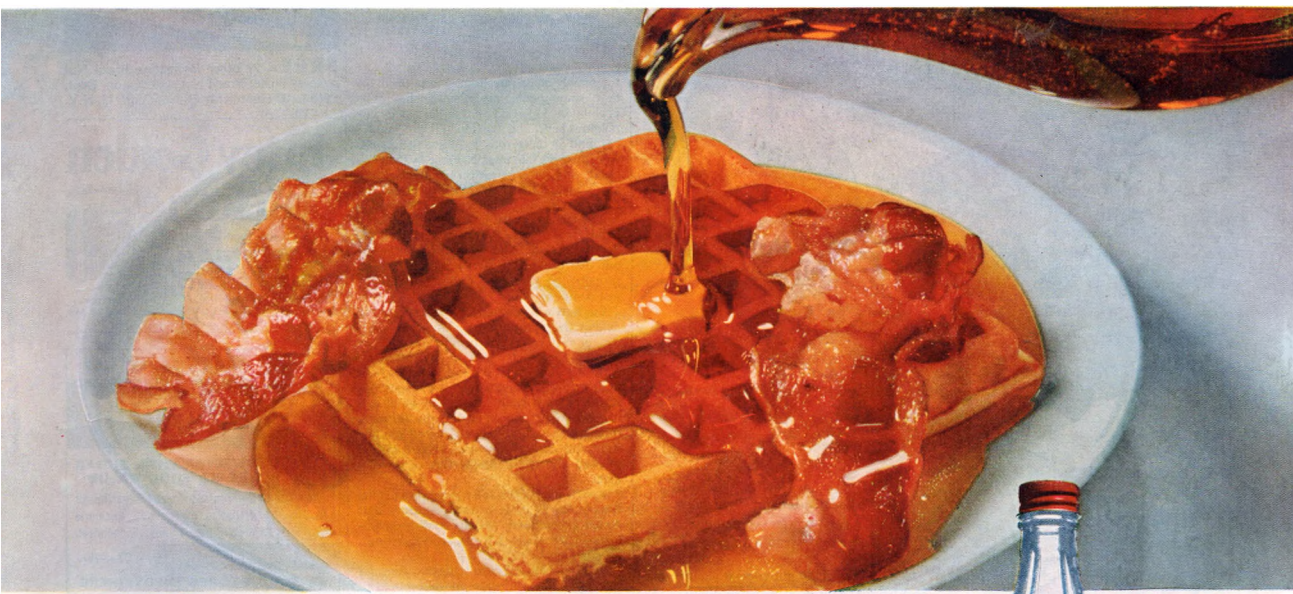
Log Cabin's "Glaze of Glory!" No brown sugar fuss! Just pour one cup of Log Cabin over ham, pop it into a 325-degree oven for 1 to 1¼ hours. Baste frequently. Log Cabin seals in all the ham flavor. The real maple sugar blended into Log Cabin makes it taste extra good.

New Ham Steak Fixin'—Melt two tbs. butter in skillet with one cup Log Cabin, pinch of dry mustard. Simmer 5 min. Add cooked sweet potatoes and turn for 5 min. Add thick slice of Wilson's new Tender Made Ham and canned apples. Heat 10 min., turning ham once.



Perfect with Pancakes—Crisp Wilson Bacon curls with golden Log Cabin Syrup. Wilson Bacon has that tantalizing taste that comes from hardwood smoking. Perch bacon atop pancakes and cover with Log Cabin's maple goodness—blended with real maple sugar!

Wonderful with Waffles—New waffle idea! Add crumbled, crisped Wilson Bacon to waffle batter for that sweet-smoke flavor all through your waffles! Put more bacon on top, pour on lots of Log Cabin. You can't get enough of that real maple flavor.



Wilson Bacon loves Log Cabin, too!

Wilson & Co., Inc.,
General Offices, Chicago, Ill.

A product of
General Foods

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

that all men are created equal but the way *thing* are today, well, *it* a *disgrace*. Just because *thier* skin is black doesn't mean *thier* different *than* white. They want an education, home, job just like anybody else." The authors do not catch her up on confusing the Declaration of Independence with the Constitution.

On the other hand, a sophomore in a North Carolina high school writes one of the most literate and cogently argued letters of those published, in favor of segregation. It contains not one misspelled word and only a very minor grammatical error. He argues that the Supreme Court decision, in his opinion—"I may be wrong"—has usurped the legislative power.

Clearly his views reflect the opinion of the white community in which he lives. But if his letter is at all representative of the literacy achieved in an all-white Southern school, and the girl's typical of the literacy of a California mixed school, the letters taken together do not successfully argue the case for desegregation.

In summing up the answers received on the subject of civil liberties, the researchers express real shock. They find that the typical teen-ager believes himself and large masses of adult people incapable of deciding what's best; that behavior can and should be scrutinized by police, using wiretapping; and that he endorses censorship of books, newspapers, magazines and other media. Twenty-five per cent would do away with warrants

It destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being. DISRAELI

for search of private homes; one third believe some public assemblages should be prohibited; 13 per cent would restrict by law religious belief and worship.

I find it dangerous to draw deductions from answers that must be made by "yes" or "no," without explanation or qualification, and significant that the researchers did not query the pupils at all about one item in the Bill of Rights (in the famous Fifth Amendment), namely, that "no person . . . [can be] deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

But how can young people be expected to defend the constitutional American liberties, or even recognize them as such, if they confuse the Declaration of Independence with the Emancipation Proclamation; do not recognize a slight paraphrase of the Constitution when they see it, and quite evidently have never been taught constitutional origins and background, or learned why the eighteenth-century men who wrote it wished to curb and check the powers of government?

Books, magazines and newspapers air the complaints of citizens and educators that American children, despite lavish expenditures on new luxury schools, are not getting a proper education at all.

In this debate it is clear that educators and citizens do not even agree on what should be the purpose of primary and secondary education. Is it to impart knowledge? If so, *what* knowledge? What factual knowledge ought an American child and adolescent have acquired before he is eighteen years old? Is its purpose to develop the individual personality and foster rugged self-reliance or to gear the child and youth to satisfactory conformity with society as it exists and is likely to develop? Is it to prepare youth for further studies in college or university, or to train them for an immediate vocation—and to do both in the same school?

American education is at cross purposes in the exact meaning of that phrase. It is attempting to do contradictory things with contradictory aims while, at the same time,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Godfrey says: "Don't miss this armchair safari!"

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This unusual pictorial map leads you on a thrilling expedition through Africa's wilds and wonders! Points out animals, birds, tribes. Numbered symbols locate, describe what you'd see as an explorer!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

vastly extending the numbers of children and adolescents it is keeping in school. All but a small fraction of our young population now go to high school, and an ever-increasing number attend, or expect to attend, colleges or other institutions for further learning. If measured in terms of years spent in school, we are the *most* educated people in the world. Are we the *best* educated?

The researchers repeatedly betray their own biases. A majority of high-school students (57 per cent), and a much larger one (72 per cent) of college students, queried by Time agreed that "Democracy depends fundamentally on the existence of free enterprise." The authors comment, "The experts disagree with this statement because they are aware that *individual rights* [italics theirs] are more fundamental to democracy than free enterprise."

It is here that this reader agrees with the pupils and disagrees with the "experts," whoever they may be. (How can anyone be an "expert" on such a question?) Is not opportunity freely to engage in economic enterprise and accumulate and be secure in property also an *individual* right? And do the authors know of any country in which free business enterprise has been taken over in all sectors of the economy and other freedoms retained? "Our students," comment the authors, "seem to be poorly informed about the difference between economic and political systems." Our "typical" students appear to be poorly informed about nearly everything under the sun. But if they

The world is all of us, and if we do not collapse, it will not.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

have a hunch that political and economic systems reflect each other, they show more sense than their critics.

Actually, answers to specific questions reveal that from 11 per cent to 62 per cent share one or another Socialist idea—that government should abolish inheritances, own basic industries, control railroads and mines, run all banks and credit; that the price of goods should be limited by the cost of production; that large idle estates should be divided among the poor for farming.

The researchers apparently see no danger in the prevalence of these ideas, and object to the prevailing view of the students that Communism and Fascism amount to the same thing, again saying that "the experts" think differently. But are not both as they have developed forms of national socialism? Can students unable to make even simple differentiations, or articulately to express themselves even on personal problems, be expected to make intelligent differentiations between various forms of the totalitarian state?

The researchers display other biases. They publish a really moving letter from a girl who, wishing to be popular with the boys, got a reputation (apparently deserved) for being all too easy, but who, after great effort, had decided against permitting any kind of sexual play and has finally found that although this attitude has limited her range of dates it has not precluded companionship with the best and cleanest boys. The researchers comment, "She might have profited from being taught that sex experience, if it stops short of intercourse, is conducive to growth and valuable as preparation for marriage." Just who should have taught her that promiscuous necking, if only interrupted at the critical point, is valuable in any way? Her mother? Her teachers? How many cases of rape rise from the frustrations of such interruptions? And how many high-school pregnancies from going one very short step too far?

The researchers have discovered that typical American teen-agers have strong religious leanings without being dogmatic, that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

The Bake-before-Christmas Cookies that won a great big prize!

This is Amanda, favorite doll of a little girl now grown big. Why not have *your* best-beloved doll offer these delicious butter cookies to guests at your Christmas table?

A Pillsbury Grand National Prize-winning Butter Cookie

Once there was a lady called Mrs. Woods who won a great big Pillsbury prize for inventing some deliciously delicious cookies. Everybody loved them! "They look so good!" people said. "And they taste Christmassy as Christmas!" You know why? Every little buttery-rich cookie was nibbly with French's so-nice Nutmeg. And daringly dashed with French's Rum Flavor! And filled with the fine, pure goodness of French's fragrant Vanilla. Why don't you have a Baking Bee right now? Bake these cookies, tuck them in the freezer. Frost, decorate, and serve them at Christmas!

NUTMEG COOKIE LOGS (adapted by Ann Pillsbury)

1 cup butter
2 tsp. French's Vanilla
2 tsp. French's Rum Flavor
¾ cup sugar
1 unbeaten egg
3 cups sifted Pillsbury Best Enriched Flour
1 tsp. French's Nutmeg

Cream together butter, vanilla, rum flavor. Gradually add sugar. Blend in egg. Add sifted flour and nutmeg gradually; mix thoroughly. Shape pieces of dough on lightly floured surface into long logs, ½" in diameter. Cut in 3" lengths. Bake on ungreased tins, in moderate oven (350°) 12 to 15 min. until light golden brown. Cool. Tuck in freezer till Christmas. Frost, mark with fork tines. Decorate with French's Decorets. Makes about 8 doz. cookies.

FROSTING

3 tbsps. butter
½ tsp. French's Vanilla
1 tsp. French's Rum Flavor
2 ½ cups confectioners' sugar
2 to 3 tbsps. cream or milk

Cream butter, vanilla, rum. Blend in sifted confectioners' sugar alternately with cream or milk. Beat well.

New! Butter Cookie Cookbook

Cookies to bake, freeze, serve at Christmas!

Get this brand new recipe collection of delicious Pillsbury Grand National Prize-Winning Butter Cookies. For your copy, mail 20¢ with this coupon to Box 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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Make prize-winning cookies with **FRENCH'S** flavorings

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"Don't be deterred by the visiting child who says, 'At home I don't have to do that.'"

The neighbors' children: visiting angels, or imps?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

The would-be guest can be told cheerfully, "We'd love to have you for supper, but it will have to be another time."

I want to bring up some common difficulties parents have with neighborhood children and adults. One mother asks, "What's the best treatment for the neighbor child who flatly disobeys a rule such as 'No playing with the power mower'? Do we scold or send him home or speak to mamma? What about the gang of ten-year-olds who stay around for half an hour's sport, leaving wrecked trikes and wagons in their wake? Do we stand guard or use a club? What about house rules such as 'No building sets in the living room'? We can't keep on sending children home. Or can we?"

Another writes: "What on earth do you do about other people's children? I don't know where my duty lies. I attended a teachers' college and took a lot of psychology and I love children. They always love me, too, no matter how I treat them, because I am fair. But when my three (ages six, four and one) are quietly sleeping or playing elsewhere, I hate answering the door time after time—or worse, having everybody walk in on me without knocking. I just wish I could, in some way, have other children for one or two hours at a time. We have lived in a half-dozen communities in our eight years of marriage and have had the same trouble in all of them. Parents do not know where their children are or what they do because they do not watch them. It seems they just don't want to be bothered with them.

"Last year in another city, two little girls came before my children got up and stayed till we sent them home at night. Apparently their mother served no lunch at their house. I did not feed them, though they always asked me to. I had tried that before and ended up feeding certain children five times a week. I cannot manage or teach my children when there are others around all the time.

"If our garage is not locked, they help themselves. Then we can't find anything when we want it—toys, fishing equipment, lawn tools.

"I have been out four times this morning to tell a little neighbor boy to stop throwing rocks (from his yard, and both his parents home) at my daughter who is minding her own business in our yard.

"Today I missed my fountain pen. I have to lock all doors whenever I go out to hang clothes or weed the garden. I have to watch the children when they are inside. This is the third pen taken in this manner. Then I went outside and the spokes of two tricycles had been broken badly. Since my son is away today, the gang wants to borrow his new skates. I told them they could today, but never again. I can't know who destroys things when so many use them. We can't afford to buy toys for the whole neighborhood. Surely that should be understood by parents who can't replace the things their children have broken."

I can tell how harassed this mother feels by the way she jumps from subject to subject.

These letters bring up a number of angles worth considering.

There is no doubt that many children are not very welcome in their own homes. A mother who feels kindly toward children finds a lot of waifs on her hands. And one who gives them a good time draws them like a Pied Piper. Parents who keep their children well supplied with equipment—bikes, wagons, swings, sandbox—find they have created a crowded amusement park in their own back yard. (It was that way in our yard on Cold Spring Street in New Haven when I was growing up.)

It's not all disadvantage in running a popular home. It helps to teach your own child, particularly if he's an only one, how to get along with all kinds—not just how to put up with them, but how to enjoy them. Some of your own popularity and the popularity of the equipment rubs off on your child. In the long run he can't get very far in the world with reflected popularity, but still it may send him off to a good start and make it easier for him to build his own popularity.

A great advantage of having the children come to your house is that you can keep better track of who your own are playing with and what's happening. If I had to choose between having my child always elsewhere or having the whole mob in my yard, I'd much prefer the latter. (Perhaps that's partly because I'm not a mother and wouldn't have to take the consequences.)

There are simple rules which, if the parent sticks to them consistently, should avoid some of the problems raised in the letters. Of course they would differ in different families. I myself would make it plain, for instance, that my children don't come out to play until 9 A.M. when chores are finished, and that visitors don't come in before that. I'd also have a rule that my young children come in for supper at 5:30 and that the others are expected to go home at that time.

For families which are extremely popular or in which the children are always asking the mother if a visitor can come to supper, right in front of the visitor, a simple rule is: No guests to be invited unless mother and child agree to it in private, before anything is said to the guest. At all other times, the would-be guest can be told cheerfully, "We'd love to have you for supper, dear, but it will have to be another time."

If bold neighbor children were making nuisances of themselves in the garage, I'd close the doors, have a very firm rule that nobody was to go in, and make a big issue of it the few times the law was disobeyed. There's not only a lot of damageable stuff in most garages—there are usually several poisonous substances, too, nowadays.

I think a mother is entitled to be very definite about when she wants neighbor children inside her house, in which rooms,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

On Baby: Rosebud Gown. Snap-fastened front closing. Tied hem. Pastels. 3-6 mos. $1.75.

How to get sent as a gift

Hello! I'm a soft, cuddly rosebud gown just made for wrapping a brand-new baby with love. And, since I wear the Carter's label, you know I was sent by someone who really cares about babies. Cares about their busy mothers, too, for every stitch of me is no-iron, machine-washable cotton knit. I have a surprise up my Nevabind sleeve, and here's what it is. Fold back my Handy-Cuffs and find a tiny bouquet of rosy fingers! Then open my drawstring bottom —and *there's* a bunch of rosebud toes!

Pin Check Kimono. Snap closing. Featherstitch trim. Pastels. 6mos. $1.69.

Brushed Cotton Sleeping Bag. Zipper front. Bless-Me-Too print. One size. Grows to 3 yrs. $4.00.

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All are Carter-Set® so won't shrink out of fit.

"LOOK, MOM-ONLY MOTHERS

Norman Rockwell

ENTRY BLANK

Here is my contest entry (complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less): "I believe my family should brush with Crest because

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Be sure to enclose both end flaps from any size Crest carton. You can get additional entry blanks at the store where you buy Crest.

My name is_____(please print)

Address_____

City_____State_____

If you are not a mother, put the name and address of the mother you would like to win the prize here:_____

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I bought Crest at (name and address of store)_____

_____

MAIL TO: CREST Contest for Mom, Dept. C-1
P. O. Box 115, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

CAN WIN THIS CONTEST!"

$86,000 IN PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—FOR MOTHERS ONLY

$20,000 CASH IN YOUR BANK

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15 NEW '58 FORDS

STATION WAGONS

New model 1958 Ford Country Squire Station Wagons, combining all-steel bodies with the traditional beauty of wood-like trim! Thunderbird V-8 engine, new Cushion-Quiet body mounting, and other 1958 features!

THIRD PRIZES—FOR MOTHERS ONLY

10 $1,000 CHARGE ACCOUNTS at the store of your choice

It's easy to enter . . . just tell us why your family should brush with Crest.

For the first time, here's a contest where all the prizes go to you mothers. Imagine how much better an opportunity you mothers have to win.

You don't have to be a "mom" to enter—but if you're not, send us the name of the mother you would like to win the prize.

Simply tell us what Crest Toothpaste can mean to your family's health by completing this sentence in 25 additional words or less—"I believe my family should brush with Crest because . . . "

It's easy to think of reasons for brushing with Crest. For instance: "I believe my family should brush with Crest because we'll all have far fewer cavities, and Crest tastes good, too."

Here are hints to help you win. Because Crest has Fluoristan, an exclusive fluoride formula, it stops soft spots on teeth from turning into cavities. Children who brushed with Crest averaged 49% fewer new cavities than those who brushed with regular toothpaste. Grownups averaged 42% fewer new cavities. This was proven in the greatest "in-use" tests ever made on any toothpaste.

You'll find a helpful message about Crest in the current *Reader's Digest* and *Parents' Magazine*—and in the recent August, September and October issues of *Reader's Digest*, *McCall's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Parents' Magazine*.

Enter as often as you like. Be sure to enclose both end flaps from any size carton of Crest with each entry. Don't delay—go after those wonderful prizes today. And good luck!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Crest Toothpaste means far less decay—far fewer cavities for both grownups and children. Think how important regular brushing with Crest is to your family's health. Tell us about it by completing this easy sentence in 25 additional words or less:

"I believe my family should brush with Crest because . . . "

Write on the entry blank or one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

2. Mail your entry together with both end flaps from a carton of Crest to:

Crest Contest for Mom, Dept. C-1
P. O. Box 115, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 1, 1958 and received not later than March 15, 1958. You may submit as many entries as you wish, provided each entry is accompanied by both end flaps from a Crest carton.

3. This contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies, and their families. However, only bona fide mothers may enter the contest in their own name. (If your children are adopted or deceased, you are eligible to enter the contest in your own name.) Persons other than mothers must include, in addition to their own name and address, the name of a mother to whom a prize could be awarded. Prizes (listed above) will be awarded only to mothers not excluded by the rules.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of the most original, sincere, and apt statement completing the sentence:

"I believe my family should brush with Crest because . . . "

All entries must be from a bona fide mother or contain the name of a mother to whom a prize could be awarded. Prizes will be awarded only to mothers. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. The judges' decision will be final. Except for incidental help from families and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person submitting the entry, and will be disqualified for outside, professional, or compensated help. The purpose of this rule is to disqualify entries prepared in whole or in part by professional or compensated contest writers, schools, or services. Only one prize will be awarded to any person. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners will be notified by mail about eight weeks after all entries are received. Contest is subject to government regulations.

COMMENDED BY THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

doing what. When young neighbors try to get in at unwanted times, there are a half-dozen good excuses the lady of the house can give, like, "Helen is busy right now" or "Helen will be out in a little while."

The question of whether neighborhood children should be allowed to use the family's playthings, with the greater likelihood of damage, would be answered in the affirmative by most parents. They want their own children to share and to share graciously. And most playthings are subject to damage when used continually. But this answer doesn't cover the situation, for instance, when a group of older boys appear on the scene in a troublemaking mood and start deliberately to abuse the equipment. Then the parent has to come out and firmly interfere.

When other children come to ask to play with the possessions of a child who is not at home and who therefore can't protect his things against misuse, it seems fair all around for the parent to say, "I'm sorry, but Jackie isn't here. Why don't you come back tomorrow morning?"

As far as general principles are concerned, I think the most obvious one is that a mother is entitled to lay down the rules for all the children playing on her premises and that she doesn't need to be deterred by a visitor who says, "At home I don't have to do that." What do you do if a visitor deliberately disobeys a rule? I think that calling his mother is, for general use, an inferior method, because it implies that you aren't capable of managing him yourself—you're just a tattletale. In the long run he'll respect you much more and

Whatever happens, there is always someone who knew it would.

behave better if you show him that you feel quite confident in managing him. Of course there are exceptions, when the misbehavior is very serious and something that his own parents would definitely want to know about. Sending a visitor home is often a logical and effective punishment, but I think it is best saved as a last resort, for occasional use. It, too, implies that you've given up trying to control him, at least for today, and this weakens your own discipline. In theory, the most effective method—just as in the case of your own child—is to show by your assured and firm approach that you *can* make him behave and can even make him like it. But of course in actuality this is the hardest to accomplish.

How firm or how disagreeable is the parent entitled to become in making neighbor children behave? All of us can remember in our own childhoods certain adult neighbors who were particularly unpleasant. We hated them and were prejudiced against their children. Or we remember adults who were easily provoked, and, although we were generally law-abiding, we never lost an opportunity to tease them or make trouble for them. On the other hand, we can usually remember people who were strict but whose strictness we respected, especially if they showed that they liked us. There isn't too much connection between strictness and unpopularity. In fact, the too lenient, the timid neighbor will often be scorned or taken advantage of. The crux of the matter is the spirit with which the adult operates. If he is basically friendly and self-assured, he can get away with reasonably firm rules and have them obeyed. But if he acts as if he is expecting to have trouble, if he has a chip on his shoulder, if he's cross to begin with, he'll either be resented or persecuted or scorned, and his children will bear some of the brunt of these feelings.

The principles are the same that apply in the parent's management of his own children or in the officer's control over his men or in the executive's relationship with his subordinates. The leader who is agreeable but who isn't sure of what he wants or is afraid to ask for it runs a confused, inefficient outfit. The individuals under him are uneasy and demanding. The leader who is harsh, unfriendly, yet capable,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

Photo by Lucian and Mary Brown

It's "Cream of Wheat" weather.
Guard your family with hot "Cream of Wheat"

Gives you a nice warm feeling to know you've given them good, nutritious "Cream of Wheat" on days like this . . . gives them a nice warm feeling, too.

Cut out this coupon and take it to your favorite store—save 10¢ on the most amazing skin-care discovery of our time!

Soap dries your skin, but

DOVE creams your skin while you wash!

New bath and toilet bar is one-quarter cleansing cream

DOVE is a completely new formula. One-quarter of every bar is *cleansing cream*. That's why DOVE makes your skin feel so soft and smooth—with none of that dry, tight feeling you get from using soap. DOVE actually *creams* your skin while you wash!

DOVE looks different, too. It has a fascinating new *shape*—sculptured to fit the hand.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you will like DOVE better than any soap—for your face, your hands, *all* of you. If you don't agree—we'll give you back every penny you paid.

So cut out the coupon on the opposite page—take it to your favorite store and save 10¢ on amazing new DOVE! You'll never go back to soap!

New DOVE is one-quarter cleansing cream. DOVE is *good* for your skin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

keeps things in order, but he is heartily disliked. The leader who is unsure of himself and expresses it in an irritable, mistrustful attitude toward his charges usually has the worst organization of all. His subordinates take delight in living up to his worst expectations. They don't want to get along with him. They want to tease and provoke him. When he becomes punitive, it doesn't chasten them. They feel unfairly treated and react with more hostility.

So good leadership, I think, always has to combine the element of confidence in one's right to lead, a genuine liking for those being led, and definite ideas of what to expect from them. Then subordinates not only respect the leader and do their best, but they enjoy it too.

This brings us back to the woman who wrote the second frantic letter. She isn't having trouble with other people's children simply because she can't think up some sensible rules herself or because she hasn't read the right articles. The problem must lie in her own feelings. Something is making it impossible for her to protect herself from being imposed upon. Before we try to guess what her trouble is, we'll have to admit that there are always plenty of adults and children in every community who are ready to impose. Some of them are bold and completely insensitive. It seems as if you have to fend them off with a club. At least you have to speak very frankly and with a loud voice to be understood. Other people impose in a more sensitive manner. Unconsciously they are watching to be sure they don't go far enough to make you really angry. But they

Life is the flower of which love is the honey. VICTOR HUGO

keep inching up when they sense they can get away with it (something like "Still pond, no more moving"). I guess it's more honest to say that almost all of us will take advantage of a too-willing victim. If he will *always* cheerfully run an errand for us or loan us his clothes and money or take care of our child, we will have to be extraordinarily scrupulous to resist the temptation to impose.

Some people never get imposed on, some people get imposed on all the time, and the rest of us know how to protect ourselves most of the time but get imposed on occasionally when we are caught off guard.

A very few individuals enjoy being willing slaves. It gives them a feeling of being appreciated which they can achieve in no other way. Most people who get imposed on, though, resent it, but they are afraid to resist.

The person easily imposed on is usually a sensitive individual who has been brought up close to his parents but in excessive awe of their disapproval. They, in training him, have relied heavily on the threat of not loving him. Instead of simply saying, "You mustn't be impolite or selfish," they have implied, "We won't love you any more (or nobody will love you) if you are impolite or selfish." I don't mean that the parents have necessarily used these words. They may have given him the feeling of being rejected merely by their look of severe disapproval. (They aren't just disliking the behavior, they are disliking the child.) This is a frightening feeling to a child who is close to his parents, especially in early childhood, because he senses that his entire security depends on their continued love. He gets mad at his parents occasionally, as any child does, perhaps more so, but any anger expressed toward them brings a shocked condemnation which is particularly disturbing. So the child grows up with an exaggerated fear of disapproval or anger, an excessive need to please, and an inability to stand up for his own rights. As an adult he or she accepts inferior merchandise without outward protest, lets himself in for tough assignments in the office or on a committee, is easily pressured by door-to-door salesmen, and by relatives and neighbors wanting loans of money or equipment or food. He fumes and kicks himself afterward, but the next time he finds himself saying, "Of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

The cigarette case that not only flips its lid but *holds any pack:* regular or king size...snap-top or rip-top. The Opening Nighter Snap-top Cigarette Case by

LADY BUXTON

best for your money

GALA "OPENING NIGHTER" LEATHER ACCESSORIES. AVAILABLE IN MATCHED SETS: SNAP-TOP CIGARETTE CASE, $3.95. LIGHTER, $2.50. CONVERTIBLE® BILLFOLD, $7.50. SPEC-TAINER,® $3.50. CONTOUR® KEY-TAINER,® $3.50. FRENCH PURSE, $7.50. IN FIVE DRAMATIC COLORS. ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

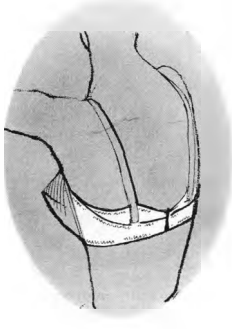

I dreamed I posed for a Fashion Ad
in my maidenform* bra

Look twice at **TWICE-OVER****—newest *maidenform** bra!

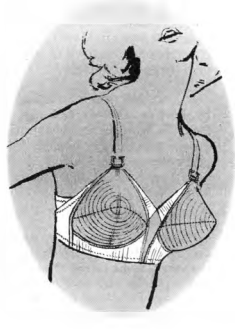
Here's the first and only elastic bra that's firm where a bra should be firm!

One look! You see a light, fantastic elastic bra. It's flexible as you are—breathes as you breathe. It's cut criss-cross under the arms—*keeps* its just-bought shape, *feels* like next to nothing on!

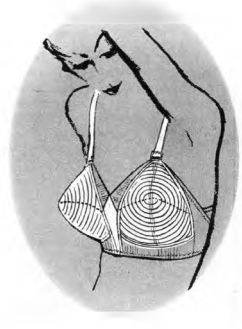
Another look! You see the *cups* are fashioned of silky cotton broadcloth, circular-stitched to mold and hold as if it were made *just* for you! Don't put off till tomorrow what you can put on today... new Maidenform Twice-Over!



Criss-cross cut *double elastic* under the arms. It's more supple and stronger, *lasts* much longer than ordinary elastic bras!



Elastic *outlines* and *underscores* the cups, for comfort and cling where it counts. Twice-Over fits better, feels better on!



Firm cotton broadcloth where *support* counts—in the *double-stitched* cups, center and straps! Keeps its shape better!

Look for this colorful package at fine stores everywhere!

NEW *maidenform* **TWICE-OVER**

UNDER COVER

By Bernardine Kielty

TAKEN FROM COLLIER'S, 3/11/50—BY HANK KETCHAM

"Ever see such nervous people?"

"We've learned what happens to young boys. . . . A four-and-a-half year-old blonde named Cleo (in nursery school) had had her eye on Johnny. On Monday she gave him a penny. On Tuesday she gave him a Davey Crockett button. On Wednesday she pushed him into a box and broke his arm in two places. Clearly this girl means business, and I think Johnny should keep the heck away from her. I asked him recently whatever happened to Cleo and he replied solemnly, 'I don't know, but I hear she's going to have to sit in a corner for the rest of her life.'"

Jean Kerr, the mother of Johnny and three other sons, all under seven, has written a record of their pursuits in a therapeutic book called **PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES** (Doubleday). I giggled all through it and insisted on reading passages aloud. How the four boys will feel about it fifteen years from now is another matter.

●

R. C. Hutchinson fans will be happy to know that he has a new novel out, **MARCH NINTH** (Rinehart). For those who haven't yet sampled Hutchinson, let me say that here is a writer of the James Gould Cozzens, Henry James, Joseph Conrad school, whose novels are long, carefully woven, intense; they always have considerable suspense, built up, as in life, on a gradual disclosure of persons and of motives. Like Conrad, Hutchinson always places his stories against strange moody backgrounds. *March Ninth* is set in Yugoslavia, and although a novel of today, its motivation lies in a terrific occurrence of the past, a bloody reprisal of the Germans against the Partisans, and the undying resentment of a whole village.

(I. A. R. Wylie used much the same theme in The Undefeated, *about a French village.)*

●

Another fine book about Yugoslavia is **THE HERETIC**, by ***Sir Fitzroy MacLean*** (Harper). This is a biography of Tito, the report on a dedicated Communist, from secret agent to national leader. MacLean, sent over by Churchill, was close to Tito during the war; he apparently knows him well now; and if anyone can grasp the subtleties of Balkan politics, it should be he.

But the most important political book, perhaps, of our generation is **THE NEW CLASS: An Analysis of the Communist System**, *by Milovan Djilas (Frederick Praeger). Here is a long-time Communist, close friend and adviser of Tito, who came to realize through his own practical experience, and through a study of its forty-year trial, that Communism is never going to gain its professed aims in any country. Thrown into prison by Tito for expressing these (to Tito) traitorous revelations, Djilas wrote this new book, this amazingly keen and honest re-evaluation of Communism, and consented to its publication even though he knew it might cost him his life.*

●

But to get back to America. Here are two appealing country books, not brand-new, but sure to be popular.

First, ***Leonard Hall*** **A COUNTRY YEAR** (Harper), a leisurely personal account of his one-family experimental farm, Possum Trot, in the Missouri Ozarks. It starts in March. . . . "Can you remember it—the smell of wood smoke on a frosty March night?"

Second, **BEYOND THE CABIN DOOR**, by ***Walter Collins O'Kane,*** straight from the heart of New Hampshire, a reminder that there is woodland still, and peace and quiet and beauty, if only we'd have the patience to stay with it. (Richard Smith, West Rindge, N.H.)

●

Children's Book Week comes this month. "Explore With Books" is the theme (Geophysical Year), and if you're lucky you will be able to attend one of the book fairs, in Orlando, Florida; Little Rock, Arkansas; Detroit, New York, Chicago, Washington, Cleveland, Minneapolis; or Hampton, Virginia. Information, Children's Book Council, 50 W. 53rd St., N.Y. 19.

A very good book (I hear) on teaching reading is **THE WRITING ROAD TO READING**, by ***Romalda Spalding,*** with ***Walter Spalding*** (Morrow). Mrs. Spalding has had twenty years of teaching, and has devised a phonic method taught through writing, with which she has had extraordinary results.

Another new approach, this time to the *retarded* child, is through musical therapy. Retardation is *not* a barrier to musical response, it seems, and it has been demonstrated that by using that intact area of response the child can learn, and can adapt. This has been worked out under the aegis of the Musicians Emergency Fund, 113 W. 57th St., New York 19. It bears looking into. Write to that organization and, if possible, help them by a donation toward work in this very important field.

●

BELOW THE SALT (Doubleday) is ***Thomas Costain's*** latest historical novel, and to my taste almost his best. It concerns Eleanor, the lost princess of Brittany who lived in the day of King John and Magna Charta; but it opens in the present with American Senator O'Rawn. The deft handling, through which the present and the past merge, suggests a robust *Berkeley Square.* A provocative, imaginative book.

●

If you like to read a book that gives you the feeling that you've had a good long talk with a person brimming over with ideas, someone who expresses himself uncommonly well and occasionally puts into words some cloudy thought you may even have had yourself, then take up a book of essays. It's a term that has gone out of fashion, but a style that is having a wholesome revival.

Read ***Clifton Fadiman's*** **ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY** (World). This is a stimulating collection of short pieces about puns, books, real-estate agents, highbrows, name-dropping, and a good many more serious items to try your teeth on.

(Speaking of highbrows, in Israel they call them *Phudnicks.* A *Nudnick* is a frightful bore, a *Phudnick* is a *Nudnick* with a Ph.D.)

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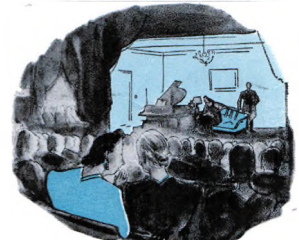


"I feel so guilty enjoying it after what Brooks Atkinson said!"

THE FINE ART OF READING, by ***Lord David Cecil*** (Bobbs-Merrill), moves along in the same groove, but farther back in time. Lord Cecil writes about Jane Austen, Joseph Conrad (a wonderful chapter), Hazlitt, *women* letter writers.

"Letter writing is a fine art," he says, *"and private life is woman's native and triumphant sphere of achievement. . . . Private life is half of life; and, in some respects, the more important half, for it has to do with more intimate and individual strains in human character."* ***Cecil is the author of*** Melbourne.

Twice-Rich: rich in flavor, rich in vitamins. And lower in calories than any other type of juice!

Non-fattening Libby's ...3 times a day...

makes it easier to stay with your slimming program

On your way to a new figure? Bravo for you! And a suggestion for making it easier: Have Libby's whenever hunger pangs strike. This is the *satisfying* tomato juice that quenches between-meal yearnings. (Gives you more of the vitamins and minerals you need, too.) For all its luscious-rich taste, Libby's has just 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass! *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Illinois.*

See Libby's Tomato Juice label for special offer on Slimdown Cocktail Glasses.

Your gifts of towels and sheets mean more

Happy the bride-to-be or any woman who is given Cannon's new Vanity Fair bath ensembles. Wide, wide stripes of Carefree color with white. Soft, luscious, absorbent terry that will keep its promise of long years of use.

Silver threads (soft and washable, of course) gleam against thick loops of snowy white terry. Also gold on white and pastels. Handsome anniversary gift. Glamorous hostess gift. And a warmly welcomed thank-you, too.

Sweet sixteen or sixty, every woman loves Cannon Carefree colors and knows what a fresh modern look they give to any period of decoration. Give them for birthdays and housewarmings.

A bed of flowers is every woman's dream come true, with Cannon's new forget-me-not printed percale pillowcases and bordered sheets. And because they're Combspun, their luxury lasts for years and years.

CANNON

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y. · Towels · Sheets · Bedspreads · Draperies · Stockings · Terry Cloth

when they're labeled CANNON

Every woman knows that!

Ready for bed the night *after* Christmas? Santa remembered with holiday-hued Cannon percales, so smooth and sleep-inviting. Only Cannon percales are *Combspun* for extra beauty, extra comfort, and extra wear.

The gift that lightens housework! Cannon fitted sheets with *Ezy-matic** corners (and *only* Cannon has them). They slip on without mattress lifting and stay tucked, comfortably smooth. There's no need to iron them!

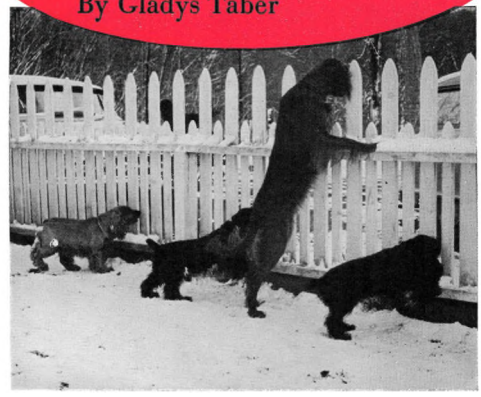
Make it a merry, terry Christmas with Cannon's famous Empress towels in the new Taffy color — mixed excitingly with Green Mist. These big, luxurious towels decorate a bathroom all by themselves!

Don't you know women just like yourself who'd love to have these new Sun Beau towels on any occasion? "Gold" glitter border on Firefly Yellow; also gold on White, Pink Whisper, Green Mist and Aqua.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

DIARY of DOMESTICITY

By Gladys Taber



The dogs enjoy the last bit of balmy air. We dream of Thanksgiving and rich, savory turkey.

This is the still time in New England. The sound of silos being filled is gone. The cicadas and crickets gradually diminish after August. Brooks run quietly, now the rains are over. They ease into their narrow beds as if they, too, were readying for the long cold. A few late leaves drift down silently in the hazy autumnal air.

It is, to many of us, a resting season after the brisk October chores. The garden is put to bed, the lawn stays put instead of springing up overnight. It does not need mowing at all. The jams and jellies are tucked away, the cabbages and squash safe in the coolest part of the cellar. Some thrifty farmers have already stacked pine boughs against their houses as insulation; the white buildings look like Christmas cards, edged in green.

The valley is soft with haze, and people talk about whether this is really Indian summer or whether it is not. Nobody ever agrees, but everybody is pleasant about it, not at one another's throats. After all, it is a mild day; we all agree on that.

Erma, who helps take care of Stillmeadow, now decides this is the time to *get ready*. But I feel this smoky-blue weather might go on all the rest of my life. The sun seems to stand still over the hills. The air has a good smell. And I cannot believe in the reality of winter. When I go down for gas for the car, I consult about antifreeze. And this shows how feckless I am. I know we can have a sudden drop around Thanksgiving or just after, plus a blizzard. But I mentally put it off.

Instead of *taking steps*, I am apt to wander down to the pond and see the way the pale sky falls in it. The water at dusk is dark amber, and the once-vocal frogs are down below somewhere. If I dip my hand in the water, my fingers feel as if I had laid them in the freezer for a minute. But the water has such a cool and cleansing touch that I wish I dared swim just once more.

The cockers and Irish always act according to the season too. The wild skirmishes of October are done with. Now they bask, and it almost seems as if they are soaking up the last balmy sunny air to store against the dark months coming. Perhaps they have a feeling, perhaps it is instinct, but they lie in the sun on the south side of the house now. Even Holly is less active, and for an Irish to be less active is news.

The wild folk are getting ready for winter. Squirrels are still busy under the nut trees, and I wonder how they remember where they bury their hoards. I do not think any naturalist or scientist can ever answer that question of *why*. Why do they know? Why do the birds at my feeding station eat more and come oftener? The air is mellow. What threat is there that drives the migratory ones away and brings the winter birds close to the house for the peanut butter and suet and sunflower seeds and grain? The world is full of mysteries, but this is a special one, for their little heads are not big enough to house a forecasting. The whole weather bureau with all its mechanics has trouble forecasting the path of one hurricane. But the birds know.

Country folk tend to forecast weather by the birds. When they gather on the telephone wires and circle around, we know. It will be cold tomorrow. The birds are going to migrate. When birds circle lazily in the sky, it is mild and will be. But when they skim over the house, wings wide, we bring in wood and check the storm lanterns. Of course it is the movements of air that make our weather, and the birds know it first.

Birds also remember. Last summer we had a pheasant who came to the feeder daily. I named her Lydia. She grew to be so tame that, like all secure people, she became imperious, and would climb up the back steps (if the dogs were in the house) to tell me her meal was five minutes overdue.

This year she came back, with five small babies. They ate seed, they drank from the birdbath, they took dust baths in the sand under the feeder. She kept a motherly eye on them, and when she heard a car coming down the road, she gave them a command. Unlike most children, they did not say, "Oh, let me just stay here five minutes more." They simply pattered after her on their toothpick legs.

It made me wonder why bird children could be so well behaved. Discipline no problem at all. Mamma knew best. At the same time we had a pair of quail. Papa walked ahead, mamma behind.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

What's new? Kraft Catalina!

A spicy-sweet French Dressing with just a whisper of garlic...and tomato-y thick, so it clings to the greens

TRY CATALINA THIS WAY:
Line a bowl with romaine and fill it with shredded head lettuce and bite-size pieces of curly endive. Add radish slices, onion rings, and cauliflower florets. Make a ring of peeled tomato wedges on top and fill with more cauliflower florets; sprinkle with chopped chives. Toss with spicy-sweet Catalina. Marvelous!

Spicy-sweet and tomato-y thick. Grand on hot vegetables, too!

fresh-ground spices sealed in fresh-pressed oil

Variety is the spice of a salad!

Lemon Custard! Betty

The delicate tang of lemon! The rich moistness of custard! The high lightness of 13-egg angel food!

Men love it! Children love it! You'll love it! Our brand-new Lemon Custard Angel Food Cake Mix! A beautiful new color – sunshine gold! A distinctive new flavor—lemon custard! This glorious cake is as high, light, and tender as our regular angel food, and every bit as easy to make. The whites of 13 farm-fresh eggs are right in the mix—you don't add a thing but water! It's the prettiest cake you ever baked—*and* the best-tasting!

"I guarantee a perfect* angel food cake—homemade-perfect

Crocker's newest Angel Food Mix!

New flavor! New moistness! New golden color!

NEW! Lemon Custard Angel Ring. Bake our Lemon Custard Angel Food Mix according to directions. Arrange slices around bowl of rich vanilla ice cream.

NEW! Double Custard Delight. Bake cake as directed. Frost with packaged vanilla pudding. Cover top and sides with toasted flaked coconut. Chill before serving.

NEW! Lemon Custard Angel Hawaii. Topping: Fold ¼ cup each drained crushed pineapple, chopped toasted almonds and flaked coconut into 1 cup whipped cream.

NEW! Fruit 'n Cream-Filled Angel Roll. Bake in two 15½ x 10½ x 1" jelly roll pans 15 min. Cool. Ease onto towel dusted with confectioners' sugar. Fill and roll.

THREE OTHER HEAVENLY ANGELS —FROM BETTY CROCKER!

REGULAR ANGEL FOOD

CONFETTI ANGEL FOOD

LIL' ANGEL FOOD

—cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!" Betty Crocker General Mills

PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed to come out perfect, or send the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

When he felt it was safe, he gave a melodious command, and she came rushing. When he decided they should go, he said so, in a firm tone, and they went. And as I watched them skipping along, I wondered whether it wasn't a very fine idea for the man to make the decisions and the little woman to follow. I myself would go along with that as a good basis. Not that I wish to raise the controversial sex battle flag. But I noticed that papa watched constantly, led the way, took the hazard of invading new territory. Protected her and, I may say, worried. She was quite tranquil. He took the hard end. And naturally, he would get shot, in hunting season, while she worried with the babies.

By hunting season, we hope the small ones are big enough to run. The bright ones run faster. The slower ones get confused. So it may be this is the way to make the species more intelligent. But I, of course, do not want Lydia's least one to be shot. And with game birds, one always has a problem. If they get to like the way you talk and what you say, they will walk right up to any human, and the next time they may get that bullet in the heart.

My attempt to maintain a kind of U.N. deal with the birds is silly. On the one hand, I recognize my special ones, and they know me. Then I am afraid for them and get impersonal. In the end, we are both thoroughly confused.

Thanksgiving is our particularly national feast day. In my childhood, turkey was for Thanksgiving, and we never tasted it any other time of year. We dreamed of it, rich, brown, savory with chestnut stuffing. Nowadays, all the Thanksgiving specialties are available year round, but the spirit of the family gathering has never lost its special value. The crisply brown turkey and the ruby cranberry sauce and the fluffy snowy mashed potatoes and the glazed onions, these are all traditional. In our family, the mashed turnips are traditional, too, although the children are not too fond of turnips.

But the year we had peas instead, such an outcry arose. Where are the turnips, we have *always* had turnips! Well, you don't like turnips, we said. But you can't go around changing Thanksgiving, they said. Since Jill and I both consider turnips a fine vegetable, we went back to them happily.

Getting ready for Thanksgiving weekend involves cooking ahead as much as possible. And I feel it does no harm to have a good baked ham on hand to alternate with the turkey or pinch-hit for an extra meal. A casserole of sweet potatoes may be done the day before you use it. I like the way my friend Eva does it. To make this dish, you cook scrubbed sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender, then drain (save the water) and peel and slice thin. Arrange a layer in a greased casserole or baking dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg, cinnamon and thin slices of lemon. Top with more sweet potatoes, more spice and lemon until the dish is full. Meanwhile, make a sauce of ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup of the potato water, 3 teaspoons cornstarch dissolved in 2 tablespoons water. Cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Pour over the potatoes. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) ¾ hour.

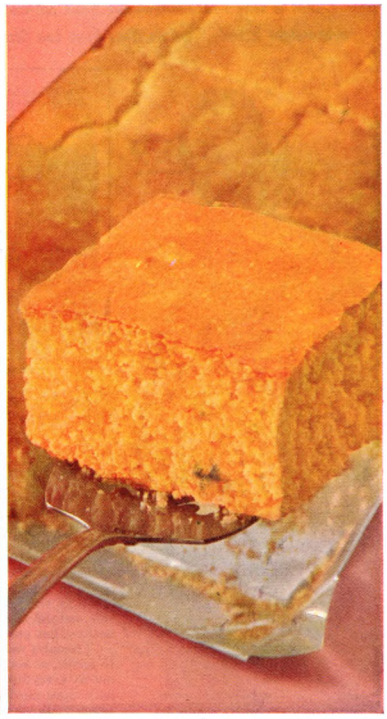
CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Perfect Corn Bread Mixed in Seconds

and no bowl or pan to wash!

YOU GET ALL THREE—Mix, throw-away Mixing Bag and aluminum Pan. (No bowl or pan to wash!)

40 SECONDS TO MIX! Just add egg and milk, squeeze bag to blend, pour into pan and bake.



PERFECT CORN BREAD every time! Velvet-textured—heavenly golden crust, top and bottom.

New Way Takes All The Work Out Of Making Corn Bread!

Actually, you *could* mix this corn bread right on your living room table—there is no muss, no dishes to wash. And butter never melted on more delicious corn bread—6 to 8 golden squares of it that slip out of the special pan like magic! One thing more—a plate of oven-fresh corn bread can sure turn a skimpy meal into one you're proud to serve! That name again? Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix.

See Aunt Jemima Corn Bread Easy-Mix demonstrated on "Jane Wyman", NBC-TV, Thursday evenings.

Neat, gold-foil package takes up so little shelf room! Buy several.

Aunt Jemima CORN BREAD EASY-MIX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

The cockers and Irish have almost finished digging up the yard. Sister and Jonquil obviously talked it over and felt they might leave further excavation of the terrace. After all, it is not hot any more, Sister said sensibly. So they went off to the back yard where there are plenty of sticktights to get into. Also burs.

Holly, the pure color of autumn herself, lies by the old well with her collection of favored tin cans, old galoshes, a bath towel and a pink rabbit (left by a summer visitor). When she decides to come in to see what's cooking, she chooses a treasure to carry in, and offers it to me as if it were a diamond bracelet. And the way I feel about Holly, I prefer an old galosh with her love to a bracelet any day!

"Holly Relaxes by the Wisteria Well" would be the magazine caption. I have noted that all the famous people who are pictured in magazines are forever relaxing. They relax by the swimming pool. Relax at night clubs. (How do they?) Relax on front porches (country touch). Or just relax with their family, barbecuing steaks for twenty. I get the horrid feeling that if you are a famous writer, actress, painter, movie star, TV star, opera star, you simply relax. They must, now and then, *do* something, one would think. Even the great political figures relax with four or more grandchildren. This is a good trick. We cannot relax with just two grandchildren. We find them charming, wonderful, burning with genius, and a good many other things. But not relaxing.

Twilights are violet now, from the smoke of late-burning leaves. Days grow short, night closes in swiftly. The change of one season into another is such a gradual thing that there is never a point at which you say, "This is the beginning." The tide of summer has ebbed, but just when did it reach the true low, and the tide of autumn move against the valleys? And now, as I walk in the crisp smoky-sweet dusk, the great bitter tide of winter begins to rise, a ripple here, a foam of frost there.

But tomorrow will be fair, so we still may eat lunch in the Quiet Garden (quiet indeed now without the golden hum of bees). Tomorrow we shall be thankful for sun and soft air and gentle skies.

And for love and laughter which know no season!

END

TIME MAKES ALL PEOPLE NECROPHILIACS

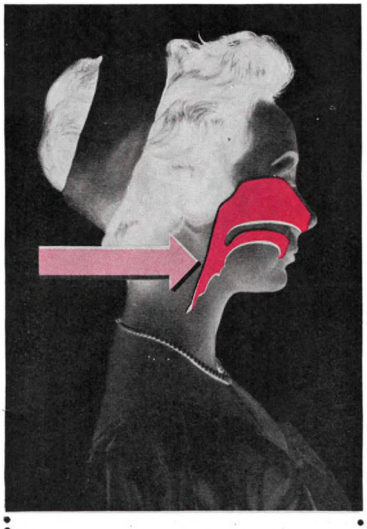
By MERRILL MOORE

Ultimately we come to love the dead;
They replace the living in whose stead
They replace morons and maniacs
And even quiet people. If you love
A flower, lily, peony or rose,
Soon it dies, its petals wilt and fall.

You may have the memory of it
Or a jar where dried rose petals fit
To make a spicy-scented potpourri
Of odors that were roses yesterday.

And so it is with living flesh and blood,
Men and women, floating on the flood
Of time, along the river to the sea
Of death deferred awhile by memory.

How does your cold develop?



1 SORE THROAT

2. Coughing
3. Sniffles, Sneezing, Stuffy Nose
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over

1 SNEEZING, SNIFFLES, STUFFY NOSE

2. Sore Throat
3. Coughing
4. Tight Chest
5. Ache All Over

1 ACHE ALL OVER

2. Sneezing, Sniffles, Stuffy Nose
3. Sore Throat
4. Coughing
5. Tight Chest

Coldene attacks all these symptoms in any stage of the common cold

Gives feelable relief in minutes . . .
Most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription

The common cold is not a simple ailment. It is a disorder which attacks various parts of your system, bringing a variety of miseries to different parts of your body as it spreads. Some sufferers seem to feel one misery more quickly, others another.

Hence, Coldene is unlike any cold-and-cough medicine ever offered over druggists' counters. For it doesn't rely on the limited powers of one or two drugs, but unites the powers of several potent ingredients . . . all in proper balance.

When you take Coldene, here are the things that happen almost at once—within minutes. **First:** The instant Coldene touches your raw, inflamed throat, relief begins. **Second:** If you've been coughing, Coldene relieves that cough spasm. Right then and there! **Third:** Coldene goes to work to dry up and open your nose. You get feelable relief within minutes! **Fourth:** If your chest is tight and breathing is difficult—you breathe again! **Fifth:** If you ache and feel just plain miserable—Coldene relieves the pain, even reduces fever, gives the fullest possible help.

The reason? There's a powerful, specific, correct ingredient in Coldene for each of the miseries of the common cold. That's why Coldene can catch your cold at any of its 5 stages. Now available in its original Liquid form or in the new Coldene Tablets . . . Coldene, most powerful cold medicine you can buy without a prescription.

NEW!

Quickly relieves chest colds without grease, strong odor or tears—COLDENE STICK CHEST RUB

For fast, localized treatment of head cold distress—COLDENE ANTI-BIOTIC NASAL SPRAY

$1.00 EACH

If you're taking aspirin for colds, try COLDENE TABLETS for broader relief.

A bright new "busy-day" idea with Jell-O Instant Pudding—

Surprise Sauces

ORANGE SAUCE

1½ cups cold reconstituted frozen Orange Juice
1 package Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding • Dash of salt

Pour cold orange juice into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and salt and beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat; mixture will be thin. Let stand to thicken slightly. Especially good over gingerbread or cake. Sauce may be stored in refrigerator.

SATIN SAUCE

¾ cup cold light cream
1 package Jell-O Butterscotch Instant Pudding • Dash of salt
¾ cup light corn syrup

Pour cream into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and salt and beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat; mixture will be thin. Stir in corn syrup. Chill, if desired, or serve immediately to add even more delight to ice cream or cake.

Made in a minute ... no cooking!

Everyone knows Jell-O Instant Pudding as a favorite no-trouble dessert, delicious all by itself without further fixing.

Now discover its magic as a quick and easy way to make an infinite variety of sauce surprises for dressing up other desserts!

Just keep several flavors of Jell-O Instant Pudding on hand . . . plus a cup of imagination . . . and you'll always have a *different* answer when the family asks "what's for dessert?"

PINK SAUCE

2½ cups cold milk • ½ cup cold light cream
2 tablespoons sugar • ¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 package Jell-O Strawberry Instant Pudding

Pour milk and cream into bowl. Add sugar and almond extract. Add pudding mix and beat slowly until well mixed, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat; mixture will be thin. Let stand to set. Chill if desired. Just before serving stir until smooth and creamy. Try it on Jell-O Gelatin tonight!

"EGGNOG" SAUCE

2½ cups cold milk • ½ cup cold light cream
¼ teaspoon rum extract
1 package Jell-O Vanilla Instant Pudding
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Pour milk, cream, and rum extract into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and nutmeg. Beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Let stand until set—takes about 5 minutes. Serve over steamed plum or fig pudding, or as good company for holiday fruit cake.

CLARK DEAN

SOMEONE CARES . . . AT CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

Fargo, North Dakota

Children's Village is a happy place—where youngsters learn not only about cleanliness (above left), but also about having fun together. After a temporary stay some go to foster or adoptive homes, others return to their families.

Help Wanted

By MARGARET HICKEY

Almost every woman who has visited a children's home remembers with quickened heartbeat the hugs and kisses eagerly bestowed, the tugs at the skirt for attention, and perhaps most of all the excited question, "Are you going to be our housemother?"

Our child-caring institutions shelter some 87,000 youngsters. Because many are rejected and insecure, they long more than anything else to be wanted and loved. But unfortunately there are never enough warmhearted, dedicated people to give all the individual guidance and help these children need.

House parents in most institutions are recruited through newspaper advertisements or by other house parents. But nearly all are without experience (except for rearing families of their own) or training for the job of helping the severely disturbed children who often are sent to an institution for care. Last year 23 children's institutions in six Southeastern states banded together in a project to bring training workshops from the University of North Carolina School of Social Work right onto the grounds of the institutions themselves. Among the topics the workshops cover are how the house parent can develop leadership in children, teach responsibility and appreciation, foster healthy boy-girl relationships—all among children deprived of a normal family life.

In addition to house parents, trained professional workers also are needed. For them, too, it is a demanding, often lonely job, and many qualified young people soon discover that other work pays better.

Throughout the Middle West the need for trained social workers is probably greatest. North Dakota, whose Children's Village is featured this month, has only 50 to serve its entire population of nearly 620,000. But the state is making an effort to attract more through educational stipends and worker-in-training programs. In other states civic groups are active. Junior Leagues, for example, in Portland, Oregon; St. Joseph, Missouri; and Salt Lake City, Utah, all have given funds to help pay tuition for students in social work.

Vacation jobs for selected high-school and college students often lead to career futures in social work. In Providence, Rhode Island, Children's Friend and Service Agency offers its summertime aides job-counseling service as well as information about available scholarships. END

"Don't go yet, Mrs. K.—stay and tell me another story." The ten-year-old looks up pleadingly and kisses the dark-eyed woman sitting on the edge of his bed.

As housemother at Children's Village in Fargo, North Dakota, Mrs. Irene Ketterl is busiest at bedtime. That is the hour a motherless youngster most needs the reassurance of love, the comfort of having someone brush away tears of loneliness or listen to a little prayer. But with Ricky it was different—until tonight. At ten years of age, Ricky was a little "tough guy" without a friend in the world. Ever since he could remember he had heard almost nothing but curses from a family that had taught him one thing from the time he was old enough to learn: stealing. Ricky and his sister, two years younger, would go into a store where Ricky would start a fight. While clerks rushed to the aid of the sobbing girl, the boy would slyly take off the counter anything within arm's reach.

Now he was at Children's Village. At first, when Mrs. Ketterl tried to help him get ready for bed, he knocked off her glasses and kicked them across the room. Mrs. Ketterl simply held Ricky more firmly, pushed his arms through the sleeves of his pajamas, steered him to the bed and tucked him in. Then she said a little prayer, patted his head and left the room.

After everyone had retired, Ricky frequently riffled through drawers and closets.

"Why do you get up in the middle of the night and take things?" Mrs. Ketterl asked him gently.

"Don't you know *anything?*" the boy mocked. "That's the best time, when it's quiet and people are asleep."

At Children's Village, the little tough guy got the first kindness and affection he had ever known. For a change someone cared whether he fell down and skinned his elbow, or whether he got a D in spelling at school. And *he* began to change. Now, after four months at the Village, instead of striking out at Mrs. Ketterl, he kissed her and begged for a story. Her fervent hope was that perhaps soon Ricky would be ready to go into a boarding home with loving foster parents to give him all the attention he needs and craves.

Since 1897, 10,000 such youngsters have found a refuge in Children's Village, until recently known as North Dakota Children's Home. But even though the Village has a rich history as the state's only private child-caring agency, its story is just beginning. In June, 1956, 35 youngsters ranging in age from two to sixteen moved out of the big white two-story Children's Home into two modern cottages in a new neighborhood of rambler dwellings on the edge of the Fargo plain. In the Village, children who formerly slept in barrackslike dormitories now share a bedroom with only one other child. The older ones go to public school, do household chores, entertain their friends and go on dates—as any other normal youngsters.

But their pasts are far from normal. Many come from broken or unhappy homes to which they can never return, always in need of reassurance and love. Such a child was fourteen-year-old Connie. Beaten by her father and called "dummy" by an indolent, fun-loving mother, she ran away from home in hopes of being picked up and taken away from her family. When she first came to Children's Village—sent there by county welfare workers who persuaded her parents it was for the child's own good—she was fearful about making friends and certain she couldn't learn to do anything, even the simplest chore. But gradually through trust, kindness and discipline—the sort a concerned parent would give—the child's self-esteem began to grow. The friendliness of the other youngsters and the staff helped. So did her ability to get good marks at school, once she felt calm inside. When Mrs. Ketterl asked her to bake a cake for sewing club, which meets each Tuesday, Connie, with painful exactness, measured out the ingredients, mixed the batter, waited watchfully by the oven. When the finished cake came out of the pan, Mrs. Ketterl was lavish with praise. "Gosh, you think I'm good for something, don't you?" the amazed girl exclaimed.

"Some of them look as though they'll never smile again when they first come here," Mrs. Anna Ehlert, who is housemother in the boys' cottage, tells you. She was thinking of Leroy, whose mother was ill and deserted by her husband. Five months ago Leroy skulked in a corner, ate dinner alone, kept his eyes constantly downward. Mrs. Ehlert, who has three grown children of her own and has had experience in a similar home in Montana, used her tried-and-true technique on Leroy. Each evening before dinner, when only a few others were around,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

...when you Bake it with

Butter is churned from 100% real cream. On hot foods, like turkey, you taste the big difference even more.

You don't need even a *whit* of experience to turn out a simply superb butter-baked turkey! Just follow the easy picture-directions over at the right.

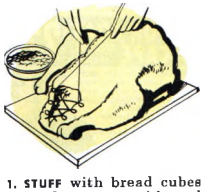
Your turkey will be juicier, more flavorful. And since shrink is controlled (up to 20% less shrinkage), you get more turkey for your money when you bake it with real butter.

OVEN TEMPERATURES

LBS.	8-10	10-14	14-18	18-20	20-25
TEMP.	325° F.	325° F.	300° F.	300° F.	300° F.
BAKING TIME	3-3½ hrs.	3½-4 hrs.	4-4½ hrs.	4½-5 hrs.	6½-8 hrs.

SERVING IDEA: Cranberry sherbet goes great with turkey!

real Butter !

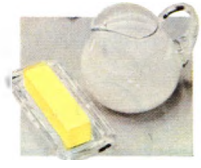


1. **STUFF** with bread cubes toasted in oven with real butter, plus minced onions, salt, pepper and poultry seasoning. Mix well. Fill turkey loosely. Truss with skewers and cord.

2. **SPREAD** softened butter over entire turkey, especially on drumsticks, breast and wings. This helps seal in natural juices and imparts real butter flavor. Place breast up on rack.

3. **BEFORE** roasting, cover bird with moist cheesecloth dipped in melted butter. Pound of butter (large turkey) for spreading and moistening cheesecloth, retards shrinkage.

4. **DURING** roasting, baste frequently with melted butter. Leave roaster uncovered. Do not add water nor puncture skin. Before carving place in warming oven 10 minutes.



You never outgrow your need for foods made from milk.

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
Chicago
Representing the dairy farmers in your area
See "The Perry Como Show" on NBC-TV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

she asked him to help with little chores in the kitchen. Working side by side with Mrs. Ehlert, who though a grandmother has beautiful wavy red hair and a calm quiet manner that inspires confidence, Leroy began to talk. Little by little he expressed his bitterness because his father had left home and never tried to get in touch with him. When Leroy discovered that Mrs. Ehlert could be trusted not to "spread it around," he told her other things about himself, how he felt about school and about living at the Village, and gradually he was able to overcome successfully the hurt caused by his father's desertion. Today Leroy is a personable, poised lad of twelve, active in Boy Scouts, tops in his class and looked up to as a leader by schoolmates.

Another newcomer, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a man sent to prison for robbery, refused to speak to anyone at Children's Village. Through Miss Betty Beierle, the caseworker, she got a baby-sitting job with an understanding family who often invited her to dinner. Miss Beierle wanted the girl to learn what family living *could* be like, discover that people liked her no matter what her background—so that later on perhaps she herself might be ready to move into a foster home and lead the kind of life she had never had with her own parents. The youngster soon was able to talk a little about her fears—"Am I to blame for what my father has done?" she wondered—and with the caseworker's help slowly but surely gained self-confidence.

But in an institution no child ever gets as much attention as he needs. Perhaps that explains why Charlotte, who seemed for a while to be doing so well, lately has been getting demerits for neglecting her work and acting sassy. Or why eight-year-old Ralph, who is in a special-learning class at school, pokes his head in the door of Betty Beierle's office regularly to see if she is free to listen to him read for a few minutes. And why Susan, who cries a lot at night and can give no reason, writes Miss Beierle little notes about her innermost thoughts.

If you will help run our government in the American way, then there will never be danger of our government running America in the wrong way. GEN. OMAR N. BRADLEY

Every member of the staff finds it difficult at times to be a substitute parent to all 35, for each is so demanding of attention. Whenever Mrs. Lund walks into the girls' cottage, for example, a plump little blonde rushes up for a kiss, while a dimpled three-year-old tugs at her skirt to be picked up and held on her lap. And Olive, a flat-faced, rather unappealing child, shows her the button she is sewing, with difficulty, on her best blouse. Olive floats back to her room on a pink cloud because Mrs. Lund has called her "Princess."

Children's Village, though located in Fargo, does a state-wide job. Check the map of North Dakota on the wall in Betty Beierle's office. Pretty, blond Miss Beierle, just two years out of the University of North Dakota, is one of two social workers on the Village staff. The scope of her duties would probably shock the average graduate social worker. Each of the 87 pins on the map represents an adoptive or boarding home (or prospective adoptive home yet to be investigated) under the supervision of Children's Village. Many are farm homes scattered all over the state. All must be visited and studied by Miss Beierle or her co-worker, though local county welfare workers usually co-operate by checking on children in the foster boarding homes.

A branch of the Village to supervise the foster and adoptive homes throughout the western part of the state—and also to find just the right foster home for a special problem—has been a dream of superintendents through the years. For Children's Village is just a temporary home where youngsters stay from six to nine months. About 20 per cent of them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Bing says—

"Make it a White Christmas! Give her a Gas appliance!"

See why he chose a Philco-Bendix® GAS Duomatic for his own home!

A WASHER . . . A GAS DRYER . . . TWO IN ONE. You don't need to transfer wet clothes from one machine to another. Duomatic soaks, washes, rinses, fluff-dries—all automatically. And you can use the Gas Duomatic as a separate washer or dryer, too.

SAVES YOU MONEY! Because low-cost Gas fuels the Duomatic, it can save you up to $32.30 each year in operating costs. And only Philco-Bendix gives you the wonderful economy of GAS in a washer-dryer combination—two machines in one!

It washes cleaner! The Big Filter Drum performs washday miracles in the Philco-Bendix Gas Duomatic washer-dryer combination. Clothes plunge two feet into penetrating suds and 2,880 filter holes eliminate sand . . . make lint a thing of the past. Clothes then get a total of three clear-water rinses for extra-clean results! There's no better washing system made!

It dries faster! The same Big Filter Drum that washes your clothes so clean fluff-dries them, too, in the Philco-Bendix Gas Duomatic. And it does the whole job in as little as an hour—up to 45 minutes *faster* than other combinations! Thermostats regulate the heat, make your Gas Duomatic safe for any fabric. There's no better drying system made! AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

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See this new Gas washer-dryer at your Gas company or Gas appliance dealer's.
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ONLY GAS does so much more...for so much less!

The modern, economical fuel for automatic cooking . refrigeration . water-heating . clothes-drying . house-heating . air-conditioning . incineration.

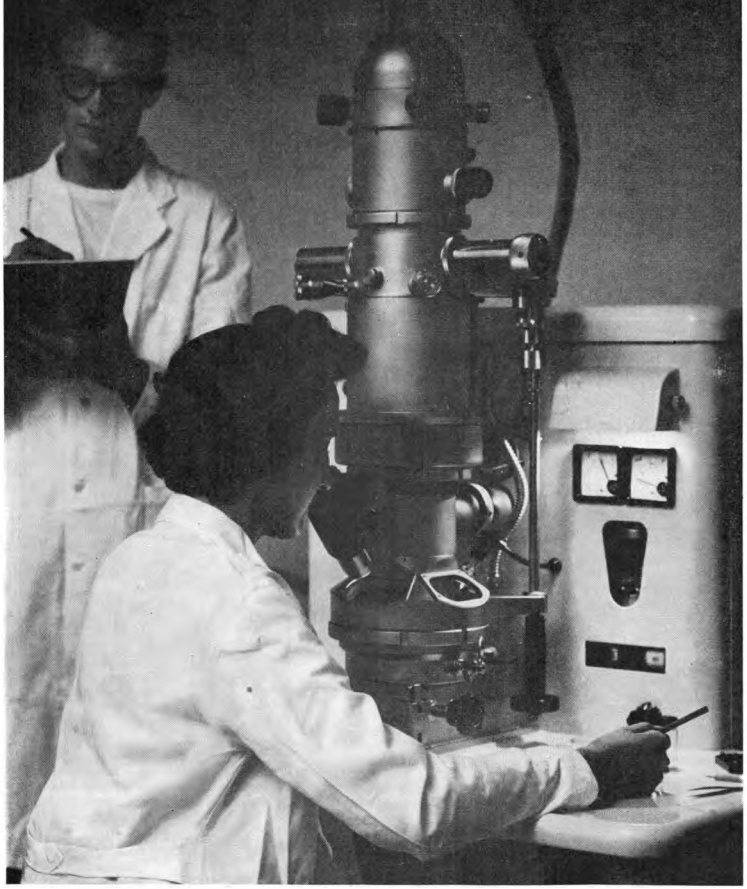
Watch "Playhouse 90" with Julia Meade on CBS-TV. Sponsored by your Gas company and the Gas Industry. See local listings for time and station.

The 28th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child be a Medical Technologist?

by CHARLOTTE STREET

Chief Medical Technologist, The Papanicolaou Cytology Laboratory, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and Assistant in Pathology, Cornell University Medical College (As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)



The increasing use of electron microscopes in hospitals and research laboratories has created a demand for Technologists trained in their operation. With these microscopes, doctors can examine body tissues sliced thin as a millionth of an inch . . . study cells magnified as much as 150,000 times . . . detect polio and other viruses.

"EXACTLY what is a Medical Technologist—a special kind of nurse?"

That question is frequently asked by young people, and quite understandably.

My profession is one of the newest in the field of medical science. College degrees in Medical Technology have been granted for only about 35 years. Since most of our work is done behind the doors of laboratories, few people have a clear idea of what we do or realize how much our efforts contribute to those of physicians and research scientists, though we are neither doctors nor nurses.

Perhaps the best way to explain how many interesting, important and varied opportunities my chosen career offers to young men and women of suitable ability and temperament is to take you behind the scenes and show you some Medical Technologists at their tasks.

Let's start in a hospital.

A young woman in white is leaving the Accident Receiving Room. Her uniform is similar to that of a nurse, but without a cap. She has just taken a sample of blood from a child who has cut an artery. He is in critical condition, in immediate need of a blood transfusion.

She has life or death in her hands.

The doctor must use blood compatible with that of the child. Any other type may be fatal. So will delay.

She moves calmly, but quickly, to a near-by laboratory. With methodical speed she tests the child's blood, using slides, microscope and known typing sera. Her results show that Blood Type A, Rh positive is required. Seconds are precious, but all depends on her accuracy as well as her speed. She checks by cross-matching the child's blood with some of the same type from the Blood Bank stock. In a matter of minutes, she is in the operating room with the blood needed to save the child.

All of the work of Medical Technologists is not so dramatic in demand for speed.

Let's look elsewhere in hospital laboratories at the Technologists who are under less pressure. They are using test tubes, stains, chemicals and many delicate instruments. One may be making a blood count which will tell the doctor if his patient is threatened with anemia. Another may be making a liver function test to see if a patient has infectious hepatitis. Others may be checking for evidence of other maladies, such as cancer or diabetes.

Let's move into one of the big pharmaceutical houses. Here Technologists are making analyses of medications for purity and strength. Without the careful work of hundreds of such highly trained people, it would have been impossible to produce the great quantity of Salk vaccine, to give just one example, when it was needed to protect the children of the nation from polio.

Or look into a research laboratory where many of us find the greatest challenge and reward. There Technologists are assisting in experiments, working directly with distinguished scientists whose careers are dedicated to the search for new knowledge and new remedies. It is a great moment when a discovery has its final proof and the Technologist can say, "I saw it happen—and I helped."

Some of our work is routine, some has great variety, but all of it is equally important in that the Medical Technologist's highly specialized skills free the doctor for the many other duties for which he is so greatly needed.

Before World War I, most practicing physicians had to perform laboratory tests for themselves. Only in large communities could they call on a pathologist for aid. (A pathologist is a specialist—a physician who is sometimes called a "doctor's doctor." He is an expert in laboratory procedures. His knowledge helps those doctors who have concentrated in other specialties to make decisions as to diagnosis and treatment of disease.)

As medical knowledge grew and as many new drugs were discovered, pathologists were swamped with work. So were doctors who maintained their own laboratories. They could not keep up with the increasing demand for the tests that were becoming more valuable—and more complicated—with each passing year. Through necessity,

they began to teach assistants to take over some of the laboratory duties which require great care, accuracy and special knowledge, but which do not demand all of the skills of a doctor. Still the laboratories were snowed under. The logical solution was to create schools to give standardized training in Medical Technology.

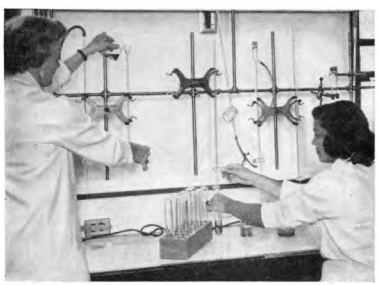
And so a new career in medicine came about.

Our profession is particularly attractive to girls, but is by no means limited to them. About ninety percent of Technologists are women, but the proportion of men is steadily increasing.

It has strong appeal to young people who are keenly interested in medical sciences, but do not want, or cannot afford, to devote the eight to twelve years of study and training needed by a doctor before he is ready to practice.

It also appeals to those who want to aid the sick, but would rather not work directly with very ill patients, as do nurses.

After as little as three years of study, a student may take a valued place in the team of healers as a Registered Medical Technologist.



Laboratory analysis of body fluids is an important part of Medical Technology. These Technologists are determining certain chemical constituents of a blood sample through titration.

Required training

There are short cuts to employment in laboratories, but the young person who wants a career as a Medical Technologist and a chance at the most interesting work and the highest pay—rather than just a job—needs a minimum of two years in college and another twelve months in a School of Medical Technology which is connected with a hospital, medical school, or State Board of Health and which has been approved by The American Medical Association.

Such preparation leads, after examination, to a Certificate from the Registry of Medical Technologists of The American Society of Clinical Pathologists and the right to place M.T. (ASCP) after one's name. In other words, the student has won the title: Registered Medical Technologist.

Some colleges give a Bachelor's Degree in Science after three years of college and one year in an Approved School of Medical Technology.

The student who wishes to specialize in one particular type of laboratory work may do so without taking the twelve months' course in Medical Technology, provided he holds a college degree and has taken certain required science courses.

A college degree obtained in either of these ways is the best start for a career, since it leads to more advancement and greater responsibility. Many young Technologists, however, go to work after three years of study and work for their degrees around the edges of a job. This is practical and convenient, since so many laboratories are in hospitals connected with universities.

Cost of training

One of the many attractions of my profession is that training is markedly less expensive than in many comparable fields. The cost of college preparation varies, of course, depending on the college chosen, but, of the more than 650 Approved Schools of Medical Technology, about two-thirds make no charge whatever for tuition.

Therefore, a student living at home can complete the necessary final year for no more than the cost of maintenance.

In many of the Approved Schools, students even receive a small stipend for the laboratory work they do as part of their training.

I know of no other field except nursing where training for so important a profession can be had for so little cost.

The financial future

There are nearly 24,000 Registered Medical Technologists (as well as many who are non-registered) in the United States today. It is estimated that 50,000 qualified laboratory workers will be needed by 1960. Therefore, graduates have immediate choice of many different positions—no need to worry about getting a rapid start when training is complete.

Salaries vary from one part of the country to another, as they do in all professions. The range for recent graduates is from $3,400 to $4,200 in hospitals. Positions in industry offer somewhat more. Those who advance to supervisory and teaching positions are well rewarded. Chief Medical Technologists and specialists in certain fields can earn $6,000 or more, and rate of pay is steadily increasing.

The girl who wants to take a few years away from her career to have a family will find her skills in demand when she wants to return to work. If her husband's career calls for a transfer to a new territory, she can find a position, usually with no delay whatever, in their new home town.

Requirements for success

There is a place for many different temperaments in my profession.

Boys and girls who like to be surrounded by people will be stimulated by the busy life of a hospital. In large ones, they will become specialists. If variety of tasks is of greatest appeal, a small hospital provides something different every hour of the day. Laboratory work in a physician's office or a clinic usually calls for some direct contact with patients. The more retiring person will enjoy the laboratories where long months may be devoted to a special research project. Those with a talent for teaching are in great demand.

The work of skilled Medical Technologists is of vital importance in today's fight against cancer. Here, at the Papanicolaou Cytology Laboratory, a Technologist prepares slides of samplings of cells shed from body tissues for microscopic study, which may reveal the presence of cancer long before it could be detected by other means.

But any young person who chooses any branch of Medical Technology must have certain attributes:

A natural interest in the sciences. Is your child showing keen interest and making good grades in biology, chemistry, and other sciences in high school? Does she question about *how* things work? Is she interested in *the reason* one ingredient curdles a sauce and another doesn't? Curiosity about the why and wherefore, interest in cause and effect are important in the laboratory.

Accuracy. Does your child follow instructions carefully and make precise measurements? The youngster who is satisfied with a slap-dash piece of carpentry or sewing will be happier and more successful in another profession. The Technologist must be a perfectionist. There is no such thing as being half right in a laboratory.

Reliability. Does your child carry through a task in faithful detail without supervision? Medical Technologists must be absolutely trustworthy. Lives often depend on their work.

Cooperativeness. Does your child do a fair share of work at home voluntarily? Does your child get along easily with older people, as well as those of the same age, and take criticism and suggestion good-naturedly? A Technologist is part of a team.

Capacity for patient, thorough effort. If your girl starts a piece of knitting, will she finish it rather than abandon it half done? Is she willing to go back and correct a mistake? Ability to complete a job, and do it well, is of prime importance in a laboratory.

Manual dexterity. Is your child deft? The Medical Technologist works with fragile glassware and delicate instruments. The laboratory is no place for a butterfingers.

Steady nerves. Medical Technologists sometimes work under heavy pressure. They must be calm and efficient under stress. The excitable child who panics in emergency is not cut out for the laboratory.

Everyone is not suited for a career in Medical Technology. Those who are will find a warm welcome, a valued place in the absorbing world of science and a respected place in the community.

They will also find a satisfaction beyond the many tangible rewards—the sure knowledge that their chosen life work is of importance to others, as well as to themselves, because even the smallest duty in the laboratory contributes, in some degree, to the safety, health and comfort of mankind.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

eventually are adopted; the others go to foster homes when it is not possible to return them to their own families or relatives.

Mrs. Lucy J. Hall, recently retired after forty-two years as a caseworker with the old Children's Home, tells about the many times she has crisscrossed North Dakota in search of the right foster home for a child. Until 1952, she carried on her investigations without any help. James C. Baccus, superintendent, and Milton F. Weber, president of the board, have pledged themselves to active fund-raising so that the Village can hire two more caseworkers and raise the salaries of the house parents, who presently receive $175 a month.

Some counseling and psychological testing now are available through the Children's Social Service Center in Fargo, set up in 1954 by the Cass County Welfare Board and staffed by a full-time psychologist and psychiatric social worker. But throughout the state there is still great need for treatment facilities for children with serious emotional disturbances.

Children's Village is using the Social Service Center whenever possible—for sometimes love is not enough. The roots of rejection often are deep, too deep for a foster or a house parent to reach. One teen-aged girl, emotionally disturbed when she came to Children's Village, was sent first to one foster home, then another.

The happiest wife is not the one who marries the best man, but the one who makes the best of the man she marries. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON
Harper & Bros.

Each time she threw temper tantrums or ran away. The foster mothers, without counseling from a caseworker or psychologist, all failed, and finally the child was sent to an institution for girls where she will get discipline tempered with understanding. Another boy who stole habitually couldn't reform and finally was sent to Nebraska Boys' Town.

Money for the $80,000 annual budget of Children's Village comes from gifts and bequests from the people of North Dakota, from the Community Welfare Association and from public-welfare funds. In 1955 and 1956, when plans for the new buildings were getting under way, county agents, country-weekly editors and adoptive parents throughout the state led a campaign that raised $68,000. An initial $147,000 had already come as a bequest from a businessman's estate. In the 1956–57 fiscal year, contributions from the Community Welfare Association totaled $6274, and services and care purchased for individual children by the public welfare board, $40,889.

Anyone who contributes to Children's Village is considered a "member" and invited to attend the annual May meetings to elect seven directors who serve three-year terms on a twenty-one-member board. Both Mr. Weber, an insurance man, and Mr. Baccus, formerly promotion director of the North Dakota Farm Bureau, have special reasons for their interest in their work. Each has two youngsters adopted through Children's Village.

What Children's Village lacks in staff highly trained in psychological and emotional problems it makes up for, partly anyway, in a comfortable atmosphere for youngsters who must live away from home. At the Village they are learning things their families never taught them. Some have led such undisciplined and neglected lives that the first thing they have to understand is that families must abide by rules and regulations and that they can be happy even though restricted. A number are learning about cleanliness—for a neglected child is usually a dirty child—and table manners, and getting along in a group.

Others are gaining an appreciation of spiritual values. At Christmas, just before leaving for a foster home, Ricky gave Mrs. Ketterl a tiny red wreath and begged her to put it in her window every year. "When you look at it, think of me," he smiled, "and remember that you taught me how to pray." END

The Picture of Health for November

by MAXINE DAVIS

Vitamins are essential as oxygen. Ever ask why? How many are there? How much do we need? Which foods contain them all? Can they be dangerous? Here are some answers:

They are nutrients, indispensable to life and health. Scientists have found twenty of them—so far! Your daily requirement is less than a teaspoonful. But no one food, not even milk, contains all of them; they are spread among components of seven basic food groups. So you can see why vitamin concentrates are so very important.

Doctors prescribe them when they restrict diets for such diseases as stomach ulcer or allergy; when they treat illness, poor appetite, or old age. They order them to improve the nutrition of babies, pregnant women, and nursing mothers.

Because individual requirements vary so, our family doctor recommends BEXEL vitamin-mineral capsules. BEXEL is tailored to every age and purpose —keeping well or getting well. No one gets too little or too much. There's BEXEL syrup or child-size capsules for the small fry, high-potency for Grandfather, and other preparations for the rest of us, including the baby. Result: our notably healthier household!

Everyone's full of vim and vigor these autumn days. The Head of the House walks to work, and plays golf on week-ends. Tom's on the freshman football team at college and Jane's black and blue from going all out at field hockey.

I used to worry because their feet perspired even in this crisp weather. All three of them have suffered miserably from athlete's foot and know that this fungus disease flourishes on damp feet.

Now they use OCTOFEN Powder for prevention, or at worst, OCTOFEN Liquid as a healing relief. They dry their feet thoroughly after showering, dust them (especially between the toes) with OCTOFEN Powder, and sprinkle it into their shoes and clean socks. OCTOFEN Liquid will help prevent another attack.

Scientific findings indicate that no other fungicide has been more successful. OCTOFEN is the only medication approved by the authoritative National Foot Health Council for athlete's foot.

This exhilarating autumn, we're all so bouncy that we use almost as much VODORA as in July. For the bacteria that are the source of the unpleasant odor of perspiration grow just as freely.

The New VODORA—light, delicate, soothing, healing —contains an antibiotic that paralyzes those germs and keeps underarms dainty for as long as twenty-four hours—sometimes longer. With it one *is* as fresh as one's new winter suit *looks!*

If you try to rake leaves, dig your dahlia bulbs, and put the perennials to bed all in one zestful fall day, you can overdo. You'll suffer with stiff muscles and your arthritic joints.

But there's great help. Use SURIN. It's not a cure; there isn't any. But smooth on SURIN where pain hurts; then put moist hot towels over it for two minutes. You'll find SURIN gets down to where the pain is and relieves it. Then you can think happily of tomorrow.

Modess introduces the flexible tampon

...a tampon you can trust even on "first" days

SHAPES TO FIT YOU

The flexible Modess Tampon conforms to inner body contours, leaving *no area unprotected* (often the cause of embarrassing accidents with old-style rigid tampons).

TWICE AS PROTECTIVE

Gives twice the protection, more absorbency than any other tampon—safe as a napkin. Most women will need no extra precautions, even on "first" days.

BLESSEDLY COMFORTABLE

Modess-soft and dainty . . . easy to insert with slim, individual applicators. Regular, Super, or Junior.

NEW MODESS® TAMPONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

privilege of being the first and probably the only woman ever to teach in a college for Buddhist monks. Ordinarily a monk is supposed never to look at a woman, never to speak to one, never to allow his robe to be brushed by one in the street, never to receive anything from her hand. But for once, urgent need overcame the taboos. The Venerable Ones in charge of instruction were determined that Cambodian monks would be able to communicate with other Buddhists throughout the world, and the only language available to all the others was English. The Asia Foundation offered to supply a teacher, and when the appeal was sent out by the U. S. Information Service to American women in Phnom Penh, I volunteered.

There are over two thousand *bonzes*, yellow-clad monks, in Phnom Penh alone. They do no "work," beg for their one daily meal of rice, and own nothing but a yellow strip of cloth, an umbrella, a pair of sandals and a begging bowl. Secretly I had plenty of apprehensions at the prospect of teaching 177 of them in classes of 59 each, with sessions lasting two hours. But how better could I get a real glimpse of this enchanting land and its people?

At my first session, the Cambodian teacher who had given them their first instruction in English introduced me and disappeared. The monks sat in six rows, with five crowded to a bench on either side of a central aisle. I was thoroughly scared, and then I realized that they were far more frightened than I. They didn't dare look at me, for I was a woman, but they didn't dare *not* look, for I was a teacher. I began speaking slowly and clearly. I met blank, frozen, expressionless faces. Did they understand? I asked. Still blank. They were lost and so was I. Finally I held up my pencil. "What is this?" To my amazement, back came the answer from 59 throats in unison, "This izza pencil."

Our combined relief was enormous. Joyfully we explored our common territory. They knew what a book was, a desk, a tree. When they hesitated over umbrella, I wrote it on the blackboard. They were pleased to learn its English name.

If I tried to single out one student at a time to answer questions, he would freeze in embarrassment, so I asked questions by rows. As I walked up the aisle to hear the replies from the back, the monks sitting next to the aisle shrank away. I let their glances skid perilously past my shoulder, all the while maintaining the serene neutrality of a pagoda. Gradually the tension relaxed. They could even begin to smile as I corrected their buzzing *Dzank you wery mush*. They learned to have the courage to answer my frequent "Do you understand?" with a joyful *yes* or emphatic *no*. When the bell rang, I repeated, "Whenever you have any questions, be sure to ask me." Several gathered around my desk. Then one managed to ask the first question: "How old are you?"

Although I had the best manuals available for teaching English, I found the subject matter hopelessly unsuitable for my *bonzes*. "New York is larger than Washington." "Snow falls in winter." Gradually I began experimenting with dialogues about Cambodia. I could soon count to five in Cambodian, and they were overjoyed as we drilled. Later, I found some English translations from sacred Buddhist writings in Pali, and approval was given for me to use these booklets once a week. At first the students were bewildered, but then came delighted recognition of the Pali chant. Often I would let one side chant the rolling Pali phrases, and the other side reply with the English equivalent.

What did it all mean, this outreach across the barriers of language, across cultural and religious backgrounds?

For me, I came to love these Buddhist monks for their sweetness and utter guilelessness. Intellectually they were no giants, but in knowledge of the heart they were truly educated. I often thought of them as children—but children without jealousy, anger or strife. These young men had achieved an absolute gentleness of spirit. Even in a two-hour class, jammed together on hard, backless benches, in sweltering heat, there was never a sign of disorder or irritability. Although I was often exhausted after a long session, I invariably felt I had received more than I had been able to give.

As for them, let Prum Chhon speak for "my" *bonzes* in his letter:

"Hello dear," he writes. "During last long time I never wrote any letter to you and I did not know that you had a good time or not. When you left Cambodia, to the U.S.A., did you have free on your trip? I was afraid on it. If you had free, I would enjoy very much. However, do you and your relatives have a good time every day?

"Oh, my former teacher! I miss you very much, because you was a popular teacher to me. Every time I want to write a letter to you, but I cannot write it still. If I can write it, I almost write many letters to you. Because the English language is difficul. If you and your family are getting on all right, we, students at the Buddhist College are very glad to hear it, and as we are getting on all right we should know about you and your family.

"Finally, I have nothing for you, but I have this one of letter which souvenir for you. Excuse me on this my letter please. My name, Prum Chhon."

Sincerely,
MARGARET BEIDLER

Must Schools be Palaces?

Appleton, Wisconsin

Sir: We hope you have not acted too harshly with the editor responsible for allowing the question Must Schools be Palaces? (August JOURNAL) to be commented on by Dorothy Thompson.

MAURICE LEE ALLEN, A. I. A.
Architect

West Haven, Connecticut

In Must Schools be Palaces? it was asserted that we should go back to building on two floors to secure "twice as much room under one roof and on one foundation, and greatly decreasing building and heating costs." Since Miss Thompson mentioned the disadvantages of single-story buildings, in all fairness some of the advantages should be presented:

1. Costly stairways and the space they occupy are eliminated.
2. Foundation footings need to be planned to accommodate only the weight of a single story.
3. Non-load-bearing walls can be used, which greatly reduces costs.
4. The cluster or finger plan of schoolrooms can eliminate costly excavation by following the natural contours of the site.
5. Costly plumbing facilities do not have to be duplicated on additional floors.
6. Buildings can be evacuated much more rapidly in emergencies. (A most important point, don't you think?)

Other advantages are less fancy ornamentation and a school that harmonizes with the improving environment of other modern buildings. I hope that people will "think before they pass judgment" also—and will consult some of the studies which cite the values on each side of the question.

GEORGE J. COLLINS

Indianapolis, Indiana

Dorothy Thompson states that "architects and contractors first of all . . . are always active in promotion" (of larger schools). May I, as an architect of twenty years' experience, protest this insult to the architectural profession? I assure you that no architect would or could design a larger building than that which the owner required, desired or could afford; and state and school authorities have established rigid legal requirements for every phase of schoolhouse planning. The school in Tangier described by Miss Thompson is a small private school catering to a select group and under no legal restrictions, and has no comparison to a large American school for public education and governed by strict state educational and construction standards. (That wide, open staircase sounds like a fire trap to me.) We are trying to make the public schools good enough for everyone and equal to 1957 standards in other fields.

ROSE MARY BEST

Berrien Springs, Michigan

Does it really cost more to paint rooms in gay, bright colors instead of dark gloomy ones? And there is a reason for "all that glass"—tests have shown the light isn't sufficient without it! Of course the new schools cost money; but what doesn't now? Regardless of our school taxes, I want our three little girls to have the best all-around education they can get, in the most pleasant surroundings possible. Schools needn't be palaces, but they should be more than just places.

MRS. LEON CONRAD

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

"I wish you'd tell me what it is that you have against the incandescent bulb!"

One deb in our block has adopted a posture which shrieks "Me, me, me!" She flaunts a hip swirl and a lip curl, and she makes me feel 990 years old. She acts as if she'd invented sex, yet her hip flip is exactly like Ann Pennington's, a dancer of the giddy 1920's, when sex was really discovered, if I remember correctly.

Our recent vacation unveiled the brave new world of the turnpikes and toll roads. They remind me of the H. G. Wells utopias I read as a boy, so tailored and immaculate. And the lunchrooms are all too vividly like scenes of George Orwell's novel, 1984, in twenty-eight flavors.

If you can convince a male teen-ager what a lion he'd be at high-school, college and country-club dances, he might condescend to mask his scorn of $30 worth of dancing lessons.

Over his second fruit juice at the mid-morning break our lunchroom autocrat vowed that what the modern sex riddle really needs is candor. "When confronted by sex," he said, "many lovers act as if they were two strange people."

To carve a turkey is still a pleasing ritual, yet also a chore. I console myself by munching at turkey crumbs as I carve or our Thanksgiving guests would be demanding seconds before I had a bite. (My new rule: Carve your own seconds!)

Our son unveils big news: some of the 1958 automobiles (cocky, eh?) won't carry a spare tire. Does this mean more luggage room, and must we carry even more baggage than we did last summer?

My Dream Girl and I attend a variety of churches occasionally, to see how other people worship. We like best the ones that preach more brotherly love than hell and damnation.

Our town's youngest and prettiest dowager had her portrait painted expensively with her characteristic hairdo. Later she changed her hairdo to please a new admirer, and had the artist (for $350) paint the new one into her portrait. (I hope the rascal's worth it!)

How can Harold Stassen and Zarubin possibly agree on disarmament over London teacups when it often takes ten or fifteen years for a pair of brothers-in-law to disarm?

Even the ladies at bridge on Columbus Day agreed that a wife with a husband reared in the Sir Galahad tradition really has it golden. This chivalrous breed of romantics is scarcer and grows skeptical.*

From exotic faraway places I've brought my Princess of Sheer Delight a sarong, a snood and a bikini, and now she wants me to taper off my travels, bring her a kimono and settle down among our begonias.

"What a man must ask his wife," snorts Peter Comfort, removing his fantastic TV aerial from his roof, "is: Does she want a husband henpecked and subservient, or does she want one who acts like Burt Lancaster, Bob Mitchum or Kirk Douglas?"

My eavesdropping son assures me parents are hypocrites: when we think the kids aren't listening we say "ain't" and brag about our childhood orneriness.

Often I think the bike may still save civilization. Any dolt can drive a $3500 car too fast, but it takes quite a boy or girl to pedal a $40 bicycle ten or twelve miles and go places.

* *We celebrated because he discovered America.*

My Lady Love is an expert dietitian; she knows for a fact that one ounce of anything I like is more fattening than one pound of something I don't like; such as ice cream and hollandaise sauce.

I understand better now why fathers of the past were so stern and forbidding. If they'd relaxed in one moment of whimsey or flippancy their kids would have massacred 'em, clobbered 'em, dived down their throats.

Eureka! At last the food men have done it: a frozen dinner for dieters, around 400 calories, in turkey, chicken or beef flavor. Three of 'em a day (and nothing else!) and I'd lose twelve pounds in a month, maybe. (What happened to all that gravy?)

After I'd collected 6″ x 6″ ceramic tiles all over the world, on Cape Cod I finally found a ceramics studio where they make 'em, and it was closed.

One of our nearby nabobs allowed his children to paint murals on the sides of his new swimming pool. Nearest indulgence to that in my childhood was when my dad let me implant my footprint in a new cement sidewalk.

"For heaven's sake don't quote me," confides Betty Comfort, taking in the milk, "but I conclude that aside from my own children and a few of my relatives' brats, only one child in ten is really adorable."

Last summer our town's execs began driving from an air-cooled home in an air-cooled car to an air-cooled office, just like Texans. What's more, with the windows closed and no rush of air it's easier for women to talk in an air-cooled car.

After meditation, our golf foursome agrees the 1957 collegians aren't any brighter than we were; they merely seem so because they're closer to their textbooks and haven't stubbed their toes as many times.

One of my smart neighbors tells me the best way to clean your glasses is to use your soapy shaving brush on 'em when you're through shaving. But what of us who valiantly scrape our necks with electric shavers—must we use fingernail brushes?

If it's true that teen-agers say "See you soon, raccoon," could it mean a renaissance of poetry among the young? I've never actually heard any of our son's chums say in earnest "See you later, alligator," or "You dig what I mean, jelly bean," but it rhymes.

I love to watch my Dream Girl's college classmates' glances when we go to the home-coming football game as they try to see which sister has kept her figure, which still adores her husband, which husband afforded a second mink coat when the first one began to look ratty, and which are even happier without.

. . . When the infant Suzi took her first step and has kept running ever since,

. . . Or our youngest commands me: "Dad, that's a good line, better make a note of it,"

. . . While my daughter lets her red hair grow into a long pony tail with no bonus from me,

. . . And Harlan III pulls at the hair on Junior's chest as Junior used to pull at mine,

. . . Or my Princess of Sheer Delight binds the first 100 of these pages into a magnificent red leather volume,

Then my cup runneth over, and I'm ready to sip from the saucer.

AVON GIFTS

Lovely to give... lovely to receive.
So original, so beautiful, so useful...
and so pleasant to select the Avon way.

AVON cosmetics
RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE WHO CALLS AT YOUR HOME

"I can't help feeling bitter and rejected."

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

WHEN HUSBANDS ARE LESS ARDENT

"We are in our mid-twenties and have been married three years. We have no children, but we share many interests, and enjoy compatible backgrounds, a lovely home and financial security. My husband loves me devotedly, and in most ways our marriage is a good one.

"But he doesn't seem interested in the sex relationship—we wouldn't have had any at all this last year if I hadn't taken the initiative on a few occasions. And lately, when I've suggested it as often as once or twice a month, he's given the excuse that he was very tired.

"I've tried to reach a better understanding, and have explained my feelings as calmly and reasonably as I could. A couple of times, in a state of turmoil, I've burst out angrily and told him just how frustrated I feel. He's promised to try to be a better husband, but there's been no improvement. I'm sure he'd be perfectly content to go along on a strictly platonic basis, if I kept still.

"Is this kind of behavior normal for a healthy, successful man who has no serious problems and who claims to love his reasonably attractive wife? Ours could be a very happy marriage, but I can't help feeling bitter and rejected. Do you hear from other wives who have such a peculiar problem? Surely there must be *some* reason, *some* solution."

I can assure this wife that her difficulty is not unique, or even uncommon. To some extent, the problem affects at least one wife in six; for one in ten, the situation is acute.

And there is always a reason—more likely two or three. But without knowing far more about this wife, her husband and their marriage, it is impossible to tell why the problem exists in her case, or how to resolve it. This type of difficulty is among the most complex confronting the counselor.

However, it may help this troubled young woman to appraise her situation more objectively if she understands some of the factors commonly involved. Perhaps she will then be able to interpret the difficulty more effectively to her husband, and so enlist his active co-operation.

Low sex drive of the husband is often a factor. Some apparently unrelated physical disability may be responsible—a vitamin deficiency, glandular imbalance, or even an unsuspected low-grade infection. Any condition that lowers his general vitality is likely to affect his sexual vigor accordingly. A thorough physical examination is an essential first step.

Fatigue and nervous tension, by the same token, may markedly reduce sex drive in either husband or wife. Overworry or chronic anxiety is more likely to be involved than overexertion. A definite program of recreation and relaxation may be helpful.

Unconscious resentment can distort and inhibit a husband's reactions. If he wants children and she refuses to have them, his sexual indifference may reflect an unconscious wish to punish her. Occasionally a husband avoids sexual activity because he himself doesn't want to have children. For the sex relationship, to be fully rewarding, it must be reciprocal.

The wife's attitude and behavior may be unfavorable. A wife may be overinsistent on ritualistic love-making. She may be hypersensitive and so unconsciously accusatory. She may be acquiescent, but passive. She may be demanding and possessive of her husband's love, without being genuinely responsive to it. Any of these reactions, if consistent, will inevitably result in her husband's discouragement and then indifference.

Many other complications are possible. The habitual drinker, even though he may not drink excessively, gradually loses interest in sexual activity. A conviction, avowed or unconscious, that sex is sinful may impede healthy adjustment in marriage. Occasionally some traumatic experience in childhood leaves a guilt inhibition complex, unrecognized but disabling; this kind of deep-seated difficulty can seldom be resolved except by psychotherapy.

Any factor in self, partner or their interaction which makes for unhappiness or maladjustment in marriage deserves attention. If the combined efforts of husband and wife fail to produce improvement, no time should be lost in seeking expert diagnosis and treatment.

IS LOVE A MIRACLE?

"Not only have I read your page regularly for many years, but also many other articles and books on happy marriage. (Is there such a thing?) I feel most marriage counselors are wrong about love in marriage. All of you picture it as though it could be cultivated, like a plant. You imply that it is a wife's duty to love her husband, and that if she does not, she is selfish, frigid or neurotic.

"The fact is that true love, the eternal, romantic kind of man-woman love, cannot and will not be manufactured. It is a gift from the gods and not many find it. It is accidental, it can grow anywhere, and it can come as suddenly as a flash of lightning.

"We were eighteen and twenty-three when we eloped, and a more unfortunate union was never made. My husband is a fine man, and he loves me. But I can't bear him physically, and never could. We found it out too late. He knows I try, but that isn't enough.

"For seven years I've been in love with another man. I think he still cares for me, but I never see him, and there was never anything definite between us. We could have been very happy had life been different. But I could never leave my husband and children.

"No, you can't manufacture love. I know because I've tried for nearly twenty years. I've given my husband children, made a home he can be proud of, helped our name become respected in the community. But my life is empty because there's no love in it."

This is just one variation on a theme expressed in dozens of the letters that cross my desk every year. In them are many misconceptions, occasional half-truths, and glimpses of yearning for insight. "I could have been happy if life had been different—if I'd married another man. But I don't—can't—love my husband."

Is love a gift? Yes, in the sense that any native talent or inherent human capability is a gift. Some people are "born musicians," "natural athletes." But the athlete's muscles weaken and atrophy if they are not exercised, the musician's talent fails to develop unless it is cultivated, encouraged, *used*.

So it is with love. Every normal human being is born with the capacity to love and be loved. But it must be cultivated, encouraged, used, if it is to grow and flourish. Otherwise, like the plant deprived of sun and water, it will be stunted and frail, if it survives at all.

Environment, too, is important. A child brought up in an affectionate family, whose parents by word and deed show their love for each other, their children, their friends and neighbors, will in all likelihood develop into an adult capable of giving and inspiring love. But the individual whose childhood was spent in an atmosphere of hostility and distrust, or even mere indifference, suffers from emotional malnutrition. He—or she—may still be able to "learn to love" (though perhaps not to the fullest and richest extent), but the handicap of poor environment and lack of cultivation must be recognized and overcome.

People who lack the capacity to love seldom recognize their limitations. Instead, they are likely to blame the other person involved for failing to inspire love, whether it be a friend, relative or marriage partner. Too often they distort or even terminate the relationship under the delusion that the shortcoming is not their own.

The woman who wrote to us does not contemplate divorce. But she does believe that she has been deprived of romance because she married the wrong man. Instead of musing about the mysterious, the glamorous, the unpredictable aspects of "true love," why not consider the depth and power of a relationship that has endured for twenty years, nourished by the love of only one partner? With insight, effort and a new generosity of spirit she may yet learn to love her husband more than she thinks possible.

ASK YOURSELF:
Am I Too Social?

Without realizing it, a wife can become so absorbed in social activities that they impair her own happiness and the adjustment of her family. Answering these questions "Yes" or "No" may help you to decide if your program is too heavy.

Do You:

1. Entertain once or more weekly?
2. Average three social telephone calls a day?
3. Belong to three or more clubs?
4. Play bridge once or twice a week?
5. Have frequent afternoon callers?
6. Often feel tired and sleepy?
7. Think your husband resents your social activities?

Does Your Husband Believe That You:

8. Share too little time with him?
9. Are a social climber?
10. Spend too much money on social activities?
11. Visit or entertain too much?
12. Involve him in too many social events?
13. Let others influence you too much?
14. Neglect some of your domestic duties?

The average wife answers "Yes" to only four to six of these questions. A score of eight or more suggests that you may be too involved in outside activities. Why not discuss this whole matter with your husband to see if and where changes should be made? This is certainly indicated if your score is ten or more.

NOW! MATCH YOUR TILE WITH DIAL!

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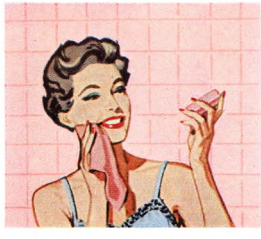


Contains a wondrous new Skin Freshener for better than ever protection under make-up!

Complexion Dial's gentle new Skin Freshener — Super AT-7 — does what no ordinary soap, no drying synthetic, no greasy skin cream can possibly do! Sweeps away bacteria that so often spoil your complexion — without drying, without greasing your skin!

Then, Complexion Dial's new Skin Freshener *stays on* your skin. You can't see it or feel it. But it's there, protecting your complexion all day — even under make-up!

Today, buy Complexion Dial in colors — by the color of its gleaming new wrapper.

Pure luxury... sure protection for the beauty of your complexion!

Do you let your husband give you presents?

Are you one of those smart little wives who exclaims: "Darling, how perfect—just what I wanted!" even if his present turns out to be a wildly impractical negligee?

You're so *right* never to discourage him. But why not let him have the fun of giving you what you *really* want?

This year *tell* him you'd love a really handsome service to replace your outgrown "just-married" table silver.

Just think how thrilling it would be to set a sparkling dinner table this Christmas, or a glorious New Year's buffet with a lavish array of beautiful new silver!

Your husband will love it, too! Silver is such an eminently satisfactory gift for a man to give to his wife . . . it's so substantial . . . so *very* impressive!

This Christmas, one of the great names in silver, Oneida Silversmiths, is offering gift services for 8 in famous Community*, the finest silverplate, and precious Heirloom* Sterling. Look at the savings! Budget terms, too.

*Trade Marks. © 1957, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.

Choose magnificent solid silver **HEIRLOOM STERLING**+

"To My Love" Gift Service-for-eight comes in such lovely patterns! Enchanting new *Flower Lane* edged with soft elegance . . . Graceful *Silver Rose*, triumphant in its deep-carved splendor . . . Radiantly romantic *Damask Rose* . . . Stately, traditional *Stanton Hall* . . . Tender, serene *Lasting Spring* . . . Pure classic *Reigning Beauty*. Which one is made for you? All are fresh, distinguished, completely original.

+*Created in the Design Studios of Oneida Silversmiths*

HEIRLOOM STERLING

"To my love"

GIFT SERVICE-FOR-EIGHT

From **$216** Fed. Tax incl.

Eight 5-piece place settings of magnificent solid silver plus two lovely serving pieces, in your choice of the stunning Heirloom Sterling silver patterns. The service comes in a deluxe drawer chest with solid brass drawer pulls, handles and name plate—a $25.00 value—at no extra cost!

Individual basic 4-piece place settings from $20

This could be you, this Christmas!

Just tell your husband how you long to set your Christmas table with "a lovely new silver service." Spaced-out payments can be so easily arranged! Just ask your favorite jeweler or silver department. After all, the sooner you get your silver, the more you'll get out of it in use, joy and pride.

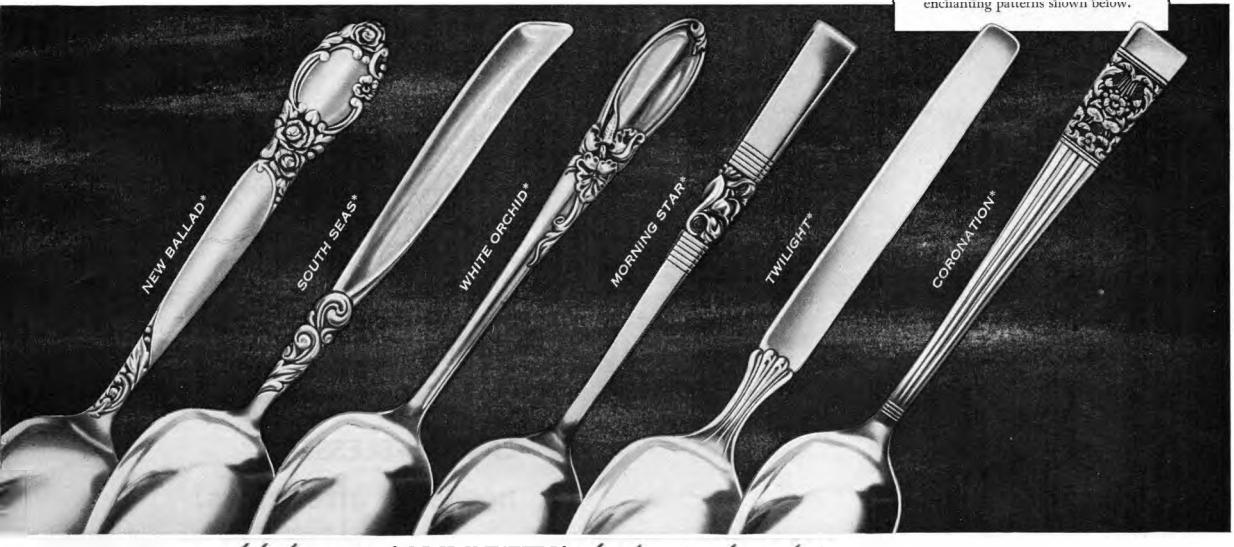
COMMUNITY

"Christmas Dream"

EIGHT 6-PC. PLACE SETTINGS

$88

Plus 8 serving pieces FREE! 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Pierced Tablespoon, 1 Cold Meat Fork, 1 Gravy Ladle, 1 Pastry Server, 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon. 56 pieces in all, in a handsome blond or mahogany finish drawer chest. In your choice of the enchanting patterns shown below.



...or world-famous ***COMMUNITY.****** *the finest silverplate*

For your "Christmas Dream" Gift Service choose from these famous Community patterns. Each is completely individual! Lovely new *Ballad*... *South Seas* with flowing lines of sea and shore... Frankly feminine *White Orchid* ... Sophisticated *Morning Star* inspired by a priceless jade carving... Graceful *Twilight* with tapered handles and curving tips... Formal, traditional *Coronation*. Choose your favorite for *your* Christmas Dream!

For the most beautiful hair in the world

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

JOAN COLLINS uses Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo because it's a rich liquid in mild, mild form!

She says: "There's just no shampoo like it for me —I love the way it pours on, rich as cream! And it leaves my hair so soft and shining, I can do *ANYTHING* with it— even right after a shampoo!"

Joan Collins

Lotion or Creme—just pour it on or cream it on.

LANOLIN-BLESSED— needs no after-rinse!

Never dries... it beautifies

Journal ABOUT TOWN

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

The Union Station in Washington, D.C., one of the loveliest buildings in the U.S.A., opened in November, 1907. Sir Joshua Reynolds' hats with two curving ostrich plumes crowned women's high pompadours, and "walking shoes" had twelve-button cloth tops, patent-leather toes and heels. Salome opened at the Met and so shocked J. P. Morgan that he offered to refund production costs if the management would withdraw the opera.

"Why don't you die now?" a friend wrote Editor Bok after reading the September, 1907, JOURNAL *with its two-color cover, 125 fashion pictures, and 36 articles and stories. "You will never surpass it; never equal it." Promises Editor Bok, "We will equal that issue and surpass it too."*

"The ideal woman's figure is 5'5" and weight 138 pounds. Bust is 34", and the waist 27"."

"How much sugar may a girl eat?" Answers Dr. Emma Walker, "A quarter of a pound in twenty-four hours. An authority says there is no proof that sugar is harmful to the teeth."

"As a Business Woman Should Not Dress: She wears an elegant 'cast-iron' pompadour, jingly, 'near gold' bracelets, blue beads, clicking French slippers and last night's violets."

"Socks and stockings will wear longer if the heels and toes are rubbed with paraffin."

"Should berry pies be eaten with a knife, fork or spoon?" a perplexed reader wants to know.

"Mimi: As your neck is so flabby, you will improve it by dashing cold water on it night and morning."

The haunting Andante from Tschaikowsky's Symphonie Pathétique is reproduced for music lovers in this issue. There are, as well, two question-and-answer pages conducted by Josef Hofmann (for piano students) and Madame Marchesi (for vocal students).

"Fichu-scarfs (stoles) are once again the fad of the hour, of net or chiffon, edged with deep fringe."

"Excessive tan will ruin your complexion. It is generally the girl who spends a week's vacation in the Catskills who cultivates tan, while the woman who spends her summer yachting takes good care of her skin."

JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Journal forum participant Comtesse de Vilmorin displays her white-and-red and red-and-white interchangeable outfits for Fashion Editor Cushman.

Of all the delightful participants in the forum on good manners which is pictured and reported in this issue, we were most curious to meet the *Comtesse de Vilmorin*, who had come from Paris especially to take part in the discussion. We'd just seen the entertaining French film called The Earrings of Madame de, with *Charles Boyer*, *Danielle Darrieux* and *Vittorio de Sica*, which was made from her book, Madame de, and we'd naturally been told of her charm and wit, but even so were unprepared for the vivid and fascinating personality we discovered after the forum in *Wilhelm Cushman*'s glamorous apartment around the corner from our own trim little retreat. As you see, she was showing Wilhelm the wardrobe that *Lanvin* had made for her trip on a week's notice. Everybody called her "Mademoiselle," including three charming young ladies who turned out to be her daughters, married to Americans with homes in Delaware, West Virginia and Texas. To us, as a man, the climax of Mademoiselle's fashion display was an impressive pair of dresses: one of white silk taffeta with a red coat, red sash, red scarf; the other red, with white coat, white sash, white scarf. . . . You guessed it. The different parts of each were interchangeable, making possible such a variety of costumes that there would be one to fit every occasion the comtesse was likely to encounter. Maybe that's not so novel as it seemed to us, but we thought it was wonderful. We thought Mademoiselle was wonderful too.

We did a disservice to **Anne Einselen** *and her Discovery Department when we said here in September that out of 21,822 unsolicited manuscripts received last year only 16 were accepted. Anne wants you to be more encouraged to try than that figure would imply. Instead, 7 pieces of fiction, 28 articles and 128 miscellaneous fillers were bought.*

Things happen occasionally that arouse our curiosity. Take even the "before-and-after" landscaping articles, like the one on page 83. Though each one is a year or more in preparation, the work is done unobtrusively, and in out-of-the-way places. Yet time after time owners tell *Richard Pratt* how strangers, often from far away, stop to see what the JOURNAL is up to now. "I can understand friends and neighbors asking questions," one puzzled owner remarked, "but when a woman from Wyoming gets out of her car and asks if she can take a cutting back home for a souvenir, or a pebble from the patio, it makes me feel kind of queer."

In photographing for How America Lives, *Joe di Pietro not only takes many dramatic pictures but often has to do dramatic things himself to take them. He's had to act the part of a cowpuncher on the range, a sailor in the crow's-nest, a stunt man on a jet plane. Now he's given us this news photo showing him on the high ladder he borrowed from a Texas fire department to get a panoramic picture of a house on an empty prairie. "They wanted*

Joe di Pietro rises to the occasion.

JOSEPH DI PIETRO

to give me the full extension of 150 feet, but I said no. Not that I was afraid to go higher," Joe affirmed; "I just didn't want the house to look too small."

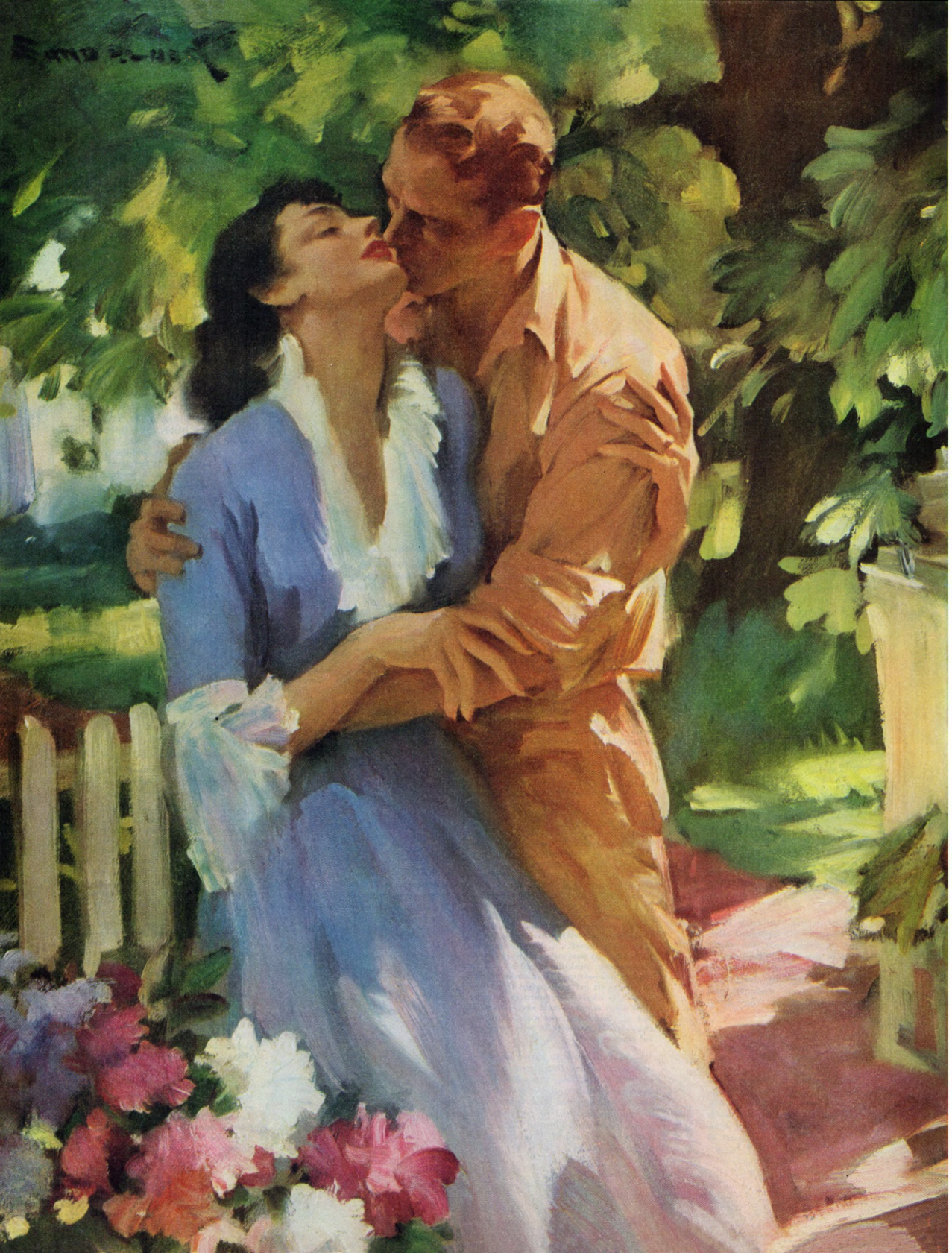
Americans in 1955 voluntarily contributed $25,423,557 to the fight on cancer; but the year before we spent $271,780,000 for chewing gum!

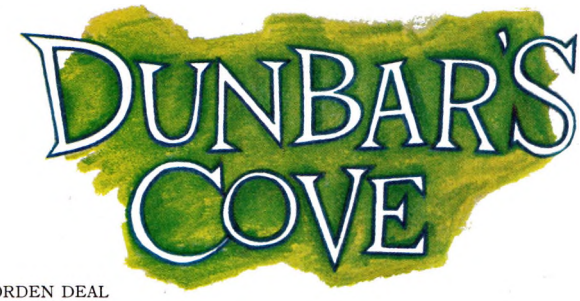
Corinna Wildman has made herself the envy of the Workshop by having a bright red featherweight telephone from Sweden installed at her desk in the decorating department. You "take it off the hook" just by lifting it. The dial's on the bottom, very handy: you listen at the top and talk into the base. They come in a lot of other colors, and they couldn't be more pretty, petite or clever. Goodness knows when you'll be able to get them, but we can tell you the people who make them are doing their darnedest, in case we've made you yearn for one.

JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Corinna Wildman calls an old number on her new phone.

Anyone passing close to the food kitchens upstairs never fails to be attracted by tantalizing smells, but there is one fragrance we've never happened to whiff there, and that's the nostalgic one of doughnuts being dipped. So we were delighted recently while vacationing near Corea, Maine, to catch among the fascinating smells of that far-flung fishing village the old familiar one of cooking doughnuts. There was a sign, "Do-nuts," in the yard, but we forgave the spelling when we met *Mrs. Julia Stewart* in her kitchen on her thirty-fifth dozen for the day and sampled our first fresh delicious doughnut in years, which she had just shaken in a big bag of cinnamon and sugar. We told her she didn't need that sign in the front yard. "That's what the people said who were just here," replied Mrs. S. "In fact, there's their yacht still in the harbor. They anchored to visit the village, and followed their noses right to my kitchen, they told me, a nice young couple. . . . Now sign my customers' book." Which we did, noting the signatures right above our own, of *David* and *Margaret Rockefeller*. Anyhow, it explained the yacht in the lobster-boat harbor, and decided us to send a dozen doughnuts to *Louella Shouer*—to smell as well as taste.





By BORDEN DEAL

They were two strong men, swept into a torrent of emotions and conflicts.
"I can't quit," Crawford said, "any more than he can."
Arlis, loving them both, cried, "What's a woman to do?"

Miss Hattie squatted on her heels in the depths of the thicket, gazing discontentedly at the careful complex of roads she had enjoyed for so long. Her fleet of snuff-bottle cars waited, but somehow, today, she couldn't get launched into the absorption of play. Miss Hattie was twelve years old. She was very thin and neuter under the cotton dress she wore. Her face was thin and sharp and tanned, with large, luminous black eyes.

She reached down tentatively to push one of the snuff bottles into the road. Then she stopped. Last summer she had spent almost every day from breakfast to supper in the thicket. But now —— She nudged the bottle a few inches farther with the toe of her left foot and stopped, listening.

"Miss Hattie! Time to water the menfolks!"

She stood up without a trace of reluctance. "That's for children," she said aloud scornfully, voicing the feeling that had been in her since the moment of entering the thicket.

Arlis, standing on the back porch, was surprised to see Miss Hattie emerge so quickly from her sanctuary. She watched her cross the yard and come up on the porch. "You must be sick, coming the first time you're called."

Miss Hattie said tartly, "Where's my water bucket?"

Arlis laughed, turning back into the kitchen. "I'll get it."

She stopped inside the door, feeling the heat reaching out to her. She was baking light bread; why, on such a hot day, she didn't know, except that her mother had always baked light bread on Tuesday. The kitchen was full of the rich, yeasty odor of the bread. She paused long enough to cut two thick slices from a finished loaf and spread butter and sugar on them.

The kitchen was big and bare, with a wooden safe standing against one wall to hold dishes and food. In the middle of the room was a big circular oak table, laden with her first baking of loaves. It was a kitchen that fitted with Arlis. She was big, rather buxom, with a high-colored, good-humored face, the color heightened by the stove heat. She was twenty years old.

The butter-and-sugar sandwich finished, she got the clean syrup bucket from a nail and went back out on the screened porch where Miss Hattie waited.

"I know your mbuth is just awatering for that fresh bread," she said. "Here." She held out the sandwich in one hand, the bucket in the other. "Now you go on. Them men're going to have their tongues hanging out by the time you get there."

"I'm going," Miss Hattie said. "Let me finish my goody first." She ate rapidly, regarding her sister owlishly. "That's mighty good bread, Arlis. Why don't you get married? Any man would favor a woman who bakes light bread ever' Tuesday."

Arlis stared at Miss Hattie. "Get married?" she said. She turned away, going back into the kitchen. "How would I have a chance to get married, with a houseful of menfolks and you to take care of?"

Miss Hattie was interested in her thought. "A fine young man would shore go for your light bread." She stopped, considering. "But then Connie is the only married woman in this house and I don't believe she even knows how to make it, much less got the will and the way."

Arlis snorted. "You'll learn something, young'un. A pretty face and a willing mind will go a lot faster to church than the finest, lightest bread in the world. You go on now."

But Miss Hattie was gone into the dogtrot instead of out into the yard. She walked along the bare-floored corridor and peeked into Connie and Jesse John's room. Connie was sitting in front of the cheap dresser she had made Jesse John order from the catalogue. Miss Hattie watched critically while Connie leaned close to the mirror to apply her lipstick. She was wearing only a slip that shadowed her thin rayon panties underneath. Her slender body looked frail after the robust bulk of Arlis.

"Why do you spread it on so wide?" Miss Hattie said, taking one step into the room.

Connie jumped, smearing the careful job she was doing. She whirled around on the bench. "Good heavens, child. You'll scare the fool out of me yet."

Miss Hattie listened carefully to the tone of her voice, then advanced into the room. Sometimes Connie's voice positively forbade entrance.

"Who're you putting it on for, anyway?" she said. "Jesse John don't like lipstick, noway. I heard him say so."

"It don't matter what Jesse John likes," Connie said harshly. "I don't wear it for his benefit in the first place. Now get on out of here."

Miss Hattie went out to the well in the back yard and let down the chain, hearing the screech of the rusty pulley singing in her ears. The bucket hit bottom and a weight came suddenly on the chain. She strained her thin body against it, her arms beginning to ache by the time the dripping bucket cleared the top of the well. She lifted the bucket down and poured the gallon syrup bucket full. She took time to pour the cooling balance over her dusty feet. Dust became mud under them and she squished her toes delightfully for three deliberate squishes. Then she had to go.

She picked up the bucket and walked through the open barn-lot gate. The men were working far back in the cove and she was hot and tired by the time she came along the creek bank opposite them.

She could see them when she came to the bridge. Knox was plowing Odd John, the fast-stepping horse-mule. He looked up, seeing her coming. "Here comes the water!" he yelled. His voice was as big as he was, broad and heavy but with a surprising light nervousness in it.

"You got time to plow two more rounds before I get to you," Miss Hattie said briskly.

She could see Matthew at the far end of the field, just turning around. Next was Rice, plowing down toward her with Mollie. He looked tall and gaunt and long-legged, confined between the plow handles. "Miss Hattie!" he said. He grinned at her out of his dark, thin face, but she didn't pay him any mind, marching on.

Jesse John didn't even look up at her when she passed. He was plowing Bodoc, the slow, lazy mule that wouldn't ever mind.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

"I didn't kiss the bride," Crawford said, and reached for her.
The golden haze deepened around her
so that she was dizzy with the wonder and the happiness.

DUNBAR'S COVE
is soon to be published in book form by
Charles Scribner's Sons

One of the

The Caryatids an Unfinished

great artists of our time contributes a strange and fascinating tale.

Gothic Tale by Isak Dinesen

On a summer afternoon in the forties of the last century, two carriages and a couple of riding horses were making a halt within the glade of a forest near Sarlat in the province of Dordogne, in France. The coachmen and grooms stood beside the horses, feeding them with bits of bread. The one carriage had four horses to it, the other was a light and elegant little phaeton. Of the saddle horses, one was black and the other was gray.

A little river was running through the glade. Near the place where the carriages had stopped it grew wider and shallower, and the grassy banks were trodden down by the cattle that came here to drink.

The sky was high and blue; all round the horizon large, immovable, gray and delicately rosy clouds were towered up, which might forebode thunder on the morrow. But the afternoon was clear and fine. The little river came out gaily from the thicket, through the dark foliage of which the sprinklings of sunlight dropped into it like a drizzle of gold, and here in the open it reflected the blue and gray hues of the summer sky as frankly as a mirror.

Of the people who had come in the carriages and on horseback, two ladies and a couple of nurses were occupied in bathing three young children in the river, and were talking loudly and laughing over it. The children's clothes were strewn upon the grass, together with the ladies' sunshades, thrown upside down, as fine as a flower bed. The young ladies in their slim bodices and voluminous skirts were themselves like peonies on slender stems, gracefully flung upside down upon the riverside.

The mother of the three children, a tall and willowy young woman with a narrow face and big starlike dark eyes, had tied a lace handkerchief round her head, and was holding her naked little son down in the water, and scolding a sturdy young woman in the peasants' dress of the province, who was standing barefooted in the middle of the stream to receive the child. The little boy stared at his mother with her own big dark eyes, very skeptical about the undertaking, and wondering whether the women really did mean him to go.

The two bigger children, little girls of five and six, the one fair and the other dark, were running laughing down the river, their hair all done up in curl papers. One was pulling off the shaggy dark pink flowers of the wild hemp that grew on the sides of the stream, the other was splashing down the river, from time to time throwing herself down flat on her stomach, and beating the water with her feet.

The second young lady, who for driving her smart phaeton had put on an elegant frock in tartan colors—which were highly fashionable—and cut somehow in the style of a young cavalier's costume, walked alongside on the sward like a hen with ducklings, laughing at the children and holding her handkerchief to her mouth. She was a school friend of the young mother, and the widow of a neighbor, and had come from her own house to join the party in the forest.

Meanwhile the two men of the party, who were the husband and the young brother of the dark lady, had walked together slowly to the farther end of the glade. They were neighbors, and had met here to discuss a question of their boundaries, which a change in the course of the river had slightly altered. The ladies had profited by the occasion to make a picnic in the woods. They were talking about poachers, and were waiting for the arrival of the old keeper whom they had summoned here to meet them. A gang of gypsies and poachers had for some time given them much trouble.

"If only," said Philippe, the eldest, "we could get rid of the miller's widow at Masse-Bleue. I remember the first time I saw her, eight years ago, when she was only a child. I met her in the forest, and because she was such an uncommonly graceful child I tried to stop her and make her talk with me. It really seems to me now, when I think of the scene, that I was holding out my stick to a smooth little viper that was trying to get round it—indeed, she was hissing at me, maneuvering to the right and the left."

As he was speaking, the old keeper arrived, accompanied by two spotted long-haired dogs. He had to cross the river; in the middle of it he took off his cap to them. They walked down together, and came from the mellow golden light of the glen into the green and cool shade of the forest. After they had discussed the question of the stream, Philippe addressed a few questions to the old man on the gypsies. The old servant's face grew dark.

"If only," he said, "we could get rid of the miller's widow of Masse-Bleue. It was a strange thing in the old miller to go and marry a gypsy girl, and the whole pack is thick as inkle weavers. Where a snake gets its head in, it will soon get the whole body. They all know that she will shelter them if they get into trouble, and she has many guests down at the old mill." He stole a glance at Philippe, not daring to give course to his feelings about the gypsies, fed by a lifelong struggle, for he knew that the young lady of the manor held a protecting hand over the tribe. The gypsies possessed a position of their own on the estate. Although they came and went, and had no real home, a certain section or tribe reckoned themselves, and were reckoned by the masters of Champmesle, as belonging to their land. They gave much trouble, but still their lords would have allowed no one from the outside to interfere with them, as if they were a nuisance strictly their own.

"Tell me, Claude," said Philippe thoughtfully, "do you believe that the people had anything to do with the disappearance of old Father Bernhard?"

The keeper wiped his face. "As God liveth, my lord," he said, "they caused his death. But if you can say that they killed him, that the devil only knows. This is how it was: These people, who do not believe in the Lord, do no more wait for His hour, but when they are tired of their life, they just finish CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK POTTER

THE Executione

Could they do what the law was helpless to do for them—
destroy a mad killer before he destroyed their world?

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

CONCLUSION Carol had been at the hospital for nearly an hour when Sam arrived at one-thirty. She and Nancy were in the semiprivate room with Jamie when Sam walked in. Sam kissed her. She looked completely under control, but he felt the trembling of her mouth as he kissed her. Nancy had a subdued, troubled look. Jamie's face, against the pillow, was just pale enough under the tan to give him a greenish look. His left arm was bandaged, and he looked proud and excited.

"Hey, I didn't make a sound when they sewed it up, and I got six stitches."

"Does it hurt?"

"Sort of, but not bad. Gosh, I can't wait to tell the kids at home. A real bullet. It hit my arm and went through the shed next to the mess hall, right in one side and out the other, zowie, and when they find it I can have it after the sheriff is through with it. I'd like it on one of those little wooden things under glass in my room."

"Who did it?"

"Heck, who knows? That man, I guess. That Cady. A lot of the kids didn't even hear any shot. I didn't. I wish I'd heard it. He was a long way away, up on Shadow Hill someplace, the sheriff thinks."

Sam began to understand the picture. "Tell me about it, Jamie, from the beginning."

Jamie looked uncomfortable. "Well, I goofed up. I snitched Mr. Menard's shaving bomb and I was going to let Davey Johnstone have it right in the chops and then I was going to sneak it back. But I got caught. So I got ten days of doing pots, and this was the last day. Everybody hates pots. You got to use steel wool. I got ten whole days because it was sort of like stealing, even though it really wasn't. So you do the pots out by the shed. There's a faucet there and, oh, this was about nine-thirty and I was doing the breakfast pots and I was nearly done almost.

"I was just standing there, sort of looking at the last one, and bam! I thought some joker had gone in the shed and hit it with something to scare me. Then my arm felt all hot and funny. I looked down and there was blood squirting out of it, squirting all over. I yelled as loud as I could and ran for Mr. Menard's cottage and other kids saw all the blood and they were running and yelling, too, and they put a tourniquet on it. And then it all of a sudden started to hurt something terrible. And I cried, but not very much. By then Tommy went and got Nancy and then the sheriff came and we all rode over here in the sheriff's car about maybe a hundred miles an hour with the siren going. Boy, I wish I could do that again when my darn arm wasn't hurting."

Sam turned to Carol. "What happens now?"

"Doctor Beattie said he'd like to have him stay here overnight, and he should be all right to travel tomorrow. He gave him some whole blood."

"There's going to be a scar," Jamie said fervently. "A real bullet scar. Will it hurt when it's going to rain?"

"I think you have to have the bullet in there, son."

"Anyway, no other kid I know has a bullet scar."

A smiling nurse came in and said, "Time for this wounded veteran to have his pink pill and a long nap."

"Heck, I don't need any nap."

"When can we see him again, nurse?" Carol asked.

"At five, Mrs. Bowden."

They walked to the stairs and went down to the hospital lobby. Carol, her face ghastly, turned toward Sam and said in a voice so low Nancy couldn't overhear, barely moving her bloodless lips, "Now what? Now what? When does he kill one of them?"

"Please, honey."

"Daddy, Sheriff Kantz is coming with Tommy," Nancy said.

"Take your mother over to that couch and sit there with her, Nancy, please."

The sheriff was a rangy man who wore boots and tan riding pants and khaki shirt. He had an outdoor look about him, a gun belt, a wide-brimmed hat in his hand. He shook hands slowly, almost thoughtfully. His voice was nasal, with a tired sound about it.

"Guess we can talk over in that corner, Mr. Bowden. Sure, you sit in, Tommy."

They pulled three chairs closer together. "I'll tell you my end, Mr. Bowden, and then I'd like to ask you a couple questions. First off, it looks like the range was about seven hundred yards. And downhill. Take a good rifle and a good scope and a knowledgeable man and it isn't a tough shot at all. I imagine if the wind wasn't cutting up too much, I could put nearly every shot in a circle about half again as big as a pie plate. If it was deer season, I'd have maybe a different idea about this. Your boy's arm was close to his side. The wind was a little gusty from the south. The boy was facing east. So it looks like one of those gusts drifted that slug over a few inches. Nobody was trying to scare the boy. They made a pretty good try at killing him. If he'd put his slug say two and a half inches farther to the right, that boy would have been dead."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

THE EXECUTIONERS is soon to be published in book form by Simon & Schuster

SYNOPSIS OF PART I *Lawyer Sam Bowden had a beautiful wife, three children, a much-loved dog. His world was very good. Then, out of the past, came a man bent on destroying that world: Max Cady, a powerful, half-mad brute whom Sam's testimony had once convicted of raping a fourteen-year-old girl. (Sam's daughter, Nancy, was just fourteen now.) Because Cady's twisted mind had a terrifying cunning, Sam found that he could produce no legal proof of the man's murderous intent—and without legal proof there was nothing the law could do. "Must we sit and wait, until he kills our children, one by one?" Carol cried after Cady succeeded in the vicious—and unprovable—poison killing of their dog. And that was what Cady meant to do, kill the dog, the children, Carol, Sam himself. Desperate, Sam removed his family from Cady's reach. Carol and Bucky, the youngest, went to a resort town miles away. Nancy and Jamie, the middle one, went to camp. They would be safe, Sam thought, while he alone searched for the answer to the life-or-death riddle of Max Cady—if there was an answer. Then, in the coldest fear of his life, he heard a voice say over the telephone, "You'd better come, Mr. Bowden. Jamie's been shot."*

"Not murder," he said.
"*Execution.*"

WHY I *My Husband*

It is as though we had tapped the current flowing quietly but with

EDITORS' NOTE: **We hear more of marriages that don't work than of marriages that do—more of love that is meanly lost than of abiding love. A divorce is still news; a successful marriage may seem dull. Perhaps it is partly because no one can say finally what love, in its essence, is; scientists describe electricity by describing what it does, and electricity is incomparably simpler than love.**

When we invited Journal readers to write us on the subject "Why I Love My Husband" or "Why I Love My Wife" we asked not for eulogies nor for definitions of love but for "a candid picture of a human being who is lovable because he or she is alive in a way that is special and meaningful to you." Also, "If you could change him (her) how would you?"

We expected to get a few hundred letters. We did not expect thousands. Lawyers, factory workers, doctors, farmers, ministers, and their wives, from every state, from Hawaii, Denmark, South America, married a few months, or married fifty years, have written—telling us that love for them distinguishes

Not Tall, Dark and Handsome

Dear Editors: My copy of the JOURNAL arrived today and as usual I dropped everything and sat down to look through it to get a general idea of what wonderful things would be waiting for me to read when the children are tucked in their beds. I didn't get beyond page four. When I read the note inviting readers to write a letter on the subject nearest and dearest to my heart, I couldn't resist. I have never written any kind of story or fan letter in my life, but since I too am so tired of hearing about misunderstood husbands and mistreated wives, I decided I would write you about my feelings on the subject. "Why I Love My Husband" is a subject so complex and yet so simple that it would take months to write if you were to give a true and complete story, but I shall do the best I can in a much shorter length of time.

When I was married at eighteen, I could only think of marriage in terms of romantic nights and blissful dreamy days. It didn't take long for that theory to fly out the window. Eleven years later, I have yet to receive my first unexpected bouquet of flowers or an impulsive box of candy. It would just about take an act of Congress to get my husband to help with dishes or scrub a floor. He's not what anyone would call an ideal husband. Like a million other guys in the world, he belongs to the "leave them where you drop them" school when it comes to his clothes. He leaves ashes everywhere except in the ash tray. Al is not tall, dark and handsome. He doesn't possess a worldly air or distinguished look. You would probably never notice him in a crowd—but I would.

Love isn't any one thing. It's a combination of many. It is more of a feeling that you share. What can I say to express my heartfelt thanks when I need a shoulder to cry on and his is there waiting? What words are there to tell of the magic that takes place after putting in a day when my cake falls, the washing machine breaks and floods the kitchen floor and the children are too covered with measles to go out but not too sick to fight and argue all day, and I wish for the millionth time that I could leave home forever, and suddenly it's six o'clock and Al is home, everything's all right? I can laugh over the cake, the children quiet down as he reads them a story and, well, the floor had to be mopped anyway. He brings home the confidence that tomorrow will be a better day and all things can be met, as long as we're together.

Eleven years of my life have been spent with this man I know so well and love so much. Eleven years of cooking, cleaning, bringing up children, loving and fighting and just plain living. When I think of my marriage now, I don't think of moonlight and roses, I think instead of quiet talks over a cup of coffee, of big, strong, gentle hands always willing to help a child or a stray animal, of friendship that can be counted on to last forever, of the kindness and sympathy that flow from one member of the family to the other, of the whispered "I love you" I hear every night before I go to sleep.

What would I change in my husband? Well, if I had to answer that question without giving it much thought, I would say I'd like him to be neater, more of a help around the house, and it would also have seemed important to have him spend a little time getting acquainted with his suit—he does have one, you know! But since I have had time to think about it—I know you may not believe me—I wouldn't like to change him at all. The reason for this is simply that I feel in my heart that picking up after him and cooking and keeping a home he can be proud of and doing my best to be a good wife and mother is my way of showing him the deep and ever-faithful love I feel for him, and if he should start changing he would be taking away my only means of expressing a love and devotion too deep for just words.

He may not be, by other standards, an ideal husband, but when CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

SO MANY WAYS TO SAY "LOVE"—HERE

"To begin with, he's the sort of person I'd like to be if I'd been born a John instead of a Betty."

"Before our marriage, my husband posed as a perfectly ordinary guy, which was rather clever of him, for I soon found out he was neither."

"Because he finds minutes to lie on the ground with four small children and watch the progress of an inchworm ——"

"I love him because tonight, and every night, the moment he walks in the door our house becomes a home, complete."

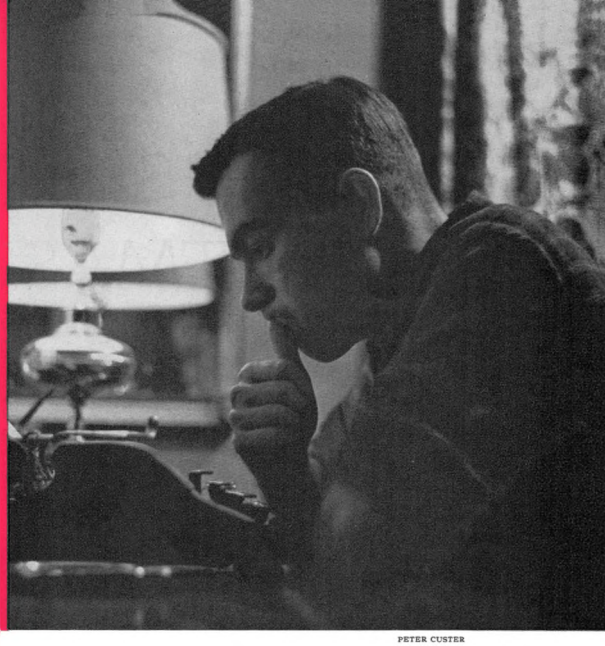
"How many wives get a red front door as a present on the birth of a daughter? . . . Or $2.00 worth of licorice whips, my favorite candy, as reward for cleverly arranging to give him a son?"

LOVE

My Wife

of a great underground river,

immeasurable force in American life.



PETER CUSTER

life from mere existence. About love their world turns. Merely by reading these letters, one can often feel the force of love prickling the skin like a charge of electricity.

Many said, "Even if you don't print my letter I'll always be grateful to you for giving me the opportunity to put down in words what I have felt—but found it hard to say."

Our editors laughed and wept—they have new stars in their eyes. To select the best was almost impossible. Hundreds seemed to us in many ways as compelling, as vividly expressed; thousands revealed the same joyous devotion as the ten we print here.

Implicit in all these letters is the ancient wisdom of love: that you must give more than you get and then you will get more than you give; that love is generous, not critical, that love serves and cherishes, and is kind. Also that love is realistic—"I am not perfect; why should I expect perfection from my mate?" Each is a story, a fragment of American life, a part of that powerful stream flowing unseen, nourishing and sustaining our great country.

BRUCE AND BEATRICE GOULD

I Was Pretty Sore

Dear Editors: My wife took a long time writing a letter on why she loved me, so I decided to dash off a few words on "Why I Love My Wife" in nothing flat. If a man doesn't know why he's been married to the same woman nearly thirty years, something is radically wrong.

My wife is the world's worst cook and still can't boil water without burning up the teakettle. But why should I give a hang about her cooking when she can bag as many or more pheasants than I can on a hunting trip? Any fish that nibbles at the hook when she's holding the rod is headed straight for the frying pan. Her idea of a good time is pitching our leaky old tent up in the north woods and sleeping on a cot that feels like a brick slab after the first hour. Since that's also my idea of fine sport, and since I'm a whiz at cooking over a campfire, her lack of skill in this department doesn't mean a thing.

She isn't my "dream girl" either, thank goodness. If I remember right, that imaginary creature was a frilly doll, so helpless and emptyheaded she'd let me do her thinking for her. Although, being an only child, my wife was spoiled and pampered, after we married that girl raised four children, washed, ironed, cleaned and scrubbed, and still says she had fun doing it.

She has a mind of her own too. When my business failed she got a job—the first she'd ever had—worked nights, took care of the home and children during the day, and kept up that pace for two years. I was pretty sore about her working to help pay off my debts and we scrapped a lot in those days. Unless this letter gets printed she'll never know that all the while I was fussing at her I loved her so much it hurt.

Whenever she gets tied up on some committee or civic project I tease her about being a "do-gooder" but actually I'm proud of her interest in people and the community.

Now that the children are grown and only the eighteen-year-old is at home, my wife could take it easier. Instead, she's taken on a career job and still helps balance our budget. We may never recoup the money I lost twenty years ago, but I love my wife because she makes me feel like the richest man on earth.

EARLE F. KYLE, SR. *Minneapolis, Minnesota*

The only major change I'd make in my wife is her house-cleaning habits. I save a few newspapers, magazines and clippings for future reference, and other little odds and ends that always come in handy sooner or later. But when my wife cleans, she cleans with a vengeance, and everything she considers junk lands in the trash barrel. If a man can't store a few things around his own home, where can he put them? I've been looking for the answer to that question since 1927.

Never Discouraged

Gentlemen: When the roof is leaking and the car fender has been crumpled, when carpet beetles have chewed one corner of the living-room rug and the dog another, when the hot-water heater has succumbed to a perforated ulcer and the children have been so ornery that I'm ready to knock their heads together, Josie remains calm—wonderfully, miraculously calm.

Often during the fourteen years that Josie and I have been married I have tried to analyze her calmness to see whence it originates and how it has affected our six children and me. I have asked such questions as: What is it in her make-up which enables her to laugh when one of the children cooks a sliver of soap in the toaster? How can she talk so hypnotically to a child with a severed scalp artery? Or how can she bring about a swift, friendly cease-fire between two boys who are bent on bludgeoning each other?

An inner calm such as Josie's doesn't come from barbiturates or CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

ARE A FEW FROM OTHER LETTERS WE LIKED

"I know what Andrew Jackson meant when he said, 'Heaven will not be heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.'"

"When we stand in the room where the darkness is filled with the breathy sounds of little children sleeping, I know he loves those three and me the best of all."

"Today I was so sure he would forget our wedding anniversary. When he came home from work, he handed me his lunch bag to put away. I opened it and it was full of roses."

"Jokes are funnier, washing dishes less boring, and courage, honor and love are tangible because of him."

Museum Art for Christmas Giving

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor

Reproductions of *objets d'art* from museum collections become more numerous each year. The ones here shown display the enormous variety to choose from. A brilliant-hued hippopotamus can adorn your bookshelf or mantel; a gold-plated pin becomes a fashion accessory. Most of these reproductions can be found in art shops and bookstores throughout the country. Others can be ordered by mail from the museums or the manufacturer. Prices vary from $2.50 to $150.00. Each item would make a treasured and imaginative Christmas present.

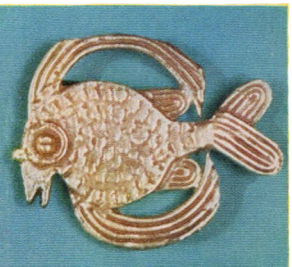
Silver-plated panther, $5.00. The delightfully lifelike silver original, cast in Persia in the 2nd century B.C., is in The Art Museum, Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.

Chinese horse, $12.50, from the K'ang-hsi period (1662–1722). The original figure is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, and is of nephrite, a white jade with an over-all pale greenish tint.

The Christ child, bust, $27.50. The original, by Desiderio da Settignano of the Florentine school, was carved about 1460. It is in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Hand-blown replicas of Early American glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Left to right: footed bowl, early 19th century, $6.75; cream pitcher, late 18th or early 19th century, $4.50; water pitcher, early 19th century, $12.50.

* Plus 10 per cent Federal tax.



Gold-plated pin, $2.50*. Original was an African gold weight, now in the Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore, Maryland.

Gold-plated sterling-silver pin, $4.75. Amulet from Egypt, 1460 B.C. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N. Y.

Llama, silver plated, $2.75*. Incan 15th or 16th century votive offering. Original is in The American Museum of Natural History, New York, N. Y.

Enamel-and-gold-plate pin, $10.00. Original from Queen Shubad's tomb is in The University Museum, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold-plated cross, $2.75*. Original, found in Cyprus, dates from the 6th century A.D. Now at the Freer Gallery, Washington, D. C.

Hand-blown duplicates of Early American amethyst glass, 19th century, at the Metropolitan Museum. Covered sugar bowl is $8.75; cream pitcher sells for $5.50.

Ceramic hippopotamus family reproduced from Egyptian 12th dynasty (about 1900 B.C.) figures, at the Metropolitan Museum. Mamma hippopotamus is $10.00; each charming baby sells for $5.00.

HAROLD FOWLER

All duplicates of American silver in the Metropolitan Museum, these are, left to right: tumbler cup, circa 1695, $13.50; cup, circa 1720, $17.50; cream pitcher, circa 1765, $32.50; teapot, circa 1710, $150.00; wine taster, circa 1690, $17.50.

Chinese Buddha or Bodhisattva is one of the most elegant examples of Buddhist art. The original, in stone, is in the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; this duplicate, $25.00.

Gold-plated Byzantine Wheel of Law pin, $11.00; or as cuff links, earrings, charm. From the University Museum, Philadelphia, Penna.

Magnificently sculpted bull's head from Ur, Mesopotamia, circa 2500 B.C. This reproduction of the original at the University Museum, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is $10.00.

Marry

She had vowed
to find a husband
before graduation.
And now she had found him . . .
but did she *want* him?

By HAMLEN HUNT

They had been roommates for four years and had advanced to a corner room that looked out onto the miniature lake belonging to Martens College. T. J. came in, a little surprised at how anxious she felt about telling Andy her news. So she got straight at it. Whatever T. J. feared, she flew at, eyes closed, feathers flying, like a fighting cock, Andy said.

"I'll be the first one to make the announcement tonight, after all," T. J. said.

Andy did not make the response T. J. had expected. She stood near the little motherly armchair they had bought together, a dollar down and a dollar a week forever—they were to draw lots when the time came to break up college housekeeping a few weeks hence. Andy stared out at the lake which flung copper light into their room.

"I thought Bull was taking oral examinations somewhere today," she said.

"He is," T. J. said.

"Then you weren't out with him," Andy said.

"No," T. J. said.

She stood in a dancer's position of relaxation, but it was training that produced the effect: actually, she was as tense as a piece of metal. Her hands felt clenched, though they were not. She could feel her muscles begin to quiver with her effort to be natural. She tried to tell herself she couldn't understand why they should be making such a *thing* of this. But all she could think of was how different this conversation was from the first one she and Andy had ever had.

They had been assigned as freshman roommates in a room so small Andy's first suggestion was that perhaps they could find a bottle of diminisher somewhere—Formula X—and one of them drink it. They had already exchanged vital statistics. Andy was nearly three years older than seventeen-year-old T. J. There had been a long illness at home and she had stayed to run the household while her mother was dying.

"My parents are divorced," T. J. said. "That's why I intend to be married by commencement. I want a home to go to."

"Won't studying four years get in your way?" Andy asked politely.

"You don't understand," T. J. said. "You must not have heard that divorced children are terribly anxious about security." She rattled along. She had no first name, only the two initials, in the sometime Southern custom. Those who pried were told either that these stood for her parents' names—Tom and Judy—or that they stood for Tia Juana, where she had carelessly allowed herself to be born one weekend. Her last name was Dickinson. "I came to college because it gives me four years," she told Andy. "I can look and look. There won't be any problem. I'll have plenty of proposals to choose from."

"I can just see you, biting into them like chocolates, and putting back the orange creams," Andy murmured.

They both laughed, already quite sure of each other in that mysterious exchange of friendship that led whoever it was to say we do not make our friends, we find them. T. J. was strewn carelessly, like an old mink stole, over one of the narrow beds. Absently, explaining that she was a dancer, she raised herself from both ends simultaneously and rocked in a compact U. She said:

"People take you more seriously if you belong somewhere. Being a dancer takes time and it's an uncertain living. I'll have to have a home. I've *got* to get married!"

"Operation Marry-I-Must," Andy said, and added, "I can tell I'm just going to be worn out with girlish confidences. You must bring me every dance program with those little pencils and tassels intact, hear?"

T. J. laughed. "It does sound a bit Victorian," she said, and they were the more amused because of the way T. J. looked—rather small, with the neatest possible bones, and a very sturdy sort of delicate air. Her face was wide, set in black hair brushed until it looked like sealskin, and her most striking feature was her lapis-lazuli eyes set in black lashes.

Andy said, "Suppose you don't find the one you want before you graduate?"

"I'll be married before I leave here," T. J. said.

She looked over at Andy, a rounded, honey-colored girl with the gift of repose. Andy opened her eyes and said, "Well, I suppose we must leave no social opportunity unturned. I've been reading the literature here." She patted the sliding mound of booklets, view books, book lists, Advice to Freshmen, and so on, with which Martens College (a small educational institution emphasizing the role of Fine Arts) welcomed newcomers. "I suppose we'd better go to the Freshman Get-Acquainted Dance," she said gravely. "It will get us in training for the Sophomore Japanese Lantern Outdoor Dance."

T. J. agreed. "We must participate to the utmost."

From then on, their friendship progressed in full confidence. If they occasionally practiced their emotions on each other, the emotions were no less real for this rehearsal. Each sieved out for the other much that was false or mistaken in their personal judgments, love CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

"I have no plans that include you,"
T. J. said.
"Please go!"

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

Are Good Manners important today?

A Journal Forum discusses what manners are good, when they are important.

Meeting at dinner in the JOURNAL's New York Workshop, some of the forum group discussed manners as they sought one another's further acquaintance. In the spirit of President A. Whitney Griswold, of Yale, who said, of conversation, "It is a fruitful and inspiring search for virtue and wisdom . . . which takes place among friends in a congenial atmosphere," they tentatively explored the areas of mutual agreement before probing differences, in preparation for the full-scale meeting the next day. Left to right around the table: former diplomat Paul Hyde Bonner; Margaret Hickey; poet Ogden Nash; French novelist Louise de Vilmorin; Bruce Gould; Joan Younger; British former editor of Punch Malcolm Muggeridge; and (with back to camera) Beatrice Gould.

Which country has the best manners, which the worst? What are manners, anyway? Are they changing under the impact of democracy? For better, or worse? Is a goodhearted man naturally well-mannered? Is it possible to enjoy a bore, or a boor?

Meeting around a table in the JOURNAL's Rockefeller Center Workshop, a distinguished group of writers, wits and practical observers of life from France and England as well as in the United States discussed these questions. Why do we like to see some people come into a room—why do we shun others? Are good manners growing increasingly important in our increasingly complex society? Two new guests had joined the morning group: Mrs. Price Post, who as Emily Post is America's great authority on etiquette—a woman now in her eighties with a gentle, kindly, grandmotherly face—and Mrs. Robert Meyner, formerly Helen Stevenson, young wife of New Jersey's governor, a handsome woman in her twenties. Participating in this discussion were JOURNAL editors Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, with moderator and associate editor Margaret Hickey, and writer Joan Younger, formerly of the JOURNAL staff. The morning began with a question from the moderator.

MISS HICKEY: Mrs. Post, what do you think is the essence of good manners?

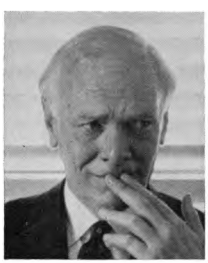
MRS. POST: Well, it is not a matter of holding your fork one way or another. It's thoughtfulness, kindness, courtesy. You must be able to see what the other person is like and to find ways to show him you like him. Consideration for the feelings of others. That is the real importance of manners.

MRS. GOULD: It is hard to analyze the reasons why, but it seems to me that among young people in America today there is a feeling that good manners are undemocratic—that they make for invidious social distinctions. Because we believe one man is as good as another, many have the idea that etiquette or schooling in manners may suggest an attempt to be special ——

MLLE. DE VILMORIN (*She is superbly dressed in a black Lanvin suit and an emerald-and-pearl necklace, and she is obviously astonished at Mrs. Gould's remark*): But manners are extremely important! (*she exclaims in a throaty, delicately accented voice.*) People give a great treasure to their children in teaching them good manners. They teach them the rules of the game. That is not to say real life—not love, passion or domestic things—but the rules of the game that you have to play with people that you only know superficially, people you meet in a doorway, or sit next to at dinner, people whom you work with, or entertain. If you have no manners you make them ill at ease. You make things extremely disagreeable.

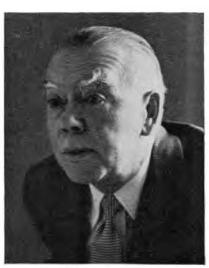
MRS. POST: You have hit the nail on the head. Good manners is getting on beautifully with people always, never hurting someone else's feelings and yet never forcing anyone to notice you are around.

It's your kindness. It's your thought. It's your real interest. You don't think about what you are doing; you are trying to think how much is interesting in what



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
"Humor always carries some sting. Oscar Wilde was a kindly wit, but it was he who said, 'Work is the curse of the drinking classes.'"

EMILY POST
"This may sound conceited, but I have very good manners and I do not think anyone has ever been rude to me in my life."



PAUL HYDE BONNER
"Even the white horse is born black and has to acquire whiteness."

HELEN STEVENSON MEYNER
"I like the modern manners, the informal dress, the first names—but I also like some elegance."

OGDEN NASH
"I take credit for stopping my daughter from being a bore by curing her of recounting her dreams at the table."

DI PIETRO

she is saying, or he is saying, or what is in the life she is describing, and then you answer so she can see, or he can see, that you have heard what was said.

OGDEN NASH (*Despite his success with sophisticates, he looks like a teacher. He even has a touch of doomsday gloom about him, flashed through with humor*): There's a parallel between what mademoiselle said and what Robert Frost said about writing free verse. He said, "Writing free verse is like playing tennis without a net," and I think life without manners is a game without rules, and absolute chaos.

MRS. MEYNER (*She looks as fresh as though she'd just been unwrapped, straightforward, modern*): I'm sorry, but are we talking about etiquette—or the attitude behind it? It seems to me we have been talking about superficial aspects of manners. Manners are basically and fundamentally just consideration of other people. Good manners is the art of making people feel *easy*.

MISS HICKEY: Yes, we have two levels of manners before us. One is this deeper thing—which Aristotle called "nobility of soul" and which he said expressed itself in kindness toward other people. And there is also the way this is shown—what mademoiselle calls the rules of the game, or the code, and Mrs. Post calls etiquette. Now the question of whether the connection between the two is automatic—Mrs. Post, do you think the good heart is enough or is some training necessary?

MRS. POST: A kind heart and complete ignorance of the rules do not go very well together, because a person who seems to be rude even if he does not mean to be is not pleasing the other person. It takes more than good intentions.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: A good heart makes the game sweeter, but when it comes to somebody who has no heart or who is disagreeable really, we are tremendously grateful that he observes the rules of the game. I could cry when people are not kind—and what is kindness? Good manners. I believe in this code. I believe in it.

MR. GOULD: But if this is so—that manners are simply kindness—why is there today such a suspicion of politeness? We frequently find people today, cultivated, well-educated people who are suspicious of good manners.

MR. NASH: I think perhaps the same kind of people who are suspicious of CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

LOUISE DE VILMORIN
"You can create a happy climate with good manners."

FIVE FUNDAMENTAL DON'TS

1. Don't be ugly.
Don't sprawl, sit; don't chaw, chew; don't pick, poke, scratch and pry at yourself when with others.

2. Don't interrupt.
Don't break into conversations, into groups, into private thoughts and personal matters.

3. Don't be ungrateful.
Say "Thank you, God"; "Thank you, mother"; "Thank you, dear," and thank you each and every one.

4. Don't be pushy.
Not with your body, your hands, your feet, your complaints, your problems, your food or your opinions.

5. Don't be self-centered and stupid.
Learn the rules of the game, and when in Rome do as the Romans do, gracefully.

HOW TO BE YOUNG GRACEFULLY

By OGDEN NASH

Having reached the fifth of those Seven Ages,
I consider myself one of Nature's sages,
And, mumbling around my remaining tooth,
Recommend a few rules of thumb to youth.
Let's begin, as I believe we can,
With the motto, "Manners makyth man."
The corollary we can't escape,
That lack of manners makyth ape.
Child, you may not be an Endymion,
But neither need you be a Simian.
Learn to accept the facts of life,
Even from your father and his wife,
Who you'll one day find were in the groove,
And, as of now, have more sense than you've.
One fact as actual as hunger
Is that older people know more than younger;
Whatever you face, they've been all through it;
Give heed when they tell you how not to do it.
They also control, for better or worse,
Strings if not of the apron, still the purse,
And if your ear I may whisper a word to,
Your elders appreciate being deferred to.
They don't appreciate yahoo whoops,
Or sidewalk-monopolizing groups,
They don't appreciate costumes sloppy,
No matter which brand of Brando you copy,
Or finding themselves, at the prandial board,
Either interrupted or ignored.
They know if you go too soon too steady
You'll join them as parents before you're ready.
Though you've grown too old for your elders to spank you,
They like the sound of "Please" and "Thank you."
It's not a sign of approaching senility
When they try to teach you common civility;
The civil youngster's chance is a stronger one
For not only a better life, but a longer one,
Since the driver who with Death is the flirtiest
Is the rudest, raucousest and discourtiest,
One even Pravda could hardly applaud,
A nuisance at home and a boor abroad.
Don't sneer, or reject my words grimacefully,
I append the secret of being young gracefully;
The recipe calls for two ingredients:
Thoughtfulness and, alas, obedience.
Follow this, and you'll hear your parents purr,
For you'll be the marvel they think they were.

PARIS

FASHIONS with an AMERICAN FUTURE

Paris fashions and details are always a source of excitement to women who love to plan ahead and who are charmed by a fresh idea. Shorter skirts? Perhaps an inch, depending on height and figure. Disappearing waistlines? Yes, if you like the new easy, indefinite silhouette—otherwise high, low or middling. The chemise dress is the essence of simplicity, the loose fleecy greatcoat wonderful to wear over anything. Watch for young middy dresses in all fabrics, flattering chin-high collars, fur-lined coats, many-piece costumes that serve many purposes. Beautiful porcelain blues lead all colors—then beiges, damask-rose red, bronzy greens. Tweeds dominate and charm, rough and rustic to light and fine-spun.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

The middy silhouette, the black-and-white look in rough tweed with wool braid, by Chanel. Young and lovely Suzy Parker, current American movie star, wears it with a Breton sailor.

Lovely new light-as-a-feather shaggy fleece. The coat with shoulder emphasis by Castillo of Lanvin. Velvet cone-shaped hat.

Slim panel dress of black wool, new slightly wider shoulders, young fashion by Patou. Off-the-face hat with a veil.

WILHELA CUSHMAN

The prettiest sheath in Paris, beige-and-white tweed combined with a matching nutria-lined coat by Jacques Heim.

Slim, timeless and beautifully wearable—the suit of damask-rose tweed with a velvet collar by Christian Dior, back-tilted mink toque, short mink coat.

Indicative costume in aquamarine tweed, opossum-lined coat, jersey blouse. By Patou.

Chanel's wonderful tweed-and-jersey suit, a fashion that today is as American as it is French, worn by movie star Suzy Parker, who appears in the coming motion picture, Kiss Them for Me.

The full skirt that every woman adores, by Christian Dior, important in contrast to narrow lines. Pale beige tweed, matching cloche.

Young short jacket with fringed yoke in blue-and-black tweed, black astrakhan cap, bag in suède and calfskin. By Castillo of Lanvin.

PARIS

The Zuyder Zee jacket dress of cheviot tweed with a black suède cap. Castillo of Lanvin.

Chanel's cracked-wheat tweed with brass buttons, matching Breton hat, jersey blouse. Fashion for any year.

New fashion in coats—black-and-bright-blue shaggy fleece, double-cape silhouette with a feather cap. By Castillo of Lanvin.

Paris loves blue. Here is the new bright turquoise in a coat with a back flare. By Castillo of Lanvin.

The new longer jacket, lower-belted silhouette with a fringe scarf, by Christian Dior.

Slim bow-tie coat in black wool velours with a white mink collar and back-of-the-head pill-box, flattering and wearable, Christian Dior.

Beautiful coat of a lifetime for evening, of palest blue flowered satin with a collar of mink, worn over a short brown taffeta evening dress. By Christian Dior.

FASHIONS with an AMERICAN FUTURE

A dream of an evening dress in black satin with a bodice of black veiling, jet-beaded over brown chiffon by Patou. Guillaume's new coiffure with a ribbon band.

Typical red jersey suit by Chanel, four-pocketed, with a white bow blouse that Chanel herself wears.

Fox-collared suit in pale sandstone-beige Harris tweed, matching hat. A slim silhouette by Christian Dior.

Simple princess-line black wool coat—new fashion in the high collar filled with mink. By Christian Dior.

Separates... night and day

GOLD SANDALS BY BEN SIMMER

This black wool-jersey hostess pajama is a very basic "at home" costume. It lends itself to bright scarves, a fur belt or its own reversible bolero. It has an easy-to-get-into back zipper. Vogue Design No. 9346.

CRYSTAL JEWELRY BY BEN BERG

This bright blanket plaid in the most heavenly shades is a charming costume combined with a fringe-trimmed jersey blouse (whose neckline dips in the back). Skirt, VogueDesign No. 9345; blouse, No. 9344.

HAT BY ROGER VAST

Bright printed wool challis is a very gay fabric. We have used it in blouses, jackets, now for slacks. The overblouse is trimmed to match. Vogue Design No. 9333. Slacks. Design No. 8908.

CUMMERBUND BY HELEN LYNCH

This cotton blouse was made from an inexpensive printed Khanga cloth (worn by the natives on the West Coast of Africa) and is Vogue Design No. 9348; slim black jersey slacks, No. 8908.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 92. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

Here we show you some of the delightful possibilities that the new fabrics offer the home sewer this autumn. We love the classic look of a silk-linen shirt with a gray flannel button-front skirt, but on the other hand we can't resist the gaiety of bright flowered challis with wool jersey. We are partial to the look of a bright braid-bound jacket, wonderful over a black sheath, or with a pleated jersey skirt and a soft white crepe blouse, but can't overlook the coziness (not to mention its fashion news) of a great blanket-plaid skirt. Small details are important too. Take, for instance, the small brass coin buttons, wool fringe dyed to match wool jersey, or a foulard Paisley cummerbund. When you are shopping for your patterns and fabrics, keep individuality of detail in mind. By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIA MARTEL

This versatile braid-bound jersey jacket combines handsomely with a pleated wool-jersey skirt and a soft white crepe blouse, but it would also be smart over a black wool sheath dress. The jacket, Vogue Design No. 9339; blouse, No. 8951; skirt, No. 9336.

Gray flannel is probably the all-time favorite for an "extra" skirt. Ours, with a new button-front detail and hidden pockets, is a refreshing version. Vogue Design No. 9334. The silk-linen blouse, No. 9333.

All Designs are Vogue Printed Patterns.

PIN BY STONESCU

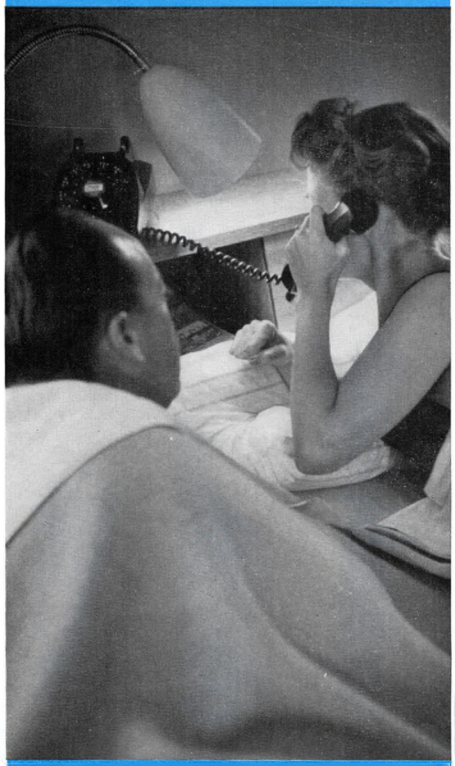
The one-color look in linen and tweed has special significance in all beige. The blouse is double-breasted, has long or short sleeves. Vogue Design No. 9335. The skirt with unpressed pleats, No. 9336.

Can this Marriage be Saved?

Marriage counselors do not try to force anyone either to stay with a marriage or to destroy it. They help the client to see all sides of it, to think it through, so when he finally makes his decision—and no one can properly make it for him—he will make the right decision and will not say ten years later, as so many do, "If I'd known ten years ago what I know now, I would never have got a divorce." In most marriages (such as those described in this series) that seem at first sight to be not merely unsatisfactory but almost impossible, there are many great values, many unrealized assets, that need only to be developed and conserved. The client, irritated by relatively small difficulties or even by nothing more than his own faulty personality, is in danger of disregarding these great values and destroying the marriage on what will later be recognized as trivial grounds that could easily have been removed. Better preparation for marriage, and greater use of marriage counseling afterward, would prevent most of the broken homes, now numbering around 400,000 each year in the United States. . . . The counselor (at the American Institute of Family Relations) in this case was Dr. Bruce T. Jewell. PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *General Director*

SHE: "I'm in no mood to forgive him twice. Infidelity isn't the only trouble with our marriage. Tracy is a wonderful guest, a wonderful host. Those are endearing qualities—in a bachelor."

HE: "I've climbed high in a highly competitive business. In my business, I meet women, lots of them. I know I shouldn't have stepped out on Elise, even with an important girl, and maybe I shouldn't have lied to her. I told the lies only when I was cornered and then I told as few as possible. I wish she could be proud of me."



"Tracy and I were asleep when the phone rang. I answered it. Tracy got the telephone away from me and persuaded Carol to hang up. But he couldn't persuade me that she was one of his customers' girl friends—I thought she was *his* girl friend. We talked until morning—and I discovered I was right."

ELISE TELLS HER SIDE: "I forgave my husband's infidelity the first time," said Elise, who was thirty-three years old and the pretty, fair-haired mother of three. Twelve years married to a prosperous salesman, she was tastefully but economically dressed. "I'm in no mood to forgive him twice. Infidelity isn't the only trouble with our marriage, although Tracy, an incurable optimist, denies we have any troubles at all. To this day he declares that he couldn't wish for a better wife than I or better children than ours.

"Our children, two boys and a girl, are pretty special, if I say so myself. I once thought that Tracy, who is full of fun and proficient at any sport you can mention, might develop into a good father. Indeed, I thought he and I had an almost ideal marriage except for his wretched job. Tracy sells industrial machinery. His work is well paid—he averages around fifteen thousand dollars annually—but he is away from home nearly half the time. He insists he broke his marriage vows only because of loneliness. It is almost impossible for me to believe him.

"For one thing, I doubt he has ever spent a lonely moment on or off the road. He isn't the type who mopes and broods in an empty room. He can't be fifteen minutes in a town before he's busy on the telephone, calling this one, complimenting that one, passing on the latest joke. In half an hour I've seen him set up a week of appointments. He belongs to a dozen professional and social clubs. He plays golf, he plays billiards, he plays bridge, he rides horseback, he swims. He's a good listener, a good conversationalist too.

"Everybody wants him for lunch, for cocktails, for dinner, for the talking, singing, dancing afterward. He's the first to arrive at a party, the last to leave. When he joins a group you can see both the men and the women brighten, sit up in their chairs and think, 'Well, now the fun can begin.' Tracy is a wonderful guest, a wonderful host. Those are endearing qualities—in a bachelor.

"The first girl he got entangled with—her name was Carol—managed a large motel near Tucson, Arizona. That was about four years ago. Most wives would have sensed something was wrong long before I became suspicious. A couple of the other salesmen used to kid around, telling me that my husband was a wolf, that I ought to put a ball and chain on him. I laughed. I didn't dream I was hearing the truth. I wanted to trust Tracy, I suppose. My mother's nagging and complaining and her unjust suspicions drove my father to the divorce court when I was in grade school; as a child I decided I wouldn't be that kind of wife.

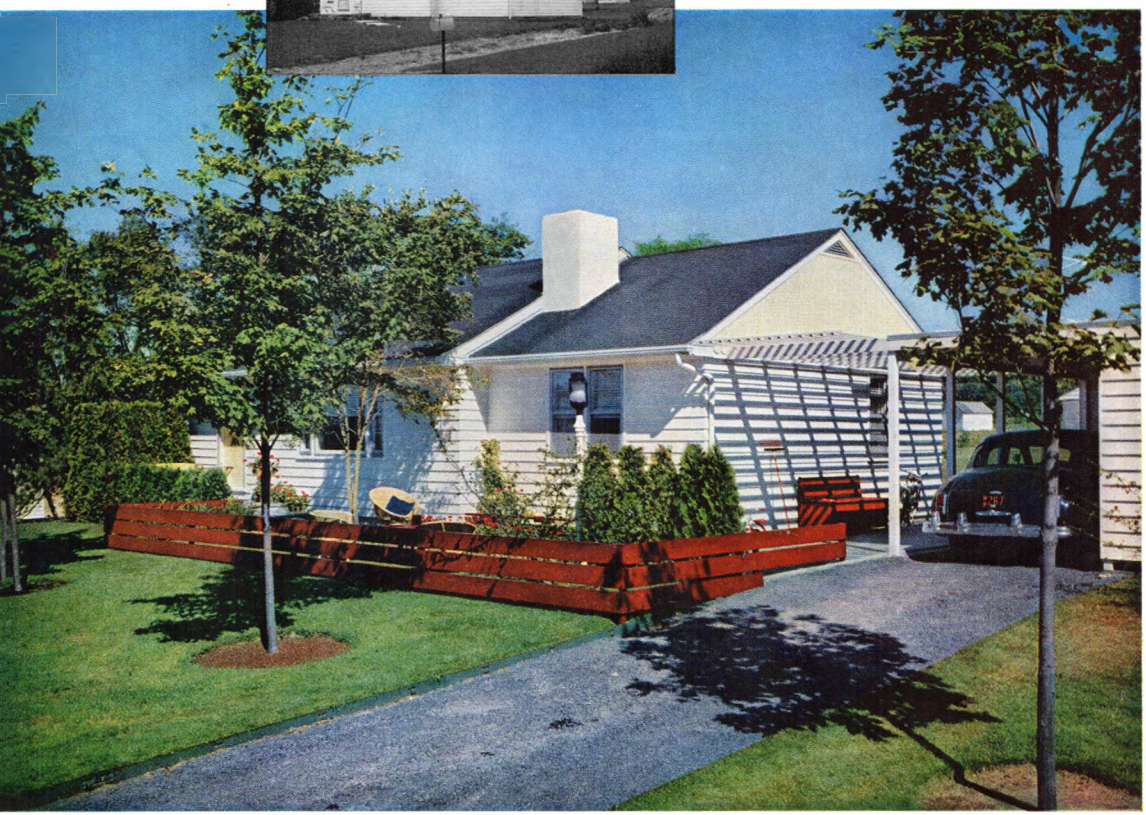
"Both my mother and my older sister used to say I was too trusting and naïve. My mother-in-law—I get on better with her than with my own mother—said flatly that no man could be trusted, her son included, but I discounted her cynicism, thinking it could be explained by her own experience. Tracy's father wasn't a faithful husband. His conduct bitterly humiliated Tracy as a small boy; he sided with his mother and despised his father. I couldn't conceive that he would follow in his father's footsteps.

"But then one night Tracy and I dined with a wealthy customer who owned an Arizona ranch. While the men talked business the wife showed me photographs of their ranch. Among them was a snapshot of Tracy riding out of their corral with a strange girl. When I asked some questions, the hostess said the girl was a neighboring rancher's daughter, but she sounded embarrassed. Later I spoke to Tracy and he looked me straight in the eye and declared he couldn't recall anything about the girl. It was Carol, of course. He was squiring her around among his out-of-town friends. At times they were even taking trips together. Everybody knew about the situation except me.

"A few months after that dinner Tracy told me he had to attend a convention in Dallas, Texas. During his absence Johnnie, our older boy, broke his arm. It was a simple fracture, but I telegraphed the Dallas hotel CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

SHEPHERD

As often happens, the front faced a much finer view than the back, but needed shade, wind protection, a pleasant place to sit in privacy and enjoy it. Also needed: car shelter, outdoor storage.



STOLLER

Here we have everything that was needed; the major plants with several years' growth and loving care; the patio plant benches dressed with potted plants; the unsightly aerial no longer strangling the chimney.

All this for $1000 less than a two-car garage

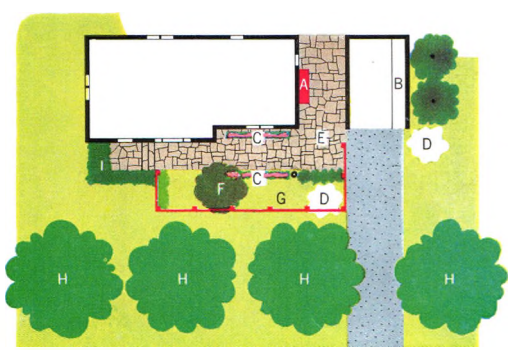
It used to be considered impolite to tell what things cost, but here it's the most important part of the story.

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural and Garden Editor

The estimate on a two-car garage was a little over $2400. And as you can see by the driveway being built (in the little before picture above), we came along just in time to demonstrate what could be done instead.

Our easily expansible carport and its connecting arbor, together with the patio fencing, gave the house an immediate architectural lift and cost $800. This simple carpentry could have been owner-done for about half. The paving for patio and arbor is random flagging on solid concrete and cost $160 laid. The four big sugar maples cost $200, though their value is rapidly mounting beyond price. The evergreen screens, which provide so much privacy and weather protection where most required, consist of seventeen arborvitaes cut to different heights, as you can see, and came to $150 planted. The Washington thorn, a garden tree de luxe, filled with white flowers in June and with blazing red berries all winter, was a joyful extravagance at $25; the same price as the pair of spreading crab apples. The lamppost lighting for $45 and the peel furniture, that doubles for indoors and out, for $40 brought the total to $1445. . . . Looks like $1000 more, instead of $1000 less.

Soon the sugar maples will become more and more the most important beauty of the place; branching high above the view, casting their shade in summer, glowing with golden brilliance in the fall. The layout couldn't be more simple and clear to comprehend.



A—CHEST BENCH
B—STORAGE
C—PLANT BENCH
D—SARGENT'S CRAB APPLE
E—PAVING
F—WASHINGTON THORN
G—GRASS
H—SUGAR MAPLE
I—ARBORVITAE

OF

Charles carried with him the memory of Julia, lovely and brave, smiling as she soothed Pieter.

SCENT CLOVES

By NORAH LOFTS

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II *Orphaned by Cromwell's armies, Julia Ashley grows up in a Dutch orphanage, is trained by the East India Company as one of the Company's Daughters—girls who are sent to marry plantation owners and Company employees in the remote, legendary spice islands of the Indies. At fifteen, lovely golden-haired Julia is married in a "glove marriage" ceremony to a man named Pieter Vosmar, whom she has never seen. Reluctant, frightened, she voyages to her new home. Her marriage is to be in name only, she finds. Pieter, though a grown man, will always be mentally a child, the result of a childhood accident. But her new home is rich and beautiful, and not knowing that she is to be used as part of a plot to provide an heir for the Vosmar fortune, Julia sees her father-in-law, Simon, as a kindly man until, unwittingly, she places herself in great danger by learning a terrible secret. From this danger she is rescued by mysterious traveler Charles. For the first time in her life Julia knows what love is, though her love for Charles may never be consummated.*

III When Mynheer returned with his guests from Banda, she was bathed and reclad, and the dress she had been wearing that afternoon had been washed and hung at the back of the closet. Outwardly she looked calm enough, but the marrow of her bones still thrummed with a hidden vibration; and she decided to stay in her room until Pluto rang the miniature silver *tong-tong* as a sign that dinner was on the table. However, after a few minutes Mynheer himself came and tapped on her door.

"My dear, could you come and entertain my guests for a short time? Daan has just informed me that I am wanted. I know what it is—a business that won't take more than five minutes, but it seems rude to leave these gentlemen alone."

She went with him to the veranda, where the two gentlemen sat in the cane chairs with drinks before them. Mynheer made the introductions and slipped away.

Now was the moment for applying one of Mevrouw Helmers' little rules of behavior: "Always remember that gentlemen like to talk about themselves and their business. Open with a question or a remark which invites them to do so, and then sit and listen."

It was a sound rule. The gentlemen talked, the sun went down in all its blossoming glory; the gentlemen refilled their glasses, and talked again. Mynheer's five minutes stretched out to thirty, and Julia, with her guilty knowledge of what was being said, grew so uneasy that it was difficult for her to stay still.

At last Mynheer stepped onto the veranda, and from within the house came the sound of the *tong-tong*. He apologized for the delay.

"Really, a most trivial bit of business that anyone could have dealt with," he said. "One day I shall get an agent ——"

She could see that, during his absence, he had been intensely, violently angry. His always prominent eyes were bulged out and the whites of them very red. His manner toward her, however, was unchanged and her heart went out in gratitude to the man who had rescued her.

The meal was lengthy, the conversation, however often brought back to general topics, constantly drifting away again toward business. She wanted to escape and knew that, in their hearts, the men would be glad when she went. The shadows of Doctor Hootman and Pieter passed across the screen and were duly commented upon, and she was thinking that now, in a moment, she might rise and go, when the man beside her turned and said:

"I expect that, like most ladies, you spend a good deal of time making pretty things with your needle, Mevrouw."

Needle! Embroidery! My bag! Caught off guard, her hand went to her mouth; she could feel her face change.

"Mynheer . . . that has reminded me of a promise I made and failed to keep." She turned to the head of the table. "I promised Marie that I would begin at once to make her something." The vagueness and the confusion would be attributed to the something's being connected with a baby, unborn and therefore unmentionable; when she had gone Mynheer would tell the others and they would laugh!

"You haven't lost much time, my dear," said Mynheer indulgently.

My bag! she thought. *Now I must go—in the dark—to that dreadful, dreadful place, alone.*

The trembling within—though when she looked down at her hands they *looked* steady—had now reached the paralytic stage, and though she wanted to jump up and rush out in search of the bag, she felt unable to move.

Pluto, moving soundless as a shadow, paused by his master's chair, spoke in a low voice.

Mynheer nodded. "My dear, Pieter would like to see you for a moment."

A new and rather telling touch to the masquerade, she thought.

"I'll go at once," she said, and willed her legs to support her as far as the door. Mynheer smiled at her with approval.

In the cloister she stood still for a moment, leaning her hot face against one of the cool stone pillars, steadying herself against its solidity.

"Ah, Mevrouw," said Doctor Hootman, opening the door of Pieter's room. "I trust that this last little proof of a happy connubial relationship was well received."

It seemed to her that there was a marked, though subtle, change in his manner toward her. She wondered whether she dared ask him to go out and retrieve her bag. It was, she knew, a good deal to ask. Before she could find the courage, or the words to make the request, he had turned and gone to one of the cupboards in which Pieter's clay and beads and paints were all tidily arrayed. When he turned back he had the brocade bag in his hands. CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

I allowed snapshots like this to be taken because I wouldn't admit, even to myself, that I weighed over 250 pounds. The big smile is phony. Inside, I wanted to die.

I was so fearful my children would be ashamed of me, I never went to their school functions. I couldn't stand having them compare me with the other mothers.

"From Hippo to Slimmo"

When Phyllis Hecht weighed 250 pounds she was so unhappy she contemplated suicide. Today, after her diet which has reduced her to 155 pounds, she says, "Every day is wonderful now. Life is too lovely to spend any of it being sad."

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Yes, I despised myself so much when I was fat I actually thought of killing myself. I even worried about how they could squeeze me into a coffin. How morbid can a girl get? Recently, in going through some old papers I found this little poem I had written after failing to stick to a diet:

Oh, God! I pray,
Make time go fast;
I cannot bear another day.
Why do You choose to let me stay?
Dead, I live.

I had been fat ever since I was a little girl, and like most fatties I was always going to do something about it. I am a champion diet starter. Each time I saw a "before-and-after" story in the JOURNAL, I began a new reducing regimen. I got enthused, gave myself lectures, prayed to God, read The Power of Positive Thinking, wrote encouraging notes to myself, hung "before-and-after" pictures all over the house. But, as always, I gave up after losing twenty pounds, and started to gorge again.

I've often heard it said that people gain excessive weight because they are unhappy—they overeat to compensate for the way life mistreats them. I am exhibit A in this miserable fatty-go-round. Before telling *why*, I want to make it clear that I hold no grudge against the people involved. I love my mother, and nowadays we are very close. Just recently we bought a house together for our families to share in the summer. But when I was a fatty, things were different.

My parents were very young when I was born. Mother was exceptionally pretty, full of life, always on the go. I was frequently left in the care of relatives—aunts, uncles, cousins, grandparents. It was confusing to me to have so many "bosses" telling me how to act and what to do. I was often lonely. Something good to eat helped make up for my feeling of despair.

When I was very young I could have been called (with a goodhearted stretch of the imagination) "pleasingly plump." But by the time I was nine years old I was just plain fat. All the grownups tried to force me to diet. It hurt my feelings to know they found fault with me and so, in childish rebellion, I ate more than ever. I lost all personal pride. If mother bought a new dress for me and the sleeves were uncomfortably tight, I solved the problem by ripping them out. Other children refused to play with me because I was too "sloppy."

As the years went by I became morosely convinced that nobody cared about me or thought I was important. Gradually I reached the stage where I couldn't feel important to myself. Then my reasons for overeating changed. I figured the more I ate, the less attractive I would become. The less attractive I was, the less opportunity to make close contacts with people. The fewer people in my life, the less chance I would have to be hurt by their unkindness toward me. By the time I was thirteen years old, I was 5' 2" tall and weighed 190 pounds. Submerged in my mounds of fat, I faced the world with the attitude: "I'm not coming out of here to hurt you, so don't you come near to hurt me."

Knowing I would never be noticed for any *appealing* qualities of appearance or personality, I purposely went out of my way to be bad, in order to be noticed. I played hooky from school all during my freshman year, and quit school when I was sixteen. Even having my parents yell at me for my misbehavior gave me the "attention" I craved.

My only close friend was a girl who was just about as fat and as miserable as I was. Fed up with our forlorn existence, we decided to join the local girls' club subsidized by the state. We made our applications, but we were refused admission on the basis that we were not attractive enough. In tears, I stood on the steps of the clubhouse and pleaded that it wasn't fair to judge us on appearance alone—after all, they didn't know us, so how could they be sure they wouldn't like us? Another vote was taken and we were, reluctantly, voted in. Later the other girls became friendly, but I was so self-conscious about my size and unkempt appearance that I dropped out.

After quitting high school, I went to hairdressing school. At the age of sixteen I was a professional hairdresser, and by the time I was eighteen I had my own shop. (My uncle lent me the money to get started and I'm proud to say he was fully repaid in three months.) With the work and worry of being a business girl, my weight dropped. I weighed 165 pounds when I met Irving.

Irving and I went together for a year and then became engaged. Naturally I was thrilled. But my apprehension over close attachments to people was still with me. The idea of being *married* was frightening. I started eating again, and in the three months of our engagement I put on twenty pounds. At the last minute I discovered my wedding dress, which I had bought when I weighed 165, wouldn't zip or button. In desperation, I took off the collar, cuffs and belt and used the material from these to pad out the seams. At our reception, guests complimented me for selecting such a "simple" dress!

ROGER PRIGENT

Here, I have reduced to 155 pounds. For the first time in my life I have an interest in me, I feel like a lady, people treat me with respect. It's wonderful!

Phyllis' doctor started her on a 1200-calorie-a-day diet. Halfway through her reducing regimen, when her weight began to level off, he reduced the calories to 1000 a day. Below are two typical days' menus.

(The JOURNAL advises all readers who plan to diet to first have their doctor's approval. If you would like a copy of the JOURNAL's *Energy Diet for Reducing*, send your request to: Diet Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.)

1000-Calorie-a-Day Diet

	Calories
Breakfast	
Sliced orange	80
Ready-to-eat cereal (1 cup)	80
Milk (4 oz.)	80
Coffee, no sugar, 2 oz. milk	40
	280
Lunch	
Egg (1), tomato (1) and cucumber salad	115
Low-calorie toast (1 slice, lightly buttered)	65
Fruit-flavored gelatin (4 oz.)	100
Coffee, no sugar, 2 oz. milk	40
	320
Dinner	
Tomato soup (¾ cup)	80
Broiled liver (1 medium slice) with bacon (1 slice, crisp)	150 35
Sauerkraut (½ cup)	20
Peas (½ cup)	65
Tea with lemon	0
	350
Before bedtime	
Apple (small)	50
Total calories for day	1000

1200-Calorie-a-Day Diet

Breakfast	
Orange juice (4 oz.)	65
Scrambled egg	75
Low-calorie toast (1 slice)	45
2 tsps. butter (for egg and toast)	65
Coffee, no sugar, 2 oz. milk	40
	290
Lunch	
Vegetable soup (bowl)	85
Celery stalks filled with cottage cheese and chives	90
Pear	50
Tea with lemon	0
	225
Dinner	
Chopped steak patty (medium)	250
Stewed tomatoes (½ cup)	25
Baked potato (½) with ½ pat butter	100
Chilled cantaloupe (¼) with vanilla ice cream (3 oz.)	195
	570
Before bedtime	
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Vanilla wafers (2)	30
	115
Total calories for day	1200

Before and After Measurements

Before		*After*
5'5"	Height	5'5"
254½ pounds	Weight	155 pounds
48½"	Bust	38"
39"	Waist	29½"
57"	Hips	39"
up to 50	Dress Size	16

You would think marriage would have changed my attitude about food. It did. I was so depressed over being such a fat and ugly wife that I ate more than ever. Our honeymoon was scarcely over before people asked, "Phyl, are you pregnant?" One woman I barely knew had the gall to joke, "You look as though someone put an air hose in your mouth and forgot to stop blowing." In two months I ate my way up to 210 pounds.

I despised myself. I *prayed* to be able to stick to a diet, but I just couldn't do it. I was a sneak eater. When people were around, I'd eat modestly—but when I was alone I ate like a pig. I often used to hide a frosted cake, napkin and fork under my bed and then eat it after Irving went to sleep.

When I was pregnant with Michael, our first child, I reached 235. At my medical checkup, six weeks later, I weighed 232 pounds. My doctor was worried and tried to pressure me to reduce. He even stood on the scales himself and announced, "I'm six feet two inches tall and weigh one pound less than you do!" We looked like Mutt and Jeff. A year and a half later, when our daughter Elin was on her way, I zoomed up to 240 pounds. This time the doctor was truly appalled. "If you want to have your baby," he told me, "you absolutely must control your eating. Otherwise I doubt if you will have a safe delivery." I was scared that time and did cut down. But within weeks after Elin was born, I went back to my old eating habits and gradually gorged my way up to a grand total of 254½ pounds. My clothes (size 50) had to be purchased through a mail-order catalogue. I used to wear a coat, even in the hottest weather, to try to hide my fat. One afternoon when I was sitting on the front steps of our house, bunched up in an old brown coat, my father came by. He was so depressed by the sight of me, he demanded, "Phyllis, buy a new coat. *I'll* pay for it—I can't stand to see you like that."

A little friend of Michael's looked at me in awe one day, and asked quite seriously, "If you hit me, would I break in two?" I was so fearful of having my children ashamed of me that I refused to attend any of their school functions. Irving was always too considerate to criticize, but as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Thanksgiving

SHOSTAL

Thanksgiving dawns with a clear, brilliant sky; the trees at Appleyard Center are in November shades of gold and crimson, the steeple of the church is sparkling white, shadowed with blue.

The house is deliciously warm and fragrant, cheerfully noisy; the turkey is festooned with plump sausages, there's rich brown gravy, and a very special pumpkin pie!

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

My mother, Mrs. Appleyard, is a leisurely, old-fashioned cook, and by that I mean she works with patience, affection, skill and Help. I, on the other hand, count my help in four small packages named Cynthia, Tommy, Laura and Camilla, so I tend to be short-order, and streamlined.

In honor of Thanksgiving, however, our different paces seem to blend; our family celebration involves a co-operative dinner in mother's square, white Vermont farmhouse in Appleyard Center. Early Thanksgiving morning figures in snow suits of many colors stamp up the steps of the arched porch and into the house carrying bundles, jugs of cider, baskets of fruit. As we all gather in the old winter kitchen, a fire is snapping in the nickel-trimmed wood stove. The air outside is brittle as a crystal goblet, but the frost pictures are melting from all the windows, and there's a blend of rose geranium and lavender in the air; wood smoke and the scent of old pine rubbed with beeswax are soon to give way to the aroma of roasting turkey.

We sit at the big oval walnut kitchen table and discuss dinner. "We'll make a pastry blanket for the turkey," mother says to fifteen-year-old Cynthia, my eldest daughter. "My grandmother taught me when I was your age." The purpose of the pastry blanket is to keep the turkey moist. (I would use aluminum foil, instead; but who knows—perhaps Cynthia will be the one to inherit her grandmother's timeless, count-not-the-hours approach to cooking.) To go with the turkey, we decide, there will be giblet gravy, a shimmering orange-and-cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, Lima beans and mushrooms, pumpkin pie as gold as the globe of sun that suddenly chases the shadows into the corners of the warm kitchen.

STUART

A brilliantly red, clear Consommé Cardinal (spiced madrilène) begins the meal, in a festive setting of beautiful silver, white damask and turkey place-card holders (made from pine cones by nimble-fingered younger members of the family).

Vermont Turkey in a Pastry Blanket With Chestnut Dressing

To make the blanket: Heat 1 cup water to boiling point. Add 1 pound butter. When it has melted, stir in 4 cups flour seasoned with 2 teaspoons poultry seasoning. Mother stuffs turkey with a mixture of Montpelier crackers, pounded up rather coarsely, dried French-bread crumbs, melted butter, eggs, onion, Vermont cream and chestnuts. She seasons this delicately so that the flavor of the chestnuts will not be lost.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

STUART-FOWLER

Menu

CONSOMMÉ CARDINAL

VERMONT TURKEY WITH CHESTNUT DRESSING

GIBLET GRAVY

LIMA BEANS WITH MUSHROOMS AND CELERY

SWEET POTATOES WITH CASHEWS

CRANBERRY-ORANGE-MARMALADE SAUCE

PUMPKIN-CHIFFON PIE

The food is set out on the long pine sideboard—the turkey appealingly browned, the Lima beans and mushrooms bubbling in their sauce, the hot casserole of sweet potatoes. The cranberry marmalade comes out of the cool cellarway and joins the boat of gravy. There's a big pitcher of fresh cider, and sharp cheese for the pumpkin pie.

at Appleyard Center

Collector's Items

Pies

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN

PHOTO BY STUART

Beneath the glistening ruby cranberries there's a satiny cream-cheese filling.

INCOMPARABLE PAIR

Probably the most seductive dish in the history of eating was celebrated by Eugene Field when he wrote:

I'm glad I've got three willing boys
To hang around and tease
Their mother for the filling joys
Of apple pie and cheese!

Here's a version where the rich, savory cheese is worked into individual pastry shells. The succulent blend of sweet apples, raisins and spices is a classic.

Cheese-and-Apple Tarts. Mix together 1 cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅓ cup shortening and ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Chop together with 2 knives or a pastry blender so that the pieces are about the size of small beans. Add 2 tablespoons water, a few drops at a time, and toss with a fork. Shape the pastry with the hands to pull it together. Then divide into 8 equal portions. Roll each on a slightly floured board or pastry cloth. Place the dough in 8 small tart pans and press in firmly, making a pretty edge. Prick the bottom of each shell with a fork and place empty tart pan on top. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 10 to 12 minutes. Remove the extra pans several minutes before the shells are done so that they will brown. If you do not have extra tart pans, use uncooked rice in waxed paper. It serves the same purpose.

Filling: Peel, core and slice 3 pounds (8) tart apples. Heat together 1½ cups sugar and 1½ cups water until the sugar is dissolved. Add 3 cinnamon sticks—each about 1½" long—and 6 cloves. These can be tied in a little cheesecloth bag. Add the apples, ½ cup seedless raisins and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Simmer until the apples are tender. Don't overcook them. Remove the fruit from the syrup, but leave the spices. Mix together 2 tablespoons cornstarch and ¼ cup cold water. Stir this into the syrup and cook until it is thickened. Mix carefully with the apples and raisins after removing the spices. Cool and fill the tart shells about a half hour before serving. Cap with whipped cream.

LOW-CALORIE LUXURY

The crumb crust is luscious—the filling thick and creamy. Yet this is a weight watcher's dream to be enjoyed with easy conscience. If the pie is cut six ways there will be a miraculously low 196 calories in each delectable wedge.

Heavenly Peach Pie. Finely crush 12 zwieback (1¼ cups crumbs). Mix with 2 tablespoons sugar and ¼ cup melted butter. Pack into an 8" pie plate and bake for 10 minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Cool.

Filling: Dissolve 1 envelope lemon-flavored low-calorie gelatin in ½ cup hot water and the juice drained from an 8-ounce can water-packed sliced peaches. Dice peaches and set aside. When gelatin is dissolved, add ½ cup orange-juice concentrate and ½ teaspoon almond extract. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat 2 egg whites with ¼ cup sugar until peaks form. Then fold in the thickened gelatin mixture and the diced peaches. Chill until it will hold some shape and pour into the 8" baked and cooled zwieback crust. Refrigerate until firm.

POPULARITY, PLUS

Cheers for cheese pie—latest to become one of America's top favorites. Crown it glamour queen with a jewellike glaze.

Cranberry-Cheese Pie. Whip 2½ eight-ounce packages (20 ounces) cream cheese until fluffy. Combine 1 cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add to the cream cheese and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add 3 eggs and 1 egg white, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Finally add 2 tablespoons evaporated or homogenized milk and ½ teaspoon vanilla, beating again until well blended. Pour into a slightly underbaked 9" pie shell. Bake 7 minutes in a very hot oven, 450° F. Reduce to a very slow oven, 200° F., and bake 15 minutes more. Cool. Prepare a topping by combining in a saucepan a 1-pound can whole-cranberry sauce, 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Cook over low heat until thick and clear. Blend in 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cool and spread over the cooled cheese filling.

FROM A DUTCH OVEN

Pennsylvania Dutch fingers wield rolling pin and paintbrush with equal artistry. The crumbly streusel *topping on this delicious layered pie is the clue to its Pennsylvania heritage. It should be served fragrantly warm.*

Mincemeat-Apple-Crumb Pie. *Piecrust:* Cut ⅓ cup shortening coarsely into 1 cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir in 2 tablespoons cold water, little by little. Roll out on a slightly floured board and ease into a 9" pie plate. Make a fluted edge.

Filling: Use a 1-pound jar mincemeat or a 9-ounce package dry mincemeat prepared according to package directions. Pour into the unbaked pie shell. Peel, core and slice 2¼ cups tart apples. Mix them with ⅓ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Then arrange apples over the mincemeat. Cut 2 tablespoons butter into ⅓ cup flour and ½ cup sugar. When the butter is in small pieces, lightly sprinkle the topping over the apples. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 15 minutes. Then reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake 30 minutes longer or until bubbling.

DESTINED TO DEVASTATE

Nuts give the tender meringue shell a very special nougat flavor. Filled with a glossy chocolate ambrosia, here is—in short—a confection. So have the coffee extra strong, extra hot.

Chocolate-Nut Angel Pie. Sift together ½ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add sifted sugar gradually to the egg whites, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until the meringue is quite stiff and no sugar crystals are present. Fold in ½ cup chopped pecans. Butter well a 9" pie plate and fill with the meringue. Do not bring out to the edge of the plate. Bake in a slow oven, 275° F., for about 1 hour or until delicately browned. Cool thoroughly.

Chocolate filling: Melt ¾ cup semisweet chocolate bits in the top of a double boiler. Add 3 tablespoons hot water and cook until thickened. Cool slightly. The mixture will become quite thick. Then add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Then whip 1 cup heavy cream and fold into the chocolate. Combine well, but do not beat. Pour into the meringue shell and chill 2 to 3 hours.

PRIDE OF DIXIE

Laced with dates, this creation proves even more sublime, if possible, than the dessert delight of the Southland in traditional style.

Pecan-Date Pie. Prepare a 9" pie shell. Arrange 1 cup shelled pecan halves and 1 cup coarsely cut dates in the bottom. Beat 3 eggs. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup light corn syrup and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Stir well to blend. Mix together 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon flour. Blend with egg mixture and pour over the nuts and dates in the pie shell. Let stand until the nuts rise to the surface. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 45 minutes.

"AH LIKES 'TATER PIE BETTER'N PUNKIN PIE"

Another Southern specialty—spiced to perfection—might easily win over a stanch squash or pumpkin devotee. Sift confectioners' sugar on the finished masterpiece just before serving, or pass grated sharp cheese for individual sprinkling.

Sweet-Potato Pie. Line a 9" pie plate with pastry, using the plain piecrust recipe given above. Bake 4 medium-sized sweet potatoes. When they are very well done, scoop the potato from the skins into a mixing bowl. Mix with 1 cup brown sugar and ½ cup butter. Season with 1½ teaspoons nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat until smooth. Separate 3 eggs and beat the yolks slightly. Add yolks with 1 cup heavy cream to the potato mixture. Blend well. Fold in the 3 egg whites, beaten until stiff but not dry, and pour into the unbaked pie shell. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour or until the center is set when tested with a silver knife. If necessary to brown the crust, raise the temperature to a very hot oven, 450° F., for about 5 minutes at the end of the baking time.

4 SOUPER BEEF DISHES

made delicious with *Campbell's Soups*

Here they are! Best of Beef recipes made easy and inexpensive with Campbell's Soups. And souper delicious! Make one of these main dishes for your family tonight. P. S. They'll ask for it again!

Souper Tomato Beef Stew. Roll 1 lb. cubed beef in flour seasoned in salt and pepper. Brown meat in 2 tbsp. shortening. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 soup can water. Cover. Simmer 1½ hours; stir occasionally. Add 6 small onions, 1 cup peas, 3 quartered potatoes, ¼ tsp. thyme. Cover; cook about 45 min. or until done. 6 servings.

Meat Loaf with Vegetables. So Juicy! So Tender! So Good! Mix 2 lb. ground beef with 1 can Campbell's Vegetable Soup, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup bread crumbs, 1 chopped onion, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. black pepper. Shape mixture into loaf. Bake 1 hour at 350° F. 10 servings.

Baked Steak with Mushrooms. Creamy mushroom sauce, that's what goes great with steak! Pound ¼ cup flour, ¼ tsp. salt, dash black pepper into 1½ lb. round steak. Brown in 2 tbsp. shortening in oven-proof skillet; add 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup and ¾ cup water. Cover. Bake in 350° F. oven for about 45 min. 6 servings.

Pot Roast with Quick Onion Gravy. M-m-m! Brown 4 to 5-lb. pot roast; add 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup. Cover; cook over low heat 2 hours. Add 10 carrots, 5 large halved potatoes, ½ tsp. salt, dash black pepper. Cover; cook 1 hour. Remove meat, vegetables. Thicken gravy with mixture of ¼ cup each flour and water. 10 to 12 servings.

Good cooks cook with *Campbell's Soup*

SCENT OF CLOVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

She said "Oh" and groped her way to a chair, tears of relief filling her eyes.

"I did consider putting it on your favorite seat in the garden," Doctor Hootman said. "Then I thought you might remember it and be worried."

She swallowed painfully. "I did remember it, just now, at the table. I nearly died."

"That must have been a bad moment." He sat on a chair on the other side of the table. "You're a brave woman." It was a statement made without intent to praise, without admiration. It was like his expression, speculative.

"Oh, no," she told him. "All along I've been terrified."

"Indeed? I wondered whether you realized what a risk you were taking; whether perhaps Mynheer's paternal manner had led you to think that you could do what you liked."

"Far from it," she said with a little shudder. "This afternoon I was half out of my wits. So much so that I didn't even ask the name of the man who helped me."

"I gathered that you were somewhat distressed." He did not volunteer the name.

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OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 80 AND 81

Vogue Design No. 9346. Culotte dress, cummerbund and reversible bolero; 10–20 (31–40). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9333. Blouses; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 8908. Shirt and slacks; 12–20 (30–38). 75c.
Vogue Design No. 9348. Blouse; 10–18 (31–38). 60c.
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Pond's Cold Cream makes a lovely difference. Deep cleansing? Of course. But more—it softens, smooths, re-balances your skin. It's the beauty cream of the world's most beautiful women.

See how your thirsty skin responds

This cream cleanses deep down...

But more...it replaces the vitalizing oils modern living drains away

Today's stepped-up living, authorities say, is robbing your skin of its natural beauty oils. Your skin today needs more than just deep cleansing to keep it soft and smooth.

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep down—cleanses every tiny pore opening. But even more—the rich oils in Pond's replace the skin's own lost beauty oils. Pond's brings back the moisture your skin needs to stay soft, smooth, elastic.

How modern living robs your skin of oil

Doctors say your skin is a sensitive barometer of your emotions. Every little strain and frustration drains off your skin's natural beauty-giving fluids—leaves your skin dry and drawn. By evening, your skin *needs* Pond's to replace beauty oils and plump up skin tissues.

And there's a long list of other robbers that steal beauty oils. Today's low-fat slimming diets, sun, wind and drying liquid cleansers . . . each can take its toll. Each makes your skin more thirsty for the beauty that is waiting in Pond's Cold Cream.

Actually puts beauty in

Pond's actually puts new beauty into your skin in 37 seconds. It acts so swiftly because your tired skin is literally waiting for it . . . thirsty for the oils it provides.

Can Pond's work this magic for you?

Fortunately, it's easy to find out for yourself. In just 37 seconds—the time it takes you to put it on—you can feel your skin's eager response—feel it smooth out and soften. And day after day as you use Pond's you'll see your skin become clearer, fresher, far lovelier than it's ever been. The sooner you start, the lovelier you'll look a week from today.

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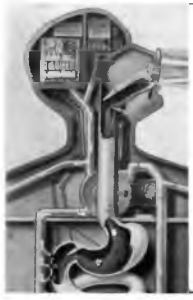
BUFFERIN acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So . . .

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When pain makes you feel that you can't possibly go on, remember this:

Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin . . . to relieve headaches, painful cold miseries, muscular pains and other discomforts. (Diagram, left, shows why.)

What's more, Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does. You can even take it in the large, continuous doses often needed for temporary relief of minor arthritic pain with no ill effects.

Ask your physician about faster, safer Bufferin for your aches and pains. Many doctors recommend it.

If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

"Was Mynheer very angry?"

"He was so angry," said Doctor Hootman with ghoulish relish, "that he almost fell into a fit. Mevrouw, you have compelled two very stubborn men to break two of their own most inflexible rules. The man who helped you by taking the blame for Psyche's mishap has what we might call a business connection with Mynheer; he never comes without an appointment, and on those occasions he is invisible to me. You understand. He and I, on less frequent occasions, meet, and then he is invisible to Mynheer. Today, in order to tell his tale he did an unprecedented thing, presented himself without an appointment. And Mynheer, in his turn, did an unprecedented thing. He sent for me. It took all my skill and resource to have Mynheer ready to meet his guests. I don't suppose he has been so enraged since the day of Pieter's accident."

"You knew about Psyche?"

"I know a number of things. I have learned not to interfere."

"So have I."

"I wonder," he said. "In this case, I must admit your temerity astonished me. But then, I know very little about women. They look frail, but I suppose they can be resolute where their sentiments are concerned."

"I don't think it was sentiment. It was a kind of self-defense. I had to do *something*. I know it wasn't much, but it probably comforted me more than it did her."

Doctor Hootman's expression changed, took on something of astonishment, something of—yes—respect! After a moment he said, "Mevrouw, that does as much credit to your head as to your heart. You deserved your miracle this afternoon."

"It was a miracle—that he happened to be there and was willing to take the blame. Doctor Hootman, what is his name?"

"To me he is known as Charles. Whether that is his name or not I don't know."

"He isn't Dutch, is he?"

"Oh, no. He is English. The situation is very complicated. Some years ago the English Royalists were welcome in the islands. Cromwell was the enemy of the Dutch, therefore his enemies were regarded as friends. Then, when Cromwell gained the upper hand he demanded a few small islands as compensation for the so-called massacre of Amboyna, and naturally all the settlers there were not Royalist, and not welcome neighbors. There is a tendency now to dislike them all. So each time Charles sets foot in Rua he takes a risk. When he comes to see me he takes another. I trust you to remember that, Mevrouw. I hold the secret of the truth about Psyche's death and you hold the secret of Charles' connection with me."

"I shouldn't dream of mentioning him to anyone. After the way he helped me!"

"His behavior this afternoon was quite out of character, I must say."

"In what way, Doctor Hootman?"

"The life he and his little group lead is not conducive to impulsive acts of chivalry."

"I thought you were supposed to be his friend. He spoke well of *you!*"

"I intended no criticism, Mevrouw. I was merely commenting upon the surprising contradictions of which man is capable."

"I don't think that even there you are right. You can't become brave all in a moment; and you can't become kind all in a moment either. I think Charles helped me this afternoon because he is kind, and brave."

"You may be right, Mevrouw. All the same, you mustn't underestimate the force of emotion. You, for example, say that you were frightened, yet you acted with courage because something in Psyche's plight appealed to you. I think much the same thing could be said about Charles' behavior. Something about you must have made a strong appeal to him. He asked me your name, and was very anxious to know whether Mynheer treated you kindly."

She said nothing to that.

After a moment he said, "Well, the whole affair ended fortunately. I suggest that you leave now, Mevrouw. The two fat fellows believe you to be with Pieter, but Mynheer knows otherwise." He rose as he spoke, lifted the embroidery bag and handed it to her.

The blood had spattered it, too, and the brownish-black spots stood out starkly against the pale pink shining stuff. She took it gingerly, with a resurge of horror and disgust. She would throw it away at once. Then she remembered that he had handled it, had contrived to return it to her. Immediately it became the most precious of all her possessions. She would clean it as well as she could; and if some stains remained, she would regard them as reminders of the kindness and comfort with which they were associated.

"It may never happen," said Doctor Hootman, moving toward the door, "but if it ever should —— If Mynheer were away, for instance, I would try to arrange that Charles could see for himself that you were well and happy. That is, if that should be agreeable to you."

"Oh, yes, indeed it would," Julia said. "Thank you, Doctor Hootman, for all you have done today."

"It was a pleasure, Mevrouw," he told her. "Good night." He fastened the door and went back to his chair; he did not take up his book. Busily and intently he wove and twisted and knotted the filaments of his thoughts, a gigantic spider, spinning a gigantic web.

We do not like others to deceive us; we do not think it is fair that they should be held in higher esteem by us than they deserve; it is not fair that we should deceive them, and should wish them to esteem us more highly than we deserve. PASCAL

Julia went to bed, but it was a long time before she slept. Whether she lay with eyes open or closed, there passed before them, in a series of little pictures, all the events of the day. It was useless to turn shuddering from the memory of Psyche and to think, *I'll remember Charles instead.* Then no picture came; just a few disconnected fragments. An old shirt with a torn frill; a pair of very blue eyes; brow and cheeks scoured by harsh living; a mouth firm against her own. But just before she fell asleep every other memory of the day receded and she saw him whole and clear, just as he had stood at the opening of the path and waved his hand. Once again her heart, her whole being moved out toward him.

Somewhere, in the very heart of the night, she began to dream. She was in the cage, chained and naked, just as Psyche had been. She woke, moaning and shuddering, with the sweat of cold terror crawling over her skin.

But it was only a dream. It was the natural and inevitable result of the day's excitement. She was in no danger. Charles had seen to that. She thought of him, at first with gratitude, and then all at once with longing. Now the things of which Frieda had whispered, things which so long had lain indigestible, a source of discomfort, became assimilated, became part of her being. *Now* she understood. With just the one, the chosen person, that would be possible . . . wonderful . . . right.

She lay quite still, stunned by the revelation. She could think now with a rueful, tolerant amusement of her immature idea of love, two porcelain figures against a background of flowers! What nonsense.

Her thoughts shifted. She recalled, with a new, bitter understanding, some of the pitying things Mynheer had said to her: "A married woman without a husband, with no hope of children." She recalled also Charles' words: "married to that idiot boy."

She realized, for the first time, the full extent to which she had been defrauded.

Suddenly all Mynheer's talk concerned a young kinsman, Nicolas Vanderplasse, who was coming to spend three months at Rua.

He went on to explain that among planters in the islands there was a system of exchange not unlike that which had existed in medieval times when a boy would go and learn his knightly duties in another man's hall.

"Whether the young scamps really learn more than they would at home is debatable.

The custom does contribute in some small measure to the dissemination of new ideas, and of course in some cases it helps to mitigate the danger of inbreeding. With Nicolas the wife hunting does not apply; he has been betrothed from childhood to the daughter of a man who was governor of Amboyna, a suitable match in many ways, but in one regrettable: all the women of that family are plain and dull. I am sure he will envy Pieter very much."

"Does he know about Pieter?"

"He knows what I have chosen the world should know. You, my dear, and Doctor Hootman are the only ones I have ever taken into my confidence. Of course on so prolonged a visit things will be a little difficult, but we must do our best. You, I am sure, will support me to the best of your ability."

"Of course. You see, Mynheer, the truth makes me look very silly."

He pondered that for a moment. "But the truth is known only to us three. Does Doctor Hootman's awareness of the situation embarrass you?"

She knew that it did not. It was Charles, saying, "You don't mean to tell me that you're married to that idiot boy?" which had shown her the truth; and Mynheer's words came perilously near to asking, "Who else knows?"

She looked him in the eye and said, "I sometimes think about the servants."

"The slaves. My poor child. I never realized. I should have explained. Pieter has his own staff; a Hindu widow who counts herself fortunate to be alive at all—she does the menial work; and an Ethiopian whom I went to some pains to acquire. He is, in point of fact, dumb. The Ethiopians have an amiable custom of making the punishment fit the crime: the hand which steals is cut off, and so forth. Echo, as I named him when he came into my employ, when he could speak told a lie, apparently. My dear, don't look at me like that, it was not my doing. I merely report a fact. So you see, you need have no thoughts about the slaves' thoughts! As for the outer world, they gossip and they speculate, but so long as we work together they can *know* nothing, and in the end we shall utterly confound them!"

It was not the first time that he had made such a reference to the future.

Thinking that he was counting her as an ally in the task of concealment, the pretense that Pieter was merely disfigured, she said, "I shall do what I can to help."

"I believe that." He came toward her and put his hands on her shoulders. "I think God sent you. I did Him a small wrong, and in return He thrust me into torment that makes hell look like a summer garden. Night after night I've wrestled with Him like Jacob of old, demanding not mercy, but justice. And now for the first time I see a little hope." He seemed to be overcome with emotion. Dropping his hands, he turned and went quickly away.

Mynheer had last seen Nicolas when he was fourteen, six years ago, but he could have picked him out from a score of young men: he was so very much a Vosmar, with such a close resemblance to himself as a young man. He had the kind of good looks that come of youth, of perfect health and cheerfulness, and at the moment of meeting everything about him was touched by a not unpleasing shyness.

As Mynheer greeted his young kinsman, his heart contracted with a sickening spasm of pain. Just so should Pieter have been.

The greeting he extended was cheerful, however, and as soon as they were seated in the proa he began to talk about the Pieter who did not exist.

"I think," Mynheer began, "that I must prepare you as regards Pieter. I suppose you've heard something from your parents."

Nicolas, who had heard a good deal of speculation and comment, said tactfully, "We all knew that he had had an accident and that it had made him very . . . shy."

"'Shy' is an understatement. His passion for retirement has reached the point of mania now. He has his own apartments, from which he never emerges, except sometimes for an evening walk. Even his meals he insists upon taking alone. Well, not entirely alone; he has a great friend, a Doctor Hootman. They are inseparable companions."

Nicolas mumbled that it was all a great pity.

"A great pity. And I, a few months back, made a most regrettable mistake. I encouraged, I *urged* him to get married."

"Oh." Nicolas' voice held surprise. "You never told us."

"No. I meant to write, but to tell you the truth, I was so disappointed by the way things turned out that I lacked the heart to spread the news. I thought the mere fact that a sweet, pretty girl didn't shrink from him would give him confidence. I can't speak too highly of her. It may seem a strange thing for a father to say, but by his treatment of her Pieter has somewhat alienated my sympathy. . . . That is Rua, over there."

The boy stared ahead eagerly. "I've heard so much about it, from mother. She used to spend a good deal of time here as a child, didn't she?"

"Yes, she and my father were cousins—he was much older, of course. I've heard him say how sorry he was that she married in Java. Let me see; you are betrothed, are you not?"

"I'm to be married almost as soon as I get back."

"Indeed. And it's one of the Hoogenbeet girls, isn't it? Greta or Christine?"

"Fancy your remembering their names."

"My memory is pretty good. I never knew the girls, they were very small when their father retired; but I knew Mevrouw Hoogenbeet! That probably accounts for my remembering; one didn't forget anything Mevrouw Hoogenbeet told one! My word, no! It was once my misfortune to be in Amboyna when the governor gave a ball, and I had to lead out Mevrouw. I know I'm no giant, but she seemed to me to be about seven feet tall."

Nicolas' shyness dropped away. Suddenly he found himself telling Uncle Simon of a secret fear that he had never mentioned even to his favorite brother.

"Everything I hear about Mevrouw Hoogenbeet fills me with alarm," he said. "I'm so terrified that Greta will be like her."

"She can't be as tall; rest assured of *that*," Mynheer told him.

"How can you know?"

"Because Mynheer Hoogenbeet was much shorter than his wife, and my observation tells me that girls are almost always shorter than their fathers, just as boys are almost always taller than their mothers."

"Is that so?" asked Nicolas.

"It seems to me a natural law, to keep the race from breeding giants and dwarfs."

"Well, thank you, Uncle Simon. That's the first word of hope or comfort anybody has ever offered me. All I've heard was about Mevrouw Hoogenbeet's size and strong-mindedness."

"She was virtuous too!" said Mynheer dryly. "You know, I often think these early betrothals, glove marriages and marriages by proxy are a regrettable necessity. Take my poor Julia, who surely deserves, if ever a girl did, to be happily married. I don't say the whole decision should rest with the young, but they should be allowed to meet first, to find out if they are agreeable to each other."

"That's exactly what I think," said Nicolas eagerly. "You not only thought so, you acted on what you believed, didn't you?"

It was a mistake. Mynheer's face went stiff and cold.

"You know my story? Yes, I acted. But of course that kind of —— Never mind. I can tell you this, though, Nicolas. I've no doubt that when your female relatives discuss my affairs they say, 'Serve him right!' But if I had the choice to make again I would act exactly as I did then. Two years is a short time. But a week with a woman you really love is worth a lifetime of the other thing. That's not something I should say to you, perhaps. . . . Look, you can see the house now."

Again Nicolas stared out, but the conversation was, for him, too intimately interesting to be abandoned. It was the first time in his life that he had taken part in that kind of talk.

"The thing is," he said tentatively, "that the system seems to work. I mean, for most people. Most marriages seem fairly happy, don't they?"

"That," said Mynheer, "is the most damning indictment. Fairly happy. Who wants to be fairly happy? Taste the golden apple once, even if it turns to wormwood in your mouth. How much better than the dull jog trot of 'fairly happy.'"

This was heady talk.

"Oh, I do agree. But some of us are doomed to jog-trot. Take me, for example. To tell you the truth, I'm *not* looking forward to my marriage. But there it is, all arranged. And I have never seen any woman for whom it would be worth while to defy the rules and upset my father and—and everything. Perhaps that kind of—well, romance only happens to a few people."

"Perhaps. I think it also offers itself to many who refuse it out of cowardice or a silly regard for what you call 'the rules.'"

The son of the very strict, Reformed Dutch family experienced a slight sense of shock. After a second's blinking astonishment Nicolas threw back his head and laughed. "Uncle Simon," he said, "you're not a bit what I expected. Oh, I think I'm going to enjoy my stay in Rua."

"I do most sincerely hope that you will be happy," Mynheer told him. "I shall do my best to make you so. I hope you'll be company for Julia and that you will, as far as possible, ignore Pieter; that, believe me, is the kindest thing you can do. And now, here we are. Welcome to Rua."

Nicolas Vanderplasse was twenty years old, a perfectly normal, healthy young man who had been rather strictly brought up, and who had his full share of the sensuality which is so often found in sons of puritanical fathers.

Like most other young men of his age, he would have begun to look forward to marriage and to dream of the wife about whom he could feel both romantic and passionate, but here was a handicap, peculiar to him. The ghost of Mevrouw Hoogenbeet still stalked the islands. Fifteen years had passed since Mynheer Hoogenbeet's retirement from the governorship of Amboyna, but the memories and stories of her size, her parsimony, her tirades and her bullying persisted. Was it possible that Greta, daughter of such a woman, could be lovable? Nicolas doubted it.

However, he had still some months of freedom and he intended to make the most of them. Setting out for his visit to Rua, he had made up his mind to sample—along with anything else that offered—the pleasures of the compound, the "brown satin," as men called it. This was a thing which decent men avoided on their own plantations.

He had forgotten this intention within a week, having fallen in love for the first time. Here was the very girl of whom—but for the shadow of Mevrouw Hoogenbeet—he would have been dreaming: lovely to look at, with grace and charm, delightful to talk to, a girl to adore, and one who could, at the same time, by a glance or the brush of her sleeve wake unimaginable hungers.

The setting, too, might have been especially designed to be the background of a love affair.

In Rua nobody watched, nobody criticized. "You two young people must amuse each other," Uncle Simon had said as soon as he had introduced them, and after that he seemed to show no more interest or curiosity in their comings and goings than he did in the flight of the birds. His only concern was that they should be happy.

"I go out when the *tong-tong* rings, and I see everything started. If you care to come with me, that is as good a time as any to see how things work. But you don't have to turn out every morning, Nicolas. Young people can sleep on, and they should. They should also be grateful that they can. I wake at dawn now, wherever I am, and once awake I must be stirring."

Most mornings Nicolas managed to wake and accompany his uncle on the rounds; and during those hours together the insidious process of undermining the home standards would go on. Uncle Simon laughed at things which would deeply have shocked Nicolas' father; and although Nicolas would often be disconcerted by the levity, almost always immediately afterward he would think, *But he's right*, or *I often felt that way myself.*

One of the most startling, and pleasing, of Uncle Simon's attitudes was that which he adopted toward youth. At home youth was something slightly deplorable: "You'll know better when you're older." In Rua youth was given its due: "It's the best time, my boy, make no mistake about that"; "Half the rules are made by old men to prevent young ones' doing things that they themselves can no longer do."

Fall seven times, stand up eight.
JAPANESE PROVERB

Once he spoke, in terms of age, about Julia, who had just left them in order to make her morning visit to Pieter.

"I hate myself sometimes," Uncle Simon said. "I should have persuaded him to marry an older woman. Thirty would have been the perfect age. How can a girl like that care what an interesting book he is reading? That is his main topic, you know: books! She's at an age when life should be *lived*, not read about. Pieter, poor boy, never had any youth, he has to accept a substitute, but she . . . it's like seeing a bud flung out on the dust heap with a bunch of dead flowers."

None of these speeches was momentous in itself, but each made its small contribution; and when the time for plain speaking came the atmosphere had been established.

It began with a morning walk. Julia had by this time become aware of Nicolas' infatuation and was trying to acquire the art of avoiding sentimental scenes without injuring his feelings. She had learned that it was advisable to have a definite destination when they took a walk.

"This morning I'm going to show you some trees which even your uncle doesn't know the names of, and see if you can tell me," she said.

"I doubt if I can. They must be rare if he couldn't name them. What are they like?"

"Red."

"There are dozens of red trees. And of course there are different names in different places for the same tree."

"These are quite a walk away, we mustn't dawdle."

"I never knew anyone who liked to walk so fast as you do, Julia. And you've been here such a short time, you should feel the heat. But I can't somehow imagine you getting hot and red in the face. Your face always looks as though it were made of ivory or alabaster or something like that."

They came at last to where the trees stood, all in a group together. Their tops were thickly massed with flowers of a deep, rich red color which made a pleasant contrast with the feathery evergreen of the nutmegs.

"There, aren't they pretty? Why, Nicolas, what is the matter?"

He was staring at the trees with an expression of astonishment. "They're—they're *cloves!*" he said in a voice of disbelief.

"Well, is that so astonishing?"

"Julia dear! There isn't supposed to be a clove tree in all the islands, except in Amboyna. My word, if the Company knew! Uncle Simon must be *crazy!*"

"He doesn't know what they are. I asked him when I first saw them and he said, 'Oh, just a native tree.'"

"That's quite impossible. He's lived here all his life and they used to be quite common. Then the Company decided to concentrate the clove growing in Amboyna and every tree elsewhere had to be cut down. My father had to get rid of his. You can't go against the Company these days, you know." He looked at the pretty, sweet-scented trees and shook his head in a puzzled way. "He can't sell them. So why on earth does he take such a risk?"

"I think it's quite likely that they've always stood there, and he thought they were pretty, so he kept them."

"Ye-es; with him that is just possible. Rua is his kingdom, isn't it? My mother always says he acts as though he were royalty. Which makes it all the harder for him—Pieter, I mean."

"In what way?" asked Julia carefully.

"Staying at home, not showing off, not cutting a dash as the heir apparent. Uncle Simon cut no end of a dash when he was young, or so I've heard, and no doubt he'd have liked his son to do the same."

"I think it more likely that he thinks his heir is his heir and therefore permitted to behave just as he chooses."

"That's a shrewd remark. That's one thing I do like about you, Julia. Most girls as pretty as you—not that there are many—never say anything worth listening to."

"Will you mention the clove trees?"

"You bet I shall. I shall warn him too. Rua may be a kingdom, but the Company rules an empire, and even Uncle Simon is only one of its satraps."

"It's *what?*"

"It comes out of the Bible. I was brought up on the Bible. Weren't you?"

"Not really—which is rather strange, though I never, I must admit, thought about it until now. I spent quite a long time in what was called, officially, 'The Christian Benevolent Refuge for Orphans,' otherwise the Klopstock Home. It wasn't very Christian, or very benevolent, but it was completely Klopstock. To be quite honest, we didn't all have cloaks, but for the daily walk that didn't matter because some of us always had to stay in to finish work. But for Sunday church, if we had all gone, there weren't enough. I think that must have been the reason—we never did go."

"You don't realize how lucky you were. At home the sermons last two hours."

The innocuous, unprovocative comparison of their upbringing and experiences lasted all the way back to the house.

Doctor Hootman always left the table promptly after dinner and Julia soon followed him, leaving the gentlemen to their wine. On this evening, as soon as they were alone, Nicolas said:

"Uncle Simon, you *do* know a clove tree when you see one?"

"I should hope so."

"Then you know you have quite a number here, in Rua?"

"Of course. I know every tree on Rua. Why?"

"Why? Because if the Company ever found out they'd—they'd ——"

"Fine me. A sum of money, large by their standards, negligible by mine, which I should not pay without protest, my boy."

Nicolas' eyes widened. "To whom could you make a protest in a case like this?"

Mynheer did not answer immediately; he offered the wine and then refilled his own glass. "The Company," he said mildly, "is very large, and like most overgrown things is not constitutionally very sound. Also, like all large things, it offers a wide target of vulnerability. In Holland there are many—in very high places—who view with grave concern this insistence upon monopolies and the overriding of civil rights. I should have quite a case, Nicolas, which properly handled might easily do the Company more damage than they could do me. And I would see that it was properly handled."

Nicolas looked at Mynheer with admiration. "That's all very well," he said. "Meantime they could refuse to ship your nutmegs, and then where would you be?"

"Here, I trust. And losing no sleep, I assure you. I grow nutmegs because nutmegs have always been grown on Rua; but I do not, thank God, depend upon the nutmeg for my daily bread, or other small comforts."

Nicolas had always known that the Rua branch of the family was far wealthier than his own, but to talk of being independent of nutmegs hinted at riches of a fabulous kind.

He said in that special voice which people reserve for talk of money in large quantities, "It must be nice to be so rich."

"It is nice to be independent—and in these days that demands money. It was not always so; the first Vosmar to own Rua had no money at all, he was independent by virtue of his strong body and indomitable mind. But those days are over." He paused. Then he said, "Yes, I am rich. I inherited a fortune, and by careful manipulation I have made another. Far more money than poor Pieter, with his simple tastes, will ever know how to spend." He sighed, lifted his wineglass. "You're the eldest of . . . which is it—I always forget—four, aren't you, Nicolas?"

"Out of date, Uncle Simon. There's baby Benjamin."

"Of course. That's three boys. And two girls to be provided with dowries. You won't—to begin with, anyway—have too much to do with, will you?"

"I should think not."

"Well," Mynheer said, "I've taken a liking to you; you are my kin, and as I said just now I have more than Pieter would know what to do with. Mark you, everything I inherited goes to him, it couldn't be otherwise. But of the money I made myself I propose to leave you a share, or give it to you in my lifetime if you prefer. Long before you came I decided that if you turned out to be a real Vosmar, as you promised to as a boy, I'd do something substantial for you. And I will."

This was the realization of a family hope which had peeped slyly out from behind the arrangement of the long visit. For some time references to Rua had abounded with little unfinished sentences concerning the chance which awaited Nicolas if he ingratiated himself with his relative. Now here it was. And all he could find to say was:

"It's wonderfully good of you, Uncle Simon. I don't know how to thank you."

"Then don't. I don't want thanks. Will you take brandy?"

"No, thank you," said Nicolas with a slight self-righteousness.

"Do. To keep me company. I have something else to discuss with you. To my mind a much more serious matter."

"Oh. What is it?"

Mynheer knew the value of silence. Without speaking he poured brandy into two glasses, pushed his chair back from the table.

"It concerns Julia," he said, and noted a slight deepening of color in the boyish face. "You're in love with her, aren't you?"

Put like that, it sounded like an accusation. Nicolas played for time. "I find her extremely attractive," he said, "but I do assure you, I've never touched her or said a word that couldn't have been overheard."

"That still doesn't answer my question."

"Very well, then, I am," said Nicolas. "How could I not be? I know she's Pieter's wife, but that is difficult to bear in mind, the way things are! But I swear ——"

"Never mind that. For the rest, you have said it exactly. It is difficult to bear in mind that she is Pieter's wife. I'm not in his confidence, or in hers to that extent, but I'll tell you this: I'd wager my last guilder the girl's a virgin still. And I tell you this, also, and I say it as sincerely as I ever said anything in my life: if Julia could have one romantic, successful love affair, nobody would be more delighted than I!"

Now thoroughly taken aback and scarlet to the edge of his hair, Nicolas could only gulp out, "Why?"

"I have many reasons. First of all, I'm sorry for the girl. My second reason is more selfish. I don't know how well you understand women; I flatter myself that I do. All women need an emotional anchor. Unless my poor Julia is given, very soon, some emotional and imaginative ballast, I shall have trouble. One really satisfactory love affair would give her something to remember, dwell on, be sentimental about for the rest of her life. I know that is true, Nicolas."

It all sounded very far away from the brisk, coolhearted, hardheaded household in which he had been reared.

"I'm very fond of Julia. But I doubt . . . I mean, there are her feelings to be considered."

"By your own account you have never tested them," Mynheer reminded him. "It would hardly be maidenly for her to show her feelings, would it?"

Nicolas dared to say, "And suppose we did—and suppose she had a baby."

"I hadn't thought of that. My thoughts always ended with Julia. Well, do you know, I think that would be even better than an empty memory. A child can entirely fill a woman's life. I don't think that that would be a tragedy at all. But that *is* carrying speculation rather far, don't you think?" He smiled, and then said in a voice which struck exactly the right, seemingly irresponsible note, "Dear me. I'm afraid this has become a most unorthodox conversation. How shocked and alarmed your dear parents would be! And really I only want everybody to be *happy*. Youth passes, and life passes, and I've learned that it is what one misses that one regrets."

Until Nicolas allowed his feelings for her to become obvious Julia had enjoyed his company very much. In the beginning the only jarring note in their gay companionship was his deep and persistent curiosity concerning his Cousin Pieter. As the days went on and Pieter remained invisible he became understandably inquisitive.

"Exactly in what way is he disfigured, Julia?"

Once again she gave the ready-made reply about the disfigurement's being exaggerated.

"How much exaggerated? Is he awful to look at?"

"Not in the least." She could say that with truth now; she had become so accustomed to

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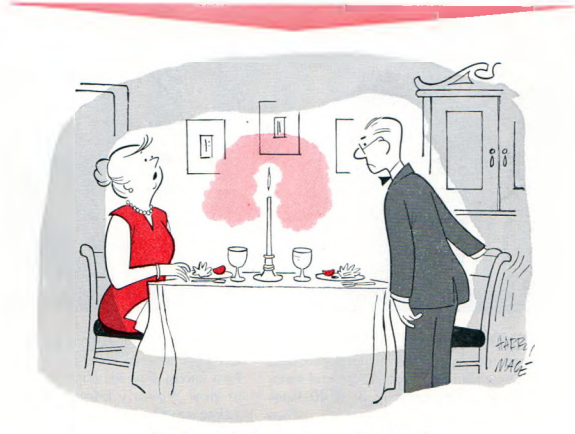

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RAISIN CAKE ROLL

- 1 to 1½ cups DEL MONTE Seedless Raisins
- 1½ cups orange marmalade
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ⅓ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Powdered sugar

Filling: In sieve, rinse raisins in hot water and drain. Mix with marmalade. **Cake:** Beat eggs till thick; gradually beat in sugar. Add water and vanilla. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; add all at once to egg mixture and beat until just smooth. Pour into well-greased and floured jelly roll pan (approx. 15x10x1 inch). Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) till just done—about 12 to 15 min. (Do not overbake.) Loosen edges and turn upside down immediately on a towel sprinkled with powdered sugar. Spread quickly with filling and roll up from the short end. Wrap in towel; cool 1 hour. Sprinkle liberally with more powdered sugar. Makes 12 slices.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

Pieter's appearance that she could hardly remember the shock it had been when he first turned his head.

"You can bear to look at him?"

"Of course. Don't I visit him every day?"

"Now you know, that is an odd thing to say. *Visit.* Wives don't visit their husbands."

She colored with self-annoyance. "We spend some time together. Is that better? He has pursuits that I can't share and he has Doctor Hootman for company."

"There's a curious character if you like!"

"In what way?" She turned to a discussion of Doctor Hootman with relief.

"Secretive," Nicolas said, after a little pause during which he sought for the right word. "As though behind that dull, solid look all kinds of things were going on. I've often glanced at him suddenly and seen him staring at me. Then he'll look quickly away."

"I think he's shy too. He used to look at me like that when I first came. He's quite nice, really."

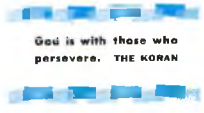
She was astonished to find how easily evasive and deceptive sentences would slip out. She would come from Pieter's room and find Nicolas waiting for her.

"And how is Pieter this morning?"

"Very well, thank you."

"What's he doing?"

"He was painting when I left him." A grain of truth there: Pieter enjoyed applying blobs and strokes of color to his queer-shaped bits of pottery. And if he was cutting up paper with his blunt-nosed scissors it could be called "paper work." Nicolas was given to believe that Pieter, though a recluse, led a full and busy life.



But things changed. Nicolas began looking at her differently, long-resting, yearning looks. He began saying things which she found embarrassing, made attempts to take her hand. And his attitude toward Pieter changed too.

One day, when she had parried a question, he looked at her closely and said, "Poor Julia; you can't really bear to talk about him, can you?"

"I am talking about him now; or so I imagined," she said a trifle sharply.

"Without telling me anything."

"There's nothing to tell. And if you were Pieter, would you wish your wife to discuss you with someone else?"

"If I were Pieter," said Nicolas, ceasing to walk and speaking with a dreamy intensity, "if I were Pieter I shouldn't care what I looked like. If I were lucky enough to be married to you, Julia, I should go round saying, 'Don't look at *me*, look at my beautiful wife! Look what I've *got*!'"

In the cool, prim voice which she used more and more often nowadays, she said, "It's impossible to say how you would feel, or act, in another person's place."

"I know one thing: I'd give my right arm to change places with him!"

She thought of the marred red face, the whole empty, futile life. She spoke vehemently. "Nicolas, don't say that."

"Why shouldn't I say it? I would change places, not just with him, with the humblest, poorest little clerk, if I could be married to you."

He was looking at her with admiring, passionate, almost worshiping eyes.

"Pieter had no right to get married at all," Nicolas went on. "He hasn't the slightest idea how to treat a wife."

"I don't know why you should say that. He's very fond of me. And very kind to me."

"Kind!" He repudiated the word with scorn. "Decent men are fond of their dogs and kind to their slaves. He doesn't love you."

"How do you know?"

"If he did, he wouldn't let you be here, with me, now. He'd be as jealous of me as I am of him."

"He doesn't know the kind of thing you're beginning to say to me, Nicolas. And I wish you wouldn't. I am married, and very soon you will be yourself."

"Must you remind me of that?" he asked roughly. "When I was riding my hobbyhorse and Greta was in her cradle our parents put their heads together and struck a bargain. Was that anything to do with me? Did anybody give one thought to *my* feelings? And the same with you. Somebody shoved a glove on your hand and somebody else said a few words. And they dare to call that a marriage! Then we see somebody else and we know, in our hearts—in our very bones ——"

All unwittingly he was describing what had happened to her: that unlooked-for, uninvited recognition of the one, the only possible person. On that day when Charles had kissed her if he had said, "Come with me," she knew she would have gone, anywhere, to the world's end, and never even remembered that she was married.

Was it possible that Nicolas felt like that about her?

"It's like everything else," she said. "There has to be some sort of order, some sort of rule. Otherwise it would all be such a muddle. Everybody seems to be in love with somebody who isn't in love with them."

He supposed this to be her way of intimating that she was not in love with him. But what did she know about it?

"Oh, no," he said. "Sometimes two people are in love with each other. And then everything is wonderful."

She looked at him, and for a moment tried to imagine Charles standing there in his place. But this was no time to think of that. Once again she must deal with this situation without hurting Nicolas' feelings.

"I've never known a case like that," she said with an assumed lightness. "Those I've read about always came to a bad end. Suppose that I fell in love with you; think how miserable we should be when the time came to part."

"But we should have had something, Julia. We'd have known what happiness was. We'd have something to remember."

Ah, but I have that already; a very small, shadowy thing, but I have it and nothing else must be allowed to cut across, to come between me and what I remember.

It occurred to her suddenly that what she had said a little earlier might be entirely true—everybody was in love with somebody who wasn't in love with them. That might be why Charles had so firmly loosened her clutching hands. . . . Well, all the more honor to him. She must profit by that example.

"I don't love you, Nicolas. I like you very much, but that is all."

He was sufficiently infatuated to tell himself that he liked her all the better because she was not "easy"; because she was, he thought, loyal to Pieter and her disastrous marriage. He was too young to hear in the words "I like you" the fatal denial of all hope.

So the languorous spice-scented days went on, and passed through the fields of the sunset into warm spice-scented nights full of stars. And presently Nicolas' stay in Rua had reached the halfway mark.

There came a day when Mynheer announced that he would be absent for a night.

"I'm going to the governor's very dull, gentlemen-only dinner party," he said. "And as I have some business to do in Banda tomorrow morning, I shall stay there and return about midday. I dare say you two will make shift to entertain yourselves. Oh, and Nicolas, I've opened a bottle of what, if it lives up to the shipper's promise, should be a rather special wine. Try it at dinner, will you, and give me your opinion."

Julia spent the afternoon with Pieter. Ever since she had allowed her tongue to slip and say "visit," she had prolonged the time she spent with him. This afternoon Pieter was busily and happily and messily making clay pots. They were all lopsided and flawed, but she admired them profusely and when she left he presented her with the largest of them.

The candles were lighted, and she had changed her dress and Juno was putting the last touches to her hair when there was a

knock on the door between her sitting room and the cloister. Juno put down the brush and went to the door, and Julia heard, with surprise, Doctor Hootman's voice: "Tell Mevrouw that Mynheer Pieter wants her for a few minutes."

She called, "I heard. I'll come at once."

Most likely, she thought, he wanted to give her another pot. Amenable, and easily handled as he generally was, he had cantankerous moods now and then.

She crossed the library and tapped upon the door of Pieter's room. Doctor Hootman opened it and said, "Come in, Mevrouw."

Charles stood by the table.

She said "Oh!" in the awed, rapt voice of someone confronted by a heavenly vision. And then she just stood and stared, and Charles stared back at her.

She had never, really, expected to see him again. The memory of him had been something laid away, sealed over, having no connection with ordinary everyday living. Now there he stood, living, breathing, real.

Charles was dumb too. Unlike her, he had not cherished his memories. He'd met, by accident, a girl whose looks and personality and situation combined to make an appeal to him, but he was a realist and he had faced his feelings realistically. There was no room in his life for love of any kind. Nobody but a crass fool would give a second thought to a girl met once, a girl who was married.

Daan had said, "Come up to the house, Charles. Mynheer is away for the night. We'll make free with his brandy."

And then he had said, "I promised Mevrouw that if ever it could be managed I would arrange that you met. She feels that she never thanked you properly."

"I don't want her thanks."

But he did want to see her. Just to prove . . . what? That she was merely a pretty little Dutch girl; not the dream-provocative, memory-troubling lady who had passed by and waked a love that would never sleep again.

So Daan had sent for her. And here she was.

Into the silence, so loud with unspoken things, Doctor Hootman said, "I must begin getting my charge to bed." He went into the bedroom, closing the door gently behind him.

"I thought, since I was here, I'd like to see how you were," Charles said awkwardly. "You haven't been getting into any more trouble?"

"Oh, no. And thank you for bringing back my bag. I was in such a state. I didn't think of it. And I didn't even ask your name."

"You know it now?"

"Oh, yes. Charles." There was something special about it, and about using it to him, for the first time.

"And you're Julia. I asked. So every now and then I can say to myself, 'I hope everything is going right with Julia,' or 'I wonder what Julia is doing this fine morning.'"

"I've thought of you too. Every single day. And I never even hoped I'd see you again. I don't even know where you live."

"I live on a little island called Ay. There are about a dozen of us. In a hut. We live like pigs."

"Which way does it lie, your island?"

He took a mental bearing and jerked his head.

"Oh. One of my windows looks that way. I shall be able to look out—and think ——"

"Of me, in my hut? If it's in the morning you can think of me lighting the fire. I most imprudently let it be known that I have a talent for lighting fires, and so I was saddled with that job."

"I often had it, in the Klopstock Home; it was one of the unpopular ones."

None of these words meant anything at all. It was their eyes that were doing the real talking.

"Doctor Hootman told me that you are English," she began afresh.

"That's right; but I've lived in the islands for a long time now."

"I think I'm English too."

"What do you mean, *think?* Don't you know?"

"Not for certain. It was in Ireland that I was found, but I could say a piece in English. Uncle Johannes told me what it meant in Dutch; and it said I was English. He believed I was."

"Who was Uncle Johannes?"

"The man who found me. He was a sea captain."

"Say me your English piece."

"In English? I don't know whether I remember it. It's so long ago. And even then he said I said it like a parrot. But I'll try."

Slowly, dredging up each word from the depths of her memory, she repeated the simple identification which Maire had taken such pains to teach her.

"Ashley," he repeated as she came to the end. "That's English enough. In Ireland, you say. When?"

"I was eight then—when Uncle Johannes found me. And I shall be seventeen in June."

"How long were you with Maire?"

"Oh, all my life, I should think. I can't remember anything before. She said she taught me to walk and to talk."

"You were a baby then, in '49. Cromwell in Drogheda. That'd be about right. I think you could claim to be English. We're a long way from home, Julia."

FOR WENDY

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

Seek not the laurel,
The crown and the gold,
For the delicate days of your
dreaming are numbered.
Oh, walk your way lightly, in
youth unencumbered—
Leave the prize and the laurel
For the wise and the old.

Cling to your rights:
The freedom of losing.
The spendthrift joys of
extravagant reaching.
Oh, wait, and learn later the
strict years' teaching—
The weight of the laurel,
The bright crown's bruising.

"Perhaps that is why ——"

"Why what?"

She floundered a little. "Well, that day . . . I was all confused, half out of my mind, but later on, when I thought about it, it was just as though we weren't really strangers."

And it had been so with him. Miscall, deny it how you would, you recognized the lady who just passed by—that was why the one glance was enough.

"So the Dutchman brought you out of Ireland. What then?"

"He was drowned. His wife didn't like me, so she sent me to an orphanage and I ended up in the Company's Daughters' Home. And then I came here."

He said abruptly, "They don't often live to be old." The jerk of his head showed where his thoughts had jumped, and as though it had been a signal, there came from behind the closed door a low grumbling sound, Pieter's indistinct voice raised in complaining protest. "Things might work out right for you yet. I'd like to think so." He brushed his hand across his face with a gesture of helpless confusion oddly at variance with his general demeanor. "I've worried about you a bit; though God knows I've worries enough of my own."

"I'm all right," she said quickly. "You mustn't worry about me." But it was sweet to think that he had. "What worries have you?"

He laughed. "All concerned with mental arithmetic and similar sordid things. I'm all right too. You and I have survived the breakup of a civilization, Julia. We should reckon ourselves lucky to be alive."

The noise in Pieter's room was now loud. The words "Julie. Want Julie" emerged clearly.

"He knows I'm here," Julia said.

As she spoke the door opened a few inches, was sharply slammed. The bellowing cries rose to a crescendo, and then the door opened fully and Doctor Hootman and Pieter, locked in a Laocoön embrace, came hurtling into the room. Though physically overborne, Doctor Hootman was still in charge of the situation, and still calm.

"Take him, Mevrouw; distract his attention," he said, and released his hold on Pieter, who plunged straight at her, quiet now except for gulping sobs of rage. He burrowed his head into her shoulder and clutched at her, saying, "Julie, Julie," over and over.

Doctor Hootman placed himself squarely in front of Charles. "You must go. One word would be enough! I couldn't let the noise continue. We have a guest in the house."

Julia hugged Pieter to her, keeping his face hidden in her shoulder. Charles, hustled by Doctor Hootman, went to the door, and there turned. She smiled, and because they must not speak she put into the smile all the unspoken things. That was what Charles carried away with him, the memory of Julia, sweet and lovely and brave, smiling at him as she soothed the poor boy.

Just before the door closed he raised his hand; and it was not in salute to a pretty little Dutch girl.

Doctor Hootman turned back into the room and said with genuine regret, "Mevrouw, I am sorry! I simply dared not risk the disturbance." Pursing his lips, he looked at Pieter, who had stopped crying and was stroking Julia's sleeve. "I've never known him so violent. Come along now, Pieter. You've seen Julie, and Julie has seen you being very naughty. Very naughty!"

"Naughty," Pieter admonished himself heartily. But he did not assume the scolded-dog aspect ordinarily educed by the use of the word. On the contrary, he seemed pleased with himself. "Seen Julie," he added.

Doctor Hootman's heavy eyebrows knotted in a little frown. "Some sort of animal instinct at work there."

"What do you mean?"

Doctor Hootman looked at her, hesitated, and said, "That he knew you were here. We shall have to be a little more firm, I think. Come along, Pieter. Time for bed."

"Time for bed. Good morning, Julie," said Pieter and allowed himself to be led away.

At the bedroom door Doctor Hootman turned. "I think, if you will excuse me, Mevrouw, I shall dine here. With Pieter, of course." He added the last words with the now-familiar, derisive grimace with which he always marked any additional act of subterfuge.

She wanted to be alone, to relive, to remember, but she could hardly leave Nicolas to dine alone. She must wait. Tonight, though, his yearning looks and sentimental words were more than usually irksome.

"This is an occasion," he said, as they sat down to the table. "We've never dined alone together before; we never may again. Oh, Julia! When I think of Pieter, who could have that pleasure every night of his life ——"

Pluto's entry gave her an excuse to frown so that that sentence died on the air.

Nicolas tried again, and again, until her short and finally impatient replies gave him the key to her mood. He realized that he was becoming slavish and he had heard, or read somewhere, that with women slavish tactics were seldom successful. He must be gay and charming.

The wine helped. After two glasses of it his spirits and his color rose.

"Uncle Simon was dead right about this wine, Julia. It is special. Let me ——" He leaned forward and filled her glass. "I suspect that my father—himself a schnapps drinker—warned Uncle Simon that I was a winebibber as well as an idle scamp. I must say that—quite apart from other reasons—I'm not looking forward to my return to the family roof. For one thing, my father will expect me to have acquired, in three months, all the secrets of Uncle Simon's success in business. And not one have I ferreted out. Careless, unobservant rapscallion that I am."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Stop dry skin problems in these 5 "DANGER ZONES" with moisturizing Woodbury Dry Skin Cream

★ *Frown lines!*
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Encourage him to continue with this easy kind of chatter.

"Tell me about Java, and your home."

He filled his glass again and with willingness launched into a description of his home and family. He could, when he wished, talk very entertainingly, and he did so now, with just enough exaggeration to be amusing.

Then he said, "Now I feel like making some music. Let's go and brave Pieter in his den and ask if I may play his clavichord."

"Oh, no!" she said. She heard the real horror in her voice. "He always retires early. If we disturbed him, he would never forgive us."

"That's just it. He should *be* disturbed," said Nicolas, with the intransigence of the near-intoxicated. "I'd ask nicely. I'd say, 'Cousin Pieter, I haven't come to stare at your scars. I just want to play your clavichord.' It might be the turning point in his life."

"He'd be very upset, and he'd blame me. Please, Nicolas, don't even think of it."

"The idea is abandoned. Nobody could resist you when you speak so earnestly and look so seductive."

"If you really want to play, there is a clavichord in my sitting room."

"You never play."

"I can't. But your uncle, when he furnished the room, provided everything that any kind of woman could possibly require. Therefore I have a clavichord."

"I've never seen your room. Come along, I will make you such sweet music as will melt even your stony heart."

"You won't, you know." She kept her voice light and casual. "If you have that in mind, Nicolas, you'll be wasting your time." Too late she realized that it had been stupid to invite him to her room. Done without thinking, to divert his attention from Pieter, it might easily be misunderstood.

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He stumbled a little as they went along the cloister. At the door she wondered whether to say, "Now, if you come in, you must promise to behave." But that had a kind of implication, of coyness which might precipitate the very thing she wished to avoid. A brisk matter-of-factness was probably the best defense.

She opened the clavichord and placed the candles near it, reserving one for herself on the far side of the room.

"There you are," she said to Nicolas. "I shall sit here and go on with my work while you play."

He surprised her by playing, even in this slightly tipsy state, remarkably well. The music he made was nothing like Doctor Hootman's; he played light, graceful little tunes.

Presently he said, "I play well, don't I? Better than Pieter, don't you think?"

"Differently."

"How very miserly! Julia, sometimes I think you must be in love with him, and he so surly he won't even speak to his own cousin. What is it? Pity? Would you be kinder to me if I wore my scars on my face instead of on my heart?"

It was asked flirtatiously rather than seriously and she replied in the same manner.

"No. I couldn't be kinder to you. I'm already so kind that I find it a strain."

He began to play again, passed from one tune to another and reached, at last, one different from the rest. No longer light and gay. A sweet, haunting, melancholy tune that seemed to hold all the sadness of good-bys spoken forever.

It had its effect on Julia, who ceased stitching and folded her hands on the embroidery bag with its eloquent stains. *His* hands had touched it, and in holding it she made some kind of contact. Her mind, her heart went winging out, over the sea to Ay.

The music, and the wine he had drunk, took effect on Nicolas. Slavish adoration, pretty speeches, yearning looks brought no return. A man should be masterful, ruthless. With his fingers still drawing sorrowful sweetness from the keys, he turned his head, and saw upon Julia's face a look which he had never seen before, unguarded, dreaming, desirous.

He left the clavichord and crossed the room in a single swooping motion, gathered her into his arms, and saying, "You do love me, you do, you do," set his mouth to hers.

The fact that he was kissing her in the way that she would have liked to kiss Charles, in the way she longed to be kissed by him, added to her sense of outrage. She turned her head and freed her mouth, and put both hands against him, thrusting him away.

"I don't! Let go of me!"

He was beyond control now. The touch of flesh on flesh, even the way she struggled, fired him; and the weeks of meek adoration had to be paid for.

With a wrench that seemed to break her neck she got her mouth free again and screamed. Useless. She knew that even as the shrill sound rang out. Doctor Hootman was at the other end of the house; the slaves even farther away and heedful only of the bells.

Yet immediately somebody tapped on the door. Nicolas heard it, too, and his clutch loosened. She gave another push and he stood up. She ran her hands over her hair, drew in a breath and managed to call, "Come in."

The door opened, rather slowly, and there was Doctor Hootman.

"I had to come," he said, with a note of apology in his voice. "I heard music. Music from a hand far more skilled than mine—or Pieter's. Yours, Mynheer?"

"I was playing," Nicolas told him. He sounded sulky.

"Most beautifully," said Doctor Hootman. He lifted his big, heavily haired hands and rubbed his eyes. "Coming in from the dark, so many candles all together, quite blinding," he said.

He might pretend not to see anything; but the sound of the scream still hung on the air.

"I spoiled it," Julia said in a voice so high-pitched and unsteady that it, as well as the scream, needed explanation. "I put my hand into my bag and a needle ran into my finger. Just for a second I thought a snake had crept in."

"That could very easily happen, Mevrouw. I've seen your bag lying in the garden." He turned to Nicolas. "Mynheer Vanderplasse, I had no idea that you were such a musician. Would you mind if I stayed and listened for a while, if Mevrouw would give me permission, of course?"

"Do stay," Julia said. "Sit down, Doctor Hootman."

Nicolas said, "I only know a few tunes. I've played them all and to repeat them would bore me."

Doctor Hootman, who had almost taken a chair, stood, uncertain, hesitant.

"Perhaps you would like to try *my* clavichord," Julia said. "Your old tunes might sound differently."

"Mevrouw, to do that would be to invite the inevitable, and I am sure invidious, comparison."

There was a moment's bristling silence. Then Nicolas said rudely, "Not from me. I'm going to bed. Good night, Julia."

The door slammed behind him and before the sound of it had died away Doctor Hootman was at the clavichord.

"I must play, Mevrouw," he said. "To a young man as angry as that one, another comparison might suggest itself. However, flown with wine as he is, he will soon sleep."

He played on for about five minutes, then ended a tune abruptly and stood up.

Julia said at once, "Doctor Hootman, thank you! How did you happen to be near enough?"

"I often take a little stroll after dark." He sat down on a chair near the table where the candle stood. "I'll assume that my intervention was welcome. So we need not talk about that. Mevrouw, not long ago you told me that you would never again allow your will to come into conflict with Mynheer's."

"Yes, I did. And I meant it. Doctor Hootman, are you implying that what you inter-

rupted —— I assure you that that was entirely against my will."

"Mevrouw, please! Of course I understood that. Otherwise should I have dreamed of interfering?" He paused, looked at her gravely. "I think the time has come," he said. "Mevrouw, you must forgive me if I speak plainly. I don't think it is a subject which can be broached delicately. What almost happened here this evening, and would have done, but for me, may have been against your will, but would have been in direct accordance with Mynheer's."

"What?" It occurred to her that Doctor Hootman had also—in Mynheer's absence—made free with the bottle. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"I am telling you that if you are truly compliant with Mynheer's will you will take that pretty nincompoop as a lover and pray that next year there will be a fine new branch on the Vosmar family tree."

She stared at him as though he had struck her in the face or used some word of extreme obscenity.

"I told you it was plain speaking," Doctor Hootman said. He courteously refrained from looking at her for a moment.

"He spoke to you of this?" she asked in a low, shamed voice.

"On the night of your arrival. Mevrouw, you must not mind my knowing; rather be glad." His voice changed and took on an easier, more conversational tone. "I had, of course, quite understood the purpose of his elaborate deception, family pride was at the back of that; a wife seemed to me to be an unnecessary complication and risk. I said something to that effect and then he told me the plan he had been cherishing all those years. When that young man was a mere child this visit was proposed and Pieter's marriage was timed to dovetail in with it—a few months to spare so that his wife might have time to become fretful and discontented. Have you never noticed how often Mynheer has said things calculated to make you sorry for yourself?"

She nodded.

"You see? Nothing overlooked, nothing left to chance. It is the careful work of many years which you have in your power to crown with success or doom to failure. The young man's mother was a Vosmar. I have no doubt that Mynheer includes in his plan a prolonged tour of the islands, proudly and assiduously pointing out that the Vosmar family features have been reproduced once again."

"Don't," she said. "You make it all sound so horrible—just like animals."

"It is. Not a pleasant plan, but in its way masterly."

"Is it? It seems to depend so much on chance. Nicolas might have hated the sight of me."

"Every man has his price, Mevrouw; and Mynheer is very rich. Not, I hasten to add, that that has been necessary in this case."

There was a silence. Then she said:

"I don't think I could do it. It goes against something ——" She pressed her clasped hands to her breast. "It's so sickeningly cold-blooded. No, I couldn't."

Doctor Hootman seemed to settle more firmly and comfortably into his chair.

"Then, Mevrouw, we must consider. I think that we should first look at the gravity of the situation. An heir Mynheer must have, and he will go to any lengths to get what he needs. He never fully believed that Pieter's accident was responsible, so he dared not marry again. Imagine having to conceal the existence of two idiots, invent a secret life for them both—that would have taxed even Mynheer's ingenuity. So you see what a normal child means to him: not an heir only, but a perfect vindication of all these years of make-believe. Opposition isn't going to be easy, or safe."

The fright showed in her eyes.

"It's always best to face a thing squarely. It is hardly likely that Mynheer, having come so far, will let one girl stand in his way."

"He'd kill me?"

"Not with my consent. I am"—he raised and shrugged one heavy shoulder deprecatingly—"of no particular importance, but—I play my part. The fact that Pieter has outlived so many of his kind is my doing. I should use my influence to see that you got away with your life."

It seemed an outlandish promise to be made, here in this quiet, luxurious room.

"Before we go into that, look a little more closely into Mynheer's proposal. It is not without attractions, you know. You could be mother to the heir of all the Vosmars. Mynheer would not be niggardly in his manifestations of gratitude. Many women would not, in the circumstances, mind acting as brood mare."

"That's what I said!" she exclaimed sharply. "Like animals. Horrible!"

"Well, you may change your mind. If you stick to that, you will be dispensed with. Poor Pieter Vosmar, in addition to his other afflictions, will suffer sudden bereavement, but he will soon find another wife."

Even at that moment something in his tone jarred.

"Don't," she said. "None of this is his fault!" But this was not the time to think about Pieter. "Where should *I* be—if not dead?"

"That is where I should come in. I am in Mynheer's confidence; and I should be watchful. On his return he will begin to exert pressure. The day will soon come when he will say, 'Will you or won't you?' If you persist in your refusal, he will begin to plan your removal, but I shall forestall him. My plan is already made."

"Already. What is it?"

"Remember, Mevrouw, this which is new to you has been known to me for several months. When danger threatens—and make no mistake about it, it will be deadly danger—I shall get you away. It will appear as though, too hard pushed, you drowned yourself."

No dream had ever seemed more fantastic.

"Where should I go?"

He looked her full in the face and said, "To Ay. I have friends there into whose keeping I could safely commend you."

"Charles lives in Ay."

"That is so. He told you? Well, don't you think that you would be safe there? In Ay, with Charles?"

She almost laughed. The impulse to laughter was there, but she was afraid that if she yielded to it she would cry as well and become hysterical.

"Really, Doctor Hootman, that sounds so much like the ending of a fairy tale that it makes me wonder whether any of the rest of it is true."

There came across his face that same look as when she had explained her reason for taking food to Psyche.

"Look," he said, leaning slightly forward. "Isn't all the evidence in favor of Mynheer's plan's being cold fact? What do you think would have happened tonight had I not been ready, waiting?"

"Yes," she said, "that could be true."

"Isn't it also a fact that, being a man accustomed to his own way, he will be dangerous if thwarted?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then. What could I do except get you out of Rua? And where else could I send you? What is so fantastic, so much like a fairy tale about that?"

"It would be such a happy ending," she said simply. The hot color rushed into her face again.

"Mevrouw, after all our trials, don't you think we deserve a happy ending?"

Something peculiar happened to her mind; she could only see herself saying, "Let me do that," and lighting the fire for Charles. "Let me do that," and lighting the fire. "Let me do that," and lighting the fire. Over and over again, like a clock which had stuck and went on striking the same hour.

Doctor Hootman uncrossed his legs, and shifted in his chair.

"You'll have a day or two to think it over, I expect. Your best plan, for the moment, is to appear to encourage the young man when you are in company and discourage him when you are alone. Remember that you can count on

my support if it is needed; but don't, too hastily, decide to oppose Mynheer. I wish you good night, Mevrouw."

The cloister lay sharply black and white in the moonlight. As he walked its length, moving from light to shadow, Doctor Hootman linked his hands and lifted and lowered them in a gesture very much like that of a man giving himself a congratulatory handshake.

Julia had known nights of uneasy, broken sleep, of sudden jolting wakenings and bad dreams before, but that night for the first time in her life she did not sleep at all.

"You look unlike yourself, my dear," said Mynheer. "Is anything the matter?" He watched for the betraying blush, the evasive glance, and was disappointed.

"I have a headache. I was lying down when you called me," Julia said.

It was midday when he returned and he had come straight into the house calling her name. The thought of facing him sickened her, but she must do so sooner or later, so she had come out of her room and found him in the hall, with a large parcel, wrapped in white linen, lying at his feet.

"I'm very sorry," he said in his kindest voice. "How long have you had it?" It wasn't credible that after all his careful staging a headache should have intervened ——

"It came on in the night."

"Well, I've brought you a present which I hope will cheer you, even if it won't cure a headache. Look."

He whisked away the linen and revealed some folded softness, a shimmer of blue and silver which revealed itself as a sarong of silk and a little jacket of gauzy stuff.

"It'll be cool to wear, and I'm sure you'll find it very becoming."

He expected, and awaited, some exclamations of admiration and of gratitude. She forced herself to say, "Thank you, Mynheer. It is very pretty," but the words came out listlessly.

"Your head *is* bothering you, poor girl. I'm sorry I disturbed you. Go and lie down again and tell Juno to rub your head for you. They have great cunning in their fingers and can often shift a pain."

As she turned to walk away, he asked:

"Where is Nicolas?"

"I couldn't say, Mynheer. I have not seen him this morning."

"Never mind. I shall find him. I hope your headache will soon vanish."

He went off briskly toward the plantation. When she reached her own doorway, instead of entering the room she turned and, leaning her arms on the cloister wall, put her aching head in her hands, and stared out into the garden. Mynheer was just about to enter the rose pergola.

From that distance he looked very small; and perhaps for that reason she made another effort to think well of him.

If I'd been different, she thought, *his scheme, fantastic as it is, might have succeeded.* Many women would not have found the bargain unduly one-sided. She thought of the hard-eyed woman in the tavern who, for some trivial sum, was eager to sell herself to a drunken sailor. The rewards here were very large, and Nicolas was young, attractive. Many women . . . *but then I'm not any other woman, I'm myself. I am as I am, I can only be myself, be guided by what I feel and know is right for me.*

Mynheer met Nicolas on the path and they exchanged a few remarks about the morning's work.

"You seem to have taken my place most satisfactorily," Mynheer said. "No need for me to go any further. Let us go and sit on the veranda and drink some well-cooled wine."

"Not for me, thank you," said Nicolas with a grimace. "I drank too much last night."

"Indeed? For you I prescribe lime juice, then. Does *your* head ache? Julia's does. What did you get up to last evening? A Bacchanalian orgy, eh?"

"I drank too much and I —— Uncle Simon, I think I'd better go home. If you don't mind, I'd like to go to Banda today and wait there for a ship. After what happened last night I don't think I can face Julia again."

"Good gracious me!" said Mynheer, putting his hand on Nicolas' shoulder. "Was it so bad? What happened?"

"I got drunk. Not very drunk—in fact, I didn't think —— But I lost my head and threw myself on Julia and . . . well, you can guess what happened."

The patchy pink in his face was engulfed in hot scarlet.

"That's just what I can't do. Nor can I see, in anything you have told me so far, why you should find it necessary to leave Rua. Did she . . . rebuff you?"

"Rebuff! She acted as though I were trying to rape her."

"Which was, of course, far from your intention?"

Nicolas shot his favorite relative a look of utter loathing, and said nothing.

"So she rebuffed you. Well, she wouldn't be a woman if she didn't do that at least three times! Surely you realize that."

"Once is enough for me, thank you!" Nicolas told him.

"Dear me. You are in a bad way. You're beginning to make me suspect that your feelings are seriously involved—to be taking the thing so much to heart. But I should be sorry if you cut short your visit. No harm has been done; you must make allowance for maidenly modesty and coquettishness, clumsily displayed. Poor Julia; I'll warrant that at this very minute she is trying some new dress or some new way of doing her hair in order to charm you."

"Or Pieter," Nicolas said.

Mynheer's hand fell away. "Did you say Pieter?"

"I think you've been wrong about them all along," said Nicolas, with some satisfaction at being thus able to shift a little of the blame. "I've come to the conclusion that she's in love with Pieter—which makes my behavior the more beastly. . . . And ridiculous."

"Well, of course," said Mynheer, now completely on his guard again, "that would be most desirable. I should have said that no woman who wasn't blind and deaf and equipped with the hide of a rhinoceros could possibly love anyone who had treated her as Pieter has treated Julia. But of course there are women who like to be ill used." His voice was thoughtful. After a pause he said, "Perhaps I've been a little blind myself. I've seen no sign. What makes you think so?"

"Nothing that I could put into words, really. Partly the cheerful way she goes off to spend time with him; and she won't talk about him. I admit I was—I mean I *am*—curious about him. Imagine if you went to stay in Java, or Macassar, and there was a member of the family whom you never saw—wouldn't *you* be curious?"

"I most certainly should," Mynheer agreed. "So Julia won't talk about him. That could be evidence on the other side."

"No. What she does say is all in his favor. The fact is, I've made a complete fool of myself."

"And I concerned myself unduly, or prematurely, about her happiness. I wonder. I don't usually make mistakes of that sort—and I see them together, you know."

"I saw her face last night. I was playing for her—it was her look, as much as anything, that was my undoing. She's in love with somebody, and it certainly isn't me."

Mynheer thrust his hand under Nicolas' arm. "I'm to blame, then; I misled you."

"I should have lost my heart—without any help from you, Uncle Simon," the boy said, in an easier way. "As it is, you do see why I can't stay here."

"I don't see that at all; but if you feel like that, I have an alternative suggestion. I was in conversation with an acquaintance of mine, Gerard Barnevelt, of Lonthoir, at dinner yesterday. I spoke of you and he extended an invitation for you to visit him. I flatter myself that I run Rua with moderate efficiency, but my methods are my own; there are others, and perhaps you should see something of them."

"I should like to do so," said Nicolas. "When could I go?"

"Not today, I'm afraid. It could probably be arranged for the day after tomorrow."

"That leaves me where I was as regards Julia."

"Do you carry a seal, Nicolas?"

"Yes—why?"

"Valuable?"

"It's silver."

Mynheer dived into his pocket and brought out his chain of keys from which his own seal swung. It was made of gold, inset with a large emerald upon which a bold V had been cut.

"I'll wager this, against yours," he said, "that her manner, when you meet, will be charming. You see, I'm still not convinced."

Under the soothing stroking, the gently prodding movements of Juno's firm fingers, the headache eased, and finally she slept, waking when the swift twilight had invaded the room and it was almost dinnertime. Instantly the memory of the information that Doctor Hootman had given her, and of the pattern of behavior he had told her to follow, settled like a heavy yoke upon her spirit.

Pale cheeks could be tinted, but even when that was done there was something wrong about her looks. Mynheer's eyes were sharp; and Nicolas' she dreaded to meet. She thought that perhaps if she wore the native dress it would divert attention from her face.

It was a wise choice, for the awkward moment of meeting was all taken up by exclamations of admiration, skillfully guided by Mynheer into a discourse about native weaving; and wasn't it remarkable that primitive people should have such perfect sense of design?

"Of course it may be that the word 'primitive' is here misleading. The arts of the so-called primitive people, in this part of the world at least, may be *remembered* things, the last echo of a vanished civilization. They say that all these islands are, or rather were, the tips of mountain ranges of some submerged continent."

With this kind of conversation, impersonal, speculative, yet well within his listeners' range, he enlivened the meal; and Julia, catching Nicolas' sheepish, immediately eager smile, smiled back. All seemed as before.

Presently Mynheer, leaping chamoiswise from one subject to another, mentioned Nicolas' imminent visit to Lonthoir.

"And how we shall miss you, my boy."

"When do you leave?" Julia asked Nicolas. He glanced at Mynheer, and he answered for him.

"I have dispatched the message. I suggested the day after tomorrow, unless that is particularly inconvenient for Mevrouw Barnevelt."

Across the table Julia's eyes met Doctor Hootman's. They were inscrutable, and almost immediately he looked down at the food piled on his plate.

Mynheer was now saying, "Daan—if Pieter hasn't retired when you go back, ask him to wait up, will you? A proposition was put to me this morning upon which I should like his opinion."

"I'll go now, and see if I can catch him." Doctor Hootman rose and hurried away.

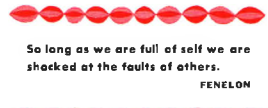
A few minutes later Mynheer rose. "This business with Pieter won't take more than fifteen minutes," he said. "If you two like to go into the salon and set up two chessboards, I'll take you on both at the same time. You'll find a second set in one of the cabinets, Julia."

Walking along the cloister, Nicolas said, "Julia, I want to apologize for my behavior last evening. To say that I was not sober, I know, is no excuse, but I hope you'll take it into account."

"Let's not speak about it, or think about it any more," she said.

"Will you forgive me?"

"I have."



They entered the salon and she went to the cabinet where the chessmen she and Mynheer used as a rule were kept.

"Set these up," she said. "I'll find the others."

He stood there, holding the lacquered box in his hands. "I wasn't just being drunk and . . . lascivious, you know," he said in a rather miserable voice. "I do love you, Julia."

There was something touching about him this evening.

"I'm sorry, Nicolas. I wish I loved you. I really do. But I don't. And there's nothing I can do about it."

For the first time he seemed to accept this. "I wish I'd never come to Rua," he said. "Never set eyes on you."

There was hope for him, then, if he felt like that, she thought, turning away to search the cabinet for the second set of chessmen. *I've only seen Charles twice; I may never see him again; I have nothing to hope for; but I wouldn't* not *have known him for anything in the world.*

She found what she was looking for, and crossed to one of the tables and began to set out the game. Nicolas still stood staring at her gloomily.

"Uncle Simon's story was the only bit of family lore I ever found in the least interesting," he said at last. "Little did I think that mine was going to be the same—only more hopeless."

"What was his story?" Julia asked, hoping to divert him.

"He fell in love with a nun."

"With a nun?"

"On his way to Holland for his wedding with a girl to whom he had been betrothed for years."

"What happened?" Julia asked.

"They wanted him to be married in Holland; his father and grandfather had been travelers in their day and his father thought he should see something of the world. The woman was on the same ship; she was Portuguese, going back to Lisbon from Goa. Older than he was; and she'd been a nun for years, and was so well connected that she was practically royal. But this is where the case was different—she did love him."

"What happened?" she asked again.

"She got off the ship at Lisbon; he went on to Holland and talked himself out of his betrothal. That was more serious then even than it would be nowadays. Then he came home and tackled his family. It took him five years. Letters to everybody concerned—the head of the order, and to the Pope himself—and all of them taking seven months each way. But he got his way in the end."

"You mean he married her?"

"Yes. She was Pieter's mother. And within two years she was dead. My mother always says that that, and Pieter's accident, came as a judgment."

Mynheer believed that too. She remembered what he had said about having a feud with God; and about God being just, after all, and sending her to Rua. Suddenly that linked with what Doctor Hootman had said last night.

Her hands went limp, fell onto the board, knocking over several pieces. Against what had she pitted herself, what defied?

"It's quite a story, isn't it? And Uncle Simon told me himself that it was all well worth it. Two years with the woman of your choice, he said, was worth a lifetime of the other thing." His manner changed suddenly. "And that's made up my mind for *me*," he said in a harsh voice. "I shall not marry Greta Hoogenbeet. Nobody can make me. She can marry my brother and I shan't marry at all. It's too much to ask that when you're in love with one person you should be forced to go through the actions with somebody else!"

Just the way I feel, she thought, *but I should protest, dissuade him; he'll ruin his life. It's no good his trying to copy Mynheer, he isn't made the same way, made of the same stuff.*

Before she could speak Mynheer himself came into the room, saying cheerily, "Well, now, are you both ready? Ladies first, so I'll start with you, Julia."

Two days later Nicolas departed for Lonthoir, and dinner that evening was a quiet meal. Mynheer spoke little and was distrait of manner. When Doctor Hootman, with his usual perfunctory "If you will excuse me ——" began to push back his chair, he said brusquely:

"Sit down, Daan. I have something to discuss with you, and we might as well do it over a glass of brandy. . . . I'll join you later, my dear."

Julia left, and Mynheer sat silent for so long that even Doctor Hootman's equanimity cracked a little.

"Help yourself," Mynheer said at last, indicating the brandy. "Well, I have to confess myself defeated. It just wouldn't work. After all those years of scheming and waiting and planning. A crushing blow, Daan. A mortal blow to hope. How old are you, Daan?"

"Forty this year." His voice betrayed surprise.

"I wish you were younger. Still, you'll outlive me. I'm fifty-five and the years are beginning to tell."

"If you could take things more calmly ——" said Doctor Hootman in a smooth, false voice.

"I might as well tell you to take things less calmly. We take things as we must. However, I've made new arrangements. They involve a radical change in your position, Daan; one that I think, I hope, will be welcome."

"What change?"

"When I die, I shall leave all I have to Pieter, who cannot even write his name, who cannot, must not, be seen by anyone from outside. Did you ever ask yourself what would happen if my plans came to nothing?"

"I never carried my speculations so far. Keeping Pieter amused and occupied has sufficed to exercise my wits."

"It all works in. You are recognized as his friend, his resident doctor, the one man whose company he tolerates; but it would hardly do, after my death, for you *suddenly* to emerge as his man of affairs. That role you must begin to fill *now*. I propose, from this evening, to stage a very gradual retirement. I shall begin taking you about with me, introducing you and getting you familiar with the routine of running the plantation."

"I'm stunned," said Doctor Hootman. It was largely true. He was astonished beyond measure, not only by Mynheer's latest plan, but by the way he had taken the failure of his former one. At this very table, on the evening of Julia's arrival, Mynheer had confessed how long that plan had been in his mind, how deeply, how entirely he counted upon its success. Now, with hardly a whimper, he had abandoned it. Or was there, somewhere, carefully concealed, a trap in this new arrangement?

But I think I am a match for him, thought Doctor Hootman.

"Stunned," he repeated.

"Well, you've always had my confidence, and stood by me; and I shall feel that Rua and my poor boy are in safe hands. I shall begin to initiate you into the business tomorrow and then, in ten days, I shall ask you to undertake a journey for me—to Macassar."

Instantly it was all plain. *Ha!* said Doctor Hootman to Doctor Hootman as the light broke. *He wants me out of the way! He does know of my intervention the other evening; probably he knows more. Now, with me on my way to Macassar and Nicolas back from Lonthoir, anything may happen.*

"Macassar," he said thoughtfully. "That's a long way. I don't think —— It's Pieter I'm considering now. How will he manage?"

"Pieter must be weaned, as it were. You can't perform the duties of nurse *and* agent, Daan. Echo can look after him."

"Echo is useless," said Doctor Hootman quite angrily. "Pieter was dying of apathy, in Echo's charge, when I first came here."

"There's the girl now. She is, I think, genuinely devoted. She'll keep him amused."

"Yes, there is that." Doctor Hootman's voice was doubtful. His mind raced forward, weighing, assessing. "Pieter is, so to speak, my lifework—it isn't so easy just to hand over." He took a gulp of his brandy. "I can spare time to learn the business; I should indeed like to do that. But to be away so long, the first time I leave him—that does need thinking over."

Now, if the voyage to Macassar is just a ruse to get me away, he'll insist, Doctor Hootman thought, *and if his suggestion is sincere he will compromise.*

"Yes," Mynheer agreed. "Anyhow, one of us must go. The Queen of the East sails from Banda to Java in about ten days' time, and she will call on Macassar. I bespoke a passage on her this morning before leaving Banda. Whichever one of us sails in her will be sure of congenial company—Nicolas will also be aboard."

"Nicolas!" The single word, uttered in complete amazement, seemed to ring out and vibrate in the silence. "But his time isn't up."

"No. But he's of no use to me now. The sooner he's back under his father's thumb, the better. I shall arrange that whichever one of us sails for Macassar can take along what gear he left."

"I see," said Doctor Hootman.

There was no trick, then; no double dealing. It was an honest, straightforward arrangement. Nicolas aboard the Queen of the East and no other Vosmar nearer than Macassar. Safe. Better than safe. Promoted, elevated—everything handed to him on a platter. Was it possible? Could he believe?

"Of course," Mynheer went on, "if your devotion to duty—and I'd be the last to deny that it is admirable—is going to confine you here, this new scheme of mine can't work. If, in the future, you are going to act for Pieter, you must begin to act for me now. If you decide not to go, I shall; and if I go to Macassar I shall go on, to Java."

"To Java. Why?"

"Because if you don't go to Macassar I shall understand that you can't leave Pieter and therefore can't become what I want you to become. I shall consequently be compelled to make a different arrangement. I shall bring back a Vanderplasse boy. I'd prefer to have Nicolas, but he is the heir, they'd hardly spare him. There is, however, a brother, barely a year younger. I admit that that idea has certain attractions. Have done with all this pretense; tell the truth and adopt the boy legally. That might be best."

Doctor Hootman took a gulp at his brandy, and then, under cover of the table, wiped his sweating palms.

"I didn't say I *couldn't* go; I was just wondering how. If Nicolas isn't coming back here, it alters the situation. I could imagine Pieter in a screaming tantrum, me not here to control him, Nicolas in the house, all ears. After eight years, you know, one thinks of these things. Of course to adopt a young Vanderplasse would be a solution, but I do beg you, before you do *that*, give me time to get well away. I'm thick-hided, but I don't think I could face the talk and the scandal that would result from the divulging of the truth."

"That is the drawback," Mynheer agreed. "Then I take it that what I propose is agreeable to you? I add that I think you have earned everything you'll get, Daan." He lifted his glass and said, "I drink to your happy future."

Mynheer came tripping into the salon and took his place at the chess table.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long. I've been persuading Doctor Hootman to take a little holiday."

Her whole inside seemed to fall away. It was true, then. And somehow he knew that Doctor Hootman had promised to help her, so he was sending him away.

"Don't look so concerned, my dear. Is it that the thought of assuming more responsibility for Pieter distresses you? It really need not. Echo is perfectly competent. And Daan does *need* a holiday. He should have gone as soon as the rains stopped—but then Nicolas' visit was imminent. I confess that when we have a guest Daan *is* indispensable."

He had looked down at the chessmen, moving, with pernickety little nudges, one or two which were not in the exact center of their squares. Unobserved, she could moisten lips gone suddenly dry.

"What about . . . when Nicolas . . . comes back?" she asked.

"He isn't coming back. He's decided to curtail his visit and join the Queen of the East at Lonthoir. I thought you knew. So it looks as though you and I, my dear, will have to entertain each other. Now—my turn to be white, I think!"

So it was all over. That was, if it had ever existed. The will-o'-the-wisp delight which had danced at the final point of Doctor Hootman's scheme—that in the last event he would find some way of sending her to Charles for protection—flickered away into darkness. She had never really believed it, anyway.

Now the future stretched ahead, serene, if dull. Making pots with Pieter; playing chess with Mynheer.

He beat her with more than his usual ease and, leaning back, said, "Don't be discouraged; remember I was playing this game before you were born."

"I don't concentrate hard enough."

"No. And concentration is the secret. That and a certain flexibility."

He looked at the board as he spoke, but it was not of a mere chess game that he was thinking.

(To be Concluded)

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MAGIC FRUIT CAKE

(Makes a 9x4x3-inch loaf cake; 2 lb. 5 oz.)

1 9-oz. package Borden's None Such Mince Meat
½ cup water (or ½ cup Ready-to-use None Such Mince Meat without water)
1 cup walnut meats, coarsely chopped
1 cup (8 oz.) mixed candied fruit, coarsely chopped
1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg, beaten **¾ cup flour**
½ teaspoon baking soda

1. Break mince meat into small pieces and put in 2-quart saucepan.
2. Add water. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken. Boil briskly one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and cool.
3. Add nuts, candied fruit, Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and egg; blend well. Stir in flour and baking soda, until just blended.
4. Pour mixture into 9x4x3-inch loaf pan which has been greased, waxed-paper lined and greased again.
5. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.)* 1 hour and 30 minutes, or until center springs back when lightly touched with finger, and top is golden brown.

*If a glass-type baking dish is used, reduce oven heat to 325°F.

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MARRY I MUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

affairs, clothes purchasing. They relaxed each other and stimulated each other. Andy's wit was without barb and she was a gifted mimic. T. J. was double your money's worth of vitality and enthusiasm. T. J. was ambitious for herself and Andy sighed and said personally she never wanted to go anywhere but here. "Maybe I could marry into the faculty and not even have to pack when I graduate," she said hopefully. It was a joke then. The faculty was elderly, and, if single, of the same sex. If younger, and of the other sex, it was well married before setting foot on the campus. There were one or two exceptions.

Their social lives differed. T. J. waded through dates as through a field of clover. Andy often went home for weekends, responsibly, and some of her social life was connected with boys she had always known who turned up at college in the form of sober young men who worked in lumberyards belonging to their fathers, or who were just starting out as engineers. By the time they were juniors, they had changed each other somewhat—Andy saw more people and T. J. was a little more selective about her dating—but not essentially. They still made jokes about Operation Marry-I-Must.

"I don't want to make any mistakes," T. J. said, about the time that Bull turned up.

Andy said, "You'd better sign up with some other race—nonhuman. Around here, it's moonlight and mistakes, moonlight and mistakes, day *in* and day out."

T. J. said affectionately, "Suppose you'd got somebody else but me for a roommate? Wouldn't it have been awful?"

"I'd have diminished her right off with Formula X," Andy said. "Stood her on the bureau and had the whole room to myself."

But this was nearly the end of their senior year and two things—two men—had happened. One was Chris Connors, who had been at Martens for two years, in the music department. He was already a composer of minor note and he lived in a small Japanesy house of the most contemporary design; it made him furious to have it described—by T. J. or anyone else—as a cottage small by a waterfall. He had a waterfall. He had written the music for the senior opera for which T. J. was doing the choreography and in which she was one of the leading dancers. Andy, although she protested she could only sing *coex-coex*, like other frogs, had a lovely, relaxed deep voice and had one of the main singing roles. It was the first time she and T. J. had done anything like this together, and both of them saw a good deal of Chris. Andy had her own beauty and her own qualities and she had never been a rival to T. J., who stopped men in their tracks. Suddenly Andy felt autumnal.

The other man was Landry Durham, inevitably called Bull Durham. He was a great, heavy-shouldered man, working his way with dogged endurance through medical school, piling up loans that would darken the first years of his earnings—and he still had an unpaid internship and house-officership ahead of him.

"By Hard Times, out of Earnest Intentions," Andy murmured when she met him first. She added slowly, "He's kind of special, T. J. I wouldn't fool around with him, if I were you. I'd mean it, or I'd let him alone." After a long pause she added, "One of my brothers married a nurse. She's still working—it works fine for them. But you have to want to be a doctor's wife to stand the grind."

"I hadn't really put him on the list of possible-probables," T. J. said. Unlike herself, she fell silent, and Andy knew that something had happened to T. J. and that it was Bull.

If they're in love, they'll find out for themselves, she thought. *And it'll make them a lot of trouble. Heavens, what a nuisance T. J. will be for Bull!*

She was right. Bull was goaded by T. J. as his namesake might be by a swarm of bluebottles. He flung his great head from side to side and occasionally bellowed—but he could not get away. He frightened T. J. He implied so much—a lifetime and a terrible responsibility which she had never before had to consider as any part of her plans. Because she was frightened, she went out almost desperately with other people. At about this time the opera got under way, and she and Andy were often invited to Chris Connors' little Sunday-supper parties. He asked them early, to help—they were his hostesses, really. Until very recently, warned by his superiors about susceptible undergraduates, he had sought out girls he knew elsewhere, older girls, suitable for his thirty-one years. When he found himself staring too intently at Andy and thinking that, gentle and reposeful as she seemed, she gave him the impression of having a volcano of emotion in her heart, he quickly looked at T. J., so quick, so young, so gay.

The copper light of sunset flared down and a sudden grayness filled the corner room.

"Then you must have been with Chris," Andy said. "Not in the rehearsal hall. I tried to find you there."

"I'm going to marry Chris," T. J. said suddenly. She could not look at Andy. Her heart beat thickly.

"You're a dancer!" Andy cried sharply. "You've been offered a part in a show on Broadway next fall. How are you going to be a faculty wife?"

"He has an exchange professorship at Columbia next year, if he wants it," T. J. said. "That was one of the things we talked about this afternoon, and after a while we were talking about getting married. He's very lonely."

"And what about Bull? Last night you ground your teeth in your sleep all night long."

"I'm sick of quarreling with Bull," T. J. said, closing her eyes. "There's more to getting married than kissing and quarreling. I'm through with all that. It will be different with Chris."

Last night Bull had said, "I'd be crazy to marry you—a kid, a dancer at that!"

"Who asked you?" T. J. said furiously. "You think I want a great hulking medical student all wrapped up in getting ahead?"

"Yes," he said. He was suddenly white. "You do, and I do," he said. "I guess it's out."

At that point he had wrenched her head around to kiss her. She aimed sharp kicks at his shins. Today they must be black and blue.

"You heel," she said. "If that's your idea of love ——"

He stood looking like a bear that has been shot and hurt, she thought with a kind of remote noticing that had nothing to do with her own shaking, clamoring young body. He moved his head from side to side.

"You've been having it too easy," he said. "I guess I had to make you know what's going on. I'm afraid it's the real thing, and we'll have to make our plans accordingly. I don't like it any better than you do."

"I have no plans that include you," T. J. said. "Please *go*!"

If she had ground her teeth in her sleep, it had nothing to do with her waking. She wanted to make Andy understand that, but Andy had turned away and was dressing for the Spring Sing. They did not go down to the dining hall together.

Now it was dark. The seniors sitting on the stone steps in front of Administration House began their last song, "*We who are about to leave you*," and underclassmen in the dormitories around the campus lit the traditional answering candles to promise that the light of learning would never be extinguished. T. J. shivered suddenly. The Spring Sing always seemed to fall on an evening too cold for any outdoor occasion. Once it had even snowed, in April. But it was an interior winter she felt: all the warmth and confusion and excitement of the afternoon had left her. She told herself that after any commitment one always had doubts—it couldn't be helped. It was reaction.

At the last note of the song, before a pause could even consider beginning, T. J. got to her feet, ran lightly up the steps (a gift of the Class of '13) to reach the platform first. She gripped the delicate iron railing (a gift of the

Class of '27) and looked out toward the audience, trying to find the only faces that mattered. But the indirect lighting focused on the steps and the candles flickering, a flashlight beam as someone moved across the new spring grass, the parking lights from cars beyond the green, all confused the darkness. It whirled around T. J. It was hard to locate even familiar fixed points. She thought she heard someone near her murmur, "She said she would and she did," but without any particular malice. People seemed to understand about T. J.'s having to be first. It was her security. She worked harder and usually deserved her honors. She felt a momentary regret that she had so often and so lightly announced her present purpose. Still, it didn't really matter. She *was* the first senior to make this announcement. Others were already crowding and rustling near her, wanting their own turn to speak.

T. J. took a deep breath. Why was it so hard? This was the logical end to Operation Marry-I-Must.

"I am happy to announce my engagement," she said. "To ——"

She paused, looking desperately before her for Andy's face. Andy should have been on the steps with the others, but, saying she felt too old tonight for stone steps and young voices, she had disappeared.

I have to find Andy! T. J. thought desperately. *She's got to understand!*

She could feel impatience around her. *Hurry! Hurry!* the others were voicelessly crying. *Tell us his name and let us speak!*

A roving spotlight suddenly brought Andy's white face out of the darkness.

She looks as though she had been spending her time drowning herself, T. J. thought. *Why is that?*

The spotlight moved a few inches, and she suddenly realized why. How had she managed not to know before? Andy was standing between two men. One was Chris Connors, and the other was Bull Durham. T. J. felt sick. She had certainly never anticipated that Bull would turn up for the Spring Sing and, after last night's debacle, hear her public announcement. He deserved better than that. There hadn't been time to tell him.

> No one ever repented of being a Christian on his deathbed.
>
> HANNAH MOORE

Chris stared at her and she remembered his arms around her this afternoon, after a curious, rambling conversation. She remembered how the afternoon had ended, and how she had thought her confusion was natural, in the circumstances.

"I *was* going to be married, that is," T. J. heard her own transparent-sounding voice say. "I suppose I'm the first senior to stand here and announce a broken engagement. I'm terribly sorry, everybody."

In an odd hush, she spun around, wrenched her hands from the railing and plunged into the crowding anonymity of the other seniors mounting the steps while she was hurrying down them.

"What did that child say?" gray-haired Miss Masterson asked a wraithlike music-department companion.

"She said she wasn't going to get married," her friend replied.

"Well!" said Miss Masterson, bewildered.

As if to obliterate the unfortunate effect of T. J.'s spectacular words that had nearly shattered the sentimental atmosphere of the Spring Sing, other seniors began to take their places, one by one.

"I take great pleasure in announcing my engagement to Thomas W. Madison," one said, and somewhere in the audience a figure hurried forward to meet her. Someone else said, "I also announce my engagement to be married to Lt. John T. Keller, at present on sea duty. He'll be back in July." And so on. Several dozen seniors so announced their engagements and in a general restlessness the Spring Sing broke up. Seniors star-scattered through the grass and down into the town, realizing how little time there was left in these surroundings they had so often disparaged but now loved. Cars flashed by in the streets, people flung greetings out like confetti, conscious that it was only here, near the college, that they were known and had status. Out in the world, after commencement, it would be all to be done over again—finding a place, finding what it was they wanted, in a nervous kind of musical chairs. As in marrying, some would inevitably be left out. Seniors who had not announced their engagements felt, for the first time, like spinsters. Everyone wanted the friends she knew best. There was frantic calling out: "Hey, has anybody seen Jinny Banks? Jinny Banks around here?"

T. J. was not looking for her friends. She was hiding from them—if she had any. For once, she longed for one of those faceless hotel rooms with mottled taupe furniture and clean towels in the far-from-clean bathroom. She had stayed in many such rooms in the intervals between parents. It struck her that her only home for nearly four years had been the room she shared with Andy. It had been the best home she had ever known, and now it wasn't, because of what she had done to Andy. How could she have been so cruel and so stupid? Why had she never taken pains to realize that Andy was in love with Chris? The signs were there to be read if she had cared to read them. Andy was ready to be married as T. J. suddenly knew she herself was not. All those conversations about faculty wives—her silence when they came home from one of Chris' parties ——

T. J. put her hands deep in the pockets of her tweed coat and walked through the mean back streets of the little town. She looked into grocery-store windows and counted the cans of tomatoes on display. She looked into drugstore windows. She did everything but go where she might meet Andy until, after nearly two hours, exhaustion set in. She felt ghastly, remembered she had had nothing but a cup of coffee for dinner. Then she had been excited, wound up to tell everyone she had done what she set out to do and got a man to marry by Commencement Day. Would she really have married Chris? *Probably,* she thought. *If he hadn't realized it wasn't me he loved.*

I've got to get warm, she thought. She was shaking with cold.

The best place for encountering no one she knew was an olde-type New England inn, Sukey's Tavern. Its roughhewn walls were hung with bright brass and copper, old bills of sale, including one for a runaway slave, old framed mottoes, "Home is Where the Heart Is" being the one that caught T. J.'s eye tonight. Besides the tables there were some high-backed booths near the big fireplace.

By luck, a couple was just leaving a booth and T. J. slid in before one of the motherly, bad-tempered waitresses could come and tell her no booths for one person. The menu was rich in pineapple waffles and the kind of drinks Andy used to say they put marshmallows into. "Marshmallows, gin, and a green maraschino cherry." Once she and Andy had been taken, very gently and kindly, by an elderly faculty member to have tea here.

"I'll have a double Scotch on the rocks," she said. "And coffee, please." She looked the waitress straight in the eye. "I'm expecting a man to join me."

"I doubt it," the waitress said, and T. J. closed her eyes. She did not open them until she heard her glass set down.

Andy said politely, "After you've eaten your dinner on the rocks, perhaps we can have what is known as a few words?"

T. J.'s expression did not actually alter, but her pretty, wide face looked as though it were clenched like a fist.

"I don't know how Chris feels about all this," Andy said. "He just disappeared after your great exhibition. Another first for T. J. Dickinson! Hearts broken in public!"

"Don't!" T. J. begged.

But Andy, so gentle and round and honey-voiced, went right on. "What happened?" she said. "Why did you get cold feet, T. J.? After all, the damage was done."

T. J. shook her head, tears suddenly spilling out of her eyes—and she was a girl who rarely cried. These had been gathering for some

time. She thought of Bull's expression when the glare of light trapped him.

"I knew you'd be hiding here," Andy said. "If you'd had any money with you, I'll bet you'd have gone to a hotel tonight, so you wouldn't have to face me. But why? I'm not the injured party. You didn't have to know how I felt. It's my own bad luck. But Chris didn't deserve what he got, and Bull didn't. I hope you feel the way Bull does, wherever he is. He left too."

T. J. sprang to her feet. "No more," she said, and Andy got up too.

"Come home, T. J.," she said gently. "It's the only home you've got."

Andy had to pay the bill and lead T. J. out with her coat collar turned up and her shoulders shaking.

Later, T. J., sitting in the dark and wept out at last, said, "What makes me feel so awful is he didn't really want to, Andy. It just happened."

They had been working, at first, alone in Chris' house, because it was quieter there. They had looked at each other, and since each of them had needed someone who wasn't there, to whom problems of responsibility and change were also attached, they had made a common human error of thinking they needed each other. That seemed easier. And when the sudden burst of emotion was over, concerned for each other as innocent victims, promising each other that if they married, it would at least be honest, and a decision of some sort, they had parted.

"And now I suppose you'll have pride, and you'll hate me forever, and Chris will be mixed up, and it will be all my fault—oh——" But there were no more tears to weep. "Let alone Bull," she said.

Andy said, "O.K., T. J. You can't cry any more and I can't listen any more. I feel terrible. It isn't your fault, but the fact remains. I could have tried to do something about Chris myself, I suppose—but I didn't want it that way. I didn't want to interrupt his neat bachelor life until he thought of it for himself. I can't stand any more of today. Let's go to sleep."

"Operation Marry-I-Must," T. J. said, with real bitterness. "The guided missile that got lost."

The next day Chris came to see T. J. He sat her down over coffee and said, "It was an awfully short engagement."

She blushed miserably. "Don't," she said. "Forgive me, Chris. I seem to have done about as many wrong things as possible. You want me out of the opera?"

"You know you can't do that," Chris said.

The next day he telephoned Andy formally. He asked her out, as though all the informality, and the mixing up, and the parties had never been at which he had let her be half hostess, and not known how this made her feel. She accepted. Sensibly, he put her into his car and drove her three towns away before he took her to dinner. Andy came home at one, smiling and pale, and told T. J., "We're courting, officially. It was a word he used."

"I'm terribly glad," T. J. said humbly.

But Bull was not like Chris, and he did not come back. As in many other life situations, there was nothing T. J. could do about it. She could not write him—what was there to say? She could only keep thinking someone she saw, totally different in every way, was Bull, coming toward her through a crowd, when it wasn't. She could only grind her teeth, even when she was awake, and tell herself, *It's ruined and you did it yourself.*

T. J. got up on the morning of commencement calm and already departed, in spirit, as she told Andy. She was packed, or nearly. She got dressed neatly and on time.

"You'll come back, T. J.," Andy said. "You'll come and see Chris and me and you'll think what a fusty, fuddy-duddy faculty life it is. It won't be your home—but you'll be a loved and welcome guest."

T. J. said, "I'm happy for you, Andy. And I'll come and stay in your guest room with a trap door right over the waterfall—just the thing. You'll never have to take your guests to the train when they leave."

"And we won't have to mail the toothbrushes they forget," Andy said. "Come on, T. J. Let's go and get diplomas."

T. J. looked out over the ranks of faces, friends, parents, faculty, underclassmen, and remembered that the Chinese said all Westerners looked alike, blowzy and pink, like peonies. And then she saw Bull, who did not look like a peony. He pulled her out of line as she walked by him.

"Why did you come back?" T. J. said.

Bull pushed the crowd away from them somehow, not with his hands, more with his will to have her alone. What had frightened her about him, T. J. realized, was his utter independence: he was what he was and no one could alter him. He would very probably amount to something.

"Why did you think I left?" Bull said. "You had to get married. So I had to get a job. Now I've got one, for the summer, anyway, until the internship starts."

"It's all right, I don't have to get married any more," T. J. said. "That's all over with."

"No it isn't," Bull said. "Here I've been going through hell, not seeing you and worrying and taking exams and job hunting—all so I could marry you when I had no intention of getting married."

"Oh, I love you, too—but there's no need to yell and there's no need to get married," T. J. said.

"Look, a dancer just starting in is just what a young medical man needs," Bull said. And then he stopped talking and snapped her to him so abruptly she was winded. Commencement fell all over them, but they neither knew nor cared. Other people were embracing, coming and going, laughing and talking, but Bull and T. J., lovers against their better judgment, were as good as alone.

This is the real commencement, after all, T. J. thought and realized what she should have known before, that home is not a place. It is a person. END

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

where Tracy was supposed to be. My telegram was returned with the notation that he wasn't registered. Two days later he walked in, kissed me and began talking about the blistering heat in Dallas. I handed him the undelivered telegram. For a moment he was flustered. Then he immediately produced a glib tale to the effect that the convention had adjourned early and he had gone on to visit a customer in Houston. I knew this was untrue because I'd checked his itinerary with the local office, something I rarely do. I don't make a habit of meddling in his business. According to the office, no convention had been held in Dallas and Tracy was actually in Tucson, Arizona. I dropped the subject. Maybe I didn't want to know what he was doing in Arizona.

"Shortly afterward I learned the whole story. It was late at night and Tracy and I were in bed asleep when the phone rang. I answered it. Carol was calling from Arizona. She was high as a kite. Tracy got the telephone away from me and persuaded Carol to hang up. But he couldn't persuade me, hard as he tried, that she was one of his customers' girl friends. I thought she was his girl friend. Before the sun came up—we talked until morning—I discovered I was right.

"Tracy was deeply involved with Carol. If I hadn't been so heartbroken on my own account, I might have pitied her. As it was, I didn't blame her for the mess. I couldn't. She didn't know Tracy was a married man, the father of three children. He hadn't told her. He lacked the courage, he said.

"The shock of his confession was shattering, although I concealed it. I thought I must have failed somewhere as a wife. I thought Carol must be more appealing to him physically. I felt obliged to offer him his freedom and I did so calmly, but the truth is I was terrified I would lose him. Tracy said I had not failed and that he did not want a divorce. He promised there would be no more Carols in his life and that he would break with her at once. He did feel, however, that he owed her the consideration of a personal visit, and the next day the two of us drove to Arizona. I waited in a downtown hotel while he faced Carol. She put him through a rough experience. She cried, she screamed, she threatened to buy a gun and shoot him. Indeed, she gave him such a scare that I had to drive the car back to Los Angeles. He was still shaky after we arrived. He asked his office to relieve him of the Tucson territory and he and I went on a short trip. I was convinced he was truly sorry and I avoided recriminations. We were sweet and gentle to each other.

"It was my mother-in-law who introduced me to Tracy. At that time she was a national officer in my college sorority—I was a lowly sophomore—and Tracy was a bachelor of twenty-six, already graduated, and well established with the firm where he still works. He considered me just a kid and we saw each other only sporadically, but I regarded him as my most exciting date. When he went on his trips—he was sharing an apartment with his mother—I used to drop by their place and help her keep up with his mending and stuff. One time she and I redecorated and repapered his room. Tracy laughed at us, but I think he was pleased.

"When he was drafted and stationed in San Francisco I bombarded him with letters, got few replies. But the day he received sailing orders for the Pacific he telephoned me and proposed. His mother and I promptly took a plane to San Francisco. We were married in the camp chapel. A few days later his orders were canceled and he never did get overseas. One of Tracy's favorite jokes used to be that I owed my proposal to a fluke. I used to laugh at that joke too.

"Tracy's Army assignment didn't keep him on the post at night and by a miracle I found a small apartment where we spent two wonderful years. I continued my college studies in the morning—in the afternoon I held a job—and in the evenings we bowled and skated and danced like crazy. It wasn't until Tracy received his discharge and went back with his old firm that I discovered how demanding a salesman's work can be.

"Since that time I have often felt Tracy was married to his job, not to me. On the night Johnnie was born Tracy wasn't at the hospital; he was at a boxing match with a covey of customers. When Ruthie had her tonsils out, he was on a fishing trip with his boss. And a lot of his so-called business activities don't seem to me to have much to do with selling. Until the children came along, Tracy kept me busy wining and dining out-of-town clients, who usually appeared without their wives. Tracy often arranged dates for these married men. And after a long evening I would jump out of bed to go gift-shopping for the absent wives. I don't mind buying a pretty blouse for a woman I haven't met, but I hate helping a philandering husband to salve his conscience.

"Tracy lavishes much more attention on his customers than he does on the children or me. The customers come first. He dislikes liquor, but he drinks to put drinking men at ease. He dislikes rich food, but the proof of his high regard is a high-priced restaurant. I'm quite sure that Tracy's company expense account doesn't cover his entertainment spending, but I don't really know. Tracy likes to live splendidly and he wants everyone's good opinion. He can't bear to appear unpleasant and it is almost impossible for him to say no. Because it was a project of his civic club, Tracy spent every Saturday last summer teaching underprivileged kids to swim. He has yet to find the time to take our Johnnie and Stevie on a weekend camping trip.

"Tracy is liberal and freehanded, but somehow the family money is usually managed so the children and I get the worst of it. Our present house is far too small. It wasn't a bargain in the first place; I'm convinced Tracy bought it because a real-estate friend was in trouble and needed to make a sale. Our garage is too narrow to hold a modern car. Tracy hired a carpenter to enlarge it and the carpenter botched the job. Instead of withholding the check until the work was satisfactorily completed, Tracy paid promptly. As a result, I hunt every day for a place to park on our street.

"In all fairness, I don't believe Tracy realizes he spends more on his clothes than he does on me and the children. I'm sure he would deny it. Buying good suits, he says, is an economy, but he pays more for a suit than his boss does. Tracy just doesn't know what he spends; we have no family budget. Our electric refrigerator must be the oldest model extant, and for months I squirreled nickels and dimes from the household account in the hope of getting a new one. Then one fine day Tracy received a wire from an old friend—not even a customer—who needed a five-hundred-dollar loan. When that money went out of the house (we never got it back), I gave up on the new refrigerator.

"Last April we had a financial crisis, and not the first one. Tracy bought several hundred dollars' worth of luggage and a set of new golf clubs and drove away on a three-week trip. This left only eleven dollars in our bank account. In the second week, I went to work in a department store to tide us over, and my mother came to stay with the youngsters. It wasn't the first time I had taken a temporary job. But Tracy never knew; I didn't tell him.

"Not long after his return from that trip, I began to suspect there was another woman in the picture. Don't ask me why; maybe I just sensed it. I met Phyllis one evening without tumbling to the fact that she was interested in my husband. She was escorted by an out-of-town customer: the four of us went dancing

and then dropped by our house for scrambled eggs. Phyllis was a bleached-blond divorcee with a nine-year-old daughter; she was a new receptionist at Tracy's home office and very wide-eyed about the fascination of the business. Just remembering those eggs I scrambled and served to her practically makes me choke.

"Phyllis was, of course, the other woman in the picture. That news was delivered to me by the postman. One morning I opened a bill from our dentist and was sure an error had been made; I called the dentist's secretary. The error had been mine when I opened the bill. Tracy was paying for a teeth-straightening job for Phyllis' little girl. I don't believe a bill for a mink coat would have made me half as angry.

"I called Phyllis on the telephone and she was delighted that at last I knew the score. She informed me that Tracy was also paying the rent on her apartment and that she expected to marry him when I obtained a divorce. When Tracy came home that night I had hysterics for the first time in my life. Our living room already looked like a department store. I had pulled his expensive clothes out of the closet and jammed some of them into his expensive suitcases. As he came in the door I threw the unpacked jackets, his silk slacks, his custom-made shoes on the front porch and tried to push him after them. Tracy tried to take me in his arms and comfort me. I hit him, I screamed, I wept. But why go on?

"That dreadful scene occurred two weeks ago. Tracy is still in the house. He insists he is all washed up with Phyllis, that she means nothing to him and never did, that he loves me and our youngsters, that he deserves another chance. Again and again he has promised there will never be another woman. Unfortunately, I have heard those promises before.

"At this point I don't know which way to turn. I feel completely baffled. I don't understand Tracy or why he treats me as he does. I don't understand the way he acts at all. In spite of my suffering and disillusionment, I am still fond of him in some ways. I would hate to bring up my children without a father, although I have no fears about my ability to provide for them as well as he has done. If I take a few refresher courses, I can get a teacher's certificate. The children and I can learn to live without Tracy, I suppose. I don't quite see how I can ever learn to live in peace with a man who is unfaithful, untruthful, untrustworthy."

Tracy Tells His Side:

"Like a good many other men, I lead two lives," said Tracy, who was thirty-eight years old and looked younger. His muscles hadn't yet begun to run to fat: his round, sunburned face was drawn in a scowl but seemed cherubic. "I have a home life with Elise and my kids. I have a business life that is separate and apart from my home. In my business life I meet women, lots of them, but I don't take up with stray girls at a convention the way many of the fellows do; I would rather sit and chew the fat and trade jokes. I'm no Don Juan, whatever Elise may think. I'm in love with her.

"Carol once meant something to me, I'll admit, although I saw her only a couple of times a year and thought of her as a friend rather than a sweetheart. She was a businesswoman with a good, sound head. I used to talk over my deals and cry over my worries with her in a way I couldn't do with Elise. One time early in my marriage I hinted to Elise that some little thing about my job wasn't absolute perfection and for the next six months I was fighting off her attempts to get me into an entirely different line of business. That experience taught me to keep my mouth shut.

"Carol fooled me about what she wanted from our association. I had no idea she was looking for permanence. She liked tennis and horses, she liked to swim, she played golf like a man. We had many good times together. Elise hasn't been on horseback since Johnnie was born. She gave away her golf clubs when Stevie came along. Since our five-year-old joined the family she has rarely put on a bathing suit. She lacks the time, she says. I can't imagine Carol ever being too busy for sports.

"Well, there's no point dwelling on the past. I gladly split up with Carol for my wife's sake, although in the final showdown I got the impression Carol had more genuine affection for me than Elise. She sure showed more flesh-and-blood feeling. Elise offered me a divorce as calmly as though she were offering me a second cup of coffee. Her coolness wasn't flattering. After all, she was my wife and had caught me in the wrong. She had earned the right to raise the roof, but she didn't even raise her voice.

"Elise isn't an easy person to understand. When she was a girl she seemed to be crazy about me. When the children began to come I soon began to feel I had been crowded out. I guess it's a common experience. Today I couldn't tell you how Elise really feels about me, what she really thinks. Apparently she doesn't think much of me at the moment. My guess is her thinking will change.

"For the most part, I would call Elise a self-contained and a self-maintaining woman. I can't believe that either she or the youngsters miss me during my absences. All three of my kids are bored with me and show it. I suppose it's natural enough. They look to their mother for their pleasures. I'm just that man who comes and goes. When I arrive home from a trip, it's nothing special to my family. No fireworks are shot off. Frequently, after two weeks on the road, I walk into an empty house. There isn't even a note for me to read. It's a lonesome sensation. I get the feeling I might as well have stayed away; that my family can do without me. Other men in my line of work have the same experience. I'm not kicking, I'm merely trying to understand Elise's side of the present foul-up.

SENECA SAID

We judge ourselves by what we think we can do. Others judge us by what we have already done.

He who injured you was either stronger or weaker. If he was weaker, spare him. If he was stronger, spare yourself.

As long as you live, keep learning how to live.

"I cannot comprehend why she forgave me four years ago without batting an eye and yet can be so hard on me now. My interest in Phyllis is completely dead and was always trivial. I saw Phyllis outside the office a dozen times at the most and I certainly don't propose to see her again. The sooner Elise and I quit talking about the matter, the better off we will be. There's been too much talk already.

"When Elise first discovered the situation, I'm willing to admit that I deserved exactly what I got. In fact, I didn't mind the punishment I had to take; Elise's hysterics seemed to prove she cared enough about me to blow her top. It was the first time I ever realized she was capable of violent jealousy. I know I shouldn't have stepped out on her even with an unimportant girl, and maybe I shouldn't have lied to her. I told the lies only when I was cornered, and then I told as few as possible. I still can't see that my telling her the truth during those earlier fishing expeditions of hers would have been helpful. Elise wouldn't have believed me. She doesn't believe me yet.

"If Phyllis hadn't had a nine-year-old daughter, the honest truth is that our acquaintance would have stopped in the office. I didn't ever promise to marry that young woman; I promised her nothing. Nor was I paying the rent on her apartment. I lent her one month's rent and though I didn't expect the loan to be repaid there is quite a difference. Phyllis was having a tough time supporting her daughter; they were newcomers to the West Coast and had no friends and I was sorry for them both. One afternoon the little girl came by the office after school and I bought an ice-cream cone for her. The child was more grateful for the ice cream than my sons were when I gave them the money for a plane ride.

"I drove Phyllis and her daughter home that afternoon. On the way Phyllis praised my sales record to the skies and I was surprised and pleased she had noticed. When I learned she was broke, a chronic condition with her, it seemed natural to stop and lay in a stock of groceries for her. It then seemed natural for me to stay long enough to sample her cooking. I quickly became aware I had made a mistake, that Phyllis was a talented gimme-girl and a troublemaker to boot, but I didn't know what to do about it. In the hope she would latch on to somebody else, I introduced her around and my strong hunch is she has already consoled herself. Phyllis is the type who is bound to light on her feet. It's preposterous for Elise to let that girl worry her and upset our marriage.

"Shucks, all couples have their troubles. Most couples have far more serious troubles than ours. Ill health, religious differences, arguments over children, insufficient money. I'm not a bad guy. In the main, I'm a pretty good guy. I wish Elise would think about my virtues for a while. I don't smoke. I'm strictly a two-drink man and I would gladly stay on the wagon except that in my business I can't afford to be a kill-joy. I support my family comfortably. Elise has never had to work. She is now talking of returning to college and getting a teacher's license, which is ridiculous. I'd prefer she didn't work. Anything in reason she and the youngsters think they need I am able to provide. It's true that we need a larger house and someday soon we'll probably be moving into one. If Elise doesn't get what she wants, it's her own fault. If the money doesn't go for one thing it goes for another, I often tell her. Sometimes I wonder whether she isn't extra thrifty in order to point up my extravagance.

"There is a streak of the martyr in Elise. She still remembers I was at a boxing match the night of Johnnie's birth, but seemingly she doesn't remember that she went into labor two weeks early, and I got to the hospital as soon as I could. As a rule, I'll admit, I let Elise take full charge when the kids are sick and I duck out on the hospital waiting. My philosophy is to avoid depressing places and depressing thoughts, and look on the bright side of things. Elise is the opposite of me in many ways. When I'm on the road I know she feeds herself and the kids hamburger when I would rather they all ate steak. It would make my own steaks taste better.

"As I look back I can realize I didn't expect my marriage would be one hundred per cent perfect. To be honest, in my youth I didn't intend to marry. I was comfortable sharing an apartment with my mother and I enjoyed running around with all the girls. To me marriage seemed too grim, too confining. Devoted as I am to my mother, I can recall occasions when she made it hot for my father because he didn't earn enough to suit her. Of course he had no right to run around with other women the way he did, but I didn't think it was his fault he lacked the money-making knack. When my parents were divorced and my father didn't fight for my custody or even ask for visitation privileges, I tried to kid myself it was because he couldn't afford my keep. But in my heart I knew the real reason he didn't want me around. My father, who was a great athlete in his day, considered me a weakling and a sissy.

"By the time I reached college age I was able to show him different. I had an athletic scholarship for two years out of the four. I wasn't heavy enough for football, but I was on the tennis and swimming teams. I landed my present job through my interest in sports. I met my big boss, the owner of our company, the summer I worked as a lifeguard at his country club. I am now a member of that club. He put me up for membership. It was a proud day in my mother's life when I received my invitation to join, and in mine too. On the other hand, I feel sure Elise secretly regards the dues as wasted money, even though she is too tactful to complain.

"In spite of Elise's tact, I know she doesn't think of me as being special in any way. I wish she could be proud of me. I've climbed high in a highly competitive business. The product I have to sell, the identical product and just as good, is offered at a lower cost by several of our competitors. My customers cheerfully buy from me. Why? They buy because I sell them service. In other words, I sell them on myself.

"Since I can sell myself in a rugged commercial field, I'm sure I can sell myself back to my wife. Elise is too levelheaded not to come to her senses soon. She doesn't want a divorce any more than I do. And I don't need a psychologist to tell me so."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Tracy was the kind of client we can seldom help. He was unwilling to grant there was anything seriously wrong in himself, in his marriage or in Elise. By this defensive maneuver—subconsciously, of course—I believe he had armed himself to evade the pain of self-knowledge and the possible necessity of change. My guess is that he was fearful of tinkering with the jovial public personality that had made him a social and business success. He wanted to think and to live on the surface, despite the fact that his infidelity clearly indicated that inwardly all was not well with him and with his marriage.

"Obviously the picture wasn't as right as he was determined to view and present it. Otherwise he wouldn't have appeared in my office as even a reluctant visitor.

"To almost every adult there comes a time for coping with bedrock truth and facing what classical scholars call the *rerum lacrimae* and translate as the 'tears of things.' This facing of his ultimate self and ultimate needs, and the needs of those close to him, this time of life when mature people formulate standards and ideals to live by, Tracy was determined to elude.

"At my request he and Elise took several psychological tests. Tracy was displeased with the results which strongly suggested that his jolly, backslapping ways were mostly a pose, that inwardly he felt insecure and afraid. After scoffing at the tests, he withdrew from further counseling.

"By then, however, Elise had decided to make an effort to understand the reasons for the failure of the marriage. She realized that a divorce would be hard on her three children, just as her parents' divorce had been hard on her. What Elise didn't realize until after our consultation was that in her own way she had been as unsatisfactory a wife to Tracy as her mother had been to her father. To be sure, she didn't nag, complain, lose her temper, spend too much of Tracy's money. Her house wasn't untidy, her food wasn't poorly cooked; but her virtues were negative, academic—they weren't the virtues calculated to meet the needs of a man like Tracy.

"Tracy had an unusual need for affection and reassurance. His ego was weak and he was chronically uneasy about the impression he was making, as are many people who push themselves into the foreground and snatch for the popularity prize at every party. A mamma's boy, rejected by his father, Tracy in his bachelor days was compelled to seek in each fresh conquest the proof of his virility and masculinity. Similarly, in college, he felt impelled to excel in sports.

"Elise started out in the marriage under good auspices. She was her mother-in-law's choice as well as her husband's choice, and she was eager to please. If she had recognized and fulfilled Tracy's basic needs, she could have made herself indispensable to him. Unfortunately, in an attempt to avoid her mother's mistakes she had built up a rigid conception of marriage that had very little application to her and Tracy. Her conception of herself as a wife was sugary, artificial. She was hopeful Tracy would respond with gratitude and ardor—she, too, had a strong need of approval—to something that was quite unreal.

"When she had a legitimate complaint against him she hid her annoyance under a sweet smile. She didn't get the grateful response she aimed for. He sensed her phoniness. Instead of voicing her valid objections to some of the more excessive demands of his job and trying to work out a compromise, she kept still. He sensed her dislike of his work and interpreted her silence as a lack of pride in him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

Good and quick coffee cakes for breakfast and coffee breaks

"Coffee Cakes" in 10 shakes!

So good with your breakfast coffee. And so easy, you'll make *these* "coffee cakes" on a moment's notice *any* day of the week! Prepare one recipe Aunt Jemima Wonder Waffles "in ten shakes" as directed on package. Pour onto hot waffle iron; sprinkle with raisins; bake. Makes 6 waffle squares. Cut warm waffles in half. Top with orange marmalade and coconut; or confectioners' icing and chopped nuts (or make up your own combination). Serve with butter.

The famous TWO plus one that's NEW

Only Aunt Jemima gives you ALL THREE!

Spaghetti with Meat Sauce

Here's a neat trick for making real Italian-style spaghetti and meat sauce.

Just heat and pour piping hot Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meat on spaghetti. Secret of this real Italian goodness is in the blend—tender, tasty beef and ripe red tomatoes seasoned to spicy perfection. Try Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Meat on other dishes, too. You'll taste the difference—in flavor.

Chef Veal with Mushrooms

1 lb. veal cutlet, thinly sliced
salt and pepper ¾ cup water
1 can Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce with Mushrooms

Brown veal cutlet in fat. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Pour combined Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce and water over the veal. Simmer for 45 minutes or until tender. Makes 2 to 3 servings.

"Perfect 'pour-on' sauces...stirred with a fine Italian hand"

ITALIAN WOMEN in Castello San Pietro make sauce as their grandmothers did. But you can enjoy the same Italian flavor by just heating Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style sauces!

You enjoy an old Italian art—the art of sauce-making—each time you use Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat or Mushrooms. For these rich, tempting sauces are as truly Italian as those made in Castello San Pietro near Rome. You know, the sauce is the secret of many a dish . . . these add a tantalizing touch to meats and fish . . . eggs and rice. And, of course, there's no spaghetti like spaghetti with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce!

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee takes only the plumpest, sun-ripened tomatoes . . . cooks them for hours with juicy beef or tender mushrooms . . . adds a dash of this spice, a sprinkling of that, for real Italian flavor. And then, the sauce is ready for you to heat and pour on.

Make sure Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauces are on your shelf—and table—regularly. Try the economical family-size can.

real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Sauces

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"Tracy needed honest feeling from Elise. When she discovered his first affair, her calm behavior screened inner tumult but left him with the puzzled belief that she was unmoved and indifferent. If she had taken a positive stand and expressed her outrage, it is possible there would have been no second affair, although Phyllis' appeal for him seems quite understandable. Both she and Carol were interested in his work, or pretended to be. He welcomed the sympathetic ear he didn't find at home.

"When her children came along Elise made a fairly common but, in her case, a serious error. She allowed Tracy to regard his own youngsters as rivals. She allowed him to feel like a fifth wheel in a concern that could operate nicely without him. She was almost asking him to look for consolation in the eyes and arms of other women.

"Tracy was highly sexed. Underneath a cool exterior, Elise herself was warm and affectionate. Not once in the twelve years of marriage had she rejected Tracy's love-making, so they both told me, but she had never made any loving advances to him. A conventional woman, she believed it was her duty to wait for his overtures. Elise was both amazed and chagrined to discover by examining one of Tracy's psychological tests—a test in which he gave his impressions of her personality—that he considered her very cold. In evaluating her own personality by means of the same test, Elise had scored herself very high in the department of sympathy, tenderness, affection. Through studying these psychological tests and after much delving into the past, Elise gained insight into herself and into Tracy too. After much hard thought she finally understood what her husband really wanted and needed from her and where she had failed him. Then, since she desired to save her marriage, she was able to effect radical changes and improvements in her whole relationship with Tracy. When she changed, he changed,

The romance in life consists in doing what you have to do decoratively.
DION CLAYTON CALTHROP
Perpetua

too, even though I imagine he would still deny that changes were necessary or had occurred.

"Common sense dictated most of Elise's moves. In the first place, she introduced him to the fun of knowing and playing with his own children. It wasn't much of a trick. He was a patsy for kids and for sports. She found time for swimming, hiking, tennis, and insisted that he make time to enjoy these recreations with his family.

"In the second place, she stopped ignoring his business and began to talk about his commercial triumphs and problems. Her simulated interest quickly became genuine. She discarded her snippy disapproval of his customers and once again helped out on the entertainment end. She took note of his triumphs and successes. Above all, whenever she felt warmly toward him she showed it.

"Tracy needed responsibility. She gave him financial responsibility and thus helped bolster his masculine pride. Instead of secretly taking a job to bail out the family in a financial emergency—almost as foolish as Tracy's heedless extravagance—she asked him to weigh their income and their expenses realistically and arrive at a workable budget. She then began to spend more on herself and the children, especially for clothes, and thus gave him the satisfaction of feeling like an extra-good provider. As a long-term goal, Tracy listed a four-bedroom house on their budget.

"They now own the new place. According to Elise—I never see or hear from Tracy—he is a very proud homeowner and the contented head of a family. Their new home is graced with a swimming pool and Tracy can hardly wait to get there so he can take a plunge with the youngsters. Elise sees to it that he never walks into an empty house after an absence. Perhaps it is a coincidence, but recently Tracy was assigned more work in the local office and is out of town much less. I think it is quite possible he asked for this new assignment, but I don't know. At any rate, Elise is sure there is little danger of his ever becoming interested in another woman. She and their children occupy too much of his time. She says that all the hard work and hard thinking and the changing she did on her own were eminently worth while."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

THANKSGIVING AT APPLEYARD CENTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Pinches of sage, thyme and rosemary go into it. Onion is only a whisper. salt and pepper are reduced to a minimum. She says the pastry blanket goes on better if the turkey is not too cold, so after she has stuffed her bird she leaves it standing awhile in the warm kitchen.

Clean a 16-pound turkey very well, being sure that all those pinfeathers are gone, and singe the wings or wherever it is needed. Rub the inside cavity with salt and pepper. Stuff well with chestnut dressing and truss to hold the legs and wings in place. Now is the time to cover with the pastry-blanket mixture, or aluminum foil. If you use pastry, spread the mixture over the turkey from the well-stuffed breast to the tail. Roast the bird in a moderate oven, 350° F. Figure on about 18–20 minutes a pound for the large birds, and if you are going to do a smaller one increase the time to 25 minutes a pound. This will give you a roasting time for the 16-pound bird of around 4½ hours. If the leg feels loose when wiggled, the bird is done. Remove aluminum foil 15 minutes before done. Cook 2 dozen sausages in the skillet (don't unlink them) just before the bird is to come out of the oven, and after it is set on platter festoon the bird with the sausages. Garnish spectacularly with parsley and bright red spiced pears.

To make the chestnut dressing: Mix together 1½ cups each dry bread crumbs and crushed cracker crumbs—the standard saltines will be best here. Pour over ⅓ cup melted butter in which ¼ cup minced onion has been sautéed. This procedure will save you a step—melt your butter and cook your onions all at once. Beat 1 egg slightly and add along with ¼ cup heavy cream. Season with a pinch each of sage, thyme and rosemary. Finally add ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and 12 finely chopped chestnuts, cooked and peeled. Then toss together with the rest of the ingredients. Makes enough stuffing for a 16-pound bird.

Laura, my serious-minded ten-year-old, is set to slicing mushrooms to go with the baby Lima beans. There are a few things, mother has to agree, that are just as good "bought in a shop" as produced the old-fashioned way, at home, and one of them is Lima beans. For years she planted Limas in her garden, and for years she battled with the frosts; now I bring frozen ones on Thanksgiving, and Camilla, my six-year-old, opens the boxes and empties them into a big saucepan.

LIMA BEANS WITH MUSHROOMS AND CELERY

Cook 2 packages frozen Lima beans according to package directions. Wipe (don't wash) 2 pounds mushrooms with a damp cloth. Cut the stems level with the bottoms of the caps and then slice. Mince 1 medium onion. Cut 5 stalks crisp celery into ½" pieces about as thick as a match. Sauté the onion and celery in ½ pound butter until golden, then add the mushrooms and cook them gently until tender. Sprinkle in 2 tablespoons flour mixed with ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon pepper. (The shaker-top flour canisters are good for this.) Toss until it is well blended. Reduce the heat and stir in ½ cup heavy cream. Add to the cooked beans and serve in a hot vegetable dish. Garnish with lots of paprika. (Mrs. Appleyard has, on occasion, stirred in a little sherry just before serving.) 8 servings.

Six-year-old Camilla had picked over the cranberries for me the day before—the sort of job that needs her quick eyes and fingers. Now I set about making our

CRANBERRY-ORANGE-MARMALADE SAUCE

Combine 4 cups whole fresh or frozen cranberries with 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water and cook gently until the cranberries pop. Add 1 cup bitter orange marmalade. Let the mixture stand in a warm place until the marmalade softens and can be stirred in. Then chill until it stiffens. 8 servings.

In our Vermont, Thanksgiving rings the doorbell all day long, practically from sunrise on. Now my brother Hugh pokes his nose in the kitchen, in true Appleyard fashion. "Just checking," he explains. "Smells all correct." He borrows my son Tommy to help him fill the wood boxes in the kitchen and the living room. The house is filling up with good smells and good people. Cynthia gets out the heavy white damask cloth and sets the long maple table with places for Hugh and his family from their cottage down the road, and for my sister Sally and her family from Roland Hill, a few miles away from Appleyard Center. Out come the appetizers which I have been warming in the broiler. Much appreciated—I'm not a short-order cook for nothing—are peanut butter spread on rounds of toast, and sprinkled with crumbled bacon; mushroom paste (canned) mixed with more crumbled bacon, snappy cheese and chutney. There are some cold ones, too: deviled ham and cream cheese, mixed; cottage cheese made fascinating with horse-radish and catchup, and *pate de foie gras.* (In our family these concoctions are more accurately called "appeasers"—something to keep grandchildren who have been playing and parents who have been chopping wood from eating one another before dinner is ready!)

In the kitchen, mother slides a dish of sweet potatoes topped with cashew meats into the oven for a final heating through and browning. "Just keep your eye on this for me like an angel," she murmurs. Mother's sweet-potato casserole is famous in the family.

SWEET POTATOES WITH CASHEW NUTS

Make a syrup of 1½ cups light brown sugar and 6 tablespoons hot water. Add 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, 1¼ teaspoons grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Layer into a buttered casserole 6 precooked, peeled and thickly sliced sweet potatoes and the above syrup. Sprinkle each layer with part of ½ cup coarsely chopped cashew nuts. Top with a layer of nuts. Heat until bubbling in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15–20 minutes or until the potatoes have absorbed part of the syrup. 8 servings.

The adult Appleyards, assembled round the living room's big Franklin stove, attack the "appeasers" eagerly. Tommy adds a fresh stick of wood to the blaze. Rock and roll comes from the kitchen radio for Cynthia, a Mozart horn concerto spins on the record player in the living room. The littlest Appleyard, in something yellow and fuzzy, crawls around like a busy caterpillar. By this time the turkey in its brown pastry blanket stands on the kitchen table, and mother prepares to make gravy. "Next year," Cynthia was saying to her grandmother, "I'm going to do the whole turkey myself."

GIBLET GRAVY

Cook the gizzard, neck and heart of the turkey with a sliced onion, a sliced carrot, 3 cel-

ery leaves and tough stalks, a spray of parsley, 2 cloves, a pinch of allspice and a little poultry seasoning in enough water to cover. This will take several hours until the meat is tender. Check from time to time to be sure there is enough water still on hand to keep from burning. Strain the stock, discarding the vegetables. (Mother had done all this the previous day.) Chop the tender parts of the gizzard and heart, the meat from the neck and a raw onion together. Sauté the turkey liver for 3 minutes, chop it and add to the other meat. Put 6 tablespoons turkey drippings in a skillet and brown the mixture of chopped meat and onion. Sprinkle over this 4 tablespoons flour. Season as you like with salt and pepper. Blend the flour well and gradually add 2 cups strained turkey stock and 2 cups rich top milk. Makes 4½ cups gravy.

The moment for dishing up! Like a frieze on a Grecian urn, my daughters file into the dining room with the various dishes long and lovingly prepared. Festooned in sausages, wreathed in parsley, the turkey makes a noble entrance wrapped in its brown blanket. Laura carries in her Lima beans and mushrooms, Camilla follows with the casserole of sweet potatoes.

It's a family tradition, especially when the dining table holds sixteen table settings, to carve and serve from the sideboard. Now to decide who is to sit in high chairs, and who is to have the dictionary and the atlas. A moment of silence while Hugh says grace, and then the voices begin. Tommy unfolds his napkin. "What is this, a *sheet?*" I show Camilla the stories from Aesop's fables woven in the tablecloth, which was first used by my great-grandmother. Plates are filled, refilled and emptied. In time, even the hollow legs of little boys are solid. Would there be room for pumpkin pie? For this pie there would always be room.

PUMPKIN-CHIFFON PIE

Bake a 9" or 10" pie shell. Heat ¾ cup milk in the top of a double boiler with 2¼ cups canned pumpkin, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon ginger, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Beat 5 egg yolks slightly. Gradually add some of the hot mixture to the yolks, mixing rapidly. Readd to the pumpkin mixture and cook in the double boiler until thickened, stirring constantly. Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ⅓ cup cold water. Add to the hot custard and stir until dissolved. Cool the filling until it begins to thicken. Beat 5 egg whites until stiff but not dry, fold them into the filling and then chill—but don't let it set. Whip 1½ cups heavy cream until stiff. Add ¾ teaspoon grated orange rind and ¼ cup sugar. Fold into the pumpkin mixture. Chill until quite thick, then put in the shell. Before serving, garnish the pie with spoonfuls of sweetened whipped cream and a little grated orange rind.

In the living room after dinner, the telephone rings. Tommy dashes ahead. "It's for you, grandma," he says, handing her the receiver. "Some man or other."

Mother's cool "Hello" changes to an ecstatic, "Stan! Where are you? . . . Brazil? . . . It sounds as close as East Alcott. And who's that? . . . Tom!"

"Uncle Stan in Brazil," reports Tommy to the assembled relatives with barely suppressed excitement. "And Uncle Tom in Canada too!"

"I want to speak," cries Camilla.

"We'll all speak," I assure her, although I knew I would find it hard to. Hugh had given mother and me the nicest kind of Thanksgiving surprise—a three-party line all round the Western hemisphere. Over two continents and two seacoasts the whole Appleyard family had met for Thanksgiving!

ARE OUR TEEN-AGERS SO DUMB?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

they go to church regularly, believe God is an omnipotent and omniscient Spirit existing everywhere, that faith is superior to logic in solving important problems, that God guided or inspired the Bible, and that a good human society cannot be built without supernatural aid, although they don't believe all atheists are bad.

The researchers comment: "To the American teen-ager who accepts these religious values such scientific developments as the theory of evolution (now regarded by most informed persons as an established fact) remain dubious: today's typical adolescent is not sure whether man has really evolved from lower forms of animals . . ."

Now, that man has evolved from "lower animals" is not accepted by anthropologists as proved. That the genus man as he exists today has evolved from a much lower form of himself has been amply established. But at any rate I find no logic in the belief that such a fact is incompatible with faith in an omnipotent, omniscient Spirit. Professor Einstein was a mathematical logician who also believed in God.

The fact emerges from the researches that American teen-agers are, on the whole, conservative, and tend toward orthodoxy and conformity, largely reflecting the views of their parents and those prevailing in the communities in which they live. They are not independent-minded—which to my mind is explicable by the fact that they are actually *not* independent, but dependent on others.

The researchers find a high minority and in some cases a majority of 75 per cent holding "fascistic" or "superpatriotic" views; 20 per cent feel that there will always be strong and weak and that it is best for the strong to dominate; 22 per cent that whatever serves the interest of the government is usually right; 37 per cent that *some* working groups should not have the right to strike; 49 per cent that large masses of people are incapable of deciding what is and is not good for themselves; 37 per

cent that criminals and others, like the feebleminded, should be prevented from having children; and 75 per cent that obedience and respect for authority are the most important habits for children to learn. The researchers find these results "tragic."

In answering True or False questions, it is difficult even for an adult accurately to express himself without qualifications. That there are strong and weak people, physically, mentally and in terms of character, is obvious even to a child, who always recognizes and respects strength and often confuses the bully with it. Without knowing what teen-agers *mean* by strength, the answer is unclear. We live in an epoch which exalts the all-wisdom of government (provided its policies are our own); it is certainly arguable that strikes in some occupations are a menace to the whole of society; the constantly published figures on the prevalence of criminality, insanity, suicide, alcoholism and drug addiction demonstrate that a great many people don't know what's good for them; not only Hitler believed in sterilizing the congenitally unfit, but so does every geneticist I know, if it is certain that the person is congenitally unfit; and that obedience is an essential discipline for *children* (if they are ever to be trained at all) is the experience of the race.

Young people today are highly realistic.

Evidence of "superpatriotism" is reflected in the opinion of 74 per cent of the youth queried that foreign *countries* have little to contribute to American progress; by 28 per cent who object to flying the U.N. flag over that of the U.S.A.; by 37 per cent who think immigration should be restricted, as endangering the American standard of living; by 42 per cent who think the greatest threat to democracy comes from foreign ideas and groups; by 42 per cent who believe we should firmly resist attempts to change the American way of life.

"Superpatriots," comment the authors, "are poorly informed and easily swayed by high-sounding phrases." But without further querying to ascertain the frames of reference from which those queried make their judgments one should be cautious about deductions.

Do foreign "countries" contribute to American progress? What is meant by "country"? A state? A culture? Unless that question is clear in one's mind the answer is meaningless.

Do the social scientists want to fly the U.N. flag above that of the U.S.A., and if so, why? The U.N. is not a superstate elected by "humanity," but a permanent assembly of the foreign offices of the participating governments, each pursuing its own interests and policies and vigorously resisting any interference in its domestic affairs.

All countries, without exception, including the most liberal, limit immigration. If totalitarianism is a menace to democracy, it certainly has come, in our generation, from foreign *ideas*. Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler were not Americans, and their theories and practices not of American origin. And resistance to attempts to change the "American way of life" needs interpretation as to what the teen-agers mean by the phrase. Since so many of them do express the desire for changes, they cannot be resisting change as such.

The large part of the research devoted to problems of adolescence reveals little beyond what everybody who is intimate with adolescents (or remembers his or her own youth) already knows. It is a time of physical and emotional turbulence; of rebellion against, and yearning for, parental and other adult control; of assertiveness and shyness; of wanting to be free and independent, and of anxiety at assuming adult responsibilities. It is a time when the young person—neither child nor man—invariably feels he is misunderstood—by everybody except his closest friends of his own age, and especially by his parents. It is a time when the desire to be popular (among one's contemporaries) surpasses all other desires; when a boy's mind is full of girls and a girl's of boys.

The teen-ager is, of all people, most conformist to the prevailing mores of his group. He (or she) wouldn't be caught dead wearing anything but clothes like those of the others; or having different tastes from those of their friends. Booth Tarkington's Seventeen—is it still in print?—portrays the teen-ager as faithfully as the social scientists do (and more amusingly).

The miracle of adolescence is that anyone survives it.

But certainly what helps one to survive it are habits of industry and work cultivated long before the period arrives. Idleness and sloth are the worst corrupters of the adolescent. Fifty per cent of the youth covered by the Purdue study feel that actual work experience would be more useful to them than school—and those who make up that 50 per cent are probably right about themselves. But "child" labor laws and trade-union regulations keep thousands in school who might better be learning (and earning) as apprentices to a trade.

One final word: All of them, almost without exception, believe that high school can (and will) prepare them for their life occupation, and are harassed immeasurably by being unable to choose and plan for it. High school will not and cannot. A teen-ager rarely knows what he really wants to do or has ability to do, and if he is harried to make up his mind or encouraged to count on getting just the job he wants, he is in for disappointments. If his mind has been disciplined to accuracy, his character to self-reliance, his hands trained to work, and he is convinced that "anything that's worth doing at all is worth doing well," he will make his way, possibly through numerous jobs, until he finds, by experience, the niche or the arena in which he is most happy and successful. All work experience is useful, and need not be related to an ultimate goal.

The function of education—as I see it—is to fit the youth to do *anything* that can reasonably be expected or demanded after twelve years of schooling and character building. If we are not succeeding in this, our public education is a failure. END

STUART

The mood is warm and festive; there's an exciting casserole of tender veal, mushrooms, emerald-green peas, onions and potatoes all shimmering in piquant gravy.

GOOD-TIME BUFFET for 8

$1.00 per person!

By MARGARETTA STEVENSON

In trying to put together a party meal for $1 per person, what you are really doing is substituting brains and skill for $ signs—which makes the results all the more triumphant!

Entertaining should be as natural as breathing, whatever the financial crisis. Here is the meal to do you, the occasion and the company proud—regardless of price!

A delicious, creamy spinach soup starts off the meal—what better party beginning could you find for "gourmets on a budget"? CREAM-OF-SPINACH SOUP: Melt 3 tablespoons margarine in a saucepan. Sauté 3 tablespoons minced onion until a pale golden brown. Stir in ¼ cup flour and blend well. Gradually add 1 quart milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 1¼ cups canned consommé. Cook 1 package frozen chopped spinach according to the package directions. Drain, if there seems to be an excess of liquid, before adding to the milk mixture. Heat. Prettify the top with grated raw carrot.

Our unusual and delicious casserole dish contains all the necessary meat and vegetables for a hearty meal, plus a piquant sauce whose surprise flavor brings approval from both men and women. VEAL ZINGARA: For 8 people, buy a 6-pound rump of veal and have the butcher slice it into ¾" to 1" slices. Cut out the bones with a little sharp knife and trim off any rind and gristle. Cut the meat into 2" chunks. Heat 2 tablespoons shortening in a large skillet. Dredge the meat in flour. Drop a clove of garlic into the skillet. Begin browning some of the meat. Season the meat with 2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon pepper as it browns. Remove the browned meat to absorbent-paper toweling to drain until all meat has been browned. Clean ½ pound fresh mushrooms by wiping their faces with a damp cloth rather than spraying them with water, which tends to send their delicate flavor down the drain. If they're small, you can cook them whole; if not, slice them. Sauté the mushrooms in the skillet in which you browned the meat. You may have to add a little more fat. But use as little as possible, to keep the meat sauce from becoming greasy. When the mushrooms are tender, drain on the absorbent-paper toweling. Leave the frying in the skillet. Make the sauce by dissolving 2 chicken-bouillon cubes in 2½ cups boiling water and adding to the pan frying. Then add 4 tablespoons (or ½ small can) tomato paste. Stir until smooth, simmering slowly. Stir in the seasonings: 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon oregano and ¼ teaspoon each hot pepper sauce, saffron and allspice. Blanch 3 ounces filberts and slip the skins. Cut in half and stir into the sauce. Put the smaller pieces of veal in the bottom of a large casserole (let them be for the second helpings), build up alternate layers of meat, mushrooms, sauce, whole onions and potatoes. You'll need 8 small white onions, peeled, and 8 small white potatoes, peeled. Cover the casserole and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 1 hour and 45 minutes. About 20 minutes before serving, break up 1 package frozen green peas and add them to the casserole, arranging them in the center and in clusters around the outer edge. Return to the oven and continue baking at 300° F. for 20 minutes more or until everything's beautifully tender.

The salad is MIXED GREENS WITH FRENCH DRESSING: Prepare 1 head of lettuce, 1 bunch water cress, sliced radishes and a few young scallions, cut fine. Toss together with the following dressing. As for French dressing, everybody has his favorite, of course, but try this—it's good, too: FRENCH DRESSING: In a jar or salad-dressing shaker, mix together ¾ cup salad oil and ¼ cup wine vinegar. Add 1 clove garlic, ½ teaspoon each dry mustard, basil or summer savory, dried parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, and a pinch each of pepper and sugar. Let it sit for a few hours before using to get the full flavor of the herbs. Makes 1 cup. Use ½ of this for the tossed salad.

THE BREAD: Buy 2 long loaves of crusty French bread. Slice it, butter it (½ stick softened butter will do the job), and warm it in the oven at the last minute. Serve covered to keep it hot.

The dessert. The success of this dish depends on the flavor of the oranges, so buy good ones. ORANGE FLUFF: Scald 3 cups milk in the top of a double boiler. While the milk is heating, mix together ¼ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons cornstarch. Grate the rind of 1 navel orange and add. Mix in 3 egg yolks (refrigerate the 3 whites). Stir in ½ cup of the scalded milk and add sugar mixture to the hot milk. Cook, stirring constantly, over hot water until smooth and thickened (the custard will coat the spoon). Set the pan of custard in a pan of cold water to cool. Add 1 teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. While the custard is cooling, peel and section 2 seedless oranges. Put in the refrigerator to chill. When the custard has cooled, add 2 tablespoons sugar to the egg whites and whip until stiff, but not dry. Gently fold the beaten whites into the custard. Spoon custard into serving bowl. Chill 1 hour. Garnish with orange sections and mint. Makes 8 servings.

MENU

CREAM-OF-SPINACH SOUP

VEAL ZINGARA

MIXED GREEN SALAD
FRENCH DRESSING

CRUSTY FRENCH BREAD
AND BUTTER

ORANGE FLUFF

COFFEE

You bake it better with the "flower" of the wheat...

Gold Medal makes a "Flower" of a Popover

EASY POPOVERS... *Another Gold Medal "Flower" by* Betty Crocker

A recipe so quick 'n easy you can bake these hot, crusty "special treats" as often as you like. Each one pops up into a delicate, light Gold Medal "Flower"! That's because Gold Medal *is* the "flower" of the wheat... the very finest part. It gives you such confidence, such rewarding results every time you use it... in *every* delicious homemade you bake.

1 cup *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour **1 cup milk**
1/2 teaspoon salt **2 eggs**

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Beat ingredients together with rotary beater *just* until smooth. Overbeating will reduce volume. Pour into well greased oven-glass custard cups (½ full). Bake until golden brown, 40 to 45 min. Serve at once. *5 to 9 popovers*

Gold MEDAL

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General Mills THE "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

On food

Cheese Pleaser—that's French's Mustard. Zips up the mild, adds tanginess to racy ones, brings out the best in any cheese!

In food

Complete Salad Meal with French's new Sauce Superb—see easy recipes below.

no other mustard has FRENCH'S Light and Lively flavor

Just as you have recipe secrets, so has French's. The fabulous formula for French's Mustard! It calls for spices and flavorings from around the world . . . specially grown mustard seeds. All combining to give you the unique tang that makes French's the mustard more women choose and *use* than any other. Its light and lively flavor enhances all you use it *on* or *in*—won't fade out in cooking. Make *your* mustard French's!

SALAD MEAL

2 lbs. cold boiled beef brisket, corned beef or lamb
6 medium potatoes, cooked 6 hard-cooked eggs
3 large tomatoes, peeled 1 large onion, sliced
1 large head lettuce and 2 bunches watercress

SALAD SAUCE SUPERB

1 cup mayonnaise ¼ cup evaporated milk
3 tbsps. French's Mustard
1 tbsp. French's Worcestershire
1 tbsp. lemon juice ½ tsp. French's Pepper
½ tsp. French's Garlic Salt

Mix sauce ingredients and chill. Arrange thinly sliced boiled potatoes (previously marinated in ¼ cup oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tsp. French's Seasoning Salt, parsley), sliced meat, eggs and tomatoes on greens as shown. Add onion rings and sauce. Serves 8-10.

F R E N C H ' S M U S T A R D

WHY I LOVE MY WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

tranquillizers, but from a deep-seated virtue which is given to few of us, the virtue of *contentment*. Josie is completely content. With the material things that she has, with the way her children are turning out, with herself, even with me.

Because of this contentment, my task of earning a living is made easier, for I can set my own pace, going about my work unharassed by the demands of a wife intent on keeping up with the Joneses. Josie enthuses over my promotions, but is never discouraged when they do not come as promptly as they might. By not longing constantly for new clothes or a new car she makes it possible for us to have a savings program, since there is not an incessant demand for whatever funds are left after we have paid for life's essentials.

At parties she is friendly but never flirtatious. At bridge she can make about two more tricks than I could with the same hand, yet she never replays a hand either during the game or on the way home. Business associates find her charming, a good hostess and surprisingly youthful for the mother of such a formidable family. To her children she is an A-1 parent because she finds time to read to them, shoot baskets with them, build them model planes and cars, stretch out with them for a nap or take them on in a game of Monopoly. She can handle a Pogo stick with the best of them, catch a curve ball if it isn't thrown too hard, be runner-up in a three-handed game of jacks and swim 300 yards or so in Lake Michigan. She can draw pictures, fold paper boats and make funny faces. She makes yummy birthday cakes—with lavender icing if so specified.

And how would I improve her if I could? I'd teach her to share a closet on a 50–50 basis instead of a 90–10. I'd also put an end to her kibitzing when I repair a screen or an extension cord and I'd regrow the beautiful long hair she cut off. Mostly, though, I guess I'd leave well enough alone. Maybe her contentment is contagious.

WILLIAM A. CLARK
Kirkwood, Missouri

BRIGHT TOENAILS

Dear Editors: Now that is unforgivable—"Must be typewritten." Where would a common, ordinary farmer like me get a typewriter? To have it typed (*where?*) would be extravagant and farmers, my friend, can't afford extravagance. However, I've wanted to tell someone about my wife for four years now and so here goes. If it's worth printing, let me know, or have it typewritten and send me the bill.

1952 was a bad year no matter how you look at it. In January my wife developed a chronic gall-bladder condition that had to be treated with pills and a fat-free diet. In May, Linda, then five years old, came down with Bright's disease and had to spend the summer in bed on a salt-free diet. The first week in August spinal polio struck me, affecting my left leg and right arm. After a few weeks of being unable to walk at all, I began to walk dragging one leg after me. Every time I tried to lift anything I found myself in a sitting position.

With the help of her father, who has an enlarged heart, Helen kept this 160-acre farm running smoothly. She prepared fat-free foods for herself, salt-free foods for Linda, and gave me three fifteen-minute periods of exercise daily. Having decided to keep on farming, since it was the only business we both knew, we purchased modern machinery which left us deeply in debt and we could not afford hired help. In 1953 Helen stored 6000 bales of hay and straw in the barn, kept twenty-two cows milked, fed and clean.

But it was not so much that she did this prodigious amount of work as the *way* she did it! One day I dragged my "ole" leg down to the young-stock barn to see how she was making out. Now to clean this barn you need a wheelbarrow, fork and a strong back. And there she was employing these three very efficiently with hoop earrings, lipstick, a shorts outfit and boots on—and in those boots I knew were the brightest toenails in the neighborhood! Shorts, she carefully explained, were a necessity as long as the warm weather hung around, since legs were easily washed and you didn't have to hang 'em on a line to dry, nor did they require ironing. You see what I mean?

Today I can do a full day's work and I walk with only a slight limp. Thanks to a wife's sense of humor and efficiency, the time between was made bearable. She teaches Sunday school now and does those millions of chores farm wives do. Her pies can melt your heart, her homemade bread is soft and "woolly" in its brown crust.

Like most husbands, I think my wife is beautiful, but more than that she has class—for what is beauty without this quality? She's never too tired to comb her hair, brush her teeth or refresh her lipstick.

But when she sews she forgets to make dinner; when she works in the flower garden she forgets the weeds in the potatoes. She starches my overalls and serves me sauerkraut and beets. She reads anything she can get her hands on until her eyes bug out. She hates to go to bed and she hates to get up. She daydreams and is forever rearranging the furniture. But have you noticed how love can ignore a multitude of sins?

Which only goes to prove I am a farmer; I have said so little of what there is to say. I hope somehow you can read all the anxiety, indecision, heartache and hope we went through at the time. And, of course, the financial worry, since we received no help and paid all our own medical expenses. Then, too, in the fall of that fateful year (1952) our pet Pekingese, Skippy, was struck by a car and died, a hunter shot a cow and someone stole a heifer.

You know what I'd do with that money? Put in a toilet! Can you imagine what it was like for my wife with two of us in bed? (Linda downstairs, me upstairs.) How did she manage? Field work, barn chores, special diets, exercises, a clean, neat house—and yet there she was clean, neat and pretty herself with lipstick in place and toenails polished. It never ceases to amaze me!

This much may I add: not being an author has one advantage for you—I couldn't make up or "embroider" a story to save my neck! And I hope you'll give all of us simple Americans with magnificent wives and no typewriters a chance—please!!

M. W.
Stratford, Wisconsin

HAYWIRE IN A LOVELY WAY

Dear Editors: I was surprised when my wife told me she was writing you about why she loved me. And while I haven't the slightest idea what she said, it set me to thinking about why I love *her*.

I came up with the rather interesting conclusion that the reasons I love her could be the very reasons that might drive *another* man to distraction! That is not to say she hasn't been and still is attractive to other men. But rather that she is different in a rather maddening way. As you will see.

She is an only occasionally inspired cook, and while our meals are adequate, they are hardly dazzling. Since she operates on some time standard unknown to the rest of the country, our meals are served at odd hours. Breakfast may be at nine one morning and five A.M. the next. She has hauled everyone out of bed to watch the squirrels play in the persimmon trees or the cardinal build a nest in the vine by the door. And while her haphazard serving would scandalize most men, I don't mind at all because she knows the dishes I like best and she fixes them often and well. Now and then we are served a meal fit for a gourmet, in a setting straight out of Emily Post.

My wife is an indifferent housekeeper. But while the dust gathers, she can and does entertain me by the hour with her piano playing, everything from Bach to boogie. Closets and dresser drawers may often be tumbled, but the beds are always carefully made with fresh linens (this is a pet peeve of mine).

I believe she has the real secret of making a happy home. She instinctively knows what is important and the other things don't bother her. I love the way she looks when she talks to our two-year-old, and the way she brings out the hidden talents in our two other children. She has a delightful sense of humor and can make an ordinary errand to the grocery store sound like an adventure. She sees all the small wonderful things that keep life from being humdrum, and then she shares them with me (I'm not as astute as she is). Kind-hearted and tolerant, she is never disappointed in the lack of perfection in others.

I guess what I love best is that she isn't perfect. Therefore, she doesn't expect me to be!

In all honesty, there isn't much I would change, except I wish she would defrost the refrigerator when it first needs it, instead of three weeks later. And I wish she wouldn't let the children litter the car so badly. Most of all, I wish she would lose some weight. Not so much because I mind whether she is plump or thin, but because *she* does. She is forever either just *on* or just *off* a diet. I wish, dear JOURNAL, she would take a page from you and be one of your glamorous ex-fatties!

Yours truly,
V. M. C.
Knoxville, Tennessee

HIS HEART STOOD STILL

Gentlemen: You say that you will welcome letters from happily married men telling why they love their wives. "Love is a many-splendored thing," and one can hardly put it in a test tube. But as I think of the woman I love there are some things that stand out plain.

If I close my eyes now, I can see her as she was the first time we met. It was at a reception soon after I had moved to the community where she was teaching. I caught only a glimpse of her. Indeed, it took some months after that to learn who she was and arrange a more satisfactory meeting. But that first picture was indelible. She wore a white dress that contrasted with her black hair. She was petite and pretty and vivacious. Since that night a score of years, three children, several pounds and some gray hairs have been added. But I still see in her that girl in white who caught my eye and quickened my heart. This is part of my love.

But during those years something else has been added: a deep admiration. Perhaps I felt that most when she had polio, coming home in a wheel chair after two months in the hospital not knowing whether she would walk again.

A few days later a friend called to say she wished she were able to come to a party she was having. To which she replied, "Of course I'll come. I'm not going to let one leg change my life." And she has not. So the slight limp that remained after months of painful exercises, strict regimen, braces and crutches is to me a badge of courage.

I admire also her outgoing interest in people, and her quick sympathy with their concerns and experiences. It is this, I think, that makes patients in the hospital where she goes as a Gray Lady feel that she has brought something far better than ice cream or mail or flowers. And perhaps the deepest reason that I love her is that out of this warmth of heart she has given me her love so lavishly.

If this seems like an idealization, I could easily make a list of things I should like to change about her. I sometimes wish that buttons were sewed on my shirts more promptly, or that other housewifely duties which are distasteful to her were kept more up to snuff. But then I realize that living with a perfect woman would be something of a trial for any ordinary man. It is both more comfortable and more exciting to have a growing comradeship with a lively and lovable human being. Each year that comradeship becomes stronger and more satisfying.

HENRY G. RUARK
Laurinburg, North Carolina

P.S.: If you should publish this letter, please send the check to Sarah J. Ruark, since she deserves the credit. Needless to say, her address is the same as my own. END

THE NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN: VISITING ANGELS, OR IMPS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

course, I'd be glad to," all over again. The mother in the letter says she loaned the skates to the gang that morning, but she must have realized that it was the wrong thing to do, because she told them, "This is the last time."

I think that the mother who finds herself being imposed on by neighborhood children and their mothers can help herself to some degree by recognizing the fact that it is her own fear of not being liked which is creating the difficulty and realizing that the neighbors, young and old, will actually like her better if she can stand up for her rights and keep them from taking advantage of her. She can also be more on guard against her weakness if she will draw up some rigid rules and will deliberately practice making some stock excuses, whether they are truthful or not. When she finds that they work and that the neighbors like her just as well, she will be emboldened by success.

Another kind of neighbor problem is brought up in a recent letter from a mother who complains that the other women on her street are always questioning her child-care methods. She sounds like a highly conscientious person who puts a lot of thought and time and effort into caring for her children. The neighbors, all of whom seem to be much more casual than she, keep asking her rather critically why she takes such precautions when a child has a cold, why she watches her younger children so carefully when they are out playing, why she bothers with naps for the three- and five-year-olds, why she reasons so much and spanks so little.

Of course every parent differs from every other in his methods, to one degree or another, but this rarely presents difficulties with the neighbors. When there is a lot of argument, one generally suspects that special factors are operating. Perhaps the criticized parent is way out of line in leniency or severity or fussiness and the neighbors can't help being bothered by what they see.

Another more likely possibility is that the mother who feels criticized is, without intending to and without realizing it, frequently calling attention to her own methods and implying that they are superior. In this way she puts her neighbors on the defensive. She makes them feel a little bit guilty and they try to defend themselves by arguing back. Now one person doesn't go out of his way to criticize another when he is really sure he is right. He is only trying to convince the other person and himself that he is right. When a human being is truly self-confident, he has a serenity about his own beliefs and is quite willing to let other people have theirs. If somebody else criticizes his point of view, he can let it pass. In other words, it's really true that it takes two to make an argument and that each of the two has to be slightly unsure of himself.

So it's possible that the scrupulous mother who feels that she is being criticized all the time is less convinced about her methods than she thinks; or perhaps she is insecure in general and is trying to boost her self-confidence by being critical of others. They sense her attitude and they counterattack.

I certainly don't want to suggest that it is a mistake for parents to get into discussions of child care. All parents feel the need to compare notes. They need sympathy from one another for the difficulties they are having at times. They need the comfort of hearing that others have got into the same jams. They know that they can get valuable tips and new outlooks from one another. People in all lines of work—farmers, mechanics, lawyers, beauticians—have always enjoyed talking over their occupational trials and triumphs. But if discussions between two people about children usually lead to tense feelings, it's a sign that there's too much sensitiveness on one or both sides and that it's better to avoid these discussions.

How do you stop someone who insists on arguing? The answer is simple but difficult: Don't argue back. You can change the subject or you can act politely bored or you can just keep listening and nodding your head. The head nodding doesn't have to signify that you've suddenly changed your ideas or that you've become completely insincere. It only says, "I see what you mean." The argumentative person is always compelled by his inner doubts to try to provoke arguments with others. But it's a great relief to him to find occasionally someone who is so secure that he can't be provoked and so understanding that he can listen sympathetically.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

"FROM HIPPO TO SLIMMO"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

the pounds piled on I didn't need words to reveal he had lost all husbandly interest in me.

It was when I started thinking about suicide that I realized I desperately needed outside help—someone to show me what was wrong and what to do about it. Private psychiatric treatment was too expensive. Fortunately, my doctor told me about a reliable clinic where I could join a group-psychotherapy class at a cost I could afford. For me it was literally "do or die." I went—*gladly*—and am ever grateful for the help I received. The class was made up of eight to ten women with mixed problems. We met for one hour once a week. I went to the clinic for almost a year. Here I gradually learned to understand myself. Ever so patiently and tactfully, it was explained to me that I was like a lost child. That I had to grow up. That I had to face facts and accept people, instead of rejecting them for fear of being hurt. That all my resentment toward life was buried deep within me, and until I could release it I would never be free of the inhibitions and complexes that kept me from having success with a diet.

I absorbed the advice and *acted* upon it, to the amazement of others. During the year I was taking therapy, my mother came to spend a weekend with us. In the past, I had always meekly submitted to mother's plans and suggestions, rather than risk the chance of having my own opinions ridiculed or fluffed off. On this visit, however, mother did something that annoyed me. At that instant, I recalled my therapist's advice: "When you're angry, *speak up*, get it off your chest—don't bury your resentments in a piece of chocolate cake." Suddenly I turned to mother and told her to *go home!* We were *both* startled by the unexpected order—but she went. That incident was the beginning of a new and wonderful friendship between mother and me. She began to respect me and my ideas more, and I began to have a more enlightened understanding of her.

Cheered by my new self-confidence, I made plans to attend a state hairdressers' association meeting in New York, something I would never have had the courage to do before therapy. In order to fit into my two prettiest dresses, I *had* to diet and lose 20 pounds. Searching my mind for someone who could really help me, I made an appointment with my childhood doctor, whom I remembered to be a gentle, understanding man. I was right. From the moment he saw me he was interested and encouraging. He never pressured me, never scolded, never made me feel ashamed or self-conscious. He reminded me that I had spent most of my life gaining so much weight, and that I shouldn't be in a hurry to lose it.

In September, 1955, he started me on a 1200-calorie-a-day diet. I lost my 20 pounds in time for my trip to New York. I told my doctor about it and said, "Please—if I don't show up for my appointment with you on the day I return, come and get me! I'm determined to stick to this diet." He didn't have to. I went back to him, after the meeting, and once every week for the following year. By September, 1956, I had reduced to 170 pounds, and today I weigh 155. I'm still dieting. My goal is 138 pounds, which my doctor thinks is ideal for me, provided I feel just as well as I do now.

My diet has changed my family's eating habits, as well as my own. Broiled meats, green vegetables, fresh fruits and salads, cottage cheese and eggs are the mainstays of our day's menus. But we do have our sweets. This way, just a taste of something I crave keeps me from harboring the thought of it in the back of my mind. On afternoons my bridge club gets together, I cut down on what I eat at lunch—and again at supper—so that I can enjoy a little of the refreshments being served.

In the first year of my diet, I went to a gym and took exercises (free) and treated myself to a weekly body massage ($1.50). These outings kept my skin firm—and gave me a new interest in myself. My only other indulgence was the purchase of a good bra and girdle. By being properly supported, I managed to look very presentable in the cheap dresses I purposely bought during the loss of so much weight. It is only now that I am beginning to invest in a permanent wardrobe. Everything I buy has to be easily "take-inable."

I still have to pinch myself to believe *I'm* Phyllis Hecht. People don't recognize me. A young friend of my brother's arrived at mother's house just as I was calling on her. "Phyllis," he asked, "is that *really* you? Golly, you look marvelous!" He opened the door for me. No one had ever before shown me that simple courtesy. My children laugh and say, "Mommy, we can see *around* you now." My father just won a $50 bet with a friend who wouldn't believe his two pictures of me "before and after" were the same girl. Irving says, "Phyl, you've always had a pretty face, now you've got what it takes to go with it!" Mother is so pleased. In the old days people would ask bluntly, "Who's the mother and who's the daughter?" Now, it's more apt to be, "You two must be proud of each other." We are!

Recently, I was walking along with a friend of mine when a teen-age boy turned around and w-h-i-s-t-l-e-d. "Isn't that disgraceful!" my friend commented. "No, it's *wonderful!*" I replied. "First time a man has whistled at me in all my twenty-eight years!" END

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

By SUZANNE DOUGLASS

The hostess' mother is overworked;
The hostess is cross and sleepy;
She missed her nap and so did the guests
And they're all inclined to be weepy.

Half of the kids are too young for the gumes.
And the other half are too old.
And one little boy won't give up his gift
No matter how often he's told.

And though every child wants a frosting rose.
The hostess won't spoil the bouquet.
So the cake's finally cut amid sniffles and tears.
Which leaves just one thing left to say—

HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Better "Surface Cooking" than you can get on any range!

NEW UNIVERSAL Cookamatic Controlled Cooking

Now you can bake, grill, fry, roast, stew or simmer without guesswork, matching your best cooking results day after day. The secret? A simple, detachable control that plugs into any one of your Universal Cookamatic Appliances, regulating the heat with thermostatic accuracy. And, as it fits them all, you save $6.95 on each extra appliance you add. See these wonderful, new automatic meal-makers at your Universal dealer's now!

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COOKAMATIC CONTROL DETACHES SO EACH APPLIANCE CAN BE WASHED COMPLETELY UNDER WATER!

Automatic Griddle

Fry bacon, eggs, make pancakes right at the table, or use for keeping buffet meals warm. Special drain keeps foods greaseless . . . $16.95

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Perfect for one dish meals, stews, roasts, even bakes potatoes, pops corn or deep fries: Self-basting cover keeps meats and vegetables from drying out. Complete with trivet and cover . . . $18.95

Automatic Frying Pan

Fry, braise, bake upside-down cake, and it's extra deep for sauces. "Peek-in" glass insert lets you check cooking without removing cover. Exclusive "Fingerguard" handle keeps hands from hot surface. Medium or large size . . . from $12.95. Cover extra.

Automatic 3-Quart Saucepan

Eliminates need of double boiler—sauces won't separate, foods won't boil over. Keeps foods warm without over-cooking. Self-basting cover lets you cook with less water. Foods stay moist, retain their valuable vitamins. With cover . . . $14.95

SAVE $6.95 ON THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Get an extra $6.95 Cookamatic Control FREE with this 4-piece Hostess Gift Set of large Frying Pan with "Peek-in" cover, 3 and 5-quart Saucepans and Cookamatic Control. The perfect wedding gift.

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WHY I LOVE MY HUSBAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

he reaches for my hand and I look up into the kindest, bluest eyes in the whole world, I know he's my man—"to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

Well, dear editors, that's the story of my marriage. The grammar may not be entirely correct, the spelling may be a little bit off, but the story is sincere and very true. It may not be worthy of publication in your magazine, but it's been wonderful to have had the opportunity to write to you and let you know that like the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL this marriage is forever.

MRS. ALBERT LINDERMAN
Hawthorne, New Jersey

THE "SQUAREST" KID

Dear Editors: My husband was, without question, the "squarest" kid in junior-high school. He was short and slight, and with his round metal-rimmed glasses and his wool scarf (he always seemed to have a sore throat) he definitely was not my dream of romance. Later, in high school, he was not "one of the boys," that group of rough-and-ready, sought-after, athletic, tanned and GI'd boys all the girls admired. He was manager of the basketball squad, not a player; he earned his letter in tennis, not football; and he still wore that scarf! He was a quiet boy who read books and thought thoughts.

In our junior and senior years we worked together on the staff of the school weekly. We spent many afternoons alone together in the Herald office long after the dismissal bell had rung, supposedly preparing our work for the paper, but, in reality, truly beginning to know and understand each other. It was during this time that the miracle occurred. Everything in him that previously my classmates and I had found odd and queer became (to me) precious and dear. His habit of spreading the fingers of both hands and bringing those long thin fingers together with silent applaudinglike movements, which I had found distasteful, became fascinating for me to watch. I found his hands to be not thin and cold, but warm and sensitive.

Even now I can see he occasionally affects strangers in that same way he used to affect my classmates and me. Perhaps it is some quirk of speech or his oddly directed sense of humor that not all can understand which bring about those expressions in strangers that show they are not won over by his personality. And I, standing by, know exactly how they feel. Yet I can see more deeply, and instead of feeling sorry for my husband because he is not completely accepted at the moment, I pity these strangers because they do not know him.

So this is why I love him: I love him because I know and respect the person he truly is. I love him also because he is never embarrassingly sentimental, but expresses his feelings in charming understatements. I love him because he is patient and understanding with our four young children, who love *him* with unmistakable delight, and running, shriek, "*Oh boy*, papa's home!" I love him because he married me while we were still students in college, and gave me unforgettable memories of being poor, perpetually pregnant, and happy in our oneness. I love him because he is Bob.

How then can I truthfully wish him changed in any way? The fact that he has faults for others to see but for me to overlook makes him truly mine. I love him wholly and completely and I thank you for giving me this opportunity to express it.

N. H.
San Bernardino, California

HE CAN SAY "I'M SORRY"

Dear Editors: My husband has never won a race, made a million, been in a movie, been awarded a degree, or caught the biggest fish in Payne County. But I love him because he's the one thing left in the world I can look at through rose-colored glasses and get no reprimands whatsoever.

He can drive a truck and look like a Southern gentleman sitting astride a Thoroughbred horse. He can dig a ditch and look like Teddy Roosevelt building the Panama Canal. My cakes always taste better than his mother's, and he can say "I'm sorry." He can worry just as much over a little daughter's skinned knee as a big business deal. He can say "That's great" and make what he's talking about sound like the greatest thing in the world. He has the instincts of a woman and knows when I must have my moments to myself, and the instincts of a man when I need physical love.

He's gracious, courteous, handsome, and thoroughly human. He can draw a map of the world from memory and forget to empty the garbage. He can do anything from fixing a broken can opener to building a sailboat, but he can't learn to pick up his clothes. He's always ready with a compliment and gives special praise when the house is freshly cleaned, then empties his electric razor all over the bathroom.

He's my listener, errand boy, plumber, baby-sitter, a smile and kiss at the end of a day, a happy tune in the shower, a TV repairman, yardman, my purpose in life, and all the things money can't buy.

But I love him best of all because he thinks his wife is the prettiest, smartest and most charming woman in his life.

LEE HEAD
Stillwater, Oklahoma

I WAS A BAD RISK

Dear Editors: Thank you for inviting letters on the subject "Why I Love My Husband." I'm going to enjoy telling you!

On our twentieth wedding anniversary, last week, our twelve-year-old daughter remarked, "When I get married I want my husband to be exactly like daddy!"

That was not an unusual remark for a twelve-year-old girl, but I was curious as to why *our* daughter felt that way.

"Because, mother," she answered my question, "daddy seems so happy when he's with us, and that makes me happy too." Her answer set off my train of thought, collecting a whole load of appreciative thoughts as it rolled along.

So I especially love my husband for this quality of helping to create an atmosphere of mutual happiness in our family.

And I love him for the countless little ways in which he shows love for me—from cheerfully spooning up the lemon pie that didn't "set" to measuring me while I was asleep for just the right length Christmas slip!

I love him because he doesn't lose his temper during an argument—his calm usually smothers the blazes of my own temper!

I love him because he doesn't criticize people—and especially because he never criticizes my parents or his own. (He doesn't subscribe to the popular trend of blaming one's shortcomings on one's mother! I hope *our* son will have the affection and respect for me that my husband has for *his* mother.)

I love him because he doesn't bicker about money. Although he budgets his salary carefully, he doesn't object to extra expense that contributes to our family's enjoyment—whether it be for fresh fruit in February, drawing lessons for our daughter, or a "build it yourself" radio kit for our son. (Incidentally, his generosity has not "spoiled" our children. On the contrary, our son, who now has a weekend job, is very reluctant to accept money from dad. And our daughter budgets her allowance carefully, in order to make it cover her needs.)

I love my husband because he gets up on Sunday mornings and goes with the children and me to Sunday school and church.

I love him because he'll cheerfully lend a hand at midnight with a stack of after-company-dinner dishes, although he loathes washing dishes!

The reasons why I love my husband are too many to be included in five hundred words, but the sum of them can be spoken in five words: LIVING WITH HIM IS HAPPINESS.

What would I change in my husband? Ah-h! I write this explosively at the moment, as I look at his hat on the coffee table, his topcoat on the sofa, his brief case on the chair, the newspapers scattered on the living-room floor! From the moment he enters the house he begins marking his trail with his belongings. *I wish he'd put things in their proper places!* As I write this, he has just tossed the last section of the newspaper on the floor, and sits grinning at me inquisitively—wondering, no doubt, what I'm writing with such feeling. Wondering, too, perhaps—though he doesn't ask—why I'm not in the kitchen finishing dinner preparations.

Would I change him, really? If I succeeded he'd be *perfect*. And think how inferior *I'd* feel in comparison!

Even if you can't use this letter, I shall consider my time in writing it well spent, for I'm going to give the letter to my husband. Come to think of it, maybe *he* doesn't know why I love him! Thanks for prompting me.

MRS. J. E. G.
Cincinnati, Ohio

P.S. Another reason I deeply appreciate my husband. This one, however, I would not include in a letter which might possibly be published with my name. Our marriage has succeeded despite high odds against it. My entire childhood—from one to twenty-one—was miserably unhappy because of constant conflict between "incompatible" parents. I loved them separately, but not together! (They were finally divorced when I was twenty-one.) According to psychologists, this background would have made me a poor risk for marriage. Knowing this, my husband married the "risk" anyway! And I feel that it has been his understanding and love that have made our marriage a success—despite the "risk"!

THE MAN ALIVE

Dear Journal: How selfish marriage suddenly sounds when you start describing why you love your husband! The more you list his virtues, the more you end up talking about what *he* has done for *you*, from helping add a rumpus room to building up your ego. So I can't avoid admitting that one reason I love Henry so much is that I'm permanently surprised and grateful for his loving me. Still it's an objective fact that he is the most remarkable man alive.

"Alive" is a pretty feeble word to use for the combination of vitality and humanity that is unique with Henry. If one of the trials of married life is being wakened out of a sound sleep to discuss ideas for a new project, a far greater reward is waking up at six to find the baby freshly changed and father and daughter breakfasting on graham crackers. Henry's Christmas shopping traditionally starts the afternoon of December 24, and yet he finds just the light meter the oldest boy is aching for, even though it's in a town fifteen miles away. The time I had a wisdom tooth pulled he produced unexpected guests for dinner, but that night there was a dime under my pillow. Our last child arrived early, in the midst of moving, and right before Christmas. I woke up to a jingling noise, which turned out to be Henry coming down the hall with a stocking in his pocket. He had dashed straight from the hospital to the 5 and 10 to get it, and it was already inscribed "Susan" to match all the others!

Henry certainly doesn't try to get something out of every minute of life—he dreads people who do—but he does have an insatiable interest in all individuals and experiences. This, together with a totally spontaneous outlook and an irrepressible sense of humor, gives him delightful perspective. Age distinctions vanish in Henry's presence, and he is only dimly aware that our friends cover a range of thirty years. He assumes that the baby, who still speaks mumbo-jumbo, really wants to discuss the weather forecast or the dress mummy found at the sale, and she glows. The boys treat him as a respected contemporary because they have never been treated otherwise themselves.

I think what I really love most about Henry is his boundless flexibility or his fatal unpredictability, depending on what mood I'm in. He invariably brings men home from the office for lunch on the day I'm defrosting the icebox, but his only arrest for speeding was once at 3 A.M., coming home from a trip a day early as a surprise. Last year he went away on business over the Fourth of July and missed the Little League play-off. Last fall he took our budding first baseman to a World Series game—on a school (and office) afternoon. His last anniversary present was a box of assorted cooking herbs, but on my bracelet is a tiny gold wishbone he came home with when we lost a baby through miscarriage, for better luck next time.

These are a few of the infinite reasons I love my husband; wouldn't you?

Yours truly,
LUCY LAWRENCE CHAUNCEY
Princeton, New Jersey

P.S.: What would I change in my husband? Frankly, it would be nice if he knew Mozart from Bach, and could at least pronounce a couple of modern artists' names. If he read some of the novels I read, he could share the nightmares they give me instead of saying, "I told you so." All my life I wanted to marry a messy man, who would make me look tidy, and I got one who cleans out his closet by himself. I sometimes would give anything to hear him say, just once, "What'll I do today?" and not "Look at all the things we have to get done today," or to see him bored instead of eternally on the go, two jumps ahead of me. But if I did get him to turn off the lights upstairs instead of complaining about the long-distance phone bill, to stay awake for a whole concert, or to lose his temper during an argument so I'd sound less like a screech owl—how then could I identify him as the individual I love most in the world? END

SHIPBOARD DANCE

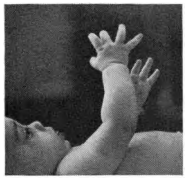
By VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

Now is the small girl's silence broken,
For someone tender and tall and wise
Has bowed before her and gravely spoken,
Reading the dream in her dazzled eyes:
And "Yes!" chimed her heart like a tiny bell
To "*Voulez-vous danser, p'tite mademoiselle?*"

To many a dance will those light feet go
In the long, full years that will follow,
But no greater bliss will she ever know
Than to fly like a circling swallow,
Sure in a joy too deep for laughter
That she is a woman—and one sought after!

An information-packed article about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.

Watch Your Baby's Hands Grow Smarter!



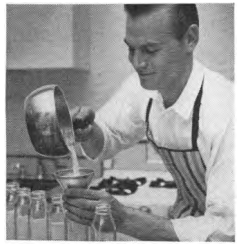
● **At 4 months,** he plays with his hands like toys. Baby's new game of "fingering his fingers" shows he's using his head to make his eyes and hands work together as a team.

● **By 10 months,** he picks up tiny things with fore-finger and thumb. Learns pat-a-cake, waves bye-bye. Not a good ball player; he can't depend on his hand to *let go!*

● **Early** in his second year he feeds himself. His mind tells his hand to find his mouth with a spoon. And before long, your smeary but happy baby begins to master his favorite skill!

Babies get tired of the same menu day after day. To make your baby's meals exciting, serve Heinz tasty *Exclusives*—such as Macaroni-Tomatoes-Beef-and-Bacon, Chicken Noodle Dinner, Split Peas-with-Vegetables-and-Bacon. In both Strained and Junior versions, you'll find *many* delicious varieties made by Heinz Baby Foods—but nobody else! Heinz Baby Food kitchens are located right in the nation's garden spots wherever the finest fruits and vegetables grow. Our baby-food specialists carefully select the pick of each crop and pack it at flavor peak—to insure Heinz Baby Foods better color, perfect texture and finer flavor.

● **Mother's helper?** We know each baby is different but let's not forget *fathers* are different, too! This was pointed out at the 1957 Annual Conference of the Child Study Association of America. Some dads pitch in and help with baby and household chores, others just don't. There is no such thing as an Ideal Dad, but there are all kinds of different ways that a man can be a "good father." (Almost any husband—haven't you noticed?—will join in the family jobs and fun, and do it *more* often, the *less* he's urged to do so.)



● **All babies are cute** – but there's no denying that the pink-cheeked variety is the most appealing! Blood-enriching iron puts roses in your baby's cheeks, and makes him *feel* as well as *look* his best. Heinz Strained Egg Yolks are a wonderful source of this important iron—and of protein and Vitamin A, too. Over 3 delicious creamy yolks in every jar. Another treat: Heinz Strained Egg Yolks with Bacon.

● **Ahead-of-the-times:** Heinz High-Protein Cereal – another Heinz Baby Food *First!* It's *twice* as rich in protein as regular baby cereals. Heinz Baby Food experts devoted nine years of research to perfecting High-Protein Cereal. Made from such nutrients as wheat germ, soy flour, oat flour and milk – this delicious-tasting dish gives your baby a firm foundation for good healthy growth. To fix fluffy golden-colored High Protein Cereal, just mix it with milk or formula. Then watch it disappear from baby's feeding dish!

ZOO PARADE . . . easy to make for Christmas

With a minimum of time and a maximum of fun you can make any one of these delightful jumbo-sized animals for a special little youngster. To prevent the permanent "day after" look we've used washable materials: nylon fleece, cotton flannelette, washable trims, and chopped foam-rubber stuffing that bounces back into shape after laundering. By JANET BOE

Mother hen of tweedy wool and calico chicks fit snugly into a wicker basket downed with straw. Journal Pattern No. 2914.

Snowy-white Teddy dons a tam-o'-shanter, a hand-knit muffler—or, if you prefer, a gay necktie. Journal Pattern No. 2915.

A fringed mane of yarn or felt for this flannelette-and-fleece king of the animal shelf. Stands about 20 inches. Nylon yarn for the eyelashes. Journal Pattern No. 2916.

Order Journal patterns from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Price, 25c each. (Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.)

Circus elephant in "candy" pink nylon fleece. Add an apron collar and finish the paws and ears with gingham. Journal Pattern No. 2917.

Soft fleecy rabbit with floppy ears and legs. Detachable collar of flowers goes round the neck. Journal Pattern No. 2918.

Fragile...handle with Johnson's

Skin so delicate, you stroke it in wonder...
You know that only the finest skin care will do...
Only the purest powder...
Only the gentlest oil...
Only Johnson's.

Isn't glass half the glamour of cosmetics?

Confess now. Isn't it the pretty glass bottle or jar that first catches your eye? Of course, deep down you know that any beauty aid sealed in shining glass is a better buy. Glass keeps precious fragrances true. Glass preserves the moisture (and the magic) of all your lotions, creams, shampoos, so that they stay fresh and usable to the very last drop.

DUNBAR'S COVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Matthew was plowing toward her now and she began to hurry, stumbling over the fresh-turned earth hilled up against the cotton. "I brought you-all some fresh water, daddy," she said.

He took the bucket from her and drank thirstily. "That's mighty good, Miss Hattie," he said gravely. "I thank you."

She turned to go to the others. "I'll bring some more along about four o'clock."

Matthew shook his head. "I believe we'll be through by then. Now go on and give them boys a drink before they lay down and start hollering." He watched her slender, boned-down figure as she walked away.

Matthew wiped his hand across his mouth and started rolling a cigarette, his eyes watching the children of his loins. He was a stocky man, heavy built, with a broad, pleasant face that was easy to smile even though there wasn't much laughter in him.

He finished the cigarette and put it under his heel, took the handles of the plow into his broad, strong hands, and clucked to the mule. He plowed down until he was even with the group of boys clustered around Miss Hattie and her fresh water. Knox was kneeling before her, laughing, teasing her.

Looking at him, Matthew felt the old question stir in his mind. *Was he the one?* The question always came to him unexpectedly, in moments like this with his eyes on his children, trying to see them not as children but as they were, grown and growing in their own pattern.

Dunbar's Cove had never been split away in inheritances. It had come to Matthew in that way, and it would leave him in its entirety into another's hand.

Matthew himself had not been the oldest son. He remembered the moment when his father had made the choice, had laid a hand on his shoulder and said, "Dunbar's Cove will go to Matthew." Matthew hadn't expected to be chosen. He knew, as they all knew, that the choice was a matter of selection rather than tradition, that any man of the family—or any woman, for that matter, though it had never happened—could be the inheritor.

He stood watching his sons with Miss Hattie, considering them each in turn. Knox was the oldest and had the best chance, of course, as the oldest always had. He was big and sturdy, levelheaded except for that strange flightiness in him that did not go at all with the way he looked. He was a fast hand with dancing and the girls, but that would pass.

Jesse John, already married, settled, quiet, dependable. But he let his wife run over him. Maybe he was too meeky-mild, too easy-going.

Matthew's eyes lingered longest on Rice, the youngest of the boys, the tall one. He was a real farmer; he had the joy in him, the feel of the land, that Matthew had himself. But he was only eighteen, still too young to tell.

Matthew shook his head. He wrapped the lines around the plow handles and walked across the cotton rows to join them.

"I'll take a little more of that water if you don't mind, Miss Hattie," he said. He took the bucket and emptied it. "Ah-h," he said, wiping his mouth, "Miss Hattie totes the best water in the world."

She scoffed at him, laughing. "Daddy! It's just old well water."

He smiled down at her. "But it changes when you tote it, child. It's got the taste of love in it."

She put an arm around the heavy muscularity of his leg, leaning against him. "You sure you won't need another drink before quitting time?"

Knox looked at his father. "How long you think it'll take us, sir?" he said. "I sort of had my mind on that dance tonight."

"I'm going, too," Rice said quickly.

Matthew looked around the field. "You boys go on and take out," he said. "I can finish up here." He liked to finish the laying-by all alone. He always found an excuse to send the boys out of the field when he started the first plowing for the year, and when he finished the last. He looked at Jesse John. "You go on, too," he said. "Connie's gonna be wanting to go to that dance."

"Yes, sir," Jesse John said. "I know she is." He turned away from his father and went slowly to take out Bodoc. *She'd want to, all right, and she'd go.* He actually believed that if he didn't take her himself, she'd go alone. She'd be dancing with everybody just like she was still looking for a man. And that just wasn't right. He hit his fist against Bodoc's leg, making him step over. He was gloomily sure that she would prevail. She always did.

Matthew did not start plowing again until they had taken out. He stood watching them, gripping the plow handles, his own mule restless and aggrieved because the other mules were leaving the field.

"Get up out there," he said softly to Prince. "Get up now. Let's finish this plowing now."

Prince leaned into the collar and the plow handles came alive. They trembled in his hands and he watched the earth, moist from kept moisture, curl and break around the rooted stalks of cotton.

Mark, his older brother, had been gone away in those days when Matthew had earned his inheritance. One morning in May his bed had been empty. That fall his brother still had not returned, nor had they heard from him. And on a day when the fields were full of cotton hands, during the mealtime on long tables under the oak tree, his father had laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Dunbar's Cove will go to Matthew."

Matthew had stood still under the weight of the hand and the inheritance until the old man turned to him. "You can make next year's crop without me. I'm going to set down."

That spring Matthew entered the fields alone to make the first plowing in the land. Only then did he permit his two younger brothers to help him. They had plowed and planted and tended and gathered, and still Mark had not returned. He did not come until Matthew's sixth crop was in the ground.

But when Mark did come he had the look of far traveling in his hard face and his eyes were like agate marbles against the dust of roads and the coal of freights. He came with a strangeness in him, and an anger that glowed through his agate eyes at Matthew.

"I've come back," he said.

Matthew was standing on the front porch where he had come to answer his knock. "You are welcome," he said.

Mark's eyes shifted. "Papa," he said. "Is he dead?"

"No," Matthew said. "But he's old. He's given Dunbar's Cove to me."

He watched the flaring of the eyes, the quickly tightened jaw. "Until I came back it was yours," Mark said. "But I'm the oldest."

Matthew shook his head slowly. "No," he said. "He gave it into my hands. I aim to keep it."

Mark moved then, exploded, surging up on the porch. There was a sudden knife in his hand and Matthew recoiled away from him. He had never fought in his life. He caught the wrist as the knife moved in and hit Mark with the other hand, knocking him off the porch. They fought all over the front yard while Matthew's young wife came screaming from the kitchen, while his brothers Luke and John gathered around, afraid to interfere.

They were bloody and dirty. Matthew's shirt was torn from his back. They stood still finally, hitting each other with steady fists until Mark broke ground, giving back against the oak tree. Matthew pinned his throat with one hand and hit him four times, slowly, with the other, until Mark's hands covered his face and his body was slack and defenseless.

Matthew drew back then, panting. "Dunbar's Cove is Dunbar land," he said. The words came gaspingly. "And any Dunbar can find a home here. But you. If you set foot in this cove again, I'll kill you."

He stopped, waiting to see if Mark understood. Mark lifted his battered face. "I want . . . water," he said. "Then I'll ——"

"Go now," Matthew said. "There's no water here for you."

He moved again, his dead-tired limbs like lead but ready to fight if need be, and Mark wavered away from him, stooping to pick up his bundle, and went along the creek road toward the river, out of the cove. Matthew walked blindly, without seeing his young wife or his children or his brothers, to the edge of the porch. He had carried the memory of that violence in his mind ever since.

That was why he had to be right now. He had been the chosen, and he had believed that his father had chosen well, had believed even to the extent of fighting and violence to hold the inheritance. Not for his own hunger, but for the cove itself.

He lifted his head, realizing that he had finished with the laying-by. He went around the plow to unhitch the mule, and saw the stranger standing on the bridge, watching him. He was a young man, wearing clean-pressed khakis, the shirt open at the neck. He started coming toward Matthew, walking easily, carefully over the cotton rows.

"Howdy," Matthew said gravely when he was three rows away, and the young man lifted his face.

"Mr. Dunbar?" he said. "Mr. Matthew Dunbar?"

"That's me," Matthew said.

"My name is Crawford Gates. I'm from the TVA—the Tennessee Valley Authority. I suppose you received our letter recently?"

Matthew smiled. "Son, I ain't been in to the post office since I put the first plow into the ground this spring."

Crawford Gates kept the frown from appearing on his face. "Well," he said easily, "I guess I'll be the one to break the news."

Matthew turned away for a moment. "You go on," he said. "I got to take out. You won't mind if I ——"

"Go right ahead," Crawford said. "In fact, I'll help you." He stepped to the side of the mule and began looping up the plow lines on the hames. "The Tennessee Valley Authority wants to buy your land, Mr. Dunbar. That's what I've come to see you about."

Matthew didn't even straighten up. "My land," he said. "You might just as well quit talking right now, son. I ——"

"You don't understand," Crawford said. "We're building a big dam about ten miles down the river. All this land will be flooded. You'll have to move somewhere else before the water comes." He looked at Matthew seriously. "But you'll be paid a good price."

Matthew turned his head slowly, looking about him. Then he looked back at Crawford. His face was not angry, or set, or determined. It was even friendly, explaining. "Son," he said, still smiling, "I don't aim to sell."

Crawford Gates' father had been a peckerwood sawmill man, owning a portable rig that he transported to a site for a month, two months or a year of cutting, then dismantled and transported it elsewhere, so Crawford had grown up with the smell of sawdust in his nostrils, with a knowledge of trees and timber as unconscious as the woods wisdom of the fast-stepping little mules that snaked the downed logs out of the underbrush to the mill. He loved those sturdy little mules, just as he loved his father riding the carriage back and forth, slamming the levers with ungloved hands, walking the log into the singing saw.

STOVE

The word "stove" comes from an Old English noun, *stofa*, meaning a heated room. This name, by a common language change, became in time the name of the heating agency instead of the heated place. So the stove, or *stofa*, in early Northern European life, was a room in which one could safely, or even comfortably, take a bath or write. It was a "stuffy" place.

Stoves have been known in Europe since Roman times. In very early days, when our ancestors lived in forests, it was a simple matter to provide heat to the house by dragging a log to the central fireplace, which was merely a pavement on the floor of the "hall," with a louvered smoke vent in the roof above it. As time passed, and the woods were cleared or enclosed, fuel became scarce, and ways must be devised to save it. Highly decorated five-plate iron stoves were used in Northern Europe in the fifteenth century. Since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enormous and beautiful tile heaters have been used in various cold climates, many of them highly decorated with forms of symbolic art. Clay and brick stoves were often built against outer house walls and could be fueled from without. On the northern plains of Russia, enormous constructions of long and circuitous flues could secure a maximum of heat from a bundle of twisted straw or an armful of fagots.

Early American foundries made five-plate iron stoves highly decorated with Biblical scenes and sayings. These at first were used only for heating; they were considered more cleanly and elegant than the earlier fireplace. But for some time cooking continued to be done on the open hearth. Finally it dawned, probably on some adventurous woman, that cooking food might easily and neatly be accomplished by the stove! Then came into being the great old cookstove or range, as it was sometimes called, with its clean and ever-ready oven which soon superseded the vast outdoor structure of brick or stone which was a feature of most pioneer homesteads. The English *Aga*, cleverly devised to run for a day on one small bucketful of coal, has all the good qualities of the American range, at once cooking the family food and diffusing a volume of welcome heat. The word "range," by the way, is reminiscent of a Roman kitchen, where a row or *range* of brick boxes enclosed the separate fires which cooked a variety of viands in such a way that their flavors did not mingle.

The Franklin stove, designed by its famous inventor to be set into or before a fireplace, was planned to economize on fuel and to improve the diffusion of heat. When anthracite coal began to be mined in the Eastern United States, the "base burner" was invented, a magazine stove which could feed itself for a day on one scuttle of coal. Resplendent with mica glass in the doors and with nickel handles and footrests, it was thought by many housewives to have conquered dirt and mess. But alas, the ashes still had to be carried out!

The march of progress has left behind all but a few of the good old-fashioned cookstoves, but they are still the gourmets' delight to those who own them, for with them can be achieved every degree of slow and loving cookery, from the "smile on the side of the pan," through all the forms of braising, jugging and casseroling so hard to achieve with the clear, high, definite forms of heat afforded by most of the modern gas and electric ranges.

MARY K. BLACKMAR

By the time Crawford was twelve years old he could ride the carriage himself, walking the big, aromant logs into the slicing saw, his own small hands working the levers as well as any man's. He was a rangy, rawboned kid. He lived with his father in a tent on the sawmill site, for he did not even remember his mother, and the boys of whatever school he attended envied him his freedom, his tent life and the romance of the woods. But Crawford didn't swell with the envy; he wanted only to get away from the school and back to the woods.

By the time he was twenty years old he ran the sawmill, leaving his father completely free from the necessity of immediate supervision. He hired and fired men, he bought and sold timber, he arranged for tools and supplies and mule feed.

Then, that summer, he told his father that he was quitting. He knew exactly what he was going to do. He would go to college and study civil engineering. He did not know, then, that his credits did not even approach the requirements. He did not find that out until he had walked out of the woods one day, carrying a bundle of his clothing, and caught the train to Knoxville, Tennessee. He had $100 in his pocket, and the promise of his regular sawmill wages from his father.

He took a test to replace the certification of credits, and when he left the school for the summer of 1929 he expected to return in the fall. But he never did. In August his father was working with an old saw that should have been scrapped long before. The saw broke, and when they picked his father up from where he had been hurled one leg was hanging by a thin sliver of flesh.

That winter Crawford ran the sawmill while his father hobbled painfully about on the stump he had made out of a good piece of wood. The next year, during the long, slow summertime of 1930, they lost the sawmill. Bills had been piling up, and no one was cutting timber any more. Both Crawford and his father walked and rode for miles without finding work for the rig. Crawford's father cried when they came to haul away the old, rattly engine, the bright shining saws, the log carriage on which he had spent a life and a leg. Crawford did not cry. The next week he was working for another sawmill.

During the following years, ambition seemed to have left him; or perhaps it was only enough, in the depths of the depression, to hang on to the job he had, low and menial and ill-paid though it was.

Then Crawford Gates heard of the Civilian Conservation Corps. He joined. The CCC shipped him to a camp in Mississippi where he was promptly made an assistant leader, with one yellow stripe on his arm. Within two months he was a leader, with an added stripe, and six months later he had become a subaltern in a fire-fighting camp in Oregon, no longer a member of the corps but one of the commanders.

He liked the CCC. He seemed to grow younger in contact with these conglomerate boys from backwoods and city slums. There was still little money, for every month a blue money order went to his father. But there were the camp, the boys and the men, the incredible tallness and virginness of the Pacific Northwest woods into which he led his crews with McLeods and axes to dig fire lanes frantically against the sweeping burning of the senseless fires struck by God or man among the tall trees. He changed in those years, grew again, with the beauty of the trees around him and the responsibility of the boys in his hands. Only the summons that he received could have made him leave it, a telegram from his father that said simply, "Son, you'd better come home now."

He went home riding in a Pullman for the first time in his life. His father was dying. He died the second night after Crawford walked up the hill road and turned in to the door.

Crawford waited awhile after his father died, living alone in the little empty house, before he knew what he wanted to do now. When he read about the Tennessee Valley Authority in the newspaper, he knew that he had found it. He made his application, took his tests and waited. One day there was a letter telling him that he was accepted. He was a timber cruiser for the TVA. He was a part of the great plan that he had read about, that he had studied with avid attention during the period of waiting uncertainty. It was a big thing and he was part of it.

Except he didn't cruise timber. Not once had he entered into a stand of trees since he had been working at the job. With the illogic of needful change and urgency, he had been pressed into the Land Purchase Section, where his knowledge did not follow him as it would have with the timber. But he made the decisions and talked to the men, and he learned the function given him as capably as the younger men who surrounded him.

And so he came to Dunbar's Cove, with all that behind him, and so he looked at Matthew, seeing him and liking him and even understanding partly the stubborn ununderstanding, but still with the necessity of showing him the blank futility of resistance.

"Sir," he said, "you know what the TVA is doing here ——"

"I've heard tell," Matthew said. "Them dams they've been building up the river and down the river." He shook his head admiringly. "All that to make work for folks."

Crawford leaned forward. "It's not make work," he said. "It's the mightiest thing that God or man ever brought to this country. They're taming the river, harnessing it, putting it to work where it's never worked before."

Matthew stood watching him, holding the bridle reins in one hand. He was too courteous, too kindly not to listen.

"They take that running water and they put it through a turbine. They take the electricity and spread it over the land—so that folks like you and me can afford it and use it like a dozen extra hands in the field. We're not coming in here to make you do anything. We're coming in to help and guide you in the change. We could just move in with a court order in one hand and a set amount of money in the other. But the TVA doesn't work that way. We can

help you find a piece of land at a good price, as rich and fertile as this cove."

Matthew felt a touch of exasperation. There was no way to make this insistent young man understand. He might as well put an end to it right now.

"Son," he said, "you been doing a sight of preaching here this evening. And I always feed the preacher a good meal. Why don't you come and take supper with us?"

Crawford laughed. "I reckon that I have been throwing the Good Book at you, Mr. Dunbar," he said. "I ask your pardon. But when a man believes in something, he's just got to preach it."

Matthew laid a hand on his shoulder. He was surprised at the firm stringiness of the muscles there.

They crossed the bridge and turned down the side of the creek, following the field road that angled toward the barn. They passed the watermelon patch, walking companionably together, the mule leading behind. Matthew halted and handed the reins to Crawford.

"I got me a couple of melons cooling," he said. "Wait just a minute."

He clambered down the creek bank and fished out the two melons he had put in the water at noontime. He tucked one under each arm and went back up the bank.

"I thought we'd have us a watermelon feast before supper tonight. Here, you tote one and I'll tote the other."

They started on again, each one carrying a cool watermelon on one shoulder. They went on toward the house, walking around into the front yard where the shade of the big oak sheltered them from the sun.

Matthew raised his voice. "The plowing's done," he yelled. "And I got me two watermelons out here. Who wants a slice?"

There was a sudden scurry of noise and laughter inside the house and Miss Hattie burst out of the kitchen like a flock of quail. "Daddy!" she hollered. "Watermelon!"

"Whoa, now," Matthew said, catching her up. "Wait till the rest get here. Where are the boys?"

"They went down to the swimming hole to take a bath," Miss Hattie said. "I'll go get 'em."

Matthew turned to Crawford Gates. "Set down and cool off. A hot man ain't got no business eating a cold watermelon."

But Crawford was looking at Arlis, coming from the kitchen with knives and spoons and a couple of salt shakers. Her apron had flour streaked on it, her hair was falling down on one side, but her good-humored, high-colored, tilted-eyed face appealed to him. She paused, startled, when she saw the stranger.

"Arlis," Matthew said, "this is Crawford Gates. He's come to take supper with us."

Arlis stopped, feeling a little flustered with the heat and her untidiness. "Pleased to meet you," she said. She looked at Matthew reproachfully. "If I'd known you was having folks to supper, I'd have killed a chicken and ——"

Matthew laughed. "No fried chicken," he said to Crawford. "Reckon you can stand it?"

"I reckon so," Crawford said, laughing too.

They heard a whooping and a hollering from the direction of the creek and turned to see the boys come boiling out of the underbrush. Knox was in front, trailing a pair of overalls from one hand, and Rice was chasing him, wearing only shorts and a shirt.

Matthew lifted his voice. "Get your clothes on, boys. We got company."

They sobered instantly, seeing the stranger, and Rice hastily slipped on his overalls. They came on to the house, shaking hands with Crawford in turn.

Our opinion of people depends less upon what we see in them than upon what they make us see in ourselves.
SARAH GRAND
Thesaurus of Epigrams

"All right," Matthew said. "You boys get a couple of sawhorses and some planks. I want to cut these melons before they get hot again."

The arrangements didn't take long and Matthew stood with the big butcher knife deftly slicing the melons. They were so ripe just the touch of the knife was sufficient to split them. The red, glistening meat separated almost of itself into V's of deliciousness.

Matthew laid down the knife and picked up one of the slices. He proffered it to Crawford Gates with a grave ceremony. Crawford accepted it and stood waiting while Matthew handed each of them a slice in turn.

Matthew looked at Jesse John. "Where's Connie?"

"She doesn't want any," Jesse John said.

Matthew frowned slightly. He did not like absences. But he went on with the serving, handing a slice with a lot of heart meat to Miss Hattie last of all. The boys were sitting on the roots of the oak tree, holding the melon slices in both hands, biting the meat out. Matthew did not touch his slice yet. He picked up the other one and walked with it to Connie and Jesse John's room.

He stopped in the doorway, looking at her. "You're missing out on some mighty good watermelon," he said.

She whirled around, ashamed of the thin slip she was wearing. "I . . ." she said, faltering . . . "I don't care for any, Mr. Dunbar."

"Come on now," he said gently. "This is a celebration. You can't just leave yourself out of a celebration."

"But I'm not . . . dressed."

He went into the room and put the watermelon slice down on the dresser. "Get dressed," he said. "And come on out." He turned and went toward the door. "Is Jesse John taking you to the dance tonight?"

"Yes. He said he wanted to take me."

Matthew nodded and went on. He stopped at the entrance to the living room and looked in. The old man was sitting in the worn rocking chair, his thin, blotched hands folded in his lap.

Matthew went into the room. He raised his voice. "How are you, papa?"

For a long moment the old man did not move. His face was thin, fragile, seeming as though the light, dry bones would break with a touch.

"All right, I reckon." The thin voice quavered and stopped.

"Papa," Matthew said, "they're trying to buy Dunbar's Cove. They want to take the cove away from me."

But the old man had not heard. Or he had not understood. Matthew stood looking at him for a moment, then he went outside to the watermelon feast again.

"Aw," Knox was saying to Arlis, "you can go one time. I can't remember when you've been to a dance."

"I've got too much to do," Arlis said. "After supper I'll have the dishes, and cleaning up—it's just too much trouble to try to go."

"Arlis," Crawford said suddenly, "I wish you'd let me take you to the dance."

She looked at him, a flush rising suddenly in her face. "I'm sorry. I have too much ——"

"Oh, go on, Arlis," Miss Hattie said briskly. "I'll do the dishes. You go on."

"Of course," Crawford said, looking down at his khaki shirt and pants, "I'm not dressed well for a dance, but ——"

"Well," Arlis said, almost reluctantly, "if it's all right with papa ——"

"Go right on, for all of me," Matthew said quickly, and it was done.

"What's your line of work, Mr. Gates?" Knox said.

Crawford glanced at Matthew as though asking how much he should tell. "I work for the TVA," he said.

"Crawford is a land buyer," Matthew said. "He come to tell me that the TVA wants to buy the cove. They want to back dam water up here and make a lake out of it."

Knox stood up. "Are they really going to build that dam?" he said, suppressed eagerness in his voice. "You think I could get me a job down there? I hear the TV and A pays mighty good money."

Rice was sitting still, watching Matthew. "Buy the cove?" he said. His voice was stunned, unbelieving. "How much do they want to pay?"

Matthew turned away from him to look at Jesse John. But Jesse John was watching Connie come from the house in a white organdy dress, tripping carefully down the steps, carrying the watermelon slice in one hand.

"Hello, everybody," she said brightly. "My, it's fun to have a watermelon feast." Jesse John went to stand close to her. He wanted to touch her. But he was afraid he might soil the fresh, starched whiteness of the organdy.

Matthew put down his unfinished watermelon. "If I'm going to do all the night work by myself," he said, "I'd better get started before supper."

He walked away from them and went around the corner of the house toward the solitude of the barn, the company of the animals.

The house where the dance was being held stood on a knob of hill. It was owned by Old Man Precise, who also owned a fiddle and three sons and three daughters, all of whom could make music. Inside the house, the living room was bare of furniture, the splintery pine floor bare, too, and the wood thumped and trembled from the rhythmic weight of many feet. Chairs lined the walls, occupied by old ladies who talked among themselves and kept an eye on the girls. Many an older lady had an unconsciously patting foot in memory of her dancing days.

And over it all, inside the house and out, was the music. Old Man Precise's fiddle sang and sobbed and chirped the songs, stirring the feet and hearts of the dancers.

Arlis said to Crawford, "Look at Rice and that redheaded girl. He's got it bad, hasn't he?"

Crawford grinned, and looked back at her. "Yes," he said. "But not much worse than me. He's just younger about it, that's all."

"How much younger?" Arlis said, avoiding the direction of his conversation.

"I'm twenty-nine. How old are you, Arlis?"

Arlis thought about it for a moment, her feet moving automatically with the music. She was twenty. But from fifteen to twenty she had missed the carefreeness of the age because of the kitchen and the work.

"You shouldn't ask any girl how old she is," she protested.

He looked into her eyes. "Twenty-three?" he said. "Twenty-two?"

She felt a slight stab of hurt. "Twenty," she said quickly, and saw the change in his face as he realized his mistake.

The music stopped and Old Man Precise called out, "I want me an old-timy square-dance set. Choose your partners!"

Crawford wiped at the sweat on his face. "I don't think I'd better risk it," he said. "I don't know how to square-dance."

"Let's just watch, then," Arlis said. She slipped her arm comfortably through Crawford's, looking around the room.

The square-dance set lined down the whole length; even some of the old women were in this one. Arlis looked for Connie and Jesse John, planning to go over and talk to them, but Connie was sitting alone in a chair against the wall. As she watched, she saw Connie get up and slip out the side door. She frowned. She knew that Connie was up to something.

On the porch, Connie hesitated, looking through the darkness toward the cluster of young men under the cedars, daring herself to approach them. The younger boys were reluctant to cut in on her, now that she was a married woman, and she knew that the old women disapproved of her dancing at all, even with Jesse John.

She saw Knox coming toward her from the darkness. "Knox," she said, "have you seen Jesse John?"

He stopped, one foot on the step, and looked up at her warily. "No," he said. "Went out to get a drink, I reckon."

Connie put one hand on the porch column. She felt suddenly light and easy. "He left me sitting in there like an old lady," she said, a pout in her voice. But she did not really care any more. She looked at Knox boldly across the darkness. "Why don't you come dance with me, Knox? Until Jesse John gets back."

"I reckon not, Connie," he said. "I'm not much to dance."

She listened to the tight carefulness of his voice. She moved a step nearer to him. "I remember when you liked to dance with me. When you ——"

Knox stepped down to the hard-packed earth away from her. "That was before you married my brother," he said. He was afraid she was going to touch him, put her warm hand on his arm, and he turned quickly. "If I see Jesse John, I'll tell him you're looking for him."

"Yes," she said, keeping the tremble out of her voice. "You do that, Knox." She turned and fled into the presence of the dance again.

Knox walked quickly toward the group under the cedars. He was shaken. Nearly always he managed to keep people between them. Connie had been a summer night, two summer nights, over three years ago. But she persisted in cherishing it, bringing it up between them, even though she was married now to Jesse John.

"It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain."
CARDINAL NEWMAN

"Howdy, Knox," a voice said as he joined the group. "Take a little snort."

"I'm toting my own," Knox said, "thank you." He took out the bottle and tilted it, feeling the fiery trickle down his throat. "Anybody care for a swallow?"

The voices murmured at him and he put the bottle away. "Jesse John here?" he said.

"Here," Jesse John said.

"Connie's looking for you."

"I was just going to see about her," Jesse John said, moving away from the group.

Knox stayed for a time, then he drifted to the house and looked in at the whirling throng. But he discovered he did not want to go inside and went instead into the grove of trees where his mule was hitched. He swung into the saddle and headed home in a sharp lope. At home, he unsaddled, turned the mule into the stable and walked around to the front porch.

"Home so early?" Matthew's voice said from the darkness. "What's the matter at the dance?"

"Oh," Knox said, "it's just an old dance."

Matthew chuckled. "I've seen you ride twenty miles to one of them old dances, even knowing you had to hit the field at daylight."

Knox sat down on the porch. "I reckon you grow out of it," he said. "Papa, I been thinking. Now we got the crop laid by, I think I'll go down to that dam and see if I can't find me a job of work."

"Why do you want to do that?"

"It's good money."

Matthew stirred in his chair. "It ain't never been necessary for a Dunbar to go out to public work," he said. "If you need money, I'll put money in your hand. How much do you want?"

Knox moved jerkily. "It's not just that. I want to make it myself. I want to go, papa, I want to go tomorrow. Do you say I can?"

Matthew watched him. "I'd rather you didn't," he said slowly.

"I'm twenty-four years old," Knox said stubbornly. "I ——"

"Yes," Matthew said. "You're your own man. But I'd still rather you didn't."

They sat still, for the length of a cigarette. Knox picked up the bottle and drank from it again, emptying it. He stood up.

"Going to bed, son?" Matthew said mildly.

Knox looked across the darkness, milky now with moonlight, at his father. He knew he wouldn't leave tomorrow, not in the face of Matthew's will, implied in the mildness of "I'd rather you didn't."

"No, sir," he said. "I didn't use that dance right. I think I'll go back."

He walked quickly away, leaving Matthew alone again. After a while Matthew heard the mule's hoofs pass quickly toward the heading of the cove, taking the restlessness and turbulence of his eldest son with him.

Crawford stopped the car under the trees at the head of the cove. "Let's walk the rest of the way," he said.

"All right," Arlis said. She looked up at the moon, silvering through the tree branches. She hunted in her mind for something to talk about, something to hold them together a while longer. "Crawford," she said, "what are you and the TVA going to do about the cove?"

"We're going to buy it."

Arlis put her hand on the side of the car. "We've lived here a long time," she said. "It's gonna be strange, moving somewhere else."

"Yes, I guess it is." He picked up her other hand, lacing fingers carefully with his own. "I've always lived a footless kind of life, but I can guess how it would be."

She let him keep her hand. "Crawford," she said, "don't hurry him. Let him make up his own mind to it."

"We'll give him all the time we can. That's the way the TVA does business."

There was nothing else to say. "I've got to go in now," she said. "I've enjoyed the dance. But I ——"

Moving slowly, side by side, they started up the road toward the house. "Arlis," Crawford said. He was almost afraid to say the words, afraid of the answer. "Me being with the TVA and all—coming to buy your father out ——" He stopped. "It won't make any difference between me and you, will it?"

She did not respond, either by face or by voice. "Difference?" she said. "We went to a dance together ——"

"But I want to come back to see you, I mean, I want to ——"

She hesitated. Then she said slowly, "I can't say. But if you're working around here, I reckon you'll be welcome at our house."

"I will," he said happily. "I'll be working in this area for a long time to come."

They didn't say anything further. The moonlight flooded them and the night was cool after the heat of the dance. They could hear frogs talking from the creek and from somewhere came the sudden startling scream of a screech owl. Arlis flinched and gripped his arm, though she had been hearing screech owls all her life.

At the steps to the porch they stopped. "Good night," Arlis said.

"Good night, Arlis," Crawford said softly. "I'll be back to see you—soon."

It was a clumsy, ill-timed kiss, for he had not known he was going to do it and she was not prepared for his boldness. She was drawing away in the moment of touch and then when he stopped she was returning it involuntarily. But it was a strangely satisfactory kiss. She drew away quickly and went up the steps.

Crawford Gates was looking at the man across the desk. He studied him before he dropped his eyes to the papers in his lap. "That's it," he said. "I'm going to see Mr. Dunbar again today."

The man was leaning back in his swivel chair. "Is he holding out for more money?"

Crawford put the papers away in folders. "No, sir," he said. "Not Matthew Dunbar. He just doesn't want to move. He's got a big family and the land has been in the family for a long time. It's just resistance to change, differentness."

"How are you going to handle it?"

Crawford stood up. "I don't see but one thing to do," he said slowly. "Make old Matthew understand the real thing about TVA, how him and his cove don't have the right to stand in its way."

The man pursed his lips. "There's always recourse to condemnation."

"Sure," Crawford said. "But we've got time. They're not going to get that dam finished tomorrow."

The boss turned back to his papers. "You know how we operate," he said. "We'd rather have a friend of the TVA any time, instead of an enemy. Go to it."

Crawford smiled with relief. "I'm taking the map and the forms out there today."

He walked down the old dusty stairs and across the street to where he had parked his car and threw the folder into the back seat. The car was hot from sitting in the sun. He wheeled around the square, and took a street leading out. The pavement ended quickly and he was on gravel. He drove carefully, feeling the jar of the rough chert road coming up through the wheel into his hands.

He spun out of trees into cotton fields, then back into trees again, and stopped in the shade at the head of the cove. He got out, reached into the back seat for the folder and walked rapidly up the road. The front yard and the porch were empty. He stopped at the steps and lifted his voice. "Hello the house."

He waited, preparing to call again, when he heard a door open. He knew it was Arlis before he saw her. She stopped in surprise.

"Hello, Arlis," he said. "I ——"

"Crawford." Her face looked flushed and pleased. "I didn't expect you back so soon."

He wanted to move up the steps to her side, to touch her. "I came to see your daddy. But it's good seeing you, too, Arlis."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

Here's what you should do about

COLDS or ASIATIC FLU!

1. See your doctor
2. Get plenty of bed rest
3. Drink lots of fruit juice
4. Take Aspirin for fever and pain

BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER-FAST!

THE SYMPTOMS of the common cold—and of highly contagious Asiatic Flu—are remarkably similar. Fever, headache, muscular aches and pains, backache and sore throat are among the characteristics of both diseases.

The moment you are aware of any of these symptoms, you should, of course, get in touch with your doctor. Meanwhile, rest in bed as much as possible, drink as much fruit juice as you can, and take Bayer Aspirin without delay.

The importance of taking Bayer Aspirin at the first sign of a cold or Asiatic Flu cannot be over-emphasized. Both diseases, if neglected, can cause you serious trouble... Asiatic Flu especially —for it not only spreads with insidious speed, but can lead to pneumonia.

Bayer Aspirin will make you feel better fast—because it relieves aches and pains with astonishing speed, and quickly reduces fever as well.

We believe your own doctor or public health official will tell you that Bayer Aspirin brings the relief you need for the painful discomforts caused by colds or Asiatic Flu.

Remember—penetrating research confirms that Bayer brings the *fastest* relief ... the *fastest*, most *gentle-to-the-stomach* relief you can get.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

She stood watching him and it was not at all as she had expected. She had felt that the dancing and the togetherness and the kiss would stand thickly between them, barring communication. But it was not that way; it was only easy and casual and friendly in the broad daylight.

"He's out in the woods working up the winter wood," she said. "They'll be in to dinner pretty soon. I've got some coffee on the stove. Won't you come into the kitchen?"

She opened the door and entered, Crawford behind her.

"Sit down," Arlis said to him. "I'll heat the coffee."

She brought clean cups and a pitcher of cream and then poured sugar into a very old and battered silver sugar bowl that she took from a top shelf. He knew that she did not use the bowl for every day.

She did not sit down with him until the coffee was hot and poured, but kept busy about the stove. Then, while he spooned sugar into his cup, she slipped into the seat opposite him.

"Last night," he said, "Did you have a good time?"

She blushed. "Yes," she said. "Yes. It was a good time."

"I hope you didn't mind me . . . there at the last ——"

"No," she breathed. "It was all right. I mean ——"

He leaned forward. "Arlis, before the others get here I wanted to ask you—I mean, I'm going to the picture show in town Saturday. You want to go with me?"

She sat very still. *It is real,* she thought. *It really did happen last night and I didn't just imagine it.*

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I would like to go."

There was a sound at the porch screen door and Crawford stood up as Matthew came into the kitchen.

"Why, howdy," he said. "I didn't expect to see you." He looked at Arlis. "You got my dinner ready, girl?"

"It's in the warming oven. It'll be on the table by the time you're there yourself."

"Good," Matthew said. "Come on, Crawford. Wash up and eat with us."

Crawford hesitated. "All right," he said. "I thank you."

He followed Matthew to the back porch and out into the yard. They washed, side by side, Matthew stooping over the pan and splashing the water heartily into his face and over his hands and arms.

Crawford said carefully, "If you don't mind, I'd like to go over your place with you. We've got aerial photographs to measure your land and you can show me just where your lines go on the map. Then we can figure the acreage and make you a price on the basis of that."

"I don't need no price," Matthew said firmly. "So I don't see no need for you to go to all that trouble."

"It's just a job I've got to do." Crawford smiled deprecatingly. "They tell me to go out and measure some land, I've got to measure it. It doesn't commit you to anything."

Matthew studied it for a minute. "All right," he said. "I don't want to get you into no trouble with your boss. You can measure my land from now to doomsday if you're a mind to." He grinned faintly. "It's gonna take you that long to buy it anyway, Mr. Gates."

After the hearty meal, Crawford and Matthew prepared to walk over the land. Crawford took out the aerial map. "I'll need to know just where your boundaries run," he said. "I've got a pretty good idea, but I have to be sure."

Matthew held the map in both hands. "Here we are," he said, putting his finger on the place. He was pleased. "I recognized it right away, even if I ain't never seen it from the air."

He gave the map back to Crawford and they walked out into the field road. Crawford looked around at the cove.

"It's a pretty place, Mr. Dunbar. A mighty pretty place."

"Yes," Matthew said, slogging on steadily in the heat. He always moved that way, slow and deliberate and steady. "Yes, it is. I don't never get over the pretty of it, myself."

Crawford was silent for a moment. They reached the bridge and he stopped, spreading out the map again. He got out the pad of blanks and filled in the heading. "You've got all this here in cotton," he said, moving a finger to indicate. "Is that right?"

"Yes," Matthew said. "That's all the cotton I raise."

Crawford started to write on the pad. "You can just about tell from the map what's growing. But we check it. And this is where the corn starts." He turned the pad over and multiplied some figures.

Matthew watched. "Yes," he said. "I've got a little jog of timber land right here, though." He indicated the place.

Swiftly Crawford altered the line. "I didn't know you went up that far." He smiled. "We were aiming to cheat you there."

He folded the map and they walked on. Crawford could feel the hot sun beating heavily through his khaki shirt. He said, "I wish

GOING AWAY

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Going away. Yes, I'm going
Away. Seafarer forth,
I shall ribbon the earth
With whistles
And fo'c'sles
And postals
And mirth
To bring you at last
Good report of my worth—
Happy day!

I'm going.
Good-by.
I'm going.
Don't cry.
I'm going to get
A blue tear for your eye
From the pool where the
snow dolphins play.
I'm going to miss you.
Though it's you I shall find.
The way will be lonely,
But going is only
A way.

there was some way I could show you the whole TVA, like I showed you that map. I'd like to take you down to that damsite sometime. Maybe ——"

"I'm a busy man, Mr. Gates," Matthew said. "I don't have no time to go gallivanting off this time of year. This is hay land. Did you get that?"

Crawford stopped, making notes on the pad of paper. "I nearly walked right by it," he said. "You've never had electricity in your house, have you?"

"No," Matthew said. "The power company talked once of putting a line through, but it never did come to nothing."

Crawford said, "When TVA gets through, there'll be power lines all through here. There'll hardly be a farm that won't have electricity."

"Yeah," Matthew said. "To hear you tell it, I ain't going to be here to enjoy it."

Crawford stopped in the field road. "But you wouldn't do a thing to keep anybody else from getting it? You wouldn't want to hold it away from all the other folks around here?"

"No," Matthew said slowly. "I reckon I wouldn't want to do that. They're my neighbors. I wouldn't turn a hand to hurt them in any way."

"You don't have to turn a hand," Crawford said bluntly. "All you've got to do is stand still in your stubbornness. That way, you'll be hurting the whole countryside, holding it back from the progress and the advancement it needs." He leaned forward. "Mr. Dunbar, tell me one thing: Just one thing, and then I'll shut up. If I can show you what a big thing TVA is, if I can convince you in your heart what it's going to mean to the people of this country—if I can do all that, will you agree to sell Dunbar's Cove?"

Matthew thought about it. He looked up at Crawford, a slight smile touching his lips. "Son," he said, "even if you could do all that—even if you did do all that—I still wouldn't sell Dunbar's Cove."

Crawford tried to smile. "I reckon I got my answer," he said ruefully. "Come on, let's finish up."

Matthew felt sorry for him, seeing the change come into his face. "Son," he said, "you can talk from now on, if you want to. I never yet shut my mind like a steel trap. So, if you got to, you just keep on talking."

They walked around to the front yard, into the shade of the big oak. Matthew looked at the boys sprawled on the front porch.

Both Knox and Rice sprang up at the same moment, fumbling out of sleep. They looked around, bewildered, and Matthew began to laugh.

"That's all right," he said. "We didn't lose too much time. It ain't no more than two o'clock."

Crawford was sitting on the edge of the porch, figuring on the back of the pad. "We had you figured for about two hundred and fifty-some acres," he said. "Adding in twenty-six acres for that woodland makes it something like two hundred and eighty acres. . . . I imagine you'll be offered around twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars for your place."

"That much?" Matthew was impressed.

"Of course," Crawford said hastily, "that's just a guess."

Rice sat up excitedly. "Papa," he said, "we could take that money and start us a dairy farm! That's the easy farming. No hoeing and plowing and planting—well, some, because you've got to raise your feed. But not like farming. It's not anything like farming."

Matthew could feel the freezing start inside him. He turned slowly and looked at Knox. "What do you know about this?" he said. "Are you ——"

"Oh, that's his idea," Knox said indifferently. "That's all he's talked about ever since the first word was said about selling the place."

Matthew looked at Rice again, seeing the excitement in him dull down under his probing stare, and then he turned to Crawford. "You done everything you need to do, Mr. Gates? I've got to get back to work."

"Yes," Crawford said.

He stood alone, watching, while Matthew led the boys around the side of the house out of sight.

It was good to be back in the cove again, even though he had been gone only for the morning. Matthew turned the T-model into the road paralleling the creek bank. He had not been out of the cove since he'd put his crop into the ground. But today he'd had to go to town for baling wire. He had meant to take his time with the trip, but he had not stayed long after all. The men in the barbershop had talked only of the dam. The men at the mule barn were telling stories about the wages the TVA was paying and how everybody, just about, could at least get on the crews for the summer that were clearing the reservoir. He had gone into the bank, and near the entrance there had been a sign with an arrow pointing up the stairs, saying TVA LAND OFFICE. As he stood looking at it, he saw Crawford Gates crossing the sidewalk without seeing him. Matthew, perturbed in his mind, had gone on into the bank and transacted his business hurriedly, anxious to get on back home to the cove. He drove into the shade of the big tree alongside the house, stopped the car and got out, and unwired the hundred pounds of ice from the front bumper.

"Arlis," he called, "bring me something to wrap the ice in. Hurry now."

He heard her moving in the kitchen and he waited until she came to the door with an old quilt in her hands. He took it from her and began wrapping the ice carefully.

"Have us some ice cream tonight," he said cheerfully. "I thought that'd be a good idea on a hot day like this. Where are the boys?"

Arlis smiled. "Knox took 'em back up in the woods," she said, "right after you left."

Matthew laughed. "Now, Knox knows I like to help make his run." He opened the screen door. "Well, when your mash gets ready, you've got to run it. I'll go see how they're making out."

He walked through the barn and out the other side, angling across the peanut patch. It was a fifteen-minute walk to the place where Knox always set up his still. There was a fast-flowing spring, good water, and the

trees and brush were thick. Matthew was almost on the spring before he saw a shimmer of smoke in the air. He stepped out into the open and stopped abruptly, staring at the jugs and fruit jars that were already filled. Knox was making another run, the colorless fluid dripping out of the bright copper maze of pipe.

"Son," he said, "you making enough to last the rest of your life?"

Knox jerked up from the firebox where he had been stuffing in more wood. Rice and Jesse John stopped their work too.

"I thought you were taking the day in town," Knox said. "I ——" He stopped talking, snapping his mouth closed and turning away. "Go on back to the house, papa. We can make out all right."

Matthew moved closer to the still. "What in the world do you think you're going to do with all this whisky?"

Knox whirled around. "I aim to make some money out of this TV and A some way," he told his father. "Them men working down there in the reservoir are just crying for some good whisky."

Knox was angry, and scared too. But he would not let himself look away from Matthew. Matthew faced him, feeling the words going through his mind like knives.

"You're making whisky to sell?" he said.

"You won't let me go down there to work," Knox said stubbornly. "I'm staying at home, just like you wanted me to. But I got me a market for my stuff and I aim to ——"

Matthew stood still, fighting it inside him. He wouldn't let his mouth say a word until he could control the anger. "No Dunbar," he said at last, "ever lowered hisself to sell moonshine." He turned toward Jesse John and Rice. "Take that ax and start chopping glass until I tell you when it's time to stop."

Jesse John stood up uncertainly.

"No," Knox said.

Matthew looked back at him again. "All right, Jesse John," he said quietly, "stay where you are." He picked up the ax, hefting it in one hand, and walked back to Knox. "You're right. They ain't got no call to break up your own liquor. Take this and start breaking."

For a moment Matthew thought that he was going to refuse and defy. But, slowly, Knox's hand moved to take the ax, his face suddenly still and white and blank.

"You're making me do it?" he said hoarsely.

"No commercial liquor can be made on Dunbar land," Matthew said. "Not as long as I'm the man."

Knox lifted the ax and walked swiftly to the cluster of jars and jugs. He swung the ax against them in a sweeping blow. The instant pungency of the whisky swept thick as musk into the air. Jesse John and Rice stood watching as Knox labored over the breaking, the ax rising and falling, flashing in the sunlight.

"All right," Matthew said finally. There were five jugs left. "That's enough."

Knox paused with the ax lifted in the air and looked over his shoulder at Matthew. He threw the ax into the glitter of broken glass and went away from them, making his own path into the woods.

"Kill the rest of that run," Matthew told Jesse John and Rice. "And bring his copper worm to the barn. Take it up gentle now. We'll put it away for him until he's ready to use it again."

He watched them begin with the banking and dismantling, then he walked away.

Connie had waited long enough for Jesse John. This morning she had said something about going swimming in the creek pool and she had believed he would come to take her, for he did not like her to swim alone. But she was not going to wait any longer.

She walked slowly, feeling the beads of perspiration on her face from the heat. The bathing suit under the white dress clung stiffly to her body and she kept thinking about the cool, tree-shaded water, where the boys had cut back the brush, and there was a homemade diving board. The creek widened and deepened in this part, a natural swimming hole.

She sat down to take off her white shoes, then reached and caught the hem of her dress, lifting it over her head. She walked to the edge of the pool, tugging at the bra of the suit.

"Just my luck," a voice said. "A bathing suit."

She recovered herself, startled, and saw him standing across the creek bank on the other side. "Who—who are you?" she said, feeling the fright creeping into her voice.

He was tall, with a smooth, tanned face and a tiny black mustache shading the upper lip. He wore overalls and a battered felt hat. "Ever' book I ever read in my life didn't say anything about a bathing suit when a man watches a woman go swimming by herself," he said, grinning. "Just my doggoned luck."

With his eyes on her, Connie felt as though she were not wearing the protective cloth at all. She slid quickly into the creek. "Who are you?" she demanded.

"Me?" He grinned elaborately. "My name is Ceram Haskins. I'm bossing one of those clearing gangs over yonder."

She felt better now. He was a stranger, but his voice spoke in the accents she knew. She smiled a trifle of a smile. "You shouldn't be sneaking around where a girl might take it in mind to go swimming."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I didn't aim to sneak around. I was just hunting a shady place to set for a while. Say, what's your name?"

"Connie." She bent her knees and waded deeper into the water.

"Why don't you come over?" he said. "We could talk better without the width of the creek between us."

She flirted her head. "I don't reckon I've got anything to talk about. Not with a stranger that hangs around ——"

"All right," he said. "I'll just have to come over there."

He jumped into the water, clothes and all, splashing a wave over her and into her face. She gasped, backing away, her hands wiping at her water-stinging eyes. When she had them cleared again he was standing shoulder deep next to her.

"Howdy," he said gravely. "Do you go swimming here often?"

"Just . . . once in a while. I've got to go now. I ——"

He reached out his hands and took her arms in them. They were big hands, holding her tightly. "You just got here," he said. "Don't quit now, just when I decided to keep you company."

She did not move. "All right," she said. The water was not that cold, but her teeth were chattering. "All right. I'll stay—for a few minutes."

He relaxed, turning loose of her. "You live near here, Connie?"

She moved her head toward the cove. "Back there. Just a little ways."

He stared at her boldly, appraisingly. "You're a mighty pretty girl to live way out here. I been a lot of places, and seen a lot of girls. But I can't recollect ever seeing a prettier." He lifted one hand to touch her cheek. "Not even with her hair down wet and hanging in her face."

She flinched away from the feel of his hand. "Don't," she said sharply.

He smiled, but the casualness did not reach into his eyes. "Doggone," he said, "you're a pretty thing. Reckon a feller could take you to see a picture show tonight?"

She tossed her head, turning full face toward him. "I don't think so. I don't think my husband would like it."

They were going to be magic words, making him disappear out of her sight. But he did not move. There was only a brightening in his eyes.

"No husband smart enough to get a good-looking woman like you ought to let her go swimming by herself," Ceram said.

She felt his hand touch her under the water. "Don't!" she said sharply.

"Don't you ——"

But she did not move. His other arm went around her body, holding them together, and she could feel the strength and tautness of his legs.

"Don't!" She turned her head against his chest, hiding her face, feeling the trembling weakness paralyzing her will.

"All right, baby," Ceram said. His voice was low, husky. "All right, honey. Come on, honey."

She followed him out of the water numbly, clambering up the bank, telling herself that it wasn't true, it wasn't going to happen, she couldn't do this to Jesse John.

They moved back into the trees along the path, Ceram walking ahead of her, not even turning to look until he stopped and reached to pull her down on the ground.

Then he jerked away, startled into coldness. In the same instant a voice spoke out, "What's going on here?"

She sat upright and saw Knox standing over them. His hands were clenched tight and hard against his sides and she could see the angry grind of his teeth under hard lips.

"Look, mister," Ceram said. He was already on his feet. "Look, mister, I ——"

Knox advanced on him, his hands lifting. Ceram turned, starting to run, and Knox sprang, dropping him to the earth with ground-jarring suddenness. Ceram started getting up and Knox helped him, grabbing the bib of his overalls.

"You get out of here. You hear me? Get straight on out of here."

He hit Ceram again and shoved him away. Ceram stumbled.

"Look, mister," he said, "I just ——"

"Get on," Knox said. "Don't tell me about it. Just get on."

Connie sat staring at the two of them. Then Knox turned to her. "Slut," he said. "I ought to ——"

He moved toward her and she shrank away from him. "I couldn't help it," she said wildly. "I couldn't, I tell you. I ——"

"No," he said, "I guess you couldn't help the way you was born. But help it or not, I'm going to march you to the house and show you to Jesse John the way you are."

"Don't tell him," she said in agony.

"He's my brother," he said grimly. "I don't have the right to hide from him what I seen."

She straightened up, her voice flaring. "You got a right to talk. You started it, Knox Dunbar. You was the first. That's why I married Jesse John, just so I could be in the same house. Just so I could see you."

He did not believe her. And yet he had to believe. He remembered the way she had watched him after those few nights together. "You shouldn't have married Jesse John, then," he said, more quietly, standing still and looking somberly down at her. "All right," he said at last. "I won't see Jesse John again. I'm leaving the cove right now. I'm going to work for the TVA."

"You're leaving?" she said. "You're not going to be ——"

"No," he said. His voice tightened, rasping. "But let me tell you one thing, Connie. If I hear even one whisper about you and any other man, I'll come back. And I'll destroy you as my brother's wife. You hear me?"

"Yes," she said. "I hear you."

He moved a step closer to her. "And I'm going to make sure you remember it. I'm going to punish you. Just as if I was Jesse John."

His hand swung at her, slapping against her tender flesh, and she cried out. He lifted the hand again, hitting her with the open palm, catching her on her hip as she writhed. His hand was hard, horny with callus, and tears sprang into her eyes. He hit her again and then again.

Then he turned and started away. "Jesse John loves you, Connie," he said. "I wish you'd remember that. I've never seen a man love his wife the way he does."

Miss Hattie was up in the grape tree when she saw Rice come out of the woods and across the fields toward Matthew and the slowly moving team of mules. Miss Hattie had become a people watcher, abandoning the childish pursuits that had occupied her before. Her favorite subject was Connie. But this morning Connie was staying in her room, had not even come out for breakfast.

There is one who is wiser than any of us, and that is everybody. NAPOLEON

Miss Hattie climbed down from the tree and went along the path toward the creek, intending to go on to the field. But while she was balanced in the middle of the foot log she saw Connie walk by on the road, going toward the head of the cove. Miss Hattie came quickly off the log and paralleled the road in underbrush, keeping Connie in sight, waiting for whatever would be revealed.

Connie felt heavy-eye tired today, as though the sleep had not rested her. She had remained in the bed after Jesse John had arisen, feigning sleep until he had left the room. But she had lingered a long time after, trying to deny the decision in her, until at last she had stood up. She had thrown on an old house dress and a pair of shoes with run-down heels and there was no lipstick and powder on her face. Without the coloring her lips looked pale, but today she did not need beauty.

She came to the heading where the cove road angled into the dirt road going downriver toward town. For more than a quarter of a mile she walked in tree shade. She came out suddenly into the harsh straight line of clearing and stopped. She shaded her hand over her eyes and looked ahead. She could see the men working out there, not too far from the road. She stood a moment, watching, then she walked out slowly into the sunlight. She put a swing into her hips as she walked.

She was almost past before Ceram saw her, recognizing her instantly, and it stunned into him like the fist of an angry man.

He did not stop to remember that these men lived in this area and that they would immediately recognize her. He stood and watched, then folded up the time book and stuffed it into his shirt pocket. He went away from the men, angling across the new-cleared ground toward the place where she had disappeared into the trees.

He reached the woods, afraid that she had gone on. But she was waiting for him just inside the covering shelter of the woods.

"You've got to take me away," she said.

He stopped, frightened by her words. "What's the matter? What happened?"

She looked at him, her face pale, almost drawn in the harsh light. Her eyes were large, open, looking at him and seeing the slant of his face, the bulk and heft of his shoulders.

"He nearly killed me," she said. "He was going to kill me, but—but his brother stopped him. You've got to take me away."

Ceram stood watching her. "I can't take you anywhere. I'll be working here for a long time. He'll be sure to find us."

"This isn't the only dam in the world," she said steadily. "A man like you can find work anywhere." She opened the front of the house dress. "Look."

There was a harsh bruise there and she looked down at it herself, remembering the weight and fall of Knox's hand. She drew a deep breath, shudderingly.

"He was going to kill me," she said. "And he will kill me if I go back."

Ceram did not even see the bruise. He saw only the breast, the shamelessness of her baring.

She closed the house dress again and came to him. "I've been thinking," she said. "All night I've been thinking ——" She was trem-

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

bling and his arms were holding her. "You're going to take me away? You're going to ——"

He was not even thinking of the men, of the impossibility of going back to face them. He was thinking of the woman, the blaze in her, and in all his bold years there had never been a woman come to him as she had come.

"Yes," he said. "I'll take you. God knows I'll take you."

Miss Hattie had listened to the talk, hearing the words clear and sharp. Without knowing she was moving, she whirled and ran away from them, fleeing out of the tangle of woods. She did not stop until she had circled through trees all the way into the safety of the cove. Then she approached the house from the back, going through the barn. A voice reached for her and she turned, looking at Jesse John, his arms full of shucked corn.

"Did Connie get up yet, Miss Hattie?"

She took her eyes away from his unaware face, looking down at her dusty bare feet. "Yes," she said. "I saw her this morning."

Jesse John dumped the armload of ears and started back to the crib. "I didn't know where she'd got to," he said. "What has she been doing with herself?"

Miss Hattie stared into his face. There was no way she could lie. He would know from the sound of her voice that she was lying. "Don't make me tell you, Jesse John," she said. "Don't make me be the one to tell you."

He turned sharply toward her. "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

But he was looking at her and he did not have to hear the speaking of the words. "She went off with another man," she said. "I saw her. I followed her down the road until she met him and I heard them talking and then . . . she went off with him."

Her arm was thin under his sudden grip. "How long have you known about it?" he said. "How long without saying a word ——"

She writhed under the harsh strength of his hand. "I didn't know." She was crying. "I didn't, Jesse John. I swear I didn't."

He had never hurt her before in her life. He had never hurt anyone. But the gentleness was jerked and shaken in him now and he did not doubt the truth of the saying. He sat down in the open doorway of the corncrib, putting his hands over his face.

"I knew she'd do it," he said, his voice breaking on the individual lump of each word. "I knew it from the day she married me, but I wouldn't believe it."

Miss Hattie went to him, putting her hand on his head. She felt very wise and womanly. "You couldn't help it. It ain't your fault."

He lifted his head. "No man could love her the way I do. No man could treat her with the goodness I tried to treat her with."

Miss Hattie stopped, bewildered. "Maybe goodness ain't enough. Maybe it takes more ——" She stopped, feeling young again, the acquired wisdom and thinking gone. "I don't know," she said shrilly. "How do you expect me to know? You're the grown."

She ran away from him toward the house, crying, the sun blinding in her eyes.

In the barn, Jesse John waited until the gnawing would be gone out of his mind. But it did not go; and after a while in desperation he rose, going toward the field, walking with the stiff, stumping steps of an old man.

He met Matthew and Rice coming to dinner. "Papa," he said, "I come looking for you."

"What's the matter?" Matthew said in immediate alarm.

Jesse John's face was naked to Matthew's seeing. "Connie has left me," he said. His voice was blunt and heavy with the words.

It was not a surprise to Matthew; he had known the restlessness and uncertainty in her. "It was one of those TVA men," he said.

Jesse John shook his head. "I don't know. I didn't even know she ——"

Matthew put his hand on his shoulder. "No man can keep a woman that don't want to be kept. No man in the world."

Jesse John's face hardened into stubborn lines. "I'm going after her. I'm going to find her and bring her back."

"You still want her? After another man had laid his hand on her?"

Jesse John nodded his head, ashamed. "I love her, papa. I've got to go find her."

Matthew studied him. "If you feel like you got to go," he said slowly, "I'm not going to try to stop you." He felt his voice choke up and he coughed, clearing his throat. "I'd have told Knox the same thing, if he'd stopped to ask me. You're men now. You know your own mind."

Jesse John turned away. "I didn't aim to leave you. I've just got to find her now."

Matthew put his hand on his shoulder again. It was an unaccustomed closeness between them. "Go on," he said. "But come back when you can. I'm gonna need a man to follow after me one of these days. Don't forget that."

"I'll come," Jesse John said. "I promise you that, papa. After I'm done looking."

It is difficult for two men to gather a crop planted by four. Matthew worked harder that fall than he had ever worked in his memory to keep up with the ripening of cotton and corn. Rice worked with him, as steadily.

Their only visitor was Crawford Gates. He came at least once a week, usually on Saturday to take Arlis to the movies in town. Matthew was civil with him, but the first friendliness was gone between them. He felt a tensing within him when Crawford was in the cove, awaiting momentarily the renewed assault upon his defenses. But it did not come. Crawford visited, apparently, only to court Arlis.

There are rituals for fall: the quick stoop and snatch after cotton, the splitting of stovewood dried from the summer's cutting, the cry of geese in the night going overhead from north to south. Then in November came the richest ritual of them all. Matthew, one night after supper, went to take the mail-order catalogue from the shelf. He brought it back to the table and spread it open. "I reckon it's time to make out our order," he said. "Every one of us is going to need winter clothes."

He saw the brightening and the quickening in their faces as they leaned toward him. "All right," he said. "Start telling me what you want, and I'll tell you what you can have."

Arlis put her hands together. "I'm going to need some things for the house," she said. "A new coffeepot, for one thing."

He looked at her, teasing. "How about some pretty clothes?"

She blushed. "I don't need any new clothes. Maybe a house dress or two—the ones I've got are faded by now."

Matthew laughed. "The price of cotton was better this year," he said. "So everybody gets something they don't need."

He turned open the book to the men's wear. "I'll start putting down papa first," he said. "He'll have to have some new overalls and shirts. Two pairs of long underwear too." He began writing carefully on the order blank. "What about you, Rice?"

"I need an overall jumper," Rice said. "I'd like one of them blanket-lined ones. And a pair of shoes."

The sound of the motor was loud in the stillness and Matthew, looking at Arlis, saw the change come into her face.

"It's Crawford," she said. "I recognize ——" She stopped, looking away from Matthew.

They all waited until the motor cut off, the door slammed, and then they heard Crawford's voice saying, "Hello, hello."

Matthew looked back at the catalogue in front of him. "We'll finish it tomorrow," he said.

Arlis led Crawford into the kitchen. Crawford was talking rapidly, his face lit with excitement. "Hello, Mr. Dunbar," he said. "He won. He won again."

"You didn't expect him to lose, did you?" Matthew said.

"Who won?" Rice said.

"Roosevelt!" Crawford said. "Landon didn't get anywhere. Roosevelt landslided him right out of existence."

"You sound like you was worried about it," Matthew said. "Shucks, you could have walked the coves for half a day and found out that Landon didn't have a chance."

Crawford sat down at the table. "TVA can go forward now. We know that we'll have the money and the support we need to finish the job. If the election had gone the other way, TVA would have been stopped."

"Maybe I should have voted for Landon, then," Matthew said mildly. "The TVA has only come to hurt me. That would be my own personal and true interest, to help stop the TVA."

Crawford watched him. "You don't really mean that," he said. "I can tell by looking at you that you don't mean it."

Matthew sat still. "Yesterday Roosevelt was elected again," he said. "And today you come with hurry and clamor to finish the job you're hired to do. The orders do come down fast, don't they?"

Crawford moved his hands impatiently. "It's not the election," he said. He stopped, holding his lips tight together. Then he burst on. "Sir, I've been sticking my neck out for you in that office all summer long. I've been telling them that you'd come to your senses. We've already bought out just about everybody but you. They knew that when the dam came they'd have to sell out, find another home and another farm where they could enjoy the benefits. All except you. You sat back here in Dunbar's Cove uninterested in what was going on outside and said, 'I don't want nothing to do with it!'"

"Son," Matthew said, "no man has ever talked to me in no such a way. What gives you the right to come into a man's house and ——"

Crawford stood up. "I got the right, Matthew. Because I've bet my job on you. I've stood before my boss' desk telling him that if I couldn't do it without resort to force or violence or law, I'd hand him my job."

"You oughtn't to have done that," Matthew said. There was a quickening harshness in his voice. "I didn't ask for your help. You didn't have the right to put me under obligation to you. For that reason I don't feel no obligation."

Crawford turned, looking up at Arlis. "I didn't do it for you," he said. "Well, partly, I guess. But mostly for Arlis."

Matthew, too, looked up at Arlis. "Did you ask him to do it?"

"No," Arlis said. "I didn't ask him."

Matthew looked back at Crawford and for a moment anger blazed in his face. "Crawford," he said, "I stand where I stood the day you first walked into this cove. I've got one job, and one job alone on this earth. I come here to save and preserve, not to destroy and to tear away. It was given to me to manage Dunbar's Cove for a generation, and to choose the one it'll pass to after I'm gone. With all that in back of me, you walk into the cove with a new idea and a piece of paper in your hand and expect me to lay down, on your say-so alone, what I was put here to do."

Crawford said quickly, "It's a new idea, I'll admit, that a farming man can live an easy, town kind of life, with electricity to do his work for him, and indoor toilets, and tractors to take the toil out of his life. That his land can be held against the erosion of wind and rain and protected against the tearing away of floods. That his crops and his produce can go cheaper to market with river transportation all up and down the whole length of the river. But it's a real idea, too, as real as Dunbar's Cove. Dunbar's Cove is an idea for one man. TVA is for the whole country. TVA is bigger ——"

"Bigness don't make right," Matthew said stubbornly. "Law don't make right." He stopped, glaring at Crawford. "And you might as well quit talking about all you've done for me. As far as I'm concerned, you ain't done a thing. It don't stir me none because I didn't ask you to do it."

"I didn't do it for you," Crawford yelled out of exasperation. "I did it for Arlis. I did it because I love her and I want to marry her and I ——"

His words stopped in the heavy silence. Matthew was looking at Arlis, saw the change and shift in her face, the quickly suppressed glow.

"Did you know about this?" he said.

"He never said it," Arlis said. "He never said it, before this minute."

"Crawford Gates," Matthew said, "let me tell you something. You walked into this cove on a day last spring. A day when my son Knox had not gone away to work for the TVA, at public wages day by day, a hired hand. My daughter-in-law Connie had not followed the wanting of her desire with a stranger-man come flaunting his money and his travels and his wildness before her, tolling my son Jesse John in search of her. And Arlis: on that day of your coming she was happy here at home, doing the work her mamma left her to do. She was contented with her daddy, she didn't have to oppose him as she's doing now on your account, putting a distance between us that's never been between us before. That's it, Crawford. This is the thing you've done in the few short months since your first coming. Is this the goodness you're talking about, the rightness and the power of the TVA?"

"I couldn't have done it, Matthew," Crawford said, "if it hadn't been already in them. You can't stop change. You've got to go along with it, shaping and guiding it."

"I'm keeping Dunbar's Cove like it is. You can talk all night, and you can't change my way and my mind on that."

"But you can't even do that," Crawford said. "I didn't have to risk my job, the best job I've ever had or ever will have, on your account. Or even on Arlis'. Because when the time comes the TVA can take your land, whether you like it or not. We don't want to do that, but we can if we have to. We'll pay you what it's worth. But we can take it with the paying."

Matthew's face flushed. "You lie," he said. "No government can take a man's ——"

"Yes," Crawford said. "There's a procedure for it. The property can be condemned for the common good, the right appraised amount paid over, and it's no longer yours."

Matthew moved around the table. "Get out of here," he said. "Don't set your foot in this cove again."

"It won't do any good," Crawford said. "You can't ——"

"Get out," Matthew said. "This is my house. This is my land. And I'm telling you to get your feet off my dirt once and for all."

"But Arlis ——"

"I don't care ——"

"Papa," Arlis said, "I love Crawford. I hadn't told him either." Her voice was shaky and uncertain. "But I love him, papa."

Matthew drew a long breath. "That don't change my mind," he said. "Go away from here, Crawford. Go on now. I'm telling you for the last time."

Crawford turned and went out the door, without a word, into the darkness.

The horn blew the following night before they had finished the mail order. Matthew had come into the house from the barn to find Arlis bending over the stove.

"Supper will be ready in a minute, papa," she had said. "You've just got time to wash up."

The coldness had gone out from around them. The kitchen was cheerful and there had been a burst of laughter at the table. It was quickly subdued, with furtive glances at Matthew sitting somber in his accustomed place, but he had lifted his head and smiled.

Then the horn blew. It was two quick staccato blasts, sweeping into the cove from the far road.

Arlis looked at Matthew. She stood up. "I'll be back," she said. Her voice was quiet, assured as always. "I won't be long."

She gave him time for forbiddance. He looked at her, knowing that she would go against the sound of his voice, and so he did not speak.

Arlis went quickly down the road toward the head of the cove. She saw headlights and stepped out into the beam of light so he could see her. He opened the door and stepped out, putting his arms around her. He laid his face against hers.

"You meant it," he said. "You meant what you said last night."

She drew away. "Of course," she said. "I wouldn't have said it if ——"

He stopped the words. His lips were cold against hers, chill from the touch of air from the north.

"Let's get in the car. I've got a heater."

She slid under the wheel to the other side. He rolled up the glass and the car quickly became comfortable.

He turned toward her, touching her shoulder. "I didn't know whether you'd come," he said. "Whether you could even hear me."

"I heard," she said quietly. "Papa heard too."

"What are we going to do?" He reached out for her and she came quickly into his arms again. "Why didn't you ever tell me before? All this long summer I've ——"

She laughed softly. "You didn't tell me either."

"I was scared to. I was downright scared to even ——".

"Me too," she said. "Of course, a girl ——"

They laughed and his arms held her tighter. After a moment she drew away. Their mood changed from the recognition and acceptance of love and her voice was sober when she spoke again.

"What are we going to do, Crawford?"

"Get married," he said, wondering how he could say the words so calmly. "Waiting won't help matters any—it'll just make it worse. Don't even go back there, Arlis. Leave with me tonight."

She shook her head. "I can't. Knox left him. Jesse John left him. And then me."

He turned. "He can't keep the cove separate from the world to the end of time, Arlis. You've got a right to live your own life. Doesn't he realize that?"

"I've got a duty just like papa has," Arlis said. "It's my job to clean and cook and scrub. I've done it since mamma died—and if I didn't do it ——"

"There's Miss Hattie. She's as old as you were when you took on the job."

She shook her head. "It's not the same. She wouldn't know how to do it. What's going to happen, Crawford? Will he ——"

"Yes," Crawford said harshly. "He'll los. the cove. In the end he'll have to give it up. There's no way to change that."

She turned in his arms. "But do you have to be the one?"

"No," he said. "I could quit my job. They'd put another man in my place, and it would go on. I don't want to drop out, Arlis." He looked at her in the darkness. "I can't quit any more than he can."

She moved out of his arms. "What's a woman to do when she loves her daddy and ——"

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"I can see a resemblance to some men I know, but I don't see how they can say women came from apes!"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

"Make a choice," Crawford said quickly. "She's got to make her choice and stick by it."

She shook her head. "I can't," she said. "I can't. I love you, Crawford. I said it in proudness, and I meant it. But if I went with you, not a soul in this world could say what Matthew Dunbar might do. I just can't let him be driven that far."

"Then"—Crawford took a deep breath—"I'm not going to see you again?"

"You can't come to the house," she said quickly. "But every time you blow your horn, I'll be down here." She laughed. "Even if I have to leave the dirty dishes in the dishpan."

He took her again in his arms. They kissed, and kissed again until Arlis drew away, opening the door on her side, and the cold wind swirled into the car. She slipped out onto the roadway and waved to him and went quickly away back up the cove.

Rice was the last now. He stayed with Matthew in the fields, working as hard and as long as he did. And he liked it, Matthew knew. He liked the feel of the plow in his hand. the curl of the earth over the shiny wing.

I could have a worse choosing, Matthew thought, looking upon his youngest son. He pushed the thinking away and concentrated on the plowing, absorbing himself into the rhythm and the swing of the work. He passed and repassed Rice.

Finally he stopped for a rest and led the mule into the shade of a tree. The mule was bellowing his sides, and sweat was black on his flanks. Rice pulled up beside his father and stopped, grinning.

"You gonna work that mule down to a nub, papa," he said.

Matthew laughed. "He goes on four feet, while I just go on two. He ought to outlast me." He squatted down on his heels and started rolling a cigarette. "Better give your own a little rest, too, son."

"Yes, sir." Rice hawed the mule into the shade and sat down to shake out his shoes. "We ought to get through with this field before very long, now."

"Yes," Matthew said. He lit the cigarette and stuck the flaming match into the earth, quenching it immediately. "Son, you're eighteen years old now and you're doing a man's work—have been for some time."

Rice stiffened against the strange gravity of the words. "Yes, sir," he said.

"You know, I reckon, that when Jesse John and Knox come eighteen I started paying them their share for the work they done. I ain't done that for you as yet—I've just given you pocket money now and again."

Rice started to smile, then saw that it was too soon for joy and stopped the smiling quickly. "Yes, sir," he said. "I'd be mighty proud to have my own money."

Matthew went on. "You're due your share. In fact, you're overdue. I figure I owe you for last fall, too, when we had that crop together all to ourselves. So you'll have a fair sum in your hand."

"I thank you, papa," Rice said. "And I'll work hard. I'll ——"

"I know you will," Matthew said quickly. "You ain't never slacked on me yet, Rice. You can do as you see fit with your own money. You can spend it on women like Knox did, you can squirrel it away—or you can buy yourself some dairy stock ——"

"Papa!" Rice said. "Papa ——"

Matthew lifted a hand. "If you got the desire to handle dairy stock with your own money, I won't say a word to stop you. You can pasture them with my beef calves. I'll even give you corn-and-hay acreage to raise their feed on—acreage you'll have to work by yourself."

Rice stood up. "I'll have me a barn," he said. "A big, heated barn, like I've seen in the pictures in the Progressive Farmer. I'll stall them cows, and milk by electricity, and I'll have me a truck to deliver. I'll buy Holsteins—they're the best milkers ——" He stopped, turning toward Matthew. "Papa, I ——" He choked on the words.

Matthew stood up too. Carefully he put out the cigarette. "I don't reckon you'll do all that tomorrow," he said. "But you can get yourself a couple of milkers for a starter. You can strain the milk and have the milk truck pick it up every morning. They'll leave you a check every two weeks and with your check ——" He shrugged his shoulders, going to the plow. "Why, maybe by the time I'm ready to set down like your grandpaw, you will have that big barn and all them fine cows."

He wouldn't lose Rice now—there wouldn't be any way to lose him. He turned the mule and plowed away very quickly.

Rice was awakened by a sound. He came awake quickly, wondering about the day and the sound and the instant stir of anticipation. Then he sat up in bed, knowing and recognizing at the same time. The sound was the boom of dynamite. He jumped out of bed and slipped on an old pair of overalls, running down the dogtrot and toward the swimming hole in the creek. The water was cold, chill with the night, and he shivered with the sudden plunge. He came out of the water, dried himself with the old overalls, and put them on to wear back to his room. There he dressed in slacks and an open-necked shirt, and went into the kitchen. Breakfast was on the table and he slipped into his place.

Matthew looked at him wryly. "You gonna get them pretty clothes mighty dirty, plowing in them."

Rice looked up at him, grinning. "I didn't have it in mind, sir, to work today. I'm going to a stock sale to buy my first cow."

Matthew laughed. "Yesterday I make a partner of you and today you quit on me."

Rice frowned. "I'll be there tomorrow and every day after that. It's just that today ——"

Matthew stopped him with his hand. "I reckon I can get along without you," he said. "I've got that money I owe you."

Matthew took out the long purse and opened it. His fingers dug out the roll of bills and slowly counted them on the table. Rice watched avidly while Matthew picked them up, and at last handed them to him.

"There you are," he said. "You're gonna have to work awhile before you get any more."

"Yes, sir," Rice said, staring down at the money. "I ain't never had a pile of money like that in my whole life."

"Well, don't spend it all on one cow," Matthew said, starting out the kitchen door.

"But that's just what I aim to do," Rice said. "One real fine cow. A registered Holstein."

He ate his breakfast hurriedly and went out of the house. He cut away from the road, going up over the thickety hill. He did not see the cluster of men far away at the other edge of the clearing until their shouting voices reached to him. He stopped, seeing them, and leaped up on a stump, waving to answer their greeting. He heard the shouts, the sharp, terrifying whistle, and saw the red flags. Somewhere near him a stump erupted suddenly into the air and then another, closer, and earth showered over him. He looked down, bewildered, and saw the thin curl of smoke from the sticks of dynamite.

He had just time to recognize them before the fresh morning world blew up in his face.

Crawford got into his car, driving toward the cove. The sun was high in the sky, burning hot, and even in the movement of the car he was sweating. He parked the car at the head of the cove and started walking up the dirt road.

"Howdy, Crawford," Matthew said.

Crawford whirled, seeing Matthew sitting under a tree up on the close slope of the hill. He was smoking a cigarette and the smoke dribbled grayly between his fingers, going straight up in the hot noon stillness of the air.

Crawford turned off the road and tramped through the dusty grass. "I heard about Rice," he said, "too late to come to the burying."

"Yes," Matthew said. "I figured you didn't hear ——"

Crawford looked at him closely. "I hope you don't blame us for it, Matthew. The TVA, I mean."

Matthew shifted his hands. "That would be easy, wouldn't it?" he said slowly. "It would make everything the easiest in the world. You can hate, if you can hate, without any holding back."

"It's a hard thing to bear," Crawford said. "Awful hard. I ——"

"I've got to bear it," Matthew said. "Just like I got to make the crop by myself now. A man can do what's necessary."

Crawford sat down on the ground, putting his back against a sapling. "You need somebody to help with that crop, all right. It's a big place you've got here."

"Jesse John will be back before long. I look for him before gathering time. He's a good worker too. You can depend on him."

Crawford looked at him curiously, hearing the intensity of the words, and he found himself hoping that it was true. "Matthew," he said, "next spring that dam will be closed." Matthew's head snapped around and Crawford held up his hand. "Listen to me. I'm going to find you a piece of land that's better than here. And I want you to promise me to come and look at it. If you don't like it, I'll find another one. There's bound to be one farm that you'll like well enough to give up this senseless hanging on against the TVA."

Matthew stared at the cove. "There's just one thing wrong with that," he said. "Any other land you'll find has borne the names of other men. Only this land is Dunbar, has always been Dunbar. And that makes it different from all the other land." He laughed suddenly. "So you just wear yourself out looking, son. I'll go with you when you say the word. But I'll tell you here and now, you'll never take me away from my own."

The words made a freedom in him. He wasn't afraid of Crawford any more. He knew that Crawford had tried to take Arlis away from him. But she had not left him; and now she never would. With his plan, there was no need to fear either Crawford, or the TVA, or both together.

Matthew leaned over and slapped Crawford on the knee. "Yes, sir," he said, "I'll do anything you say." He smiled. "In fact, I don't see any reason why you should court Arlis down there in the car. Come on and sit up on the porch like respectable folks."

Crawford studied Matthew. "I'm glad to see you've decided the right way," he ventured. "We'll find that land together, and then I'll bring the papers for you to sign. You'll be able to finish this crop and next winter you can move in plenty of time to get your new place ready ——"

"Move!" Matthew said. He stood up, sweeping an arm to point at the head of the cove. "You see that narrow neck of land, where the hills come down so close? Come laying-by time, I'll take a team of mules and hook 'em to a scraper. I'll lay me a high dirt dam all across the mouth of that cove. Who's talking about moving?"

Crawford, astonished, stood up, looking where Matthew was pointing. "You don't mean it. You can't mean to ——"

Matthew whirled. "I'll tell you I mean it," he said. "You're the one that's scared now, Crawford. All this time I've been walking in fear and trembling because of you and the TVA. But now I've got something to do, that I can do with my own two hands. I'm gonna build that earth dam high and tight and when the TVA water starts rising, I'll sit snug behind my own dam and laugh at all of you."

"You can build your earth dam all right," Crawford said. "But what are you going to do about the creek? If you dam it up, you'll flood yourself out. And if you don't, your dam won't do you a bit of good."

He walked away quickly, leaving Matthew dumfounded. He had overlooked the problem of the creek.

"I'll still do it!" he hollered. "I'll make it work. I'll cost you your job yet." Crawford had reached the road and was walking toward his car. He turned and waved and walked on.

Matthew finished the laying-by and still Jesse John had not returned. Matthew was not satisfied with this laying-by as he usually was, for he didn't really finish so much as quit. His crops were grassy, as they had never been, and the perfection of his soul was not satisfied to leave growing grass in his fields. But he had done the best he could. He had come to accept many things at less than their ultimate.

At night he lay in bed half asleep, dozing from his tiredness, and listened to the soft murmur of voices from the front porch where Crawford sat with Arlis. Every night it went on, the soft murmuring, and lilt of laughter, and long silences that were more disturbing than the talk. But he endured it. To forbid, now, would be an admission of weakness. And he trusted Arlis.

Twice Matthew, in the middle of the laying-by, left his plow and started walking up the creek bank. But he had too much work at hand to spend his time in exploration of the dilemma, and each time he turned back. The day after he was through, though, he set out early in the morning determined to search out a solution in the twists and turns of the channeled water.

And he found it. Far back up the slope, where the creek was very narrow, he found a place to suit his purpose. The creek bank was

● There are some days in San Francisco traffic court, Judge William A. O'Brien told a reporter recently, when he is reminded of a cartoon tucked away in his desk drawer. It shows an automobile crumpled against a tree and its irate lady driver snapping at a startled man in the adjoining house, "You the owner of that stupid tree?"

Judge O'Brien said he knew just how that man must have felt because many of the women offenders brought before him take that same attitude—"Everybody is wrong but me." Worried by the rising number of hit-run drivers—those who clip another car in traffic or crash into a parked car—the judge has been fining heavily in such cases. But some women drivers either don't understand the law, he feels, or have no conscience. One eminently respectable lady, who crashed into a parked car and sped away without leaving her name or address, thought it quite enough to explain, "But I'm a nice person and I have a nice car."

Another "nice" lady, provoked at being haled into court, protested, "But I just knocked a little piece off his fender"—though the repair bill came to $200. Still another excuse was "I didn't know I hit that car," even after witnesses testified the impact resounded two blocks away. A third woman said haughtily, "I'm fully insured"—but she had made no attempt to report the accident.

When the judge finished talking about women drivers, he got around to what he considered the biggest problem on the road today: men. "Take drivers' licenses away from every man aged eighteen to twenty-four," he said quietly, "and we could close traffic court."

high on one side, and the water was fast here. But the other side was low and there was a flood channel, starting out as a shallow sheet erosion and then deepening into a gully.

He explored down the gully, a fear in him that the flood channel would open into the cove. But it did not; the first low roll of ridge bordering the cove ran up high enough, and nearly all the way to the river, a tight, high, narrow swell of land that had never been cultivated. A creek could flow here, making a new way for itself to the river, and he would be rid of it.

He went back to the creek, marveling at the chance structure of the earth that gave the water a choice of ways to the river, wondering why it had chosen the cove when actually that was the more tortuous path. He did not know that David Dunbar, when he had discovered the cove, had turned the creek at exactly this point and that the gully he had found was the old original route.

David Dunbar had done the work in a day's hard labor with a shovel. But now the creek was fast here, too fast, and Matthew would have to lay a firm dam against its strength to turn it. But he had to make it work. Without stopping he went on to the barn, where he hitched up the mules to the wagon and got the ax and the shovel and a pick out of the tool shed. Then he began wrestling the scraper toward the wagon.

Matthew got into the wagon and whipped the mules into motion, making them trot. From the bottom of the cove he had to make a road to the damsite and he slowed the mules, stopping once or twice to cut away saplings that were too big to bend under the axles of the wagon. He was already sweating by the time they reached the place.

Matthew unhitched the team and tied them to the wagon wheels. He took the ax to the bank of the creek, went to a tree as big around as his waist and began chopping it down. He worked furiously, and very quickly the tree crashed down toward the creek.

Matthew brought the second tree down and dragged the trunks to the creek. He trimmed a sharp end on a couple of straight limbs and stuck them upright in the bed of the creek, driving them down with the flat of the ax until they were standing strong against the current. Then he would get out of the water and make more pilings, driving them in a solid, thick row across the width of the creek. The water swirled and boiled around and around the two logs resting against them.

By the time the work was finished it was sundown. Matthew stood looking at the evidences of his labor. There were two rawly new and ax-jagged stumps low on the ground, a pile of brush from the treetops that could be thrown into the dam after enough logs had been added, and in the creek two logs bobbing and threading against the upright piles. It was such an infinitesimal block upon the flow of the creek. But it was large as a beginning. Matthew was satisfied.

It took him almost until gathering time to finish the creek dam. Every morning he was at work by sunup, and he did not quit until almost dark. Day after day he piled logs and brush against the row of stakes. After the logs and the brush were in, he began hauling dirt. He used both teams of mules, alternating them, to pull the scraper. He was taking the dirt out of the flood channel, lowering the level of flow he would have to achieve with each inch of earth removed, and the water was backing up from the dam, coming high and quiet along the bank.

He was lucky with one thing: there were no heavy rains to wash out the entire sum of his daily travail. Behind the dam the water piled up, inch by hard-fought inch, the level coming up steadily as he built the dam higher and higher.

There was still a lot of work to do. But he knew that he had won in this phase. And he had learned a lot about building a dam, enough to know that the greatest task still lay unstarted ahead of him.

He could not possibly do it alone. He would have to have help, a lot of help; and thinking about it, he remembered the men who had come to Rice's funeral. And Jesse John, who would be home soon. For he was more determined than ever now. He was going to win all the way.

He went home and put the mules into the stable. Then he went on to the creek. The flow was stopped completely now. The bed of the creek was muddy, as the water was muddy, and he could see fresh animal tracks crossing where the water had always been before. He went on down the creek to where the backwater from the river began to show, looking to see where the big dam would have to go across.

It would require only work, a lot of work, and soon now he would have to stop to gather the crop. But he could use the time beforehand in rounding up the help he would need, hands and mules and scrapers to pile the earth along the mouth of the cove, damming the entire mouth from shoulder to shoulder of the ridge. He loitered, looking at the area of his endeavor, seeing it in his mind as complete as a ripened field of corn. At last he went out on the road, going toward supper, tired and happy. Headlights swept into the cove and he stopped, seeing it was Crawford's car. Matthew stepped out into the yellow beam, lifting his hand, and Crawford stopped, leaning out the side.

"Mr. Matthew," he said.

"Howdy," Matthew said. "Come here. I want to show you something."

Crawford got out of the car and they went together to the edge of the creek bank. Matthew stood watching Crawford while he looked at the creek. Crawford studied it for a moment, seeing the lowered water level.

"What happened?" he said. "You ——"

"I fixed that creek so I can lay a dam across it," Matthew said triumphantly. "I turned it into a new channel back up yonder so it doesn't flow through the cove at all."

Crawford sat down on the stump where the diving board was fixed. He stared up at Matthew in the darkness. "There just ain't no way to stop you," he said. "No way in this world."

"No," Matthew said, his voice agreeing.

"I've been scouring this countryside," Crawford said, "looking for a place for you to buy. I turned down places in my mind that any man would be proud to own, because I know the way of your thinking. But I finally found one to suit you. I was going to take you there tomorrow."

"I'll go," Matthew said. "But not tomorrow ——" He stopped. Then he went on. "Tell me about it."

Crawford lit a cigarette. "It's a good place," he said. "Good black dirt, well watered, and even bigger than Dunbar's Cove. Fine cotton land, and a good pasture watered with a freestone spring. It's called the Old Outlaw Place."

"Sure," Matthew said. "I know it. Them Outlaws have lived on that land ever since I can remember. His daddy bought it from Snodgrass back before the World War. You want me to go look at it? When?"

"No," Crawford said, the single word admitting defeat. He stood up. "But I'm going to keep right on, all the time you're throwing up your dirt dam against the world and the river. You'll never do it in time. They'll be through building Chickasaw next spring. You can't make a dam all by yourself between now and then. You're setting yourself to the impossible, Matthew."

"I'm not one man," Matthew said stiffly. "I've got kinfolks. They'll come. And Jesse John will be back before too long. There's my brother John and his family. There are Dunbars you've never even heard of who'll come when I call."

It was September before Jesse John found her. He was walking along the dirt street of a dusty construction town, and he was just on the edge of leaving, for he had learned that Ceram Haskins had been here and gone.

He passed a shanty cafe with a sign that said, "Eats for Gents." He stopped at the door, thinking about eating, and then went on.

Six steps down the street, he stopped. He stood still for a moment and then retraced his steps, looking through the glass panes of the door again. It was her, all right. The corner of his eye had just caught her coming into the café from the kitchen, with a tray of beer bottles.

He went in, threading his way among the tables, and sat down near the back of the room. The walls were rough, scaly with old paint, and the kitchen was closed off by raw new wood. The tables were old and scarred, without tablecloth or napkin. The café was nearly empty; only two men sat at the tables, drinking beer, their voices quiet and droning.

She came out of the kitchen, hurrying toward him without looking. She was plumper than he remembered and she wore more makeup, the lipstick smeared red on her white, tired face. "What'll you have?" she said. Then she saw him and put her hand on her throat as though she might scream.

Jesse John smiled at her. "Hello, Connie," he said. "It's good to see you."

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"Looking for you. What else would I be doing?"

Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

SUSAN ERTZ
Anger in the Sky

She stood uncertainly, not knowing what to do. She looked at the order pad in her hand and said, "Would you like something to eat?" as though he were just another customer.

"No," Jesse John said. He looked at her reproachfully. "You know what I want, Connie. You know what I come for."

She began to breathe hard, she began to be afraid. "Don't start anything here, Jesse John," she said. "You'll cost me my job if you do. I need this job, I need it bad."

Jesse John stared at her. "I'm not going to start anything, honey," he said softly. "I just want you to come home with me."

The kitchen door opened and the fat man, her boss, waddled out, going behind the counter up toward the cash register.

"I've followed you all across the country," Jesse John smiled again.

The restaurant owner had a deep voice. "Take the man's order," he said to Connie from the cash register. "Don't stand there chitter-chattering all day long."

Connie jumped and moved her hands nervously. She didn't know what to do.

Jesse John looked across the empty tables. "I'm not ordering," he said mildly. "I just come in to talk to her a minute. We're ——"

"Then talk on your own time," the boss said to Connie. "I don't pay you to be friendly with the customers."

Connie turned. "I'm sorry, Mr. Newcomb," she said. "He just came in, and we—we used to know each other."

Mr. Newcomb leered at her. "You'll be off at ten o'clock. You've got until eleven o'clock tomorrow to meet your friends." He turned around, searching. "There's a man up there wanting another beer."

Jesse John stood up from his chair. "I just wanted to see her for a minute, mister."

Mr. Newcomb wheeled toward him, ponderous as an elephant. "I don't see a dime's worth of food or drink on your table," he said.

Jesse John took Connie's arm. "Come on, Connie. You don't have to worry about working here any more."

Connie struggled her arm away. She stared at Mr. Newcomb appealingly. "I'm sorry. I won't let it happen again."

Jesse John took her arm again, firmly this time. "Come on," he said. "Let's go."

Mr. Newcomb went away toward the cash register. "Go on," he said. "I don't need any notice. I can get another girl by nightfall."

Connie tried to follow after him, and then she quit the struggle. "My money," she said. "You owe me ——"

Mr. Newcomb did not even turn. "I don't pay for short weeks," he said. "Go on with your boy friend."

Connie let Jesse John lead her toward the door.

"She's my wife, mister."

"Wife or woman, get her out of my place of business," Mr. Newcomb said without looking up. "Go on, now."

They went out into the glare of sunshine. "It doesn't matter," Jesse John told Connie. "We'll be going home now, anyway."

She stopped in the middle of the street, beginning to cry. "But I can't. I don't want to go home with you."

Jesse John's hand clutched cruelly at her arm so that she flinched. "I've been hunting for you and hunting for you, all this time. You don't say that."

She put her hand on her face, wiping away the tears. "I can't. I won't go back with you," she said. "I better talk to Mr. Newcomb right now. Maybe he'll give me back my job."

"But you don't need to, Connie."

She lifted her voice. "I'm not going back to the cove. You hear me?"

Jesse John believed it then. He put his hands down at his sides, staring at her. "That man," he said slowly. "Ceram Haskins."

She shook her head. "He's gone. He's left me already. Just picked up and gone."

"You see," he said, "there's nothing to hold you back. Nothing at all."

"Yes there is. I'm fixing to have a baby."

He looked at her, oblivious of the people passing by and turning to look curiously at them. He took her arm and they walked slowly on. Jesse John staring down at the ground. He had not expected this; somehow he had believed she would be the same as the day she had left, unchanged, as he was unchanged in his travels, by her experience with Ceram Haskins. He felt a sickening jealousy. He fought it within himself as he walked silently by her side. They came to the older part of the town and passed the bus station and Jesse John turned back, guiding her, and went inside. They sat down on a bench and by that time he had fought down the hurt and anger.

"Then why ——" he said.

"I told him about it," she said bitterly. "And he left that night."

Jesse John was all right now. He thought about the anguish of her aloneness with the child in her

belly, the almost insuperable problem of having it alone, without a man to tend and support her.

"It's all right now, Connie," he said. "It'll be mine, too, because it's yours. Nobody will ever know the difference. Not even the baby."

Connie's eyes brimmed again. She stared at Jesse John through the haze of tears. "You'd take his child? And me again, after ——"

He put his hand on hers. "That's what I come for. You're my wife, Connie. I want you to keep on being my wife."

She bowed her head over their hands so he could not see into her face. "Jesse John," she said helplessly. "Jesse John."

He felt her voice, and he knew that he had won. The rest did not matter. "I'll find when the next bus leaves. And we'll be on it. We'll be home in the cove before you know it."

She thought of the cove, of Arlis, and the inquisitive eyes of Miss Hattie. And her own father and mother, all the people who knew that she had left with a stranger-man. Her shoulders crumpled again. "I can't go there," she said. "Don't you see I can't?"

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Why?"

She lifted her head. "Do you want me to live my life holding myself against the people who know?" she said, a whimpering in her voice. "Do you think I can stand them looking at me, knowing they're thinking how I run off with another man and came back with a baby that was mighty quick for the time that Jesse John found me again? Every time they lay eyes on me, they'll think it."

"But it won't make any difference," Jesse John protested. "Let them think. You and me are the only ones who matter."

Her hands clutched at his arms, and she buried her face in his shoulder. "I can't face it," she sobbed. "I just can't face it."

Jesse John held her, working his way laboriously to an understanding. He had always meant to return. That had been the simple plan from the beginning: to have Connie, and be home again in the cove where they belonged.

He turned to Connie. "I'll stay with you," he said. "We'll make our home right here."

She could not accept this final saying. She had watched his face, and she knew the struggle. "No," she said. "You want to be back there. That's where you belong to be."

He smiled at her tenderly. He put his arms around her, pulling her close. "I need to be where you are," he said. "Where you can live and be happy. That's all that counts."

As Matthew drove off the square he remembered the post office. He stopped the car, parking it, and walked around to check his box. He got the mail and walked to the writing counter. His hands stopped suddenly, seeing the letter and knowing the handwriting immediately, though he had never received a letter from Jesse John in his life. He opened the flap and took out the single sheet of paper:

Dear Papa: I have been meaning to write for some time but have not been able to get around to it. I hope you are well. We are fine here, and I have a good job.

I run up on Connie the other day and everything is all right. After talking it over, we have decided it would be best if we did not come back there, especially since I have a very good job here at steady pay. Yesterday I made a down payment on a house trailer for us to live in as we will have to move from place to place on this work I am doing.

Well, I just wanted to let you know that everything is all right and Connie is happy that I came after her the way I did.

I hope you-all are well. I guess you will be picking cotton by the time you get this. Hug Miss Hattie and Arlis for me, and say hello to Rice and Knox.

Your son,
JESSE JOHN

Crawford came reluctantly to the cove that day, with a reluctance that had grown deeper and deeper with the passage of the winter, so that now he had to force his hands to steer the car in the right direction. Only the thought and the hope of Arlis had kept him coming to the cove at all. He stopped the car outside the earth dam that reached now across the old road, blocking his entrance, and walked up on the piled dirt.

On his right there was a cluster of men and mules, scraping soil from a shoulder of the ridge. Down past him to the creek was a slide road where the slips had passed carrying the dirt. While he watched, a team swung past him, one of John's boys on the reins. Another team crossed them on the return trip. Crawford studied the useless effort, feeling the reluctance mount in him until he wanted to drive away without seeing either Matthew or Arlis. But he could not do this and so he went down off the high pile of dirt, looking for Matthew. He had put it off too long already.

Matthew was wielding a shovel, loading a box mounted on a slide with runners. "Come to help out?" he said, smiling grimly.

Crawford shook his head. "I'd like to talk to you."

Matthew looked around, then back to Crawford. "I ain't got no time to talk," he said. "Go on up to the house. Arlis is probably waiting on you."

GRANDFATHER'S BELIEF

By JANE H. MERCHANT

"Belief," Grandfather Robbins used to say,
"Is knowledge people act upon. It's not
A fine possession you can store away
To pride yourself upon because you've got
A better than your neighbor's. You can do
That very well with things you merely know.
But if you once believe a thing is true
That isn't possible. You've got to go
And put it into practice. Most of us
Know we should love our neighbor, be forgiving,
Speak ill of none, be patient, generous
And kind to all, in all our daily living.
But if you watch us closely, you'll perceive
That most of what we know, we don't believe."

He finished loading the slide and it pulled away toward the creek. Matthew turned then, looking for the next task, and saw Crawford still waiting patiently. "I told you I don't have time to talk," he said. "Go talk to Arlis."

"It's you I came to see," Crawford said. "Why don't you sit down and rest a minute?"

Matthew glared at him. His eyes were red, too dry, and there was a smear of dirt on his beardy face. "I can rest when I get this dam finished," he said. "Then I can rest all my life if I want to."

They were away from the men. Crawford glanced back to see if they were far enough so their words couldn't be overheard.

"Matthew," he said, "you've got to put an end to it. It won't work. It just won't work. I've told them to condemn your land."

Matthew felt the air rasping in and out of his lungs. "How can they condemn land that won't be covered by their reservoir waters?" he said. "Their law says land that will be flooded. The cove won't be flooded—not after I get that dam built."

Crawford felt hopeless, exasperated. "Their maps and their studies show this land is necessary. That's what they go by."

"They'll just have to change their maps and their studies," Matthew said inflexibly. "They didn't figure on me building a dam, and they'll have to change their figuring." He glared at Crawford belligerently.

"They're coming," Crawford said heavily. "You'll be served with the papers on the condemnation proceedings any time now. So you'd just as well stop, let these men go back home and do their own useful work."

"No," Matthew said. His voice was short, heavy, final.

Crawford moved closer to him. He said, "They're all gone now. All up and down the coves on the river, in the river bottom. The Sheltons and the Precises and the Upjohns, all those who have coves named after their names; they've moved out now, the houses are torn down and the land is cleared ready for the water. You're all alone now. You'll only kill yourself trying to stand against it."

"Come here, Crawford," Matthew said. "I reckon the time has come to show you."

He turned and led Crawford toward the house, up on the porch and into the dogtrot. Matthew, beckoning, opened the door into his own bedroom. Crawford followed him. Matthew went to the foot of his bed and put his hand on the high post. There was a tight smile on his mouth. Then he moved his hand, shoving the bed forcefully on oiled casters halfway across the floor.

Crawford gasped. He stared uncomprehending, unbelieving, down at the floor boards. There were guns. Pistols, and shotguns, and rifles—even a .22 rifle—were laid out on the floor, and boxes of shells and cartridges were stacked neatly against the wall.

He lifted his eyes to look at Matthew. "You can't mean it," he breathed.

Matthew nodded. "I mean it. Those men out there—they're not going to melt away with the coming of the law. I've told them already what to expect. You can serve your papers. You can serve me a ton of 'em if you want to. But they can't take this land with paper."

Crawford did not want to see the guns again. He stumbled out of the room into the fresh air, knowing that he could not bear the presence of Matthew any longer. Matthew came out of the bedroom and went past him without looking or speaking, going back to the men and the work. Crawford stared at his broad back. Uncertainly he went into the kitchen. He wanted Arlis, but the kitchen was empty, and the emptiness was a blow to him.

Crawford had never held a gun in anger. He tried to imagine the feel and the heft of it, the determination and the anger it would take to pick up the gun and fire it, the sound of the shot, the cry of a struck man. He was sunk into the awesome contemplation when Arlis came into the room.

She put her hand on his bowed head, her voice quick with alarm. "What's the matter, Crawford?"

"He's got guns in yonder," he said. "Guns he's ready and willing to use."

He felt her hand tighten against his head. "I know."

He drew away from her. "You knew? Then why didn't you tell me?"

"I kept hoping it wouldn't travel this far," she said, her voice faint, despairing. "I was afraid, if you knew, you'd force him to it. I kept hoping ——" Her voice stopped.

"Once he picks up a gun in his hand, he'll go to jail," he said. "They'll kill him or jail him. Doesn't he know that?"

"He knows it," Arlis said. "You can't stop him, Crawford. There's no way to stop him." She turned toward him. Her face was cold, tight, hard as his own, icy-white. Crawford put his hand on her arm.

"It's time now," he said. "It's time for us to go."

She did not move under his touch. "Us?" she said as though she did not understand.

"Us," he said violently. "You and me. We're going to save ourselves, at least."

She withdrew her arm. She felt the call of his words. But she could not answer. "You go," she said. "I have to stay."

"He's changed, Arlis. He's not the Matthew he was. This is a stranger, a man we'll never know."

Arlis watched his face, feeling the truth of the words. She said slowly. "He still needs me, and as long as he needs me I'll have to answer."

Crawford went to the table and picked up his cap. "I'm going now."

She watched while he walked to the door. Her voice stopped him with his hand on the doorknob. "Can't we hope?" she said. "Can't we even hope any more?"

He turned his head. "I don't think so."

"You won't come back?"

"Yes," he said harshly. "I'll have to come back. I'll be serving Matthew with the condemnation notice."

Arlis woke quickly, as she always did. But immediately with the waking she felt a weariness so great she could not stir to move out of her bed. She turned her head to look toward the window and the shock of lateness swept into her. The sun was high in the sky, at least ten o'clock. She could not ever remember having slept so late.

Groaning, she forced herself to sit up. It did not matter that, incredibly late, she had not prepared breakfast for Matthew and grandpaw and Miss Hattie, and for John and his boys, who were staying at the house. The only mattering was the departure of Crawford. He was gone, and so her days were empty before her. And yet—she could not have followed him.

She lifted her head. She had denied him by standing on her duty—and here she was, sleeping it away. She stood up, dressing quickly in a light cotton dress.

She opened the door into the kitchen and stopped. The table was cleared, the washpan was piled high with dishes, and there was a fire in the stove.

She looked around. There was a pot of turnip greens bubbling on the stove. Miss Hattie leaned over the dishpan. She straightened up, feeling a presence, and turned to look at Arlis.

"Well!" she said. "So you finally decided to get up. Set down, I'll fix you some breakfast in just a minute."

Arlis went to sit at the table. Miss Hattie tested the coffeepot gingerly with her hand and poured out a cup, bringing it to Arlis.

"Here," she said. "Drink this while your breakfast is getting done."

Arlis did not touch the coffee. "You cooked breakfast?" she said unbelievingly.

"Sure," Miss Hattie said. "I kept you some biscuits warm too. Want some 'lasses to go on them?"

Arlis shook her head. She waited while Miss Hattie finished cooking the breakfast and placed it before her. The eggs were just right—not too soft, not too hard.

"Where in the world did you learn to cook?" she said.

Miss Hattie sat down across from her again. She was grinning. "From you," she said. "Where else? I reckon us Dunbar women are just natural-born housekeepers."

Arlis put down her fork. She stared at Miss Hattie, seeing her no longer as a child. *She's almost fifteen,* she thought. *As old as I was when mamma* —— She stopped. She stopped the thinking dead still and let it hit her, coming into her with the force of a blow.

Miss Hattie moved uneasily. "I didn't aim to make you mad."

"I'm not mad," Arlis said hastily. "I'm glad you did it. I'm just wondering, that's all. Miss Hattie, do you—do you think you could take care of papa?"

"Of course," Miss Hattie said boastfully. "I ——" Then she registered the seriousness in Arlis and her stance changed instantly. "You mean ——"

"What if I went off with Crawford?" Arlis said.

Miss Hattie studied her face intently. "You love that man, don't you?" She was standing holding the coffeepot. "Sister," she said seriously, "if you've just got to go with him, go on. Don't worry about this house or about me or about papa. You just follow what you've got to do."

Miss Hattie had not called her "sister" since she had been a little girl, a very little girl who had just lost her mother. Arlis felt the weakness, the sudden sense of release, flood

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

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To make you feel so fresh and feminine

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No other soap is like it, because Yardley soap is made from an exclusive, secret formula that can't be copied. You'll sense this lovely difference the instant the gentle, rich lather touches your skin. You'll know it from the true perfume fragrance that never fades. You'll enjoy it even hours later in a fresh, radiant glow. Luxurious, yes, but not extravagant, because Yardley soap lasts amazingly long. Pick your favorite from five delightful fragrances. Box of 3, from $1.50.

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over into tears. They were the only happy tears of her lifetime.

Crawford was following in his own car behind Sam when he heard the single, blasting shot. Sam drove on for a couple of hundred yards and then pulled to the side of the road; Crawford parked behind him and walked up on the roadside.

"They know we're coming now," Sam said.

Crawford nodded, thinking, *They have the guns now.* He looked at the lawyer. Sam was a tall man, big and gangling, with heavy shoulders and a big head.

Sam shifted in his seat. "Well," he said cheerfully, "he can't shoot us just for talking to him."

"Better let me go first," Crawford said. "He knows me."

They went on down the road to the head of the cove and turned in. Crawford could see Matthew standing on top of the dam, watching. He was holding a pistol.

"Howdy, Mr. Dunbar," Crawford said.

Matthew stood looking down at them. "Howdy, Crawford. What can I do for you?"

Crawford could not help looking at the gun. He looked back at Matthew's face. "This is Sam MacClendon. "He's a TVA lawyer."

Sam opened the folder he carried and extracted an envelope. "Mr. Dunbar," he said briskly, "here is your notice of the Declaration of Taking. You'll find all the information, including the price we're willing to pay. This will serve to make notice on you that this land is now legally vested in the ownership of the United States Government."

Matthew stepped away from the proffered envelope. "I refuse to accept it," he said. "Get off my land."

Sam turned toward Crawford for a cue.

"Matthew." Crawford said, "this is just a formality. You'll have the right to appear before the Condemnation Commission. If you'll let us, we'd like to send our appraisers to make a reappraisal of the land. You can hire your lawyer, and have him prepare your case. The Condemnation Commission will hear you—they're good men, and they're fair—and then they'll make a decision. If you want to, you can appeal, then, to the Federal District Court. That's the legal way of handling it. It's the only way."

Matthew eyed the white envelope as though it were a water moccasin. "You see this dam?" he said then. He gestured with one hand. "When I get it finished, my land won't be touched by the TVA water. So you don't have any right to take it."

Sam said, "I'm sorry. We can't recognize such a stand. Our experts have certified that this land is necessary to the proper and full development of Chickasaw Dam. You'll have your day before the Condemnation Commission ——"

"Can they decide that the TVA doesn't have the right to take my land?" Matthew asked quickly.

Sam shook his head, starting to speak, Matthew forestalled him.

"All they can do is decide how much I ought to get for it. Is that right?"

"Yes," Sam said.

Matthew moved his hands. "You don't give me a chance," he said. "By just consenting to the procedure, I'm giving up." He shook his head. "I think you'd better go."

"If you don't appear, the proceeding will be summary," Sam said. "They'll authorize our price without question. I've already told you, title is vested in the Government right this minute. Immediately after the hearing, the District Court will issue an eviction notice and you will be moved off the premises."

Matthew took the gun out of his overalls and motioned with it. "Get off my land."

Sam proffered the envelope. "I've got to give you this," he said.

Matthew ignored him. Sam held the envelope for a moment, then dropped it to the ground at Matthew's feet.

"Go on now," Matthew said to Sam. "Get into your car and don't stop moving while you're still in sight."

Crawford could not help him. He nodded his head imperceptibly at Sam, telling him to go. Sam went on to his car and got behind the wheel. They watched while he turned it around and drove away. Then Crawford looked at Matthew.

"You can't win," he said quietly.

"Not your way," Matthew said. "My way—maybe I can."

Crawford looked at the cluster of listening men, beyond them toward the cove and the house under the big oak tree. "Matthew," he said, "you're going to shoot somebody down before it's over with. Then you'll go to jail."

"That's the chance I've got to take," Matthew said. "You'd better catch up with your lawyer friend. I've got work to do."

Crawford turned away from him. He went down the side of the dam, got into the car, backed it and drove away, leaving Matthew standing on the top of his dam, holding the pistol in his rage-trembling hand.

Once out of the cove, Crawford slowed his car. He was driving almost without watching the road. Then, looking up, he stamped on the brakes, hard, swerving to the side of the road. Arlis was standing directly in front of the car, a blue weekend suitcase in her hand, wearing a pretty dress he had not seen before.

He opened the car door and got out. "Arlis," he said.

"Can I go with you?" she said.

He stared at her. She dropped the suitcase, running to him. He grabbed her, tight.

"Yes," he said, "yes, yes."

They were married in Rising Fawn, Georgia, by a tall, gangly minister whose wife and six children stood by watching. Arlis wore her pretty dress that Crawford had never seen before and he wore the khakis he had gone to work in that day.

But it did not matter. There was a radiance in Arlis as she spoke the promises, and when she turned her head to look at Crawford she could not see him clearly through the golden haze. He was Husband. He was the dim and shadowy and golden figure she had always brought to life in her adolescent dreaming.

As they walked back to the car, her hand tucked under his arm, Crawford felt a sudden stab of incomprehension and doubt. This was a long and twisting way from the sawmill where he had started and he wondered, with a sudden sharp wondering, how he had arrived at this moment of time and space, married to this woman at his side. He could not trace out the convolutions of chance and circumstance that had brought him to the climax of elopement with Matthew Dunbar's daughter, from Dunbar's Cove, and he was panicky with his inability as though, not understanding it, it could not be real and true.

Then he straightened up. "I didn't kiss the bride," he said.

"No," she said nervously. "You didn't."

"To tell you the truth, I was afraid to in front of the preacher. I didn't think he'd approve."

They laughed, and he reached for her, and the kiss made everything all right. He searched her lips and she gave herself to him through hers, the golden haze deepening around her so that she was dizzy with the wonder and the happiness.

"Now," he said when he released her, "let's go home."

It was dusk by the time they arrived in town. Crawford had planned it out in his mind: they could stay at the hotel—of course they couldn't go to his boardinghouse—until he had a chance to rent a house and put the furniture in it.

Arlis began to feel strange as they carried her single bag into the lobby of the Rainey Hotel. There were old men sitting in chairs around the wall whom she knew slightly, and they watched while she and Crawford walked to the desk to register.

In the room, Arlis waited until the bellhop had deposited the suitcase, received his tip and departed. Then they looked at each other.

The clerk had given them a corner room, large and high-ceilinged. "Hungry?" Crawford said. "Shall we go down and eat supper in the dining room?"

"No," she said before she realized the implication of her words. She stopped. "Yes. I believe I ——"

He turned around. She saw his look and on the instant it was all gone, the driving and the going and the returning, the men in the hotel lobby, all of it. She was his wife. She did not wait for him to come to her. She met him halfway, her arms going around his body even as he took her into his, and their lips drank at each other thirstily, as at a cool woods spring of pure water.

Before the TVA had come, Matthew would have known that Arlis was absent before she had been gone half an hour. As it was, he did not know until the next morning. At supper that night they all sat around the big round table, the nine men, Matthew and John's oldest boy, while Miss Hattie dished up the food. Matthew assumed that Arlis was in her room, not feeling well. Besides, he was too worn out to think about anything except food and bed and a deep sleep in preparation for tomorrow. He had chosen the men for watches to guard the cove while the others slept and he rose at three o'clock to take his turn, holding a shotgun to use for a warning shot in case of trouble.

He waited through the dawn and then he went back to the house to find Miss Hattie in the kitchen, fixing breakfast.

"Arlis still feeling bad?" he remarked, going to sit at the table.

"No," Miss Hattie said.

"Then where is she?" Matthew demanded.

Miss Hattie turned toward the stove so she would have the courage to say the words. "Why, I reckon she's gone and got married. At least, that's what she was aiming to do."

Matthew went to her, took her cruelly by the shoulders. "Why didn't you come and tell me?"

She did not step away from him. She regarded him coolly. "I figured I'd give her as good a head start as I could. I figured she'd need it."

Matthew glared, jerking her toward the table with both hands. He sat down in a chair, flinging her across his lap in one violent movement, and lifted his hand high, bringing it down stinging on her buttocks. He had not spanked Miss Hattie since she was six years old. But he blistered her now, working out his anger and his frustration in blow after blow.

At last he stopped. He was not through with his rage but he stopped, releasing her, letting her get to her feet. "You all think you're grown," he said. "You all think you're not my children any more. Even you. Even Arlis."

He could not bear the looking on her any more. He went to the kitchen door, going toward his bedroom.

"Don't you want your breakfast?" she said.

"I don't have time for breakfast." He went to his bedroom and got the pistol he had left on the bedpost. He strapped it under his overalls, and went out to the barn. He had a hard time getting the car started—he cranked and cranked the sluggish motor. At last, when he kicked the car and cursed it, the motor started with a roar and a jump.

He got behind the wheel, and drove out past the house, wheeled out on the river road and toward town. He stopped the car behind the hardware store where he always parked it.

Mr. Gross, the owner of the store, came out on the sidewalk, pushing a rack of hoes and rakes. "Mr. Matthew," he said cheerily, "how are you today?"

Matthew answered him shortly and started to move away. Mr. Gross called after him, "Heard your daughter got married yesterday. Heard she made a fine match."

Matthew wheeled around. "I was the last to hear it," he said. "Can you tell me where she is?"

Mr. Gross straightened up, startled. He stared at Matthew. "Why, Old Man Whitehart told me she and her husband checked into the Rainey Hotel last night."

"Thank you," Matthew said shortly. He walked away and went on up the street.

He stopped when he saw the hotel. He glared at the building as though he would search out their room by the very appearance of it from the outside. But it was not possible; the blank face of the building was inscrutable. He entered and walked up to the register desk.

"My daughter is registered here," he said. "What room is she in?"

The man turned to a tickler file at his elbow. "What name?"

Matthew could not bring himself to couple "Arlis" with "Gates." "She's with a man," he said. "Crawford Gates."

The clerk turned to look at him. "They're married. I saw the marriage license myself."

"All right. What room are they in?"

"Mr. Dunbar," the clerk said, "we don't want any trouble. As far as we're concerned, they're legally married. That's all we have to worry about. We don't care if ——"

"A man has a right to visit his daughter," Matthew interposed. "If you'll just give me the room number ——"

"Three hundred," the desk clerk said. "I'll send the boy up to tell them you're here. You can wait in the lobby."

But Matthew was already walking toward the stairs. "Don't bother," he said. "I'll go up."

He mounted the stairs, climbing slowly, holding down the panting in his lungs that did not come from the climbing. He reached the third floor and went down to the end of the corridor, watching the numbers on each door.

Three hundred. He stopped in front of it, lifted his hand and knocked. He knocked three times, deliberately, heavily. And the door opened before him.

Arlis' second thought, that morning when she awoke, was of Matthew. The first was of Crawford, asleep beside her, and she turned, touching his face lightly, lovingly with her finger. He came awake with the touch and smiled.

Arlis sat up in bed, looking down at her pretty nightgown that had been saved so many years for this one night.

It was then she knew it. "Crawford," she said, "I've got to tell papa. Today."

"Sure," Crawford said lazily. "We'll drive out there after breakfast. Hungry?"

"Yes," Arlis said. "I'm starved."

She flung back the covers and got out of bed. She went to her open suitcase, found fresh clothing, and began dressing without consciousness or embarrassment. Crawford lay watching her while he smoked a cigarette, then he got up too. He had only the khakis he had worn yesterday and he began putting them on.

"I've got to get some clothes today," he laughed. "Don't want to wear my wedding clothes all the time."

Arlis, combing her hair, felt a shudder pass in her. "I dread the telling," she said. "He's going to ——"

"It'll be all right." Crawford went behind her, putting his hands on her shoulders and leaning his head down beside her face. "He couldn't have kept us separated forever. I wonder now why we let him do it for so long."

"Me too. I was just a fool, I reckon."

The knock sounded on the door. Once. Twice. The third time. They froze at the sound, touching each other like children.

"Papa," Arlis said, starting up from her seat.

"Wait," Crawford said sharply. "Let me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

Turkey-time treats:

New kind of breakfast and timely new recipes enriched with Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

CARAMEL PECAN OATMEAL MUFFINS

High-protein Quaker Oats adds nourishment and nut-like flavor to muffins.

- 1 cup sifted flour
- ¼ cup sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup milk

Mix until smooth **⅓ cup brown sugar and 2 Tbsp. soft butter**. Pat mixture evenly in greased muffin cups; arrange **pecan halves** in each.

Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening. Thoroughly blend in oats. Lightly stir in egg, milk. Fill muffin cups ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (425°F) about 20 minutes. Remove from pan immediately. Makes 12 to 15 muffins.

TASTY TURKEY LOAF

Quaker Oats makes turkey and meat loaves juicier, tastier—cuts down shrinkage.

- 2½ cups ground cooked turkey or chicken
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ⅓ cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbsp. chopped pimiento
- 2 Tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1¼ cups milk

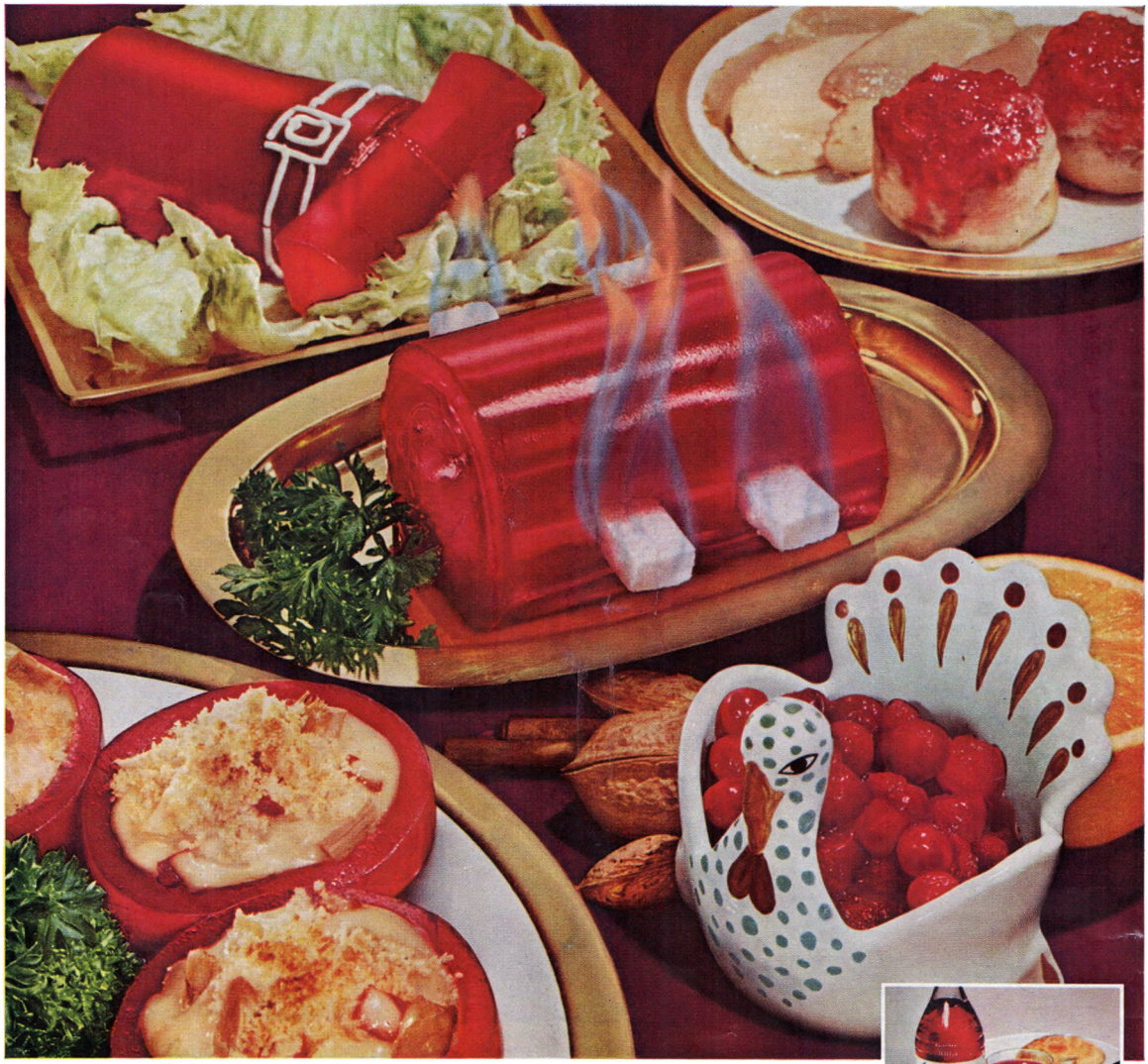
Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Grease loaf pan, line with foil, grease again. Pack in mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour. Let stand 5 minutes before slicing. Makes 8 servings.

PINEAPPLE-BLENDED OATMEAL

Here's a brand new kind of oatmeal! And a new taste delight! It's an intriguing new way for youngsters (and grownups) to get the high-protein benefits of good hot oatmeal. The tangy flavor of fruit—blended into the oatmeal *during the cooking*—deliciously flavors every spoonful of creamy oatmeal. Try it!

Follow oatmeal recipe on package for 4 to 6 servings. During cooking, stir in 1 cup crushed pineapple, not drained. Cover and let stand as directed. Garnish each serving with crushed pineapple, or pineapple pieces, and brown sugar.

WATCH "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV



Five Thanksgiving ways to

Brighten the plate with Ocean Spray

1. Flaming Sauce. Moisten sugar cubes with lemon extract. Press into Jellied Cranberry Sauce. At serving time, light cubes – sprightly flames will spring up.

2. Pilgrim's Hat Salad. Children coming? Cut a roll of velvety Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce in half lengthwise. Use half for hat crown. Halve the other lengthwise again, and lay 2 strips end to end for brim. With pastry tube add cream-cheese buckle. (Ocean Spray stands proudly – it's rich in fruit pectins.)

3. Biscuits for Cold Turkey. Crush ½ cup Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce with ¼ cup brown sugar. Grease muffin cups. Into each, put some nuts, 1 tbsp. above mixture, and bake-and-serve biscuit. Bake 8-10 minutes at 425°. Turn out at once.

4. Create your own Sauce. Heat Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce and serve as is. Or add a splash of wine . . . some chopped nuts . . . cinnamon . . . or a seeded, chopped orange.

5. Broiled Cranberry Cups. New flavor with leftover turkey! Divide 1-lb. can Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce into 2 or 3 slices. Hollow into cups, fill with hot, creamed turkey, top with buttered crumbs. Brown quickly under broiler. (Broiler flames won't wilt Ocean Spray. Yet it's always tender eating!)

Save on Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Refreshing Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail is yours for less during fresh-cranberry season. Look for Ocean Spray Fresh Cranberries with the valuable juice coupon.

JELLIED OR WHOLE BERRY

Now in Canada, too

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

Matthew had not lifted his hand after the third knock. He waited for a long second and then the door began to move, opening, and he walked into the room. Crawford stood holding the doorknob. Arlis was sitting before the mirror on a low bench, holding her comb in her hand.

He had expected her to be subtly changed from the daughter he had last seen. But she was not changed; she was heavy, graceful, her half-combed hair down around her face in a comfortable, accustomed combing.

"Come on, Arlis," he said. "Let's go home now."

"Wait a minute," Crawford said. "She's my wife now."

Matthew looked at him. "Don't get in my way," he said. "Arlis, are you coming?"

She did not move. It was a long minute when she did not move, and then at last she began to stand up. "Papa," she said, "we're man and wife ——"

"That's what you think," he said. His voice whipped at her. "I'm not going to argue with you. You've had your night of frolicking. It's time to go home."

Crawford went toward Matthew, a matching anger rising up in him. "I've had enough of this. Get out of here, Matthew. Get out before I ——"

Matthew wheeled toward him. "Before you *what*, young man?"

Crawford's hands went out before him, the fingers curling into fists. "I don't want to hurt you. But I'm going to. If you don't leave our room this minute ——"

"I'm leaving," Matthew said. "I'm taking my daughter with me."

"She's my wife," Crawford cried out blindly.

He started to move. Matthew, seeing it, put his hand inside the overalls, quickly lifting out the gun. "Stand back," he said. "Stand back."

Crawford would not have stopped without Arlis' voice cutting between them, snapping the thread of conflict.

"Matthew!" she screamed. "Crawford!"

They stopped. They had forgotten her. Now they both looked at her. She came between them.

"You've got to stop it," she said. "You——" She stared at the gun in Matthew's hand. "Papa," she said, "put up the gun."

"Are you going with me?" he said.

"Papa," she pleaded, "listen to me. I ——"

"Are you going with me?"

There was no answer. Crawford moved suddenly around Arlis until she was behind him. He ignored the pistol lifting toward him. "No," he said, "she's not going."

Matthew looked down at the pistol in his hand. "She's got a choice," he said. "She can go home with me. Or I'll kill you, Crawford."

"She's staying with me." Crawford put his hand on her, touching her, holding her. "You can't kill me, Matthew. You know that."

Arlis looked at Matthew. She saw the killing in him plain and clear. Matthew knew it, too—he could feel the hair-trigger urge to tighten his finger. He wanted to murder; it was a living wanting, like a raving appetite for food or sex.

"Put your gun down, papa," she said. "I'll go."

Crawford's face was white, drawn. "If you go now," he said, "you'll never come back."

I will, she cried silently inside her. *Nothing can keep me from it.* She went to him and touched him with her hand on his face, trying to tell him with the feel of her fingers. But his flesh was not listening to her.

She turned on Matthew. "Had you rather kill him than take me away? Are you waiting for the chance to kill him?"

Matthew moved then. He did not put up the gun, but he walked to the open door.

Arlis went quickly out of the room and the door closed. She walked blindly toward the stairway leading down into the lobby, Matthew coming behind her. At the stairs he put the gun into the holster.

In the kitchen Miss Hattie did her work, leaving Arlis' room a silent center untouched by the living going on around it. Arlis lay on the bed in her closed room. She was not thinking; she was not feeling. She was not aware of the heat of two o'clock and the slow lessening toward the relative chill of night. When darkness came she did not rise to light her lamp. The men came clumping through the dogtrot to supper, but they did not pass through her hearing. After the men were gone out of the house again Miss Hattie came to her door and tapped gently, asking if she wanted supper. But Arlis did not answer; she moved her throat, but there were no words and she desisted after the first effort.

Matthew had not eaten either. Miss Hattie went back to the kitchen to wash the dishes. Then she sat alone in the kitchen.

It was nearly midnight before Arlis moved. It was clear in her mind then. She could only wait. The feeling between Crawford and Matthew was not her alone; it was the dam and the cove and the TVA. She would wait until that was cleared out of the way. And then she would go to Crawford. Only then could Matthew not use her against Crawford.

She got up and went into the kitchen where Miss Hattie was still sitting with a cup that had held coffee before her on the table. Miss Hattie looked up at her and smiled.

"I knew you would be all right," she said. "I knew you would get hungry."

Arlis sat down at the table. "I only left because of Crawford. Papa was going to ——"

"I know," Miss Hattie said. "Don't talk about it. I know."

Matthew wandered a restless night, back and forth in his mind. He was tired. But he could not stop. His feet moved ploddingly, pacing through the fields. He told himself that something must be wrong in an endeavor that did not allow him time for a planting of the seed. He had never missed a planting in all the years of his lifetime.

But at last he could no longer avoid the consideration he had been fighting all the long night. He wanted to sleep; he could feel the want of it gnawing in him. And yet he could not stop, he could not close his eyes before he traced out the fatal end to the endless thinking. He wanted wildly to change it all back, in a sudden wildness that shook in him. *I was wrong*, he thought. *Wrong. I ought to have another chance.* He had started with good beliefs. And yet the actions that had come out of them —— His mind cringed as he thought of Arlis, of his dead son and the departed sons. He thought of the guns waiting in the hands of his men, and his stomach moved again. He felt suddenly the weight of his belt that he still wore.

With frenzied hands he stripped it off and flung it into the crib. He walked out of the barn into the lot. Dawn had come suddenly and the light was pearly in the sky. He could see the far reach and sweep of the cove, all of it lying within the sight of his eyes.

The shot rang out and he turned, looking down toward the head of the cove. Then the night—all of it—was forgotten. He ran, snatching open the crib door and scrabbling among the ears of corn to recover the pistol. He strapped it on again, his fingers fumbling with the hurry.

When he ran toward the cove some of the men were moving, roused by the warning shot. Matthew was the first to reach the dam. He ran up the face of the dam and stopped. He could hear the sound of a car.

Then it came around the curve of the road. It was Crawford's car—only Crawford's car. He felt the sudden movement and excitement ebbing out of him. He turned toward the men below.

"It's all right," he said. "It's not them. Not yet."

Crawford was getting out of his car. Matthew stood looking down at him. "Did you come after Arlis?" he said.

"No," he said. "Not this time." He stopped, watching Matthew. "They were coming this morning, Matthew. The United States marshal and his men."

"Were?" Matthew said.

Crawford steadied himself against the seeing of the gun on Matthew's hip. He began climbing the face of the dam toward Matthew, feeling the distance a very long way.

"I want to talk to you," he said, with the same words, with the precise tone he had used so often.

"Don't you think we've done about enough talking?"

Crawford shook his head. "I want to show you some land. Will you come with me?"

Matthew felt the explosion of words in his mouth. "Good Godamighty!" he said, loud and startled. "You want to show me land? Now? *Now*, when the law is coming ——"

"I told you," Crawford said. "They *were* coming this morning. But I talked to the marshal, and got him to wait until tomorrow. They'll be here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. This is the last chance." His voice was hard, blunt, unforgiving. "Or do you *want* to do the shooting?"

Matthew was jarred by the words. "You're sure they're not coming today?" he said.

"Yes," Crawford said. "I promise you that."

"This is my dance. You can do that any time."

Matthew turned his head. The men had gone back to the house now. He would not even have to tell them yet. "All right, son," he said gently. "I'll go with you."

They went across the highway and down a dirt road on the other side, following the river toward the dam. Then the dirt road swung away from the river and began looping up the side of the mountain. They did not talk, listening to the pulling of the car. Crawford thought he would have to take low to make it, but the car topped out on the shoulder of the mountain, slowing down but still pulling. He swung to the side of the road and stopped.

"There it is," he said, "Chickasaw Dam."

Matthew looked out the window of the car, down the long steep wooded slope. He could see the dam far below. The gray concrete powerhouse looked almost white in the sunlight. There was water banked behind the dam, though the gates were still down. The swarm of working men had lessened now; there were only a few figures around the south embankment and in the switchyard beside the powerhouse. The dam was almost finished.

"Is this what you brought me to see?" Matthew said, a trace of indignation rising in his voice.

Crawford laughed. "No. It just happened to be on the way. Pretty, isn't it?"

Matthew looked at it again. "Yes," he said ungrudgingly.

Crawford started the car and drove on. He turned away from the river, going deeper into the mountains, following a road paralleling a creek. The trees were close around them. Part of the way the creek had cut deeply into a rocky gorge and it flowed white-watered below them. They passed an old water mill. The road became very rough and the car jounced in the ruts. There were no houses; only the rocks and the trees and the fast-running creek.

A couple of miles farther on, Crawford turned off the road where the close-lying hills suddenly opened out around the creek. A smaller stream flowed to a juncture here, making a tiny cove. There were clearings among the trees, grown up in bush and briers. Crawford stopped the car and they could hear the joining waters flowing quietly together in the little interval of peace.

"Well," Crawford said, "here it is. What do you think of it?"

Matthew was bewildered. He opened the door and got out to walk to the creek bank. "This?" he said.

Crawford was out of the car. He said, "No man has ever laid his name on this cove. It's been Government land since it was taken from the Indians. It's yours, if you want it."

Matthew stopped and grubbed up a handful of the soil. It was rich and black in his hand. He rubbed it with his fingers, remembering that so far this spring he had not yet found the time to turn his own soil.

This cove was smaller than the Dunbar by at least a third. But it was well watered and drained by the two creeks, and the trees were thinly spaced so that clearing would be comparatively easy. Farther up the creek there was a high, drained, deep-green-cedared knoll where a house could be built. From the front porch a man would be able to look out upon all his land.

"Crawford," he said, "what would you do if a man told you you had to quit the TVA? What would you feel about that? Tell me honest now."

Crawford looked uncertain. Then his face firmed. "If he offered me something better," he said. He looked at Matthew. "I should have found this cove in the first place, Matthew. I should have known what you needed. But I thought only of putting my idea into your head, not of strengthening and building your own. I only came taking, and not giving. But just look at it, Matthew. It's rich and it's new, it's waiting for the labor of your hand. You can shape it the way you want it to be shaped." His voice was eager, pressing.

Matthew could feel the pull of it. It was the first land he had ever seen outside of Dunbar's Cove that pleased his eye.

"So I'm supposed to give up the generations that have gone into Dunbar's Cove, and start out new again. You want me to kill Dunbar's Cove for good and all."

Crawford could not hold back now. "Do you think Dunbar's Cove will die without that land?" he said. The words sounded angry with their force. "Dunbar's Cove is not in the land, Matthew. It's in you—you're the Dunbar. Not the earth, not the river and the trees and the creek and the buildings. None of that means a thing. It's you."

Matthew turned away and walked to the bank of the smaller creek and sat down on the ground, looking at the flowing water. It had been a long time since he had seen flowing water, for the creek that ran through the cove was low now, almost dry. He picked up a handful of small rocks and began flipping them into the creek. The pebbles were like marbles, smoothed and flattened over the years by the action of water and travel.

When his hand was empty he rubbed it on his trousers leg to dry the moistness. He stood up and walked back to where Crawford waited by the car, smoking a cigarette.

"We'd better get back," Matthew said. His voice was low, passionless.

Crawford flipped the cigarette to the earth, ground it out carefully with the toe of his shoe. "I'll quit the TVA," he said. "I'll ——"

Matthew looked up at him and smiled. "I wouldn't ask you to do that, Crawford. There's no need for it."

They got in and Crawford backed the car, turning it, and drove out of the small cove. They were silent as the car jounced over the harsh ruts, back down the slope of the mountain, all the way back until they crested out on the shoulder of the mountain, where they could see Chickasaw Dam below.

Crawford stopped, not wheeling the car out of the road but keeping it in position ready to go on. "Well," he said, "they'll be raising the gates before long. Chickasaw is finished."

Matthew looked down toward the dam. He was impatient to get home, but he did not show the impatience. "Yes," he said. "My boy helped build that. And now that Chickasaw's finished he's off somewhere building some other dam."

"It's a good work," Crawford said.

Matthew looked at him and then away. "I guess it is."

Crawford turned, shutting the dam out of his sight. "Be careful, Matthew," he said, "tomorrow. Don't get yourself killed."

Matthew could not look at him. "I'll be careful. As careful as they'll let me be. Take me home, son. Take me home."

The old man was asleep, dozing with the quick, dozing tiredness of old age. Matthew stood looking down at him. The face was sunken, the skin like white parchment stretched dry and tight over the high cheekbones. "How have you been, papa?" he said.

The old man struggled his head up to look at him with the milky-blue eyes. "Fine, son."

Matthew felt the desperation that was so familiar to him now. He could not communicate with him, either, any more than he could communicate with his own sons and daughters. He wondered if the deep gulf laid down between the generations was to protect one from the other, the protection more valuable to the species than the help and the advice and the knowing that would have been transmitted more surely without the gulf.

The old man's head started lifting again. "Matthew," he said. "Matthew."

Matthew leaned over the bed, close to him. "Yes, papa?"

His father stared up at him. "It's time," he said feebly.

"What, papa? It's time for what?"

The old man rolled his head on the pillow in a sudden agony. Then he stopped. He lay still and calm and deep in the bed. "I'm going to die," he said. "It's time for me to die now."

Matthew stood over him. With gentle hands, with a gentleness Matthew had not known for too long, he moved and straightened the covers over the old man, making him more comfortable. "Go to sleep, papa," he said. "Go on back to sleep now. Get your rest." He brought a chair to the bedside and sat down in it. He began to wait with the old man.

With the sun, life stirred again. The men were up and washing on the back porch, they were in the kitchen with coffee and subdued voices, there was the rattle of skillet and plates. John and Miss Hattie and Arlis tiptoed into the room one by one to look upon the old man, and at Matthew's gray face, and then they went away.

Matthew felt his father would not die now, until the night came again. But he could not be sure. Arlis came into the room and Matthew gave her the chair, going into the kitchen, knowing that he would need breakfast.

He sat down at the table, rubbing his hand over his bearded face. For two nights now he had not slept. But he was not tired. He was beyond tiredness, beyond any feeling in his bones and muscles or in his mind. He waited until the plate was set before him and then he ate, not with appetite but with the same dogged duty and dedication with which he faced everything now.

He started into the living room again, but before he reached the door the blast of a shotgun rang through the cove.

He had known it was coming, but still it was a shock. He stopped in the living room, looking toward the old man, knowing that it was necessary to go and yet not wanting to. He touched Arlis on the shoulder. "I've got to go. Call me if—call me, no matter what ——"

Then he went out and hurried away to duty. The men were already spaced out along the dam, lying down, their guns in their hands. Beyond, Matthew could see the cluster of cars in the head of the cove and the men behind the cars as though fearful of shots coming in their direction.

Matthew inched up the face of the dam to look at the men. There were four of them, in addition to Crawford. They spaced out and began walking toward him. There was a tall, heavy-set gray man in the lead.

Matthew looked back at the advancing men. "All right," he said. His voice was clear, loud. "That's far enough right there."

They stopped. "Mr. Dunbar," the tall man said, "I'm United States Marshal Wilson. It's

my duty to evict you from this Government property. I waited until ten o'clock today, like I promised Mr. Gates. Are you ready to give up the cove?"

Matthew watched him, feeling a deep reluctance to start the violence and perhaps the bloodshed. "I need a little more time," he said. "If you can give me one more day."

Marshal Wilson studied him. "Will you promise to give up the cove peacefully then?"

Matthew shifted his eyes to Crawford's face, then looked back quickly at the marshal. "I won't promise a thing," he said. He added stubbornly, "I need one more day."

"Why?"

Matthew moved his head in a jerking motion toward the house. "My daddy is dying up there."

The words stopped them. But suspicion moved in the marshal's eyes. "If you'll give me your solemn promise ——"

Matthew shook his head.

"Then what's the difference between today and tomorrow?" the marshal said. "No use putting it off."

Matthew turned to go back behind the bulwark of the dam. He heard Arlis' voice from the house. He twisted around.

"Papa," Arlis called, her hands cupping her mouth. "Papa. Come quick."

He dropped down off the face of the dam, beckoning to John. "I've got to go to the house," he said. "If they move in on you, start shooting. You've got to hold them until I can get back." He looked into John's white face. "I'll be back as quick as I can."

There was no time for any more. He ducked, running along the face of the dam. He did not want the marshal to know that he was gone. He skirted along the close-in ridge and came up behind the chicken house, running. He went through the dogtrot and stopped, seeing Arlis still standing on the porch.

"He's calling for you," she said. "He ——"

Matthew did not wait to hear any more. He opened the door into the living room, seeing Miss Hattie standing beside the bed. The old man's head was turning fretfully on the pillow. Matthew leaned down to him.

"Papa?" he said. "Papa?"

"Stay with me, son," he whispered. "Stay ——" His eyes closed again, cutting off the thread of voice.

Matthew sank into the chair. He looked at Arlis and Miss Hattie, inclining his head toward the kitchen. They went away at his nod, leaving them alone. Not a sound, not a creak or settle of the old house or the obtrusive blast of a shot, broke the dead-of-night quiet.

Matthew did not know when the old man died. He lay quiescent with the steady rattle and husk of his breathing. In one of the seconds the thready husk and rattle stopped. Matthew sat on, holding the hand, for a beat of undetermined time afterward before he became aware that the sound of his living had ended.

Gently he took the arms and crossed them on the breast. He did not feel anything; only the release that his withered father must have known himself. Matthew took out his leather purse and fumbled two half dollars from its depths with clumsy fingers. He stroked the eyelids closed and put the coins on them to weight them down.

Then he turned from the bed, going to the kitchen door and opening it. Miss Hattie and Arlis looked up at him. "Children," he said, "your grandfather is dead."

He walked through the living room, not looking at the bed, and now he was listening for the shot, holding his breath to hold it back as though it would surely come, now that the dying was finished. But he walked out of the house without the sound of it in his ears, and toward the dam. He went straight to John, not trying to hide himself away from the marshal and his deputies.

"John," he said gently, "your daddy is dead. He died just a few minutes ago."

He saw John's face twist. He looked away from him toward another man, a first cousin.

"Walter," he said, "will you go up to the house and tend to him?"

"Of course, Matthew," Walter said. He handed his gun to another man and walked quickly away.

Matthew looked over the top of the dam toward the cars. He took a deep breath. He walked up the dam, moving toward the marshal and his men. The marshal stood up, too, stepping away from his shelter.

"What do you want now?" he said in a steely voice.

Matthew ignored him. "Crawford," he said, "you did make me a true promise yesterday, didn't you? I can buy that cove you showed me?"

"Yes," Crawford said. "I put down a binder payment for you myself. The Government's selling that land, and I wanted to be sure ——"

Matthew did not listen to the rest. He turned back to the marshal. "Marshal Wilson," he said with dignity, "if you'll give me the time to bury my dead, and get my plunder ready for moving, I'll surrender the cove."

There were a great many things to be done, a kind of planning that Matthew had never faced. He had to think about how they would live until he could build a house, and planting a crop, in spite of late moving and new-ground clearing, for he couldn't afford to miss an entire crop year, and the fact that a new barn would have to come before living quarters. He had the stock and the feed and the weather to think about.

"If there was time, the TVA would let you move these buildings," Crawford told him. "But there isn't."

"What about a tent?" Matthew said. "We could put down a floor for it, and by laying-by time I could get a house built."

He went to town and found a big tent. It cost a lot more than he thought it should. But he bought it, anyway.

Miss Hattie and Arlis helped more than he had thought they could. Each afternoon Crawford came to the cove after his TVA hours. He would go first to Arlis, then he would hunt up Matthew and fall silently to the task beside him. There had been no discussion of the marriage or of their impending departure. Once though, Crawford let drop the fact that his work was almost finished, that they were only closing out the paper work—and Matthew knew he would soon be transferred to another project. He could depend on Arlis only for the moving.

The first night in the new cove Crawford went back to town. But he came early the next morning to help them get settled. They had pitched the tent up on the cedared knoll near where Matthew planned to build the house. They had found a spring on its back slope, that would do until a well could be dug. Matthew stood before the tent, watching Arlis run to meet Crawford. Already the cove bore the scars of their presence; smoke lifted from the knoll, and there were the beginnings of a road where the truck and the car and the wagon had passed back and forth. Down the other way, Matthew had made a lot for the stock, fastening wire from tree to tree. The fresh grass was already trampled under the feet of the cows and the mules, and the chickens were ranging about, picking busily.

Crawford and Arlis climbed toward him, hand in hand.

"Well," Crawford said cheerfully, "I figured you'd have you a crew out here to build you a house and a barn today."

HEBREW PROVERBS

The first step in the acquisition of wisdom is silence, the second listening, the third memory, the fourth practice, the fifth teaching others.

Do not trust the man who tells you all his troubles, but keeps from you his joys.

Beware of those whose ignorance is joined with piety.

Men should be wary of making women weep, for God counts their tears.

"I've got a crew coming tomorrow for the barn," Matthew said. "But I'll have to build my own house. I'll bet there are lots of old log houses on that Government land back up yonder." He turned, motioning with his hand. "When I get time, I aim to find me enough seasoned, sound logs to put up a house like they used to build."

Crawford frowned. "That's a lot of work. I guess you'll just have to forget about making a crop this year. You can't possibly build your own house and ——"

"I've got to," Matthew said firmly. "I aim to get some corn planted anyway. I found some wild Johnson grass I can cut for hay. Hay and corn this year—cotton the next." He looked up at the sun. "And I'd better get at it. If you come here to work, come on."

"Well," Crawford said, "I ——" He cleared his throat. "They're closing the land office in town today. We're all through now. And I ——"

"You're being transferred," Matthew said steadily. "You aim to take Arlis with you."

"That's about the size of it," Crawford admitted. He lifted his head. "We'd just like to have your good will on it, sir."

Matthew looked at him. He said, "So you finally asked my blessing. Well, you can have it—on one condition." He looked down at the unseeded cove, that was not even divided into fields. "All three of my boys are gone. I've got a lot of work to do, and just one pair of hands. If you and Arlis would be willing to stay here in Dunbar's Cove, I'll gladly give you the word of my mouth."

He kept his face stern. But his eyes watched for the faintest shade of resistance in Crawford—or in Arlis—ready to retract his words. Then he began to smile, for he could see the hope and the promise leaping into Crawford's eyes and into his face. Crawford dropped Arlis' hand.

"I never thought you'd want me ——" he said. He stopped. It was too much, too sudden. "It never crossed my mind ——"

"Do you really want us to stay?" Arlis said.

He looked at her. Then back at Crawford. "Yes," he said. "I want you to stay. Dunbar's Cove can be yours after me. You can take it on from where I leave off. One of these days I'll be ready to sit down. I'd like to know that it was left safe to your hands."

Crawford was watching him, bewildered and uncertain. Matthew clapped him on the shoulder. "Think about it, son. When you make up your mind, I'll be over yonder working."

"Yes," Crawford said, "I'll let you know. I'll—I'll be down there before long."

Matthew went on, smiling secretly to himself. He had seen deep into Crawford, he knew what the answer would be. He stopped and turned. There was one more thing. Just one. "Crawford," he said, "can you find out where Knox is working now?"

"Sure," Crawford said. "If he's still with the TVA, it won't be any trouble at all."

"That's good," Matthew said. "I want to write him. And Jesse John too. I've got to tell them what's happened." He started on again. "Anyway, they'll want to be able to find us when they get ready to come home for a visit."

Matthew hurried on—there was so much to do, more than he could ever hope to accomplish in the remainder of his lifetime. He went on down the hill hurrying, eager for the labor of the day.

Miss Hattie went across the flat of the cove and climbed up among the pines on the other side. She stopped, breathing hard from the climbing, and looked back down the way she had come. The cove was beautiful, all right. But it would never be the way the cove had been at home.

She crested a hill and stopped, panting hard. She pushed her hair back from her face and took a handkerchief from her pocket to dab the sweat from her forehead and her upper lip. She had always believed that women did not sweat. None of the ones she knew seemed to. But she certainly did.

She started on again, forgetting about the dishevelment she was making in herself. She did not know where she was tending; she was only sure it would be a long time before she returned to the tent. Perhaps, even, not before sundown.

"Well," a voice said, "where could you be going in such an all-fired hurry?"

She brought herself up short. A tall, lean boy sat on a hickory stump, grinning at her. He had red hair, and he was taller than she was.

"Who're you?" she blurted.

"Me?" he drawled. "I live around here. You belong to them new folks who just moved in down the cove?"

"Yes," she said shortly. "And I better be getting back. They probably need me for something right now."

She started back the way she had come, flustered by his sudden presence.

"Wait a minute," he called after her.

She stopped. "Where do *you* live?" she said.

He waved a lazy arm. "Little ways over yonder." He grinned at her. "Looks like me and you are going to be neighbors."

She looked down at the ground. She put her hand to her hair, smoothing out the tangles, feeling suddenly cool and ladylike.

"Yes," she said. "It does look that way." She lifted her eyes, looking directly into his face. The grin wasn't so irritating, after all. When you studied him a little, it was even rather nice. Then, under her gaze, it went away and she could see into his eyes. She looked quickly away again.

"What's your name?" he asked, in a different voice.

She told him. Then he told her his own.

ARE GOOD MANNERS IMPORTANT TODAY?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

politeness are suspicious of poetry. I think there is a school of snobbery in reverse, of deliberately cultivated oafishness which takes pleasure in sneering at anything more civilized than a beer commercial.

MR. GOULD: We see it on the stage and the screen. Marlon Brando, an extraordinarily capable actor, has become one of our most popular heroes by personifying bad manners—by coarsening the human emotions.

MR. BONNER (*His face is rounded, his smile easy and friendly*): Some people, I believe, cannot be trained. They are like horses. In any group of hunters, whatever their breeding, there are some with red ribbons tied to their tails. They have had the same training as the others, but they are bad-tempered; they kick and they bite. They are the horses to stay away from.

MISS HICKEY: Mr. Muggeridge, do you find this same sort of suspicion of manners in England?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE (*He has been listening intently, his bright blue eyes turning from speaker to speaker, his white-crested head cocked first this way and then that*): Manners (*he says, in pear-shaped tones*) in England are related to the class system and the class system is becoming increasingly abhorrent to the people, and along with it the codes of behavior which accentuate the differences between the classes.

And so people have invented techniques, like the first-name technique, in opposition to this idea of social hierarchy, of classes. They are seeking new manners. Everybody agrees that manners in the sense of kindness are desirable—but how is this to be expressed? By conversation, by clothing, by speech, by ways of eating—which are economic things really—or can they be expressed solely in a considerate attitude of mind, which may or may not find its expression in particular methods of behavior?

We live in what is called "the century of the common man." This means that we require different manners, more democratic manners, let us say, than the old European manners, which belong to a society which by virtue of its very nature presupposes a small elite.

MRS. GOULD: Certainly it is true that court manners were often designed to set up a barrier. And it is not surprising that with the growth of democracy we have rebelled against codes of etiquette whose purpose was, primarily, to suggest social distinctions. But isn't the problem, now, to create new codes which truly express and make manifest our consideration for others? Can this be called snobbish?

MR. NASH: Isn't snobbery under another name actually a very desirable thing? Certainly it is despicable to snub or be contemptuous of somebody who is vulnerable to snubbery—but isn't admiring somebody finer than yourself a very good thing?

MR. GOULD: You mean some people might call it snobbery, or social climbing, to wish to associate yourself with people who are more intelligent, perceptive, better mannered? You call it snobbery in reverse.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I do not think manners are such a society game. It is not the privilege of any one class to have a heart. The French working people are extremely shocked, more shocked than we are, by bad manners, by people who push them around. It is not a matter of society: there is an absolute human reaction between the person who treats you nicely and yourself. It would be rude to discuss, do you eat soup with a fork or a spoon? We know that is not interesting today. What is still interesting is that people want to be

considerate of others, to make life comfortable for the person they spend time with.

MISS HICKEY: What do you think, Mrs. Post?

MRS. POST: My own manners were very much influenced by the French and German rules when I was a child, so when I had children of my own I gave them French manners. But today—well, real manners are what are important today, something that is real and sincere so that you will be kind and pleasant and well bred, so that you will make a happier place about you.

You must teach kindness today, how to make yourself pleasant to another person, how to make him pleased. You see the sun shining in his eyes, you put an umbrella over him. You think of the people you are talking to and you say something nice; you don't say something disagreeable but you don't lie. You find something to praise that deserves it. And you don't make fun of anybody ever. That's the worst thing you can do.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: This is not the privilege of one class, to learn this. Manners are something that are everywhere. The Marlon Brando types—they are not only disdainful of manners, they are disdainful of people. "I am just as much as you are," they say, and what does that mean? "I am better than you are."

MR. BONNER: I'm afraid there are some people who will never have good manners.

MR. NASH: Sometimes they step on my toes with their hearts. The rough diamond with the heart of gold—well, a little polishing would not detract from his goodheartedness.

MRS. MEYNER: I agree. The more you teach the goodhearted, the better off they will be.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Provided that you know what you want to teach them, that you know what period of history you are living in.

I think the basic thing, the foundation of all good manners, is that people should be taught to be good, and the instrument in our society which has expressed this concept is the Christian religion. And one of the reasons why this problem in manners exists at all is that the diminishing influence of this religion creates a vacuum which we are instinctively reaching out to fill. But we cannot fill it with artificial training. You say to a child, "Do not take the biggest piece of cake, another person may want it." But this will affect him only if he has true consideration of others—and if the others have true consideration of him. Otherwise the whole moral basis breaks down.

MR. GOULD: No one wants to see manners used for a purpose—as an artifice.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: That is what happens when a technique of behavior is used to replace a moral or religious position.

You see this particularly in Russia. People there, instead of trying to appear to belong to the cultured classes, try to appear to belong to the *un*cultured classes. A man there takes off his collar and tie and quite literally cultivates illiterate speech in exactly the way someone living in a small suburb of London tries to identify himself with the upper classes by cultivating a literate manner of speech. In both cases it's the same phenomenon. It's the biological drive of a person who belongs to a weaker section of society trying to identify himself with those elements of society which seem to him to be strong, to be powerful. The element of brotherliness has broken down; the drive for power has taken its place. The rules are just the superficialities of the thing, the code of behavior.

Beneath such varying conventions, in my opinion, is a reality, which is manners and which derives from morals. A person who is good has good manners; a person has good manners who is considerate.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: There is more to it than that. Very often you don't know people long enough to appreciate their good heart or their bad heart. If I am in the Metro—the subway—in Paris, I find it very necessary for the man who is there to open the very heavy door for me—but whether he has the best heart, the absolutely greatest heart in the world, I do not care. I think that manners are important just because they are superficial and because our relations with other people are usually superficial. Superficiality is tremendously important. I cannot ask everyone I meet, "How do you feel inside?" Oh, no!

MR. NASH: A man can be very goodhearted and yet very disagreeable to sit next to at dinner. I worked with a goodhearted man for four weeks once who ate his food by pushing it down his throat with his finger. I respected his good heart, but I would rather have sat at another table.

MRS. GOULD: Then you think Mr. Muggeridge's gentleman with his wonderful heart and all the best instincts can still be an annoyance and a bore because he lacks politeness?

ON POLITENESS PAYS:

MR. NASH: I've traveled comfortably through five foreign countries without knowing the languages except for two words. The countries are France, Holland, Portugal, Spain and Italy, and the two words are "please" and "thank you."

MRS. POST: It must be taught. You begin with the child. Another little child comes in to play and your sweet child hurts that other little child, accidentally, and so you tell your little child, "You have hurt your little friend," so that he knows and so that he doesn't do it again. You try to make him understand how the other child is feeling. You say to him one day, "You have been kind today. You have been sympathetic"; and you say to him another day, "You have been a horrid little thing and I would like to spank you."

MRS. GOULD: You feel, then, that training in manners begins with directing a young person's mind to the consideration of someone else?

MRS. POST: Yes. And you must put yourself in the feelings of the child you are talking to and the child you are talking about.

MRS. GOULD: And you think that even goodhearted children who have not had their attention directed to the feelings of others may grow up a little oblivious of other people's feelings?

MRS. POST: That's it. Oblivious. Not their willingness to be unkind. But it is very important for every child to learn what unkindness is.

MR. BONNER: Last summer when I was out in Wyoming and Montana I met sheepherders, ranchers, cowpunchers, and all, almost without exception, had wonderful manners. They always said the polite thing, did the polite thing. Not the polished thing, necessarily, but the polite thing. They were essentially kind and understanding of the other fellow. Then I came back and stopped in several cities on my way home to South Carolina, and it was in the cities that I found the manners, generally speaking, abominable. Neither polite nor polished.

MR. NASH: Neither nature's gentlemen—nor gentlemen.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: It is like the sea. If I look at it and see it is blue and charming to bathe in, I do not mind if it has monsters in it somewhere. I am not going to explore it. People can create the same happy climate as a blue sea. Even if they have monsters in them somewhere, they can create a happy climate with manners.

MRS. GOULD: Mr. Muggeridge, do you agree? Do you think your good man might be better able to live in society and create mademoiselle's "happy climate" with some schooling in the codes of behavior?

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Yes, I am in favor of it. I am in favor of people's being taught the code of behavior just as I am in favor of their being taught the law, so that they can stay out of trouble. But I do not think either will work well without a moral basis.

MRS. MEYNER: Personally, I find some of the new manners are good. I think the first-name business is good—it's healthy, friendly, a part of progress, and I like it. Just as I like the more informal dress today and people not talking the way they did in Queen Victoria's time.

MR. NASH: I think this first-name business is horrible myself. To hear a moderator on TV addressing his distinguished guest not as Professor Einstein but as "Al"—I think it breaks down reserves essential to self-respect.

MR. BONNER: It seems to me just as artificial and suspect as too polished and elegant manners. And I hope the wheel will go around and false intimacy will go out of fashion just as false elegance has gone out.

MISS HICKEY: But not everyone has been able to accept this fashion. When General Marshall was president of the Red Cross, he listened to me chairing a meeting one day, calling everyone by their first names. Then we had a little break, and the general came up to me and said "Miss Hickey, I'm not going to be able to enter into this in the same way the others are doing. Only Mrs. Marshall calls me George."

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I do not mind this first name. I am not at all against a familiar attitude when it comes from a kind heart. On the contrary, it comforts me, makes me feel young, and a part of the new life.

MISS HICKEY: It is part of the new informality, certainly. But are there not times when informality is carried too far?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: The American tourist! His style! You cannot say appearances are not important. For example, the porcupine is a kind, extremely intelligent animal. You could teach him to bring you *cafe au lait* in bed. But no one wants him to because of his appearance. It is the same with the American tourist: he appears spoiled, careless. His trousers, very, very low. Shirts outside, loose. Funny patterns—sometimes a naked woman diving in the deep blue sea—and all mixed-up colors. Always the camera. Short sleeves, no tie, any little old *casquette*—cap—of linen, or nothing. And they sit in the restaurants like that. If they didn't come, we should be much poorer and we realize it—but—well, they may be charming at heart, but how do we know it?

MR. NASH: It is like the damnable blue jeans, leather jackets and dirty white shoes we see on young people here. Sloppy dress is part of a general breakdown of social morale, deliberately sloppy dress.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: It makes for bad sentiment in France, this tourist dress. The French say, "What do the Americans think we are—they do not put on a tie for us?" We French have a great gratitude toward America and we would like to be able to like the tourists—but we cannot admire their style. That is the real horror about this dress.

MRS. GOULD: You feel it shows lack of respect?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: If I came to dinner at your house dressed in a pullover and blue jeans, you would certainly think that I had bad manners.

MR. BONNER: But you would be doing it deliberately. The tourist dress is chiefly an economic thing. We have in this country many who have only recently had enough money to spend their vacations traveling. It is a good thing—an excellent thing. But since they consider themselves on vacation, they put on their vacation clothes: their Hawaiian shirt, the cap, even shorts. They wear this vacation costume on vacation and it doesn't matter to them whether they take that vacation in Wisconsin or Florida, Paris or Rome.

MISS HICKEY: Mr. Bonner, you have had a great opportunity to see the world. Would you say there was a difference in the manners of one country and another?

MR. BONNER: No, I don't think it is possible to put a national label on manners. They vary from group to group and from area to area.

I view manners simply as a "civil and honest manner of behavior and speech," the essence of which is something inside you. It's a certain tolerance, a certain understanding, and a willingness to appreciate the other person's point of view. And there I must admit you do find a difference between totalitarian manners and those of the free countries. When Khrushchev speaks of coexistence, he means coexistence according to his way of thinking; he means agreement, provided it's his way. The free country's way is to try to understand the other fellow, to make some compromises, to be courteous.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: But how you do this still depends on the code—and the set you are in. Basically the code of manners is not to offend anyone; to be your most beautiful self. Bad manners is to sin against yourself—to scratch the head, to pick the nose, to make abominable noises. And then there are the rules of the set. In the army, for instance, the private must salute the officers. In France, you must not wave to a woman on the street—you must at least stop and bow, and admire her. And it is an absolute law that the woman must go first. The most ordinary person in Paris will not pass before you through a door. He will say, "*Passez, madame.*" He has got that law in him. This is manners. This is consideration.

It is the same with such things as dressing for dinner. If men dine alone, ten men together, how they dress I really don't mind. I'm not there. But if a man takes me out to dinner, I like him to smell of a nice soap, to wear his best suit, maybe black tie, so that I can wear my nice little dress. I will know then he has kindness of heart, he has said to himself, "I will make a little effort so that she can look her best."

But these things must be taught, these kind manners. "Darling, please don't chew with your mouth open, it's tremendously ugly." "Please do not fix your hair at table, it is very annoying." The child learns all that very easily with no strain of the mind. These are manners. Are they good? Are they great? I don't know, but they are better than bad manners.

ON FINE MANNERS:

MR. GOULD: Not long ago when President Eisenhower was being sharply criticized by his older brother, Edgar, it seemed to me he showed delightful manners. Ike could have drawn himself up. Instead he said, "Edgar has been criticizing me since I was five." By showing the all-too-human relationship between an older and a younger brother, he put everything in its place, without acrimony.

MISS HICKEY: Mrs. Meyner, in your home, when you were a child, how were you taught manners—and are you glad you were?

MRS. MEYNER: Oh, yes! It has been especially helpful to me to have some knowledge of the art of making people feel at ease. We had some behavior rules, of course, like not to chew with your mouth open, and to say please and thank you, and be polite—but the emphasis was on being interested in other people. We were taught not to talk always about ourselves, and we were also taught to give of ourselves and not just to expect to receive attention.

MRS. GOULD: Were you given any lessons in agreeable conversation?

MRS. MEYNER: No, just that we should try to draw the other person out.

MLLE DE VILMORIN: We were taught that when you sit next to someone at dinner and he asks you questions like, "Did you leave Paris during the summer?" you should answer, "And you? Did you?" And he answers, "Yes, I went to Portugal." And you say, "Tell me about it, Portugal—so interesting!"

That's the art of conversation: "And you?" . . . "Tell me about it."

MISS HICKEY: And how would you answer a young person who said this sort of conversation is artificial—is not sincere?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: It is true that when I am dining among old friends, it is not needed. Everybody has something to say and everybody is very sincere. But what is sincere? Is it sincere to tell my dear friend, "You look dreadful in that pirate shirt—at your age"? Is it sincere not to speak to my dinner partner? Is there really a lack of sincerity in saying to someone, "Tell me about that"? It puts them at ease and makes the party less boring. The whole table may listen with the greatest of interest. Is it sincere—"Tell me about Portugal"? Why, it is perfectly sincere!

MR. NASH: I'm willing to let the young sit in sincere silence if they want, but I think they really ought to realize that there are many conventions which are neither sincere nor insincere. Should I say that I am being insincere when I address a letter to a complete stranger Dear Mr. So-and-so? Does it convict me of being his friend, his admirer, to call him dear? No, it is only a convention, it is manners.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I don't see why, in principle, the young should be so defiant.

MRS. MEYNER: Most everyone has something that is real and true and interesting to offer if you take the trouble to draw him out.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Herbert Spencer wrote in his autobiography that when sitting next to a bore at dinner he used to plug his ears with cotton wool and continue with his eating. That's a very sincere act, but I should think it would cast quite a pall over the dinner party.

MRS. GOULD: And what do you think that you *should* do if your dinner partner bores you, mademoiselle?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: That is difficult. But perhaps, perhaps I wonder, is not this my fault? I say I could not leave Paris because I had typhoid fever. He says, "Typhoid fever, but imagine! I had both legs cut!"

MR. NASH: This reminds me of those wonderful lines of Arthur Guiterman:

Don't tell your friends about your indigestion.

"How are you?" is a greeting, not a question.

MRS. GOULD: How not to be a bore is certainly a part of good manners. There are very goodhearted people who ask awkward prying questions, make personal remarks, interrupt—tell endless anecdotes whose only point is "I was there."

MR. BONNER: And think they are being very sincere. Which brings us to the question of whether you can be stupid and still well-mannered. I doubt it.

ON BAD MANNERS:

MR. GOULD: In Russia, in Sochi, we were staying at the very best hotel—it is a resort—and there were a lot of well-dressed, nice-looking people there. But in the dining room I saw a young woman of about twenty-five, beautiful in her evening gown, leaning way over her soup plate, holding a spoon half full of soup in one hand and waving a well-chewed bone with the other—absent-mindedly feeding herself and staring at me, as a visiting American.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: In Russia people *try* to belong to the lower classes.

MR. GOULD: And very successfully, it seems to me.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Lord Birkenhead, who was a famous figure in London some twenty or thirty years ago, was once in his club and somebody started telling him an interminable anecdote. It went on and on and he listened attentively for a while. Then, finally, he rang the bell and said to one of the club's servants, "Would you mind listening to the end of this gentleman's anecdote? Because I have to go home."

MR. NASH: This puts a perverse thought into my mind, and that is that one reason we should be polite is that rudeness is too precious a commodity to be dribbled away here and there. We should save it for occasions when we feel we really need to insult someone.

MR. BONNER: I think if you believe it is insincere to have party manners and party clothes, you must refuse invitations to go out. That is the only really sincere way to handle this.

MR. GOULD: Just as we dress up in our best clothes for a party, we should display our best manners, if we have them.

MR. BONNER: I think so too. But training requires discipline, and under the influence of Freud discipline has been very much discarded as being harmful and warping to the nature of children. I have never seen that discipline, properly administered, ever warped anyone in the wrong direction.

MR. NASH: I agree very strongly. I think a child finds security in discipline. He likes to know what the rules are so he can settle down contentedly to run on the rails instead of the crossties.

MR. GOULD: I regret seeing able, talented young people who are terribly ill at ease in a group just because they haven't learned any of the things we are talking about—how to forget oneself by interest in the other person, for instance. I sometimes think a few rules would save them years of difficult adjustment, make them better and happier persons.

MRS. MEYNER: I think discipline is necessary, but I also think that explanations should be given as to why rules are important, and that parents should try to teach manners as much by example as by rules.

MRS. GOULD: And how about teachers? Do you think that if strict rules of courtesy were adopted in our schools, the behavior of students in general would be improved?

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: I think many children do not have good manners toward their teachers because they are not told to. In France, we were trained to behave in a respectful way toward our elders and we defend that training. Let us say we have a friend to the house and one of the children, twelve or thirteen, says after she has left, "Oh, don't you think she had such a silly hat?" Then we say immediately, "Leave the room, dear child. Go and make fun of our generation on the other side of the door. Think anything you like about us, but do not say it in front of us." We defend our generation.

MRS. GOULD: Young people have never been old, rarely experienced severe illness or tragic loss. It is difficult for them to imagine these feelings, and to show consideration for them. Would not rules help here?

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Probably the basic quality in good manners is humility in the Christian sense, the awareness that all men and women, whoever they may be, are very much the same. And the more materialistic a society becomes, the more difficult it is to sustain and develop that particular quality.

MRS. MEYNER: To quote Emerson: "No manners are finer than the most awkward manifestation of good will to others." Good manners are just good human relationships, basically.

MR. BONNER: They are also good business. If you want to get on in business ——

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: Or society ——

MR. BONNER: —— or any pursuit of life where you come into contact with people, you have to have good manners.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: Ah, but the very best manners will be disinterested. All forms of generosity, of giving, are, at their highest, a desire for the other person involved to have something, rather than a hope for gain for the giver in terms of business advancement, or even love.

MLLE. DE VILMORIN: But we do have interests in teaching manners, all the same. We give to our children good chances when we give them manners. When they succeed, we are proud of them. We don't want our children to make us ashamed, we don't want them, or us, insulted because they have acted badly. Manners are a great treasure which we can give our children, and I think we should be happy to give it to them even if it is to our advantage.

MR. MUGGERIDGE: What we want today is an Aristotelian mean, a middle way. Much of the breakdown in manners today is due to the excessive discipline and artificiality of the past. Today we want discipline, but also freedom; manners, but resistance to artificial manners ——

MRS. GOULD: Education of the heart and soul for kindness ——

MR. MUGGERIDGE: —— the body for grace, and the mind for faith. All these things minister together to produce a harmonious and good and unegotistic human being and an agreeable and civilized society.

MRS. MEYNER: And just the sort of world I would want my children to grow up in. END

"Western Ranch Dinner"

Baked in one pan... Easy do!

Made with Ballard OvenReady Biscuits, (Sweetmilk or Buttermilk) Frying Chicken, California Cling Peaches and Pet Evaporated Milk... it's scrumptious!

Bake 'em all together this way! Dip cut-up 2½ to 3-lb. FRYING CHICKEN in ½ cup PET EVAPORATED MILK®, roll (or shake in a bag) in mixture of 1 cup Flour, 2 tsp. Salt, ¼ tsp. Pepper, 1 tsp. Paprika, and if desired, ¼ tsp. Poultry Seasoning. (Reserve remaining flour mixture for gravy.) Melt ½ cup Shortening in 13 x 9-inch pan. Add chicken, skin side down. Bake uncovered in hot oven (425°) until tender, basting occasionally (average cooking time 40 to 50 minutes). Turn chicken and move to end of pan. Arrange drained CLING PEACH HALVES (No. 2½ can) on chicken. Open can of BALLARD OVEN-READY® BISCUITS. Separate and put in other end of pan. Bake 15 minutes, until biscuits are brown. Remove peaches, chicken and biscuits to hot plates. For Gravy: blend ¼ cup of reserved flour mixture with pan drippings. Gradually stir in 1 cup Water. Boil and stir 2 minutes. Stir in 1 cup PET EVAPORATED MILK. Heat, but do not boil. Add Salt and Pepper to taste. Serves 4.

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Pick up two or three cans of Ballard OvenReady Sweetmilk or Buttermilk Biscuits. Inside are ten perfect unbaked biscuits. Bake and serve in 9 easy minutes. You'll have wonderful golden-brown biscuits—high, light and oh, so tender . . . just pennies per can! Use 'em in dishes like this Western Ranch Dinner—complete recipe on each can.

More biscuit lovers reach for Ballard than any other brand

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Ted won $152,000 answering questions on a quiz show. He remembers effortlessly things he read 30 years ago.

Being rich has done nothing for Ted's ulcers. "I'm bleeding to death," he complains.

Taxes took $82,000. Another $15,000 went into a new home.

$32,000 is left. "We spend more on incidentals than my whole salary used to be. At this rate we'll be broke in two years."

"Who wants to be in my shoes?" Ted asks.

Famous Overnight

When fame and fortune came to Ted and Clara Nadler, he was earning only $1.98 an hour as a Civil Service laborer in St. Louis.

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Photographs by JOSEPH DI PIETRO

The airport taxi draws up to the small red-brick house at 8157 Vardaman Drive in University City, Missouri, and quiz sensation Teddy Nadler steps out, a short, dark man in ill-fitting cotton slacks and a loud open-necked sports shirt. He has just returned from two weeks of personal appearances in New York.

"Hi, doll! Hi, baby!" he greets his 132-pound son, Michael, racing out to greet him. His two other sons crowd about excitedly as Teddy gathers up assorted paper packages and tips the cab driver. ("Eighty-five cents! I must've been crazy," he moans a bit later.)

Struggling up the front steps, Teddy kisses his black-haired wife, Clara, who waits for him, smilingly drying a dish. Once indoors, Teddy kisses and hugs his three sons exuberantly again and again, then sinks into a chair, beaming with joy and relief at being home again at last.

"I was at Grossinger's for the weekend. *Grossinger's*," he repeats louder to his wife, who is hard of hearing. "Jennie sat and ate with me. Jennie *Grossinger*. Senator Wayne Morse shook my hand. I had my picture taken a dozen times with four show girls from Damn Yankees—they turned the spotlight on me in the dining room. It was horrible. No, they didn't give me any free cigarettes this time," he tells his disappointed wife. "Here, boys, I got something for you." He struggles to untie the twine on one of his parcels. "I made a personal appearance at a food chain and they gave me these." Amid appreciative "oh's" and "ah's" he distributes plastic packages of dried prunes to his sons and wife.

Smiling widely, Clara opens the closet door of her prettily furnished living room and produces her "surprise"—four free packages of oatmeal. "From some man who heard about your ulcer," she explains. "And your books came. They're in the bedroom."

"My books! My books!" Returning the oatmeal to the clothes closet, Teddy rushes out and returns, staggering under the load of an encyclopedia, gift of "some millionaire" Teddy met at the Advertising Club in New York. "I gotta look something up, see if they're any good," Teddy worries, hastily leafing through the volumes to Mozart. He squints painfully over the fine print, then announces in a pleased voice, "They're O.K. Gee." The famous winner of $152,000 on a quiz show looks proudly at the first books of any kind that he has ever owned.

"Wait," he suddenly recalls, turning to his suitcase. "I got something for you, Clara." With a bashful smile, he hands her a white jewel case.

His barelegged wife, wearing a bargain-basement sleeveless cotton dress, regards the slim box speechlessly for a moment, then opens it. She pulls out two strands of pearls. "Hey, nice. Who gave 'em to you?"

"Gave 'em to me?" Teddy looks outraged. "They cost me twenty dollars!"

"Wish I had known," worries Clara. "I paid twenty-nine cents for some just yesterday."

She puts the pearls carefully back into the box and smiles radiantly. "I'm living at last, understand? Really living!" Her glance takes in her immaculate living room with its pale gray walls and gray viscose carpet, the blond birch furniture and dinette set with touches of brass. Every stick of furniture in their newly purchased home is new, for when they moved from the three-room railroad flat which had been their home for twelve years, the Nadlers sold or gave away everything they had.

"Antiques, I'm crazy about antiques, big mahogany commodes with marble tops"—Clara indicates with her hand furniture six feet high—"but here the rooms are too small. So we buy new, everything very plain, very simple." In the boys' bedroom are colonial reproductions with brass hardware and a double bed and a single cot where the three boys sleep. Ted and Clara's bedroom is gay with ruffled chintz. "I got an automatic washer and drier, a dishwasher and garbage disposer and a telephone." Her blue eyes grow bigger as she enumerates all the miracles which befell the Nadlers in a single year. "Before, we used to be so poor, I tore up old sheets to make the boys handkerchiefs."

"Oh, everybody does *that*," Teddy tells her.

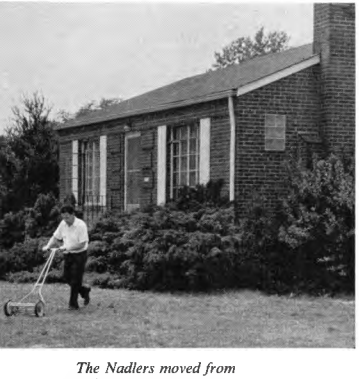
CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Ted has always been the family shopper.
He buys the groceries, hunts bargains in clothes for Clara and the children.
She goes practically nowhere, rarely has any new dresses.

Teddy may growl that the money slips away too fast.

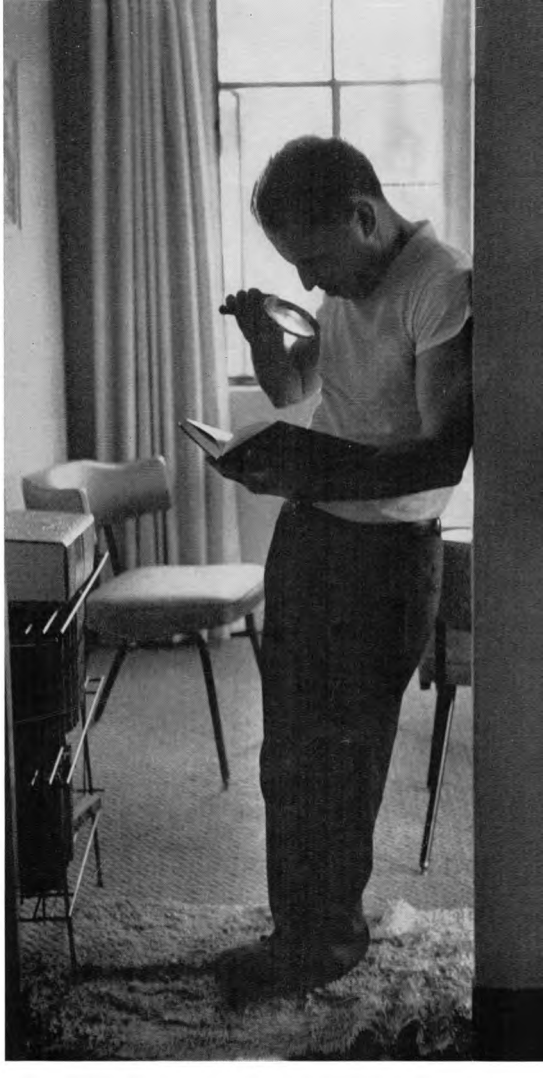
But Clara is ecstatic: "I'm living at last. Really living!"



The Nadlers moved from
a three-room apartment into a
home they own outright.

Before the $64,000 Challenge,
Ted had only one suit,
now has three to choose from.

No installment buying for the Nadlers.
They paid spot cash for a houseful
of new electric appliances.



Teddy and his gift encyclopedia, first books he's ever owned. People always laughed at his bookishness. One day, in 1940, he quit reading everything, including the daily paper.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161 Some of the joy at being home has left his face and his heavy Slavic features contort with worry.

"Here I'm supposed to be deliriously happy with a home of our own," he comments, fiddling in a helpless manner with a broken front-door handle. "A house is like a cancer, it eats you up. We spend more on incidentals now than my whole salary used to be. And all that lawn to cut," he moans, gesturing through the picture window framed in new $100 oyster-white draperies. "I got a hundred feet of frontage. Supposing they put in a sidewalk, it will cost me a fortune, and all those bushes and trees and things, they bring caterpillars and mosquitoes. I got no time to take on the insect world."

Hurrying over to the new rose sofa, he snaps off a table lamp which is not in use. "We've moved into the Higher Brackets," he announces dramatically. "At this rate we'll be broke in two years and then who's going to pay me enough to live in this expensive neighborhood?"

Of his $152,000 winnings over the past year and a half, Teddy has paid (groaningly) $82,000 in taxes. Their nine-year-old, two-bedroom house in University City, a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri, cost $15,000. Teddy has paid for it outright and spent another $9,000 on furniture and appliances. New clothes, old medical bills, dental work for both him and Clara, plus living expenses, have whittled down the remainder of his winnings to $32,000. He has made no investments, but keeps the money in banks.

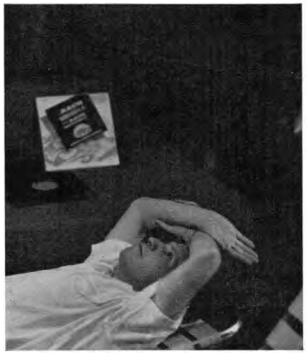
When fame and fortune came to Teddy Nadler, he was earning $1.98 an hour as a Civil Service laborer at an Army depot in St. Louis. He tried to get a year's leave of absence and, failing this, quit last winter, as he is now in an income-tax bracket which makes it foolish for him to earn any more money until 1958, he says.

One of the first purchases he made with his prize money was a hi-fi record player. "For fifteen years I never bought a record," cries Teddy, passionate music lover. Now he spends five or six hours daily on an aluminum chaise in his basement "rathskeller" listening to his slim new collection of perhaps twenty classics. As he lies there immobile, eyes closed, sometimes all night until five in the morning, Teddy is not just simply listening to music. He's thinking about the composers. "Mozart, dead at thirty-five—a pauper, unrecognized, such a master! Such immortal music! I could cry!" With Handel's Water Music, he is floating down the Thames in a royal barge in the company of George I—"pompous, and fat, with a Germanic face and powdered wig. He can't speak English," Teddy rattles off about the English monarch.

"Clara, now," he sighs, getting up and preparing to go shopping, "she thinks I'm playing the same record over and over. She can't tell one from the other. If it weren't for all that money I won, she'd never stand for *this*"—he gestures about his cozy hideaway in the cellar with its cardboard printed sign in one corner, "No Quiz Questions, Please!"

"I'm goin' shopping, Clara!" he calls as he leaves the house a moment later. Since his marriage fifteen years ago, Teddy has done all the family shopping. He buys the groceries, all the family clothing, even lingerie and stockings for his wife. Until quite recently, Teddy owned only one suit and his wife nothing more than $2.98 cotton dresses. But for the boys he has always spent generously. Teddy will never allow Clara to darn the boys' socks or have their shoes resoled. The moment the boys' clothes show the least sign of wear, Teddy, product of an orphanage, throws them out and buys new. A chronic sufferer who neglects his own health (he lost his teeth from pyorrhea, for instance), Teddy has always seen that his three sons receive the finest of medical care. "Five dollars a visit at the pediatrician's," says Clara. "And Teddy pays the nurse *before* the boys see the doctor."

"Can I get waited on today?" Teddy is calling grouchily to the busy clerks in one of suburban St. Louis' large department stores. "I'm bleedin' to death." This is in reference to the duodenal ulcer which has hospitalized him three times



Ted's favorite purchase: a hi-fi player and a collection of classical records.

They threw out or sold all their furniture. Everything in the house is now all new.

Mike and Bruce got bikes from their father's winnings; Joey, a tricycle. They've demanded nothing more.

Ted tells the boys stories, "fantastic improbable tales," he says, "in which the hero—that's me—goes to a remote part of the world on an adventurous mission, or funny stories like hiding all the food when relatives come to call."

Product of an orphanage, Ted declares nothing is too good for his children.

"We've never had a baby sitter," says Clara. "Ted wouldn't trust anybody. He thinks it's cruel to let babies cry without someone to comfort them. And I do too. Love is everything in the world."

since 1938. Although it keeps him in constant pain, he refuses to submit to an operation because he distrusts all surgeons.

A clerk looks up and smiles, recognizing Teddy. "Be right over, Mr. Nadler."

Now a buzz of recognition surrounds Teddy; people nudge one another and whisper and stare; a few come up and shake his hand and congratulate him. Teddy's thorny manner mellows somewhat and he responds with shy smiles and polite "Thank you, ma'am"s.

As the clerk hurries deferentially over, Teddy picks up a pair of $3.98 men's slacks from the counter and asks, "These the cheapest you've got?"

The noise increases in the aisles and some say audibly, "With all the money *he's* got!" and "If I was in his shoes ——" and "Some nerve!"

A harassed frown puckers Teddy's brow as he buys his sons cotton sports shirts ("They must have thirty-forty of these already") and boys' socks ("Socks, socks!" he cries. "Every week buying more socks!"). He counts out the cash carefully from a roll of one-dollar bills and without a thank-you to the clerk elbows his way grimly through the staring crowds and out the revolving door.

"Who wants to be in my shoes?" he explodes, slamming the door of his secondhand Plymouth and then locking it and the three other doors. "I got ulcers, and arthritis in my shoulder. Down at the depot I used to lift reams of paper weighing a hundred and twenty, a hundred and thirty pounds. I feel miserable all the time. I got no job, no future. And the CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

Out of the blue . . . the whitest, brightest nylon ever!

NEW LA FRANCE BLUING with its special nylon brightener actually prevents "graying" of new nylon.

What's more, La France restores even the dingiest nylon in just five washings. And it won't turn fabric yellow as most bleaches will.

Try it tonight . . . La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box.

P. S. La France is perfect for all your family wash, too.

washes away "nylon gray"

La France is detergent, nylon brightener and bluing all in one handy box

Another fine product of General Foods

THE EXECUTIONERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Sam swallowed hard and said, "You don't have to ——"

"I'm talking facts, Mr. Bowden. I'm not talking to see how much I can get you upset. And I wouldn't talk to your wife like this. If he'd hit the boy the way he wanted to, we'd have had us a real bad time trying to figure where the bullet came from. But he missed and he put two holes in the shack and that gave us a line of sight. It couldn't be direct, because of the way the slug will drop, especially after going through a three-quarter-inch board. It put us on a line up the side of a knoll the kids call Shady Hill. There's a lot of back roads up in there and I know from a fact that there are plenty of places you can look down right into that camp. I've got a deputy working on it, and he'll find where the man with the gun was when he took aim. We were too late for any roadblock because we didn't know what to look for. I understand you can tell us who to look for, Mr. Bowden."

"I can't prove he fired the shot. I can't prove he poisoned our dog. But I know it was Cady both times. Max Cady. He got out of a Federal prison last year in September, I think. He drives a gray Chevvy sedan, about eight years old. You can phone Captain Mark Dutton in New Essex and he'll give you all you need to know on him."

"He must have a pretty strong hate for you folks."

"I was instrumental in getting him jailed for life. But they let him out after thirteen years. He was in for rape of a fourteen-year-old Australian girl during the war. He comes from bad stock. He's vicious and I think he's more than half demented."

"Is he smart? Shrewd?"

"Yes."

"Let's take a look at this situation now. Suppose he's picked up. He'll be miles from here. He won't have a rifle with him. He'll deny firing at any boy. He'll yell persecution. I don't know any good way to hold him, under the law."

"That's just fine."

"Now you've got to think the way those people think. All right. This was carefully planned. He had to spend some time scouting the situation. So he had to think of what he was going to do after he killed the boy. He knew you'd point suspicion at him. So he'd have to either brazen it out, depending on no evidence showing up, or he'd have it all set so he could hide out. Killing a kid would attract a lot of attention. He couldn't be certain somebody didn't see him up on those back roads. So I'd say he's got a hole to hide in. He'll have it all stocked and he'll be in some out-of-the-way place where nobody will look for him."

"You're so optimistic."

"I'm trying to be practical. So you can know what to expect. I'll bet he's sore at himself for missing. I think he was planning to move fast and get out of the area. He may try to keep on moving fast. I'd say this is the time to be just as careful as you can."

The sheriff stood up and smiled wearily. "I'll get hold of the people up there in New Essex and then I'll put out a pickup order on him. I think the thing to do would be lock up you people."

"I don't find that excruciatingly funny, sheriff."

"I can see how you wouldn't have much sense of humor left this afternoon."

"What can I do, sir?" Tommy asked Sam.

"Could you go —— No, I'll do that. I'll go over and pick up Bucky and bring him back here. Stay with the gals, Tommy."

"All right, Mr. Bowden."

"And thanks. Thanks a lot."

It took him just a little over a half hour in the station wagon to reach camp. He found Sheriff Kantz with Mr. Menard in the administration cottage. The young man with them was introduced as Deputy Ronnie Gideon.

Menard was obviously troubled. "I don't know what we could have done to avoid this, Mr. Bowden."

"I don't blame you in any way," Sam told him.

"I am finding it very hard to accept the fact this was intentional. Sheriff Kantz assures me it was."

The sheriff was tossing a small object into the air and catching it. "This is the slug. Badly deformed. Thirty caliber, I'd say. Mr. Menard here put a slew of kids to looking for it until they found it."

"We're saying it was a stray bullet," Menard said. "Everybody is excited enough as it is. But I don't know what the parents are going to say when they get letters saying a stray bullet wounded a camper. I'm sorry, Mr. Bowden. I shouldn't be complaining about my problems when yours is so much greater."

"Did you find the place where the shot was fired from?" Sam asked.

The deputy nodded. "Rock ledge. Prone position. About thirty feet from the road up there. He matted the moss on the rock. It was still springing back up. No car tracks, no empty cartridge case. Did find a chewed cigar butt. He'd rubbed it out on the rock. Mouth end still soggy."

"If he'd killed the boy," the sheriff said, "we'd be sending it along to the lab to see if we could get a type on the saliva. But I don't see as how it does much good."

"Cady smokes cigars."

The sheriff looked blandly at Sam. "Hope you got a permit for that thing you're carrying?"

"What? Oh, of course. Yes, I have a permit."

"What do you plan to do now?"

"We were going to take Jamie out of camp today anyway. I think I'll go over to the girls' camp and get Nancy's gear and check her out."

"And go home?"

"No. I'm going to leave my wife and children in the place where . . . she has been staying with the younger boy."

"Any chance of this Cady knowing where that is?"

"I don't see how he could."

The sheriff pursed his lips. "Sounds O.K. to me. Leave them all there until he's picked up. But suppose he isn't picked up? How are you going to know when he gives up and goes away?"

"I guess we won't know."

"Can't keep your family hid out forever."

"I know that. I've thought of that. But what else can I do? Do you have any ideas?"

"The only one I got I'm not proud of, Mr. Bowden. Think of him like he's a tiger. You want to get him in out of the brush. So you stake out a goat and you hide in a tree."

Sam stared at him. "If you could possibly think I'd use my wife or any of my kids as bait for ——"

"I told you I wasn't proud of it. You can guess what a tiger will do, I've heard, but you can't guess about a crazy man. He tried sniping this time. Next time he might try something else. I guess it's best to keep them hid. It's the best you can do."

Sam looked at his watch. "I'd like to collect Jamie's gear and pick up Bucky, Mr. Menard."

"I've had his gear packed and brought up to the mess hall. Bucky is with my wife. I'll go get him. I'm sorry this was such a bad ending to Jamie's month."

"I'm glad it wasn't worse."

"We'll look forward to having him back with us next year."

Sam said good-by to the sheriff and thanked him. The sheriff assured him there was a pretty good chance of Cady's being picked up for questioning. But there was a hollow ring to his assurances.

He was back at the hospital by quarter to five. Nancy was very surprised when she found he had checked her out of camp, and disappointed she would have no chance to say good-by, but she soon accepted it as a logical and inevitable decision.

She nodded slowly and said, "I know. There's so many hills. I couldn't be outdoors anywhere in daylight without wondering if ——" And she shuddered.

Sam phoned Bill Stetch from a booth in the hospital lobby and told him the situation and said he wouldn't be back in the office until Friday morning.

After they saw Jamie again and said good night to him, they had dinner at the Hotel Aldermont. Sam suggested to Carol that she drive on back to Suffern with Nancy and Bucky and he would stay over and bring Jamie up the next day. But when he sensed how reluctant she was to be parted from him, he went to the hotel desk and took two rooms for the night. Tommy Kent tried to insist that he could get a bus back to camp, but Sam drove him back. Nancy had wanted to come along, but Sam told her to stay with her

Art, if it is to be reckoned as one of the great values of life, must teach man humility, tolerance, wisdom and magnanimity. The value of art is not beauty, but right action.

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mother and Bucky. He was worried about Carol. She was entirely too reserved and subdued. During dinner she had joined in the conversation mechanically. She seemed far away from all of them.

As he drove the MG west toward the afterglow of the sunset, he said to his quiet passenger, "Am I doing the right thing?"

"Sir?"

"Try to put yourself in my shoes. What would you do?"

"I—I guess I'd do what you're doing."

"You sound as if you have reservations."

"It's not that, exactly, but it seems so . . . you know, waiting instead of doing anything."

"Passive."

"That's what I mean. But I can't think of anything you can do."

"Society is well organized to protect me and my family from theft and arson and civil riot. The casual criminals are kept under reasonably good control. But it is not set up to deal with a man who is trying specifically and irrationally to kill us. I know I could put enough pressure to bear to get my family officially guarded around the clock. But it would merely give Cady pleasure in finding a way to outwit the guards. And if the police were pulled off, I could hire people as bodyguards. But that would be the same story, I'm afraid. And it would be a very artificial way to live. And it would be constant terror, especially since this has happened."

"He won't be able to find out they're in Suffern?"

"Not unless he can manage to follow us when we leave Aldermont. But I don't think he's in this area any more. I think he is always a half step ahead of me. I think he knows I would immediately pull both kids out of camp. I have the feeling he's back up near Harper. There's a lot of fairly wild country around there."

"I—I sure wouldn't want anything to happen to Nancy."

Sam studied a road map for a long time before the two-car caravan started the hundred-mile trip from Aldermont north to Suffern. Jamie was in good spirits, and his color was back to normal. He had all the faintly patronizing nonchalance of a seasoned combat veteran. Carol was still peculiarly subdued and unresponsive. He led the way in the MG with Nancy, and Carol followed with the boys. He took a roundabout route over secondary roads, and after stopping twice to be certain they weren't followed, he continued with more confidence. It was a bright morning, with air so clear that every detail of far hills was sharp. The back roads went through beautiful country. It was the sort of day that raises the spirits. They were all together. He could be almost certain that Cady would be apprehended, and when that happened, maybe there would be some legal way he could be given tests to determine his sanity. Maybe some kind of pressure could be brought on Bessie McGowan to make her testify.

He looked frequently in the rear-view mirror to see how far behind Carol was. At approximately eleven o'clock, when they were forty miles south of Suffern, he glanced back at the precise moment when the station wagon made a wild swerve, swung back into a deep ditch and turned over. It seemed to happen in slow motion. He braked hard. Nancy looked back and screamed. He put the little car in reverse and shot backward and got out and ran to the car. He climbed up on the side of it and opened the door. Bucky was roaring with fright. He got Bucky out first and then Jamie and finally Carol. Nancy helped them down. There was no traffic. Sam made the three of them sit down in the thick grass at the top of the ditch near the fence.

Bucky had a lump like a half walnut on his forehead. Carol's mouth was bleeding. Jamie seemed unhurt. But Carol had gone to pieces. Completely. Her hysteria seemed more alarming to the children than the accident. He was unable to calm her. A car came down the road. Sam ran out to hail it. It was a dusty sedan. The back was full of tools. Two big men in work clothes got out. Carol by that time had exhausted herself. She lay on her side, holding Sam's handkerchief to her mouth.

"Anybody hurt bad?"

"A split lip and some bruises. They weren't going fast. Where can I get help?"

"We're on our way back to town. We could send Charlie Hall back out with his wrecker for the car. Ed, if you want to wait here and ride back in with Charlie, I could take the lady and the kids in and leave them off at Doc Evans'."

Sam helped Carol across the ditch and put her in the sedan. She made no protest. There was just room for Bucky in back with the tools. Jamie sat on Nancy's lap in front. The driver got in and said, "Doc Evans is on the left-hand side in a white house just when you get inside the town limits."

As they drove off Sam said to the man named Ed, "I didn't even remember to thank him."

"I don't guess his feelings are hurt. I can't get this straightened out. Who was driving what?"

"My wife was driving the station wagon and I was leading in the MG with my daughter. I happened to look back when it happened."

"I get it. Pretty tricky thing to stay out of trouble when you lose a front wheel."

"Front wheel?" Sam said. "I didn't even notice that."

"Ought to be around here someplace. Left front wheel, probably ran off the other side."

They found it after five minutes of search, fifty feet from the road. The chrome rim had glinted in the sun and Ed had spotted it. Three cars stopped and were waved on. Ed got down in the ditch and looked at the wheel bolts. He touched one gently with a thick finger.

"Funny," he said.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing sheared. The threads got chewed up some. How far you come?"

"From Aldermont."

"Well, I'd guess you had maybe only three nuts on here and each one of those turned on just enough to catch the threads. Kids act

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

crazy these days. If the nuts were tightened down tight enough, they couldn't all work off. Crazy kids, I'd say, playing a pretty nasty trick on you. Let's see if we can find the hubcap."

The wrecker arrived a few moments after Sam found the hubcap in the ditch on the other side. The car was efficiently winched up onto its rear wheels and pulled out of the ditch. The right side of the station wagon was crumpled and two windows were cracked. Sam listened to directions about how to find the repair garage, thanked Ed, and drove in to the doctor's. The small town was called Ellendon. The doctor's name was Biscoe. He explained he was taking over the practice from Doctor Evans.

He took Sam off into a small examination room and closed the door and offered Sam a cigarette. "Mr. Bowden, is your wife, would you say, a nervous woman? Tense?"

"No."

"Then has she been under some great strain lately?"

"Yes. A very great strain indeed."

He waved his cigarette. "I sense—you know—undercurrents. The boy's bullet wound. I checked to see if the stitches held. This is none of my business. But were it my wife, I would take steps to see the strain is ended. Soon. It is like combat. She has committed all her reserves. She is totally in action. She could be broken."

"What would that mean?"

"Who can say? Retreat from reality when reality becomes more than she wishes to bear, or can afford to bear."

"But she's very stable."

Biscoe smiled. "But not dull stable, stupid stable. No. Intelligent, sensitive, imaginative. She is frightened out of her wits, Mr. Bowden. I have given her a mild sedative. You can get this prescription filled for her, please."

"How about her mouth?"

"Not enough of a split to try to stitch. I stopped the bleeding. It will be puffed out for a few days. The small one is pleased with his bump. He admires it in the mirror. No other damage."

"I have to go and see about the car. Would I be imposing too much if I asked to leave them here while I check?"

"Not at all. Miss Walker will have your bill, Mr. Bowden. Your wife is resting and your well-behaved children are out in the back admiring my Belgian hares."

The station wagon was on the alignment rack being worked on. The service manager said, "Not much damage. We had to use a file on a couple of those chewed threads before we could get the wheel back on. It's way out of alignment, but I don't think the frame is sprung. Neither right-hand door will open. We replaced the oil that ran out. Hammering the body out would be a long job, of course. But I imagine you want to get back on the road."

"I'd like to. I don't think my wife will want to drive. Can you people store my MG for a few days?"

"Sure thing."

"How soon will the car be ready?"

"Give us another forty minutes."

"Can I give you a check?"

"Certainly."

After he had got the prescription filled, he went back to the doctor's. The nurse showed him where Carol was resting. The shades were drawn and her eyes were shut, but she wasn't asleep. She opened her eyes when he approached the bed. There were spatters of dried blood on her blouse. She smiled weakly and he sat down and took her hand, sat on the edge of the bed.

"I guess all my sawdust ran out," she said.

"About time, wasn't it?"

"I'm ashamed of myself. But it wasn't tipping over in the car. I guess you know that. It was Jamie. Ever since it happened. A little boy like that. Trying to kill him with a gun. Trying to shoot him to death, like killing a little animal."

"I know."

"I just couldn't stop thinking about it. Does my mouth look terrible?"

"Horrible," he said, grinning at her.

"You know, when I look down I can see my upper lip. It's cut on the inside. He packed something in there. He's very nice."

"He gave you something."

"I know. It takes the edges off everything. It makes me feel floaty. Is the car ruined?"

"It'll be ready to roll in a half hour. It won't be pretty, but it'll run."

"That's wonderful! But—but I don't want to drive it any more today."

"I'm storing the MG here and we'll all go in the wagon."

"All right, dear."

"How did it act?"

"Right from the first it wasn't steering right. You know, it sort of wandered. I thought it was out of line again. I had to steer it every minute. And then, on curves, it would make a funny crunchy noise up in the front somewhere. Then, just before it happened, it got much worse. There was a terrible vibration. I was just starting to put my foot on the brake and blow the horn for you to stop when I saw that wheel go scooting out ahead of me. Just when I realized what it was, we were turning over and something hit me in the mouth. Do they know what happened?"

"Somebody loosened the nuts."

She looked up at him and then closed her eyes and shut her hand hard on his fingers. "Oh, God," she whispered.

"He knows the car. He would know the nearest hospital was in Aldermont. He could find that out. Aldermont isn't large. I don't imagine they have a night watchman on that lot across from the hotel. If we'd taken the main road with all that fast traffic, it might have been a different story."

"When does all our luck run out? How long do we wait before that happens?"

"They'll pick him up."

"They'll never pick him up. You know that. I know that. And if they pick him up, they'll let him go again the way they did last time."

"Please, Carol."

She turned her face away from him. Her voice was far away. "I think I was about seven years old. My mother was still alive. We went to a carnival. There was a merry-go-round and my father lifted me up onto a big white horse. It was wonderful for a while. I held the brass pole and the horse went up and down. I didn't know until later that my father paid the man to make it a long, long ride. After a while the faces of the people began to blur. The music seemed to get louder. When I looked out all I could see were streaks. I wanted it to stop. When I shut my eyes I felt I was going to fall off. Nobody could hear me yell. I had the feeling it was going faster and faster and the music was getting louder and louder, and I was going to be hurled off."

"Honey, please."

"I want it to stop, Sam. I want it to stop going around and around. I want to stop being scared."

She looked at him with naked plea. He had never felt so helpless in his life. Or loved her so much.

When they arrived at The West Wind in the late afternoon Sam phoned the office again and told Bill Stetch about the accident and then, on sudden impulse, heard himself say, "I'd like to take all of next week off."

There was a silence on the line and then Bill said, "O.K., partner. Hope you get everything straightened away."

"I'm going to try, Bill. And thanks."

After completing the call, he went back to Carol's room and sat at the small desk and, using a pencil and paper to help his concentration, he tried to determine through process of logic if Cady could have found out about the Suffern hide-out. He made a short list of the people who knew about it. He questioned Jamie and Nancy and they vowed most solemnly that they had told no one. Except Tommy. And Nancy was certain Tommy had told no one. He checked with the owner and by judicious use of white lies learned that there had been no inquiries about Mrs. Bowden. The phone calls had been made from the office, but he had placed them himself. Mail had been delivered directly to the office. He had posted his letters to Carol himself. The possibility of Cady's tailing them to Suffern was remote. He thought back over the possible times and decided it was so remote as to be checked off entirely.

In the end he decided that Suffern was safe. With proper care it would remain safe. He knew he could not function efficiently if he based his moves on hunch and superstitious alarm. There had to be some starting place. Suffern was safe. So Suffern was an adequate base, a place to operate from.

On Friday and Saturday and Sunday they vegetated. Rest and the sedative improved Carol's nerves. They swam, ate hugely and slept long hours. And slowly, hour by hour, the resolution grew in Sam's mind. He found it almost impossible to face it at first. But it became easier and easier. The concept was so alien to his nature as to revolt him. It meant a reversal of all his values, of all the things he lived by. He knew that this inner combat made visible changes in his manner. Several times he saw Carol looking at him speculatively. He knew he seemed moody and absent-minded.

Monday, an oppressively hot day, he took Carol out in one of the yellow rowboats. The sky in the east had a coppery and ominous look. A moist infrequent wind would ripple the water and then die into a waiting stillness. Carol sat in the stern in white shorts and red halter and trailed her finger tips in the water as he rowed out into the middle of the mile-long lake. He boated the dripping oars and the boat moved smoothly along until momentum died.

"You're acting weird, you know," she said.

"I know."

"And this is the time to reveal all?"

"Yes. But questions first. How are you now?"

"Better, I think. I could go to pieces again if I made a good try at it. Since you convinced me we're safe here, and because we're all here together, I feel better. But not joyous. You say it's safe, but my litter of three are over there, a half mile across the water, and I don't feel really good unless I can see them and touch them."

"I know."

"Why do you want to know how I am? Outside of polite curiosity."

"There's something I want to do. I can't do it alone."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been up one side of this and down the other. I want to kill Cady."

"Of course. So do I, but ——"

"That was not a figure of speech. I mean that I want to plan it all out and lay a trap and kill him. I want to commit murder, and I think I know how it can be done."

She stared at him for what seemed a long time. And then she looked away, as though in shyness. "Not murder. Execution."

"Don't help me rationalize. Murder. And it may go wrong, but not if we're careful. Have you got guts enough to help me?"

"I have. It would be doing something. It would be something besides waiting around and looking at the children and wondering which one you're going to lose. Yes, Sam. I can help and you can depend on me and there won't be any going to pieces either. Waiting is what ruined me. Action won't."

"That's what I hoped. Your part is harder than mine."

"Tell me," she said. She was leaning forward, dark eyes frowningly intent, tanned arms crossed and resting on her knees. He looked at her and thought of how good her legs were, and how all of her was truly compact and vibrant. The gusts of wind had turned the boat and the far-off copper was higher in the sky, and the water at that end of the lake behind her looked dark. The dark water and the sky made the white houses stand out clearly at that end of the lake.

It was, to him, a moment of curious significance, of a dramatic unreality. *This*, he thought, *cannot be Sam and Carol, man and wife*. He had thought he knew this woman and knew himself. But this was a time of change. There was a new quality of tension and excitement between them, but there was an unhealthiness about it, a tinge of rot.

"You can help me plan it. I just have . . . a general idea. It started with something the sheriff said. I haven't worked out the details. We leave the kids here. Nancy can accept the responsibility."

"What do we tell them?"

"We certainly don't tell them what we want to do. We can think of something. Some plausible lie. You and I go back home. We have to gamble that he'll come there. Particularly if he thinks you are alone. We'll have to make it look that way, somehow. We can't take a chance of giving him the same kind of chance at you he had at Jamie. I've been thinking of the layout. If you were in the side yard or in back of the house, he'd have that chance. You'd be clearly visible in any window in the back of the house at night."

"Or any window at night? Where will you be?"

"I should be hidden in the house somewhere. Waiting."

"Won't he know it's a trap? Won't he sense it?"

"Perhaps. But we ought to make it look good. It's the details I haven't figured out yet."

She bit at the corner of her thumbnail. "If you could be in the top of the barn?"

"I'd be too far away. I ought to be in the house with you."

"If there was some sort of signal system, it wouldn't be too far. Didn't Nancy and Sandra fix up a buzzer thing a couple of years ago?"

"And got me to string the wire. I know the wire is still up."

"I could sleep in Nancy's room. You could get it working again."

"But why the kids' place in the barn?"

"I thought how we could make it look right. You could take the MG. Then I could go out in the wagon as though I was going shopping. I could pick you up someplace and you could lie down in the wagon and I could drive right into the barn when I come back, and then go to the house with a bundle of groceries. And we could buy food you could keep in the top of the barn. I mean that would be a way to come back without him knowing it."

"But if he doesn't see me leave?"

"The one car would be gone anyway, and if we did it any other way, he might see you come back."

"I could wait until night and sneak into the house."

"If it's supposed to look as if I'm alone in the house, the best way is to *be* alone in the house. And if he's watching he'll satisfy himself I'm alone, and then he'll come in after me."

"We've got to be sure we can handle him."

"I'll have the Woodsman and you'll have that new gun. There's a lot of things I can do to make sure I'll be safe from him long enough. Like stringing pots and pans on the stairs so he'd have to make a noise."

"Can you handle it, Carol? Can you?"

"I know I can."

"Then there's another part to the problem. Suppose we . . . are successful? What then?"

"Well, wouldn't he be a prowler? I mean can't you shoot a prowler? And the police know about him, don't they? And he is a criminal. Couldn't we just call?"

"I—I guess so. I guess that would be all right."

"We can do it, darling. We have to do it."

"And we can't be careless. Not for a minute. We've got to stay as cold as ice."

"What if nothing happens?"

"Something will. He can't afford to wait much longer. He wants to move in and finish it. Shall we go back in the morning?"

"Today, darling. Please. Let's go today and get it started and then it will be over. Row back now, please."

After lunch they drove to Ellendon to pick up the MG. They arrived home a little after five and put the two cars in the barn, and hurried to the house with their luggage. When they went across the lawn Sam realized he was hurrying with his shoulders hunched, and trying to stay between Carol and the hill that rose behind the barn. He felt relief when they reached the comparative safety of the front porch. He sensed that it was absurd to imagine that Cady would be sprawled up there on the hill, cheek against the stock, finger on the trigger, tracking them with the telescopic sight. He could not be that ready. But, on the other hand, it was equally absurd to assume that he would not be ready, and act as if he were not ready.

Before dark he went up to the attic window in the rear of the house and carefully searched the hillside with his binoculars. He wished it were not so heavily wooded, that there were not so many huge gray boulders, so many deadfalls.

They went through the house together, before dark, deciding what areas were safe. They decided it would be unwise to use the kitchen at night. She could use the study and use Nancy's room. After dark he risked going out to make certain that he could not see into either of those two lighted rooms from outside. He circled the house with the revolver in his hand, moving with caution, stopping where the night shadows were most black to wait and listen.

When he went back into the house he found he had spent too long outside. Carol held him tightly and he felt her body tremble. He locked the house with great care, checking every door and window. They slept in their own room. Carol went to sleep in his bed, his arms around her, and the gun under the pillow, the bedroom door locked, a Rube Goldberg trap of pans and string blocking both stairways.

Tuesday, the sixth of August, was a golden day. After breakfast he checked the buzzer system, and Carol went with him when he drove down to get batteries. Before they left he checked the station wagon over carefully.

Each time they had to cross between house and barn, they moved very quickly. And each time he glanced up at the hill. He became more and more convinced that Cady was up there. And he would not be at all surprised that they ran.

When the buzzer system was working and had been completely checked, they decided on signals. During waking hours she would press her toy telegraph key three times, quickly, on the hour, and he would return the same signal. She would leave Nancy's room only when it was absolutely necessary, and then for as brief a time as possible. It was evident that he could not break in without arousing her. At the first suspicious noise she was to hold the key down for a single long signal.

The tension was grim and strong. They said no more to each other than was necessary, and they both avoided looking into each other's eyes. It was as though they had embarked on some project that shamed them.

He said, "I think we're as ready as we'll ever be."

"How soon will I follow you?"

"This is the part I don't like. It shouldn't be too soon. But I don't want to leave you alone any longer than I have to."

"I'll be all right. It's a chance we have to take. It's eleven o'clock now. Twelve o'clock sharp?"

"All right." He looked at her, wondering about her.

She touched his arm. "It's not so bad in the daytime, really. I'll be careful, and I'll be all right."

He kissed her quickly and found her lips cool and dry and unresponsive. He waited on the porch until he heard her lock the door. He backed the MG out, swung it around quickly and headed down to the village. He put the car in Barlow's garage for a complete engine overhaul. He walked from there to the new supermarket on the far side of the village. He bought a good flashlight and the food he thought he would need. As it grew closer and closer to noon his tension increased. The village horn blew at noon. A chill drop of sweat ran down his ribs. At five after twelve, just as he was beginning to feel frantic, she came through the front door and paused, looked around until she saw him, and came directly toward him.

"Betty Hennis stopped by," she said in a low voice. "I had to be rude to get rid of her. Have you got everything you'll need? Let me see." She made a few more selections. "I think we should kill some time, dear," she said. "If I've gone shopping, I shouldn't return too soon. And you should get something to read."

He did not know at which precise moment he turned against their careful plan. He had thought they could do it. He had thought Cady could be handled. But there was so much at stake, so much that could go wrong. And the whole device seemed so totally out of character for both of them. He had the feeling that if it succeeded, it would turn their world into a jungle from which they could never escape.

"Let me drive," he said as they walked toward the station wagon.

"What? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going into the city. We're going into the city. I'm going to try Captain Dutton again."

Her voice trembled. "He hasn't done anything. He won't do anything. It won't do any good. Let's do it our way."

"I've got to try this one last time." He smiled bitterly and sadly. "Rack it up to my intense devotion to law and order."

"He won't do anything, and he'll stop us from doing what we want to do."

"Don't start to cry."

"But it puts us back where we were. Just waiting and waiting and being scared every minute."

Capt. Mark Dutton was out, and they had to wait over forty minutes before he came back to headquarters. The waiting room was barren and depressing. Carol sat woodenly, her face stamped with hopelessness.

At last a clerk came for them and took them to Dutton's office. Dutton greeted them with bored courtesy. They sat in two chairs near his desk.

Sam said, "Did you hear about . . . the trouble we had down at ——

"A report and a request for information came in from Sheriff Kantz. There's a pickup order out on Cady. Unless he leaves the area, he won't stay loose very long. How is your boy?"

"He's all right. We were lucky."

"How long can we keep on being lucky?" Carol said flatly.

Dutton gave her a quick measuring glance. "Are your children in a safe place?"

"We think so. We hope so," Sam said. "But in a business like this, there are no guaranties. The man is insane."

"Are the doors sturdy? My husband slams out of the house a lot."

Dutton nodded. "From what's happened, assuming he was the sniper, I'd say that was a fair estimate, Mr. Bowden."

Dutton listened with no change of expression while Sam told him of the loosened wheel lugs.

"All I can say to you is I hope we can pick him up soon. I don't know what other assurances I can give you. I've given the job the best priority I can give it. If you people can . . . be careful until we ——"

"You want us to hide," Carol said sharply.

"That's one way to put it, Mrs. Bowden," Dutton told her.

"You want us to hide and wait and then, when he's wanted for murder, you'll give it some extra priority."

"Now just a moment, Mrs. Bowden. I explained to your husband ——"

Carol stood up. "There's a lot of explaining going on. I didn't want to come here. I'm sorry I came here. I knew you'd be nice and rational, Captain Dutton. I knew you'd pat us on the head and send us away full of some kind of forlorn confidence that you people will be able to handle this."

"Now just ——"

"I'm talking, Captain Dutton. And I'm talking to you and I want you to listen. We were going to try to trap that . . . animal. We were going to use me as bait. And we were going to depend on the gun you let my husband carry. I'm astonished you went so far as to let him have a gun. And when everything was arranged, he felt he had to come down here and see you again. And I knew it would be just the same as before."

"Carol ——"

"Be still, Sam. The world is full of too many little men full of self-important petty authority, and not one ounce of imagination or kindness. So fill out all your neat little priority forms, captain, and we'll go home and try to do it our way. Unless, of course, you can quote some law that will restrain us from even trying. My children are threatened, captain, and if I can kill Mr. Cady, I will gladly do so, with a gun or a knife or a club. Let's go, Sam."

"Sit down, Mrs. Bowden."

"I don't see as how ——"

Sit down!" For the first time there was the full ring of dominance and authority in the man's voice.

Carol sat.

Dutton turned toward Sam. "Just how did you plan to trap Cady into coming to you?"

"There's a lot of ifs. If I can be smuggled back in the station wagon and sneak into the kids' room in the barn. If he is watching the house. If our signal system works. If he thinks Carol is alone, and decides to come after her. If I can fire at him and hit him."

Dutton looked at Carol. "Do you people think he's watching your house?"

"I think so. Yes," Carol said. "Maybe it's just nerves. But I think he is. We're pretty isolated there."

"Please wait right here," Dutton said, and left the office quickly.

"I'm sorry, darling," Carol said. Her mouth was trembling.

"You were slightly magnificent."

"I made a fool of myself. But he made me so angry."

Dutton was gone for a full fifteen minutes. When he came back he had a young man with him, a brown young man in his twenties, short and stocky, with mild blue eyes and brown hair that needed cutting. He wore a white shirt, dark blue trousers, and a yellow pencil behind his ear.

He stood at semi-attention as Dutton went around his desk and sat down. "This is Corporal Kersek. He's restless, unmarried, a first-class pistol shot, and bored with his current assignment in communications. Andy, this is Mr. and Mrs. Bowden. I've cleared his assignment with the county and with the state police. Andy was an infantryman in Korea. I can assign him to you for three days, Mr. Bowden. He understands the situation in general. Go over your plan with him in detail, and accept his recommendations for any changes. Good luck to you. . . . And—Mr. Bowden."

"Yes?"

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Men of Action need Canada Dry Ginger Ale!
It's light, dry . . . not sugary sweet!

The *exclusive* ingredients of Canada Dry Ginger Ale do the trick! Sparkling bubbles with exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation," pure, pure water, select, imported ginger grown especially for Canada Dry, and premium, larger-crystal sugar bring 'em back to life after hard work or play.

This Ginger Ale is deliciously refreshing . . . light, dry (less sweet), not filling. And the livelier bubbles aid digestion. Try it when pep disappears, and put the sparkle back in your family's eyes. Canada Dry is good for everyone . . . keeps them mentally alert, physically alive.

FIRST IN TASTE: Canada Dry, the Original Pale Dry Ginger Ale . . . often imitated but never duplicated.

Exclusive personalized Christmas card offer from Canada Dry!

Get 12 personalized Christmas cards containing your favorite snapshot. A $2.25 value for only $1.00. Cards are 4″ x 6″, beautifully printed in full color, and come complete with envelopes. Here's how:

1. Send a negative or print of your favorite snapshot together with $1.00 and the special gift certificate you'll find attached to a bottle of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Club Soda or Flavors . . . be sure to include $1.00 for each set of 12 cards you order.

Mail to CHRISTMAS CARDS, Box 2548, Pittsburgh 30, Pa., and *don't forget* to include your name and address.

2. Do it today to be sure you get yours in time for your Christmas mailing. Offer expires November 27, 1957.

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Dutton smiled thinly. "You have an alarmingly effective wife. And a very handsome one."

Carol flushed and smiled and said, "Thank you, Captain Dutton."

They talked with Kersek. Sam explained the original plan, and made a rough sketch of the house, barn and grounds on a yellow pad.

"About how far from the house to the barn, Mr. Bowden?"

"A hundred feet."

"I think it'll be better if I'm in the cellar. I can make it there after dark. You could open a cellar window for me, Mrs. Bowden."

It pleased Sam that Kersek did not in any way question that Cady would make an attempt. It made the whole project seem more businesslike and official.

After Kersek drew the equipment he thought he would need, they drove him to his rooming house, where he changed to dark shabby slacks, a dark shirt, tennis shoes.

Before they reached the village, Sam and Kersek stretched out in the back of the wagon and pulled a dusty car blanket over them. Sam knew all the familiar turns. He felt the pitch of the hill, and knew just when she would have to slow down for the driveway. When she drove into the barn, less light came through the blanket, and the motor sound became louder before she turned it off. She opened the left-rear door and picked up the bag of groceries for the house.

"Be careful," Sam said in a low voice. She nodded, her lips compressed. He and Kersek got out of the car and he stood well back from the dusty window and watched her scurry across the lawn toward the house, through the late-afternoon sunlight, moving with all the clean grace so familiar and so dear to him. He saw her unlock the door, go inside and close it. He turned and saw that Kersek was tensed and waiting, head cocked.

"What's the matter?"

"He could be inside waiting. She'd get a chance to yell once."

Sam berated himself for not having thought of that. They stood in the intense silence of the barn, listening. The cooling motor of the station wagon ticked. Suddenly, startling both of them, the buzzer sounded in the upstairs room, three short quick sounds.

"All clear," Sam said gratefully. He climbed the ladder quickly and returned her signal. It was just four o'clock. Kersek helped him carry his stuff up and get organized. Kersek left his supplies near the foot of the ladder. They sat upstairs on the old Army cot, surrounded by broken toys, half-completed projects, a hundred pictures cut out of magazines and tacked and pasted to the rough walls, and they talked in low voices. Sam told Andy Kersek the complete story of Max Cady.

The single cobwebbed window looked toward the house, and from where he sat Sam could look along the thin wires that sagged and lifted again to enter the house through the hole drilled in Nancy's window frame. He could see a portion of the hill behind the house, but he did not try to see more of it because he did not want to get his face too close to the window.

Carol sent her brisk signal each hour on the hour. After they had exhausted the subject of Cady, Kersek talked about Korea and how it had been, and how he had been hurt and how it had felt. They both read for a time—Kersek reading at random in the great pile of dusty comic books in the corner. And at last it grew too dark to read and too dark to smoke.

Carol buzzed at nine and at ten, and Kersek muffled the buzzer, suspecting the sound might carry too far in the stillness of the night.

"Time to move," Kersek said. He held his hand out and Sam took it.

"I don't want anything to happen to her," Sam said.

"Nothing will." There were reassurance and confidence in his voice. Sam followed him down the dark ladder, feeling his way. Kersek drifted out into the night. He made no sound. Sam strained his eyes to see him, but he could not. Kersek had smudged his face, and his clothes were dark, and he moved with the ease and vigilance of a trained man.

The faint light that showed around Nancy's window went out at ten-thirty. He tried to sleep, but he could not. He listened to the sounds of the long summer night, the insect chorus and the distant dogs, and the few cars on the road, and the far-off trucks, and a long brazen diesel hoot, far down the valleys.

The first light of dawn awakened him, and he moved the cot back away from the window. There was no signal at six, and he resisted the temptation to initiate a signal. The slow minutes passed. The hour from six to seven seemed but little longer than eternity. There was no signal from her at seven. The house looked silent and dead. They were in there, slain while he slept. At five after seven he could wait no longer. He initiated the signal. Twenty seconds later, as he was reaching again for the key, his mouth dry and his heart pounding, the signal was returned. He took a long deep breath, and was immediately sorry he had awakened her. She needed sleep so very badly.

He ate. The long morning passed. A salesman parked in front of the house and walked to the front door and waited there several minutes before giving up and driving away. A brown-and-white cat stalked a bird across the lawn, tail twitching, ears forward, body crouched. It sprang and missed and looked up into the elm for a few moments, then sat and washed neatly, and strolled away, the birds scolding it.

By noon his worry over the children had become intense. If Cady had found out, somehow——But Carol had promised to call them twice a day, and if anything was wrong, she would have come running to the barn.

He could not remember ever having spent a longer day. He watched the shadows change, and lengthen. At six the sun went behind a bank of dull cloud in the west behind the house, and night came earlier than usual. She made her last signal at ten o'clock and her light was out shortly afterward.

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DI PIETRO

Teddy Nadler, whose prodigious memory won fame and fortune on TV, adds to his storehouse of facts.

What is INTELLIGENCE?

After the quiz is over, what can be done with the facts?

By LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.D.

It was an exciting adventure to be permitted to interview a human being like Ted Nadler. This forty-seven-year-old man has a memory for facts that is so extraordinary—prodigious, colossal—that it's almost unbelievable. You can't think up an exaggerated statement that will express his memory skill. To think of a man who can describe battle contestants, the places, the number of troops, the weather, the date and the outcome of a thousand battles is to think of a talking encyclopedia. This father of three boys and the possessor of a pretty, adoring wife looks down a little on professors of history because they do not have his factual knowledge of historical events. He wonders why famous baseball players know their batting averages less well than he does. His ability on a quiz program to challenge contestants in any category made him a name of fame and a lot of thousands of dollars.

With this extraordinary memory and extraordinary knowledge of facts, why has it taken Teddy Nadler so long to achieve recognition? Before inquiring into this question, it must be said that Teddy Nadler is a lucky man. His wife is a real blessing to him. Not only is she attractive-looking, but she has the belief that Teddy and the three boys she has borne him are nigh perfection. Her whole life is her husband and three boys. That is what attracted Teddy to her and what makes him so happy with her—he says she's like a European woman in that her only interest is her home and family. She is a compliant person. She lets Teddy do the food shopping because he likes the job and doesn't mind spending for extravagant food for his children. If he doesn't want to buy electric appliances or household items, she's satisfied. She thinks Teddy is a marvelous father, entertaining to the children, and makes them very happy when he's with them, and he likes to be with them. Clara Nadler says that the boys, her husband, her family, his family, their house—everything connected with her is wonderful. She uses the word over and over—everything is wonderful. It is indeed heart-warming to find a woman so completely happy with her family and so admiring of them in every way.

Teddy Nadler is a likable person in spite of the fact that he has many qualities that would make the average person who had these traits unlikable. For example, in the past he thinks he has been unfairly discriminated against. He thinks the men who let him do all the work on his job let themselves take all the credit and, incidentally, the promotions.

I suggest that the reason these ideas of persecution are not irritating or disturbing to his likableness is that he has ways of creating the idea of modesty about himself—even though he is at times too full of self-praise!

A puzzle immediately confronts you when you ask why a man with so prodigious a memory has not made more of himself. Except for the accident of quiz programs, Teddy would still be earning less than $4000 a year. He had to live in cramped, close quarters—three rooms for five people; he had no significant promotions after fifteen years in his job as clerk-laborer in a military-supply depot. Even menial workers got promotions over him.

What did he lack that made him not successful in income, job and place in the world?

It brings up the whole question of what is theoretic intelligence and what is usable intelligence.

All psychologists today are agreed that intelligence is made up of a series or a number of different abilities. Memory is one of these abilities. The ability to calculate, to use common sense in situations requiring judgment, and to know the meaning of words of a sufficiently large vocabulary are other examples of the abilities that are thought of as intelligence.

It is also agreed by psychologists that intelligence is made up of many individual capabilities, but it is also dependent upon how the capacities are put together. A capability is of no service if a person doesn't know how and when to use it or if he is so emotionally upset that his thinking is made useless. An example of this would be an individual who is so upset emotionally by having to take orders that he becomes confused when asked to do his job, which may be calculations.

Although there are many capabilities which go to make up intelligence and although they appear to be very different from one another, nevertheless it has been proved that these capacities are strung together on a thread of general intelligence. If an individual is very good in one field, he tends to be good in other fields. It is also known that a very highly developed individual capacity such as memory does not markedly influence or add to the general intelligence of an individual.

Intelligence, which is a sum total of individual capacities strung together on general intelligence, to be highly usable, must enable a person to act wisely and with directed purpose. Everybody knows some person who is smart but never gets anywhere in the world of either professional or business success simply because he or she doesn't know how to direct his or her skills into usable channels.

Another quality which is an essential part of intelligence and intelligent behavior is incentive and ambition and drive. Without ambition and drive nobody can succeed; and by succeed I do not mean to suggest money success—I mean success in realizing one's capabilities to the fullest.

In Ted Nadler's case, there are two big points to be borne in mind. No one can judge another's success by his own definition of that word. A man or a woman is successful by his or her own definitions—roughly equated by happiness, satisfaction, self-evaluation. Ted often refers to himself as a "nobody," as a "dumbbell," is frequently self-deprecating, often bitter, and troubled by the gap between his potential achievements and his real ones. As we talk of success in his case, then, we will base it not on such ready gauges as wealth or prestige, but on Ted's own feeling that he is not a happy or successful man in a key area of his life—his work.

The second point to be brought out is this: much of Ted's effort has been exceedingly successful. It went into overcoming severe handicaps when as a child he was least fortified to deal with them. Problems that would give any adult pause—poverty, life in an institution, cruelty by strangers, physical difficulties, ill and troubled parents—were surmounted by Ted as a child in such a way as

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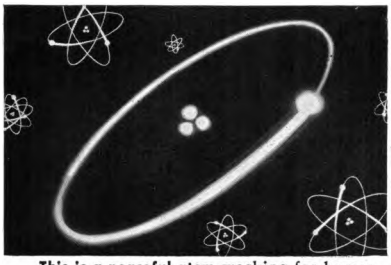
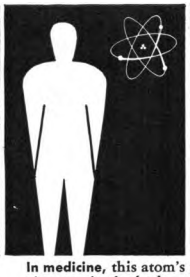
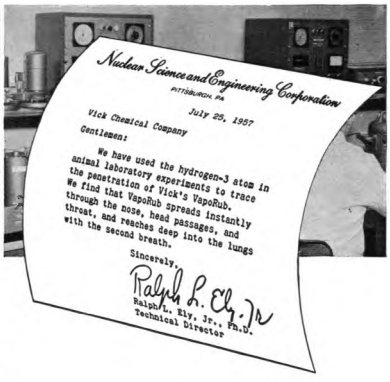


This is a peaceful atom working for human health. Its contribution to medicine is a blessing of our atomic age!



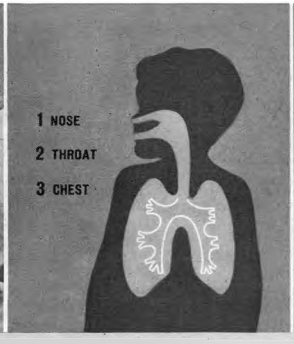
In medicine, this atom's job is to trace how medicines act in the body—where they go—how fast—what they do.



ATOM TRACER TESTS PROVE VICKS VAPORUB acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet

...without internal dosing

WHEN YOUR CHILD has a cold, rub VapoRub over area of lungs, heart, back, throat, neck. VapoRub acts *instantly!*



NO OTHER TYPE of treatment relieves all 3 cold areas–nose, throat, chest –all at once–without internal dosing.

VAPORUB penetrates while medicated vapors relieve head, throat, bronchial congestion. Your child feels good fast.

GROWN-UPS and elderly people also prefer VapoRub. It acts faster, works longer than aspirin or cold tablets.

While aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach . . . . Vicks VapoRub is already treating nose, throat, bronchial area . . . and keeps bringing relief for hours after tablets have stopped working.

Now—from the laboratories of atomic medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you and your family can get relief from miseries of colds.

For scientists have used atom tracer tests to check the action of cold medications—and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster and longer than aspirin or any cold tablets.

No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas—nose, throat, chest—all at once—for hours—with every breath—without internal dosing.

So it's no wonder that more mothers depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication. Why don't you turn to VapoRub, too? Enjoy the fast relief—the peace of mind—VapoRub can bring.

Vicks VapoRub and Asiatic Flu

Whether caused by a cold or Asiatic Flu...VapoRub relieves nose stuffiness, coughs, local bronchial congestion! So at first sign, turn to one medication you can trust! If fever, call your doctor.

World's most widely used colds medication . . . as a rub . . . in steam . . . in the nose

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. . . fogged dream in a deep sleep, dream interrupted by the morning alarm clock. And he groped for the clock that was not there, and suddenly sat up in absolute darkness, his reactions so blurred by heavy sleep that for long and precious seconds he did not know where he was, nor why his heart should be hammering so heavily.

When shrill realization came, he rolled off the cot and tried to scoop up the gun and the flashlight. His body was clumsy with sleep and he pawed the flashlight away from him and then found it in the darkness. He lowered himself hastily through the trap door, found the rungs of the ladder with his toes. He had not anticipated how awkward it would be to try to climb down in complete darkness carrying a gun and flashlight.

His foot slipped, and when he tried to catch himself his hand slipped. He fell and landed with his right foot on something uneven. It was an eight-foot drop and he landed with his entire weight on the right ankle. It felt as though a white flare had exploded inside his ankle. He fell heavily, faint with pain, a sprawling fall that brought him up against a wheel of the car, rolling in darkness, empty-handed, his sense of direction completely confused. He got up onto his hands and knees, grunting with pain, and he realized the long alarm cry of the buzzer had stopped. He began to paw around in the darkness, sweeping his hands across the floor, feeling for gun and flashlight.

He touched the roundness of the flashlight, snatched it up and pushed the switch, but it did not light. He heard a scream of complete and shocking terror, a scream that seemed to tear a long and ragged strip off his heart, and he heard the muffled and yet brittle sound of the Woodsman as two shots were fired.

He was sobbing with fright and frustration and pain. He touched the butt of the revolver and snatched it up and tried to stand. When he put weight on the ankle he fell again, and crawled to the wall and pulled himself up. Just then he heard the second scream quavering across the night air, a piece of silver wire stretched out to an unendurable point to then snap into a silence which was worse than the scream.

From somewhere he found the strength to walk, and then the strength to break into a blundering run. The night was utterly black. There was misty rain on his face. He felt as though he were trying to run in chest-deep water. The right foot flopped uselessly, and each time he came down on it he felt as though it landed in white-hot coals, ankle deep.

He fell on the front steps, struggled up and found the door and knew in despair that it was locked and that he had no key and it would take him an eternity to find his way around the house and find where Cady had broken in. That was another thing they had not considered. Another tragic oversight. But where was Kersek?

Just at that moment he heard a sound that must have come from a man's throat, but it was utterly unlike any human sound he had ever heard. It was a snarling, roaring sound, full of anger and madness and a bestial frenzy. And there was the deep resonant bang of a weapon heavier than the Woodsman, a sound that rattled the windows.

There was an enormous crashing and clanging and thudding of something running or falling down the front stairs, bringing Carol's alarm system of pots and pans and string with it. And a jar that shook the house.

Before he could move, the locked front door burst open and a half-seen figure, wide and hard and stocky and incredibly quick, came plunging out and smashed into him and drove him back. There was a sick sense of floating as he sailed backward over the steps, and then he landed flat on his back on the wet grass with a great jar that knocked the wind out of him.

He had managed to hold onto the revolver. He rolled up onto his knees, gagging for breath, and heard the pound of running feet on the turf, saw something running toward the corner of the house. He fired three times at it, snap-shooting, taking no aim. He got up and wobbled to the corner of the house. He was still sobbing for breath, but he managed to hold his breath and listen. He heard something that moved with frantic haste, crashing up through the brush on the hillside behind the house. He fired twice at the sound and listened again, and heard it recede and become fainter and disappear entirely.

When he turned back, his ankle folded again and he fell against the side of the house, hitting his head. He crawled on his hands and knees. He crawled up the steps and through the open front door and found the light switch in the lower hall and turned it on.

He could hear a faint mewling sound, a hopeless sound of fright and pain and heartbreak so like the unforgettable sound he had heard so long ago in a Melbourne alley that it seemed to him his heart would stop.

The sound continued as he climbed the stairs on his hands and knees. Halfway up he threw the empty gun aside. When he reached the upper hallway, he turned on the light. Kersek lay in the hallway outside the door of Nancy's room. The door was open. The room was in darkness. The endless whimpering sound came from inside the room.

Kersek blocked the hall. His gun lay five feet from him. Sam had to clamber over him. He tried to be gentle. Kersek groaned as he climbed over him. He turned on Nancy's room light. The bedside table was tipped over, the lamp shattered. Carol lay half under the bed, curled in fetal position. She wore her pajama trousers. The top was ripped off her, hanging by one sleeve. There were two deep bleeding scratches on her back. She made the endless and broken sound with each breath as he crawled toward her. When he tried to pull her out from under the bed, she fought him, and her eyes were squeezed tightly shut.

"Carol!" he said sharply. "Carol, darling!"

The sound continued and then stopped. She opened her eyes cautiously, and when she turned he could see the purpling bruise that covered most of the left side of her face.

"Where were you?" she whispered. "Oh, where were you?"

"Are you all right?"

She worked her way out from under the bed. She sat up and buried her face in her hands. "He's gone?"

"Yes, darling, he's gone. Are you all right. Did he . . . hurt you?"

"Like an animal," she said brokenly. "He smelled like some kind of animal too. I didn't hear anything. Just a sort of scratching near the door. And I found the buzzer and pushed it for a long time. and I had the gun, and then he ran right in through the door, right through it like it was paper and I fired and I screamed and I tried to fight. And he hit me."

"Did he . . . do anything to you?"

She frowned, as though trying to concentrate. "Oh, I know what you mean. No. He was going to. But then . . . Andy came." She tried to look beyond him. "Where is Andy?" she asked.

"Put your robe on, darling."

She seemed to pull herself together with a great effort. "I went all to pieces. I've never been so terrified. I'm sorry. But where were you? Why didn't you come?"

"I fell," he said, and turned and crawled back out into the hall. Kersek was breathing raggedly. Blood ran from the corner of his mouth. The leather grip of a hunting knife protruded grotesquely from his side, just below his right armpit.

He crawled down the hall to their bedroom and pulled himself up onto his bed and took the bedside phone from the cradle and dialed the operator.

"Sam Bowden," he said, "on the Milton Hill Road. We've got to have a doctor out here, and the police. Immediately. Emergency. Tell them to hurry, please. And an ambulance, please."

Five minutes later he heard the first siren, screaming up the hill through the misty night.

Doctor Allisson, after emergency treatment of Kersek, and after Andy had been taken away in the ambulance, treated the deep scratches on Carol's back, and as soon as she was in her own bed he gave her a sedative that put her into a deep sleep in thirty seconds.

After he had decided that Sam's ankle was badly sprained and not broken, he injected it with a local anesthetic and bound it tightly.

"Try to stand on it."

"It doesn't hurt at all!" Sam said wonderingly.

"Don't use it too much. Try to keep off it. But use it some. Big night you people are having out here."

"How about Kersek?"

Allisson shrugged. "Take a guess. He's young and he's in good shape. He was in shock. A lot depends on how long that blade is. Better to take it out on the table. I've got to get along. Those state cops are anxious to get at you."

When he went downstairs, favoring the dead ankle, he found that Captain Dutton had arrived. He was talking in low tones to a big man who managed to wear baggy pants and a leather jacket with a look of competence and importance.

Dutton nodded at Sam. "This is Captain Ricardo, of E Barracks, Mr. Bowden," he said. "I've been briefing him."

"How is Mrs. Bowden?" Ricardo asked.

"She was on the ragged edge. Doctor Allisson gave her a shot. He says she'll be dopey tomorrow, but rested." Sam moved over to a chair. "I'm supposed to stay off this ankle as much as I can."

"Apparently you and Kersek didn't handle this too well," Dutton said.

Sam stared at him. "If it wasn't for my wife and her little lecture," he told the policeman, "I would have been handling it myself, and it would have been a lot worse than it was, Captain Dutton."

Dutton flushed and said, "How were you staked out?"

"I was in the top of the barn with a buzzer alarm system rigged so she could call me. Kersek was in the cellar. The front stairs and the back stairs were booby-trapped. I'd like to know how he got in."

"We found out," the big state-police officer said. "He climbed up onto the shed roof over the kitchen porch and cut the screen out of the

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"Now is that normal?"

He said: "Sorry I have to leave so early..."
He meant: "I can't wait to leave! The air in this house is unbearable!"

She must have used an ordinary, "cover-up" deodorizer!

This couldn't have happened with air-wick

Air-Wick, the one and only chlorophyll deodorizer, gets rid of unpleasant odors in seconds... makes the air in your home seem sunshine fresh. Air-Wick is economical too... conclusively proven 3 times as effective... faster... more pleasant to use.

Make this simple test! Use any ordinary, "cover-up" deodorizer to combat an offensive odor. In seconds, you'll notice the resulting "combination odor". When you do, spray Air-Wick, and *smell* the difference! Notice how Air-Wick kills *both* odors: the original offensive odor *and* the peculiar odor left by the ordinary, "cover-up" deodorizer. Notice also how fresh and clean-smelling Air-Wick has left the air!

Use handy wick or speedy spray... deodorize the Air-Wick way!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

window at the end of the upstairs hallway and forced the latch."

Sam nodded tiredly. "And Kersek didn't hear him and that's what cut down the warning time. And he wouldn't hear the sound of the buzzer. The first thing he heard was her scream and the two shots she fired."

"Two?" Ricardo asked. "You're certain?"

"Almost certain."

Ricardo turned to Dutton. "We found two twenty-two slugs, one in the doorframe at chest level, and one in the plaster on the other side of the hallway, about six feet high. And one thirty-eight slug in the baseboard in the hallway. It struck at an angle and knocked a long splinter out."

"I was certain Kersek could handle himself," Dutton said.

Ricardo tugged at his ear lobe. "Handling a rough customer is one thing. Handling a nut is another. It was dark in the hall. Your man didn't know the layout, and he probably couldn't locate a light switch. And he was trying to move fast. This Cady probably came out of that room like a bomb."

"I fired at him too," Sam said.

"With the revolver we found on the stairs?"

"Yes."

"Where, and how many times?"

"Three times in the front yard. He knocked me off the porch. He was running to the corner of the house. Then I heard him going up the hill in back, and I tried two more at long range. But he kept going. I could hear him."

When the phone rang, one of Ricardo's people answered it, announced it was for Captain Dutton. Dutton went over to the phone. He listened for a time, spoke in monosyllables, hung up. When he turned, his face looked older, the eyes pouched and bitter.

"We won't know how he got suckered, Ricardo. He didn't make it. They lost him on the table."

"I'm sorry," Ricardo said.

"What are your plans?"

"This isn't an easy area to seal off. Too many back roads. And maybe we didn't get onto it soon enough. I don't know. But I've established the blocks. We can't use dogs, because we can't give them the scent. I've got a half-dozen more troopers reporting in a half hour. At first light we'll spread out and go up the hill and see if we can follow the track. I've got one boy who's pretty good at it. We can hope Mr. Bowden nicked him, and if he didn't we can hope we sealed off the area in time."

"Just in case we didn't, how about putting out an alarm?"

Ricardo nodded. "Six states. Give it the works. All right. Now how about the press? My people have been keeping them off our necks so far."

Dutton pursed his lips. "It's a cop killing. Let's get a big spread. We can release mug shots." He looked sharply at Sam. "They'll want a statement from you, if they can get it. I can handle it, if you wish."

"I'd like that."

"I'll do it now," Dutton said. "The quicker we cooperate, the friendlier they'll be." He went out the front door, heading for the cluster of lights and sounds of conversation by the barn.

Ricardo eased his tall big-boned weight into a chair. He said thoughtfully, "From what Dutton says, this Max Cady must be off his rocker."

"And he's big and fast and in good shape," Sam said.

Ricardo lighted a cigar carefully, examined the glowing end of it. "Some people named Turner from just up the road were here and my people sent them back. Good friends?"

"The best."

"Maybe somebody ought to be with your wife. Mrs. Turner O.K.?"

"Yes."

He got up. "Which house?"

"The next one up on the same side, thanks."

"I'll send one of my people up to get her." He went out.

Sam sat alone in the living room. He felt dulled by all the expenditure of emotion and energy. He thought of all the things he had done wrong. *A clown act. Fall off the ladder. Can't get into the house. A great man of action. Decisive.* All it needed was for him to have run into a clothesline in the dark. It was hard to believe Kersek was dead. Tough, competent, efficient Kersek. In dying, he had prevented the unthinkable from happening.

Liz Turner came hurrying in. She was a tall blonde who concealed incredible stores of energy behind a façade of a look of languid anemia.

"Sam, we've been frantic. It was like a war going on over here. By the time we got dressed and got over here, we got shooed off by the troopers. The trooper that picked me up told me a policeman was killed over here and you are both all right. How is Carol? Where is she?"

"Allisson gave her a shot. She's knocked out, but I don't know for how long. I thought if you wouldn't mind ——"

"Of course I wouldn't mind. I'll sit with her. In your bedroom? I'll go right up. Is it the man your Jamie told little Mike about? The one that poisoned Marilyn?"

He nodded. She looked at him for a moment and hurried to the stairs and went up, two steps at a time. He heard more cars arrive. He got up and went to the window and looked out. State troopers in uniform moved back and forth in front of the car lights. It was beginning to get light in the east. The rain had stopped. The trees dripped.

Ricardo came in and got him and had him come outside and show them where he had stood and fired at the hillside and point out where the noise had seemed to come from.

"I've got it organized now, Mr. Bowden. As soon as it's light enough to pick up a trail, we'll get going. I'll take ten men and we'll spread out. I'm leaving one man here. And here's your gun back. It's reloaded."

Just as Sam took the gun a flash bulb went off, and Ricardo turned in irritation. "What did I tell you press people?"

"Just a little break, cap," the man with the photographer said. He had a putty face, wide blue innocent eyes. "Every press service will grab this one. How about an exclusive interview, Mr. Bowden? I'm Jerry Jacks."

"Not now," Sam said, and walked slowly back to the house. Behind him he heard Ricardo shooing Jacks back toward the barn.

From the kitchen window he watched the line of men start up the hill, guns ready. He watched them until they were gone. The dawn sun was up. He went up to the bedroom. Liz smiled at him and held her finger to her lips. Carol breathed deeply and slowly, her bruised face relaxed, lips parted. Liz put her magazine aside. "She hasn't moved," she whispered. "Her poor face!"

After he went back downstairs he was too restless to sit and wait. He went out the kitchen door and sat on the back steps. The sun was high enough to warm his cheek and the backs of his hands.

The magic formula in human relations is simple—when you begin to dislike someone, do something nice for him.

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Music and Maestros
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In the silence of the morning he heard the voices before he saw them. They had chosen an easier path down the hill, the one that came down from the improvised range, past Marilyn's grave and out behind the barn.

He went over. Four troopers struggled with the improvised litter. Two saplings had been cut and trimmed and threaded through the arms of two uniform tunics. Cady lay on his back on the litter. The blunt face had a strangely shrunken look and it was the color of soiled dough. In his lifetime Sam had seen several bodies. Not one of the others had looked as dead. A flash bulb went off.

"He made it halfway to the car," Ricardo said. "The car was hidden off that dirt road up there, covered with brush. A 'scope rifle in it, and food and liquor. One of the boys is taking it in."

"Did you have to shoot him?"

Ricardo looked at him. "All we had to do was bring him down. We started finding blood halfway up the hill. A lot of it. Look at his clothes. One of your shots must have hit him, one of those last two you fired. Tore his right arm on the inside, just below the armpit. Tore an artery open. He climbed another three hundred feet before he ran out of blood."

Sam looked at the body. He had killed this man. He had turned this elemental and merciless force into clay, into dissolution. He searched through himself, looking for guilt, for a sense of shame. And found only exultation.

"I'll get him off the place as soon as I can," Ricardo said. "Stop by the barracks tomorrow if you can. I'll have the red tape ready for signature."

Sam nodded and turned and walked back to the house. He walked ten feet and stopped and turned and looked at them, and looked at the body, and said tonelessly, "Thanks."

He had intended to go upstairs, but a sudden weakness turned him toward a chair and he sat down listlessly. He could hear Jerry Jacks talking over the phone. He knew he should be annoyed at Jacks' sneaking into the house, but it didn't seem important. ". . . that's right. Dead. And it was Bowden did it."

It was Bowden did it.

When he felt strong enough he plodded up the stairs to wait there until Carol awoke, and

then he would tell her, and then he would sleep, and then he would drive down and get the kids.

On Labor Day the Bowden family, with Tommy Kent as the special guest, took the traditional last trip of the year on the Sweet Sioux to the island.

It was a warm day with a fresh wind across the lake. The kids swam. Sam sat on a blanket in his swimming trunks, arms resting on his upraised knees, can of beer and cigarette in hand. Carol was beside him.

"Baste me, ole friend," she said.

He put the beer can down, rested his cigarette on top of it, uncorked the lotion bottle, poured the liquid into the palm of his hand and stroked it into the long clean brown lines of her back. One of the rarest of women, he thought. Woman of grace and spirit, pride and delicacy.

Once again he thought of the nightmare thing that had so nearly happened to her. A duller spirit might have survived the crime without too much emotional damage, but Carol never. It would have broken her utterly and forever. When he thought of the narrowness of the escape, it made his eyes sting, and it blurred the shape and pattern of her.

"Um," she said contentedly as he recapped the bottle.

"You are far too lazy to go in the water, I suppose." He threw the empty beer can into the lake and watched it move away, pushed by the wind. He watched Nancy eel up onto the stern of the Sweet Sioux and go off in a clean dive as lovely as music.

"Maybe I will swim. You've made me feel guilty with your insulting comments."

He looked at her tucking her hair into the white rubber cap. He said to himself, *Moment of significance. On this day, at this hour and this minute, I know we have come out from under a dark cloud labeled "Cady." We are quite whole again. It's like recovering from a serious illness. All the world looks fresh and new. Everything looks special. I feel enormously alive.*

He got up and followed Carol. They walked down to the water, hand in hand. Suburban father and suburban wife. A handsome, mild and civilized couple, with no visible taint of violence, no lingering marks of a dreadful fear.

He swam out with her, stopped and smiled lovingly at her, ducked her unexpectedly and violently, then swam for his life toward the stern of the boat, while the kids yelled for her to catch him. END

THE CARYATIDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

it, as it pleases themselves. They dig a grave in the forest, and before sunrise they go to it with their sons and friends, and some of them even blow airs on a flute, and they lie down in it. They spread a goatskin over their face, and as the sun comes up, the others fill in the earth. They will remain there, lying on the grave, without eating or drinking, with their face upon the sod, till the sun is down, for they do not believe that the old man in the grave will have died till then. Then they go back, and eat and drink, having buried their father, and think no more of it.

"Now it was said that they had buried, in this way, an old woman who came from a country in the East, and indeed I think that she was the grandmother of the miller's widow. Father Bernhard also heard of it, and was terrified that such ungodliness should be going on in the parish.

"I said to him, 'It is the same to me whether, of the people, the living are buried or the dead choose to walk about. As to it happening in my forest, I do not like it, but many things go on in a forest which you may not like.'

"Then he went to the people himself. 'Father Bernhard,' they said to him, 'you settled people chase us from one place to the other. You fine us and whip us and put us in prison and hang us. Do you now also grudge us a little earth to put into our mouths? Wait a little, and you will yourself come running after us, to ask us to bury you for the sake of your peace.'

"Shortly after this, as it was that time of the year, they all went away, and I did not see any one of them for a long time. Now you know, sir, that Father Bernhard, who was a pious man, was not well learned, and had difficulty to read. From this time he began to read all day, and to carry his book with him everywhere. One day, when I was out, it was the market day of Sarlat, and they were driving pigs to the fair, I found Father Bernhard at the side of the road, very pale and panting.

"'Who do you think, Claude,' he said, 'just passed me? The swine of the Gadarenes,' he said, 'all the herd of them. Why, they may arise as well as other things in the Scripture, and the people have sent them here. The devils are in them still, but they are tired by now of being in swine, and are looking for someone to enter into. It is hard that an old man like me shall have to be, now, night and day in the mountain, cutting myself with stones.'

"I said nothing to him; what can one answer to things out of the Holy Book?

"Then, again, a fortnight later, I met him. 'Will the people not be back soon, Claude?' he asked me. 'When will they be back?'

"That same week he was gone altogether, and nobody saw him after that. And you will remember, sir, that as he had last been seen near the mill, they swept the seine for him in the millpond. There were then two little gypsy children who stood by. 'Sweep with a harrow,' they said." The old man stopped, and sighed.

"But, Claude," said his master, smiling, "they can have nothing to do with the misfortune of poor Father Bernhard. You tell me yourself that they were far away by that time."

"They were not here," the old man said with deep bitterness. "They would take care about that, the crafty devils. But what is she about at night, at Masse-Bleue, making the wheel turn, when she has no grain to grind?"

Seeing the young woman in the tartan frock coming down toward them, the men changed the subject of their talk, and the keeper again took off his cap.

"Am I interrupting an important debate?" she asked them, smiling. "Childerique sends me to ask you to take a glass of wine with us. You, too, Claude." She nodded to the old man.

They all walked up to where the young mother having finished the task of bathing her child, still blushing from the effort, was instructing the servants to spread a tablecloth upon the turf, and to bring wine and glasses. Out of the carriage the groom lifted baskets of cherries, deep orange speckled with crimson, and rich black, through the skin of which the red blood shone. The children had milk and cake upon a rug, a little way off, and were silent under the novelty of the treat.

The conversation of the party ran upon horses. They were all of them horse breeders and traders, and keen equestrians. Childerique had given up hunting; she had lost her own mother when she had been a baby, and would not have her children run any risk. But it had been a great sacrifice, and a horse was still to her what a bottle is to an old reformed drunkard; also, her team of horses was only a substitute. She was driving it today to break it in, in the hope of selling it well to a very rich neighbor, who had lately come to the district. The old nobility of the province was much taken up with this man, as with the first person capable of making a fortune whom they had never met face to face.

"Surely, Delphine," said Childerique to her friend, "you could sell Paribanu to Monsieur Tutein for me. You are his formulary in the manners of good society, and have only to tell him that a true gentleman is ever known by his off thill horse."

The young widow blushed. "If I really have the honor," she said, "of playing mentor to Monsieur Tutein's social Telemaque, I shall have more conscience than to drive him straight into the arms of Circe. You must ask him to your birthday party at Champmesle, and do the bewitching yourself."

They began to discuss this party, which was to be given in honor of Childerique's twenty-fifth birthday, and was to take place in a week. Childerique got up with her husband and went off to look at the children, leaving the two others to discuss various festival arrangements, which were to be a surprise for herself.

On the way she squeezed her husband's arm a little and said, low, "There is a bite."

She was planning a match between her brother and her friend. That the young widow was five years older than the projected bridegroom she thought a fortunate circumstance. She was six years older than the boy herself, and would have disapproved and been jealous of any quite youthful feminine influence in his life. Her mind was running pleasantly on the prospect of presenting to the young couple a green set of Sevres porcelain, which had come to Champmesle nearly a hundred years ago. She came near to communicating her thought to her husband, but retained herself, suspicious of his laughter at her old manner of anticipating the course of events.

The nurse was teasing the little boy by pushing him back on the rug every time he tried to get up; the child was hiccuping with laughter, clear as a shrill little bell. At the sight of his father he gave such a shout of exultation as did, in the mast, Columbus' watchman at the first sight of a new continent. The young man lifted him onto his shoulders, and the child looked down majestically at the green world below him, and at his big sisters, suddenly so very small.

Children whose parents have been very much in love develop a fearlessness toward life unknown to the breed got in cold beds. They are indeed like those cherubs of old Relievi who are represented riding on lions, spurring the mighty lord of the desert with their little rosy heels, and pulling his dark mane. The dangerous powers of life have kept watch round their cradles; the lion has been their guardian and friend, and when they meet him again in life they recognize him, laughing, as their old playmate.

"What was Claude preaching about?" Childerique asked her husband. "I suppose it was of the gypsies."

"There are so many of them just now," said Philippe, "he wants us to chase them off the land, and tells me that Monsieur Tutein has done so on his estate."

"Yes, Monsieur Tutein," said she with disdain, "what does he know about them? Grandmama once told me that in 'ninety-three they hid grandpapa from the soldiers when he came back home to see his wife. At that time Monsieur Tutein's people were very likely with the troops of the mountain. When I was a little girl I often wished to be a gypsy child and to wander about with them. Did you never want that?"

"But I did it," said her husband, "when I was living in Canada, with my father. As a child, I was friendly with many of the red Indians, and went about with them for long whiles. They were good people, kind to me, and taught me many things. Sometimes these people remind me of them. It is curious, for instance, about that young woman of the mill. I knew an old Indian woman, whose tribe believed her to be a witch. She was a hundred years old, and hideous to look at. Still, those two are alike. I have wondered whether it is the brand, the witch's mark which they have in common. An old Indian told me that once a woman has turned to witchcraft there is nothing in the world that can turn her off it, not love, children nor virtue. I have wondered ——" He stopped.

"I know," said Childerique. "You have been told that old Udday, her father, once laid a curse upon my father and all his descendants. But my mother liked them." This was always the last word with her. Her piety to the memory of her dead mother tolerated no argument.

"And besides," she cried, "where is the curse on me? Where is the curse?" Laughing, she dragged down her little son from his father's shoulders, played with him and blew into his face. "Where is our curse?"

"Childerique," cried Delphine from her seat on the grass, "I must go back or I shall be too late. The two old sisters De Mare are coming to play cards, and I must pick up the abbé on my way to make a fourth."

The party broke up, first seeing Delphine off in her phaeton. From the entrance to the dense wood she waved her hand with the whip; her gay colors were swallowed up by the somber deep.

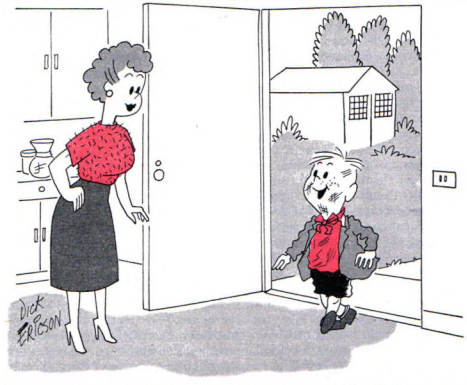
Childerique got herself and her family into the landaulet; she let the coachman drive the horses for the return journey. The little boy grew sleepy on his nurse's knees.

"Give him to me, Marie," said the mother.

No sooner was he seated in her arms than he dropped off to sleep, his dark curls—luminous as the black cherries that they had been served—toward her bosom. She became absorbed in the delight of the pressure of his firm little body against her own, and sat silent, thinking of the struggle she had had with her stepmother, before she got the old woman's consent to nursing her babies herself. *What obstacles people do make for our happiness*, she thought.

The two riders trotted on, a little behind the carriage, their horses prancing on the narrow road; they did not talk. The young boy, red-haired, tall and slim on his tall horse, was pushing his mount on impatiently, as if he could not stand this state of things one moment longer. Philippe had his eyes on the carriage, and that air of listening and keeping watch which rarely left him.

On his return to France from America nine years ago, his neighbors had been impressed and a little frightened by his new ideas and schemes of reform, but he had quite settled



"It was a very gay, mad party—us kids were very gay and Mrs. Finch was very mad."

down by now, and seemed to form himself like a ringwall round the little world of his domestic life. It had indeed taken him some time to get used to the abundance around him. It seemed to him that he had done nothing but take to himself a lovely young girl of his native province, and from that one step had resulted the richness of life on all sides, the multiplicity of color and melody in his house and garden, the activity everywhere, laughter and crises of tears, the sweetness of young lives and alternation of work and hopes, the whole solar system of Champmesle.

He watched the figure of his wife, sunk in musing in the carriage seat. He recognized the thoughtful mood which had come over her, the wave motion of her being, following the rhythm of the moon like the tidal waves of the sea. It was as if a weigh was being gathered grain by grain, within the depth of her, balancing down her vitality into a new calm and a deeper understanding. Sometimes she would disappear from him altogether for a day or two, but only to come back, radiant, as from a flight into a distant world from which she brought with her fresh flowers to adorn her home.

II

The young master of Champmeslé himself had had an uncommon destiny.

He was born in Dordogne, but when he was seven years old his father had gone away from the country, and had taken him with him, to live on an estate near Quebec, upon the river of Maskinonge, which had been in his family for a long time. The boy never quite knew what had driven his father into exile. His mother had died two years before.

For some reason his father took up, in the new country, the life of a hard-working farmer, and left the interest on his capital to accumulate in France, and to keep up and improve his estates there. Philippe was told that they were rich, but he never knew in practice what it meant to be rich.

He became conscious of himself and of the world in a rough new country. Still the old province—these same hills and valleys, woods and old towns which now encircled him—was with him during all his childhood, as God is ever present to a child piously brought up. The names of the old places were on his father's tongue, and the boy would not forget how the rivers ran and the roads turned, what were the signs of the changing seasons, or how the old people on the farms were related to one another. The records of stags killed and horses bred in France were kept on the Canadian farm. Most often of all would come back the name of Haut-Mesnil and of the people who lived there.

His boyhood, lonely in a strange country, in the company of a melancholy man, had shone all the same with rainbow radiance from a lost, a promised land.

Time after time in the course of these years his father would take up the idea of going back to France. The life of the child then reflected the terrible struggle within the soul of the ordinarily collected, quiet man. He saw him thrown off his balance, upset and stirred to the bottom of his being. For weeks the agony would go on; the man would decide to go and give it up ten times within one night, or he would imagine them already on the way, wake up and find himself in the Canadian home, and despair. These outbreaks became a yearly returning rite, an equinoctial gale in the existence of the boy. One thing he would notice: as soon as there was any plan of going back to France the names of Haut-Mesnil and its inhabitants would disappear from the vocabulary of his father. Then, in the end, the mood passed, always in the same way, and the Baron de la Verandrye never went back to France.

When his father fell ill, the conflict of his life suddenly dissolved itself in his plans and hopes of his son's going to France when he himself should be dead. During his last months he talked much of all that the boy was to do there, with such gay hopefulness as Philippe had never known in him. The boy would find him feverish in his bed, waiting for his return to instruct him how to put out carp in a pond of Champmeslé. On his last day his mind was swarming with the names of old servants and dogs; to the son listening it was just as if the world of Champmeslé were rushing out to meet him.

Six months after his father's death, when he had settled the affairs of their estate, Philippe started on his journey home.

He had his first real feeling of freedom at the sight of the ocean. But one moonlight night, when he was on the deck in the dark-brown, transparent shadow of the large sails, it was to him suddenly as if the cold, gray, wandering waters spoke to him, warning him not to go, but to turn back. The feeling did not last long, but he remembered it long.

On his return to France, for a time he forgot everything.

The promised land more than kept its promises. Strange as it was to him to travel toward his home, to meet, one after the other, the blue hills and rivers, and the towns, and to find them so much smaller than he remembered them—for in Canada the problem of distances had been one of the serious phenomena of life, but the French land all seemed to be one neighborhood and distance nonexistent, and this from the first made everything dreamlike to him—conditions were soon, in a much stranger way, changed entirely. He was no longer acting himself, but was being received and handled by something stronger than he. Just as it had come to lift up his dying father, the country came out to meet him, put its arms round him and held him. He learned that his father had been dear to people here in a way which he would never himself have guessed; they talked of him with smiles and tears. A new picture of the lonely man was here forming itself to his son.

This extraordinary happiness of his first year in France was, even now, sometimes brought back to Philippe, unconsciously, in an old tune or a scent. And when he thus got the whole fullness of the nights and days of that year, of friendships, hunts, journeys, meals

and dreams, distilled and in one draught, the strongest flavor within it was still that feeling of belonging to something, and of having been made one with a life outside himself, in which he had still a more perfect freedom than he had known before. It had the sweetness of a first union of love. Consciously he could never recall it, it had lasted too briefly.

In due time he also called at Haut-Mesnil. There he found things much changed, for the master of the house had died, his widow was a second wife, whom his father had never known, and the present head of the family, her son, was a boy of ten. The daughter of the first marriage, with whose name he was familiar, was in a convent at Pirigueux. But he was received there as kindly as everywhere, and in time, in spite of the place being so unlike the Haut-Mesnil of his childhood's dreams, he came to feel more at home there than in any other house. So much power is there in lifeless things, in houses, roads, trees and bridges. Also there was a particular influence at work in the place, to which, later on, he came to find a name.

From the countess he learned a thing which surprised him: namely, that the heads of the houses of Haut-Mesnil and Champmesle had not been on friendly terms. This did not affect the benevolence of the countess toward him; in fact, it seemed that this lady had made it a line of conduct to take, in life, the opposite side from her husband. Thus she had taken, on her marriage, the side of her stepdaughter against her father, and even, when her own son appeared on the stage and was made much fuss about, against him. She did not come from Dordogne, but from the province of Geneva; she was a highly bigoted, dry woman, with little knowledge of the world or the heart, no imagination and no faculty for loving. Life was dull to her, and she welcomed, with a passionate gratitude, the few phenomena in it which were capable of awakening her imagination. Probably it was her grudge against her husband that he had never been able to do so—even her son, when he had once been born, had failed. For scandal she had no taste; the world of sentiment lay too far off her domain. Religion had often shown a fatal tendency to dry up under her hands, from the ecstasy which, upon the best of authorities, she had expected of it into sawdust of moral principle. But adventure she appreciated. When Philippe would talk to her little son of red Indians, of bear hunts or of canoe expeditions, she would listen as spellbound as the child. Something of the picture of the little boy who had grown up, motherless, far from France, in the company of wild red-skinned men, struck her heart and brought out one of the rare little wells of feeling in it. Philippe found in the narrow-minded woman who could not love a rare talent for being a friend, which, toward him, lasted all her life.

Many things at Haut-Mesnil were explained by the strange luster which was still spread everywhere by the memory of the Countess Sophie, Childerique's mother. The remembrance of this beautiful young woman seemed to live in all the province, like an afterglow of her rich vitality. People talked about her as if she were still alive, and little tales of her grace and generosity were hurried upon him, as if he could not be accepted as a true child of the community until he shared this creed. He heard of her curious taste for disguise, so that she would, like a neat female Harun al-Rashid, become acquainted with the poor and outcast of the land in her maid's apron, or even dressed up as a horse dealer's boy, for she was an exquisite horsewoman; and of her impulsive heart when, on finding a poor tenant's household lamenting a dead mother and a newborn baby, she had shifted her own little daughter to the arms of the nurse, and laid the forlorn child to her full breast. The present countess herself, who had never seen Madame Sophie, had a special feeling toward the frail figure, a mixture of admiration and pity. In Childerique, though she strove to graft into her the strictest principles of prudence, her true devotion went toward those imaginative, defying sides of her nature which recalled the dead woman.

When Childerique came from her convent she found the new young neighbor a *persona grata* of Haut-Mesnil, so much the friend of her little brother that to begin with she did not like him. Philippe afterward wondered whether the stepmother had not, before the girl's return, planned—as much as she had it in her to plan anything in life—to unite sense and romance by marrying off her stepdaughter to the largest estate of the province as well as to the blood brother of the Mohicans. The heart of the young man needed no encouragement; it was prepared for love for this girl as a field, plowed and harrowed, for the spring rains. Virginal and generous, Childerique seemed to him the incarnation of France and of all there that he had dreamed of as a child. At times it was as if he had known her first, and as if the country was imitating the girl in sweetness and ease of heart. Now even had the old woman and the young man been scheming together skillfully, the prey would not have been easy for them to come up to.

Childerique was at this time intoxicated with her freedom. She had grieved as a child because she had not been born a boy; for the sake of her mother's honor, she was indignant that her stepmother should have accomplished the exploit which her beloved mother had failed to achieve. She was also at this period of her life troubled by being unusually tall for her age. Toward both these worries she took up the same attitude; she seemed to feel that as the truth could not be concealed, the world might as well have it point-blank. On this account she carried herself erect in her full height and also allowed herself the full freedom of being a girl, following all her own whims and frankly keeping from the society of males. In spite of her conventual education she was a Diana of Dordogne, a kind of deity, but with bow and arrows. She might well, had she been bathing in her favorite forest pool, and had Actaeon approached, sweaty from the hunt, congratulating her on her choice of a bathing place, have invited him to join her in a swim. But had she found him spying on her secretly

she would not have been behind the goddess in loosing her fierce hounds on him. She had no desire to be desired, and her woman's kingdom of longing, rapture and jealousy seemed to her all too vast; she did not want to take up the scepter at all. Like a young stork which considers that it runs very well, and does not care to fly, she had to be lured into her element. But once in it, she gave proof of great powers. After his first kiss and words of love, she fluttered up audaciously into flight; it was in their honeymoon an ecstatic, easy soaring, and as the children were conceived and born a succession of majestic wing strokes.

They were married in the month of June, and Philippe took his young wife by her own team of four horses, which were his wedding present to her, the dreamlike easy distance from Haut-Mesnil to Champmesle. The house to which he brought her was inferior to her old home, for the manor of Champmesle had been burned down during the Revolution. The family had since lived in a long white house, formerly the habitation of the inspector of the estate. But it lay very finely, surrounded by the terraces, gardens and woods of the old chateau, and within it was richly furnished with choice old things and tasteful modern furniture.

Up under the roof of this house there was a large room, light in itself, but darkened by shutters. Upon the day-week of his wedding the young husband, a little giddy with happiness, roaming about in the house of which many corners were still unknown to him, came up here, and on finding the place filled with old furniture, mirrors, pictures, books and papers, sat down for half a lazy hour, going through old letters in the chiaroscuro of the room, and scattering them round him. Really he was looking for some trace of the little boy Philippe who had wandered about in the same house twenty years ago, and might have left a reflection in some dim and dusty old looking glass, into which no one had since gazed.

Out of an old tortoise-shell box, which opened by the touch of a spring, a packet of letters came into his hand. They were love letters, written by a lady to her lover, by Childerique's mother to his father. Afterward he remembered how he had, after the first glance, got up to destroy them, when his eyes had been caught by his own name.

The young mistress wrote: "Your clever and adorable little Philippe, who, when I sat with him on the garden seat, and had closed my eyes to think of you, poked his little finger into my face and said, 'Light your eyes, madame.'"

Here was the child of Champmesle then, no longer lonely; a young woman had sat with him in a garden, had smiled at him, and repeated his little sayings in a letter to her lover.

He read all the letters through, only once, but he found later that he knew many passages of them by heart, and could have passed an examination on the correspondence of the dead lovers. The last of them was a crumpled bit of paper, unlike the others in form as well. It ran: "Dear Baron de la Verandrye: Just a word. I am sorry for what I said to you yesterday. The bearer, the gypsy Udday, has got my message and will give it to you correctly; it is too long for me to write, as I am not well. Good-by, good-by."

Philippe looked at the date; it was the day of Childerique's birth. This letter was written to deceive anybody into whose hands it might fall; the lovers had quarreled, and unable to bear the burden of their disagreement at this moment, Sophie had sent the gypsy with a verbal message, and the note as a credential.

As soon as he understood the sense of the letters, Philippe got up and locked the door. It was as if he had found his father in here, defenseless and exposed to danger.

Here, then, was the central point and the heart of his world, even from childhood, and of his father's wanderings, exile and death, run to earth at last in the attic of Champmesle. This sweetness and this fire had hurled people to and fro across the ocean. He looked round him, so strongly did he feel the presence of the man in the grave over the sea, and the woman in the mausoleum of Haut-Mesnil.

How was it possible that he had not known till now? His heart was squeezed by pain as he thought of the comfort that he might have given his father had he only understood that when he said "France" he meant "Sophie."

He made a heap of all the letters, struck a light and watched them flame up and come to ashes upon the cold fireplace.

So Childerique was his father's child. There was no doubt about it; the young impassionate mother had informed her lover of the happiness and danger, and had come back to it many times. It seemed natural enough, and that rare sympathy and feeling of home which he had with her was real and sprang from a source deep in their blood. He had had the sensation, when they had laughed and jested together, of being with someone whom he had known well and loved all his life, and now he understood that too: he had then been playing with his father as a child.

He smiled at the thought that he and she were works of the same artist. He had met, in his father's nature, a deep conflict between his sense of duty and the strong and wild inclinations of the heart. He himself was then a product of the man's conscience, his respect of, and resignation to, outward forces, but Childerique was what his father could do when he was left free, where he wanted to be.

Suddenly the thought of Childerique filled the room so completely that it drove away all the shadows, and he rose to go to her when he remembered that he had locked the door. He was struck by a great wave of terror. It seemed to him that he had separated himself from her forever. That gray and cold ocean upon which he had looked down from the ship, he had laid it between him and the young wife downstairs whom he had lately held in his arms, and had left arranging bouquets for their home.

Frightened to death, he could not bear the silence. "Father!" he cried, his hands to his head, and in a moment, as there was no answer: "Sophie—Madame Sophie, what have I done?"

Why had they not told him, but let him walk straight into this misery? Still, he knew now that his father had told him, had he only understood. But, he thought again, the day before his wedding a bridge had given way as he rode across it, and he had been in danger of his life. Why had the dead people not helped him there, and let him die?

WISH

By INGEBORG KAYKO

If I could wish upon my
wedding ring
I'd pray it circle back until one
day,
No feast or holiday, any, warm
or gray,
Begun in clouds or breaking
clear, as long
As it were one of ours and far
away,
Before the nations in their
sundering
Had broken in our common
clock the spring
And dealt us sunset with the
sun still high.
Then we saw dawn and noon
as with two eyes,
Dusk happened to us both, and
when night came
Each knew the other heard her
footfall too.
If I could have my single wish,
I'd prize
One more sweet everyday, full
of the same
Hours for both of us, all
striking true.

He sat for a long time in the room, to make up his mind. Had it been the week before, he thought, he could have told her, or he could have gone away without ever telling her. Now he could do nothing. In the end, before he left the room again, he had sealed his mouth and his heart forever; she should never know that anything had been changed between them. He thought, *It would bring down all the world around her, the sacred memory of her dead mother, her strong faith in honor and virtue, her joy and hope about the future.* Was it not then for him to guard her against such disaster? In his heart he knew well that all these reasons were of no account, and that the true motive for his silence was that he could not, he would not suffer her to think with horror of his embrace.

His longing for her, as he got up, was so strong that his arms and hands ached. *Let it be as it will,* he thought. *Let them even separate our souls forever, if it be as they tell us. Our bodies they shall not separate at all.*

As life went on at Champmesle during the following seven years, and his existence grew up on all sides, this same thought was ever with him. Their home became, round Childerique, a little world of its own, through all of which one line and spirit ran. The horses and dogs, the servants of the house, the furniture and the books of the library, the lilacs on the terrace, the silhouette of the roofs as you came home late in the dusk, and the tunes that she played—all belonged to one another, and were each of them part of a greater whole. If they were scattered by another revolution, or if, their earthly career finished, they were to meet again in another world, wherever two or three of them were gathered together they would recognize each other and cry, "Hail, there is one more of us. We, too, were there. We, too, were part of Champmesle."

When the first two children were born, he was glad that they were daughters. He thought that it would be wrong should a child of incest carry forth the name of La Verandrye. After the birth of his first little girl he had even gone to their old doctor to ask him whether there was any sure way of deciding the sex of children beforehand.

The old man laughed at him. "Oh, Monsieur le Baron," he said, "you are too impatient. Do not refuse to plant us a few roses at Champmeslé, for the joy of the province, before you graft the oak."

Childerique herself had been on the watch for any sign of disappointment in her husband, but she thought that the loveliness of the children had conquered their father's heart. When the boy was born she made all the house and land of Champmesle clap their hands at this master stroke of hers.

She had wanted the child named first after his father and then after hers. To him neither choice had seemed seemly; he thought, *Let each of the dead men have that peace of the grave now, which they have more and less deserved.*

He often wondered what would happen to her should she come to know the truth now. He imagined that she would go into a convent; she would have to throw herself into the arms of heaven for her salvation. It was not her actual fate either which took up his thoughts, but the transformation which, at a word, all her world would undergo. He had seen grass fires, and the black and wasteland which they leave behind them; her flowering world would come to look like that. When he had been a boy he had been the friend of an old Indian horse trader, who had assured him that he was, at the very same hour as he was trading horses in the market place of Quebec, even as well, in the strong and shaggy shape of a timber wolf, hunting and sleeping in the mountains. Thus, he thought, the white house of Champmesle was even at this time at once the pride and refuge of her heart and to her mind a house of crime against the law of God, a place of shame. The three children, playing under her eyes on the terrace, were both the flowers and the crown of a proud, old race and, more terrible than the cubs of the timber wolves, nameless offspring of dishonor. And he himself—like his friend Osceola, who, while he was grooming his sleek horses and tying up their tails, was also trotting upon a trail in the woods or sitting in the snow and howling at the terrified mares and foals—he was at the same time the head of the corner of her happiness, and her enemy, the destroyer of it all.

In the beginning of their married life his consciousness had made him a little unsteady in his relations with his wife. He would leave her then, to come back begging for her love, as if he thought that they were soon to be separated for life. Childerique, who had no means of comparing him to other young men in love, took this as the normal expression of a man's passion; it did not affect her: her strength and resilience of heart could have stood out against a heavier weight thrown at it. Sometimes she felt a slight compassion for him because he was still a stranger to many things which seemed to her foundation stones of existence. He was at home neither in the old nonsense rhymes of the nursery nor in the divine service of church, and he hardly remembered his first Communion.

One trait in the nature of his wife made Philippe wonder if she had in her an instinct which knew more than she did herself. Though she was such a devoted wife, radiant with love, her feelings seemed to be more those of a sister or comrade than of a woman in love, as if she knew his love to have been born with him, and to be hers by right of nature. Many women, he was aware, will buy their supremacy over their lovers at the price of much self-denial, and will submit to servitude through all the hours of the day to hold, within one hour of the night, triumphantly, the highest power of life and death. This, in a woman, had always made him uncomfortable; he distrusted both the servitude and the triumph. Childerique would be prepared to buy his appreciation of her as a housewife or a mother, and his admiration of her wisdom, justice and virtue, at the cost of her greatest efforts, and of a good deal of persuasion. For his desire and adoration, which were her happiness, she would give nothing at all, as if holding that within their sphere there can be neither sale nor purchase.

But with the young lord of Haut-Mesnil, six years younger than herself, she showed all the attributes of a passionate and jealous mistress. She could not live without his adoration, and would humor and coax him into it; she never ran short of coquetries and artful flattery. She was vain about his appearance and about her own when he was near, and melancholy when he was melancholy, like one of his own dogs. And with him she was also capricious, zealous of attention, hurt by negligence and ever on her outlook for a rival, be it only one of his friends from school. She rarely gave her husband any caress on her own accord, but she would take trouble to keep near the boy, fondling and petting him, holding his hands and playing with his fingers or running her own fingers through his red locks.

III

There was in the forest a large oak near which the roads divided and went off, the one to Haut-Mesnil and the other to Champmeslé. Here Childerique had her carriage stopped to take leave of her brother.

But the boy rode up to her and said, "I will dine at Champmesle if I may. I have something to talk to you about." She smiled at him very tenderly.

After dinner the brother and the sister walked up and down the terrace. Her husband watched them from the window of the library as he went through his papers and letters. He was starting in a day or two on his annual trip to La Rochelle, where he was to arrange the business of his Canadian property, and this time meeting some people of his from over there. A letter from Canada, received the same day, and not yet read, was on his table before him. The couple on the terrace walked into and out of his range of sight. Childerique had let down her hair, still moist from the children's splashings. It was very thick and soft, and wafted round her neck and shoulders as she moved. Philippe remembered having seen pictures of deities with hair of snakes, rays of sun or zig-zagged lightning, and he could well believe the personality of the bearer forcing itself thus even into the hair. These dark tresses, dead stuff which you might cut off or burn without her feeling it, just because at one point they were attached to her head, would twist, shine and fill the air with fragrance. As she turned and came toward him, the sun behind her, her head was wrapped in a dark cloak, within which red fires were smoldering.

The boy was silent for a while, gazing not at her but far away over the landscape. In the setting sun it was filled with strong and live colors, the shadows lengthening across it on all the eastern sides of slopes and forests. The glinting river wound along in the distance, in and out between groups of trees and rushy margins. The sister had picked a rose and from time to time touched her lips with it.

Suddenly the boy stopped and spoke. "Remember this afterward," he said: "I need not have told you. I have told no one else, nor shall I do so. But one time, long ago, out in the forest, I said to you that I should probably always tell you everything that I was doing. In three days' time I am marrying the miller's widow at Masse-Bleue."

His sister made big laughing eyes up at him over her rose, confident of some jest. On meeting the ice-cold, bloodshot eyes of an antagonist, she stood dead still and the color of her face slowly deepened to dark crimson; her eyes even seemed to water from the heat of the fire on her forehead and cheeks. It was as if, on finding her brother murdered and plundered in a dark forest, her first feeling should have been that of shame on seeing him naked. Soon her silence became intolerable to him.

"Yes," he said, "this is Udday's curse. We are lost. But I am free to be lost, if I choose, whatever all the world, whatever you say of it."

It hurt her mortally that he should speak of all the world and of her in the same breath; still she dared not give in to her emotion, lest she should fall down dead, when she could not afford to fall, for she was standing up here to fight him.

"Why," she said, gazing straight into his pale, agonized face, "are you doing this?"

Her question seemed to calm him. So many times had he explained his whims and difficulties to her, to get her influence in their home on his side, that her words were to him like a bugle call, which he could not disobey. After a moment he sighed deeply and spoke to her, very slowly and brokenly.

"You know," he said, "that people live on the moors and the wasteland where the vipers are. There is not one of them who has not been bitten by vipers at some time. They have become immune to the poison; not only do they not die from it, as we do, it harms them not at all. You know, Childerique, how frightened I have been, all my life, of vipers and snakes—even now, when I set eyes on one of them I feel as if I should die. Well, I should like to be invulnerable to their bites too. I will be with the people who cannot be hurt by vipers"; after a moment he added, "who play with them, and make them dance."

It was her weakness that she understood him so well. His mother, she thought, would not have grasped the meaning of a single word he was saying; she would have met him with an absolute, heroic lack of understanding, which would have swept all he had said into nothingness. Her own fatal insight into his soul was like a weight round her neck. Still, she disdained pretending not to understand. She was aware that all their common past was behind his words. They brought up a swarm of pictures of him and of herself, out on travels in the woods, in those moors or marshes of which he spoke, where they had strayed against the orders of his mother and their nurses. They had seen vipers there, and had

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Ask any WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

The best time to have children is when you are old enough to spank them and young enough to be able to.

Overheard: "What she thinks of she's already said."

Money saved for a rainy day too often provides a fancy umbrella for someone else.

A recruit doing K.P. arrived late in the kitchen one morning and hurriedly warmed up yesterday's coffee. Expecting the worst, he was surprised to hear, "Best yet! How'd you make that coffee? Tasted just like my wife's."

Mother feeding child: mind over splatter.

For parents: If at first you don't succeed, ask your children; they'll tell you how.

When one parent sides with a child against the other parent, the balance of nature is disturbed.

Adolescence: that period when children revert to the two-o'clock feeding.

The experts have managed to furnish a house with everything unscratchable, unstainable and unbreakable—except the children.

The jet pilot who fired into the blue and was subsequently injured by his own shot has nothing on what happens to many a parent after directing advice toward an adolescent.

For sheer excitement, there is nothing to equal living through the first few months in a new home, waiting for the house to reveal its true character.

The person who learns to rise to an emergency in early life can sleep longer later on.

Perhaps the farmer really had a point when he was in no hurry to have water piped into his house because "I don't like to have things too handy around here—want to keep the kids on their feet."

I owe so many recipes for cooking and *living* to my beloved Aunt Delphine, who cherishes my interests so much that she once took the paring knife away from me in my own kitchen because my peelings were "too thick."

The young mother's back carries her burdens like the brittle walnut limb, the old mother's back like a willow limb.

A citizen's first session on a jury may be a shocking experience. He is likely to hear, "I'd believe *him*" (doctor, lawyer, officer) "before the defendant"; or, "Let's be lenient. After all, it *is* his first murder."

It often seems that the more pans a woman has the less she bakes, and the more tools a man has the less he makes.

One family seems to be rearing the son to become adapted to life in this brave new world: he earns his allowance by plugging in and unplugging the toaster.

Out of town...out of sight...

but close to home by telephone

Before you know it, children grow up and move away. But distance doesn't really matter.... It's lots of fun and it costs so little to keep in touch by telephone. Isn't there someone you would like to call right now?

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been looking for wolves, which they knew to have lived there many years ago. They had been out in search of other things as well, of the dangers and horrors of the world. She had then egged the delicate boy on, indignant of his timidity, and she had triumphed when in the end she had called forth his foolhardiness. Their dangers had caused her great delight. But on what wild track was her little dog now running? She could not follow him, and she would not let him get away.

"Ah, indeed," she cried, "you talk like a man! It is the right thing for the lord of Haut-Mesnil to go to the people of the moors, to be taught to make vipers dance, to be taught witchcraft and treachery. It was thus that you went away, in the old days, to learn the ways of Turks and infidels, and left the women to guard your land. But what about us? Might we not also want to try the taste of poison, to sleep in the woods at night?" She was surprised at her own words; they rushed to her lips on their own. What was she saying?

"Might we not also," she went on, "marry, at our pleasure, someone who could make vipers dance? But we did not do so. We did not forget the honor of our houses when you went away. There is not one, no not one, of the women of Haut-Mesnil who has disgraced their name, the name of our father. Is it forever, then, the task of the women to hold up the houses, like those stone figures which they call caryatids? And are you now, lord of Haut-Mesnil, going to pull down all the stones of our great house, upon your own head, and upon mine, and the heads of all of us?"

He looked at her with a strange, cold and hard curiosity. "What about you?" he repeated. "You, women of the great houses, who are holding up the houses upon your arms? You believe, mama and you, that you are the finest things in all the world; but then it is, perhaps, easier to make fine things out of stone than in flesh and blood."

Childerique drew in her breath in a long deep sigh. It was easier to her to hear herself, in his mouth, compared to his mother than, as before, to all the world, for she loved her stepmother, and had great respect for her.

"You curse us when we leave you, you say," the young man went on, "but what have you got to do with us, when you can never get your arms down? You know what you want; but what do we want? No one thinks of that. Father never liked mama; how could he, when she was made out of stone, a caryatid, as you say, on the house of Haut-Mesnil? Why should I want more stones, a son of stone, with a heart of stone, which you must break with a hammer, and throw on the road? A weight, that's what you want to give us, always a weight. The devil take it!" he cried, having worked himself into a childish fury. "If the loveliest things in the world be made of stone, we must be free to go and play with those that are less lovely."

She was as furious as he was, and it seemed to her that some huge black shadow, of such depth as she had never known, was stealing upon her from all sides. But she spoke calmly. "When you were a baby," she said, "and we were out in the forest together, I watched Rose-Marie nurse you, and when the milk ran from the corner of your mouth I wished that I had been grown up like her, and able to nurse you myself. Now I think it would have been better had I forced the juice of gall apples into your little mouth, so that you should never have grown up to shame us. How have you come to turn from all our old ways like this? What has the mill witch," she cried out, "given you, so that you must forget me?"

"Who?" he asked, as if he had forgotten what they had been talking about.

She stared back at him contemptuously. "The mill witch," said she.

As if his thoughts were, by her words, forced back to a resting place, his eyes fell, and slowly his distorted face was smoothed out, as if someone had kept stroking a hand over it. "I do not know," he said, "but she knows."

The darkness and the pain were now closing all round the sister. "Let us go away together, you and I," she cried. "We will sleep in the marshes, we will walk on the moors. Shall we not, in time, become immune, we two, to the vipers' poison? Come."

He stood straight up and looked at her for a moment. He sighed deeply. "Childerique," he said, "do you always dream of me?"

"Dream?" she asked. "No."

"No, you do not," said he, with deep, bitter emotion. "But I, you see—it is only in the mill, in my dreams, that you have never been. When I dream of the mill, you are never there. I have gone to the mill, I chose it for myself, now it is too late to go back. Now it is too late for you and me to go together. I wish, now," he went on very slowly, "that you would never think of me again."

For a second her knees, within her voluminous skirt, swayed, as if she meant to throw herself down upon them to him, but her movement took another direction; she cast herself toward him, folding his slim figure in her arms with the energy of a protecting mother or of a drowning woman, looking with radiant eyes into his face.

"Oh, my brother, my dearest love," she said, "I will never let you go. Do you not think that I know more than you, that I can also open up a new world to you? Oh, I can teach you dances too, darkness, magic too." While she spoke she lifted her hand and pressed up his chin.

The boy turned so deadly white under her touch that he frightened her. He drew back a step, and with strong hands he freed himself of her.

"No, do not do that," he said. "Simkie has held me, holds me, like that."

The sister stood where he had left her, as white as he. She thought, *That was the last time that I ever held him in my arms.*

Suddenly he walked away.

At that moment a strange and terrible thing happened to her, which she had never experienced. She saw herself, clearly, as with her own eyes. She saw her own figure standing before the house, with her loosened hair; she even

CLARA NADLER ? Quizzes ?

Ted Nadler's overnight TV fame brought new possessions into his wife's life. She asks our Workshop staff for clues on the care of them.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

Ted Nadler won a total of $152,000. But when he furnished his house, he had hit a TV plateau of only $16,000, had sunk most of his winnings into a down payment on the bungalow in University City. "So we bought budget-priced furniture," but even so, he estimates, equipping the home came to "about $9000 . . . luckily I went on winning more around that time." From Clara's point of view, the new possessions are all a happy bonus. "We enjoy our home, so I figured we were always wealthy in *that* way," she explains. Now with all new equipment, she felt she needed new housekeeping techniques.

The apartment the Nadlers lived in before had been old, dark and small. Clara used to hang her clothes out on a line each morning, hand-scrub worn linoleum floors, coax a chipped and chugging refrigerator into action, push a carpet sweeper. The bungalow they have now is "another world." Its floors are tile or newly carpeted, and kitchen equipment came with the house, including a dishwasher, a garbage-disposer unit.

Ted did all the buying and Clara and the boys agreed to anything he chose—for the most part blond woods, pale upholstery, plastic surfaces. She doesn't drive, and St. Louis' shopping centers are out of walking distance. "So we drove to the store together, bought for cash—we don't want to go into debt."

But now Clara finds herself unsure of the tools she needs to maintain her home's good looks. Visiting the JOURNAL Workshop to see how we housekeep and what tools we use here, she came primed with quiz questions all her own.

"I'm ready to give up on our rug—it picks up every mark—what can I do?"

Here Clara examines small rug samples; later compares soiling on large sections laid where many feet tramp in the dirt.

The new rug is light gray viscose. Ted's solution: cut the traffic of visitors and in-laws through the house! But Clara is sociable, thinks a rug should be too. Up to now she has tried to clean spots with detergents and soap powders and, with no luck, "started to wonder if I should put bleach in the water."

Our answer: When a rug is in a sad state, it is really worth while to have a professional cleaner take over, but the news is that you can ask him to use a special preparation to retard soil. When the rug is ready to face life anew, you can go on using a protective solution at home. Only recently on the market, this solution cleans and adds a soil-repellent to the rug at the same time. We showed Clara samples of rug swatches we had treated in our Workshop and then subjected to wear tests. The part of the rug to which we had applied protective solution had stayed bright after six weeks' heavy walking. The untreated half was contrastingly marked and soiled. She decided to try the protection in her own home. And in the way of Monday-morning quarterbacking, we all agreed that the really best protection was to buy a rug that was soil-retardant to start with. Many are on the market now, treated with chemicals in the manufacturing process. When the gray rug is ready for replacement, Clara plans to look for one of the treated types.

"Don't you honestly think a dishwasher takes too much time?"

In a Workshop kitchen, Vickie Harris shows how a dishwasher makes short work of after-meal cleanup.

"By the time I scrape and rinse the plates," Clara told us, "I think I might as well do it by hand."

Don't rinse, we advised, unless you do all your dishes once a day, in which case it's best not to let food harden. Many homemakers follow that system. But all we do after each meal is to scrape plates lightly with a rubber spatula.

We find the dishwasher a tremendous work saver. Just be sure the water heat is 140° F. and a special dishwasher detergent is used. We load the bottom rack first, then the top, put in the silver as is, turn it on. The process takes only minutes and a whole tableful of dishes is washed and dried while we turn to another chore. Clara practiced with the spatula, and agreed that rinsing in the sink was unnecessary and could be eliminated from now on.

DI PIETRO

"The dryer is one of my favorite appliances. I don't care if it rains!—but how do you keep nylons from needing ironing?"

A secret of success with a dryer is demonstrated by Hazel Owen.

Clara, a conscientious housekeeper, was doing extra work ironing synthetics she overdried. A good rule: take everything out of the dryer while still a little damp before creases are set. They will dry as they are flipped and folded. Nylons or other synthetic garments can finish their drying on hangers, may need touch-up with an iron, but very little. Since the Nadler boys' new play shirts are mostly iron-free fabrics, Clara can save herself chores—and actually get longer wear from her fabrics—by setting the dryer cycle accordingly.

saw it grow smaller and smaller, upon the terrace, as he walked away from her.

The young master of Haut-Mesnil rode away quickly, making his horse trot down the long avenue of sweetly smelling lime trees. But as he got on to the road he thought, *At this pace I shall be home in three quarters of an hour*, and drew in his reins. He saw before him the long crimson drawing room, and his mother below her lamp, looking up from her cross-stitch to welcome him. He blew the air through his nostrils and turned his horse from the road to a narrow path which ran through the woods; after half an hour's ride it brought him out in the open, and to the moors.

He rode slowly now, down the slope from the forest to the open land, first through a thicket of nettles, raspberries and crane's-bill, then through the deep undergrowth of bracken that crushed under his horse's hoofs. The sound of the breaking branches and the strong and bitter smell went to his head and heart; it seemed to him that this was his fate: to crush and destroy everything. As he got out, the wide stretch of moor lay before him.

The sun was just setting; the air was filled with clear gold. The heather was not yet in flower, but the long hills had in their somberness a sweet promise of bloom. Along over the dark moor ran a floating line of fine golden dust that was the dry grass flowering in the wagon track across the dark land.

Into the head of the boy, riding on in deep thought, ran the often playfully repeated sentence of his old Swiss tutor about him: "*Homo non sum, at omnium humanum ad me alienum est.*" He wondered what it was that these human people named human. It seemed that there was a curse upon him—of human beings loving him, and claiming love from him in return, when he could not, would not love! He thought of his mother, ever hoping for some richness of life through him and his love of her. Of his friends at school, who had liked him and wanted him to like them. He was sorry for them all. But all this love—it was like the cravings of vampires, with their large wings, asking for blood and offering, with deep sighs, their own thick hot blood in return.

He rode alongside a long slope that ran from north to south, and was suddenly struck by seeing, upon a lower parallel hill, east of him, his own shadow and that of his horse, accompanying him as he rode, upright, huge and long—a giant horseman stretching himself as far as he could over the land.

God, he thought, *O God, save the world from me.*

The sun went down, and the hills that had blushed in its last slanting rays in a soft shine of grayish purple suddenly cooled and darkened, like steel withdrawn from the furnace; the world became indescribably somber and severe. Immediately after, an owl flew past him on noiseless wing strokes.

He tried to follow its flight in the glass-clear air. He remembered the joy which the sight of the big night bird always caused to the heart of Childerique. "I count that a great stroke of luck, a great happiness, to see an owl," she had said to him. He had asked her if she believed that the birds were omens of happiness. "I do not know," she said. "I think it a great happiness, in itself, to see them."

Just as he was thinking of this, his ear caught the sound of music, the notes of a flute, played at a long distance. His face changed. He turned his horse and rode down the track of live gold dust, now extinguished, toward the mill of Masse-Bleue.

Down here he had soon to ride through long milk-white stripes of mist, which rose from the damp meadows near the river. Below them the sward was still bright green. In the midst of a grass field a gate rose straight before him, dark in the dark. He did not care to get off to open it, but made his horse walk back a little, and, hurrying it on, he jumped the gate. It was a risky thing to do in the dusk; the horse had become wild by it; he himself grew warm and comfortable from his success. A strong smell of marsh whortleberry and bog myrtle contracted his nostrils. The stars came out one by one.

IV

The lady of Champmeslé came out of the shade of the forest to the white road, and walked on to the bridge leading across the lock of the millpond to the mill. The smell of running water and water weeds was fresh and quelling here. The hour of noon was absolutely still, and the heat heavy as lead; the whole landscape was somber with it as if seen through a pair of dull blue glasses. Even the mountain-high white clouds had a sort of dusk in them. Childerique paused on the bridge. Nobody knew that she was here, and that thought itself was inspiring to her; this had not happened to her since she had been married. She had been in such uproar all night, now, if she hesitated it was from neither fear nor irresolution, but just to gain her breath. She had been filled with wrath, and had started from the high terrace of Champmesle like one of those great white clouds, sweeping down with thunder and lightning upon the mill of Masse-Bleue. But this dead silence, these smooth rapid waters rushing away under her feet, were they hers or the miller's widow's?—and with whom were they in league?

The miller's widow opened the door of the millhouse, and appeared on the threshold as if she had been expecting her. She was wiping her round arms, that had flour on them, on her skirt. The women of her tribe, Childerique knew, often smile very sweetly and coaxingly, but laugh out only in triumph or amorousness.

The gypsy was eighteen years old, rounded in all her lines, singularly light of movement. She was barefooted and had on nothing more than a shirt and a closely folded, faded blue cotton skirt. Although both married and widowed, she, here in her own house, wore her thick hair in two pigtails; between them at the nape of her neck a coarse tatter of hair bristled out, a sign of strength.

At the nearness of this strong and fresh young body Childerique's fury came back; she felt in her hands the desire to seize the rich, round, amber-colored throat and to strangle this creature who defied her; and a

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"Can I get kitchen or bathroom floors really clean without scrubbing on hands and knees?"

We don't believe in hand and knee work any more and never do it ourselves. There are so many tools now to save us from the crouched scrubbing our mothers and grandmothers knew. For cleaning, we use long-handled brushes or mops of the automatic wring-out kind, or we use an electric floor polisher with a scrub-brush attachment. Then after rinsing and drying, we wax—again with a long-handled applicator or an electric waxer. The bathroom floor needs a nonskid wax rather than the slippery kind. But once you've finished, the wax takes the wear, and dirt can't penetrate. The only cleanup needed is an occasional wipe with a long-handled sponge mop.

"We've never had a vacuum so we wouldn't know one from another. What kind is best?"

In our Workshop homelike setting Clara tried cleaners of various types with her own needs in mind.

She couldn't make up her mind. "Ted asked me if I wanted one to replace the carpet sweeper. I didn't know what to choose."

Try them out, we suggested. We use both upright and tank and canister types in our Workshop, and Clara experimented. Generally we find the upright best for carpet cleaning because it uses both suction and a rotating brush, while the tank and canister types clean chiefly by suction. On the other hand, the tank or canister is more compact to store. To summarize, we'd say that if the cleaner is to be used mainly for carpeting, the upright is a good choice. Tools are available and on the newest models are easy to attach. If much of the housework will be concentrated above the floor—cleaning blinds, dusting, drawing soil from shelves and radiator crevices, for example—then the tank or canister gives splendid results. In any case, a vacuum insures more cleanliness than a carpet sweeper because of its pulling power. Clara decided she liked both vacuum types, leaned slightly to the upright design and tried out all the attachments. Her favorite machine automatically shifts to high and creates more suction when attachments are used. The tool for cleaning Venetian blinds alone, she thought, would save hours of handwork she now puts in.

"They say that what you don't have you don't miss. Now that I own a garbage disposer, I couldn't do without one. Is there anything I shouldn't put in it?"

We agree that a garbage grinder in a sink is a modern sanitation wonder. It shreds waste, pulverizes even chicken bones and eggshells and flushes them away. On our don't list: don't put in any tin, metal, glass, china, plastic, bottle caps, oyster and clam shells, string, feathers, paper, or the rubber bands that come around vegetables. It can handle almost any food items, although some models vary on such items as peach pits and corncobs and it's wise to check the instruction book. We also find it a help to cut grapefruit and orange halves so they don't bounce around. Our *do* rule is to stagger any bulky loads so the unit won't have to handle too much at a time. By our records, its operation costs only pennies a month.

"In St. Louis we have so much dust and dirt coming through the windows. Is there any way to keep the curtains clean?"

We'd use vacuum attachments to remove dust from both curtains and draperies. Since Clara likes organdy curtains for the bedroom, we suggested she ask about new curtains made of treated fabrics that repel dust. These new fabrics also wrinkle less in the washing, and make ironing easier.

"I love antiques—except antique refrigerators. Is there a special way to take care of a new one?"

Is she pleased with her new pale pink refrigerator? She's delighted. "It's my Christmas, New Year's and Mother's Day all in one." Ted bought it after Clara had coped for years with old models that developed motor trouble. Now that she has a new one that defrosts automatically, she will have very little maintenance work to contend with. The only work on a refrigerator: inner cleaning, which we do whenever it seems needed with a hot soapy-water-and-baking-soda mix. Any dirt mark on the outside can be removed with a creamy kitchen wax of the kind that cleans and polishes at the same time. You can use these waxes on either pastel or white surfaces.

"When I see a spot on the walls I scrub it with cleanser. Is there a better way?"

Quick and easy ways of banishing smudges on walls is discussed here by Clara and Mary Casey.

Yes, we think so! Cleansing powders and strong cleaners are hard on paint, anyway. They wear off the surface, are usually alkaline and cause the paint to crack and dry out.

What we use are mild liquid paint cleaners that do an efficient once-over job (and that's better than a twice-over any day). We find the results clean and streak-free, especially if you use an upward stroke. The liquids we use are clear ones that smell mild and fresh. Total tools for the job: one bottle, one clean cloth or sponge.

"I don't care for the color of my couch and chair and they spot easily. We'd buy something else if we could. Do people ever dye furniture?"

Not ordinarily. We thought the natural answer here was slip covers. Clara will then have the color she likes, will protect the quite adequate new couch and chair she has and can save all worry about spot-cleaning of her upholstery. And when the slip cover needs it, it can be taken off for cleaning or washing. "For the first time in my life," she mused, "I'm getting an interest in decorating." As a child she had played house, "but I never learned to housekeep before—just worked with what I had." We share Clara's feeling that it is one of the world's great joys to create a colorfully comfortable home. She especially likes the idea of slip covers' offering a change of scene, winter and summer. We liked her summary: "My family and house are my whole life—that's where *I'd* like to be a success."

New idea! VINYL in a floor wax

and the beauty of it is – *it's childproof**

***Never before such a high gloss!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax with *vinyl* in it, gives you higher gloss than you've ever known. On *any* kind of floor—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile or finished wood! Throughout the house!

***No wax easier to apply!**

New Simoniz Floor Wax polishes itself. No buffing. No rubbing. It spreads evenly —without streaks—quickly sets to a tough, beautiful, *vinyl* gloss!

***Wet spills won't harm gloss!**

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Simoniz Floor Wax with vinyl has a gloss that lasts and lasts. You can even damp mop your floors freely without dulling the shine. Without spoiling the wax finish.

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Here's the *one* floor wax you can remove *evenly* before re-waxing. Simply use your regular household detergent and warm water. The beauty increases with re-waxing. You'll be amazed, once you try it.

Simoniz® Floor Wax

For all floors—linoleum, asphalt, rubber, vinyl tile and finished wood

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deadly nausea arose at the thought of touching her, as if she had had a snake in front of her, and the latter feeling was the stronger.

"You come to me, my lovely lady," said the gypsy, "all the long way, in the midday heat! Please God you will not regret it. Come in, come in now." She held open the door, and as Childerique was about to walk in, she kissed the palm of her hand and deftly placed it for a moment upon the threshold.

Within the room it was hotter and closer than outside. A stripe of golden dust of light lay across it from the small window. The miller's wife had been taking her new bread from the oven; it was arranged upon shelves along the wall. She lifted a three-legged chair into the middle of the floor for her guest. Childerique sat down because a tiredness and giddiness had come upon her. She thought, *I would as well sit down in a viper's nest.*

"I am informed," she said slowly, "that your dogs are again, in your old manner, running mad down here." The gypsy stared at her, clear-eyed, patient as a child. "That is your affair," said Childerique, "but you may not snap at anyone outside your own pack. You, you have bewitched the young lord of Haut-Mesnil. Get you gone." As she pronounced her brother's name she held on with both hands to the seat of the chair. "Get you gone," she repeated. She remembered having been told how the pious old miller had used to birch his young wife. *This creature,* she thought, *is used to more brutality than I can even think of.* She tried to remember the old modes of punishment of which she had, as a child, been shown the instruments.

The gypsy sighed, and shifted on to a position customary to her, standing upon one little foot, with her other naked ankle in her hand. "Ah, ah," she said, "how hard they speak, how hard! Ah, stop it, you cut the heart of the poor girl, you fine lady."

Childerique looked hard at her; she felt her own face under her wide summer bonnet burning. The air of the room, filled with the fragrance of flour and new bread, was heavy to her to breathe. She was at this moment held by a queer fancy. She remembered how she had been taken, as a child, to see the queen as she had been passing through Pirigueux, and how at the sight of the ceremonial she had thought, *Whatever happens, happens because it pleases the queen.* Even when it had begun to rain the little girl had felt that it did so because the rain pleased the queen. Now, in the presence of the young gypsy the fancy, long forgotten, was recalled. *This woman,* she thought, *is pleased with whatever happens,* and this seemed to her to be a strange treachery at the hands of fate. *But,* she thought, *what is the matter with this Simkie? Why on earth is she like a queen, this slut on her bare feet? Is it really the queens and the gypsies who have all that they want, and only we, the women of the great houses and the estates, who have to work to hold up the world?* The words of the Scripture came back to her: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love." Her thoughts shied at the name called forth to her. Could it be the same with the devil as with God? Would he have the equal reward to give for being loved? *Yes,* she thought, *yes, it is so. It is all because Simkie is really a witch, this extraordinary content in her, like that of a child. It is the witch's happiness, this is what she sells herself for to the devil.* And somewhere at the bottom of it, as if at the bottom of the millpond, she saw the doom of the witch, the sadness and dreadfulness of her fate.

"Are you God, beautiful lady?" asked the gypsy, watching her face. "Are you to manage all the world?"

"Yes," said Childerique with all the strength of her heart. "I am to manage the world here, at Champmesle. God Himself has placed me here to do so. You know that, too, all of you. Beware of me."

"But how can it be, my mistress?" said the young woman. "How can it be? If I have indeed bewitched the lord of Haut-Mesnil, how can I undo it now? You, you know yourself that young men are after women with long hair, who speak sweetly to them, who sport with them. If it be only that, say so, my sweet lady, for you know that a young woman can again make a young man leave her, whom she has made to come to her. But if there have been spells and magic there, and the devil has helped me—why, the devil is on to the work even now, and you and I cannot stop him, indeed, we cannot, my dear, dear mistress."

She was out of breath with speaking so insinuatingly, and stood as if she waited for a decision, very still.

"Yes," said Childerique hoarsely, "you have bewitched him. You brought him to you by spells, you know it well." The gypsy woman began to sway her body as in pain; all her movements were graceful and fascinating.

It occurred to Childerique that her brother had held the girl in his arms. A strong pain and alarm ran through her; she looked away and down. At the same time, as if even the idea of a gentler and sweeter human relation, brought into this place of harsh judgment, was softening the air of it, the terrible hardness which had been like a pain in her entrails seemed to loosen. As often, when she was suddenly and strongly moved, her thoughts ran to her mother; she remembered her good will to the foreigners within her land.

"Simkie," she said, looking again at the gypsy, and for the first time calling her by her name, "release my brother of this magic, and I will forgive you and do you no harm."

Simkie wrung her hands. "Oh, madame," she said, "the devil is not to be jested with. We shall have to make a stronger magic, you and I now, to break the power of the one which has been made."

"Yes, yes," said Childerique. "If you have made one charm, you must be able to make another." At the very moment she thought, *What is this that I am saying? How do I get this into my head? I have got fever, surely.*

"And what shall I do it for, my lady?" asked Simkie. "If my lord marries me I shall sleep in a silken bed. Why shall I undo my work? What are you going to give me for it?"

Childerique could not answer; she sat dumb. *For honor's sake, for the honor of Haut-Mesnil*—these words had been strong in her heart all day. But she was ashamed to speak them to the gypsy. She could not tell her that she was really here on her mother's errand, for the sake of that young heir of Haut-Mesnil whom she had failed to bear, and that the strength and courage of the dead woman were bearing up her own, in the service of their house. She looked round in her mind for something to promise the sorceress.

"Let it be for nothing, then," said Simkie, and sighed. "Who knows, who knows, I may get my reward for serving you still, in some way. Only repeat this, that you will not harm me afterward nor will any of your people."

"No, that we will never do."

"But what shall the words of the witchcraft be now, my lady? What am I to demand of the devil of the water, if he will come to us? For what shall he have come?"

Childerique felt again the blood in her face. "For this," she said, "that the lord of Haut-Mesnil turn entirely ——"

"No, no." The gypsy quickly interrupted her, placing a finger on her lips. "Names must never be spoken, that is against the rules of witchcraft. No, wait, I shall speak for you and you will tell me if I am right in what I say, if it be to your good pleasure. This," she went on after a moment, speaking very slowly, and looking down, "shall be a charm to turn the heart of your brother, your father's son, entirely away from the woman whom he now loves, and thinks of as his wife. This shall be a charm to separate the two forever with the help of our guest, whom we have called for."

"Yes," said Childerique, staring into the gypsy's face.

Simkie stood again for a while in deep thought. "It can be done," she said at last, "but not now. Come this time tomorrow, and it will be for you to speak the words, for if I have once spoken a charm I cannot myself speak against it. And you must bring with you ——" She stopped herself. She seemed to change and grow heavier. All lightness of limb and movement had gone from her; she looked worn like a woman with child. "Madame," she said after a long time, "you must bring your little son to help us make the spell. A male child, who has in him blood common to you, who will speak the charm, and of him about whom we speak it. Blood, madame, such noble blood is precious in magic."

Childerique thought, *My little son? How am I to bring him here if nobody may know? I shall have to carry him all the way through the forest except where he can run a little.* The idea itself was charming to her; it was rare that she had the child to herself without the nurses. *But what am I to tell them,* she thought, *to get away without anybody knowing?*

Simkie saw that she hesitated. "Come, come then," she said, speaking in the same heavy and strained way, as if a great weight had been laid on her. "You do not quite have faith in Simkie? Come, I will show you a little magic to make you believe, a little only today."

Childerique looked round her bewildered. "Come this way," said the gypsy, and opened the door to the millroom. Childerique stopped on the threshold for a moment. She had need of her courage now. It was not that she was afraid of what might befall her in there, but she felt the fatality of this one step which took her from the daylight of her life into the play with unknown powers. What made her walk on was not her strength, but her love of danger. The unknown called to her. And she would now know more of witchcraft.

Everything within the large old building was wry and crooked, and from this room to the other three high steps led down. The huge room of the water wheel was much older than the rest of the mill, and built all in timber, now black with age. The room was dim; the panes of the windows were green and covered with cobwebs. It was suddenly quite cold. The room had an atmosphere of its own, made by the presence of the water; its breath met you on the threshold. The river ran below the heavy floor boards. Childerique felt all at once cool and fresh, her face and hands all bedewed like a silver cup quickly filled with ice-cold water. She followed the miller's widow across the floor. This was the room in which the gypsies were said to have their dancing and singing at night. The floor was smoothed and polished with the dragging about of heavy sacks, the sweeping away of grain, and the steps of two hundred years.

This, Childerique thought, was the only room which, within the dreams of her young brother, she had not entered. Well, she was here now. If within his dreams of the future she should still not be there, his dreams would not be true, not in accordance with reality.

In the middle of the room rose the wooden walls of the water wheel's house. "We shall call the magic of the wheel," said the gypsy, "which is the most honest of all magics. Come, my little wheel, my full moon, I let you loose; you shall have all the river to turn you, and no grain to grind."

Her bare feet made no noise as she went to loose the wheel. With an effort she heaved up the ponderous bolt which connected the wheel with the water. At once the room became alive. Above and below a hundred little voices whispered and groaned, the timber creaked and moaned, heavy iron sang and snarled, beyond all the voices rose the roar of the wheel and the splashing of water.

The sweat had sprung out all over the gypsy's face, and Childerique was again struck by her sudden disfigurement. She dragged herself along laboriously, and she had the stiff and empty face of a woman near her confinement. Childerique felt quiet and strong now, her own body light as when she was a child. She was victorious, her adversary prostrate before her; she was even being taken into the heart of the fortifications of the enemy. In her triumph her heart was ready for forgiveness, and beating highly.

The gypsy let up the door to the wheel's shed. "Look down," said she.

Childerique walked out on a little gangway near the wheel, holding on to the rail. She was at once splashed all over by a delicate sprinkle of fresh drops—this was a joke on the part of the water. She thought, for the last time, *How can I be so foolish? There will be nothing there but just water.*

She had indeed to wait long, before anything else showed itself to her. Then it was as if by a sudden jerk her own position was changed; she was no longer gazing down, or there was no longer any up and down in the world. At this, and all at once, the noise round her changed; it had sense; it spoke.

Before her a great pattern of glowing red sparks was forming itself. First it was like a wheel, then settled into a sort of fixity, but what it was she could not tell. From time to time it was blurred, some of the lights were put out. A strange smell, alarming to her, and a new noise, a grunting or rummaging, spun round her head.

Now again she saw clearly. The sparks were not a pattern on a dark ground, they were themselves the background, that of a flaming evening sky. The black lines, and stripes upon it, were the lower branches of a fir thicket; these branches were dead and bare because the growth was so dense that no light reached down here.

The large moving forms among the trees were a troop of huge black boars. They were all busy grunting and rooting up the earth, buffeting one another and rubbing their backs upon the mighty fir trunks. A sow with her young passed her; a terrible old boar with terrible tusks turned and fixed his little red eyes on her, and afraid that he would come for her, she flinched back. It was all gone. She was in the mill again, giddy and out of breath.

She found herself staring, with a queer delight, into the face of the gypsy. "What is that? What was all that?" she asked.

"That was the old forest of Haut-Mesnil," answered the miller's widow. "That was just the place where the great house stands now."

Enraptured and transported, Childerique turned again to the water wheel. She no longer asked herself what it all meant, or why the gypsy was showing it to her. She felt only a deep ecstasy about this new world opened to her. Had anybody tried to drag her away from the wheel, her mind would have been deranged by grief. The water was now foaming under the buckets of the wheel. "Look again," said the witch.

Again the noise changed; this time it grew fainter, as if melodious. A great and sweet, fresh calm came upon Childerique.

Before the landscape had shown itself, she knew that it was lovely. It was again the wood, and the picture was dark; she could distinguish the depth, and the stems of the trees by the lighter green of the grass and the undergrowth only. It was either after sunset or very early morning, before sunrise. Just in front of her lay a vast space of water, and upon it hung a thin milky mist. She heard wild ducks a little way off, between the rushes. It was all dim around her, like a big bouquet of foliage, reflected within a thick silver mirror. But she herself—to get this view of it all, she must be in the water, the clear surface up to her chin, and she remembered for a moment the dragonfly on a broad green leaf which she had watched from the mill bridge. What a deep pleasure it was to sit upon the water like this!

In the dusk on the shore she saw a form moving, curious to her at first. It was a woman in white, but as she was swathed in a dark shawl, the upper part of her body became one with her surroundings, the white skirt swept on as on its own. This amused Childerique; she clapped her hands. But as the lady passed out into the glade, she distinguished clearly her little dark head, the curls arranged *à la coup de vent*, and a great wave of tenderness and pride exalted her whole being. She knew this lady. Who was she? Immediately after she recognized the spot; it was the outskirts of the park of Haut-Mesnil, and she saw also, at that same moment, the reflection of a star, the first or the last of the summer night, shiver in the lacteal surface of the water. There was a seat in the wood; the young lady sat down on it, and leaned her head upon her folded hands at the back of the seat.

Suddenly Childerique noticed a change in the mirror of the pond; it was broken into an outstretched pattern of little chopped, luminous ripples. And what was this? She saw it the next moment: the ducks had been disturbed by something, and came rushing across the water toward her; in the dusk she could not see their tawny bodies, but only the long lines made upon the surface by their hurried retreat. She thought, *It is early summer here; the young wild ducks are not fledged yet.* But what had disturbed them? A young man came along the forest path, from the opposite side to the woman, hastened up to her and took her in his arms; she sank into his embrace.

At the moment when the lady gave herself up to her lover's adoration, Childerique knew her. It was her mother, the fair and cherished Sophie, younger than herself and bright with beauty and happiness. *Oh, dear mother*, she thought, *apple of my eye, I see you at last.* The young man must then be her father, so much younger than she remembered him, really just like Philippe when he had first come to France. Her mother had come out to meet her father in the park. Childerique remembered her father as a cold man, coming in silent from the work of the estate, or from hunting. How much she had wronged him; he had come back, in the old days, like

this. She saw that the two wanted nothing in the world but each other; they clung together, pressed their faces together, and sought and held each other's hands; the woman took the man's face between her hands and lost herself in contemplation of it. Again they sank into each other and made one figure only in the half-light. The gestures were all so familiar; it was indeed as if she had seen herself and Philippe in a looking glass, younger and fairer. She had often been told that she was like her mother, and surely her father had had something of the beauty of Philippe; or it was only that all young men were alike, making love. She remembered an evening, a month perhaps after their wedding, when she herself had gone to meet her husband in the forest, and he had made love to her there. At times then he had alarmed her by the violence of his love for her, as if there were no moment to lose, as if death were threatening to separate the two. Now she knew that that was just the way of her father and mother.

Had she in real life come upon a pair of lovers like this, she knew that she should have turned her eyes away. Not so here, although she felt the blood in her cheeks; not so with her own mother, in this world of sweet witchcraft. Here everything had a deeper meaning and heart, and the mother and daughter could well do service to the gods hand in hand. Nor was she sorry that her mother did not turn and look at her, or notice her at all, although at the first moment she had felt a burning longing for that. This was a lovelier confidence and intimacy; this was as it should be.

The picture was blurred to her as if her eyes had been filled with tears. She again found herself clinging to the wet rail of the gangway in the mill. The miller's widow was before her, with drops of sweat in her eyebrows. Childerique sighed deeply as she realized that the visions were all gone.

"I have shown you true pictures," said the gypsy laboriously.

"Yes, yes," answered Childerique, wringing her hands as the miller's wife had done before.

"I shall show you more tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow, tomorrow," said Childerique, feeling how long it was till tomorrow, and how the time would be filled with longing.

Now she herself walked slowly, and she stopped on the threshold to take one more look at the room, and listen once more to the music of the water wheel.

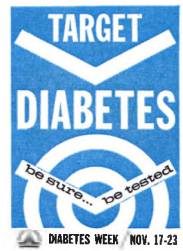
"The wheel has been turning on your behalf, madame," said the gypsy. "The water that turned it has gone a long way already, and will not come back to turn it the other way."

On the bridge she paused. She thought, *How much have I learned since I stood here last! How much wiser I am!*

She looked round, and was surprised at the change in the earth and air. That high sky had paled, as if bleached, drained of all its rich blue, so much so that the large clouds, which had appeared light against it, now, without having themselves changed their hue, floated like dark, slate-colored clots on a white metal ground. It was cold. Gusts of wind rushed through the trees which swayed and bent. The dust of the road whirled up in little spires.

As she walked through the forest heavy drops of rain came down through the tops of the trees; they felt lukewarm in the cold air. She heard thunder in the distance, but no heavy shower followed—probably there was a great storm somewhere off. She herself, who had rushed down to the mill, now walked with difficulty, although she meant to hasten, like a honeybee, carrying the collected sweetness of moors and gardens through the rain to her hive, heavy and a little unsteady on the wing. In the darkness of the forest path she seemed to feel the nearness of a young lover, and when the twigs and tendrils caught her dress it was as if she had to stop to give him time for a sweet word or a kiss. She thought of her husband, and for the first time in her life she felt an overwhelming longing for his embrace. She calculated how long it would be until she could be in his arms, and pictures of love-making swarmed at her from all sides, like gadflies on the narrow road, and made her face glow and her knees weaken under her.

Where the forest path joined the drive of Champmesle there grew, curiously, a very old, crooked wild-mulberry tree. She mused under it, and thought, *This terrible, sweet drowsiness which makes my limbs so heavy, which lies like honey on my tongue and runs so soothingly in all my veins—can it be a poison, a drug? Does the poppy juice confuse you like this?* She remembered having spoken to her brother of the sweet taste of poisons and was surprised at her



own wisdom. She thought, *I shall never get home*, and was astonished when, immediately after, she saw before her Champmesle.

Her husband, who had seen her approach from his window, came out to meet her. "Where have you been?" he asked her.

Childerique breathed heavily. "Oh, do not ask me," she exclaimed.

"Why not?" said he, and struck by her looks, he added, "My dear, you are not well." He took her hand. "Have you got fever?" he asked her.

"What an idea," said she. "I walked fast to get home. I am a little chilly."

She was frightened herself because at the sight of her husband she felt disappointment and insecurity. It was as if he, the house and garden of Champmesle and all the life awaiting her there were pale and cold in comparison with the world of witchcraft, as the landscape was pale and cold now compared with the glowing earth and air of an hour ago. Had the warmth and color gone from her live husband to remain with the vision lovers, even with the vision animals of a burning sky and a forest of a thousand years ago?

"Where do you come from?" he asked her again.

"Oh, why do you go on asking me," she cried, "when I would rather have died than told you? I come from the mill, from the miller's widow. Udday's daughter. But you, you know nothing of all this."

"Yes," he said, "I know of Udday. What had you got to do there?"

"Oh, she knows a thousand times more than we do," said Childerique. She took his hand, eager to prove to herself that he was, after all, the lover of the forest path, but let it go again, staring into his face. His hand seemed to her changed, and hot; it burned her cool fingers. He had asked her if she had got fever, but had he not fever?

"You are quite wet," said he, laying his hand on her shoulders. "Be sensible now for once and take off your clothes. You should go to bed, my dear. You were looking feverish last night already."

From her window Childerique, never thinking of changing her clothes, looked toward the horizon and at the figure of her husband, small in the foreground. He had walked on to the end of the terrace and stood there, his hands in his pockets, quite still. She found time to wonder, in the whirl of all her thoughts, what he would be thinking of. *He walks there*, she said to herself, *like a sentinel. He thinks: "Will the storm come up here? It is well that I have got my wheat garnered. Will the lightning strike in the forest of Champmesle?"*

As she followed him with her eyes her heart softened to him; tears pressed against her eyelids even while she kept moving up and down her room. END

FAMOUS OVERNIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

letters I get! Every day people writing to say with my brain I ought to be President of the United States, and will I give them four thousand dollars? Old ladies stop me in the street and tell me, 'Teddy, you know what you should do with some of that money? You should send some poor deserving boys through college.' 'Yes, ma'am,' I say, 'I hope to—my own.'"

Teddy's mail is also flooded with requests to appear at movie *premieres*, society benefits, and cocktail parties in St. Louis' exclusive Ladue section. Clara, an avid reader of the society pages, is thrilled, then hurt and disappointed when Teddy curtly refuses to oblige. "None of these people ever paid any attention to me before," he cries. "Why should I bother with them now?"

Teddy was born one of six children of a poor immigrant Romanian cobbler. Most of his male relatives were tailors and he can recall no mental giants among them. However, the Nadler family agrees that Teddy's mother was remarkably bright, teaching herself to read and write in Romanian, Hebrew and English. One of Teddy's first chores was lugging home from the public library every epic novel which had been translated into Hebrew. It was her consuming interest in reading, he says, which first led him to the drama-packed tales of Tolstoi and Victor Hugo.

Much of Teddy's mother's time was spent in bed, for she had a heart condition. When Teddy was four, he was sent to the county orphanage, but he soon ran away, finding his way home by trudging along the trolley tracks. His parents returned him the next day, and then when Mrs. Nadler became permanently bedfast following the terrible flu epidemic of 1918, the Nadler children were placed in a different orphanage, this time a Jewish home in St. Louis.

"We left a Jewish section of St. Louis, where we lived, for the Gentile south end," explains Harry, Ted's younger brother, a bright and pleasant-mannered cloth salesman. "We felt freakish and out of place. People didn't show much tolerance in those days and the Gentile kids who dropped in to play called us names, 'Jew-boys' and things like that. Teddy was very undersized then—he looked about five years old instead of eight—and he suffered from a bad speech impediment that kept him back in school. It all added up to the start of a terrific inferiority complex."

Teddy's stay at the orphanage, which lasted for seven years, sounds like something out of Dickens. There was, at the start, a cruel matron who hit the children with rulers, tied them up all day in a basement coalbin, and when they showed too much energy and spirit, lined up the thirty-seven inmates, both boys and girls, and gave them enemas. "She gave us nose irrigations, too," recalls Teddy. "Oh, how that water hurt when it rushed into our heads!"

Fortunately, the matron was soon replaced by a kinder woman and the Nadler children settled down into the drab, monotonous routine of institutional life, relieved only by the advent of Christmas, when each child was given some toys, apples, nuts and oranges. "We looked forward to that day for months and months," says Teddy. One dull afternoon Teddy discovered in one corner of the big dark recreation room some old walnut bookcases filled with worn copies of the classics. The homely undersized child who couldn't pronounce his *s*'s and *th*'s soon had to be dragged away from his books for meals.

When only in the first grade, he polished off Ivanhoe and then went on to The Young Carthaginian, the story of Hannibal, followed by the novels of Scott and Dumas. His appetite for history whetted, Teddy began reading whole encyclopedias and studying maps and atlases. And everything he read became imprinted in his mind like cuneiform characters in wet clay. Today he remembers effortlessly names and dates he read in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire thirty-five years ago.

But Teddy's hungry mind soaked up more than mere dates and places. His vivid imagination gave faces to history's heroes and they became personalities far more real to him than the people he saw every day. When he thinks of the epic battles of the world, he actually visualizes the commanders of each in action. "I can see the terrain, whether desert or plains or mountains," says Teddy. "I see the troops . . . the uniforms they're wearing . . . their armor." He hears militant music, "those marvelous horns" of Liszt or Musorgski, and he smells the sweat and blood of battle.

"I never forget an epic," says Teddy, who can recall, scene for scene and line for line, the movie Ben Hur which he last saw in 1927. After reading Shakespeare's Julius Caesar through three times, Teddy recited it to his co-workers at the Army depot without a hitch. "I even got those barbarians interested in Caesar," laughs Teddy.

Asked on the $64,000 Challenge to name five of Alexander the Great's generals, Teddy unfalteringly reeled off such tongue twisters as Antigonos, Lysimachus, Perdiccas, Polyperchon and Seleucus—without having thought of these people in over thirty years! Teddy claims that he did no "boning up" for the quiz program whatsoever, that all the information he was called upon to give rose instantly from his fabulous memory.

"I'm a brain surgeon," a plane passenger once told Teddy after listening to him talk from St. Louis to New York. "And I want you to know that you have the finest and most extraordinary mind I've ever come across."

"He looked curious enough to carve me up to see how I ticked," grins Teddy. He is pleased when compared to the great Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, whose remarkable memory operated somewhat like his; angry when reporters refer to him as a "nitwit" and a "freak."

While still in his early teens, Teddy became fascinated with lonely, primitive islands, who discovered them, what it would be like to run away from civilization, like Gauguin and Robert Louis Stevenson, and live on them. He was annoyed when World War II brought into common usage names of islands he regarded as his own private domain. It was no trick for him to name on the Challenge the countries and islands larger than 5000 square miles which lie on the Equator. Even before the question was completely out of the announcer's mouth, Teddy was mentally in the jungles of Brazil, listening to the chatter of birds and monkeys, as he *saw* his way around the rest of the globe.

Hannibal . . . Caesar . . . Napoleon . . . "I've lived every day of their lives," Teddy is apt to say. "I can see each one of them. I know what they thought about, how they fought their battles, the women they loved, everything."

Remarks one of Teddy's brothers, "Sometimes when Teddy's talking, I half believe in reincarnation. Sometimes I think Teddy *is* these dead heroes, come back to tell us that what they did was important."

"Sometimes on quiz programs, contestants miss a date by a thousand years," says Teddy disgustedly. "Why, take the year one thousand A.D. and you're at the time of William the Conqueror. Another thousand years and you're in the twentieth century. Just *think* what happened in those one thousand years. And people don't know, they don't know! And they don't care!"

Teddy has no great urge actually to see the places he imagines so vividly. "If I saw the ruins of Pompeii, it would depress me," he says, shaking his head.

There is no telling what brilliant academic career might have been Teddy's, for his formal education ended in the eighth grade and he left the orphanage to become a delivery boy at $8 a week.

"Everyone took Teddy for a big laugh," explains his brother Harry. "Even in our own family, we called him crazy. If a talent couldn't be used to bring in money, it was considered useless by the Nadlers. So although we all recognized Teddy's amazing abilities, we couldn't evaluate them. For a few more years Teddy went on cramming his head with history, biography and music, but then one day he said to himself, 'What's the use? What good is it doing me to know all this stuff?' On that day he quit reading everything, including the daily newspaper."

Before that day came, Teddy says, he worked hard and conscientiously to get ahead. After he left the orphanage at sixteen, Teddy moved back with his family and helped support them for the next seventeen years. His mother was a bedfast invalid, his father suffered from an ulcer; it was an atmosphere dominated by fear and sickness and insecurity.

"We were a queer family, queer!" Teddy says of his parents and five brothers and sisters. "All so quiet, so terrified of outsiders! When Harry and I got home from work at night, we took off our shoes so as not to make any noise. We fixed a little toast, a boiled egg. Often we didn't turn on the lights but went to bed in the dark. Nobody ever spoke loud, or slammed a door, ever!"

Most evenings the two brothers retired to their bedroom and behind closed doors listened to classical records or the radio. "Teddy would lie on his back, flipping a coin, and explain the music to me, measure by measure, until I knew it as well as he did," says Harry. (Although Teddy cannot read music, or carry a tune very well, when he talks about a composition he sounds as if he has memorized every program note ever written about it.)

"The first time I heard Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony I was so excited I almost jumped out the window," recalls Teddy. "I ran a mile to tell Harry." In his estimation Mozart's Don Giovanni is so beautiful it is unendurable. "I don't dare buy the records: I'd be up all night; I'd never leave it," he vows. The opera Boris Godunov, by the Russian composer Modest Musorgski, also affects Teddy this way.

Working in a women's clothing store, Teddy rose to be in charge of the delivery department; then he became a clerk in the millinery firm of Ackerman and Rosenthal. But with the depression came a period which Teddy recalls as a "drab, morbid" part of his life. He knew how to pack hats for shipping; sometimes he earned $1 a day, and sometimes he worked for nothing. He spent a lot of time at the Y.M.C.A., where he was a swimming coach. To occupy his mind, he used to stage imaginary relay races between Japanese, Swedish and American swimmers whose styles and speeds he knew. Then he would post the results on the blackboard for the amusement of his friends.

Meanwhile, he learned the hat-blocking trade and took a job in Cincinnati. Co-workers there remember him as the odd fellow who was always begging, "Ask me a question! Any question!" They almost always asked about baseball, and Teddy always had the answer. Although baseball bores him to pieces, and he cannot sit through a single inning, he knows the hits, runs, doubles, triples, homers and batting averages of hundreds of players over fifty-six years of baseball. "And I *hate* the game," he says.

By 1936, Teddy was shipping hosiery for the Berland Shoe Company in St. Louis for $80 a month. "Bet I can hum excerpts from two hundred operas," he challenged the worker next to him, who refused to put up any money, but who tolerated Teddy's humming for the next four days.

About this time, Teddy developed an ulcer. He also, in 1941, left the clothing business for good and entered Civil Service. He was put to work as a packer at an Army medical depot in St. Louis. Teddy's photographic mind allowed him to glance at a requisition sheet of perhaps twenty-five different medical items and then go from floor to floor and section to section of a multistoried warehouse collecting them without once again referring to the list. And he was invariably right. Frequently he corrected other workers' mistakes and was hurt to discover that they seldom appreciated his help.

Teddy's record shows that he was capable, hardworking and superconscientious (he had accumulated 125 days of sick leave when he quit), yet, after the war, he says he was the first of the depot clerks to be thrown back into the laboring pool. When Teddy left Civil Service after fifteen years, he was the only white member of a crew loading steel office files and desks into Army trucks.

"I never knew how to play politics," says Teddy bitterly. . . . "Teddy doesn't know how to make the right kind of noises to the right people. He's a lone wolf," say his brothers.

In 1942, Teddy was thirty-three years old, weighed a skinny 125 pounds, and had by some miracle accumulated $1100. He had never been seriously involved with a girl ("I thought a lot more about symphonies than pretty girls," he says) until he met Clara Cohen, a dark-haired girl, ten years younger than himself, with warm blue eyes and a ready smile. Clara was the daughter of a Russian immigrant junk dealer and the Cohens' big house was alive with the comings and goings of seven happily extroverted children. (Clara's brother Ben, who changed his name to Elkins, had one of the best-known dance bands in St. Louis.) The first time Teddy visited Clara's home he stroked the heavy draperies and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

BOX SCORE ON TED NADLER'S PRIZE WINNINGS ON THE $64,000 CHALLENGE

$16,000. Won in a tie with William and James Egan, Hartford, Connecticut, lawyers. August 26, 1956

$16,000. Won when he defeated Joseph Doniger, Roslyn Heights, Long Island, millinery salesman. December 23, 1956

$32,000. Won when he defeated Dr. Harry T. Moore, Babson Institute professor. February 24, 1957

$24,000. Won when he defeated restaurateur Toots Shor and Dr. Thalia Howe, Brandeis University archaeologist. March 10, 1957

$32,000. Won by defeating Dr. Austin Ranney, professor of political science at the University of Illinois. March 17, 1957

$32,000. Won when he defeated Mrs. Lowell Thomas, Jr., expert on world travel. April 7, 1957

In this quiz program, a "challenger" like Teddy Nadler first pits his knowledge of a particular field or fields against another expert—a "champion" who has acquired the title by winning either on the $64,000 Challenge itself, or on a sister CBS-TV quiz show. If he wins, as Teddy did, then he becomes a champion, and may be brought back on the show when a suitable newcomer challenges him. The two contestants start competing by trying to answer questions with a prize value of $1000, then $2000. These are relatively easy. Then, each week, they are each asked an increasingly difficult question valued at $4,000, $8,000, $16,000, $32,000 and, finally, $64,000—concluding whenever one contestant gives a correct answer, and the other fails.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from the heart of America's farm lands . . .
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Stokely's Finest
CREAM STYLE
GOLDEN CORN
FOUR EARS
ACUUM PACKED GOL
DRN ON THE C
Stokely's Finest
WHOLE KERNEL
GOLDEN CORN
AMERICA'S SWEETEST-TASTING CORN—
lightly flavored with sugar and salt!
• Stokely's Finest Cream Style Golden Corn — Naturally creamy corn from the very heart of the kernel.
• Stokely's Finest Corn on the Cob — 4 hand-picked ears of tender, young corn, vaccum-packed to insure freshness!
• Stokely's Finest Whole Grain Golden Corn — Plump kernels of golden corn. Fresh-from-the-cob flavor!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190

patted the soft furniture in disbelief. "My dinner plate had so much food on it I thought I was supposed to pass it around the table," he says.

Clara was attracted by Ted's honesty and by his pathetic desire for a home and family of his own. "He didn't say, 'Let's get married.' He said, 'We'll put up some shelves and buy some groceries,'" Clara recalls.

But for the first three years of their marriage, housing was scarce and they lived with her family. "Ted was so shy in those days he refused to speak on the telephone and he jumped if anybody spoke to him," one of Clara's brothers recalls. "But if we had a discussion about anything, he'd always butt in with a lot of information nobody wanted to hear. He made us feel, 'What are we, stupid or something?'"

As soon as they could, the young couple moved into the three-room railroad flat in a Jewish and Negro neighborhood which was to be their home for the next twelve years. To get the apartment, Teddy had to pay $800 for the furniture in it, all of which eventually fell apart. When the babies came, three boys, he proved himself a devoted parent. Although the oldest son is now twelve, Clara and Ted have never had a baby sitter. "I wouldn't trust anybody," explains Ted.

During their infancies, he checked on them almost every fifteen minutes in their cribs and made formula. "If one of them cried at night, I got right up," relates Ted. "How can anybody lie in bed while a baby's crying? It's cruel, cruel!"

Before her parents died last year, Clara used to spend every Saturday, Sunday and holiday with them. She has always been deeply attached to her family, perhaps because she was sickly as a child. When only five, she was run over by a cement mixer; and surviving this extraordinary mishap, she later had blood poisoning and frequent mastoid infections. A loyal and uncomplaining person, she lives for her home and her loved ones. "I'm the type to suffer to the end. Don't want to spend money on myself," she smiles, telling about the time last year she went around for three days with a gefüllte-fish bone caught in her throat before seeking medical aid.

On the days Clara was at her parents', Ted took the boys to the park and wrestled with them, played ball, and told them stories by the hour. "How they love their dad!" says Clara. "He makes them laugh. They have good times."

Ted's stories are of two kinds: as he puts it, "fantastic, improbable tales in which the hero—that's me—is sent to some remote part of the world on an adventurous mission; and funny stories, like hiding all the food in the house when the relatives come to call."

According to their parents, the Nadler boys have never broken a toy, a window or lamp, or struck another child in anger. Michael, the oldest, is twelve, a strapping black-haired boy who gets excellent marks at school. "Michael is all the time for peace," says his mother. "He wants everything quiet, no arguments. And he worries, all the time worrying. When I give him money to go to the ball game, he says, 'Can you spare it, ma? Can you spare it?' Never has he left the house without first kissing his mother. And for Ted he feels sorry, so sorry."

Bruce, aged nine, of the roguish smile and rosy cheeks, is the most sensitive of the three. "For Bruce I like always to be home," explains Clara. A sweet, appealing, conscientious child, he tries constantly to please, and a harsh word will literally make him sick, says his mother. Because of his tender feelings, he gets special consideration from the whole family; if there is one cupcake left, for instance, his brothers will invariably save it for Bruce.

Joel, the baby, is five and already a whiz at memorizing his baseball "flip" cards. A husky, blond-headed child, he idolizes his father. "Daddy will answer it all right," he told his mother serenely each time Ted appeared on TV. His father's $152,000 winnings have meant a tricycle for Joel, two-wheelers for his brothers; they have demanded nothing more. Even at his age, Joel seems to sense the insecurity which hangs over Ted. "Hurry up, hurry up," he shrieks as the family climbs into its secondhand Plymouth. He points to the open door and adds, "You're wasting the car light bulb!"

When Michael was paralyzed by polio at the age of five, neither parent could bear sending him to the hospital. Instead, Clara kept him by her side on a cot in the kitchen, and for ten weeks she and Ted massaged him as the nurse instructed. "I nearly went crazy with worry," Ted recalls. This was also the lowest point of his Civil Service career—the garbage detail. Fortunately, Michael made a complete recovery.

Why didn't Ted quit? Because, he explains, he was earning between $1.70 and $1.98 an hour, plus annual leave and sick benefits, which was better than he thought he could do elsewhere. Medical bills were piling up: a mastoid operation for Clara coincided with a serious strep-throat infection for Michael; when Clara's mother died, Teddy suffered an ulcer attack which sent him to the hospital. For the past two years, medical bills for the Nadlers totaled $2000.

When the present crop of big quiz shows appeared, Teddy Nadler had not opened a book or read a newspaper in fifteen years. To his surprise, he found he could answer most questions before the TV contestants, particularly if they pertained to history, mythology, geography, music or baseball. Encouraged by Clara, he began to write letters to The $64,000 Challenge.

"Sometimes I wrote arrogant letters and told them my knowledge was fantastic—out of this world—that I was a walking encyclopedia of information," says Teddy. "I said I know every headline event from 4004 B.C. until 1940—that's when I quit reading. When they didn't answer my letters, I wrote humble ones and then I told them I was sitting and defrosting the refrigerator."

At last came the long-awaited phone call from New York asking Teddy to come East for interviews. As it happened, they called on payday, so Teddy blew his entire week's take-home pay of $70 on a round-trip coach ticket. ("Nobody said anything about going Pullman") and sat up all night in his one suit of clothes. "I had a toothache and my ulcer hurt something awful and I worried how I'd look before the cameras with no front teeth. Of course once I got to know the people on the program, and how nice they are, I knew they wouldn't care if you looked like an orangutan."

An hour after arriving sleepless in New York, Teddy was seated in a penthouse office on Madison Avenue, faced by a female in horn-rimmed glasses behind a pile of books. Groggy and confused, and fighting the speech impediment which worsens with strain, Teddy felt at first he was doing poorly. But to his surprise the woman became increasingly excited. "I think we've got something here," she said, pressing the buzzer and summoning more experts. Finally a dozen or more brains lounged about listening with respectful attention, an experience unique in Teddy's forty-six years.

"Teddy was like a kettle that's been at full boil with the lid on for years," explains one of

NEXT MONTH

"I dreamt of having a great, noisy Irish family, with lots of holidays to celebrate, in an enormous old house with four fireplaces. It turned out that our friends were right about the pitfalls of buying a big old house. And we weren't cut out to be parents of seven. But do we regret it? Heavens, no!"

Our house is

NOT FOR SALE

By MARJORIE WESTERN RILEY

HOW AMERICA LIVES
In the December JOURNAL

the listeners. "And then suddenly, wham! the lid was off."

The rest is television history. Teddy went on the show that Sunday night, minus his teeth, against two attorneys, William and James Egan, of Hartford, Connecticut, one of whom was a Rhodes scholar. Teddy made his first and only "miss" when he couldn't recall five full Confederate generals. He named three, and James Egan got only one. The match ended in a tie and $16,000 for Teddy. On subsequent appearances he defeated a renowned authority on the Civil War, Dr. Austin Ranney, of the University of Illinois; Mrs. Lowell Thomas, Jr., on geography; an archaeologist, Dr. Thalia Howe; and restaurateur Toots Shor, whom he bested easily in baseball.

He remains undefeated in every category he has tried with the exception of music, where he was ruled wrong on a technicality. Teddy said that Beethoven's Fourth was called the B Minor Symphony; his opponent said B Major; it took a special board of judges including Leonard Bernstein to decide the complicated issue, but finally Teddy was ruled wrong.

Says the master of ceremonies of the show, Ralph Story, about Teddy, "When he first came on the show, he had a terrific inferiority complex, and at the same time great arrogance. Seventy per cent of the people who wrote to me couldn't stand him. Now my mail is just the opposite: seventy per cent are begging to have him back on the show. This makes Teddy Nadler one of the greatest contestants of all time. He not only has *impact* but he's *mercurial*—he grows and changes on the program.

"The more chance Teddy gets to ventilate, the more his arrogance and inferiority complex lessen. The last time I saw him, he actually told a little joke at my expense. Teddy is beginning to *relate to other people.* This would have been inconceivable a year ago."

However, as Teddy's winnings pile up, his underdog appeal lessens and fewer experts are willing to challenge that inexhaustible fount of total recall. Few college professors care to be trounced by an eighth-grader. And although Teddy has been offered jobs in New York, Detroit and Chicago from insurance firms and stock brokerages, in St. Louis his talents have so far been ignored. And Clara refuses to leave her home town, friends and family. There is only one question which consistently stumps Teddy: the future.

> It is one of the greatest blessings that so many women are so full of fact.
> WILLIAM OSLER

In discussing the twist of fate which brought him fame and fortune beyond his wildest dreams. Teddy remarks:

"Most of the great rulers got to be king just by chance. Look at ugly old me, now—I got three suits of clothes, three sets of teeth." He grins, showing a large expanse of ivory. "And I got my music."

He stretches out on his cellar chaise and puts on the machine Mozart's Cosi Fan Tutti (which he calls fondly "tootsie"). As long as the music plays, a smile of heavenly content banishes from his face the dark worry.

"Who wants to work?" jests this ex-laborer. "Just livin' is work."

WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172

to bring to mind a memorable phrase of William Faulkner's: "Man will not merely endure: he will prevail." Out of the troubled spirit of man, many triumphs are won, some obvious and fanfared and some known only to the triumpher. In the eyes of the world, Ted, by overcoming his childhood difficulties, was only then on an elementary competing basis with his more fortunate fellow men. His triumph in reaching that point was not obvious. Yet resourcefulness and courage went into the struggle against uneven odds, at a time when Ted received little encouragement from any source, and he went on to become a self-reliant and contributing citizen and a partner in a rewarding marriage. His key area of dissatisfaction, then, has been in his work.

One of Ted's admitted difficulties has been in getting along with other people. One of the criticisms he has met with is that he tends to talk too much, should listen more. Carried by the momentum of his memory, he may tend, conversationally, to lose a sensitivity to others' reactions. A gift, too, is best used when it does not put others on the defensive, another area to which Ted plans to devote more thought. How his memory can be best put to work requires both some self-analysis and some research in the job field. The job he gave up called less for his memory skills than for physical labor to which he was not primarily suited. Much more to his liking, and probably yielding of more recognition and satisfaction, would be work as historical researcher, librarian, proofreader, inventory expert with a big manufacturing firm, work of a computing or accounting or tax nature, or a variety of compatible possibilities. Often professional guidance, psychological or vocational, will help solve this problem, and a good deal of counseling is available today along this line.

As a result of our talk, I have jotted down some of the questions Ted is thinking over at this time. Perhaps you want to take the same kind of personal evaluation test. Any "no" answers you check in the first section are good reason to go on to the second section.

AM I A SUCCESSFUL HUMAN BEING?

	Yes	No
Is my way of living a true reflection of my intelligence?	☐	☐
Am I reasonably happy in most areas of life?	☐	☐
Have I set myself a realistic goal?	☐	☐
Am I willing to struggle or sacrifice to reach my goal?	☐	☐
Am I doing today what will bring me closer to achievement tomorrow, a year from now, five years from now?	☐	☐
Have I overcome recognized faults that might sidetrack me?	☐	☐
Am I capable of putting to the proof the talents I claim?	☐	☐
Do I consider myself, rather than others, to blame for past failures?	☐	☐
Am I able to accept criticism and use it constructively?	☐	☐
Do I recognize the value of the present over the irretrievable past and the unforeseeable future?	☐	☐

One to three "No" answers show minor areas that need thought and improvement. Five "No" answers are a danger signal—time to look for crossroads rather than plunge ahead in the same pattern as in the past. Ten "No" answers call for a complete re-evaluation of life and some constructive action.

HOW CAN I BE MORE SUCCESSFUL?

What is my strongest talent?
How and where can I put it to use?
If for others, have I made it known to the persons or firms most likely to be interested?
Have I overlooked, or failed to seek, counsel from those who are qualified to direct me?
Do I recognize my liabilities and make a serious effort to overcome them?
Am I willing to learn from others?
What practical step can I take today toward reaching my goal?
Do I want it enough to take that step?
Is there anything to stop me, except myself?

END

Your Special Holiday Greetings

By JEANNE BAKER WALWORTH

Originality is the subtle difference that you'll notice in all good Christmas-card collections. So why not get the family together and make your own? Nothing is more rewarding than having your friends comment, "We always look forward to your special holiday greeting."

Here are a few simple suggestions which can be varied in many different ways.

Ice-cream-cup lids obtained from dairy stands can be gaily decorated with colored sticky tape and gold edging to reproduce the elegance of a Christmas-tree ball. Ribbon threaded through the top adds dimension. Message is written on the opposite side.

Colorful foreign stamps can be glued to lightweight cards to make a greeting. Up to a thousand foreign stamps can be purchased at most department stores for around a dollar. An inexpensive toy printing set can be used to postmark Christmas tidings in many languages. Print in gold simply by pouring metallic gold paint over a folded cloth instead of using a black ink pad.

Although it's fun to take a special Christmas photo, you can often use existing family-album snapshots. Quantities of prints made from a negative are moderately priced and take about a week to get. Holes are punched in this card and a tiny sandwich board is tied on with red ribbon. Your message can be printed or hand-lettered in red or green ink.

During the months before Christmas, most department stores sell bolts of ribbon with your personalized Christmas greeting printed on them. You can cut your photographs in various shapes and hang them on the tree with this ribbon. Be sure to plan all your cards to fit standard envelopes and try to have them all completed before cooky making, tree trimming and parties start.

You don't have to be a wood carver to make different and beautiful cards. Using an ordinary potato with a design cut in about ¼" relief makes you an expert in minutes. Also try different-color paints. Gluing on little flat sequins also adds a nice sparkle to your card.

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