

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

*Are the "Thought Police"
Taking Over Our Colleges?*

*How Red Buttons Got To
The Top as a TV Star*

Saucy as the girl herself, the hat was husband-bait until-

PAPÁ SAID NO

A GAY SHORT STORY BY WINIFRED WOLFE

Bowling



**THE GRAND NATIONAL
STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP CUP**

*For Steeplechasing
at its Best...*

*... the most cherished trophy in steeplechasing,
given annually at Belmont Park, N. Y.*



For Whiskey at its Best...

*After the races... reminiscing with friends, complete
your pleasure with a glass of Hill and Hill. Generations of
fine Kentucky breeding make it a trophy-winner, too!*



Kentucky
Blended
Whiskey



Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey

Some facts to keep in mind on approaching middle age

Today, doctors know more than ever before about the middle years of life.

They tell us that the vital functions of the body tend to slow down at this time of life. This may cause some people to have trouble with their elimination.

At the same time, it should make the older person with constipation more careful in selecting a laxative.

The laxative of choice should have these three qualities: non-irritant speedy action . . . gentleness . . . and liquid bulk. Among frequently used types of laxatives, *only* Sal Hepatica has all three.

Gentleness and liquid bulk

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline laxative, it is *gentle*. It provides speedy relief, not by harsh irritant action, but rather by *liquid bulk*.

Non-irritant speedy action

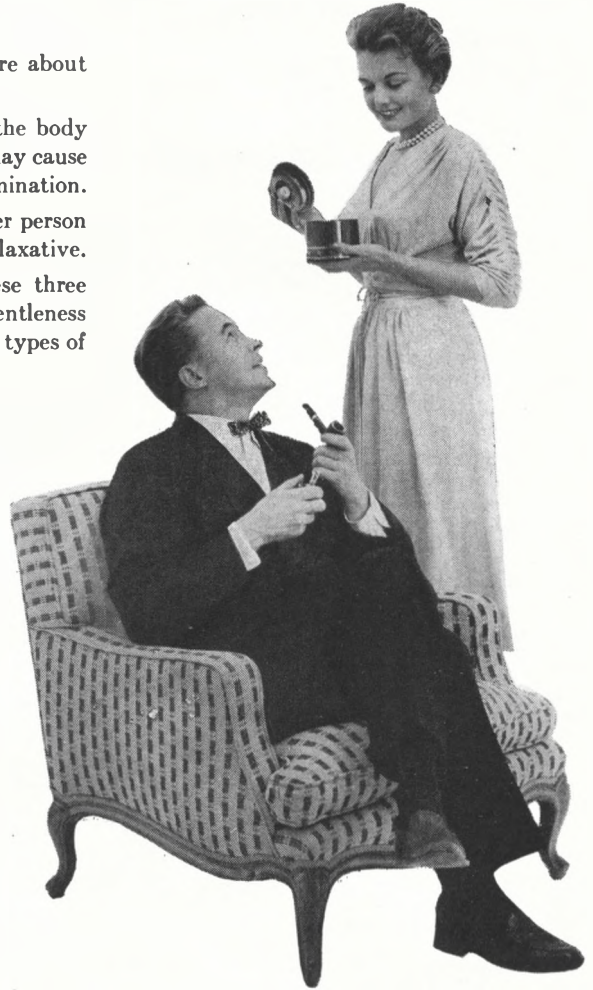
Thus, you can take Sal Hepatica before breakfast, and get quick, easy relief—usually within an hour. Or you can take it $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before supper and enjoy gentle relief by bedtime.

Sal Hepatica also combats gastric distress—helps sweeten a sour stomach. And as gastric distress (heartburn) often accompanies constipation, you will find this feature of Sal Hepatica most helpful.

Recommended by doctors

Sal Hepatica was recommended by more than half the doctors interviewed in a recent survey. In fact, doctors have recommended Sal Hepatica since it was first formulated 60 years ago.

Sal Hepatica has literally helped millions. And we sincerely believe it will help you—especially if you're reaching life's middle years. Try gentle, effective Sal Hepatica the next time you need a laxative.



Only Sal Hepatica has all three!

Of the four leading laxative types, *only* Sal Hepatica brings you a combination of these three advantages:

- 1 Non-irritant speedy action**
- 2 Gentleness**
- 3 Liquid bulk**

Gentle, speedy

SAL HEPATICA®

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

PICTURE of the Month

IN CINEMASCOPE

Join the fun. A lion we know, name of Leo, is celebrating his 30th Anniversary and it's very festive indeed. First giant slice off the birthday cake is M-G-M's production in CinemaScope, "Knights of the Round Table". And while the movie-lovers are still smacking their lips, up comes another heaping helping in the shape of M-G-M's and the screen's first CinemaScope musical, "Rose Marie". (Both in color, of course!)



"ROSE MARIE, I LOVE YOU!"

"Rose Marie" is a veritable feast of music, color magnificence and the eye-marvelling grandeur of the Canadian Rockies—all in the great sweep of the new miracle medium.

Starring are Ann Blyth, hauntingly lovely, singing "Indian Love Call"; Howard Keel, rugged and handsome as the Mountie, giving glorious voice to the beautiful love ballads, and Fernando Lamas, dashing and devilish as the renegade hunter who thunderously wakes the valley with his own wild song of love.

"Rose Marie" has wild, passionate love; rollicking, red-blooded adventure; the glory of the outdoors; wonderful romantic music that has thrilled millions!

It's a tender and beautiful story of a half-wild girl adopted by the Royal Mounted Police, who comes to civilization and practically explodes it when she steps into woman's clothes—and emotions.

The action is equally gripping. Wait until you see, in all its pagan power, the Totem Pole dance of fire...the shock of an Indian maid who kills her own chief out of passion for a white man...the band of Indian braves on the warpath...the thundering hoofs of the red-coated Mountie battalions.

There's broad and lovable laughter also, in the romantic misadventures of Marjorie Main and Bert Lahr. Our highest kudos to director Mervyn LeRoy and producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr. for this new, gay, stirring musical.

See the picture and join the chorus—"Rose Marie, I Love You".

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope, Photographed in Eastman Color "ROSE MARIE" starring ANN BLYTH, HOWARD KEEL, FERNANDO LAMAS, BERT LAHR, MARJORIE MAIN with Joan Taylor, Ray Collins. A Mervyn LeRoy Production. Screen Play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel. Based on the Operetta "Rose Marie". Book and Lyrics by Otto A. Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II. Music by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

APRIL • 1954
VOL. 102 • NO. 6

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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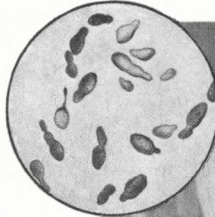
COVER PAINTING BY JOE BOWLER • HAT BY JOHN FREDERICKS

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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RESEARCH SHOWS WONDERFUL VALUE OF LISTERINE TREATMENT FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!

"Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale) germ regarded by many dermatologists as a causative agent of the infection. Men, women and animals with dandruff symptoms showed marked improvement in majority of test cases.



IF YOU HAVE the slightest evidence of persistent scales, flakes, irritation . . . start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . the treatment that has helped so many. These symptoms may mean that your dandruff is of the infectious kind, calling for a real attack on scalp germs.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp morning and night. Follow with persistent and vigorous massage.

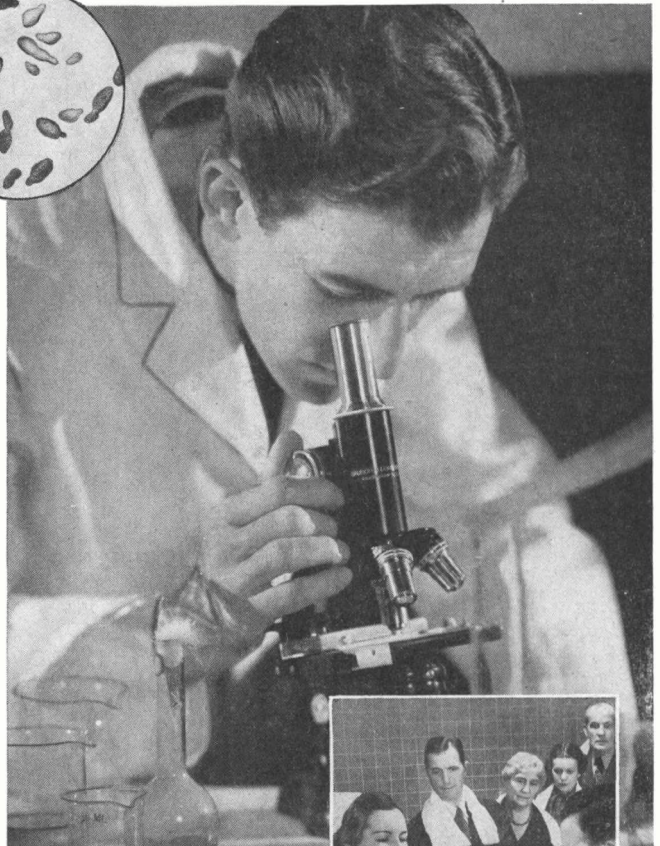
Here is what Listerine Antiseptic does to scalp and hair: it kills millions of germs, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (*P. ovale*), regarded by many dermatologists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff, and at the same time alleviates itching.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

In one series of tests experimentally infected rabbits were treated, once a day, on one side only, with Listerine Antiseptic. In an average of 14 days the sides treated with Listerine Antiseptic showed almost no signs of dandruff-like symptoms. The other untreated sides still retained the symptoms!

And another series of tests on human beings revealed that 76% of the men and women who used the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, dandruff symptoms within a month.

So, if you have any evidence of infectious dandruff, don't fool around with makeshifts. Start with the Listerine Antiseptic and massage treatment today. It's easy. It's pleasant. It's tested. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Mo.



*Intensive research by skin specialists supports the widely held view of many leading dermatologists that dandruff is often of the infectious type, accompanied by germs, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (*P. ovale*).*

At the first symptom
**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
QUICK!**



Ray Prohaska and striper



Mildred North Slater



John L. Springer



Jo Lundy



The Suttons on Canadian holiday

BETWEEN THE LINES

This house may be the one to make your dreams come true! It's a three-bedroom prefab of advanced styling (especially for families with youngsters) and at a cost that won't put you in hock for life. You'll learn about it in "Blueprint for Luxury" on page 52. John L. Springer, the reporter, who has written extensively about housing, told us, "After watching many houses go up in the 'conventional' way, it amazed me to see how days of construction time are saved—which accounts for the low cost of the Ranger House. One machine does in seconds what ordinarily takes a carpenter a day."

"Bridal Pair," the delightful short short on page 44, is about a young man who advertised a wedding band and diamond solitaire for sale—"second-hand but never out of the box." The author, Jo Lundy, saw such an ad in her local paper. "It seemed so wistful I couldn't get it off my mind," she told us. "I thought the fellow deserved a better break." And that's how stories are born! Mrs. Lundy, a native Oregonian, is the wife of a newspaperman and the mother of three children. She has published three novels for young people based on Oregon history.

What Jeannie knew about her mother and the man in the apartment below was exciting, but she didn't know the whole secret, and it is to be hoped she never would. Jeannie is a fictional little girl who comes wondrously alive in Mildred North Slater's very "adult" story on page 26—"The Rainbow." The author, who shares with her husband a love for fishing, lives on a farm in upstate New York. One of the pictures she sent us showed her with two handsome Canadian salmon, and we probably would have selected that one for this page if another fishing picture hadn't come along from Ray Prohaska, the artist who illustrated the story. His fish, a striper from the Atlantic surf near his home on Long Island, is bigger than both of Mrs. Slater's salmon together. Our policy is one fish picture per issue on this page, so the honor had to go to the striper. "When I'm not fishing or doing illustrations," Mr. Prohaska tells us, "I paint pictures of the sea, the rocks around it and my friends the fishermen." He does well at it, too; his canvases frequently are tapped for exhibition and for prizes.

For the family with vacation spots before the eyes and a strong yen to avoid the same old places, we recommend "We Took a Low-Cost Foreign Vacation," on page 40. It's all the dope on a Canadian holiday, and you take your pick where—from the Maritimes in the East to the Rockies in the West. Horace Sutton, the widely-known travel writer who prepared the story, made his choice the Laurentians, the lovely mountains in Quebec Province where he and his wife and small son were quickly whisked by Trans-Canada Air Lines. Mr. Sutton is the author of five books and many articles on travel. His latest book, "Sutton's Places," will be published this month.

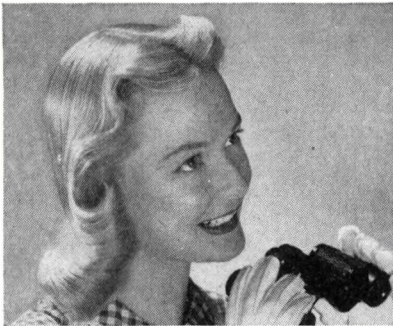
NEXT MONTH: A personal story by a man with a rare and dangerous medical condition—and also with rare courage and humor.



Bobbi is perfect for this soft, casual "Chantilly" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give natural-looking curls. Easy . . . No help needed.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the natural look of the curls in this new "Tally-Ho" hair style. No nightly settings needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft curls needed for the delicately sculptured "Diana" hair-do. Bobbi gives you curls exactly where you want them.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Like the casual, spirited look of this "Robin Hood" hair-do? Bobbi does it! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree waves like these.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi . . . the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is designed to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.



Prince Valiant (Robert Wagner), wounded in battle, is nursed back to health by Princess Aleta (Janet Leigh).

"Prince Valiant"



There are certain stories which are so spectacular that only motion pictures can handle them. "Prince Valiant" is such a film, and it has enough excitement, action, intrigue and romance to satisfy all young adults seeking entertainment. While it takes place during the reign of King Arthur, when chivalry was at its height, its basic story is the familiar one of the young man who goes forth to retrieve his family's fortunes. In this case he's *Prince Valiant*, the hero of a famous newspaper strip.

Played by Robert Wagner, *Prince Valiant*, his mother, and his father, *King Aguar* (Donald Crisp), a deposed king of Scandia, are living in seclusion in Britain. *Valiant* is sent by his father to *King Arthur* (Brian Aherne) in the hope that he will join the Knights of the Round Table and, through their support, regain his father's throne. On the way to Camelot, he encounters the *Black Knight* and hears him promise to deliver *Valiant* and his family to the *Viking* in return for aid in the *Black Knight's* attempt to capture *Arthur's* throne.

Later, *Valiant* meets *Sir Gawain* (Sterling Hayden), his father's friend, and the two report the *Black Knight's* treachery to the court. Adventure follows adventure as *Val*

trains to be a knight and tries to expose the *Black Knight*. When *Val* is wounded, he is nursed by the lovely *Princess Aleta* (Janet Leigh) and promptly falls in love with her. But not until he has undergone harrowing experiences and great tests of courage does he prove that the *Black Knight* is *Sir Brack* (James Mason), one of *Arthur's* knights. In a fierce battle with broadswords, *Valiant* kills *Brack*, is dubbed "Sir Valiant," and wins the hand of the fair maiden.

Valiant is Superman, Prince Charming and Tarzan combined in one hero. He performs prodigious feats as he jumps from battlements, swings from tree to tree, hides under water by breathing through a reed, leaps astride his horse and bests his enemies in all sorts of engagements.

Five English castles were used as location for the film, and the landscapes are magnificent as shown in the full width of CinemaScope. The fiery battle in which *Valiant* pours hogskins of oil on the besiegers of a castle is one of the most spectacular scenes since Atlanta was burned in "Gone with the Wind." The romance and color of the age of chivalry, combined with a stirring story of a young man's adventures, make "Prince Valiant" a film of exceptional entertainment. (20th Century-Fox)

SEE

New Moon
MOBILE APARTMENT HOMES

featured in
M-G-M's
Technicolor Hit

"The Long, Long Trailer"
Starring

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz

AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON!

See PHILIP MORRIS' CBS TV SHOW *I Love Lucy*



Learn how you too can enjoy *Carefree Living* ... at a new, low cost



GET YOUR
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Read how thousands of folks are enjoying new economic security and living freedom in a completely furnished New Moon Mobile Apartment Home.



Newlyweds find New Moon Living the answer to facing an uncertain future with complete confidence. New low cost effects lower living expenses. Complete mobility permits moving to top paying jobs.



Men, whose work requires periodic moving, now take their families with them as they move from job to job. Their New Moon homes make it possible for them to enjoy real family life—and the kids love it too!



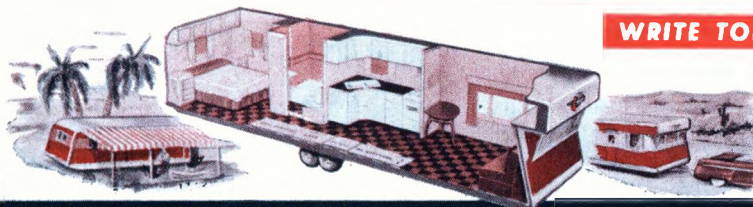
Servicemen find New Moon Living makes it possible to keep their loved ones with them, enjoy home comfort near-the-base as they move from camp to camp, and be all set for living after their discharge.



Retired folks rave about New Moon Living as the answer to realizing life-long dreams. They travel, vacation, visit with their families, live North in the summer, South in the winter—in their New Moon Homes.

Your Passport to New Moon living!

Learn all about the advantages of New Moon mobile living—how you can enjoy complete living comfort and convenience in a New Moon mobile apartment home that is completely furnished and available in a variety of sizes to fit your living needs. This colorfully illustrated fact-packed book tells how you, like thousands of folks from all walks of life, can enjoy New Moon ownership at new low cost on our "like-rent" payment plan.



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to: **NEW MOON HOMES INC.**
Alma 25, Michigan

WITHOUT OBLIGATION, please send me a free copy of "Planning Guide," describing the advantages of New Moon Mobile Apartment Living.

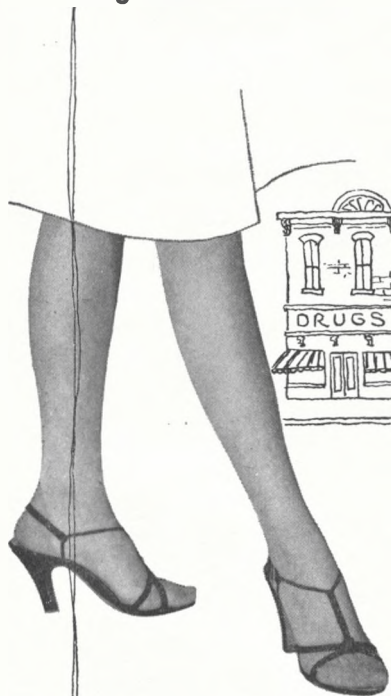
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AIRMAID HOSIER, MILLS DALLAS



"RHAPSODY"

THE WORD "RHAPSODY" conjures up images of love and music, making it the perfect title for this picture. *Louise Durant* (Elizabeth Taylor) is a wealthy young girl with beauty and charm that devastates men, especially young musicians. She loves, and is loved by, violinist *Paul Bronte* (Vittorio Gassman) and pianist *James Guest* (John Ericson). *Bronte*, feeling that music is the most important thing in his life, breaks away from her. *Guest* marries her and finds her so possessive that his career is ruined. He is saved when *Louise* repents her selfishness and, in an effort to prove to *Bronte* that she has a soul, inspires *Guest* to make a successful comeback.

The highlight of the film is the magnificent music which includes concertos by Tchaikowsky and Rachmaninoff, played by Michael Rabin and Claudio Arrau. Miss Taylor's clothes, by Helen Rose, will make every woman drool with envy. (MGM)



"ELEPHANT WALK"

WITH FASCINATING scenery and shots of native life, this film is almost a luxury trip to Ceylon. *John Wiley* (Peter Finch) inherits a huge fortune and great tea plantations from his father, a legendary character who became almost a king. *Ruth* (Elizabeth Taylor) is brought to Ceylon as *John's* bride, not realizing that he is wealthy or that she will be the only white woman in the territory. Their fabulous estate is known as "Elephant Walk," because the elder *Wiley* built his house over the elephants' path to their water supply.

Finding herself with nothing to do, with no female companionship and with a husband who treats her as a possession, *Ruth* soon becomes interested in *Dick Carter* (Dana Andrews), manager of the estate. This triangular romantic situation is only resolved after the three have survived a cholera epidemic and a fantastic assault on the estate by elephants. The elephants win. (Paramount)

APRIL BEST BETS

IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Act of Love—Kirk Douglas in the picture based on the war novel "The Girl on the Via Flaminia."

Barefoot Battalion—A moving story of young people's activities during the Nazi invasion of Greece. * March

The Boy from Oklahoma—Will Rogers, Jr., as an aspiring lawyer who

makes good as sheriff in a murder case.

Forever Female—Ginger Rogers as a famous actress who refuses to grow old, with newcomer Pat Crowley, Bill Holden and Paul Douglas. * November

Genevieve—An unobtrusive British comedy which pokes fun at old car lovers and their racing activities.

Go, Man, Go—Sports enthusiasts will go for this picture of the Globetrotters, unique basketball team.

The Glenn Miller Story—The dramatic story of the famous musician, brought

FILMS



"THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST"

ALMOST as thrilling as the news of Elizabeth's coronation last June was the word that Mt. Everest had at last been conquered. This was accomplished by the eighth British expedition to attempt the climb, and the men reaching the top were Edmund Hillary, a New Zealand beekeeper, and Tensing, a native guide and expert climber.

This color film of the whole operation shows that the feat was achieved only after years of research and planning. Each day's work was plotted out; each man did several jobs. The surgeon was in charge of the packing, the wireless man looked after the food, the historian mended the boots.

The magnificent teamwork of the expedition and the native helpers accomplished what men have dreamed of doing for generations. Even those who have not the slightest desire to climb the nearest hill will find this pictorial record exciting.

(United Artists)

to life with James Stewart and June Allyson as the leads. * March

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier's unforgettable screen version of the famous tragedy has been reissued.

It Should Happen to You—The things which happen to Judy Holliday are funny enough for any audience. * March

The Long, Long Trailer—Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz in a hilarious comedy about life in a trailer. * March

Othello—The emphasis in Orson Welles' version of this tragedy is on the picturesque European backgrounds.

*Previously reviewed in Redbook



AN ORCHESTRA AT HIS FINGER TIPS. Harold Warner, Jr., seated at the console of the concert organ in the Richmond, Va., civic center. This famous organ, dusty and mute, was about to be dismantled until it was restored by Mr. Warner, a telephone company craftsman.

The Once Proud Pipe Organ That Played Again

For ten long years, the great organ had stood mute. Time and dust had robbed it of its song.

Now it looked as if it would never play again. For the cost of restoring it was \$30,000, and that was more than the city's auditorium could afford.

But before it could be dismantled, Harold Warner, Jr., offered his services. He was a central office repairman for the Bell Telephone Company in Richmond, Va., and a fine amateur musician. He loved organ music and he had repaired and maintained several other fine instruments. The city gladly gave him permission to work on the big organ.

It took most of his spare time for two years. Thirteen hundred and

eighty-four pipes had to be cleaned. Hundreds of small parts had to be checked and polished; thousands of electrical connections tightened.

It was a big job but he got it done. The cost to the city? Just \$32.50 for small parts.

You can imagine the thrill when he seated himself at the organ and its voice was heard again. In recognition of his work, the Mayor of Richmond, Dr. Edward E. Haddock, presented him with the Sertoma Club's Service to Mankind Award.

* * *

Harold Warner, Jr., is just one of many thousands of telephone people who give their own time and talents to helping the communities in which they live. In all things, on and off the job, they aim to be good citizens.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LOCAL to serve the community. NATIONWIDE to serve the nation.





Stars in Her Eyes



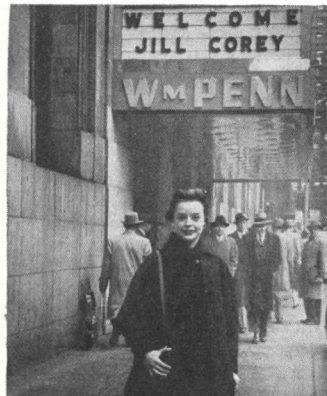
Last summer a young girl sang with a local band in the Pittsburgh area. She earned \$6 a night, and she hoped sometime to sing with a big-name organization. Overnight she was called to New York, signed to a recording contract, and changed her name from Norma Jean Speranza to Jill Corey. A disk jockey had recorded her singing and sent the record to Mitch Miller, head of Columbia Records popular music. Mitch signed her up immediately, and not only did Jill become a recording artist, but, four days before her 18th birthday, she made her first TV appearance as a member of Dave Garroway's talented group who put on one of the most relaxed and enjoyable evening shows. (NBC-TV).

What has her new life been like for Jill? She can still hardly believe it's true. She gets a thrill when people recognize her on the street. She went to Pittsburgh for Jill Corey day, when she saw her name in lights, was received by the mayor, interviewed by the press, and hugged by her

relatives who came in for the celebration. In their area they gather around their TV sets twice a week to see the same Garroway show on different channels, and Jill's record of "Robe of Calvary" and "Minneapolis" is, naturally, their favorite. She's made a number of appearances on disk-jockey shows, and she's in demand as an entertainer. Hollywood has beckoned, but for that she's waiting until she's more experienced.

Jill hasn't forgotten her classmates, but her new life is so full of recording sessions, dancing and singing lessons (she never studied singing before) and TV rehearsals that she has little time to write them. She's had dates in New York, but has yet to go to a night club. Attending the opera was exciting, but the greatest experience of all was meeting Eddie Fisher, who asked her to do a show with him. Not bad for a girl from Avonmore who may some day be as great as Judy Garland.

—FLORENCE SOMERS



Eighteen-year-old Jill Corey, new star of Columbia Records and NBC's Dave Garroway Show, gets a kick out of buying her new

wardrobe, seeing her name on the hotel where she sang as an unknown, and being interviewed by Joe Deane on radio station KQV.

Kind Deeds and Gentle People

BY C. B. LAWRENCE

In 1950, John F. Connelly quit a good job to open his own box-making plant in Philadelphia. Recently, with success in sight, fire destroyed the plant. There was some insurance, and loyal employees returned pay checks, so Connelly could get started again. But it would take a year, and hard-won customers would be lost to competitors. Connelly's competitors, however, had other plans. They produced boxes stamped with his name, loaded his trucks daily. Thirteen labor unions encouraged members to work day and night to get a new plant ready. Machine-makers, with customers' co-operation, sent scarce machines intended for others. Thirty-nine days after the fire, Connelly opened again, and with competitors participating in the ceremony, declared, "I didn't know there were so many unselfish souls in one country."

Seven years ago, a Dutch couple, the Van der Tuyns, and their six children "adopted" the grave of an American soldier in a military cemetery in Holland. They prayed regularly for him, put flowers on the grave on Holy Days, Memorial Day and the soldier's birthday. Learning later of a brother, James Magee, in New Jersey, they wrote reassurance: the fallen boy was not forgotten. A warm correspondence followed. The family hoped some day to come to America. Mr. Magee offered encouragement. Soon from Holland came letters in beginners' English. And recently came all eight Van der Tuyns, under sponsorship of Mr. Magee, who is providing shelter, helping to find jobs. The grave? It still gets loving care—from Mrs. Van der Tuyn's sister.

In Waterbury, Connecticut, Fred Eterginio, fourteen, wrote a letter to a New York newspaper asking for help. His mother faced a major operation, and he had saved \$15 from paper-route earnings to give her a treat before she went to the hospital. How could he locate a certain New York restaurant "where you pay so much and eat all you can"? "And do you think," he wrote, "I'll have enough to take her to a musical?" The newspaper staff set to work, found the restaurant, asked how much dinner would cost. "Let them be our guests," the restaurant responded. A smash-hit musical comedy produced two free tickets and an invitation for a visit backstage. A hotel suggested that the boy and his mother be its guests. Not long ago, Fred and his mother had their week-end in New York, after which the operation and hospital didn't seem any longer like such a lonesome ordeal.



THERE'S FUN fishing on forest-lined lakes, camping in cool, inspiring National Parks.



THERE'S FUN exploring "foreign" cities, viewing ancient landmarks, visiting friends.

This year: **Canada!**
VACATIONS UNLIMITED



THERE'S FUN FOLLOWING SEA-BREEZY ROADS, DROPPING INTO LITTLE VILLAGES, RELAXING ON QUIET BEACHES

There's no need to go far afield for *fresh* vacation country. Canada is close, convenient and colourful—a playground of serene mountains, picturesque waters, sightseeing thrills. And it's souvenir "treasure-country". No passports, of course! You come and go as you please everywhere in Canada. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.



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Please send your 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada
Tell me where 16 mm sound films on Canadian travel subjects are available in the U.S.A.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Portrait of a forgetful man. What happens when a husband forgets his wife for one night?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

A close friend has told me about a serious problem which has been troubling her. Since I have read some helpful advice in REDBOOK, I am writing to you.

Her husband confessed that he had been unfaithful several years ago while on a business trip. His conscience had been bothering him until finally he just had to tell her.

He says he loves her, but she wonders if she can—or should—go on living with him, knowing that this happened once and might happen again.

NAME WITHHELD

■ *Should this woman forgive her husband? Let us know what you think.* ED.

SEX TRAPS

The reference to Lafayette in your article "Sex Traps for Young Servicemen" is a top example of irresponsible, inaccurate and careless journalism.

Lafayette resents the charge and all which it implies. There is nothing here approaching the conditions described in the article.

HERBERT H. HEIMLICH, Editor
Lafayette Journal and Courier
Lafayette, Ind.

The presence of Air Force personnel in Laramie has seldom raised a problem here, nor do "overpainted trollops" haunt Laramie's bars, cocktail lounges or billiard parlors, and we have no "honky-tonks."

DAVID MOBLEY, Editor
The Branding Iron, University of Wyoming
Laramie, Wyo.

■ "Sex Traps for Young Servicemen" was carefully documented with facts obtained by our reporter and from the American Social Hygiene Association, a highly respected non-profit foundation which works closely with the armed forces. A comprehensive study

of the vice situation was made, and the cities we listed are those found to be five of the worst. ED.

I want to call your attention to an article in the Savannah, Ga., Press which states that there will be "a crackdown on local vice conditions" prompted by REDBOOK's article listing Savannah among the five worst cities in the U. S. as regards prostitution.

Dr. C. A. Henderson, our city-county health officer, said, "I am in hopes that the article will drive home . . . to all mothers and fathers . . . the necessity of being constantly on guard."

More power to you for the service you have done our community.

BETTY LOU SEEGER
Savannah, Ga.

DAWN A SHINING LIGHT

Let's have more novels like "Three for Jamie Dawn." I certainly did enjoy it.

DIANE BRAUN
Gladwyne, Pa.

MERCY—OR MURDER?

The doctor who wrote your article "The Truth about Mercy Killing" is a man who, by his own admission, deliberately participated in the cold-blooded suffocation of a newborn child. It is well that he remain anonymous; one might question REDBOOK's publicizing his crimes rather than turning such information as they have over to the authorities for action.

RICHARD R. SIGMON
Houston, Tex.

I am expecting my first child in May and am concerned, as is every mother, about the normality of my baby. I only pray that my doctor is as humane and kind a man as the doctor who wrote your article.

NOEL S. NAISBITT
Rochester, N. Y.

God works His wonders in strange ways. Only He has the right to give or take away life.

MARCUERITE McMANUS

Why prolong with medical science a life that is going to go anyway? That is interfering with God's plan with man-made weapons.

Surely God intended some incurably ill and suffering people to die, and when doctors use modern medicine to prolong these lives they are interfering with nature's intended course of mercy.

SGT. & MRS. WILLIAM PARKER
Fairview, Mass.

EX-WIVES COST EXTRA

■ In January we printed a letter from a woman who complained that her husband was still paying alimony to his ex-wife. Here are some of your answers. ED.

I would certainly stop paying my ex-wife if it in any way were jeopardizing my present marriage.

MRS. LEE MORT
Lansing, Mich.

I would suggest to wife number 2 that she read Matthew 19:9—"If she must dance, let her help pay the fiddler."

MRS. A. S. MCGILL
Camden, Tenn.

WRONG NOTE



Blanche Thebom, the beautiful Metropolitan Opera star, is chairman of the committee on tax problems affecting performers for the American Guild of Musical Artists.

Your editorial "Let Age Step Aside For Youth" points out that we could induce legislators who have grown too old to retire by increasing their pensions to half to full pay.

It is true that this would make way for younger people in government, but it would place an intolerable additional tax burden on the rest of the wage-earning citizenry. Most people earn far less than our Federal legislators, but aside from minimal aids like Social Security (to which they contribute) and Old Age Assistance, are expected to provide for their future themselves.

To impose further tax burdens would make neither economic sense nor justice.

BLANCHE THEBOM

• • •

★ Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITORS, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

BY CARLTON BROWN



BURL IVES

Burl Ives' devotion to folk songs and ballads dates back to his early childhood on an Illinois farm. His parents, of Scotch-Irish descent, taught all their seven children to sing, and Burl made his professional debut at the age of four, when he was paid a quarter for rendering an old English ballad at a soldiers' reunion. In grade school, he picked a five-string banjo at square dances and was a popular singer at revival meetings. He left college two months short of graduation to take up the life of a wandering troubadour, singing and playing the guitar for food and lodging, and learning more songs from the folks he met on his way.

He told of that life in his fascinating autobiography, "Wayfaring Stranger," published in 1948, when his recording career had barely begun; and a few months ago, a selection from his vast repertory, "The Burl Ives Song Book," was issued simultaneously in a sumptuous \$5 edition and a utilitarian 50¢ paper-back one.

Meanwhile, Ives has made close to a dozen albums of folk songs for Columbia and Decca, each containing eight to twelve selections. He has starred in Broadway shows, movies and radio programs, and made sell-out concert tours. His most recent Decca album, "Women," includes such familiar tunes as "Molly Malone" and "Barbara Allen" as well as little-known ones, and it nicely illustrates his ability to vary his style to suit the mood of songs which range from wistful love ballads to rowdy comic numbers.

His latest Decca single, "Hound Dog" and "The Crawdad Song"—with barking, whistling and instrumental accompaniment by the Tony Mottola Sextet—has all the makings of a popular novelty hit. Like all of Ives' recordings, it is delivered with zest, simplicity and directness.

With his natural talent and lifelong devotion, Burl Ives has done more than any other individual to keep alive our rich heritage of folk music and ballads.

FOR A WEEK...OR FOREVER...THAT

GOLDEN Florida GLOW!



BUDGETS SMILE! No longer a gilt-edged luxury, Florida's fun, laughter, good living... her wonderful sense of well-being... are for you... now... at more reasonable rates than ever.

ROOM FOR MILLIONS! Border-to-border, Florida's amazing array of vacation delights... fine new accommodations... year-round fun facilities... are ready! Last year some 5 million visitors came... were conquered. Thousands and thousands moved in... for good. That's convincing evidence that you can, too. Your first step... *mail the coupon!*



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1319-C COMMISSION BLDG., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.



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OF FLORIDA
FUN...FREE!

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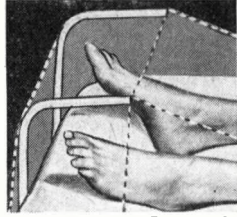
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SLEEPING COMFORT

with marvelous new Blanket Support

Sleep in a spacious air pocket and leave your feet free from the irritating pressure and weight of sheets or blankets! Enjoy refreshingly better sleep. Helps you relax, eases nervous tension, improves circulation. Ideal for year-round use. In winter, increases electric blanket comfort; in summer,



Only \$1.75 Postpaid

Guaranteed or Money Back

Two rubber-covered arms raise covers to comfortable contact-free height. Simply slide base under mattress. Arms fold flat when bed is made. No C.O.D.'s please.

Write for **FREE Catalog**

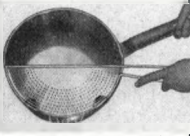
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1112 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. RB-11, Chicago 5, Ill.



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The handiest and most useful gadget for draining water from vegetables or meat — for draining soup from stock — for draining water from washed rice, beans, etc. Made of aluminum. Fits all pots. No kitchen should be without it!

80c each postpaid
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FRAME PICTURES YOURSELF with these UNFINISHED FRAMES



Frame your pictures at home with these wonderfully thrifty 2" unfinished wood frames. You can leave them natural or finish them yourself to match the woods in your room. Beautiful "shell" pattern. Corners are joined with brads, securely glued for extra strength.

FOR PICTURES:	PRICE:	FOR PICTURES:	PRICE:
5 x 7	\$1.20	12 x 16	\$1.95
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All prices postpaid. Minimum order accepted \$3.50. No C.O.D.'s please.

STANDARD PICTURE FRAME CO., Dept. R-4
231 Mercer St., New York 12, N. Y.

BURN REFUSE SAFELY OUTDOORS



Tilt back hood—pour in refuse—ignite—close and safely burn damp, green, dry, garbage and refuse to fine ash in any weather.

Scientific draft design ends neighbor-annoying nuisance and fire hazard of flying ash, sparks, burning blowing bits of paper. Minimizes smoking and fire hazards to quickly pay for itself. Sturdily made of **HURST-RESISTANT ALUMINUM BONDED TO STEEL**. Recommended by Bureaus of Fire Prevention. Over 10,000 satisfied users. Model A—21 1/2" sq. x 29" high—2 bu. cap.—\$12.95 postpaid (\$13.95 W. of Denver). Model B—24" sq. x 34" high—3 bu. cap.—\$16.95 postpaid (\$18.95 W. of Denver). Money back guarantee.

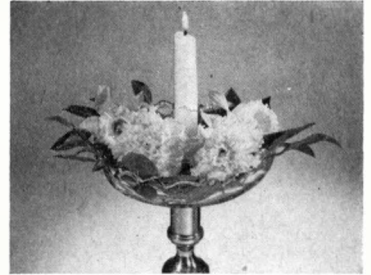
ALSTO COMPANY

Dept. RB-4, 4007 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

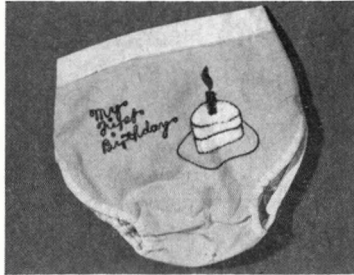
Tops in the



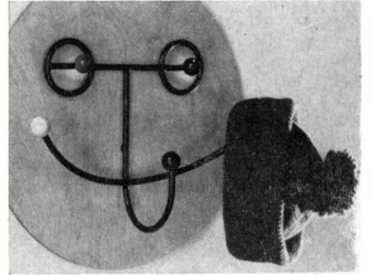
Porky 'n' Bess will grow plump on a diet of coins from your pockets. Sophisticated piggy bank hanks give any Mr. and Mrs. an incentive to save for a "night on the town." Of hand-decorated plaster with glaze finish, 8 1/4"-tall Porky or 7" Bess are \$2.50 each. Pair, \$4 ppd. From Burton's Studio, Dept. RB, Box 112, Volant, Pa.



Glamorize a candlestick by turning it into a lovely epergne. Hand-made glass dish, 6 1/2" in diameter, makes a charming container in which to arrange fruits and flowers. Use Epernette on silver, glass, wood, brass, etc.—fits any candle holder. \$2.25 each, ppd. Dorothy Biddle Service, Dept. R, Pleasantville, N. Y.



A first birthday merits a snap-on diaper cover embroidered with a cake and the words "My First Birthday" proclaiming the event. Fine washable chambray lined with plastic has a tiny pocket on the back. Pink or blue in sizes medium (18-24 lbs.) and large (24-30 lbs.). \$2.50 ppd. Hudson House, Dept. R, Pomona, Kan.



Man-in-the-Moon wall costume invites small fry to hang up their clothes. 12" natural birch plaque will delight and intrigue the very young and please Mother. Red, white and black wood ball are combined with black satin-finish steel. \$3.50 ppd. Duenas Designs, Dept. R, P.O. Box 136, Birmingham, Mich.

Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No C.O.D.'s please.) Unless



Personalized
Mother of Pearl LOCKET
\$3.95
tax incl.

SENTIMENTAL GIFT. Likely to be Grandma's favorite, is this monogrammed locket that holds 4 tiny favorite photos. Locket with initials beautifully engraved on genuine mother-of-pearl face hangs from 24-K gold plated fleur-de-lis. Gift-boxed for Easter & Mother's Day. Ppd.

VERNON SPECIALTIES CO. 156 Fourth Ave. Mt. Vernon 5, N. Y.

Imported, Sparkling, Crystal Ceiling Fixture with Metal Crown



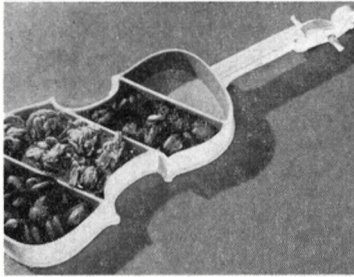
View your dining room, foyer, alcove and den in a "new light" with this heavenly crystal ceiling fixture that adds dramatic charm to your decor. Gleaming imported 2 1/2" prisms are hand-cut and hand-polished by Old World craftsmen and dangle from a handsome crown of gilt or silver chrome with fligree design. Comes assembled ready to hang flush to ceiling. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

5" Ht.	8" diam.	\$19.95
10 1/2" Ht.	10" diam.	\$24.95
12 1/2" Ht.	12" diam.	\$32.95
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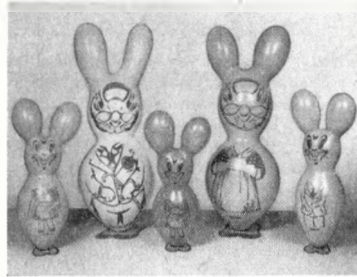
Specify gilt or silver chrome crown
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—EXPRESS CHARGES EXTRA
PAULEN CRYSTAL CO. 296 Broadway, Dept. R44, New York 7, N. Y.

Shops

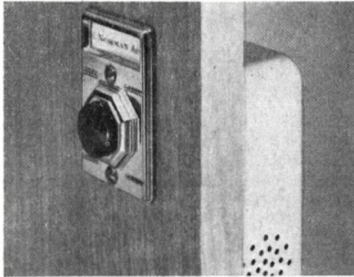
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SCHWEITZER



Versatile violin will be instrumental in decorating any room. Use it as a candy server, as a planter or hang it on the wall by the two hooks as a curio shelf. 21" x 8" in white molded wood with black or red interior, black with red, or yellow with cocoa. \$6.95 ppd. From Sert & Co., Dept. 50, 4211 Rowland Ave., Burbank, Calif.



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Door chime operated without electricity is easy to install. As your guests push button, 2 musical notes sound through house. Only tools needed to mount 7 1/8" x 3 3/8" white enamel chime and brass push-button escutcheon are a hand drill and screwdriver. \$4.95 ppd. Order from Shopper Mart, Dept. R, Fort Dodge, Iowa.



Reversible jacket, worn fitted or boxy, looks and feels like softest capeskin. Vinyl plastic that won't scuff, crack or peel is lined with checked nylon and rayon acetate. Sizes 8-18 in white with black and white, turquoise or pink with navy and white. \$10.95 plus 25c postage. Gilchrist Co., Box 912, Boston, Mass.

personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering.

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KOFFEE PAK

Enjoy coffee as you like it . . . in hotels . . . school dormitories . . . where you work. 2 cup AC/DC electric percolator . . . 2 unbreakable cups . . . 2 stainless steel teaspoons . . . plastic containers for coffee and sugar . . . all in a zippered, shoulder-strap case. Complete, only \$9.95 plus 25c postage. (No COD's.)

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Send ring size or measure with string. Satisf. guar.

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There are no payment "deadlines" to worry about, no financing charges of any kind. Our tremendous purchasing power actually saves you money!

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Please tell me how I can start my monogrammed Linen Trousseau for as little as \$3.00 a week on the club budget plan.

I enclose \$3 as first weekly payment.

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NEW LONDON HIGH

GIRLS' "CHARM" BRACELETS

Beautiful, gold finished, heavy link bracelets with letters of first name, school or city as the "charms". Beautifully made and finished by a new gold applying process that insures years of wear. Guaranteed not to discolor or tarnish. Made to order in any of these 6 styles:

A—Girl's first name with class year.
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These bracelets are stunning pieces of costume jewelry that you will be proud to wear or give! They have that fine, expensive appearance (safety catch and all) that goes with their cooling, many times the low price of these. We suggest that you ask several friends to combine their orders with yours thus securing the quantity price. Please PRINT all names, etc. and allow 2 weeks for delivery.

BLACK & COMPANY, INC. 1 for \$1.50 postpaid
163 Black Building, 3 or more 1.25 ea. ppd.
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NO IRONING NEEDED for little girls' PUFFED SLEEVES!

Here's a way to smooth them out perfectly without touching your iron. Stainless metal stretchers pull dampened sleeve taut. When dry, sleeve is smooth and neat. Little Miss Puff Sleeve Stretcher in 4 sizes: Baby, 6 mos. to 1 year; Small, 1-3; Medium, 3-5; Large, 5-8.

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\$1.00 per pair, 3 pairs \$2.75 postpaid
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Complete your wardrobe with the "Playotte" action-built skirt, as attractive for street or living room wear as it is for Gardening, Golfing, Riding, Hiking or Bowling. Tailored Buttoned Girdle front over a trim concealed zipper. Fine Rayon Gabardine in Navy, Black, Grey, Brown, Green and Wine. Waist sizes: 22 to 32 \$5.95. Waist sizes: 34 to 40 \$7.95. 10% discount on group orders of 5 or more. Send check or money order, plus 15c postage to Sheldon Specialty Co., Dept. R, 545 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

april showers

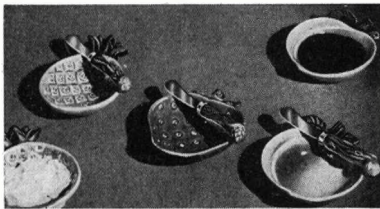
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Wear it on rainy days with its bright white dickey and shoe the blues away. When it shines, be cool and fashionable with its low scoop neckline. Gay umbrella print on permanently embossed, washable, everglaze cotton that hardly needs ironing.



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Set of 3 Dishes & 3 Knives **\$4.95** postpaid
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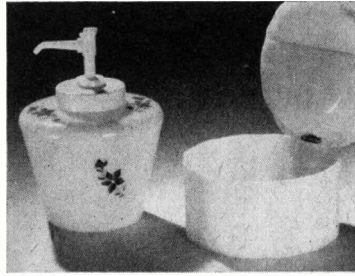
Send Check or Money Order, Dept. R
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114 Melrose Street, Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

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(or does it hit and hurt in closed shoes?)
YES, because YOUR FEET SLIDE FORWARD! CORRECT these painful, ugly conditions with JANIES, the cushioned "Inside Platforms", that help control gravity, give HEAVENLY COMFORT. ADD TO FOOT BEAUTY!
JANIES are effective in all shoes, all heel heights! JANIES will help restore discarded shoes to WEARABLE SERVICE. SAVING TEN TIMES THEIR COST! JANIES are only \$1.25, plus 25c handling for 1 pr., \$1.25 for extra pr.
YOUR NAME PRINTED IN GOLD if you order 4 prs. In Grey, Black, Brown, Red, White & Blue. STATE SHOE SIZE & COLORS.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE (if not personalized).
JANIES • 1865 R University Ave., N. Y. 33, N. Y.



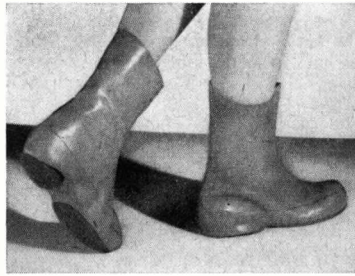
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Vanity, thy name is woman, and what feminine creature wouldn't love a matching lotion dispenser and powder box? Lid of 2½"-deep box holds puff, keeping it out of the powder. In pastel green, pink, blue, yellow or white plastic, hand-painted with tiny violets, set is \$3 ppd. Menda Co., Dept. R, Box 252M, Pasadena 4, Calif.



Hoops my dear, your ears are showing and dangling hoops add glamour. Pair as big as a five-cent piece or the large half-dollar size are right in fashion. Oval shape in large size only. Sterling silver or 18-kt. gold plate, \$2.95 a pair, ppd. Burnished copper, \$1.95. Old Pueblo Traders, Box 4035, Dept. RH, Tucson, Ariz.



Gardening boots protect milady's feet from the early morning dew. Of lightweight, long-wearing latex, they fit easily over shoes or stocking feet. In light green reinforced with red skidproof sole. Small (sizes 4-6), medium (6-8), large (8-10). Pair, \$2.98 ppd. Max Schling, Dept. 700, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



White-wall your tires with a few strokes of a brush. Liquid white rubber actually becomes a part of the tire as you paint it on. Will not crack or chip, and won't wash off. 16 fluid ounces with bottle of tire cleaner and brush, \$2.98 plus 25c postage. Terrace Gifts, Dept. R-1, 33 Cail Drive, East Rockaway, N. Y.

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TUBE WHOLESALE CO. ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N. Y.

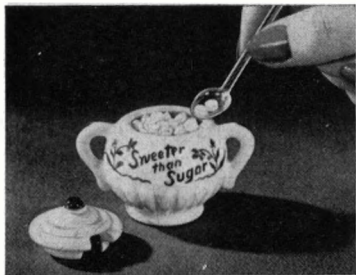
TV PICTURE INTERFERENCE "Vid-tronic" TV WAVE TRAP stops PICTURE interference instantly. No more annoying wavy lines, jumping pictures, streaks, etc. caused by autos, appliances, power lines. Easy! Attaches to set in 30 seconds. **\$2.98** Add 25c PP. & Shpg.
No C.O.D. — Try 5 Days Money Back Guarantee
SPECIAL \$4 OFFER For PPD Both Don't Accept Inferior Imitations!
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RESURRECTION PLANT COMES TO LIFE IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES!
3 for **\$1** Postpaid
Rose of Jericho, the famous Resurrection Plant, performs a miracle! Comes dry. Looks like a dead ball of foliage and roots. Then put it in water. Within 20 minutes it springs to life! Uncurls lush green foliage into a glorious evergreen rosette! Dry it up, it "sleeps". Resurrects again and again when put in water. Easiest, hardiest houseplant you ever grew; grows forever if kept moist. Imported, passed by U.S. Dept. Agriculture. Send \$1 for 3 plants now. Money Back Guarantee. **SPENCER GIFTS, 14 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.**

"ANTIQUE AUTOS" COPPER SCATTER PINS
1" replicas of Model T Ford; '03 Cadillac; '09 Stanley Steamer. Park them on hat, suit, dress or scarf. Only \$2 for set of 3; ppd., tax incl.
ALSO matching men's cuff links (\$1.50 pr.), tie clasp (\$1).
ROSLYN HOFFMAN, 656 Broadway R-4, New York 12

Send for **FREE Catalog**—
YOU'LL LOVE OUR RARE Lingerie treasures and COMPLETE TROUSSEAUX
Gloriously different story-book lingerie for yourself, for gifts — and coordinated bridal trousseaux \$3 weekly on Club Plan!
FREE gift to Brides!
the **Hope Chest** inc. DEPT R4
115 Chauncy Street, Boston 11, Mass.

TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Pass up the parfait, calorie counters, and keep your sugary or saccharin in a little bowl marked "Sweeter than Sugar." 2"-high white ceramic container holds about 300 tablets to be served with tiny clear plastic spoon. Gift-boxed for pie-on-the-sly-ers, \$1 ppd. Here's How, 590-R Third Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



For Mother's Day we found a feminine blouse in hard-to-find sizes. A good suit companion in 30-denier nylon tricot with scalloped sheer nylon inserts and sparkling rhinestone trim. White or pink, with button opening down back. Sizes 38 to 60. \$5.98 plus 10c postage. Lane Bryant, Dept. D, Indianapolis 17, Ind.



Even careful drivers need reminding. Protect your youngsters by hanging a safety sign near where they play. Yellow masonite, 12" x 12", with big black letters is weatherproof and finished on both sides. With steel hanger and "S" hooks, \$2.95 ppd. Carol Beatty Co., 7410-R Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.



Postman's paradise—black wrought-iron mailbox boasts a hinged lid and a holder for newspapers and magazines. Imported from England, 12"-wide box with solid brass eagle medallion is \$7.95; without medallion, \$6.95. Add 35c postage. Jenifer House, Dept. R-4, New Marlboro Stage, Great Barrington, Mass.

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Attach **BLAB-OFF®** to any TV set, easily, quickly, safely!

Now.—BLAB-OFF, amazing TV Remote Control stops those long, loud, boring commercials that spoil your TV enjoyment. Don't bother moving from your easy chair or sofa—one flick of the BLAB-OFF switch in your hand and complete silence. Picture stays on so you can tell when blab is over, then click back the sound. A new thrill out of TV. Easy to attach in a few minutes. Simple Instructions; no chance of shock. Guaranteed not to harm any TV. BLAB-OFF is only \$2.98 postpaid, complete with 20 ft. of U-L approved cord. Money refunded immediately if not delighted. Send check or money order today!



AUDIO CONTROLS CORP.,
9th Fl., 413 Race St., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

MISS THIS HOUSE ONCE YOU'VE PRAYED FOR IT SAFE BY NIGHT AND DAY

BELOVED HOUSE PRAYER

Send your order now for Mother's Day Gift on May 8. Also wonderfully appropriate for weddings and housewarmings. Hand-crafted of old-fashioned iron, satin-black finish. **\$2.50**

Postage paid when money comes with order.

GARRET THEW STUDIOS
Westport R-3, Conn.

now have **WIDE, beautiful WINDOW Sills**

\$1.50 ea. 3 for \$4

Handy window shelves—easy to attach! No nails or screws needed. Beautiful white enamel finish on steel. Support 50 lbs. Window may be open, closed or locked. Added shelf space in kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, dining room. Sent immediately postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check, cash, m. c.

TAYLOR GIFTS, Dept. N3, WAYNE, PA.
FREE—Write for New Catalogue.

PROTECT YOUR PET FROM DANGER! LOSS! THEFT!

With This Unique, Appealing **DOG TAG**

Now, guarantee your pets return... lost, strayed or stolen! No one could resist your dog's personal appeal—engraved on this gleaming, tarnish-proof, chrome-finished identification disk... **ONLY \$1.**

EXTRA PROTECTION AT NIGHT

DeLuxe disk reflects headlights—helps prevent accidents. **GUARANTEED** harmless to pets! **ONLY \$2.**

Send Dog's and your name and address along with \$1 for regular, or \$2 for DeLuxe Disk... a perfect gift for Dog Lovers.

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YOU MUST BE DELIGHTED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

CHOICE OF 6 FAMOUS BEAUTIES

LIFE SIZE—FULL COLOR

5 FOOT TALL PIN-UPS or GREETING CARDS

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SEND 3c STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER



NEW "BRACELET WAIST" APRON

Flips On Without Strings

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DIRECT FROM GERMANY

The Black Forest Hunting Knife is **NOW** available in this country! Made in Solingen, Germany of superfine **Wahl** **Knives** (guaranteed) steel. Has won recognition for design on the Continent and is a prime favorite with European sportsmen. Blade is sharp enough to shave with; metal-tipped, genuine leather scabbard; 10-in. knife; will stand up under most rugged use! Collector's item, hunter's delight—well worth the price. **MAKE THIS TEST!** Plunge the Black Forest knife into a half-dollar-sized coin. Knife will cut—no pierce coin—with **NO** damage to blade! Send **95c** in check or m.o. for fast, prepaid delivery. **COOK'S** **WARE** **Co.** **Inc.** **Free** **Gift** **Guarantee** **Back** **Guarantee.**

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Exact waist measurement in inches necessary for perfect fit. 10% discount when ordering three or more. Money Back Guaranteed in 10 Days.



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NEW FULL TOE DESIGN DUPONT NYLON

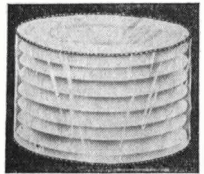
The highest quality elastic hosiery in America—Now, enjoy the full comfort and smooth appearance of these sheer, nylon stockings. Light-weight, attractive—require no second pair of hose. New full toe design provides wonderful two-way stretch that gives firm support without binding when kneeling, stretching or bending—assures perfect fit—always! Pleasing "blush tan" shade blends with every ensemble. Guaranteed not to fade or discolor. Irregulars have small, hard to find flaws that will not affect wear or appearance. Prompt shipment. Money back guarantee up to 30 days.

\$12 Value
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Perfect Quality	Irregulars*
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Give hose size. Indicate "average," "long" or "x long" length. C.O.D. orders accepted.
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ELRON 219 W. Chicago Ave., Dept. A-250, Chicago 10, Ill.

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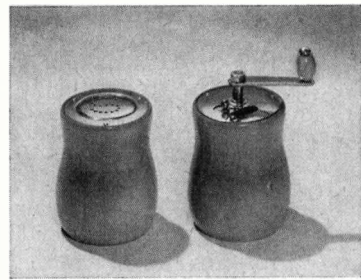
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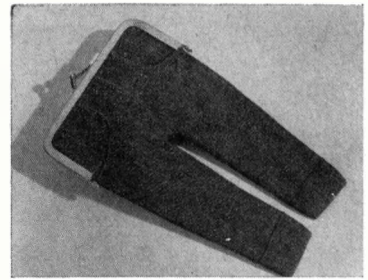
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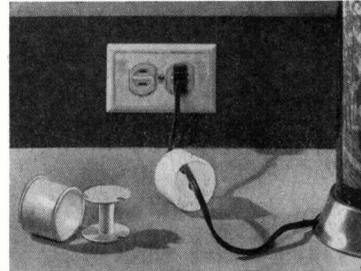
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



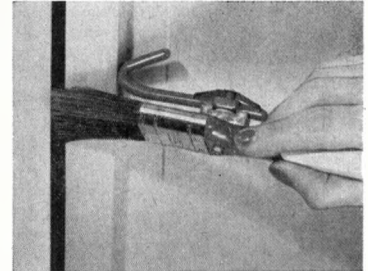
Freshly-ground pepper is a taste treat no longer reserved for gourmets. Amazingly low-priced, 3"-tall peppermill and matching salt cellar are carved from solid cherry. Set, with chrome plated on brass hardware, comes with supply of whole peppercorns for only \$2 ppd. 4 sets, \$7. Taylor Gifts, Dept. R-4, Wayne, Pa.



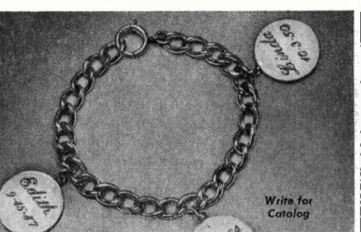
Blue-jeans purse will catch the fancy of a teen-aged miss. In blue denim, it's a perfect miniature of the high-school crowd's "regulation uniform," even to the bright red stitching. Just the right size for those all-important belongings. \$1.20 ppd. Hickory Enterprises, Dept. R, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.



Cord Minder stores and conceals excess wire from lamps, clocks, radios and TV sets in compact plastic spools. Merely wrap cord around spool and snap cover back on. Holds up to 6' of surplus cord and prevents accidental fires and spills. 4 for \$1 ppd. From Sylvia Moss, Dept. RB, P.O. Box 334, Glenbrook, Conn.



Guided paintbrush is specially designed for painting window sashes, baseboards, moldings and other narrow areas. Revolving guide for left or right hand protects surrounding surfaces from smearing. 100% pure bristle brush in 1" width is \$1.25; 1 1/2", \$1.50 ppd. Hanhart Co., 46 E. 12th St., Huntington Station, N. Y.



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Birthdays lists of junior charmers, become a source of pride as they continue to grow.
Heavy sterling silver chain bracelet..... \$3.00
Available in 12 kt. gold filled..... \$4.00
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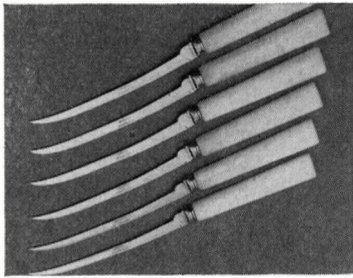
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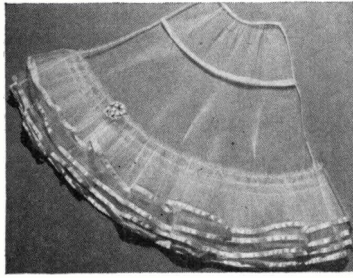
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TOPS IN THE SHOPS



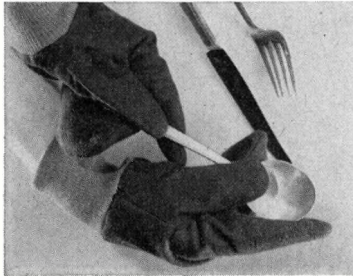
A juicy stealo rates a steak knife with a serrated cutting edge. Scimitar blades of fine stainless steel have curved tips that insure easy slicing. White simulated bone handles are shaped to fit your palm. Wonderful to own or to give, they're only \$3.95 ppd. for a set of 6. Gift Sources, Dept. R, Springdale, Conn.



In time for spring—bouffant petticoat underscores the season's new full skirts. White all-nylon net is bound with pink satin ribbon. Floral nosegay nestles in folds of triple flounce. Small (24" to 26" waist), medium (26"-28"), large (28"-30"). \$5.98 ppd. The Hope Chest, 115-R Chauncy St., Boston 11, Mass.



A quartet of Early American trivets are reproductions of original Colonial molds. Of black plastic that looks like cast iron, set can be had with hand-painted Pennsylvania Dutch designs in gold, red and green or in plain black. Set of 4, the largest of which is 9" long, is \$1.50 ppd. Merrill Ann, 102-R Warren St., New York 7, N.Y.



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Thousands of women paid dollars more for these fabulous hi-waist girdles. Slight irregularities almost impossible to see, will not affect wear. Some famous MAGIC MOLD you've seen in Charm, Glamour, other national magazines. Fine knitted elastic throughout, light comfy lining—extra Nylon Front Panel zip open and closed for Double Tummy Control. This, new Wonder-Zip Panel guaranteed to eliminate rolls and bulges or purchase price back. Limited quantities — act fast.

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 Save money. Enclose money now and we pay postage. Same money-back guarantee. Add zip extra on Canadian and Foreign orders. Prepaid only.

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This is a small bore gun that actually shoots .12 caliber lead bullets fired by 14 mg. powder charge. Beautiful gun... ideal for target shooting... 4" steel barrel. Overall length 8 3/4". This amazingly low price is due to small bore gun design, direct factory-to-you sales. Comes with 50 bullets. Send for extra bullets or available at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Limited quantity. Adults only. Send \$3 to **KRUGER CORPORATION** KRUGER BUILDING, BOX 817, ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

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Baby's precious shoes preserved by realistic bronze-like finish together with photo on handsome 8 x 10 picture frame. **ONLY** Baby's first name engraved IN GOLD! 8-1/2 in. plate glass for \$2.95 photo supplied. Magnificent lifetime keepsake! **Send No Money!** Mail shoes & name. Pay postage plus postage on delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Duramic Products, Dept. B-33 1403 Cleyburn, Chicago 10, Ill.**

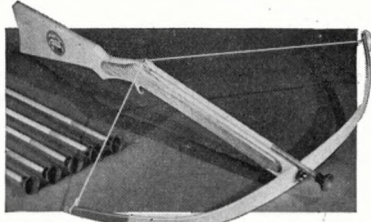
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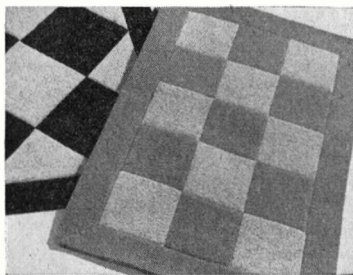
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



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Gift hint: why not save each issue of **Tops in the Shops**, to use as a handy catalog, when choosing gifts for birthdays, showers, weddings, and other gift occasions?

"For years our citizens between the ages of 18 and 21 have, in time of peril, been summoned to fight for America. They should participate in the political process that produces this fateful summons."

—PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER,
STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESS, JANUARY 7, 1954

Redbook Reports on:

Let Eighteen-Year-Olds Vote!

For more than three years, REDBOOK has been crusading for a lowering of the voting age limit from 21 to 18. The editors of this magazine believe that Congress and the states should enfranchise the 18-year-olds by amendment to the Federal Constitution, as President Eisenhower recommends.

One state, Georgia, acting independently, did lower its voting age to 18. After 10 years, the new law has been declared a success by former Governor Ellis Arnall, who sponsored the amendment to the Georgia constitution, and by present Governor Herman Talmadge, who says that young citizens have usually "voted along family lines and local interests, and have refused to be herded into any group or faction."

Ever since the War of 1812, American war veterans have been insisting that "If a man is old enough to fight, he is old enough to vote." Is this just a nicely-balanced slogan—a reckless expression of wartime hysteria, as some people say?

Is the calling to arms of 18-year-olds a product of hysteria? We don't think so. The use of 18-year-olds in the Armed Forces is a matter of necessity and convenience. In time of danger, we need them. In time of peace, we cannot shrug them off as immature bundles of energy.

"It is not true that military fitness implies mental maturity," says one opponent of President Eisenhower's recommendation. This comes perilously close to saying that we are sending unknowing children off to fight our battles. The fact is, of course, that military fitness *does* imply a considerable degree of mental maturity. It is highly probable that at no time during his life will a man need as much mental maturity in voting as was demanded of him on the battlefield.

No more precious possession does a man have than his life. If he is willing to give it, then we should be willing to pay something in return. The right for him to cast his ballot does not seem like an excessive price.

No person, says the Constitution of the United States, shall be "deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law." The processes of the law which send an 18-year-old to war would be far more adequate if that man, through his own vote, could help make the decision that might, after all, deprive him of his life.



REDBOOK's crusade to lower the legal voting age to 18 began with an editorial (above, left) in November, 1950: "Give Youth the Right to Vote!" Then, in September, 1953, REDBOOK published an editorial (above, right), "Full Citizenship for Youth," in which Senator Hubert H. Humphrey told why 18-year-olds would be wise voters.

PAPÁ SAID NO

If a girl's one ambition is to marry—and she is
versed in the ways of men!—her campaign
will be demurely practical

BY WINIFRED WOLFE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

Suzanne Stacey was sitting all alone on a bench behind the New York Public Library, wearing an expensive new hat and waiting for someone to happen to her—when *he* did!

"Anyone sitting here, Miss?" the young man in the tweed suit grinned.

Since heroes inevitably wear tweeds and grin, it can be taken for granted at the outset that this young man had definite heroic possibilities, a fact Suzanne noted immediately. She also noted with pleasure that there were several other empty benches in the immediate vicinity, so she said agreeably, "There's no one *else* sitting here."

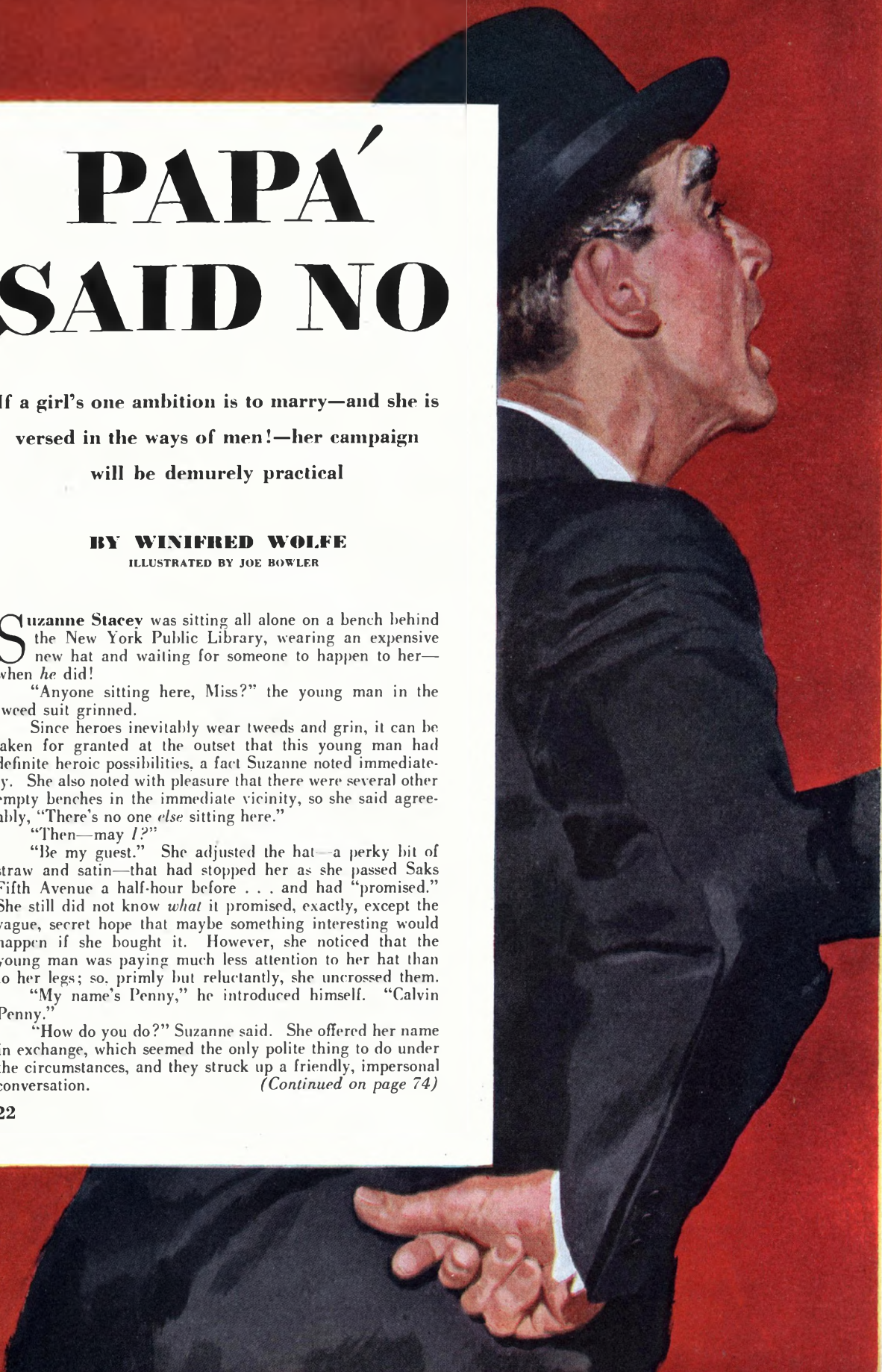
"Then—may I?"

"Be my guest." She adjusted the hat—a perky bit of straw and satin—that had stopped her as she passed Saks Fifth Avenue a half-hour before . . . and had "promised." She still did not know *what* it promised, exactly, except the vague, secret hope that maybe something interesting would happen if she bought it. However, she noticed that the young man was paying much less attention to her hat than to her legs; so, primly but reluctantly, she uncrossed them.

"My name's Penny," he introduced himself. "Calvin Penny."

"How do you do?" Suzanne said. She offered her name in exchange, which seemed the only polite thing to do under the circumstances, and they struck up a friendly, impersonal conversation.

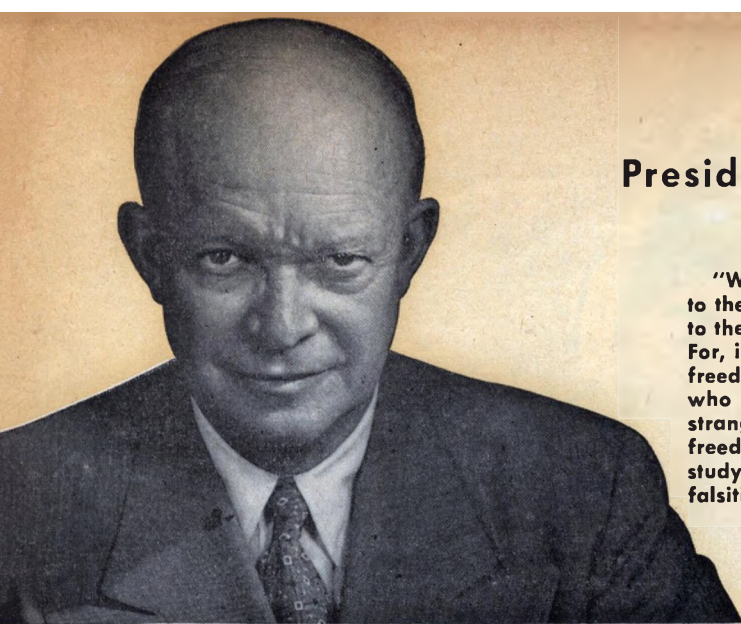
(Continued on page 74)



*"So you're modeling hats!"
Mr. Stacey bellowed. "In
a way, Papà," she said.*



Bowler



President Eisenhower's Statement

"We must in these times be intelligently alert not only to the fanatic cunning of Communist conspiracy — but also to the grave dangers in meeting fanaticism with ignorance. For, in order to fight totalitarians who exploit the ways of freedom to serve their own ends, there are some zealots who — with more wrath than wisdom — would adopt a strangely unintelligent course. They would try to defend freedom by denying freedom's friends the opportunity of studying communism in its entirety — its plausibilities, its falsities, its weaknesses.

A REDBOOK reporter discovers how self-appointed "thought police" are frightening students—and what this can mean to all of us

Fear on

Like President Eisenhower, the editors of REDBOOK are concerned about what is happening to freedom of thought in this country—especially on our college campuses, where the ideas and ideals of our future national leaders are being shaped. To find out, we asked veteran reporter André Fontaine to visit and contact colleges all over the country. He interviewed professors, college officials and—most important of all—the students themselves. This is what he found.—THE EDITORS

Many college students today are frightened. They are afraid to support unpopular causes, even when they believe in them. They are afraid to criticize our political and economic ways or try to improve them. They are afraid to ask too many questions about controversial subjects. In short, they are growing increasingly afraid to think for themselves.

Why? Because irresponsible investigators, hysterical community leaders and other self-appointed "thought police" are swiftly and surely creating a climate of "suppression and suspicion and fear" on many of our college campuses.

This may sound like an exaggeration. But it is a conclusion I have reached after an intensive survey of colleges and universities across the country. Although I talked to professors and college officials, most of my time was spent with the students themselves. And it was the students who gave me the facts about this dangerous new atmosphere in our colleges.

Here is what some of them told me:

Jack Cookson, a law student at Ohio State University: "It seems to me that you go to college to think. If people are afraid to think until they get the word from some Government committee that it's okay—and many are today—you might as well close up the colleges."

Ed Eigel, editor of the student newspaper at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: "Students today don't feel that they're free to sample every idea, as they used to."

Howard Willens, past president of the University of Michigan's student legislature: "Today a student goes out of college with a textbook adherence to the U. S. system, instead of having considered other systems and found ours best. In a healthy democracy, everybody ought to be politically active. But I think today's students will avoid any political activity when they get out. Why shouldn't they? They're taught to withdraw from it in college."

Barbara Jettinghoff, editor of the Lantern at Ohio State University: "Communism is a touch-me-not subject for both professors and students. As a result, students don't know enough about it—and it's very important for our generation to know all about communism so that we can combat it intelligently."

Why are students so frightened? Dean Carl W. Ackerman, of the Columbia University School of Journalism, provides part of the answer: "Before or after graduation a student must look for a job. He

on Freedom to Study

"But we know that freedom cannot be served by the devices of the tyrant. As it is an ancient truth that freedom cannot be legislated into existence, so it is no less obvious that freedom cannot be censored into existence. And any who act as if freedom's defenses are to be found in suppression and suspicion and fear confess a doctrine that is alien to America."

Dwight D. Eisenhower
June 24, 1953

the Campus

BY ANDRÉ FONTAINE

knows all employers now 'investigate' before hiring. . . . Students know also that Federal agencies investigate. . . . They interview professors, public-school teachers, references, and follow up leads like prosecuting attorneys. In practice, students are 'tried' secretly without their knowledge and without an opportunity of explaining their records."

College campuses today are alive with rumors of students who have been denied jobs or commissions in the armed forces because of some organization they joined or contributed to, or some meeting they attended. Even if some of the stories are exaggerated or untrue, the fact that students repeat them is evidence of how much they worry about and fear the prospect of being investigated. And many of the stories are true.

At Wesleyan University in Connecticut, Harvey Lerner, president of the student body, told me, "I have a friend who went to Czechoslovakia in 1951 to attend an international student conference that included representatives of many countries, including some from behind the Iron Curtain. My friend heard the Commies spout off, and he didn't have any trouble seeing through their propaganda—or answering it. He said that he had learned a lot about the kind of tricks they use.

"But later he was denied a commission in the Air Force because he had attended that conference."

At Yale, a student said, "I know a man who's personnel manager for a firm here in New Haven. Recently, he received a company investigator's report on a man he wanted to hire as a foreman. The report

said the man was a Communist. The personnel manager didn't believe it, so he checked for himself. He found that the applicant had strong feelings about racial discrimination and several times had entertained Negroes at his home. His neighbors decided that this made him a Communist."

The student paused a moment. "I don't know," he said. "Things like that make you wonder how good some of these investigators are—and what kind of man it will be who checks on you. So you're awfully careful about what you do."

In many places, students are under suspicion if they only *listen* to someone (*Continued on page 68*)

THEODORE GRANIK'S
AMERICAN FORUM OF THE AIR
(NBC-TV and Radio Networks)

will devote one of its half-hour network programs to a discussion of this problem of freedom of thought on our college campuses by leading national figures. Be sure to listen on radio or television, Sunday afternoon, March 28th, at 2:30 p.m. EST for a stimulating and thought-provoking discussion of this disturbing situation.

The Rainbow

Innocently Jeannie shared a grown-up secret—a dazzling one for a little girl, and a dangerous one for her mother

BY MILDRED NORTH SLATER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

Pa was smiling, tweaking her fat yellow braids. He looked tall as a tree standing over her bed, and his hands felt water-cool when he plucked off her small stub nose and then put it right back on again. “Time’s up, Miss Mopy,” he said.

“I’m not Miss Mopy,” she told him. “I’m Jeannie MacCloud. I’m not Miss Anybody, on account of I’m only six yet, but I will be.”

“If you get right up this minute, Jeannie MacCloud,” Pa said, with a grin, “you’ll see something pretty fine, but if you don’t you won’t.”

She hopped out of bed and followed him into the kitchen. The sun was streaming through the windows. Mommy’s red-gold hair made a bright spot in the sun. She was busy at the sink, and she didn’t turn around, not even when Jeannie began to squeal with wild delight. She just put Jeannie’s bowl of cereal on the table and turned right back to the sink again.

“Mommy!” Jeannie shrieked. “Look, Mommy—look!”

The kitchen table was dancing with sunbeams that came from a small block of glass that Pa kept turning round and round on the window sill. Pa made the sunbeams chase around the room; he made them scurry, like fairy-colored mice, up and down Jeannie’s blue pajamas and over her hands and feet.

“Try to catch one,” Pa said, smiling, “and then try to hang on to it.”

Mommy turned around then. “Yeah,” she said, “try that. Just try to catch a sunbeam in this mausoleum, let alone hang on to it.”

“I can’t,” Jeannie laughed excitedly. “Pa won’t let me.” Her hands went out, trying to catch the tiny rainbows, but they hopped away. “You catch one, Mommy.”

Pa looked at Mommy for a little while before he ran the sunbeams over her bright hair and up and down her soft white arms; but Mommy wouldn’t smile. She just bit her lip and didn’t say a *(Continued on page 84)*

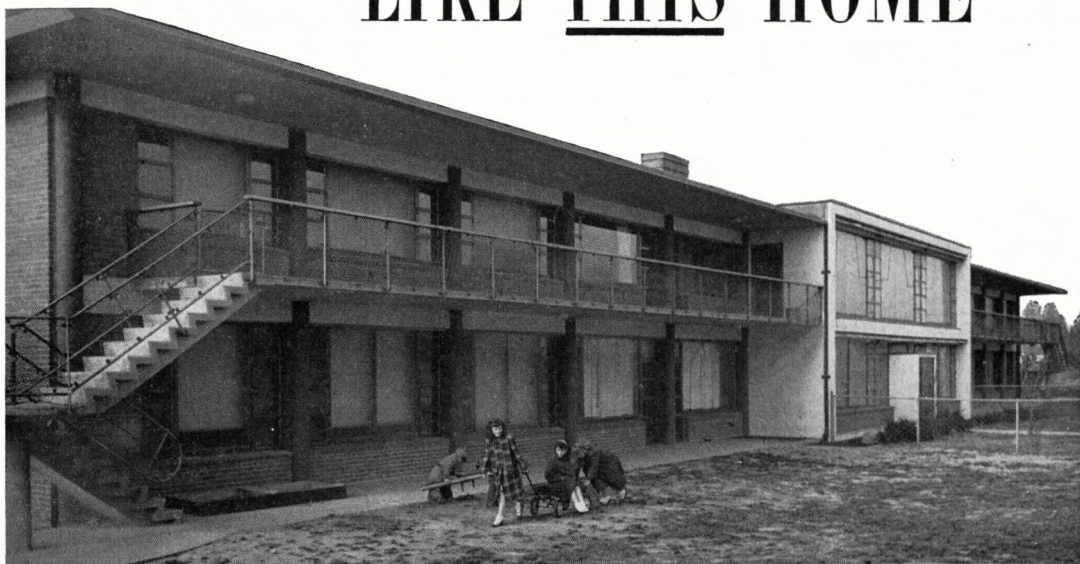




"For crying out loud," she said, "I thought I put you to bed. For crying out loud," she said again, "you've got no privacy left once you have a . . ."



NO HOME LIKE THIS HOME



Tenants become parents as soon as they move into this unusual house. Ten children come with each apartment—and everyone likes it that way

BY ARTHUR D. MORSE
PHOTOS BY SAMUEL CALDWELL

The young man of rangy build was having a hard time defending himself against the combined onslaught of 10 healthy, excited boys, ages 10 through 16. It was a winter evening, and they were wrestling in the recreation room. Suddenly, in the midst of the melee, a 12-year-old grabbed the man's arm and hung on. "Gee, Pop," he said, "I wish it would snow ten feet deep before morning, so you couldn't leave us."

To this boy and his partners in rough-house, Bob Petracek, only 29 years old, and his pretty wife, Mary, were father and mother. All of them—10 boys and two adults—were living in an attractive apartment house at 3715 Jamieson Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. In the same house were 30 other boys and girls and three other couples. For this was the

Methodist Children's Home of Missouri; the adults were house parents, and the children were the precious salvage of homes shattered by the death, divorce, desertion, alcoholism or illness of their natural parents.

Residents of the Methodist Children's Home are among the more fortunate of millions of American youngsters living outside their own homes. REDBOOK brings you their story because it is an example of a new and happier era for the homeless children of the world.

Years ago, these youngsters would have lived in cheerless orphanages. It is a shocking fact that in 1954, many children's homes throughout America are characterized by the regimentation and squalor of yesterday's orphan asylums. The Child Welfare League of America, top standard-setting agency, estimates that of more than 2500 institutions 90 per cent are obsolete, while one-third give substandard care.

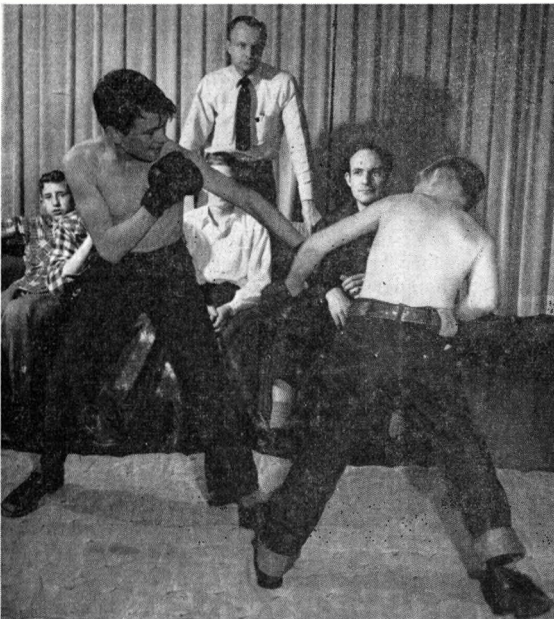
Within many of these grim-looking struc-

The children's hour is a time for reading aloud in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baynes. Before going to bed the youngsters get much love and attention from the Bayneses.

The National Broadcasting Company will present a special documentary film of the Methodist Children's Home on Dave Garroway's TV show TODAY, during the week of March 29th. Check your local NBC television listing for time.



A girl likes to choose her own dress, so (above) Nancy, 10, goes shopping with case worker, Mrs. Grace Hedden. (Below) Boys are taught boxing by case worker, Robert Petracek (standing), and Director Robert Beers (seated).



tures, unsmiling youngsters live isolated from the rest of the community. Some sleep in nameless dormitory rows, march to institution schools, and eat in dining-halls dominated by stern discipline. Too often they are supervised by an underpaid, untrained staff. It is not surprising that few of these children become healthy, well-adjusted adults.

The Methodist Children's Home is in pleasant contrast to this bleak picture. Its youngsters have their own rooms in gaily-decorated apartments, attend regular public schools, and have normal friendships with neighborhood children.

The two-story building at 3715 Jamieson has walls of glass and colorful interiors. Each of its four big apartments houses ten children and contains a room and bath for its married house parents. The presence of a happily-married couple has a powerful effect upon children who have been tormented by their own parents' instability.

Until recently, Bob and Mary Petracek were in charge of the liveliest apartment at 3715 Jamieson. Bob, who was then working for his master's degree in social work at near-by Washington University, is athletically and mechanically inclined. He presided over the wrestling mats in the recreation room, the workshop in the basement and weekly swim sessions at the "Y."

His boys deeply needed mother and father substitutes; moreover, they developed strong emotional bonds with the Petraceks. At Christmastime the boys pooled the balance of their small monthly allowances and presented Mary with a box of candy and a necklace.

Bob also got a present. "They gave me a beautiful pipe," he recalls. "The package was literally worn with affection. That pipe had been gift-wrapped and re-wrapped at least 10 times so it would be just right."

Bob now has his degree and is a case worker for the Home, but he still remembers his days as a house parent with nostalgia.

Two house parents now being swamped with affection are Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baynes, whose 10 children are five to 10 years old. Mr. Baynes is a machinist for General Motors, and, like any father, he goes off to work each morning, returning home before dinner. Mrs. Baynes, like any mother, fixes breakfast, tidies the apartment, and hurries the kids off to school. When Pop comes home at night, the roughhousing and storytelling begin. On week-ends there are picnics and drives in the country.

The Baynes give tirelessly to their new family, and they receive priceless rewards. Some nights, after they've kissed and tucked in six-year-old Martha, who has no living parents, they hear a prayer drifting through her door: ". . . and thank you, God, for Mrs. Baynes, my mommy and Mr. Baynes, my daddy."

A Chicago institution has a special bedtime routine for getting children to sleep. A staff member says, "We make them mop the basement floor until they're exhausted."

The Methodist Children's Home has impressed child-care experts from coast to coast. Joseph H. Reid, executive director of the Child Wel- (Continued on page 79)



"Goodbye, Mom," these affectionate youngsters (above) tell 25-year-old Mrs. Paul Revare on one of her few days off.

Supper by candlelight (below) is popular in the Revare apartment. Grace is said at every meal, usually by one of the children.



"If there's anything
a man hates, it's the
feeling his wife has pret-
tied herself up to rook
him into something."



A wife who rates wolf-whistles
boosts a husband's pride—
until belatedly he wonders why
she insisted upon

A Day In Town With the Girls

BY REBECCA SHALLIT
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

The house had the quiet a small house has only after the children have fallen asleep. The last dinner dish had been put away, and the television set was tuned to the first night baseball game of the season. Jim Norris stretched and yawned the soul-satisfied yawn of a contented man. The twins, except for a brief scrap at the table, had behaved as well as any father could expect of normal healthy four-year-olds; the baby had finished her pabulum like a little lady and had beamed a one-toothed smile direct at Jim's heart when Julie carted her off to bed; the monthly payments on the house were no longer such a tight squeeze; he was getting somewhere on the job—in fact, it was one of those evenings when a man, looking back on the whole tough grind, has a feeling of accomplishment.

Julie was coming back downstairs. She had changed from blouse and slacks to the peppermint-striped housecoat he had given her for her birthday. She had brushed her blonde hair shining bright, she had fresh lipstick on her mouth, and he could smell perfume. The housecoat rustled behind her, parting to reveal a glimpse of her legs.

Three kids, 27 years old, and she could still rate a wolf whistle anywhere, Jim thought with pride. "All dolled up for any special reason?" he said.

"Just—us." Julie sat down on the edge of his chair. "Or isn't that reason enough?"

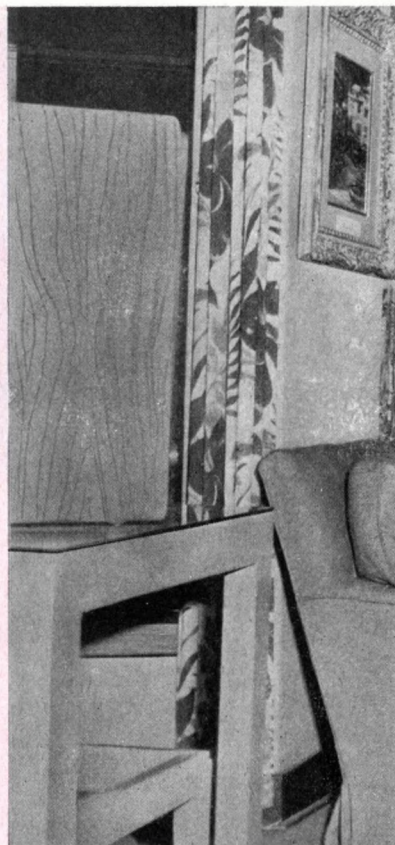
"Sure," Jim said. He pulled her down into his lap and watched his favorite outfielder rise high in the air to make a perfect catch. (Continued on page 89)





Debbie Reynolds and her partner spin around the dance floor.

Redbook Gives Hollywood a Whirl



Millions of people this year saw the presentation of Redbook's Fifteenth Annual Motion Picture Awards when, for the first time, the prizes were given on television on the CBS-Lux Video Theatre program. After Editor Wade H. Nichols had awarded the famous silver cups for the prize-winning films, "From Here to Eternity," "The Robe," "Shane," "Roman Holiday," "Kiss Me Kate" and "The Living Desert," Redbook entertained many members of the movie colony at a dinner dance given in honor of the winners. Since the telecast was kinescoped in Hollywood, the winners and guests were able to view the program during the party.

Beautifully gowned stars strode through the exotic gardens of the Bel-Air Hotel as photographers' flash bulbs popped. Congratulatory toasts were drunk to the six men who produced the winning films—Buddy Adler, Frank Ross, George Stevens, William Wyler, Jack Cummings and Walt Disney. Producers waltzed with stars, directors table-hopped among their friends, members of the press and personnel of the studios relaxed and enjoyed themselves at one of the gayest parties of the Hollywood season.



Ronald Reagan, master of ceremonies for the telecast of the award presentations, dined with his lovely wife, Nancy Davis



Jeanne Crain, with a new hairdo, rushed from her studio to attend with her husband, Paul Brinkman.



Joan Caulfield joined the REDBOOK winners, Buddy Adler, Frank Ross, George Stevens, William Wyler, Jack Cummings and Walt Disney as they watched themselves on television.



Ann Miller, who played in "Kiss Me Kate," one of REDBOOK's winning films, and Dr. Al Mietus, her escort, chatted with guests before joining the dancers.

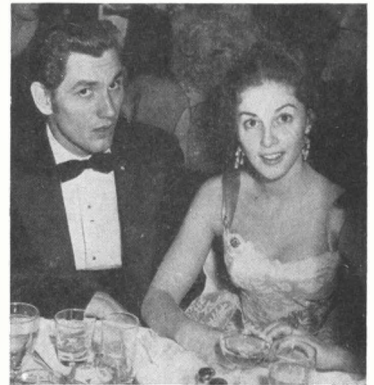


Marilyn Erskine and **John Derek** (*right*), who played in the dramatization preceding the award presentation, were congratulated for their performances.

Marge and Gower Champion, winners of a REDBOOK Award for young talent in the previous year, rest between dances at one of the flower-decked tables.



In a gown designed for her in Spain, **Maureen O'Hara** admired **Lana Turner's** sensational black hair. **Lex Barker** was lucky enough to sit between these two beauties.



Admiring glances followed **Tony Rall** as he escorted the ethereal **Pier Angeli** to her table. Pier had just returned from making pictures abroad.



Some of the brightest Buttons are (above) the Kupke Kid and Rocky Buttons, and (right) Red himself.

If lovable, laughable Red doesn't always seem to be himself, it's because he's also four other characters. All of them have combined to make him the fastest-rising comic in television.

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

THAT ONE-MAN GANG CALLED BUTTONS

One Monday night last winter, a television comic named Keeglefarven led his two-piece symphony orchestra—"Schpread oudt, poys, und make dis look big"—into an outrageous burlesque of Carnegie Hall that convulsed an audience of thirty million people. It was a triumph for Keeglefarven, but it brought no peace of mind to the next comic on the bill, a slaphappy juvenile delinquent named Muggsy Buttons whose impossible job it was to top the "Maestro." All of this moved still another comic, an irrepressible young character named Red Buttons, to remark, "So we live and learn, but next time let's learn faster."

Red Buttons was talking to himself at the time, but these days when Red talks to himself it becomes a conference. In addition to being Red Buttons, "the brightest comedy discovery in years," he is also Keeglefarven, Muggsy Buttons, Rocky Buttons, and the Kupke Kid, four other comedians. All have one thing in common: They star on the Red Buttons Show, televised on Monday nights over nearly 150 stations of the Columbia network. Otherwise all are distinct personalities engaged in the desperately serious business of competing with other comics for public favor.

Such a determined effort by one man to relieve the comedy drought on television can lead, as one observer has noted, "to quadruple schizophrenia," but the danger seems slight in Red's case. "I don't develop anything that isn't already in all of us," he says. That may sound like oversimplification, but it does explain the delighted recognition that instantly greets his appearance as himself or any one of his four characters.

Muggsy Buttons, for instance, is a problem child. ("I went to the only school in New York where there were more truant officers than students. Recess had to be held every hour to clear out the wounded.") Yet Muggsy is so typical of the truant in everyone that Evander Childs High School in the Bronx, which Red Buttons attended with a notable lack of distinction, recently named him "most distinguished alumnus of the year."

The Kupke Kid, whose trademark is a knit cap or, in street slang, a *kupke*, is identified in the script as "a child laborer" who must work because he is too poor to go to school. He is even more active in his pursuit of unemployment than Muggsy is in his pursuit of ignorance. Yet recently the Big Brothers Association of America, which concerns itself with giving a lifting hand to youngsters, named Red the "favorite Big Brother of the year" because of the Kupke Kid's faithful portrayal of youth caught between carefree adolescence and responsible young adulthood.

So far no ring associations have honored Red for his work as Rocky Buttons, the punchdrunk prize fighter. But Rocky, downed so often by Fate that his brains are scrambled, always bounces back on rubbery knees for more of the same, and this admirable quality has brought Red some of his stanchest fans. One letter from a polio victim speaks for most by summing it up this way: "Rocky helps me laugh my way out of this."

Red Buttons himself is a composite of all his characters plus a few more still to be sorted out. When the writers of the show—and Red is one of the writers along with everything else—sit down to figure out this \$150,000-a-year comedy star, they come out with words like (*Continued on page 70*)



"It's about the money, Grandmother," Emily said resolutely. "I want to ask you if you will leave it to

Afraid of fortune hunters, Emily faced a decision: Had she the *right* to renounce her inheritance, even to insure her own happiness?

BY BENTZ PLAGEMANN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

It was almost dusk when Emily Bolton arrived at Briarcliff, the house of her Grandmother Lancing. She paid the village taxi driver and crossed the flagstone terrace, walking quickly between the stone balustrades and the urns from Italy filled with trailing vines. Above the constraint caused by the purpose of her visit she felt again the same confusion which always assailed her when she came to her Grandmother's house, and in her mind she began to rehearse what she wanted to say. "Will you leave the money to someone else, Grandmother?" she would ask, plunging into the heart of the matter. "Will you free me to lead my own life?"



Victory

someone else in your will. I don't want the money to ruin my life as it ruined my mother's life."

But would she have the courage to say this, now that she had arrived at the great house and the world it represented—the world from which her poor, tragic mother had fled so long ago? In the past Emily had often been sent here, in the crowded, unhappy years of marriage and divorce before her mother died. Her childhood had been spent between the two extremes of personal freedom and rigid Victorian morality, so that sometimes she did not know where her life was centered, but always she was forced to come here in times of crisis. The thought chilled her. Perhaps she would never be free.

"Mrs. Lancing is in her sitting room upstairs, Miss

Emily," Torrey, the faithful butler of forty years, said at the door.

Emily hurried across the hall and up the long stairs, pausing for a moment before the pier glass on the landing. Her simple dress of black velvet was cut like a pinafore, worn over a white silk blouse, and at the last moment she had drawn her blonde hair back tightly with a ribbon, and pinned a golden sunburst at her throat, but the glass was not deceived by these sophistries. In spite of her twenty-one years she still looked like a child.

She went on, holding to what courage remained, through the familiar upstairs (*Continued on page 94*)

"WE TOOK A LOW-COST FOREIGN VACATION"

A young family learns how easy it is, and how inexpensive, to relax and have fun in Canada—the huge, fascinating northern vacation land

BY HORACE SUTTON

You can take a foreign vacation this year for just about what it would cost to visit familiar mountains or a shore resort in the United States. Last summer, my wife and I decided to see another country, hear a strange tongue, and eat different foods. That's how we discovered Canada.

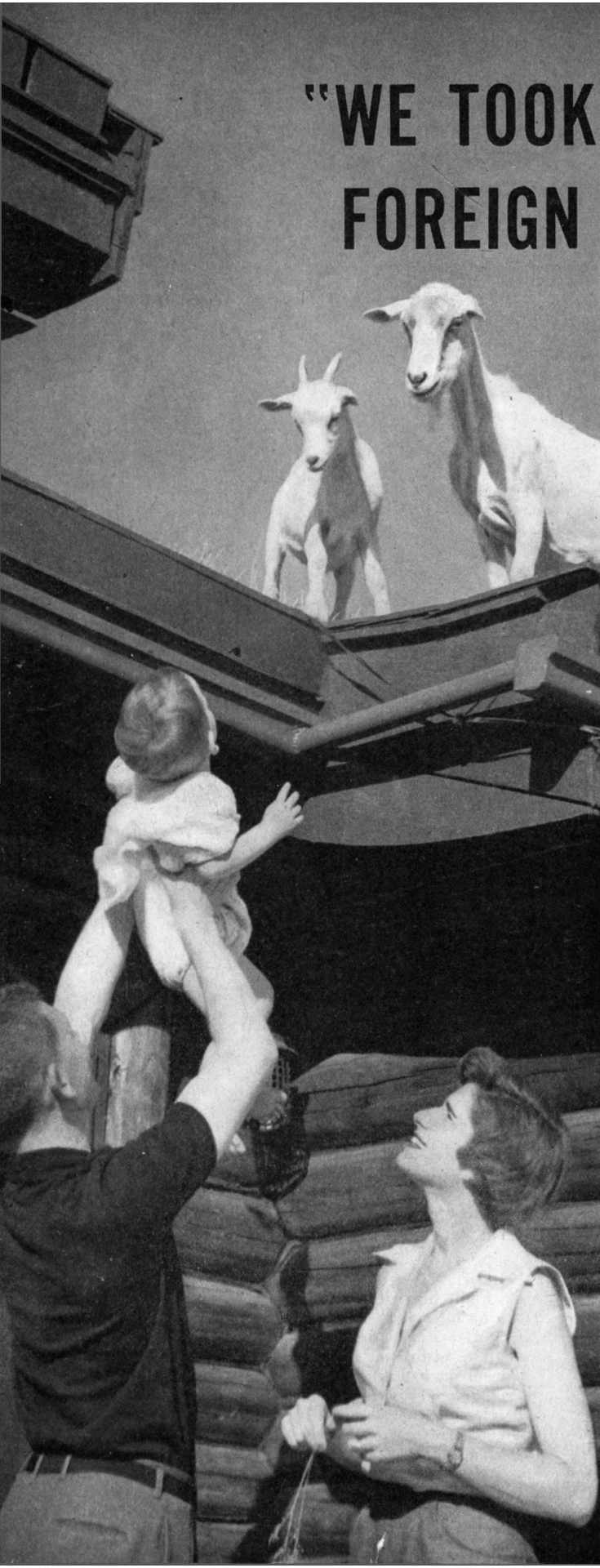
The only trouble with Canada, we found, is that there is so much of it. It would have been exciting to roll through the Canadian Rockies, explore the lakes and forests of Ontario, and go sight-seeing along the rocky shore of Nova Scotia. But we had a problem—our 16-month-old son, Andy. Instead of taking him on a whirlwind tour of that vast country, we decided to settle at a resort and do our sight-seeing in a series of excursions.

We could have found a fascinating resort in any part of Canada (see the detailed descriptions on the following three pages). Because it is less than three air hours from our home in New York, we chose to visit the Valley of the Saints, a pine-covered vale in the Laurentian Mountains in the province of Quebec.

The Laurentians, which begin about 45 miles north of the great city of Montreal, are not dramatic, sharp-rising mountains. Although they provide many slopes for winter skiers, they are gentle-looking mountains, with soft landscapes of deep green fir in the summer.

Most of Quebec's 3,600,000 residents still speak French. Tucked away in the

Goats on the roof of Mont Gabriel Club in the Laurentians fascinate Andy Sutton, aged 16 months, who seems eager to join them.



Laurentians, among the French farmhouses and the handsome summer lodges of wealthy Montrealers, are two dozen first-class resorts and nearly 200 *pensions* and guest houses.

Many of these places offer golf, tennis, water-skiing, skeet-shooting, swimming, shuffleboard, night clubs—and old-shoe comfort. We are young and active, and a vacation to us means sampling all these activities, if there is only some way to keep Andy occupied, too. Although most hotels are willing to take children, almost all insist they be at least five years old.

We found one, the Chalet Cochand, that will take them as soon as they start walking. We got off a letter to Louis Cochand, the former RCAF fighter pilot who runs the place. "Won't the guests complain if Andy howls?" we asked.

Soon there was an answer. "We have so many kids of our own that nobody cares," Mr. Cochand wrote. "We haven't had a complaint all summer." We decided to head for Chalet Cochand, Ste. Marguerite Station, Province of Quebec.

The route lay by way of Montreal. From New York we could take the overnight train, the day train, drive, or go by plane. If we chose the train, the three of us would need a double bedroom each way, and even so, Andy would have to sleep with one of us. The round-trip overnight ride with berths and tax would come to \$101.90. The day coach leaving in the morning and arriving in the evening would be \$56.24 for all of us, round trip, tax included.

Trans-Canada, which flies three times a day from New York to Montreal in a flat two hours and ten minutes, charged us \$88.20 for the round trip for my wife and myself, with Andy riding free. Although we might have chosen the leisure of a train bedroom or the saving afforded by day coach if we had been alone, the advantage of getting there quickly was irresistible. We left at 10:10 in the morning and arrived shortly after noon at Montreal's Dorval Airport.

Aboard the bus that took us to Chalet Cochand, Nancy and I saw signs of the French colony that lives so close to America. We found a sign that said "Chez Joe's Hamburger," and a paint shop that called itself "Peintures Murphy," and a snack bar that invited us to "Arrêtez à Notre Milk Bar." We were less than three hours from home, but everything looked very different.

The Chalet Cochand is a big, roaring inn, three stories high, with four colorful chalets in the back that look as if they had been transplanted from Switzerland. On one side of the lawn is a big swimming pool. On the other side is a penned-in playground with slides, swings, a pint-sized fire engine, pails and shovels. "The place is full of ankle-biters," one father told us.

A French governess in white uniform maintained a sort of order between the riots. She told (*Continued on page 64*)

Here is a brief guide to some of Canada's most attractive vacation spots—what to do and see, how to get there, where to stay



Shore dinners—with your own catch as the main course—are one of the big attractions at Ontario's lakes. Bass, walleye and lake trout are the main angling targets.

ONTARIO

CENTRAL ONTARIO—THE MUSKOKAS DISTRICT

What it's like: In this 1600-mile tract of lake land and rock in the highlands of Ontario, 1000 feet above sea level, the thermometer averages 67 during the summer and the air is virtually free of hay fever. Pines, birches, cedars, maples and balsams fill the countryside, great chunks of granite grow out of the hillsides, and slate-gray rocks jut out from the shoreline and hang over the water. There are two chains of lakes, one of them forming a 60-mile waterway, ideal for trips.

How to get there: New TCA service from Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and New York brings you to Gravenhurst, the Muskoka center. CNR train or bus will bring you up from Toronto to the center of the area in four

hours. Coming by car, take the new super-highway from Toronto to Barrie, then the old road to Gravenhurst.

Where to stay: There is a wide assortment of facilities. The Bigwin Inn is a large summer hotel with a dining room that seats 700. It has a central building and assorted stone cabins in its suburbs at \$14 a day per person, with meals. There are plenty of places like Lakeside Lodge on Lake Rosseau, which also has small cabins around a main lodge and gets \$5 daily with food, slightly higher in the newer accommodations. Children from two to ten pass for \$15 a week, and they'll take them under two at \$10 a week. There are hundreds of other places at prices from \$5 to \$14 a day.

What to do: Take steamer trips around the lakes, visit the Indian village at Port Carling, take in the weekly water regattas. There are canoe trips to Algonquin Park, 56 miles northeast of the Muskokas. There is also golf, tennis, riding, picnicking alongside waterfalls. August and September offer choice blueberry picking. Fishing is only

fair. There is dancing nightly at small casinos and larger hotels around the lake, particularly at Gravenhurst and Bala.

Where to write: Muskoka Tourist Development Association, Gravenhurst, Ontario, Canada.

WESTERN ONTARIO

What it's like: This is flat but rugged lake land, heavily wooded, remote and untouched—with plenty of game. Cut lumber floats on the lake, and beneath the surface are all sizes and varieties of fish. There are few roads, travel is mostly by motor launch, and if you like things quiet, you've come to the right place.

How to get there: Fly Trans-Canada from west or east, or Northwest Airlines from St. Paul to Winnipeg; take the train to Kenora (100 miles east); then take a launch out to your lodge. By rail, the CPR line runs straight into Kenora, whereas the CNR goes direct to Minaki Lodge. If you drive, take Route 70, which runs up to Kenora from *(Continued on page 66)*

THE MARITIMES—NOVA SCOTIA

What it's like: The main part of the province looks like a tomahawk growing out of the eastern end of New Brunswick. It hangs over the coast of Maine, and its fishing villages, with piles of lobster pots and forests of masts bobbing in deep harbors, fill the air with the smell of salt and sea. The northern area, called Cape Breton Island, is an island only by a technicality. These are the highlands, with the hills sweeping straight up out of the water's edge, and in the back areas, people still talk Gaelic and French.

How to get there: Fly TCA to Halifax. CPR or CNR trains arrive in one day and overnight from Boston. By car, ride through Maine; then for southern Nova Scotia take the ferry at Saint John, N.B. for Digby.

Where to stay: You can choose between the seaside areas of the south and the lodges of the north. In the latter category, Canadian National operates Pictou Lodge, a main loghouse and surrounding cabins near a beach of Northumberland Strait and a fresh-water lagoon. Singles start at \$9, doubles are \$18, meals included. The Brae-side at Pictou is large and modern, and is set in pleasant *(Continued on page 66)*



Magnificent scenery, like this view at Fundy National Park in New Brunswick, is an irresistible attraction for amateur artists.



The Canadian Rockies serve as a photographer's background in Banff National Park, one of the area's

most popular vacation centers. Horseback riding, hiking and pack trips are among the many attractions.

THE ROCKIES

What they are like: These high, jagged peaks, snow-capped even in summer, rise behind placid lakes and forests of evergreens. Rushing streams run the mountain passes, and glaciers sit frozen and immobile at the base of the ranges. Virtually the entire mountain area is enclosed in a series of national parks, among them Jasper and Banff, where deer, buffalo, elk and other beasts roam unhindered and protected.

How to get there: For Banff, fly Trans-Canada to Calgary, then take the bus or CPR train for the 95-

mile ride through the foothill country. By rail from west or east, take the CPR direct to Banff. Allow 24 hours from the West Coast over one of the world's most scenic rail routes, and three nights and two days from the East. By bus or car from the East, come by way of Duluth on U. S. Highway 2, which parallels the border, but bear in mind it is the truck route, too, and frequently crowded. The Trans-Canada Highway route is not paved all the way, but it normally is not crowded. For Jasper, fly Trans-Canada or Northwest Airlines to Edmonton from west or east, then *(Continued on page 66)*

Bridal Pair

BY JO LUNDY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

The girl walked up the street, turned at the corner, and walked back again, hesitating, studying the numbers. Steve didn't look up from his porch painting. He'd built every inch of his house himself, and he hadn't done it by watching all the pretty girls who went by.

She paused at the gate, eyeing him doubtfully. The number was painted on the curbing, but Steve hadn't put it on the house yet. "Pardon me," she said. "Are you the man who advertised the wedding ring for sale?"

"Plain band and diamond solitaire," Steve corrected. "It's a set." He chucked paint carefully into a corner. "Never been out of the original box."

"That's the ad I mean," she nodded, relieved. She pushed at the gate, then shook it, but the trick latch baffled her, and she looked up at Steve again with a bright, uncertain smile. "I guess it's stuck," she said.

Steve laid aside his paint brush, wiped his hands on his handkerchief, and went down to the gate. The hot valley wind had ruffled her yellow hair, and her little high-heel sandals seemed too dinky to stand on. "Where's the guy?" Steve demanded.

Startled, she looked to one side of her, then the other. "Wh-what guy?" she stammered.

"The guy who's supposed to buy the ring," Steve said. "Girl's don't pick out their own wedding rings."

"Oh, he isn't—I mean, I didn't—" She faltered under Steve's stern stare. Her bright smile tried again, and faded. Uneasily she clutched her purse tighter. "You didn't give a telephone number, and so I thought I'd just stop by and ask you—"

"I want four hundred and fifty dollars," Steve said flatly.

Her eyes got big as coffee cups and bluer than those thingamajig flowers he had planted by the fence row. "You said 'cheap!'" she gasped. "Four hundred and fifty dollars isn't cheap."

"I paid six hundred, and they're still brand new." Steve leaned on the gate and scowled at her. It struck him that maybe she had to pay for the ring, too. She looked just dumb enough to fall in love with a guy she'd have to support. Dumb and little and soft as butter. "Has the guy even got a job?" he asked.

"Oh, dear," she wailed. "I wish you'd let me explain."

"Go ahead and explain," Steve urged. He folded his arms and gazed remotely over her yellow head, giving her a chance. "Explain a heel who makes the girl pay for the wedding ring."

She drew a long, unsteady breath. "I can certainly see," she said shakily, "why *you* have no use for the rings. The way you jump to conclusions."

Steve nodded approvingly. She had some spirit. Maybe the guy wouldn't tromp on her too hard without getting a kick or two back. "Conclusions had nothing to

do with it," he remarked. "Amy just fell in love with somebody else."

"Oh—I'm sorry," the girl breathed.

"It was the best thing," Steve cleared his throat. "I wouldn't have finished the house if she had married me. Amy liked apartments."

The girl looked past him at the house. "You mean you built this?" she cried incredulously.

The house wasn't big, but it was solid. Steve had used only the finest materials. "It's beautiful," sighed the girl.

They stood in silence for a moment, she outside the gate, he inside; then the girl stirred reluctantly. "About the ad," she said.

A sale was a sale; Steve needed the money for the apple trees he wanted to put at the back, and for some porch furniture. If she was dumb enough to buy the rings instead of making the guy do it, Steve wouldn't stop her. Glowering, he unlatched the gate. "Step inside," he said. "I'll show you the rings."

She walked inside so meekly he almost started giving her a lecture about that. She didn't know anything about him except that he'd put an ad in the paper—didn't she realize she couldn't trust everybody?

"What lovely delphiniums!" she said, pointing to the thingamajig blue flowers. "I've never seen any so tall."

They were taller than she was; she scarcely came to his shoulder, even with her high heels and ruffled crown of hair. "Have to use the back door," he said. "I've painted in the front."

She stood in the red-and-white kitchen, turning her wide gaze from cabinets to double sink to leaded casement windows, struck with it.

"Look," he said angrily. "A guy who can't even pay for his own wedding ring will never get you a house. Think about that for a while."

She smiled at him, softly shining. "Show me the rings," she said.

He kept the box in a corner of his bureau drawer. When he came back with it, he found she'd wandered into the living room. The dark green walls did something to her yellow hair, or maybe it was the other way around. The room looked as if the lights had suddenly been turned on.

She opened the ring box slowly, almost hesitantly. Steve peered with her at the two glittering circlets nestled in white velvet. Never out of the original box—he hadn't even looked at them since that night Amy had told him.

"Go on—try them on," he said roughly.

Her eyes had grown darker, somehow wistful, and no wonder. It was a sad thing for a girl to have to pick out her own wedding ring—and secondhand, at that.

"I could almost hate that Amy," she whispered fiercely. "These beautiful rings—"

It seemed a hundred years since he'd known Amy;



"Try them on," he said, thinking it was sad for a girl to have to pick out her own wedding ring—and secondhand, at that.

even when he'd been buying the rings for her, he hadn't felt this crazy tenderness that was in him now. "What about that guy of yours?" he shouted. "What does he care about rings—or you either? Don't you know he'll break your heart fifty times over?"

She kept looking at the rings; she wouldn't look at him until he put his hand under her chin and tilted her head. Then he saw that there were tears in her eyes, and his heart turned over. "I'm sorry," he said remorsefully. Lord, what did he know about the guy? "Maybe he's a prince, for all I know."

She fumbled for a handkerchief, and he snatched out his own. It was streaked with porch paint, but she used it, anyway. Maybe she couldn't afford the rings. "Two twenty-five," he beamed, encouraging. "That's less than half price, and I hope you and the guy will be happy."

She gulped once. "There isn't any guy," she said. All of a sudden the sturdy new cork floors started

rocking under Steve's feet; the green walls started dancing.

"I tried to tell you," she said. "I came to see if you wanted the ad to run more than once. It's my first job, taking ads, and I forgot to ask you when you phoned in, and I didn't want to make a mistake."

Her voice faded, but the wonderful ringing in Steve's ears kept right on making music. "No guy," he said dizzily. "No guy at all?"

She shook her head. "I tried to tell you, and then you were so nice—" She squared her shoulders and managed a small, almost jaunty smile. "I guess you'd better tell me now about the ad, and then I can go."

"Cancel the ad," said Steve. He was grinning like a dummy as he reached for the velvet box, but his expression sobered as he asked tentatively, "What about—I mean, will you have dinner with me tonight?"

The way she looked at him, all dimpled and breathless, made him wonder what he had ever seen in Amy!

... THE END

When a soldier has been missing for years—has been given up for dead—and when his wife has a chance for happiness in another marriage—

HOW LONG SHOULD LOVE WAIT?

BY MERLE MILLER

Kathryn first came to see me last September," said the psychologist, "shortly after 'Operation Big Switch' had ended. Her husband had been listed as missing in action in Korea for two and a half years, but he was not among the American prisoners of war who were returned to UN forces by the Reds.

"Now, after all the extra months since then, she still doesn't know whether he's dead or alive.

"Kathryn is 27 years old; she's pretty, and she's healthy. More important, she's in love with somebody else, and she came to me to find out what she should do."

He sighed. "I'm afraid," he added, "that I haven't been able to help her much."

Kathryn is one of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young women in America who face a problem unique in our history.

The status of 3,700 U. S. soldiers and airmen is still uncertain. They may be dead, but they are probably still being held in a Communist prison, perhaps in North Korea, possibly in China, maybe even in Russia itself. The United States has charged that more than 6,000 other American servicemen have been murdered or tortured by the Communists. Some of that total also may still be alive.

As the New York *Herald Tribune* put it, "It would appear that the United States might do more than voice 'grave concern' . . . [but] the fact is that this Government has learned how useless it is to ask for an investigation when the Communists will not permit the investigators to enter their territory."

Thus, it may be years before the fate of many of these men is known. Meantime, what about their families? More particularly, since anywhere from a fourth to a third of them are married, what about their wives—young women like Kathryn who, as she told me, "under normal circumstances would be keeping house and having babies"?

"My husband, Jerry, has been gone for four years

now," Kathryn said. "He's been missing in action for three years, and except for notification of that fact, I haven't heard a word from or about him in all that time.

"I sometimes can't even remember what he looks like any more, and now that I've met someone else I want to marry, I'm completely confused—and thoroughly miserable. Legally, I understand that in four more years Jerry will be declared officially dead. I can't expect anyone to wait that long. Besides, I'll be thirty-one, and I've always wanted a good-sized family.

"How much of my life am I supposed to spend not knowing what I am or where I stand?"

During the last several weeks, I've been talking to experts—to men and women who ought to be able to answer the questions of the Kathryns and all the other young women, most of them in their mid- or late twenties, who are not sure whether they are still married or are war widows.

I've interviewed marriage counselors, and psychologists, religious leaders, officials in the Pentagon and the Veterans Administration, and Congressmen. I've discussed the matter with some of the women involved—those who, like Kathryn, have not decided what to do. Finally, I went to Lexington, Tennessee, to talk with Ruth Avaneil Hern, who faced the problem while the Korean War was still going on, made her decision, and suffered the consequences.

"In a very limited way," said one of the nation's foremost marriage counselors, "this problem has always been with us. It is one of the oldest in literature, dating all the way back to Homer's account of Ulysses returning from the Trojan Wars to find his wife, Penelope, surrounded by suitors.

"Ulysses simply killed all of Penelope's admirers—which is hardly practical these days. Tennyson, of course, gave the name to this kind of marital tragedy. In the epic poem 'Enoch Arden,' the hero comes home after

"Your husband was killed in Korea," the War Department told Mrs. Agnes Dixon. Later (*right*) she married Pfc. William Sasser. Then the Communists announced that Corporal Walter Dixon was a prisoner. Agnes had her second marriage annulled, but it was too late.



Ruth Cogburn hadn't heard from her husband for more than two years. The Defense Department said he was presumed dead. Finally (*left*) Ruth married ex-Marine Jim Hern. Three months later the Communists revealed that Sergeant James Cogburn (*above*) was a prisoner of war. When he came home, he charged Ruth with unlawful cohabitation, but soon dropped the charge. Custody of their son, Danny, was given to Cogburn's mother (*above*). Ruth and Jim have been married again.

10 years on a desert island to find his wife happily remarried. He never revealed his identity to her, and eventually he died of a broken heart.

"I'm afraid that just 'dying of a broken heart' isn't very practical any more, either, if it ever was. More important, we now have an entire cross section of our population affected, instead of only a handful. There has never before been a time when, even after hostilities have ended, an enemy has refused to say whether or not it holds any more prisoners, and if so, how many and their names.

"I believe this thing calls for action on a national level."

A Republican Congressman from New York agreed.

"It would help considerably," he said, "if Congress would pass a law changing the status of all these servicemen about whom nothing is known, from Missing in Action to Killed in Action. Then the legal widows could at least collect their husbands' GI insurance.

"If some of the husbands later were found to be alive and were released, many of their 'widows' would remarry them. Other 'widows,' of course, might be happily married to other men. That's a harsh fact, but I don't see how we can continue to force these women to live in what is a legalistic and, for that matter, a moral jungle.

"However, between us, I don't think any such legislation will be passed. The professional moralists would be down our throats, and it would probably be political suicide for anyone who voted for it."

A New York clergyman had this to say:

"So far no one has come to me with such a problem, and I frankly hope no one does. I suppose a girl like the Kathryn you mentioned, if she remarried, would be committing adultery, certainly if her husband is still living. Legally, she might be guilty of bigamy, too.

"On the other hand, you say she has lived a celibate life for four years now. How much longer is she expected to give up the happiness to which she is entitled? I wouldn't know what to advise her."

A FRIGHTENED WIFE

At this writing, officials of the Veterans Administration are equally confused.

"Take the case of Agnes Dixon," said one gray-haired insurance expert. "It's been under consideration on the very highest level for months now, and it still isn't decided."

After an official War Department report that her husband, Cpl. Walter Dixon, had died of wounds received in Korea, Mrs. Dixon married Pfc. William Sasser in La Grange, North Carolina. Later the Communists revealed that Corporal Dixon was a prisoner. Mrs. Dixon got her second marriage annulled. However, six months after the annulment, she had a child by Sasser.

When Dixon was released last September, Mrs. Dixon said, "I'm frightened, undecided, and absolutely unable to figure out what is right."

Moreover, the VA notified her there was a possibility that she might have to pay back the \$10,000 insurance money she had collected after Dixon's reported death.

"If we decide that Mrs. Dixon does not have to return the money," the insurance expert said, "we might open ourselves up to hundreds of other claims from wives who have reason to think they are widows but may not be. On the other hand, Mrs. Dixon accepted that \$10,000 in good faith, and we want to be fair to her, too."

"When I got back from Korea," said an Army chaplain in the Pentagon, "one of the first things I did was to go to Newark to see the wife of a young corporal whose name is on the list of 3,700 who are not accounted for. I had known her husband, and I believe

he's still alive, and so does she. She wants him back, but on the other hand, she has two children, and it's tough sledding.

"A man who's known her all his life wants to marry her, and she said to me, 'Chaplain, what should I do?' I hemmed and hawed and finally told her to wait; but *I'm not sure I was right.*

"I don't know the answer, but I certainly don't underestimate the dilemma of the women who simply *aren't sure* whether they have husbands."

RUTH MET JIM

Ruth Avanelle Hern was one of those women. When I saw her recently in Lexington, Tennessee, she was, she said, "feeling like a human being again and looking forward to happiness. But," she recalled, "for a long time there I was just about as near the breaking point as anyone can be.

"I guess," she said, "people will just have to make up their own minds whether I was right in what I did."

In mid-March of 1952, on a blind date in Memphis, Ruth met Jim Hern, a good-looking, wavy-haired ex-Marine. She fell in love with him that first evening, and she was certain he felt the same way about her. However, two nights later, when he asked her to marry him, she burst into tears.

She refused to see Hern for a week after that, but when he camped on her doorstep for an entire evening, she finally opened the door.

"She looked awful," Hern has told me. "Her eyes were bloodshot, and there were circles under them. Right away, I said, 'What's the matter—don't you love me?' She said she did, but she also said, 'It's not that simple, Jim. I may have a husband.'

"I said, 'What the hell do you mean, *may*?'"

"She said, 'It's a pretty long story.' I sat down and said, 'I've got plenty of time; tell me.' And she did."

Ruth's first marriage, she told Hern, had been in jeopardy ever since her husband, James Cogburn, also of Lexington, had re-enlisted. Cogburn is a veteran of Leyte and the battle for Okinawa, and, his friends in Lexington say, he "was never happy as a civilian."

He went back into the Army on November 18, 1947, 11 days before his son Danny was born and a little more than nine months after he and Ruth were married.

"I just couldn't see myself going from Army camp to Army camp with a tiny baby," says Ruth. "Besides, I knew Jim Cogburn wanted to go overseas. I don't think there was any question in either of our minds that the marriage wasn't going to work out, anyway.

"I saw him briefly in Lexington when he was home on furlough, and we discussed a divorce. He said he'd let me know what he decided. The next word I got from him—and, incidentally, the last—was one of those post-cards listing an Army post-office number somewhere in the Pacific."

Although Ruth did not know it at the time, Cogburn was in Korea as a platoon sergeant with the Fifth Cavalry of the 24th Division.

Late in August of 1950, she received a telegram from the Department of Defense informing her that, since July 20, Cogburn had been missing in action. A year later she received a letter from Washington telling her that her husband was presumed to be dead.

Meanwhile, Ruth had gone to Nashville, received a scholarship at the Andrew Jackson Secretarial School there, and obtained a job with the state legislature. When the legislative session ended, she worked for a while in Harvey's department store in Nashville, selling lingerie.

"It was not very easy to get along," she remembers. "even with the allotment for Danny, but we managed."

At the time she met Hern, (Continued on page 82)

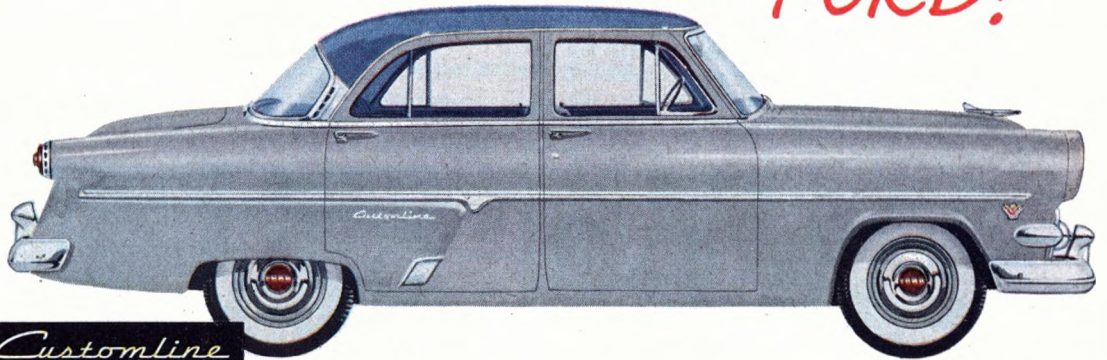


Crestline

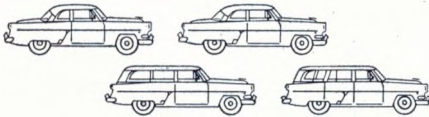


If you have an eye for the ultramodern, you'll love the new Ford Skyliner—the all-new Crestline Fordor, too. Clean, honest lines and smart, colorful interiors mark *all* '54 Crestline models as cars that "belong" anywhere. Other body styles are the distinctive Victoria, the Country Squire, and the Sunliner, America's favorite convertible.

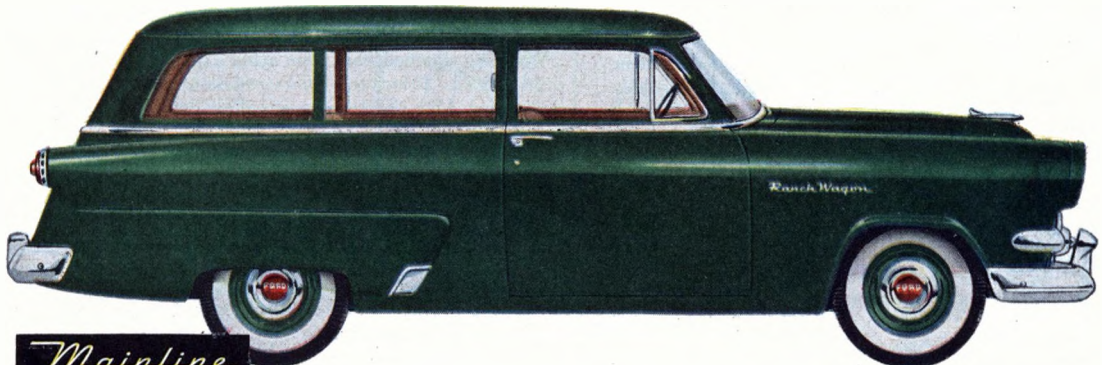
*You can have just the kind of car you want
in a FORD!*



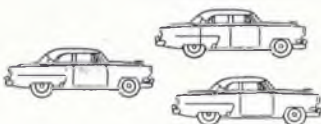
Customline



If you want something extra special in its field, you'll be right at home in a Customline Fordor. Like Crestline models it's available with power steering, power brakes, power windows *all around*, 4-way power seat, Fordomatic. The Customline also offers a 4-door Country Sedan, 2-door Ranch Wagon, Tudor Sedan and Club Coupe.



Mainline



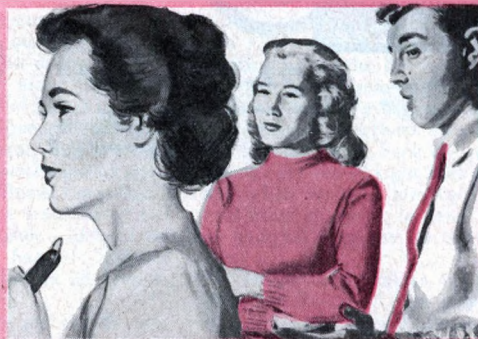
If your interest is Ford's basic engineering advances, you'll like the '54 Mainline models—the Ranch Wagon, Tudor and Fordor Sedans and the Business Coupe. As in all Fords, you choose from the new 130-h.p. Y-block V-8 or 115-h.p. I-block Six. And you ride on Ball-Joint Front Suspension—greatest chassis advance in 20 years.

Your Ford Dealer cordially invites you to Test Drive the '54 FORD and select the exact model of your choice.

Can You Diagnose This Case?



1 Sam and Rita had been happily married for several years. Rita, an only child, had lost her parents when very young. Her fear of loneliness had subsided in the security of Sam's love. But she often wondered at his calm and self-confidence.



2 Rita had been working hard in the house, and was tired. Sam suggested a cleaning woman to help her on Saturdays. The girl they hired was very pretty. Rita noticed this, mentioned it to Sam, but he passed off her remark with "So she is."



3 One Saturday Rita went out shopping while the girl was busy cleaning and Sam was working in his study. When Rita returned she found them both in the living room. She thought Sam's hair looked mussed, and that the girl seemed flushed.



4 Rita decided to say nothing just then, although she was extremely upset. After the girl left, she watched Sam. He acted as if nothing had happened. Infuriated, she turned on him and loudly accused him of starting an affair with the girl.

Was Sam really attracted to this other woman, or is Rita imagining a problem when none actually exists?

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. Rita, learning the truth about Sam, at last sees his self-sufficiency as no more than cooling feelings toward her.
2. Rita's old feelings of insecurity have been aroused by mere circumstantial evidence, and she falsely accuses Sam.
3. Rita, although insecure, does not really believe Sam was unfaithful—she only seeks reassurance of his love.

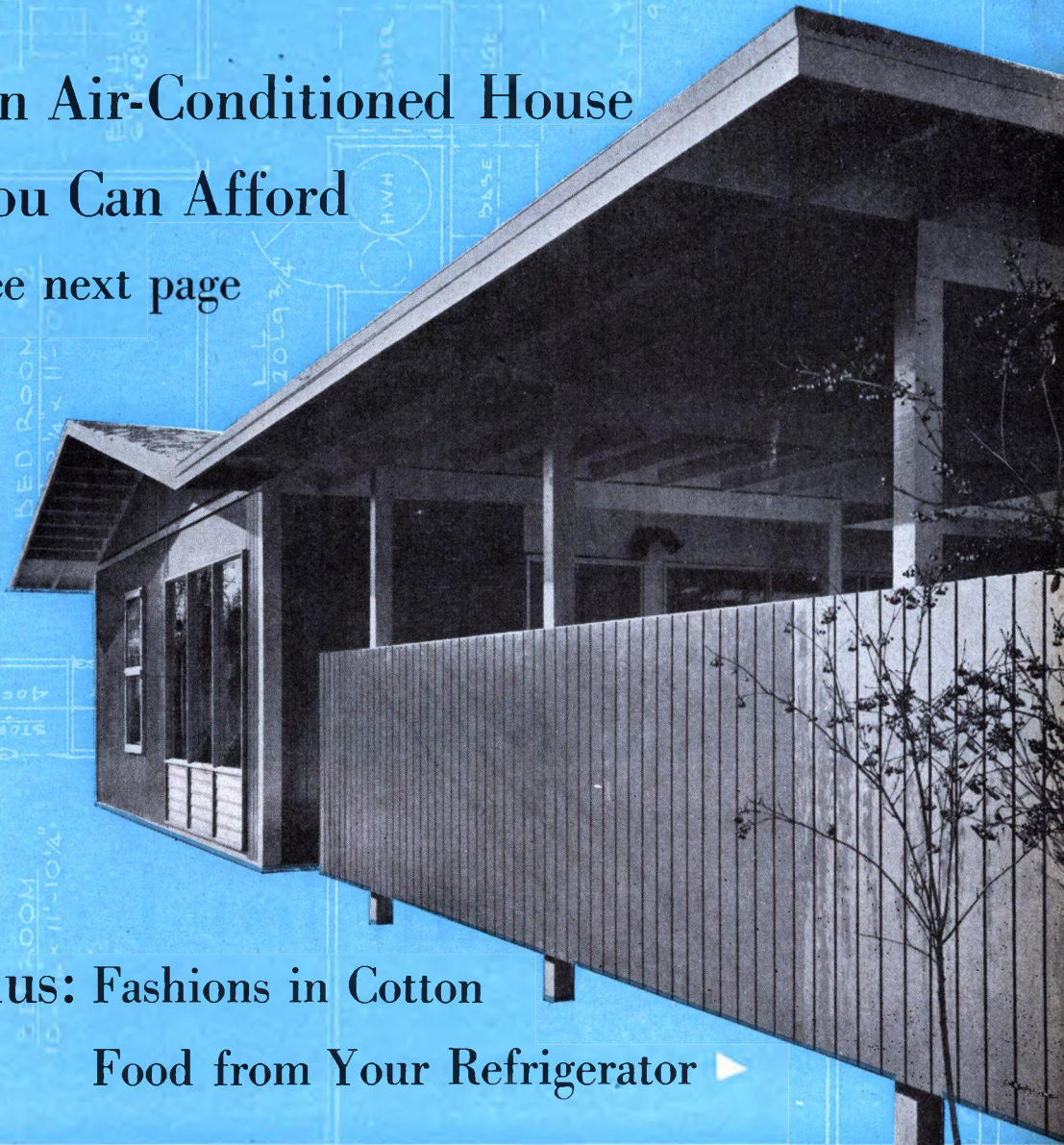
Turn to page 73 for Dr. Martin's analysis

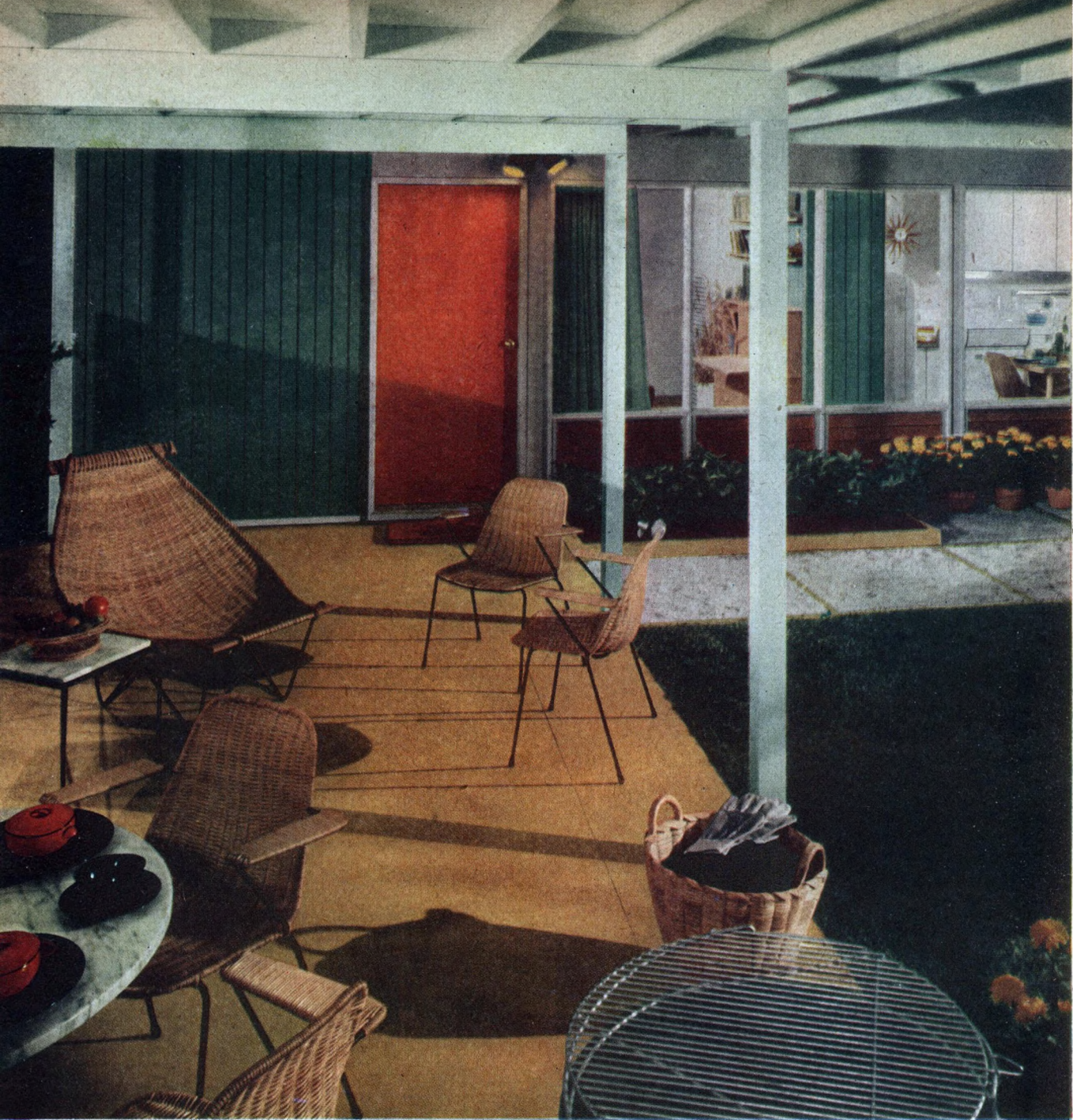
YOUNG ADULTS

at home

An Air-Conditioned House
You Can Afford
See next page

Plus: Fashions in Cotton
Food from Your Refrigerator ▶





Photos by Robert G. Lautman and Utric Meisel • Drawing by Charles Heilemann

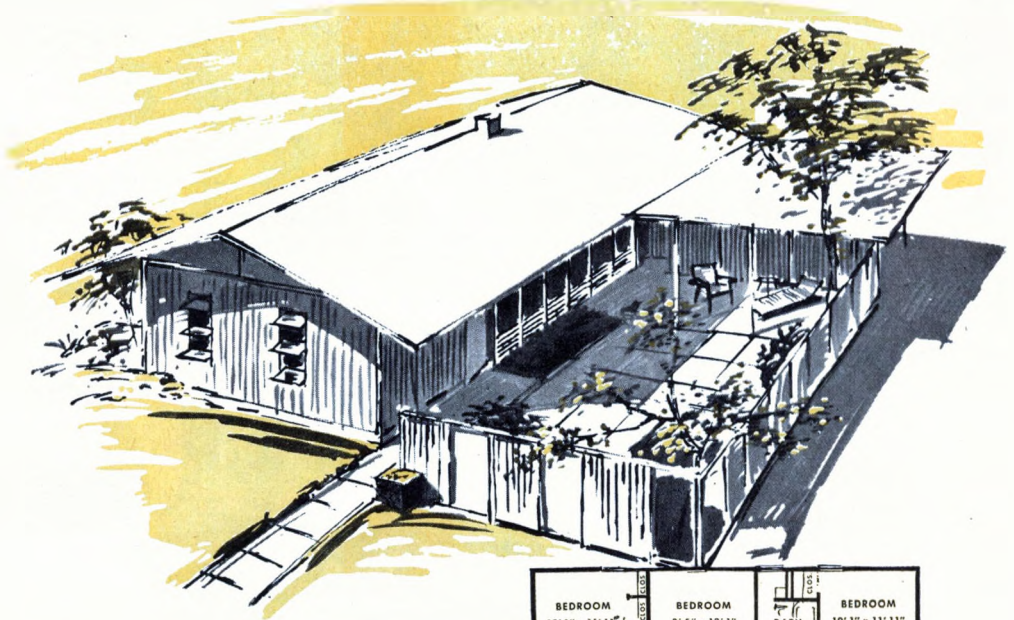
Blueprint for Luxury

\$12,500 can buy a beautiful home, carefully designed for easy family living, with three bedrooms, an outdoor courtyard—and air-conditioning

BY JOHN L. SPRINGER

YOUNG ADULTS

housing



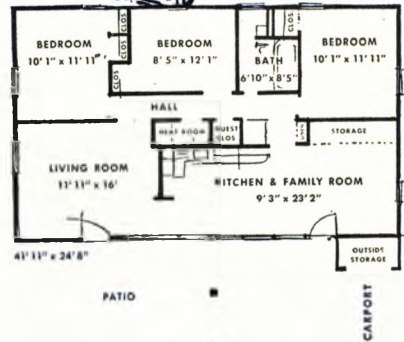
The same factory methods which made it possible to bring down the cost of cars have now been applied to homes. The three-bedroom Ranger, produced by National Homes Corporation, is a new kind of prefabricated house—with advanced styling and solid construction at low cost.

The Ranger has been designed by the famous architect Charles M. Goodman. It has many special features for families with young children. In addition to the living room, the combination kitchen—"family room" has a glass wall so mothers can watch their children playing in the courtyard.

The Ranger's moderate price also includes: 1) complete air-conditioning, which keeps the house at an even temperature all year; 2) a double-duty bathroom, with a vanity-type lavatory in a separate nook; 3) a separate laundry area, with near-by storage closet; 4) roomy bedroom closets with folding doors; 5) color-styled interiors and exteriors by Beatrice West.

In Lafayette, Indiana (headquarters of National Homes), the Ranger costs \$12,500 plus the price of a lot. In your locality, the price may be slightly higher or lower, depending upon labor costs for plumbing, heating, electrical and masonry work done on the site for the local builder from whom you buy the complete house.

Your base price includes a specially designed two-ton air-conditioning unit, a Bendix combination clothes washer-dryer and a tiled bath. You can buy the house and a \$2,000 lot for about \$2,900 in cash and \$80 a month to cover principal, interest and taxes on a 25-year Federal Housing Administration mortgage. The smaller two-bedroom model, which you can later expand into the larger house shown here, costs about \$9,375 plus land—\$1,525 down, and payments of \$65 monthly.



Floor plan provides 1,030 square feet of living space.



"Family room" can serve as a combination den, dining room, television and rumpus room. Youngsters can play here on bad-weather days, with mother watching as she works in kitchen.

For more details of the Ranger, please turn the page



HOW THE RANGER SAVES TIME AND SPACE



A **washer-dryer** helps to simplify laundry work. A closet for finished clothes is only one step away.

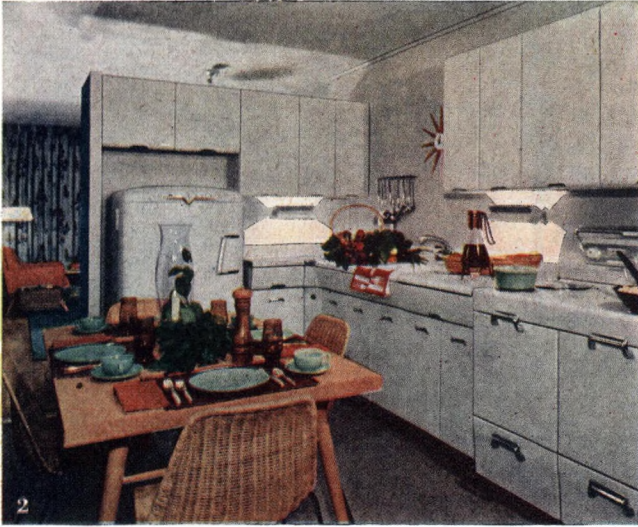


One-story design permits cleaning, painting outside without ladders. You can also climb to the roof easily.



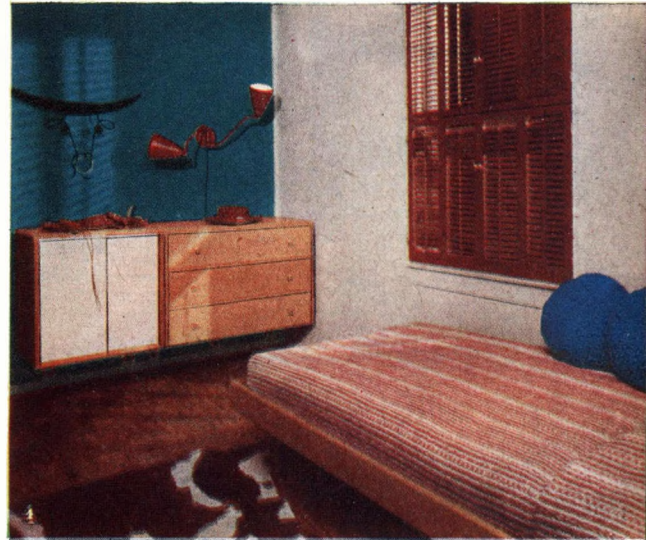
Inside walls of special composition are seamless and almost crackproof. They're easy to paint with a roller.

Ranger combines modern beauty and modern efficiency



How do you judge a home's efficiency? Simply by the amount of time and effort needed to keep it clean and comfortable. The Ranger rates a high score here, because it combines a carefully planned room arrangement with easy-to-maintain materials.

1. Living room can be kept spotless when indoor-outdoor traffic is routed through the family play room. The factory-painted walls will take repeated washings. The picture window can be shielded with floor-to-ceiling draperies, as shown. The floors are beautiful parquet.
2. The kitchen is easy to work in. Lining up the refrigerator, sink and range saves time and steps for you. Wall and base cabinets, sink and Formica work surface are included in basic price. Dishwasher may be added for \$225; range and refrigerator are not provided.
3. The large master bedroom can accommodate twin beds. There is enough space remaining to permit you to move the furniture easily while cleaning or making the beds.
4. "Awning windows," shown in second bedroom, open out from the top. You can easily wash them from inside, and they allow good ventilation in rainy weather.



Double-duty bath features a separate washbasin, enabling two to use the room. The dressing table is built in.



Full-length mirror makes the master bedroom seem even larger. The folding closet doors save room space.

MATERIALS AND EQUIPMENT IN THE RANGER HOUSE

Kitchen equipment—Crosley Division (Avco Manufacturing Corporation); washer and dryer or Duomatic washer-dryer—Bendix Appliances; interior walls—Upson Board Company; ceilings—U. S. Gypsum Company; doors—Modernfold; wall and ceiling fiberglass insulation—Owens-Corning; paint—Arco Paint Company; air-conditioning—Muncie Gear Works; furnaces—U. S. Machine Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation; plywood—St. Paul and Tacoma Plywood Company; window frames—Anderson Woodworking Company; floor insulation—Sisalkraft Company; furnace controls—Minneapolis-Honeywell



Get the Most out of Your Refrigerator

More than a cold-storage place, today's refrigerator is a modern emergency-meal shelf and a center of food preparation.

BY RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY

Photos by George Lazarnick

Have you ever sat down for a quiet moment and read through the manufacturer's booklet that came with your refrigerator? If not, you may be missing many conveniences and special features built into your appliance. For all modern refrigerators are designed to do at least these three important jobs for you.

STORAGE: Because the temperature is nearly the same throughout a modern refrigerator, where-to-store is a matter of convenience and organization. Each refrigerator has its own specially designed storage plan, shown in your booklet. These are general guides for storage:

Milk: Wash bottles; place in refrigerator immediately upon delivery.

Butter and Cheese: Store in special compartments, covered dish or closely wrapped with foil.

Eggs: Store whole eggs unwashed; they have a natural protective coating. Store egg yolks covered with water in a covered dish, egg whites in a tightly covered jar.

Fresh meats and poultry: Remove store wrappings. Cover loosely with clean waxed paper.

Fresh fish: Remove store wrappings; wrap tightly in foil to prevent odors. Use within two days or freeze for longer storage.

Fruits and vegetables with heavy skins: Wash; store on any convenient shelf.

Crisp and leafy vegetables: Trim and wash in cold water. Dry thoroughly. Store in vegetable drawer.

Leftovers: Store in covered containers or freeze for later use.

Frozen food: Store in freezer chest in combination model or in the ice-cube compartment of refrigerator.

FOOD PREPARATION: From soup to dessert, your refrigerator is a handy center of preparation. The foods you fix there are all prepared in advance. (see recipes next page)

MEAL PLANNING: With the increased variety of frozen foods, a refrigerator-freezer will hold many days' planned menus plus extras for convenient emergency meals.

A CLEAN REFRIGERATOR is an efficient one; see our how-to-do-it pictures for cleaning on page 59.

Turn the page for recipes of foods from your refrigerator

YOUNG ADULTS

appliances food



MAPLE CREAM SUNDAES

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- 2 eggs, to be separated
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon maple flavoring
- sundae topping

Sprinkle gelatin over water. Let stand to soften. Meanwhile, separate eggs. Put yolks in the top of a double boiler. Beat them, then add sugar, milk and salt. Cook mixture over hot water, stirring constantly, until it is slightly thickened. Stir in the softened gelatin. Let cool for 15 minutes, then chill in refrigerator until mixture mounds slightly when stirred. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Fold them into the cooked mixture. Pour into six custard cups. Chill until firm.

To serve, loosen sides of the cream molds with a silver knife. Turn molds into dessert dishes and top with your favorite sundae sauce.

RASPBERRY BAVARIAN CAKE

- 1 cup hot water
- 1 package raspberry-flavored gelatin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint heavy cream, to be whipped
- 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices pound cake

Pour hot water over flavored gelatin. Stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add cold water and put in refrigerator to chill. When mixture mounds slightly from the tip of a spoon, beat it with a rotary or electric beater until it is light and does not separate. Whip cream until stiff. Add it to gelatin and beat until blended.

Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of mixture into a 2-quart mold. Add a slice of cake. Alternate cream and cake slices and pour remaining cream around sides of mold. Chill until firm.

Unmold, cut into wedges. Serve with additional whipped cream if desired. Makes 6 healthy portions.

SALMON SALAD MOLD

- 1 8-ounce can salmon
- cold water
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced celery
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 1 cup mayonnaise

Drain salmon liquid into measuring cup; add enough water to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Soften gelatin in cold liquid. Place over boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add salt and lemon juice; cool.

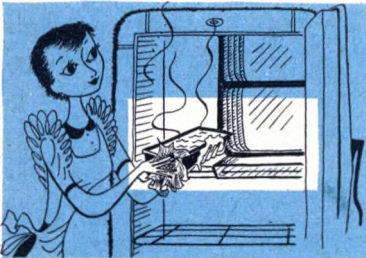
While it is cooling, dice the celery and green pepper. Mince onion. Flake the salmon, removing any skin and bones. Combine salmon with the vegetables. Stir the cooled gelatin mixture into mayonnaise. Add it to the salmon-vegetable mixture and blend well. Turn into a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart mold; chill until firm. Unmold, serve garnished with crisp vegetables. Makes six servings.

(More recipes on page 63)



At top of picture from left to right: Maple Cream Sundae, Raspberry Bavarian Cake, Salmon Salad Mold, Fancy Ice Cubes, Ice Cream Sandwiches. Front row: Refrigerator Cookies (on sundae plates), Jellied Cocktail Bites, Jellied Clamato Soup and Macaroni Ham Loaf.

HOW TO CLEAN A REFRIGERATOR



1. If defrosting on your refrigerator is not automatic, do it manually when frost on the coils is $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick. Remove trays. Turn control to OFF. Set a pan of hot water in tray shelf to speed thawing.



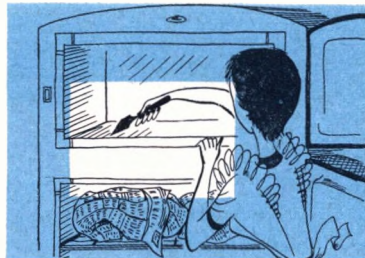
2. Clean refrigerator while it's defrosting (or every 10 days if defrosting is automatic). Remove food. Wash interior and shelves with mild baking soda and water solution. Rinse with clean water; wipe dry.



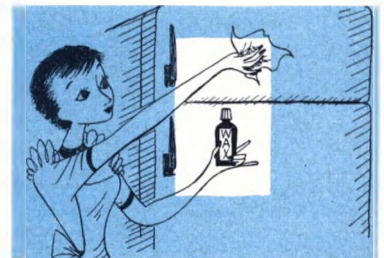
3. Wash vegetable crispers, meat keeper and ice-cube trays in warm (not hot) sudsy water. Rinse well in clear water and wipe dry. Wash, rinse and dry all accessible surfaces of the ice-cube compartment.



4. Wash rubber insulation strip or gasket on door with mild soap and water. This strip should be kept free of oils and moisture. Rinse strip well with clean water and be sure to dry it thoroughly.



5. Scrape frost off freezer every 3-4 months; defrost every 6 months. Remove food to refrigerator shelf; wrap in heavy paper. Scrape frost from freezer with a dull object; defrost as described in picture 1.



6. Most manufacturers make a cleaner and wax for specific finishes. Use them or wash the exterior with warm soapy water. Rinse, dry and cover with a thin coating of clear wax. Never use abrasives.

It's a Cotton-Cool Summer



Wonderful, tubbable cotton dresses will keep you looking fresh and meticulous through the warm months. The styles are pretty and the prices pleasing

BY RUTH DRAKE

Photos By Carmen Schiavone

3



4



1. Striking geometric printed coat-dress in black and white cotton broadcloth. Becoming shirt collar, three-quarter cuffed sleeves, gently flared skirt and black patent belt. By Pat Hartley. 8 to 16. About \$18. At B. Altman, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Best's Apparel, Seattle

2. Bright navy splashed print, on sparkling white cotton broadcloth. Shirtwaist top with push-up sleeves, full skirt, patent belt. By Pat Hartley. 8 to 16. About \$18. At Bonwit Teller, New York, Boston and Chicago. The hat, a breton in the little boy mood—a John Frederics Charmer

3. Oriental motif in polished lawn with an Everglaze finish. Surplice neckline, grosgrain belt, softly pleated skirt. A Lynbrook design by Albert Chaiken. 12 to 20. About \$13. Also in lavender, blue. Marshall Field, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

4. Scattered violets embroidered on fine pique sundress with molded bodice. Gracefully flared skirt and little matching jacket. Artificial violets accent the waist. By Peg Palmer. 10 to 18. About \$23. At J. P. Allen's, Atlanta; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis and Clayton

YOUNG ADULTS
fashions



Jewelry by Castlocliff • Gloves by Wear-Right

5. Sophisticated print in royal blue, black and white cotton. Molded top and push-up sleeves. The waistline pared to a minimum with a built-in black cummerbund. Very full skirt. By Pat Hartley. 8 to 16. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis; Meier & Frank, Portland.

6. Buttercups bloom on black broadcloth—a striking dark town print in Arthur Beir's crease resistant broadcloth. Boat neckline and drop yoke skirt. Yellow piping accents. A Lynbrook design by Albert Chaiken. 10 to 18. About \$15. At Marshall Field's, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson's, Seattle

Get the Most Out of Your Refrigerator



(Continued from page 58)

FANCY ICE CUBES

Decorative ice cubes add color and flavor to tall glasses of lemonade, iced tea, ginger ale or lemon-flavored soda. Use your choice of these ingredients:

- Red or green maraschino cherries
- Thin lemon slices cut in quarters
- Thin lime slices cut in quarters
- Fresh mint leaves (in season)
- Melon balls
- Pineapple chunks

Fill ice-cube trays $\frac{1}{4}$ full of water. Put in freezing compartment until this shallow layer of water is firmly frozen. Place a piece of fruit in the center of each cube. Fill tray nearly to the top with water. Freeze until firm. When you're ready to serve these cubes, it's best to allow the tray to stand at room temperature for a few minutes so the cubes will come out clean and unchipped.

ICE-CREAM SANDWICHES

- 1 pint brick ice cream
- 10 large crisp sugar cookies (round or square shape)

Open ice-cream carton lengthwise. Cut the brick of ice cream into 5 even slices. Put each slice of ice cream between two cookies. Wrap immediately in foil. Store in freezer or ice-cube compartment of refrigerator. Makes 5 large dessert sandwiches or 5 most welcome afternoon snacks for children.

BLACK AND WHITE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 3 teaspoons vanilla extract
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares unsweetened chocolate, to be melted

Sift together the flour, baking soda and salt. Toss these sifted ingredients well with a mixing fork or spoon to be certain they are well blended.

Put softened shortening, sugar and egg into a deep bowl. Mix until it is light and fluffy. Now put half of this mixture into another mixing bowl and set aside. You will make it into chocolate dough later. Add 2 teaspoons of the vanilla to the remaining sugar mixture. Blend. Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ the

flour mixture to this vanilla dough and mix well. Turn onto waxed paper.

Finish the chocolate dough by adding 1 teaspoon vanilla and the melted chocolate to the sugar mixture. Gradually mix in the remaining flour mixture. Make into your choice of shapes:

Pinwheels: Roll each flavored dough between sheets of waxed paper to make circles $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Peel off top sheets of paper. Turn chocolate onto vanilla dough. Roll up, wrap in waxed paper, and chill until firm. To bake, cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ " slices, place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake 10 minutes in a 375° oven.

Checkerboards: Shape each flavored dough into a 2"-diameter roll. Wrap and chill. To make checkerboards, cut each roll into thirds, lengthwise. Then cut each slice into lengthwise thirds again. Brush cut surfaces with hot milk. Place a vanilla and a chocolate strip side by side, then place alternate strips of chocolate and vanilla on top. Wrap and chill. Bake as for pinwheels.

Marble: Press together odds and ends of pinwheel and checkerboard dough, left after cookies have been sliced. Roll and wrap in waxed paper. Slice and bake as for pinwheels.

Recipe makes 5 dozen cookies.

JELLIED COCKTAIL BITES

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups vegetable-juice cocktail
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Tabasco
- 1 5-ounce can of shrimp or 6 cooked shrimp
- 1 frankfurter cut in 6 round slices
- 2 stuffed olives, cut in half
- Mayonnaise

Sprinkle gelatin over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold vegetable juice. Put remaining juice

in a sauce pan and heat to boiling point. Add gelatin mixture; stir until dissolved. Add Tabasco and pour into an 8"x8"x2"-square cake pan. Chill in the refrigerator until jellied juice is almost firm. Press shrimp, frank rings and olive halves in even rows onto jellied mixture. Chill until firm. Cut into 16 squares and serve on crackers. Top each with a dab of mayonnaise.

The shrimp, olive and frankfurter rings are a suggestion. You might also use cottage cheese, halves of Vienna sausages, crisp cucumber slices.

JELLIED CLAMATO SOUP

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tomato juice, chilled
- 2 teaspoons plain gelatin
- 1 cup canned clam juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chive salt (or onion salt)
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 2 lemon wedges

Measure $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cold tomato juice into a deep bowl. Sprinkle gelatin over it. Let stand 3-5 minutes to soften. Meanwhile, measure clam juice into a small saucepan. Heat until juice is hot (do not boil). Stir hot clam juice into softened gelatin. When gelatin is dissolved, add remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of tomato juice, seasoned salt, pepper and Worcestershire. Chill until firm. Cut into cubes and serve in cream soup dishes. Garnish with lemon wedges. Makes 2 generous servings.

MACARONI HAM LOAF

- 3 cups macaroni, broken in 2" pieces (4 cups cooked)
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds ground ready-to-eat ham
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup all-purpose flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated sharp cheese (about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pimento

Cook macaroni according to package directions. Drain.

Line a 9"x5"x3" loaf pan with waxed paper. In a deep bowl, combine the ground ham, mustard and pepper.

Melt butter in a medium saucepan over low heat. Blend flour into it. Slowly add the 2 cups of milk, stirring as the mixture cooks, to make a thick sauce. Remove sauce from heat and blend in the beaten egg. Pour $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of this sauce over ham; mix well. Pack ham firmly to sides and bottom of loaf pan, leaving a deep depression in center.

Add cooked macaroni, onion, cheese, green pepper and pimento to sauce, stirring until cheese is melted. Spoon this mixture into center of ham loaf, packing firmly. Chill 4 hours or more. Unmold onto a platter and slice with a sharp knife. Makes 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ " slices. . . THE END



REDBOOK

**"We Took a
Low-Cost
Foreign
Vacation"**



(Continued from page 41)

Andy he was adorable. "Ah-dor-ah-bla," was the way she said it. Andy flashed her a smile and climbed into the pen. After a nod from mademoiselle, we moved off to enjoy our own holiday.

We put on our swimming suits and went down to the lake, five minutes from the front door. The drone of a motorboat welled up from the water's edge, and when we broke through the clearing, we could see seven-year-old youngsters whizzing around the lake on water skis. We had come down to wade meekly in the water, but there is something of a challenge in seeing a 60-pound youngster cutting the surface on a pair of slats. Neither of us had tried it before, but three days later we were skimming nonchalantly over the water. Nancy confided that she felt a million miles away from the kitchen, and I couldn't have been farther from the office if I had been skiing in Italy.

Some afternoons, the Cochands brought the children down to the beach

and we all swam together. One day the hotel loaded its little *Volkswagon* bus with dozens of kids and several governesses, and sent the whole contraption, faces sticking out of every window and through the roll-back roof, down to Lac Masson for a picnic. Andy joined them with great glee, and that gave Nancy and me a chance to go down to the skeet field.

We found the Canadian women shooting clay pigeons side by side with the men. After Nancy sent her first "bird" scattering, she was all for trading in the new fall suit she was planning to buy for a shotgun and membership in a skeet club at home.

On a fine Canadian summer morning, all three of us put on our blue jeans—they were really our most useful costume—and went bouncing along the back roads of the Valley of the Saints in a hay wagon. Horse carts clopped along beside us. The day was warm, and we succumbed finally to the succession of signs which exhorted us to "Buvez Coca-Cola." Mollifying Andy with a frankfurter roll from which the frankfurter had been removed, we bought a bag of "Patates Frites," which turned out to be French-fried potatoes.

There is nothing to put the damper on dinner better than a bagful of *patates frites* washed down with soda pop, and we couldn't do much with Cochand's beefsteak au fromage Suisse that night. By nine we were hungry, and so we really enjoyed the moonlight corn roast that

night on the beach. Louis Cochand brought down his accordion, the moon shone on Lake Lucerne, and between mouthfuls we sang old French songs.

Baby-sitters were always easy to find in the hotels; one girl would stand watch for a whole floor. One night, with Andy under such surveillance, we joined some friends of ours who were staying at the near-by Mont Gabriel Club for the famous Sunday-night buffet by candlelight. The magnificent table featured a 20-pound pike which had been caught at O'Connell's Lodge, a fishing camp in the north woods under the same ownership as the Mont Gabriel Club. We had dinner alongside the kidney-shaped pool, and afterward, we watched a diving exhibition under the floodlights.

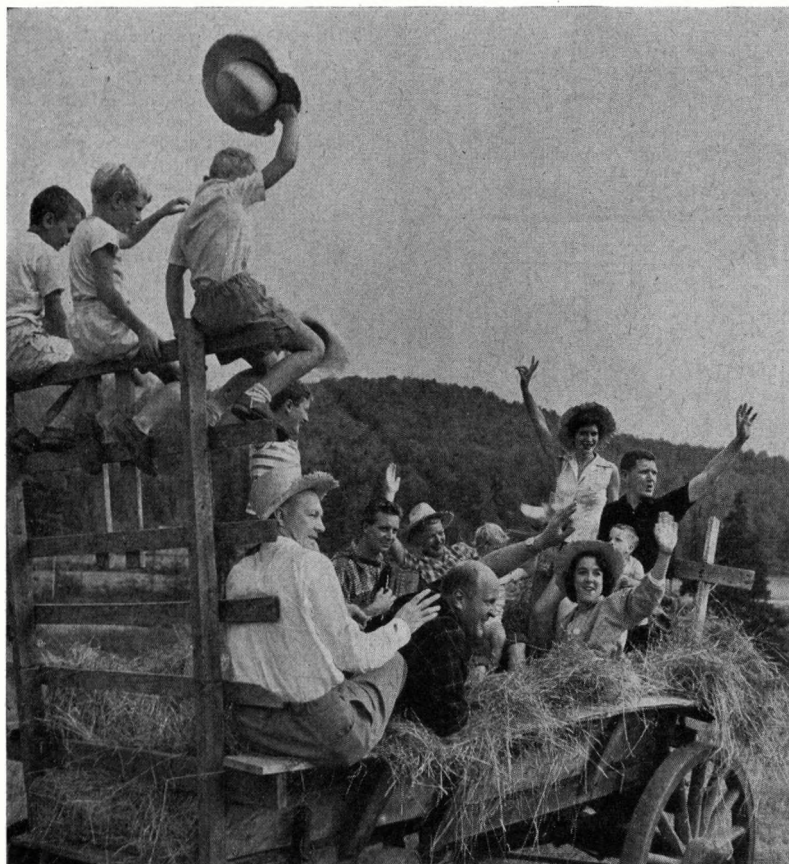
But what fascinated us most at Mont Gabriel was its grass roof and the two goats that live up there all summer long. We brought Andy back the next day for a look. He baa-ed right back at the goats, and when we held him up so he could feed them a carrot, he tried to clamber up and join them for the rest of the summer.

On the way back to our lodge along Quebec's Route 11, we stopped at the shop of wood carver Zenon Alary, an artisan with a crop of unruly gray hair and a deft hand for whittling Canadian animals out of blocks of maple. M. Alary sells wooden birds for as little as \$2, wooden trout for \$18, and an elaborate farm tableau of wooden oxen removing a stump for \$200.

Like most of the larger inns, Chalet Cochand has a shop where you can buy anything from a New York newspaper to a chic sweater. We inspected local products in the Alouette Shop in the village of Ste. Adèle des Monts. They had belts made of catalan, a fabric loomed in nearby homes. There were also original *ceintures flechées*, worn in the old days by *les coureurs des bois*, or lumberjacks. Made of homespun wool and over 100 years old, you can buy them for \$65. Imitations are \$3.75. More useful for the traveler are stoles and rough woolen sweaters handmade by local French Canadian housewives. Ski sweaters cost about \$17, stoles about \$10. Other pull-overs of New Zealand cashmere and Canadian wool run from \$16 to \$25.

We had heard so much about Canadian bargains in English china that we decided to look into it when we got to Montreal on our way back home—if we had any money left. Our room at Cochand's, with twin beds and a bath, cost \$70 a week for each of us, meals included. Andy slept in a connecting single room, which normally costs \$56. However, Cochand's takes children under five for half-price, and that brought the cost of rooms and meals for the three of us to \$168 for the week. Child care costs an extra \$5 a week, and we had some fees for sitters which Nancy made back by winning the bingo one night. *Pensions* in the Laurentians charge \$5 to \$6 a day with food, or from \$30 to \$40 a week.

The morning we bade good-by to Cochand's, we drove through the hills and past the French signs to Montreal and checked our baggage at the TCA ticket office. There are several fine department stores in Montreal, which is the second largest French-speaking city in



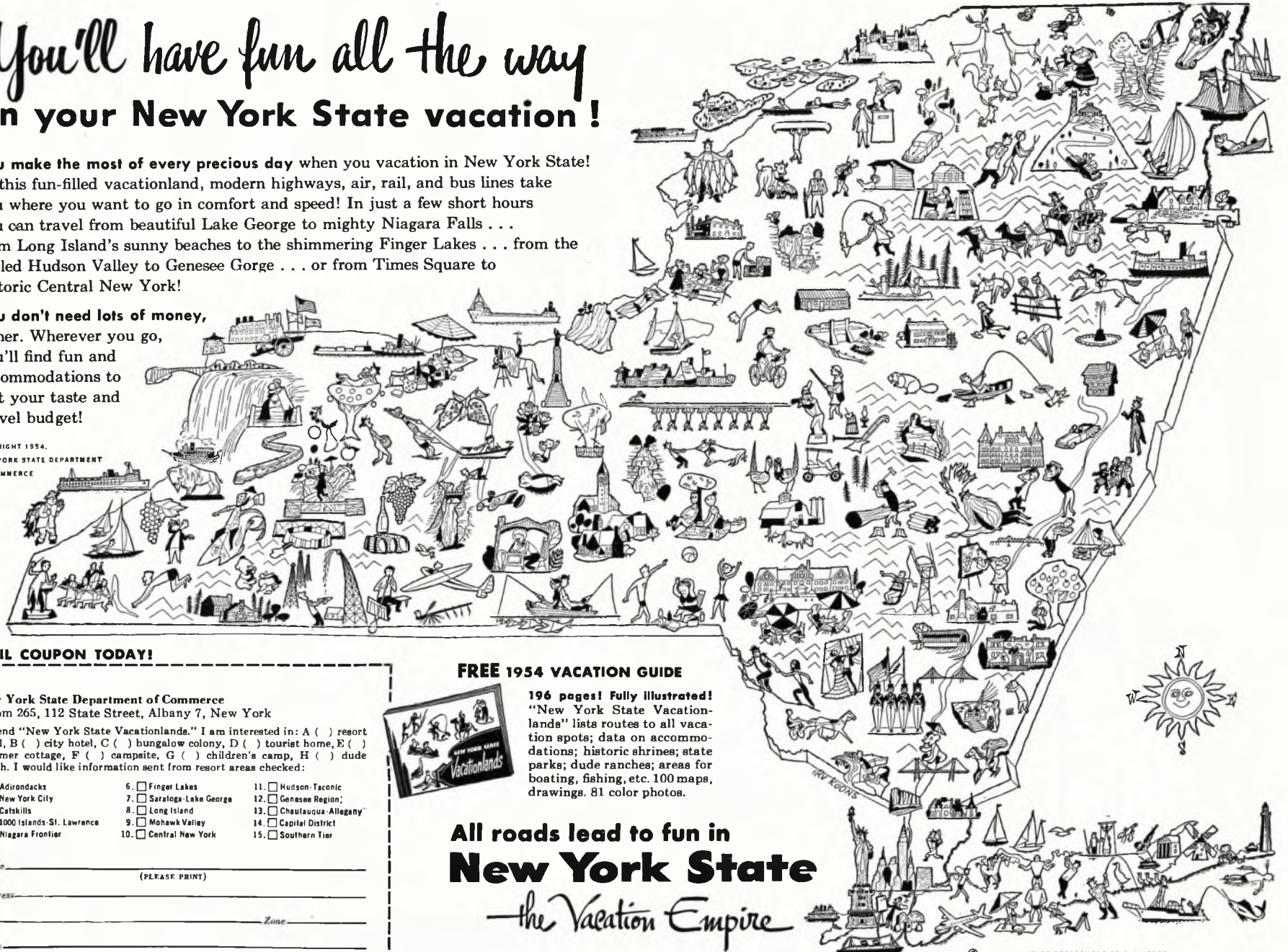
The Sutton family (at the right) goes on a hay ride along the back roads of the Valley of the Saints in the Laurentian Mountains.

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Send "New York State Vacationlands." I am interested in: A () resort hotel, B () city hotel, C () bungalow colony, D () tourist home, E () summer cottage, F () campsite, G () children's camp, H () dude ranch. I would like information sent from resort areas checked:

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| 3. <input type="checkbox"/> Catskills | 8. <input type="checkbox"/> Long Island | 13. <input type="checkbox"/> Chautauque-Allagany |
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FREE 1954 VACATION GUIDE

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All roads lead to fun in
New York State
the Vacation Empire

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
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the world. We chose Morgan's, and found that its restaurant had a kiddies' menu all printed up between covers shaped like a kitten. I sat with Andy over a light and early lunch while Nancy went down to shop for the china.

She reported back that Wedgwood's Ashford pattern, service for six, comprising 42 pieces, was priced at \$99.90. Wedgwood's famous white-on-blue pattern, 12-piece service for 6, came to \$91.80. Morgan's salespeople said the savings on English china bought in Canada, where it enters free of duty, is from a third to a half over prices in the States.

Sets of chinaware taken along by the traveler are liable to a surcharge of five per cent for regular sales tax. On goods that are sent to the States the sales tax is waived, but the express costs usually make up the same five per cent. The only advantage in sending the package to your home is that the store insures it until it arrives there, whereas if you carry home your bundle of dishes, you're on your own.

I was able to talk Nancy out of sending home a new set of English china by waving my watch frantically and saying, "We'd better run for it if you want to catch that plane." We made a dash for the airport limousine and climbed on board TCA's 1:25 flight for New York. Our foreign vacation would be over by four o'clock that afternoon.

We leaned back in our deep seats and prepared to face it. As the plane rose in the Canadian sky and headed for the U.S. border, TCA's stewardess came back and gave us a warm smile. "*Bonjour, mon petit,*" she said. Andy gave her the big smile. It was a fifteen-tooth keyboard now, for he had gotten a new tooth in Canada, not to mention a suntan and an alarming interest in girls who speak French.

He climbed off my lap and went off down the aisle, hand in hand with the hostess. Madame and I let our seats go back, picked up some magazines, and settled down to some last-minute, earnest relaxing—alone. Back home we would never have it so good.

WESTERN ONTARIO

(Continued from page 42)

the U.S. border; but after Kenora, the roads are limited.

Where to stay: CNR's Minaki lodge is an oasis in the middle of the Lake of the Woods, more than an hour from Kenora by launch. It is a small luxury lodge with outlying buildings right near the fish-filled water. Rates begin at \$8.50 a day with food, and run about \$16 to \$24 a day double. The CPR's counterpart is Devil's Gap Lodge, a collection of cottages in the woods. A single room in a 4-room cottage is \$12.50 a day with food, but doubles begin at \$9.75 per person in a twin-bed cottage. There are special rates for children—and an accent on family vacations. Kenora has half a dozen hotels in town, and there are perhaps a hundred or more camps and lodges dotting the lakes and islands throughout the Lake of the Woods.

What to do: At the bigger places, the fishing guides will line up like caddies on the first tee. Bass, walleyes and lake

trout are in the lakes. Kenora, Minaki and Devil's Gap have golf. You can shop at the Hudson's Bay Co. outposts, watch the Indians, and let the Indians watch you. You can go boating or picnicking by launch to one of the 14,000 islands. Devil's Gap has a beach for kids. There are flights over the islands and dancing Saturday nights at some spots; but night life plays second fiddle to the Great Outdoors.

Where to write: Your local CNR or CPR agent, or Lake of the Woods Tourist Bureau, Kenora, Ont., Canada.

NOVA SCOTIA

(Continued from page 42)

grounds looking over the harbor. Prices are \$3-\$5.50 for single rooms, \$5.50 to \$8 for doubles, with lunch at \$1.25 and dinner \$2.25. Down in the salt-and-sea of the south, the Boscawen Manor looks down on Lunenburg's famous harbor, and the local catch and local produce are served at about \$1.50 for dinner. There are just 20 bedrooms, starting at \$2.50 single and \$5 for two. If you're searching for bigger summer hotels here, the CPR has two—The Digby Pines, at Digby, and another called the Lakeside Inn, at Yarmouth (\$14 a day per person, American plan, and up).

What to do: There are beach parties, wiener roasts, swimming; in the south, drives along the cool beaches, through the fishing villages; painting and sketching; deep-sea fishing off Yarmouth, and even handline fishing from the decks of commercial fishing boats. The roads are excellent for sightseeing through the Annapolis Valley and the Evangeline Country at Grand Pré, site of the Longfellow poem. A lovely park is maintained at Grand Pré surrounded by gnarled and wizened willows that were brought to the New World by the original French settlers. A wisful statue of Evangeline stands on the green lawn near a church that is a replica of an old Acadian one and was built from funds subscribed by Louisiana Acadians. You can see the park easily in an afternoon, and the best accommodations near-by are in Kentville. Relics of the French and Indian War, the struggle and settlement of North America are at Louisburg at the Habitation, Port Royal and the museum and battlefield at Annapolis Royal. For pure scenery, drive along the Cabot Trail that circles Cape Breton Island.

Where to write: Nova Scotia Bureau of Information, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

NEW BRUNSWICK

What it's like: New Brunswick begins where Maine leaves off. It has 600 miles of seacoast, speckled with little resorts. Inland, New Brunswick is a gigantic forest. Game runs free, and fish fill the streams.

How to get there: A simple way is to drive through Maine in your car and just keep going. However, there is air service to Saint John or Moncton via TCA. The Canadian Pacific Railway will take you to the eastern resorts at St. Andrews and St. Stephens. Ferries operate from East-

port, Me., to St. Andrews and Saint John. The CNR's trains cross the province east to west and north and south.

Where to stay: The woods are full of lodges like Loon Bay at St. Stephen, which is rugged but comfortable and has central heating, baths, good beds and robust food. Prices are about \$8 single, about \$12 double with food. Less woody are places like Dover Hill Inn, also in St. Stephen, near the International Bridge, set in three acres of manicured lawns and gardens, famous for food, charging about \$5 for a room and bath. Full-fledged resorts like the CPR's Algonquin at St. Andrews with golf and swimming will charge \$12 and up per person in a double room. The Commodore, also in St. Andrews, overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay, has rooms at \$7 per day with food.

What to do: Since some of the world's best salmon streams run through the province, you can fish for salmon, roughly between May 24th and September 30th. The salmon rivers also have trout, and you catch them from the first of April through the end of September. Deer, bear, moose, rabbit and birds can be hunted in the fall. If you're not the sporting type, the big resorts have the usual recreational offerings, and there are any number of strange sights to see around the province. At Moncton there is a hill where your car will roll upgrade, or so it appears; the 60-foot tides in the Bay of Fundy form a waterfall that washes uphill. Fifty miles from Moncton is Fundy National Park, an 80-square-mile tract that is one of New Brunswick's best recreational areas. The park runs for eight miles along the Bay of Fundy, and sometimes the water smashes against the sandstone cliffs and sometimes it runs unhindered up a sandy beach. Cottages can be rented there.

Where to write: New Brunswick Travel Bureau, Department RM-1, 658 Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Canada's tiniest province is also its least known, but it is an island that sits in clover—literally. Besides the sweet fields, there are acres of potatoes and, under the coastal waters, nobody knows how many Malpeque oysters. The best vacation area here, ideal for families and one of the least expensive in Canada, lies inside the PEI National Park. There are tremendous, broad beaches flattened by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in summer the water is surprisingly warm. The Cavendish area takes in Green Gables, which includes Green Gables golf course, one of Canada's best, where the green fee for an 18-hole round is \$1. Twenty-one bungalows at Green Gables charge \$3.25 a day for each of two persons, and there is complete equipment for light housekeeping. Shaw's Hotel gets the families, has tennis, near-by swimming and an old reputation. Price: \$7 a day per person.

THE ROCKIES

(Continued from page 43)

take the train or bus to Jasper. It will take about six and a half hours. By rail, take Canadian National direct to Jasper

from west or east. For Lake Louise, a bus, train or car will carry you the 40 miles from Banff.

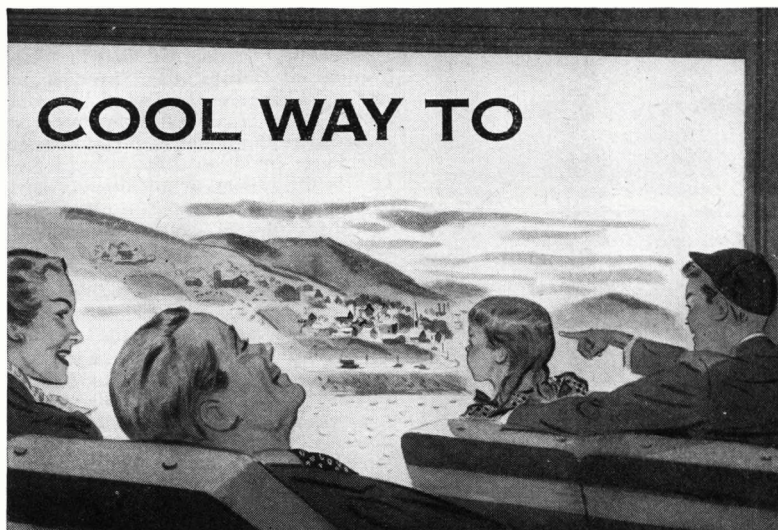
Where to stay: The biggest thing in Banff is the CPR's mammoth, stone Banff Springs Hotel which holds 900 customers and charges a minimum of \$10 single, \$15 double, for room and bath without meals. In the pleasant town of Banff itself is the King Edward Hotel, which holds fewer people, at a lower price. Figure \$4.50 single, \$7 double, and plenty of places along Main Street to eat. Hot Springs Hotel, two and a half miles out of town, charges \$40 a week, meals included, and Sunshine Village, 14 miles out, charges \$7 to \$9.50 per person per day, and that includes meals. There are several others to choose from in the nearby hills and in town.

The setup at Lake Louise is similar. Chateau Lake Louise, also run by CPR, is a 400-room hotel with a magnificent setting, the lawn bordered with poppies to the edge of the lake, and beyond the water, a glacier that looks as if it is about to slip from its nest between the mountains. The rooms start at \$10 for a single with bath, \$15 for a double, and meals are extra. However, the environs hold such places as tiny Skoki Lodge, which has room for 15, or Mount Temple Chalet, both of which charge \$7.50 a day single, with meals.

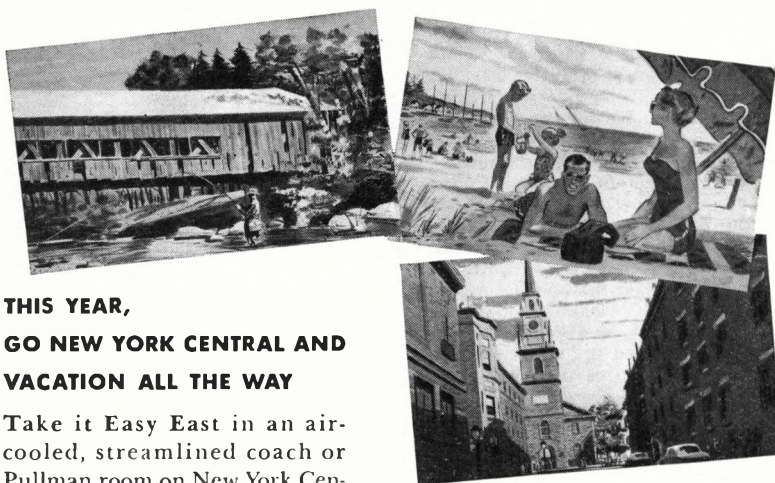
The Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge, just rebuilt, is about the fanciest log lodge colony anywhere. You eat, drink and dance in the main lodge, and there are any number of heavily-carpeted cabins nestling under the giant pines. The fees begin at \$14.50 single, \$24 double, meals included. Tekerra Lodge has cabins that rent from \$8 to \$14 a day and hold from two to four people. Rooms in the chalet are \$4. Small hotels in Jasper itself, like the Astoria and the Athabaska, run \$3 to \$6 for a room for a night. For those who would like to leave civilization, the Fred Brewster Camps have outposts deep in the woods that can be reached by car, pack or boat, where the rate runs about \$12 a day, food included.

What to do: The Canadian Rockies are one of the few spaces in the world where you can play golf on courses frequently inhabited by fairly friendly bears and elk. The riding trails are spectacular; there are pack trips and also all varieties of mountain walks. Climbers will find guides at Lake Louise. The big hotels have tennis courts, and almost every house has lawn games. All kinds of motor trips are available, either in oversized convertibles or bubble-topped buses. It's a 185-mile ride from Jasper to Banff over the Banff-Jasper Highway. It cuts through the heart of the mountains, past Lake Louise, Columbia Icefield and the Athabaska Glacier. There is fishing for rainbow, cutthroat, steelhead; shopping for Indian craft, pint-sized totem poles, fur skins, and Hudson's Bay blankets.

Where to write: Your local Canadian Pacific or Canadian National agent, or the Alberta Travel Bureau, Dept. of Economic Affairs, Legislative Building, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. ... THE END



COOL NEW ENGLAND



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Fear on the Campus

(Continued from page 25)

who is suspected of being subversive. At the University of Michigan, for example, an investigator of the State Police is assigned to check up on student activities. At every meeting of a liberal or leftist organization, he takes down names of students who attend. He notes the license numbers of cars parked around the hall, checks them with the motor vehicle bureau, and records the owners' names.

At one off-campus meeting in Ann Arbor, the State Police actually took pictures. "It made me feel funny," a member of the student newspaper staff told me, "to see my face with a big number on it, then turn the picture over and see my name and the notation that I was a reporter and therefore 'O.K.'"

The situation was summed up by Ernest Rubenstein, a Princeton graduate and later editor of the Yale Law School *Journal*: "It's a sort of pervasive fear that you have—that you have to watch your step. It's hard to list the direct effects."

Direct or not, the effects are being felt by our 2,250,000 college students. And if this dangerous trend continues, they will be felt by every man, woman and child in America.

This danger was underscored earlier this year by New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey at the opening of Columbia University's 200th anniversary celebration, which—significantly enough—has been dedicated to "man's right to knowledge and the free use thereof."

"This is an occasion," Governor Dewey said, "to rededicate ourselves to the preservation of freedom to change. This implies freedom of thought, then freedom of debate, then freedom to act. . . . Change is the law of life, and when change is prevented by force or suppression, the power of the movement for change builds up into counterforce. This is the history of all absolute government.

"By contrast, our constitutional guarantees have saved us the precious right to make mistakes and rectify them, to preserve the good while building the better, to change for the better and still have freedom to change again."

It is this freedom to change and improve that is in danger on our college campuses. This means not only change in government, but in every vital aspect of our daily lives—our health, our homes, our jobs, our household appliances. For if young people today are too frightened to be dissatisfied with what we have, we have little chance of getting anything better. If Henry Ford hadn't been dissatisfied with slow, expensive hand-building, we would never have attained our present mass production of automobiles. If bold, imaginative people hadn't been dissatisfied with the political ideas of 50 years ago, we would never have achieved social security, workmen's compensation and women's suffrage.

But if college students are too frightened to criticize or ask questions or examine our present ideas too closely, then we are in serious danger of losing this precious "freedom to change."

How deep does this fear go? Here's what a class officer at Ohio State University told me:

"I know REDBOOK's reputation is good and that you personally have been given clearance by the University authorities. But even so, I'm worried about this

interview. And yet I know that I have nothing to fear—except fear.

"I haven't joined anything that's doubtful. There's one organization on campus that I'm very much interested in; it's trying to fight racial discrimination, and I'd like to help. But two or three members are leftists, so I can't join. I'm going to try for a Government job, and I don't want to have to explain why I joined."

Sometimes their fear holds students back from activities that have nothing to do with politics at all, but only with simple decency. Harland Randolph, president of Ohio State's senior class, told me how.

"There was a student here," Randolph said, "who had to leave because his family had no more money. Some of us wanted to start an organization to help him and other needy students. But when we got to talking about it, we realized that it was just the kind of cause that left-wingers would join—and we didn't see how we could keep them out. So we didn't form the group.

"Last year one of our instructors was fired after being investigated by the state Un-American Activities Committee. He was broke, and his wife was about to have a baby. One girl I know wanted to give them some money to help out. She said that no matter what their politics, they were still people in trouble. But the girl didn't do it. She said that she was afraid she would be investigated."

To those of us outside the colleges, these students may sound unnecessarily panicky. But colleges and universities are traditionally among the institutions most sensitive to threats to freedom. And it would be foolhardy for thoughtful Americans to minimize the importance of these warning signs.

At a West Coast college, for example, I talked to a professor who had taught in a German university during the early days of Hitlerism, had escaped, and had

Ask us a question.
We'll put you wise.
We have a new little Ask
To brighten our lives.

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

While looking around for birth announcements for our second baby, my husband and I decided to make our own cards.

We saw possibilities for an unusual theme in our last name,

which friends constantly make jokes about. A typical remark, when some question comes up, is: "Oh, just ask Ask."

MRS. ROBERT W. ASK
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

REDBOOK will pay \$50 for each baby announcement used in "We Are Proud to Announce." Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned. Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of Redbook.

Rebecca Susan
DATE Oct. 28, 1953
WEIGHT 9lb. 9½ oz.
MOM + DAD
Marilyn + Bob
ASK



subsequently made a heroic record with the American Army. "It simply is not safe any more to express your views on controversial subjects in this country," he said. "If you use anything I say, please don't quote me. I have a family to think of."

Then he added quickly, in a shocked tone, "Good Lord! That's the same argument I used to hear in Germany from many good people who said they couldn't 'afford' to resist Hitler!"

The extent to which the freedom of students to explore unpopular ideas is being limited varies, of course, from campus to campus. Great, wealthy institutions like Harvard and Yale can resist more pressure than can state universities, where administrators have to be more responsive to politicians, or small colleges, where local bigwigs or individual contributors to the endowment fund are likely to carry more weight. Yet even at Harvard, a recent poll of students showed that 60 per cent believe Congressional investigations are harming education.

In many colleges, my survey showed, courses on what communism is and how it works have been quietly dropped—even though *all* colleges work on the principle best expressed by Dr. Buell G. Gallagher, president of the City College of New York: "We don't teach communism. We teach our students *about* communism."

Even on many campuses where courses about the nature of our worst enemy are still being taught, they have been watered down. Contra Costa Junior College in California has a Great Books course, in which students read a group of the world's most influential books and then discuss the ideas in them. One of these books is Karl Marx's "Communist Manifesto." When a member of the board of trustees demanded that the book be removed from the list, the other board members objected; and newspapers like the San Francisco *Chronicle* backed them up. Although the book was kept on the list, the trustees decided to take tape recordings of what the students said about it and keep them for future reference. It's not hard to see how this has cut down freedom of discussion!

At Ohio State University, Jack Cookson, who is a member of the Student Senate, said, "I was disappointed in my political-science courses because there were no debates. No students got up to argue—whether they believed it or not—that a socialist system is better than ours. I can't argue the superiority of our own system unless there's an opposing argument to tear down."

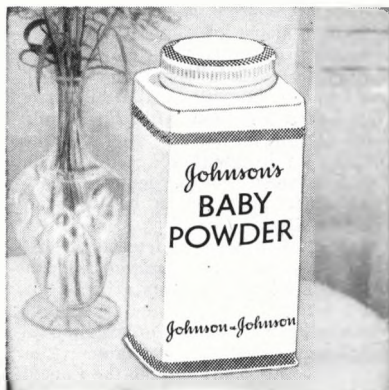
President Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, N. Y., puts it this way: "If education is conceived as a means of telling students what to think and... then making sure they think it, this is the most un-American activity of all."

Perhaps what happened at the University of Michigan last year is the most dramatic proof of the fear that is spreading over American campuses. Anne Plumton, a member of the student legislature, told me about it:

"Some students were circulating a

Lucky Baby -
his Mommy uses
JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

Softest, smoothest, *silkiest* powder in the world. A few sprinkles at each diaper change will chase away prickles and chafes . . . keep *your* baby comfy, happy. Sixty years of use have *proved* its quality and purity.



Lucky, Lucky Baby -
his Mommy uses
JOHNSON'S
BABY LOTION too!

Scientifically formulated to *prevent* irritating rashes. New *extra* protection for delicate skin. Rich in soothing lanolin. Smooth it all over body after every bath. Give *your* baby the benefit of this new extra care.



petition. I read it, and it sounded like something I would want to sign. But a group of students told me that a 'pretty liberal group' was sponsoring it and that I'd better not sign. So I didn't.

"Later I got to thinking about it, and I got awful mad at myself for being afraid. So that afternoon I signed it."

The petition was the *Declaration of Independence!*

One of the saddest aspects of all this pressure on college students is that it's unnecessary. Most college students today seem to be politically conservative. On every campus I visited, an "election" was held before the 1952 presidential voting. Eisenhower won them all, hands down.

Furthermore, the students have demonstrated that they are well able to handle any Communist threat that may appear on campus. Last year, Zander Hollander wrote a series of five articles in the *Michigan Daily* on Communist-front groups in Ann Arbor. He spent nine months on the investigation, named names, traced individuals and lines of affiliation to the state capital and even to Washington, D. C. The series was an outstanding journalistic job—factual, unhysterical and a complete expose of Communist-front activity on the campus.

Ironically, a few months later, Zander Hollander was one of a group of college editors whom the Russians allowed to enter their country. He came back with an even stronger faith in America, a greater determination to oppose communism—a vivid demonstration of how our college youth can think for themselves, *if we let them.*

Perhaps even more significant was what happened not long ago at the University of Wisconsin. The Labor Youth League, which is generally regarded as a Communist-front organization, invited Abner Berry, an editor of the *New York Daily Worker*, to speak on campus. Immediately, a group of newspapers and politicians started raising the roof. State Senator Gordon A. Buzoiz threatened an investigation of the college. The *Seymour Press*, among other newspapers, wired the university to stop Berry from speaking.

The university refused. Berry arrived, made his speech to a few hundred students, and left. The student newspaper reported what happened:

"No better proof can be offered... as to the 'American' intentions of students than the treatment afforded Berry. The crowd was highly partisan, and they planned on doing much heckling. But the minute Berry started to speak, the meeting became an outstanding example of democracy in action.

"Whenever a heckler attempted to rattle the speaker, the crowd shouted, 'Be quiet—let him speak.' All heckling was done in a good-natured fashion, with students laughing and taking issue with the comments as he presented them....

"Those who attended learned something. The questions asked the speaker showed intelligence, and a realization of the Communist threat. The results of the student questioning brought out the faulty logic used by the speaker almost immediately. . . . The appearance of

Berry, or any of his party, shows forcibly that free discussion, and not suppression, is the more effective answer to communism."

After the meeting, the *Seymour Press*—which had opposed it—wrote another editorial, praising the students and saying that their actions "certainly restored our faith in American youth."

Senator Bubolz got some rough editorial treatment, especially from the *Madison Capital Times*. "The univer-

sity," it said, "deserves a pat on the back for not backing down before the huffing and puffing . . . of Bubolz. . . . And the students displayed a lot more sense and confidence in the American way than some of our muddle-headed, headline-happy politicians did."

Robert Neary, a member of the student legislature at Michigan, had the last—and best—word:

"We can beat the radicals—in the sunlight." . . . THE END



That One-Man Gang Called Buttons

(Continued from page 37)

"lovable—brash but shy—humble and bold—a pixy—the kid next door—a larcenist without larceny" and similar happy contradictions.

At 34, his once red hair now a dark brown liberally sprinkled with gray, he has the impish, smooth face of a 16-year-old graduating at the top of his class from reform school. Yet, with this same face, without using make-up, he can put Keeglefarven through his German-dialect paces as anything from a pompous Prussian general to a temperamental piccolo player. Many have noted that his elastic, mugging face is his fortune, but it is by no means the secret of his universal appeal. Along with it goes a short but athletic build that releases such enormous amounts of energy that Red is reduced to jelly after each performance. As a matter of fact, it is now standard procedure that Red be conveyed to a Turkish bath, eased onto a rubbing table, and then firmly molded back into shape by an experienced massage artist.

When Red thinks that things have gone wrong, as on the night Keeglefarven stole the show from Muggsy Buttons, no amount of applause or reassurance will convince Red otherwise. "We should never have let Muggsy follow Keeglefarven," he moans. "The kid's too young. Not enough experience. Keeglefarven—he's been stealing scenes ever since the first vaudeville show."

Since his first public appearance at the age of 13, Red has been one of the few actors in the business who gets "opening-night jitters" before and after each performance. Sometimes the closing jitters are worse than the opening. In the week between his first and second TV shows, for example, literally thousands of letters and telegrams came in to assure him that he had hit the big time in spectacular fashion. The more he read the congratulations, the more worried he became that he had not been good enough to deserve them. At last, completely overcome, he passed out cold fifteen minutes before curtain time of his second show. A movie had to be substituted for his services that night. "It wasn't his second opening that got him," explains an associate. "It was the jitters

from his first show just catching up to him."

No one in his family can explain where Red came by his acting talent, except to say that he has always had it. "Always," in this case, begins on February 5, 1919, in the apartment of Michael and Sophie Chwatt on New York's lower East Side, with the birth of son Aaron. Michael Chwatt was a hat blocker in a millinery shop at \$18 a week, but he and his wife, Sophie, had and still have an Old World standard of values, based on dignity and not on money. They already had an older son, Joseph, and a few years after Aaron's arrival they announced the birth of a daughter, Ida.

Joseph, Aaron and Ida grew up with a full awareness of poverty not only within their home, but within the homes of all their friends. Nevertheless, they also grew up with a full awareness of the fact that poverty was curable by hard work, that in America anything—like \$150,000 a year—was possible. Their father himself set the example by moving his family to better quarters each time a salary rise permitted, until by the time Aaron was ready for high school they had reached the Bronx and a moderate degree of security.

Being stage-struck at the time, however, young Aaron was a long, hard way from security. He had it so bad that he would take a kick on the chin in a soccer game, the one sport at which he really excelled, if he thought he could get a comedy flop out of it. He worked at anything that would put him before the public eye. Once he even tried prize fighting, a shattering experience that now permits him to play Rocky Buttons with both authority and conviction.

What started Red out on the right path was a job as a singing waiter at a hearty tavern on City Island, a place much frequented by New York's weekend yachtsmen. So small that he was frequently reported as a refugee from the child-labor laws, he nevertheless managed to carry both his trays of beer and a tune with a verve that quickly made him a favorite of the customers. They called him Red, after his flaming shock of hair, or Buttons, after the rows of same on his bellhop's uniform, and thus was evolved the particularly appropriate stage name which he has since made legally his own.

At 16, Red began a determined wooing of show business. From a friend he heard of a friend who knew a friend who had a relative who was the friend of a man who knew the man who hired the talent that provided the entertainment for the guests of a small hotel in the Catskill

Mountains of New York. Red was soon employed at \$1.50 a week plus room and board at the Beerkill Hotel as a singer. Then tragedy struck his career.

"Overnight my voice changes," he marvels. "One night I'm a soprano. The next morning, when I hear my croak, I think it's some other guy."

In despair, and fully expecting to be fired, Red carried the ruins of his voice in to his boss, and croaked out an explanation. His boss howled with laughter. "Funniest thing I ever heard," he told the abashed Red. "From now on you're a comic. What a voice for it!"

Having come upon his natural field by accident, Red wasted no time taking full advantage of it. Between his native wit and a few routines left behind by departed comics, Red completed his season, successfully wowing himself if not always his audience.

If Red's primary training was uninhibited, his advanced training was even more so. He went into burlesque under Harold Minsky and came out a "top banana," master of the squirting seltzer bottle, the pullaway pants and the break-away automobile.

Red puts great store by his experience in burlesque. "Where else would you develop great comics like Phil Silvers, Rags Ragland, Frank Fay, Bert Lahr? I can name you a dozen more." What he doesn't add is that while many are called as burlesque comics, only a few are chosen for the big time.

What it takes to be chosen, Red had. No one ever went into the business with

more intensity. At a time when he was making \$45 a week, playing the burlesque circuit from New York to Minneapolis, with stopover in Cleveland, Milwaukee and Chicago, and paying his own hotel bills and bus fare, he was also investing half of his income and sometimes more in new routines and parodies of the current popular songs. For one parody, "Souise of the Border," "bawdy but clean," he paid a writer the total contents of his wallet, \$50, because "my act needed a new lift. Besides, I always could live on salami." He did.

This onward and upward activity did not pass unnoticed even in burlesque, which in the late thirties was hardly an onward and upward branch of show business. According to the censors of the day, the average production was nothing more than a succession of strip teases, with most of the box-office appeal being supplied by such famed ecdyasiasts as Gypsy Rose Lee, Margie Hart, Roxanne and Ann Corio. The comics, the censors insisted, were nothing more than time-killers who occupied the stage long enough for the girls to put on more clothes to be taken off in the next scene.

Despite such negative attention outside the theater, Red's stock continued to rise within the profession. Al Jolson once sought him out between acts to give him a boost that kept him floating for months: "Keep it up, kid. You've got the stuff that goes to the top."

For a while Red thought he was at

the top. Minsky began featuring him in more and more lavish productions, the stately Roxanne consented to become his wife, and some encouraging words from José Ferrer indicated he might be ripe for the more legitimate side of the legitimate theater.

In no time at all, however, Red was feeling mighty low. The romance between him and Roxanne refused to flourish in the unreal world of fans, feathers and bubbles, and though the resulting divorce was amiable enough, Red was a long time recovering. Starred in a lavish Margie Hart vehicle called "Wine, Women and Song," which was hailed by burlesque as New York's answer to the Folies Bergere, Red saw his professional world fold up when New York refused to be grateful for Margie's patriotic rebuttal to French art.

Not only did the censors shut "Wine, Women and Song," but they added insult to insult by tossing all of burlesque out of the city. Red was rescued by José Ferrer and given the juvenile lead in "The Admiral Had a Wife," a musical comedy based on the gay goings-on in Honolulu and Pearl Harbor. He was all set to make his legitimate debut on December 8, 1941, but the bombs fell on December 7th. The show never opened.

Like the punch-drunk Rocky Buttons, Red wobbled back for more. He got a part in a play called "Vicki," and was still shaking from opening-night jitters when it closed. He was signed for a role in a James Cagney movie just in time to see his part cut from the script.

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N.I.A. Wlas Him Salary Rise

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So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on homemaking, social matters, children, business, recipes, hobbies, fashions, sports, decorating, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., as well.

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Finally opportunity beckoned. Two long-term contracts arrived on the same day—one from Paramount and one from his draft board.

Red's years of zany slapstick had prepared him, in part, for his Army campaign. Abruptly he found himself in a world where real life outburlesqued burlesque. Even now, eleven years later, few historians of World War II have cared to look behind the scenes at that peculiar branch of military science to which Red found himself assigned. Without warning he was yanked out of basic training, given a rifle, helmet and gas mask, and shipped back to Broadway for a lead in "Winged Victory," the Army's most formidable assault on show business.

Even Moss Hart, producer of the spectacle, may have been shocked at the nonregulation appearance of his cast when on the first day of duty it noured itself out of an assortment of Times Square bars and fell in for roll call in front of a night club. The members of the cast had two things in common; all were from show business, and all were possessed of an abysmal ignorance of things military.

Fortunately, the assets of the former outweighed the handicaps of the latter. On inspection days, when the cast was compelled to parade before officers who looked askance at soldiering in a Broadway musical, the boys had enough ham in them to parade like West Pointers. In fact, one crack drill team, made up entirely of hoofers, could snap through some intricate maneuvers never found in any military manual.

Otherwise, basic training consisted of rehearsals in a 48th Street theater,

military maneuvers in Central Park and chow lines in front of Sardi's; Fifth Avenue was the Post Exchange. Or, as Red likes to tell it, "On maneuvers we captured the Central Park Zoo so many times the bears got battle fatigue."

The assignment to "Winged Victory" marked the turning point in Red's life. He was thrown in with a whole crew of talented men from Broadway, Hollywood, the night clubs and radio. A high percentage were college graduates, and as Jack Williams, now a well-known singer, but at that time a singing hooper, says, "You couldn't help but be stimulated, just being around that cast. Red was a real shy guy when he first joined up, but by the time we opened in Boston he was the best-liked man in the show."

"Winged Victory" was a solid hit, and its morale-building effects were further enlarged when it was made into a movie for world-wide distribution. By that time the cast was clamoring for action overseas. "We had been kissed good-by so many times we were getting complex," Williams explains. "Every time we closed a show, we had to march to the railroad station, and every time we marched to a railroad station, women would rush out to kiss us good-by. Red, being the smallest, had to take the brunt of it. Fortunately, he liked it."

Red, Williams and four others got their orders first, and it was a happy Buttons who reported for active duty in Scotland. The first crusher came when he found himself classified as a "dance director." The second came when he discovered that his talents were regarded as too valuable to be risked on front-line

service, even in an entertainment troupe. "No," he was told. "We've got a rougher one for you. You go out and be funny for the wounded in the hospitals."

Red went out, and he was funny for the wounded, and he shook for hours before each show and hours after each show. The wounded took the brashness out of him and the freshness out of him, and then he had to put it all back in for each performance so he could delight the wounded by being fresh and brash. He grew up during those months.

Red also dropped the rawness of burlesque humor and learned how to be funny without being offensive, how to build a gag that ended on an upswing instead of an insult, and above all he learned how to key his humor to the response of his audience.

So engrossed was he in his work that it came as a complete surprise to him when he was picked to relieve some of the tension at the Potsdam Conference by appearing in a show for top officials, including President Truman and Winston Churchill. The show featured some of the biggest stars in show business, and in the opinion of all, Red stole everything.

The anticlimax came when the point system of return to the United States was announced. After all his hardships at Sardi's with the cast of "Winged Victory," Red at last was face to face with the day of reckoning. "Points!" he screamed in anguish after adding up two and two. "I haven't got enough points to get in the P.X. I'll be over here so long they'll retire me from the German Army."

When, in 1946, he did return, Red found himself famous as an Army comic. There was no demand for Army comics. Back to the night club and borscht circuit he went, with one short-lived excursion into the musical "Barefoot Boy with Cheek." Nevertheless, it was a happier time in show business, and Red was able to release a gayer note in his routines.

The Kupke Kid, for instance, was able to drop some of his pathos. Ousted from his bare room by a hard-hearted landlord, he no longer ran around with his hands clapped over his ears, moaning. "Oiy, oiy!" Instead, freed of the responsibility of paying rent, he strutted out with one hand cupped over his ear in jubilant fashion, shouting, "Ho, ho." In time this routine threatened to overwhelm the Kupke Kid, to turn him into a comic instead of an irresponsible child laborer. To save the Kid without losing the laughs, Red took the "ho-ho" for himself, to which he soon added, as times continued to improve, "hee-hee" and "hoo-hoo." Strange things were on their way to happening.

Except for the frustrations of being frequently "discovered" and then lost again ("Always I'm told I'm at the top just as they pull the rug!") Red Buttons enjoyed what for many would have been the height of success. His night-club engagements all over the country, his guest appearances and his master-of-ceremonies dates at many a big banquet were returning him more than enough to pay his board bill at Lindy's.

His day, beginning around 3 P.M. and ending around dawn, was full to the brim with show business and the chitchat of show business. Yet, too, it was



PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS

of the case presented on page 50

Although Rita was happily married and felt a deep sense of security in Sam's love, she was never able to throw off the traces of her childhood insecurity. She had been left alone by the death of her parents when a little girl. Her fear of loneliness came back to haunt her every so often.

When we are tired, fear and insecurity are often nearer the surface. Rita had been working hard. Sam suggested a cleaning woman with no other intention than that of helping her. He hadn't even noticed that the girl was physically attractive until Rita commented on it. Only Rita's insecurity and lack of confidence caused her to fear the cleaning woman's attractiveness.

It was just a coincidence that while Rita was out, her husband had moved into the living room where the girl was working. But Rita looked for a deeper explanation and in her fear "thought" Sam's hair was mussed and the girl looked flushed. Her old feelings of insecurity were aroused and she accused Sam of infidelity. Diagnosis No. 2 is correct.

Too often we permit ourselves to jump to conclusions which confirm

our fears instead of taking a longer and more generous look at what goes on about us. Rita can be helped to do this. Because Sam is internally calm and confident in his love, he will be able to reassure and help her. With patience, Rita and Sam can learn to look back on this episode as a humorous reminder of how easy it is to become a victim of our own suspicions and fears.

PERSONALITY POINTERS:

1. Do you often feel annoyed at your date or your husband for being carefree with others?
2. Do you frequently become tense because of another person's tone of voice?
3. Are you constantly wondering what other people are thinking about you?

If your answers are "yes" you show symptoms of insecurity. We all have some insecurity, but beyond a certain point it can create serious problems that may even require professional advice and help.

strangely empty. Too full of bounce to need a drink—an occasional pony of cognac was considered a binge—and too afraid of women, since his divorce, to find any comfort in their society, he wandered around alone and lonesome.

Convinced he was through with romance, Red spent a considerable part of one evening at Lindy's explaining this to a girl to whom he was introduced by a mutual friend. The girl was from Toledo, and her name was Helayne McNorton. She understood so thoroughly that when they met by accident several weeks later, Red explained his theories all over again. The romance in reverse, requiring more and more of Helayne's time, blossomed inevitably into matrimony in 1949. Typically, the wedding took place after the late show at the Paramount Theater, where Red was starring, and married life began with a race to catch the train for Miami Beach, where he was booked for his next engagement.

During all this time Red never stopped beating on the doors of the theaters and the motion-picture studios. Everybody, including himself, felt he was ripe for something big, but no one knew what. In 1951 he added television to his rounds.

In October he finally got his first chance in television, starred in "Suspense" as a straight dramatic actor—and television was loaded with dramatic actors. None of his own brand of comedy came through. It was back to the nightclub circuit for Red for another year.

Late in the summer of 1952, during

a shortage of comedians, CBS put Red in front of a camera and turned him loose. The Red Buttons Show was unsponsored, and there was nothing to lose but time. What followed was unprecedented in show business. One director explains it this way: "In just 30 seconds we knew Red had knocked it off. It was sensational. Don't ask me how, but in some way—it's uncanny—we could just feel millions of people all over the country all of a sudden moving in on their television screens, crowding in. He was wowing 'em. Bowling 'em over. I've never seen or felt anything like it."

If no one else knew what Red was ripe for, the public did.

Since then the jitters have not passed away, but by warming up for fifteen minutes before a large and enthusiastic studio audience, he is fully charged when the cameras move in to carry his image and personality into millions of homes.

Except that Red and Helayne have moved into a sumptuous apartment on the upper East Side overlooking the East River—"It's still the same river I grew up on, only more expensive—" Red has been little changed by success. One thing never ceases to amaze and delight him, and that is the instant recognition he gets wherever he goes. "I was in show business 20 years, and no one ever recognized me once I got a block from the theater," he says. "Now that television has put me in the home, it's everybody. Everybody. You know, it's great. This is what I've been looking for. This can go on forever." About thirty million people feel the same way. ... THE END

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please tell me"



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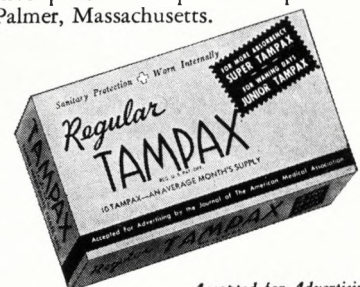
"I've heard that Tampax prevents odor from forming. How?"

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(Continued from page 22)

Less than five minutes later, she slapped his face and strode indignantly toward Fifth Avenue.

He overtook her by the time she reached the bus stop. "Hey, wait!" he pleaded.

"Go away, you . . . you *masher!*" Suzanne gripped the handle of her pocketbook and started to swing. He caught it in mid-air.

"This is a lethal weapon!" he said. "You could kill somebody with it."

"That's the general idea," she snapped. "Go away!"

"Beats me the junk women carry around in their pocketbooks."

"I would appreciate it," she said coldly, "if you would forget the comments and return my arm."

"I haven't got your arm."

"You've got my purse, haven't you? And my arm's attached to it."

"Oh! Sorry." He let go, and she tried to escape into the Number Five bus which had stopped at the corner, but he jumped on with her.

"You've got me all wrong, Miss Stacey," he said, holding onto the strap next to hers.

"I'll bet I have, Mister."

"Penny, remember? Calvin Penny."

"I may be half French," Suzanne sputtered, "but I've never been so insulted in my life." Two passengers put down their newspapers and gave them their full attention.

"All I said," the young man repeated earnestly, "was that my interest in you is purely physical . . . and I asked you if you would care to be at my place tomorrow afternoon at two! Ten dollars an hour."

Suzanne swung with her purse again, catching him this time squarely on the side of the jaw. By now the entire bus was alerted.

"I'm a *photographer*," Calvin Penny moaned from the floor of the bus. Two burly, civic-minded passengers advanced toward him menacingly. "My card," he said, hastily digging it out of his pocket. Scrambling to his feet, he shoved it into Suzanne's hand. The bus stopped. He tipped his hat and quickly alighted.

Suzanne read the card: CALVIN PENNY, COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, and at the bottom, an address on West Sixty-seventh Street.

Perhaps I misjudged him after all, she thought, recalling the dimple in his chin and mentally comparing him with Marvin Bloocher at the office.

When she arrived at the family apartment near Washington Square, she discovered her father already home and settled comfortably behind the financial page of the evening paper.

"Good evening, Papá," she said. Then, because she thought it would be

better to get her bad news over with immediately rather than to let it hang heavily in the air all during dinner, she added, "I might as well tell you now that I'm no longer working at Peabody, Peabody and Shrift."

"You've been fired?"

"No, Papá. I quit."

Her father slammed the financial page down on the hassock and rose to his feet. "Gabrielle!" he bellowed. Mrs. Stacey came running lightly from the kitchen, where she had been overseeing the *coq au vin*.

"Hello, Cherie," she said, kissing Suzanne on both cheeks. "What a chic chapeau!"

"You like it, Mamá?"

"*C'est magnifique!*"

"It was very expensive."

"How expensive?"

"Extremely," Suzanne said.

"Who bought it for you, Cherie?"

Mrs. Stacey inquired hopefully.

"I bought it for myself, Mamá."

"*Quelle dommage!* Pretty girls should never pay for anything expensive themselves. It takes all the spice out of it. Your father will be delighted to pay for it. Won't you, John?"

"I will not be delighted!" Mr. Stacey thundered. "Gabrielle, your daughter has quit her job again. This is the third job your daughter has quit in three months."

"Turn around, Cherie," Mrs. Stacey said. "Let me see the back."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, John. And I'm sure Suzanne must have had good reason. What was your reason, Cherie?"

Mrs. Stacey sat down, placidly

folded her hands, and prepared to listen. Her husband had a momentary seizure of panic in the presence of his two women—the feeling of complete helplessness which seemed to overcome him more and more frequently of late. John Stacey was a temperate man who came of temperate New England stock. In all his life he had committed only one illogical act: he had married a girl from the Folies Bergere.

Nevertheless, he had brought her back to the States and had managed to cope rather successfully with the situation until their daughter had reached the age of feminine logic—at, perhaps, two years.

If there had ever been a raging conflict within Suzanne between her New England and her Parisian lineage, she had taken the path of least resistance—and had emerged a rare second edition of her mamá. At twelve she had had only one ambition . . . to be a mother. Not trusting his wife in matters of this sort, John Stacey had taken his daughter into the study for a long, sobering discussion, and when they emerged some time later, he had persuaded her that marriage should be the primary goal.

Actually it had taken very little persuasion. Suzanne was very agreeable to the whole idea. From that day on, her one ambition in life was to get married, and nothing that had happened since had shaken her firm resolve. When she was graduated from Miss Benton's private school, she had no desire for higher learning. She was content merely to sit and wait for a husband. In a short time, she found two candidates, both of them, unfortunately, having wives of their own.

It was then that Mr. Stacey enrolled her in a business school. "Idle hands



make work for the devil," he had said. So, after a year of Gregg plus brief romances with her shorthand instructor and a man who came to oil the typewriters, Suzanne set out to look for work.

"Three jobs in three months!" Mr. Stacey repeated patiently. "What was the matter with this one?"

"Marvin Bloochee," Suzanne answered, smiling at her mother, who smiled back at her.

"And who is Marvin Bloochee?" asked Mr. Stacey, measuring his words.

"The only single man in the whole office. Three floors of office, Mamá, and only one single man. Imagine!"

Mamá clucked sympathetically.

"Everyone else was married, Papá," Suzanne continued, "and since you feel rather strongly about that kind of thing, I respected your wishes and tried my best to concentrate on Marvin Bloochee." She sighed dismally. "You should see him, Mamá. He's definitely round-shouldered, he sniffs, and he has no sense of humor. I saw no future in the job, so I quit!"

"Bravo!" said Mrs. Stacey, clapping her hands.

"Is that the only reason you work?" asked her father slowly, losing what little patience he had left. "Don't you get any satisfaction from a job well done?"

"Not a bit," Suzanne answered honestly. "I'm a terrible secretary, if you want to know the truth."

"What do you want to do?" he exploded; then bit his tongue.

"I'd like to be a mother," Suzanne said demurely, adding quickly. "But I'll get married first, just the way you want me to. Is dinner ready? I'm famished."

She wore her hat to the table, because there was a mirror facing her chair in the dining room and she could look at herself. When they were on the crepes suzettes she announced, "Anyhow, I've got another job starting tomorrow at two o'clock."

"Well, well . . ." said her father, "why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"How many single men in the office, Cherie?" her mother inquired.

"It's strictly a one-man operation, Mamá."

"Limiting," sighed her mother.

"Married?" demanded her father suspiciously.

"I doubt it. He doesn't have a married look."

"And just what is a married look? No! Never mind! Don't tell me. What kind of a job is it?"

"He's a photographer," Suzanne said. She giggled. "Maybe he'll want to take me into the darkroom and see what develops."

Mrs. Stacey laughed appreciatively. Mr. Stacey slammed his spoon down on the plate. "You know I don't approve of that kind of talk, Suzanne."

"Sorry, Papá."

"What's the name of this photographer?"

"Calvin Penny. He's about five feet eleven; has brown eyes and a dimple in his chin."

"Where did you meet him?"

Suzanne deliberated a moment. Somehow saying she had met him in the

library sounded more respectable than saying she had met him on a bench behind the library, and it didn't seem to be stretching the truth too much. "I met him in the library, Papá," she said. "It was all very respectable. He gave me his card."

"Now wait a minute," Mr. Stacey said. "Do you expect me to believe that this man simply walked up to you in the library, handed you his card, and told you he was looking for a secretary?"

"Not exactly, Papá. His interest in me is purely physical."

Mr. Stacey lifted his cup and his eyebrows simultaneously.

"He wants me to model . . . uh . . ." Suzanne glanced into the mirror for inspiration. ". . . hats!"

Mr. Stacey's eyebrows returned to normal.

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Stacey. "It's a very becoming chapeau, and since it's responsible for getting you this new position, I'm sure that now your father will be more than delighted to pay for it. Won't you, John?"

Suzanne ran to him and kissed him before he had a chance to answer. "Thank you, Papá," she said gratefully. She didn't bother to tell him that she had already put it on his charge account.

At two o'clock the next afternoon, she rang the bell to the studio apartment on West Sixty-seventh Street. Calvin Penny opened the door. When he saw Suzanne, he took a step backward and said, "Don't come a step farther until you drop that lethal purse, and walk in with your hands over your head!"

She leaned forward and gently touched the lump on the side of his jaw. "Did I do that?"

He thrust out his hand suddenly, and grabbed the pocketbook from her. He tossed it triumphantly across the room, where it landed on a table of glossy prints.

"I'm sorry I misjudged you," Suzanne said, "and I can use that job."

"I don't know," Calvin said dubiously, massaging the lump. "Maybe it wasn't such a good idea, after all, but you just struck me as being the type I was looking for."

"And then I just struck you," she mourned. "I'm sorry, I'm really very sorry. Are you married?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You don't have a married look."

"I don't intend to have."

"Why? Do you hate women?"

"I like them too much to limit myself to one," he answered.

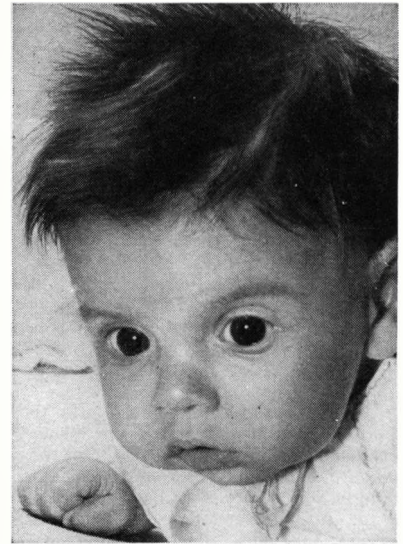
"Very sensible." Suzanne smiled, at the same time wondering how many closets there were in the apartment. "How many closets are there in this apartment?" she finally asked aloud.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stacey?"

"I never did approve of that *His* and *Her* business in closets," she explained. "I think it's much nicer to share them, don't you?" She sighed. "*Her* skirts next to *His* pants; it's much cozier."

"Good-by, Miss Stacey," he said hastily, opening the door again.

Suzanne was undaunted. She walked into the studio. Mamá had said it would be like this. A girl could look and look, and suddenly one day there *he* was. It was as simple as that.



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"I've decided!" Calvin Penny said, following her.

"So have I," she said demurely.

"I've decided," he went on, "that I'm going to use a professional model for my purposes. As a matter of fact, I've already called an agency, and . . ."

Suzanne dropped her coat on a chair and turned to him. She was wearing a black-and-red-striped jersey and a slim tapered black skirt. She reached down and straightened the seam in her left stocking.

Calvin Penny swallowed twice. "On second thought," he said, "I can always call the agency and tell them the job is filled."

"Why don't you do that?" Suzanne said.

He did, while she found her way to the kitchen and made coffee. The dishes were haphazardly thrown together in the cupboards. Red-and-white shelving paper would be very pretty, she thought, searching for cups and saucers.

Over the coffee, which was delicious, Calvin said, "What kind of work have you been doing, Miss Stacey?"

"Secretarial work," she said.

"It seems a pity to hide those legs . . . behind a desk."

"That's what I kept telling Papá," Suzanne said. "I think modeling sounds like much more fun. What did you have in mind?"

"Well," he said, toying with his cup, "it's for a calendar."

"Papá has three calendars in his office," Suzanne said. "One is a picture of the First National Bank, another is of Boulder Dam, and the third is a picture of the Eiffel Tower. That's because of Mamá. She's French, you know."

"Well, this isn't exactly that kind of a calendar. The idea was for you to wear a hat—a big, floppy-brimmed straw."

"That's just what I told Papá," Suzanne said gleefully. "I told him you wanted me to model hats."

"You'd also have on very high-heeled black pumps," he added. "And . . . that's about all."

"What do you mean that's about all? What about in between?"

"Blacklaceunderwear." He shot out the words so rapidly they sounded more like a single word.

Suzanne got to her feet. "I'm afraid Papá wouldn't approve."

"Miss Stacey," he said, "my interest in you is purely . . ."

"Physical."

"Businesslike," he corrected. "Impersonal."

"You haven't seen me in black lace underwear," she said, sanely.

"Listen," he told her. "I photograph beautiful women every day of the week. It's my job. I think of it as a job. Do you ever think of your doctor as a man?"

"No," she admitted.

"You see?"

"But maybe that's because she's a lady doctor."

Calvin hesitated. "Well, I'm not going to talk you into it, Miss Stacey," he said stiffly.

Suzanne thought it over. If she left now, she might never see Calvin Penny again, and besides, if Mamá had managed

to escape pneumonia on the drafty stage of the Folies Bergere, she didn't see why she would be in any particular danger in a steam-heated photographer's studio.

"All right," she said.

Actually, it was very warm and comfortable under the bright lights. There was a canopy of silver paper overhead to reflect the highlights, and Calvin moved about, bending, stooping, squatting, looking for just the right camera angle. He was as impersonal and businesslike as he'd promised to be.

"A little more to the left, Miss Stacey. Ahh! Too much! That's it. Hold it. Now smile."

She lifted her head and smiled, and the doorbell rang. Calvin swore softly and went to answer it.

"Mr. Penny. How do you do? Permit me to introduce myself." The



voice was familiar. Suzanne froze; then, because she knew he was bound to look in and see her anyway, she called out, "Hello, Papá."

"Papá?" said Calvin.

"Out of my way, young man." John Stacey brushed past him into the studio. His jaw dropped when he saw Suzanne perched on the stepladder wearing the floppy hat, the high-heeled pumps and the black lace underwear in between. "So you're modeling hats!" he bellowed.

"In a way, Papá," Suzanne said meekly.

"Put your clothes on. You're coming with me."

"But Papá!" she wailed.

"My intuition told me I'd better look into this. I said get your clothes, Suzanne. I'm taking you home."

"But I'm going to be on a calendar, Papá dear. Like the Eiffel Tower and the First National Bank."

"No daughter of mine is going to be put on public exhibition in an outfit like that!" Mr. Stacey roared.

"But Mamá . . ."

"Leave your mother out of this."

"Now look here, Mr. Stacey," Calvin said. "This could open a whole new career for your daughter. It's a crime against society to hide legs like that behind a desk."

Mr. Stacey looked around him, and

his eyes lighted on Suzanne's pocket-book. He picked it up by the handle and swung at Calvin. Calvin didn't duck fast enough. Suzanne quietly went into the other room and emerged a few minutes later fully dressed. On her way out she knelt beside Calvin, who hadn't bothered to get up off the floor.

"Good-by, Calvin," she said.

"Miss Stacey," he answered. "I can truthfully say I will probably never forget you."

At home, Mamá listened quietly to the whole story. Then she said, "Your papá was right, Suzanne."

Mr. Stacey looked a little surprised, but pleased.

"Why, you could have caught your death of cold," she continued.

"Not at all, Mamá. The studio was very warm."

"Oh? Well, that's different. Then I don't know what all the fuss was about."

Mr. Stacey threw up his hands in disgust. "I simply cannot cope with this any longer," he declared. "Suzanne, I wish you'd find yourself a husband, and leave me in comparative peace. Of course, come back and visit sometimes—"

"I did find a husband," Suzanne answered hotly. "Calvin Penny. Only you fixed things so he'll probably never want to see me again."

She ran sobbing into Mrs. Stacey's warm French bosom, and Mamá tried to comfort her. "If he's what you want, you shall have him, Chérie."

"How?"

"You'll see. We'll map out a campaign."

The next night, Suzanne rang Calvin's bell with some difficulty—the difficulty arising from the fact that her arms were laden with groceries. When he opened the door and saw her, he said, "Good-by, Miss Stacey," and tried to close the door. There was a new lump on the other side of his jaw.

"I've come to apologize and make you dinner," Suzanne said, contritely.

"I've given up eating, thank you. Besides, your father is apt to show up in time for dessert."

"Oh, no," she assured him. "Mamá has promised to keep him at home."

"Miss Stacey," he said wearily, "ever since I first laid eyes on you, I've had nothing but trouble."

"I thought we might start with lobster cream canapé."

"I just told you I've given up eating."

"Then Mamá suggested *potage crécy*."

"As a matter of fact, since meeting you, I've almost decided to give up women."

"After that we could have *veal printanière*."

"Go away, Miss Stacey."

"With dumplings."

She gave him *the look* she had been taught at ten—the discreet lowering of the lashes coupled with the slow, suggestive smile.

"What's for dessert?" he asked weakly.

"Chestnut soufflé with brandy."

He took the groceries from her and carried them into the kitchen.

While they were having dinner, he

said, "Did your mother teach you how to cook?"

"Everything I learned, I learned from my mamá," she answered.

When he took her home—and it was late, because they had been dancing—he kissed her good night, and she kissed him back. "Your mamá must be quite a woman," he said.

She made dinner for him every night for a week, and at the end of it, he said, "Your mamá did all right by you, but as for your father, he's an over-stuffed relic from the Victorian era."

"Mamá says he can be very sweet."

Calvin left the candle-lit table glumly after dessert and took some contact prints out of a file drawer. "Look at these," he muttered, shoving them in front of her.

Suzanne examined them critically. "The blonde is rather attractive, if you care for the obvious type," she said pushing them away.

"Suzanne," he said, "I've used a dozen models in a week. None of them has what you have."

"Papá says no."

"This job's important to me," he pleaded. "It's the first assignment from a big agency, and it could mean a lot."

"Will you take me dancing again tonight?"

"If I had a daughter who looked the way you do, I'd be proud to have the world know it."

"You dance so well, Calvin."

"Calendar art has become so very respectable today," he said, stating his case. "Why, it could lead to almost anything. For example, look at—"

"Papá says he doesn't want a daughter of his on public exhibition in an outfit like that." Suzanne carried the dishes into the kitchen and started to wash them. "But I have a solution," she offered, soaping the sponge.

"You have?" Calvin cried eagerly.

"Yes. If we were married, he'd have absolutely no say in the matter."

Calvin dropped the dish towel and lit a cigarette. "Suzanne," he said apologetically, "when we first met, I told you I don't have a married look because I don't choose to have one. Nothing personal, you understand."

"You mean you don't ever intend to get married?"

"At the moment I'm too busy concentrating on my career."

"But if using me as a model can help your career . . ."

"Suzanne," he said, "you're a lovely girl and I've grown very fond of you, but when I get married—if I get married—it'll be my idea."

"It's never the man's idea. Most women just let them think it is, that's all. I'm more honest than most." Suzanne dumped the sponge into the sink, dried her hands, and walked out of the kitchen. "You don't appreciate me, Calvin," she said. "You can finish cleaning up the rest of that mess by yourself, and I hope you get indigestion eating in restaurants from now on."

A week passed with no word from Calvin. "What did I do wrong, Mamá?" Suzanne asked.

"Perhaps you didn't put enough brandy in the chestnut soufflé," Mrs. Stacey suggested.

Another week passed with still no word from him, and then one evening as the Staceys were having dinner, the doorbell rang.

It was Calvin.

"I'm asking you to marry me," he announced with authority, when Suzanne let him in, "only this time it's my idea! All mine! Understand?"

"Of course," Suzanne said sweetly, kissing him on the lips.

Mrs. Stacey ran in from the dining room, and when she was introduced and told the news, she got up on her toes and kissed Calvin on the forehead.

Mr. Stacey followed almost immediately. "What's this all about?" he demanded.

"Your daughter and I are going to be married," Calvin said, "and taking another swipe at me now wouldn't go under the heading of good family relations—sir."

"Married?!?" Mr. Stacey yelled.

"Yes! And just what do you intend to do about it, Mr. Stacey?" Calvin asked belligerently.

Mr. Stacey's face was suddenly wreathed in smiles. He almost bounded across the room, and like a French general about to award the Croix de Guerre, kissed an astonished Calvin on both cheeks. "My dear boy," he said, pumping Calvin's hand enthusiastically, "thank you, thank you, thank you." There were tears of gratitude in his eyes. "Just think. I'll have someone to talk to at last," he said. "Someone who'll understand."

Suzanne and her Mamá hugged each other rapturously while Mr. Stacey got out a rare old bottle of champagne for a toast.

It was a beautiful wedding, and the morning after the honeymoon Calvin came into his studio whistling. The whistle died in his throat when he found Suzanne perched on the stepladder, wearing the floppy hat, the high-heeled pumps and the black lace in between.

"What are you doing in that outfit?" he bellowed.

"I'm going to pose for your calendar," she said.

"Oh, no, you're not!" he snapped. "Put your clothes on."

"But calendar art has become very respectable today. You said so yourself."

"I know what I said."

"Why, it could lead to almost anything. For example—"

"No wife of mine," he thundered, "is going to be put on public exhibition in an outfit like that. Get down off that ladder."

Suzanne got down, sniffing. "You're turning out to be just like Papá."

"My father-in-law," Calvin said, "has a lot more sense than I thought he had." He took her in his arms. "Listen," he said. "Listen . . . I know it sounds old-fashioned and . . . stuffy . . . but this isn't what I want for the mother of my children."

Suzanne stopped sniffing and beamed. "Mother of your children? Why, Calvin," she said. "What a lovely idea—and it's all yours, isn't it?" She took off the hat. "What would you like for dinner, Cheri?" she asked. . . . THE END

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PREVENTING MISCARRIAGES

Despite repeated miscarriages, careful medical treatment can help many women have babies. The treatment includes advising the women how to avoid tension, worry and fears; correcting any existing physical defects; a high citrus diet plus additional vitamin C; use of sedatives, vitamin K and thyroid extract when necessary.

One hundred women who had had only 15 live babies out of 420 pregnancies were treated this way. On the new regimen, these same women had 113 live babies out of 129 pregnancies. Once they have succeeded in having babies, they can do so again and again.—Dr. Carl T. Javert of Cornell University Medical College, New York.

SPANKING CAUTION

Never spank a baby one to five years old, a pediatrician warns. Even a light blow might make the baby become nervous and high-strung, due for trouble later on. The reason: an infant's nervous and muscular-skeletal systems are still not fully developed until the age of five, and could easily be damaged by sudden or seemingly unfair punishment. The result could be a jumpy, nervous child.—Dr. Neva M. Steidley of St. Joseph, Mo., to the American College of Osteopathic Physicians.

SINUS VACCINATION

Vaccination against chronic sinus trouble apparently works well for some people. The vaccine is made from the types of germs which are found to be causing the infection. The vaccine was inoculated into 16 patients and banished sinus trouble in six, of which four remained free of the trouble for three to eighteen years. Eight of the patients were much improved and half of these maintained the improvement. The vaccine failed to help two of the treated patients.

Another vaccine is credited with banishing chronic nasal catarrh in four patients for six to thirteen years so far. It helped the condition in two others, but failed to benefit a seventh person.—Dr.

Hugh M. Kinghorn, Dr. George E. Wilson, and Morris Dworski, B.S., of Saranac Lake, N. Y., writing in the *AMA Archives of Otolaryngology*.

SPRAINS AND STRAINS

Should you use hot or cold packs to relieve sprains and strains? Each has been touted as a household remedy, and each has its enthusiastic supporters. The nod is given to cold packs as generally being the best treatment at first, by a consultant writing in the *AMA Journal*. He explains that blood vessels may be ruptured in acute sprains and strains. Cold treatments reduce the hemorrhage and swelling. Hot packs can be applied 24 to 48 hours later, when heat would do the most good by increasing blood flow to the injured muscles and ligaments.

ACNE

Young women with acne or pimples frequently find that the pimples clear up after marriage. Maybe it happens because of better general hygiene including more regular daily schedules, a skin specialist writes in *Modern Medicine*. Other experts think emotional factors—married women are likely to be more relaxed and less anxious about their futures than single women—may be responsible for the improvement. As yet, there's no satisfactory proof for any theory.

INTOXICATION

It's just an old wives' tale that mixing drinks makes a person intoxicated sooner. Possibly mixing sweet and sour ingredients could upset your stomach, but it will have no effect upon your sobriety. All that really matters is the total amount of alcohol consumed, and how much of it gets into the bloodstream.

But the old story can be useful, for mixing your drinks could induce you to drink more than you would have had you stuck to one type of drink—just as sampling a great variety of foods could lead you to eat too much.—A consultant in the *AMA Journal*.

HEALTH GUIDELINES

Self-treatment of a stuffy nose with nose drops or sprays can bring on nasal allergy—itching, sneezing, obstruction and other troubles—when these medicines are used too much. Properly used, the drops or sprays can be helpful. But doctors sometimes get patients who are in self-created trouble from using such drugs continuously for weeks or months.—Dr. Nathan Ernest Silbert of Lynn, Mass., in *GP Magazine*.

Physical deformities in children should be corrected surgically as early as possible to prevent feelings of inferiority, shame, or other mental handicaps.—Dr. Edward Podolsky, Brooklyn, N. Y., in *Mental Hygiene*.

Poison ivy and sumac are not the only weeds which cause skin ailments. Allergic eruptions are created by a great variety of weeds, including short ragweed, giant ragweed (horse weed), bitter weed (dog fennel), burweed, marsh elder and sneezeweed. Recognizing the offending weed is an important part of effective treatment.—Dr. Wilfred E. Woolbridge, Springfield, Mo.

People suffering from shingles, a painful nerve ailment, seem to be helped materially by a vaccine made of killed influenza virus.—Drs. C. M. Griswold and S. S. Bowen, in *Texas State Journal of Medicine*.

No Home Like This Home



(Continued from page 30)

fare League, with which the Home is affiliated, calls it "An excellent example of America's best institutions. Many agencies are asking for its blueprint."

But Robert I. Beers, director of the Home, doesn't quite understand all the fuss. Beers, a lean, blue-eyed man of 38, describes its function modestly.

"Our job," he says, "is to provide a kind of emotional convalescence for kids who've been hurt during the breaking up of their families. Our house parents provide the stability of normal family living, while our trained social workers and case supervisor assist in the youngsters' adjustment. After this convalescence, the child is able to return to his natural parent or to move on to one of our carefully-chosen foster homes. We believe that in most cases life with the humblest parents or foster parents is preferable to life in the best institution."

As an example of successful "emotional convalescence," Beers cites the case of twelve-year-old Harriet.

When Harriet's father was sent to a mental institution, her mother, unable to support the large family, turned to a social agency which placed the children in foster homes. Harriet felt that she had been deserted, and she developed a deep bitterness toward her mother. She transferred this hostility to one foster mother after another, destroying each relationship.

When her mother's finances improved and the family was reassembled, Harriet refused to return. Then a psychiatrist prescribed a dose of group living for her, and she was sent to the Methodist Children's Home.

Harriet was assigned to the 12-16-year-old girls' apartment. Her house parents were Richard Baker, a former minister, now a school teacher, and his wife, who had also been a teacher.

At first the slender, brown-eyed Harriet showed her familiar belligerence toward "Mother." Gradually, through the combined efforts of Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Grace Hedden, one of three social workers at the Home, Harriet began to understand her feelings toward adults. Once Mrs. Hedden took her shopping in downtown St. Louis, where the child picked out several badly needed dresses ("the first I've ever bought").

In some states the public wards draw institution clothes from a central supply room. There is no choice, no shopping, no excitement of buying something all your own. And when the clothes are put on, the children all look alike.

In the beginning, Harriet had lived with two other youngsters in one of the apartment's big triple bedrooms. Later she was told that she could move to one

of the four single rooms. Harriet had never had a room of her own and certainly had never dreamed of one so beautiful. It was painted light blue, except for the long wall of glass with its bamboo blinds. Her new desk, dresser and bed were of yellow metal, and a gay patchwork quilt covered her bed. The roomy closet held all her clothes, including the new dresses. For the first time in an overcrowded life, Harriet had privacy.

Mrs. Hedden had frequent chats with the girl. She helped her to understand the "desertion" that had crowded her life, describing the problems that had overwhelmed her mother when her father was hospitalized. Mrs. Hedden also met with Harriet's mother to explain the child's reactions to the incident. Together they discussed plans for an eventual reunion.

THANKSGIVING QUESTION

On Thanksgiving Eve, the Bakers' living room, like those of the other three apartments, was clustered with youngsters. Some watched television; others were reading in the easy chairs or sprawled on the floor.

Mrs. Baker sat in a quiet corner mending a blouse—Harriet's blouse. Suddenly the girl was at her side.

"Mrs. Baker," she said cautiously, "can I ask you a question?"

"Of course, Harriet; what is it?"

The girl looked embarrassed, but said, "Did I ever tell you that I love you?"

Mrs. Baker smiled. "No, I don't think you ever did."

"Well I do," said the child.

Some weeks later Harriet was reunited with her own mother. Their misunderstandings had been overcome, and they were prepared to face their future together.

Director Beers is often asked if his youngsters develop too great an attachment to their house parents.

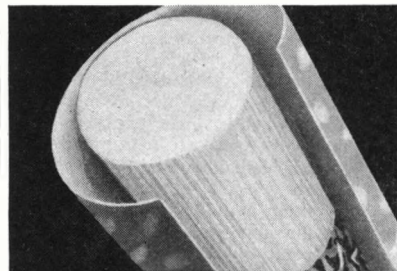
"No," he says, "a child may show great affection and call them 'Mom' and 'Pop,' but he seldom confuses them with his real parents. For one thing, he knows that the other nine kids in the apartment aren't his brothers and sisters, and that none of them have the same names as the house parents. Although the substitute parents fulfill a great need in the child's life, they do not destroy his allegiance to real parents or members of his family. In fact, in cases like that of Harriet, they strengthen the ties between parent and child."

Starved by their past deprivation, the children seek love from everyone. Mrs. Alice Nunn, a motherly, gray-haired social worker, has a daily rendezvous with an eight-year-old who dashes into her office, gasps "Kiss me seven times," and scoots back to his apartment after number seven.

Until a recent inspection, one Pennsylvania home "cared for" 140 children with an untrained staff lacking a nurse or a social worker. Unlike a Missouri institution, however, it did not require that the children's heads be shaved.

When Beers says, "Our whole program is designed to make life at the Home as much as possible like life in a

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family," he hits upon the goal of all modern institutions for children. Except for the St. Louis Home, the best of these utilize the cottage system. Under this plan house mothers, usually older, unmarried women, preside over small family units, each in a separate building. In some cases married couples have been employed, with the husband working frequently as a maintenance man for the institution, a relationship not typical of normal family living.

There are many excellent cottage-type homes, but along with them are a growing number whose buildings are so large and overcrowded that "cottage" has become a misnomer, and "institution" would be more appropriate.

ONE ROOF WORKS WELL

One of the main disadvantages of the cottage system is its expense. The construction of separate buildings, with separate heating and plumbing, stretches the budgets of church and social agencies to the breaking point.

Contrast this with the Methodist Children's Home. The use of married house parents adds little expense, for while house mothers are given regular salaries, their husbands receive only their maintenance.

Everything is under one roof. Each apartment has its own kitchen, where the house mother prepares the family breakfast. This kitchen is handy, too, for refrigerator raids and cooking experiments by the children. To spare Mom a crushing burden, lunch and dinner are cooked in a central kitchen, then sent up via dumb-waiter. All meals are eaten in the apartment's cheery dining room, and dinner is one of the day's highlights. The ten children sit at the long table with Mom at one end and Pop at the other. After grace, said by a different child at each meal, the conversation is as animated as in any home, for the kids have to bring the grownups up to date on the crowded events of their day.

In some state "training schools," the children march stolidly to their mess halls. There is no laughter; no conversation. As they eat, the only sound is the scraping of utensils against plates. The children are obeying the "No Talking" rule.

The maintenance of 3715 Jamieson is efficient and inexpensive, thanks to the foresight of architect Harris Armstrong. Interior walls, except those made of glass, are of sprayed concrete block, eliminating costly plastering and painting. All wood is in its natural varnished finish, and the asphalt tile floors are easy to clean.

The entire maintenance staff consists of a handy man, one cook and her helper, and a laundress. The children help only with light housekeeping chores.

In the West, several institutions are supported by income from a company. In return for this money the children do the company's laundry. Throughout America there are homes in which children perform heavy labor without compensation, year after year.

Architect Armstrong's extensive use of glass unites each room of the Meth-



Mary, 8, (right) shows her parakeet to Gerry, 11. Mary was given this pet to fill her need for something of her own to take care of and love.

odist Children's Home with the fourteen-acre park across the street. This impresses adults, but anyone who asks the children what feature they prefer will be led to the 68-foot terraces outside each apartment. These are used for everything from roller-skating races to sand-box contemplation. Eight-foot overhangs provide shade control and protection from rain.

With these features, plus the big playground in the back, it's easy to see why neighborhood youngsters are steady

visitors. A standing joke in Lindenwood, the attractive residential section where the Home is located, concerns a desperate mother who shouted to her son, "If you don't do what I say I'll send you to the orphan home."

"Okay," replied the boy. "When do we go?"

Like other students of the local public school, he had visited his classmates who lived in the Home. They played often at his house, too, for house parents allowed them to come and go just like other kids.

Director Beers and his staff have a particular affection for the Lindenwood School, which has offered their youngsters more than just an education. Its principal and teachers have worked closely with the Home to ease the children's adjustment, and, as a result, they are indistinguishable from the other pupils.

When their classmates discuss parents, the youngsters from the Home talk about *their* moms and pops. They take great pride in inviting house parents to school plays, and during Open School Week they cling to them just as eagerly as youngsters with real parents. And there's plenty of excitement before graduation when a girl and her house mother go to downtown St. Louis to buy a white dress, as new and as beautiful as any in the ceremony.

Because the Home's children are much the same as their schoolmates, a few become superior students, most are average, and a handful are always in trouble. When the principal caught one boy stealing the school goldfish, she did

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 4, Between the Lines—Ewing Krainin; Page 12, Letters to the Editor—Al Howard; Page 13, What's New in Records—Dan Wynn; Pages 14-20, Tops in the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Pages 24 & 25, Fear on the Campus—Karsh-Pix; Pages 36 & 37, That One-Man Gang Called Buttons—Irving Haberman; Pages 40-43, "We Took a Low-Cost Foreign Vacation"—Ewing Krainin; Canadian Government Travel Bureau; Pages 46-48, How Long Should Love Wait?—Wide World; Page 68, We Are Proud to Announce—Binder & Duffy; Page 78, You and Your Health—Diane & Allan Arbus; Page 88, Fifty-Two Engagements, and No Date—Ike Vern.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 50, Psychologist's Casebook No. 46—Illustrations by Don Neiser.

not punish him. Instead, she telephoned his case worker.

"I think this boy should have some goldfish of his own," she said, "and I'll be happy to pay for them." This gesture was not lost on a youngster who faced a world of hostile adults and who now acted out his feeling by stealing.

Children in the Home who have stolen money, candy or toys have frequently given their loot to apartment-mates. If the thief is a newcomer, his action is often recognized as an attempt to buy the affection of new friends. After house parent and case worker team up to provide security, the stealing usually ends.

A Kentucky institution, until recently, placed children who stole in solitary confinement. An Arizona "home" punished the guilty by making them walk barefoot for miles in the desert.

The Home at 3715 Jamieson is the culmination of almost a century of achievement by the Methodist Orphan Home Association of Missouri (the word "Children's" replaced "Orphan" recently). Supported largely by the contribution of Missouri's Methodists, it accepts children of all Protestant denominations (there are also Catholic and Jewish Homes in the St. Louis area) and developed an early reputation for advanced methods. But by 1946 its big congregational-type building had become obsolete, and the Home's board of managers was eager to build a new cottage-plan institution. Then architects told them it would cost 30 per cent more than they could afford.

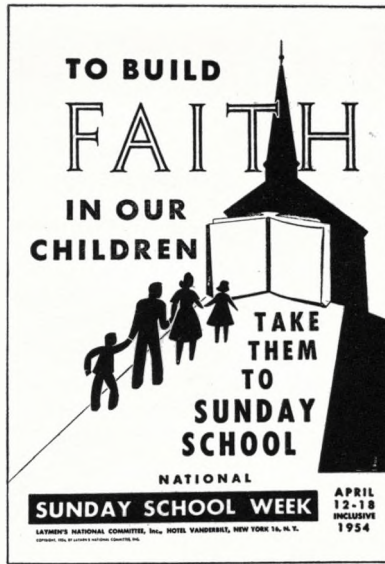
At this point one of the board members looked at the old Home in disgust and said, "Let's tear it down and put up an apartment building." This spontaneous suggestion took hold immediately. Board members did some quick research to evaluate the experience of other apartment-style institutions and soon discovered that none existed. Undaunted, they sold their old building and experimented with a makeshift apartment house in the center of St. Louis. This worked out so well that they went ahead with plans for a new \$300,000 apartment institution.

THEN, THE RIGHT MAN

Robert Beers was hired as director in 1949. His background could not have been more suitable, for he was born in a camp for underprivileged children directed by his father, a Methodist minister. Beers worked his way through Nebraska Wesleyan University and entered the Boston University School of Social Work with \$10 and a burning urge to work with problem children. After earning his master's degree in psychiatric social work, he built a brilliant record with a variety of children's agencies.

Then came a tour of combat service with the 8th Armored Division and supervision of a mental hygiene clinic for the Veterans' Administration. There the high percentage of mental breakdowns among men with institutional and foster-home backgrounds led him back to his first love—children.

To the board's apartment plan Beers added his own ideas of child care, including the employment of married house



parents. Architect Armstrong translated these dreams into one of St. Louis's most beautiful buildings, and in October, 1951, it opened its doors to the children. The unique new building, with its happy atmosphere, soon caught the fancy of the neighborhood. Many neighborhood organizations and businesses helped with gifts of food and money.

A local baker named Moellinger came by and asked if he could leave some

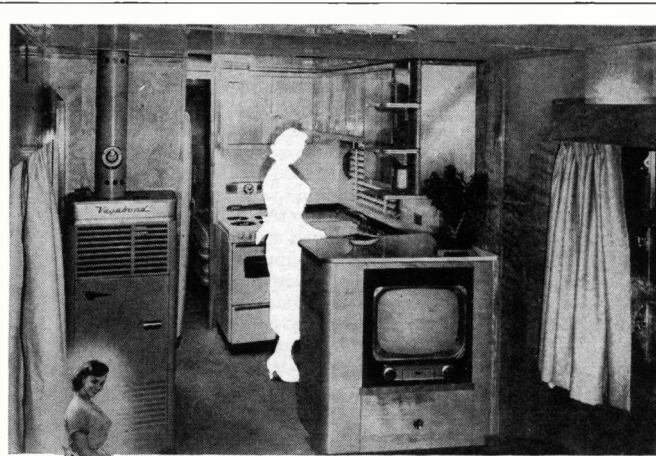
bread and pastry for the children. Beers assured him that it was all right, and he's been doing it ever since. The Hampton Village Lion's Club sent a man down with some money to equip the workshop, and the Moolah Temple Shriners sent over a television set. So did the Zion Methodist Brotherhood. A Catholic gentleman provided eight bicycles, someone else sent sleds, and Christy Memorial Church donated \$300 to encourage the Home's art talent. When the flurry of gifts subsided, the proprietor of Ruggeri's, St. Louis' best steak house, marched in with a side of prize beef, cases of milk and sacks of potatoes.

In Beers' opinion, the greatest asset of all has been the co-operation between the church, the board and the professional staff. Most of the staff members have happy kids of their own, which helps them to blend the practical and the theoretical.

Of course, Director Beers has his problems. It costs about \$80,000 a year to run the Home with all its separate functions. In addition to the 40 resident children, it provides supervision for 76 youngsters in foster homes and runs an adoption service which placed 24 children last year. But Beers will manage. You can tell by the poem tacked on the wall above his desk. It's by Margaret Bailey, and it reads:

God, give me sympathy and sense
And help me keep my courage high.
God, give me calm and confidence—
And, please—a twinkle in my eye.

... THE END

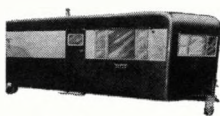


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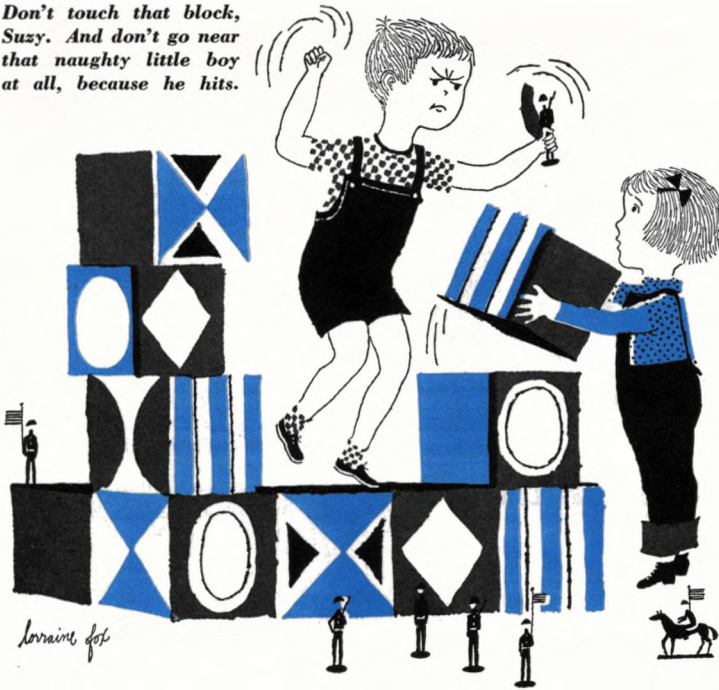
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When Your Child Fights

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

It's always a jolt for parents to see their child swing into action with fists flailing and teeth bared. Yet it happens to the best of us. The two- or three-year-old who wants a toy that is in another child's hands grabs it. The four-year-old who is protecting his block building from harm hits the invader over the head with a block.

Unquestionably, your child has to learn milder ways of getting along with people. But before suggesting ways of teaching him that lesson, let's consider why he acts uncivilized in the first place.

Your child is learning every minute of the day. He is learning how to manage words, how to get a cup to his mouth without spilling, how to fit a cover on a box. In all of these tasks he fumbles, makes mistakes, and has to try over and over.

Your child is also learning how to live with other people. Here, too, he will be a fumbling, inept beginner for years. If he acts like a caveman, it is because he, like his hairy ancestors, has not learned the ways of civilized society.

He needs time, and considerable patience. Most of all he needs your confidence that he will eventually be a satisfactory human being. Don't act as if he's hopeless. Don't jump on him every time he flexes his muscles. Try to remember that he is growing and changing daily, and that the problems that loom so large now will be gone by next fall.

Of course no child can be allowed to go on bludgeoning his way without becoming an unpopular bully. Yet too-sudden, severe punishment for the first mistakes may force him to give up all attempts to stand up for his rights. I have too often seen such children become withdrawn and unsure of themselves.

The other result of such forceful punishment as biting back, hitting hard to "show how it feels" will be to make your child more, not less, aggressive. It stands to reason that a hefty wallop or a bite from you is not going to make your child love the kid next door. If he is a normal, spirited youngster, he'll be just that much madder. And since he knows he can't take out his feelings on you, he'll take them out on his friends.

Your child needs teaching rather than punishment. Tell him directly, "Johnny doesn't like that," or "You'll have to wait." And remember to tell him over and over again. If he persists in his hit-and-run method, remove him from his friends temporarily.

Children who are guided in a firm, friendly way will learn to use their aggressive impulses constructively. Most aggressive children are actually very sociable. Often their very eagerness to be in the thick of things is what gets them into trouble.

The three-year-old who slugs and spits will, with your help in learning to live, grow into the eight-year-old who is a leader in play and is well liked by his playmates.

How Long Should Love Wait?



(Continued from page 48)

she was in Memphis looking for a job and working part-time as a baby-sitter.

"When I told Jim my story," said Ruth, "he asked me only one question: 'Do you really think Cogburn's dead?'"

"I said I did."

She had, she went on, read many newspaper accounts of combat involving the 24th Division, and it was believed that almost none of its members had survived. Besides, since Cogburn had been reported missing, no one in Lexington—not even his mother—had heard from him.

"I told Ruth I didn't care what had happened in the past," Jim Hern has told me. "I said I wanted to marry her anyway. She said she needed a month to make up her mind, and I said okay."

Actually, it took Ruth almost five months to decide, and during that time she and her son Danny returned to her parents' home in Lexington. While she was there, she asked the advice of a good many people, including three ministers, two lawyers, at least half a dozen former schoolmates, most of the neighbors, and, of course, her mother and father.

The ministers could not agree. One lawyer told Ruth that she was perfectly safe to go ahead with the marriage, and another strongly advised against it. Everybody she talked to had an opinion, often a vehement one.

There was never any doubt about what she should do, in the opinion of her father, Cecil Manley, a rail-thin, soft-spoken man who grows cotton, corn and a few watermelons on the 100-acre farm where Ruth has spent most of her life.

"I'd met Hern," he says. "and I knew he was a mighty fine man. I knew how my girl felt about him, and I said I'd be proud—real proud—to have him as a son-in-law. That's what I said at the time, and that's the way it was."

"I say, if you sow evil, you reap evil, and if you sow good, you reap good. That's the way I live. I knew my girl was not doing a bad thing by marrying Jim."

Ruth's mother, a plump, vigorous woman in her mid-forties, with six sons and daughters, was less certain of Ruth's course than was Mr. Manley.

"There's people in this town that talk because they've got nothing better to do, and I said to Ruth, I said, 'Honey, you've got your whole life ahead of you.' I said, 'You're young yet,' and I said, 'There's no call to give the gossips around here a chance to make you unhappy.' That's what I said at first, anyway—but with Ruth moping around the house and crying at night, I finally said, 'Ruth, if you love that boy, you go ahead and marry him. You know in your heart what's right.'"

"Finally," said Ruth. "Jim and I realized that nobody could help us make

up our minds. We decided to get married."

They were married after Jim finished work one evening in mid-July of 1952.

"After that," Jim said, "we went out to Colorado, and we spent a few months in Missoula, Montana, where I worked as an oiler for the Northern Pacific Railroad. We loved it out there. It's a place where you wake up in the morning feeling like you could handle whatever came along."

The day before the 1952 Presidential election, Jim was laid off, and he and Ruth and Danny went back to Lexington. There were several reasons for their decision, but the main one was that the Communists had announced that Cogburn was still alive and being held as a POW.

"I can't explain exactly how we felt the day we heard that," said Ruth. "Of course, I hoped it meant he was alive, but I still wasn't sure. I'd read stories about the kind of treatment the prisoners were getting, and about the lack of food and how many of them were dying."

THERE WOULD BE TROUBLE

"Deep down, though, I think I knew then that he'd be coming back—and that there would be trouble."

In addition, Ruth was pregnant, and she wanted to be home when her second child was born. They went to live in the tiny tenant house on the Manley place, and Jim helped Ruth's father.

Marilyn Bonita was born July 27, 1953. "We plan," Ruth told me, "to have quite a few others."

The morning of August 29 was hot and muggy. There wasn't a breath of air, and from her kitchen window Ruth could see Jim working beside her father in the field. Jim naked to the waist, both of them perspiring.

Jim and Danny came in a little before noon. They had just finished their cold lunch when they heard Ruth's father running up the road.

Mr. Manley came into the tiny kitchen, out of breath, unable to speak. "He was kind of white," Jim recalls, "and it took him a minute to get back his breath. Then he told us."

It had just been announced over the radio that Cogburn had been released from a prisoner-of-war camp and would soon be on his way back to Lexington.

"You want to know how we felt?" Jim asked. "Well, our first thought was, 'Here's trouble; bad trouble.'"

"Sure, we were glad that Cogburn was still alive, but we realized that we were in for some plenty rough times."

"I guess neither of us had any idea just how rough it would be for a while."

When Ruth and Jim went into Lexington that afternoon to buy some groceries, the whole town knew what had happened—and the whole town was talking.

"However," Jim said, "they were not necessarily talking to us."

As they walked down the street, some people, including two old friends of Ruth, seemed not to see them at all. Others sniffed contemptuously, and a few actually turned their heads away. But others offered their sympathy.

"And in the grocery store," said Ruth, "one old lady I hardly knew stopped and reached out for my hand.

She held it for a minute, and then she said, 'Don't you worry, dear. Don't you worry a bit. Everything will turn out all right.'

"When we got home that afternoon, a woman I knew in Nashville called up and said wouldn't Jim and I like to come and stay at her place until everything blew over at home."

"I said no. Right then it looked as if most of the people in Lexington were against us, but I wasn't going to run away."

Lexington, which has a population of about 3,500 and is midway between Nashville and Memphis, is the kind of town in which most of us were born or grew up or have spent considerable time. It is built around a parklike square, in the center of which is a red brick courthouse. There are two cannons in the square, as well as a tablet listing the names of the men who were killed in the first and second World Wars; the names of the dead of the Korean conflict will be added later.

On Sunday mornings most people go to church, and the children are sent to Sunday school. There are prayer meetings in the middle of the week.

The high school set spends a lot of time at the soda fountain in Davie's drugstore. Two small poolrooms are almost always crowded, and there are several roadhouses not far from town. However, legally, Lexington is dry, and shortly after the second showing of the movie has ended, the streets are deserted.

"We are," said the head of one of the local women's church organizations, "a quiet people, and we like to be let alone. Why, when the news got out about Ruth being remarried and her husband coming back, it was on the front pages of all the newspapers in this whole state and I guess as far away as the city of New York."

"We don't like that kind of goings-on."

"The first day or so after we knew Cogburn was coming home," said a local real-estate man and a member of the American Legion, "everybody was on his side. But then things sort of leveled off, and people felt just about the same as they had before. Some were for Ruth, and some were for Cogburn."

When I was there, the people of Lexington seemed to be fairly evenly divided in their opinions.

One thin, middle-aged waitress was angry.

"They're living in sin, those two," she said of Jim and Ruth. "When that girl married Cogburn, she promised to 'love, honor, and obey' and 'until death do us part.' Far as I can tell, she didn't do any of those things, and she'll be punished for it, if not in this life, then in the next."

"I went to school with Ruth," said a chubby, matronly-looking woman with three small children and another on the way, "and I knew she made a mistake in her first marriage. When she told me she was in love with this Hern boy, I told her she ought to marry him. I said to her, 'You only live once, Ruth, and you have to get the most out of life.'"

"There are," said a local minister, "two sides to every story. I don't know what the law says, but I believe in an understanding God, and, since James

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Hern and Ruth are in love, I believe she did the right thing in going ahead and marrying him."

A second minister—one of those Ruth consulted before marrying Jim—disagreed. "This woman," he said, "is not of my faith, and I would have no part in what she chooses to call her second marriage. In my view, she has committed adultery."

"Whenever they're in town," said a gas-station attendant, "she and that Hern fellow stop in here, and if ever I saw two people that loved each other, they do. I'm all for them."

Shortly before Cogburn returned to Lexington, Jim and Ruth separated temporarily, "just not to complicate matters any more than they already were," said Hern. Jim went back to Memphis, and Ruth remained with her parents.

After Cogburn's arrival home, he appeared before the Henderson County grand jury, and the jury returned an indictment against Ruth, charging unlawful cohabitation.

"He was confused," a local newspaperman told me, "and he was angry—understandably. Later, he regretted what he had done." A few days afterward, on Cogburn's request, the charge was dropped.

Since then, Cogburn, a soft-spoken, ruddy-faced man who has spent 11 years in the Regular Army and is a sergeant, first-class, has won an uncontested divorce. The custody of Danny was given to Cogburn's mother, who plans to take care of the child, probably living at whatever Army camp Cogburn is stationed.

In the meantime, Ruth and Jim have remarried.

"We are," Ruth has said, "determined to find happiness, and I think we will. It has cost us a lot, though; it has cost us Danny, at least temporarily. Some day I hope he will be back with us."

They have told friends in Lexington that they plan to "head West" again.

"Maybe Colorado, maybe Montana, maybe someplace else," Hern has said. "We figure that things are bound to be good from here on in. Whatever else, we're sure of one thing. We still love each other."

"There are no rules for situations like that of Ruth and Jim or that of Kathryn," said the psychologist. "One of the first things you learn in my profession is never to advise people; to let them talk their problems out and make up their own minds."

"In Kathryn's case, I personally think she would be better off if she waited for at least a few months—maybe even a year. By then, she may have some word of her husband. If not, then, legal or illegal, I think she should marry the man she now loves."

"However, I'd never tell her that. I want her to decide. About all you can say at this point is that a lot of women in this country have a big problem to face, and they need some understanding—some tolerant understanding."

"I realize," he concluded, "that if 3,700 or more of our men are still being held by the Communists, they are having the real hell, but that is another story."

THE END



(Continued from page 26)

word. She didn't care about the sunbeams; she wouldn't even look at all the fairy colors. Jeannie sighed. The sunbeams were hopping all over Mommy's pink housecoat now, and she could have caught one if she'd wanted to. Easy as pie, she could have.

"Do one on my cereal, Pa," Jeannie begged, "and I'll eat it up."

But Pa took the block of glass off the window sill and gave it to her. She guessed he was tired of making sunbeams. She looked at the glass block curiously, felt the edges with her fingers; she twirled it round and round as Pa had done. She tried it on the floor, on Pa's lunch pail standing on the tubs, on the faded red gingham curtains, but nothing happened. It was just, she thought in sudden disgust, like those tops Pa brought her. He could spin them on the table or the floor, but she couldn't spin them at all.

"What's the matter with it?" she asked Pa. "Is it busted? Why won't it work?"

"It needs sunlight," Pa explained. "It's a prism."

"A prison," Jeannie cried, aghast. "Not prison, honey," Pa laughed. "Prism."

Mommy laughed, too, but in an unfunny sort of way, and Pa didn't even wait for Uncle Joe, who lived in the flat just across and who worked with Pa, to come banging on the door. He just got up from the table and took his lunch

pail off the tubs and stood looking down at Mommy. He sighed and went around the table and kissed her hair and said something about no place being a prison if love is there. But Mommy didn't raise her head. So Jeannie jumped up and held her small face up to Pa. She liked to have him kiss her. She liked the tiny creases that ran together at the corners of his brown eyes whenever he kissed her, and she liked to touch his smooth dark hair. It was always damp and cool-feeling in the early morning. It made her think of the sprinkler-trucks that cooled off the streets when it was hot.

"Be a good girl, Jeannie," Pa was saying. He kissed her again for good measure. "Remember now—no crossing streets alone and stuff."

Mommy kept looking at the door for a couple of moments after Pa left. Then all at once, for some strange reason, she took off her wedding ring and pushed it around on the tablecloth with one finger.

"I might have known right then," she suddenly said, but as though Jeannie were still in her bed. "It's all in the way you start them off."

"When, Mommy?" Jeannie asked. "Are we going to start off this morning?"

Mommy gave her a queer sort of look. "I was talking about my ring, honey-pot," she said. "What I wanted was white gold with diamonds. They needn't have gone all the way round; just in front would have been okay with me. But this grandmother ring is what I got." She shot the ring across the table. It rang against Jeannie's cereal bowl. "Aunt Kate made Joe trade hers in for a smart-looking white-gold job, and that's what I should have done right at the start. Right at the beginning."

Jeannie's forehead wrinkled. She liked Mommy's bright gold ring a whole lot better than Aunt Kate's dinky ring.

"White gold isn't real solid gold, is it, Mommy?" she asked uncertainly.

"My God," Mommy said, "if you don't sound just like him. I don't know who does." Then she laughed. "But then, on second thought, sweetie-pie, if



REDBOOK

your father wasn't your father, you wouldn't be you." Leaning across the table, she smoothed Jeannie's soft yellow hair. Then she made her big blue eyes go even bigger. "Imagine that for a cat-ass-trophy," she said.

Jeannie knew she shouldn't giggle, but she couldn't help it. Pa got mad when Mommy said bad words in front of her, and he scolded Jeannie, too, for laughing. But Jeannie wasn't the only one. Aunt Kate got stitches laughing when Mommy started being funny. And you did have fun. Jeannie suddenly thought, with Mommy and Aunt Kate. You had fun with Pa, too, of course, but it was different. His fun didn't ever get you all excited like Mommy could do.

"Come on," Mommy said now, jumping up from the table. "Put the prism back on the sill and we'll give your neck and ears a lick."

Jeannie tried the prism once again, but she couldn't make it work. Just a pale yellow blob was all she could get.

"Put it down," Mommy said again. "I haven't got all day. Into the bathroom with you, Jeannie-bug."

Jeannie made one last try, then put the prism back. "Jiminetty," she complained, "if it works for Pa why won't it work for me?"

"A lot of things work for your Pa that don't work for other people, my love, but you won't find that out for a few years yet."

"But I bet I'm the only kid in the world that's got a prison, Mommy," Jeannie closed her eyes tight while Mommy scrubbed her face. "What's a prison like, Mommy? A real prison, I mean."

Mommy didn't answer for a moment; then she said, "It's a place where you turn in your dancing shoes, baby; where you give good times the go-by to save for a rainy day; it's a four-room flat at the tail end of a bus line; it's the zoo in the park on a Sunday afternoon instead of a show or something. It's brown paper budget envelopes. . . . Yeh, and a jailer, baby, no matter what you happen to call him. That's what prison is, if you really want to know."

Jeannie thought about that for a while. She felt a little disappointed, because most times when you asked Mommy anything she made up a real good story for you. There would be big dark woods and castles and princes on white horses and queens who whacked off people's heads, and princesses in furs and silks and satins, to say nothing of pearls and diamonds and rubies and stuff. She had expected a story about a prison. "Mommy," Jeannie finally asked in a small voice, "are you mad at me because I can't make the rainbows?"

Mommy dropped the washcloth as though it were red hot. She went down on her knees on the bathroom mat and pulled Jeannie close against her. She laid her cheek against Jeannie's face.

"Baby, precious," she said, "anybody who'd get mad at you would have to be a—a—well, I don't know what, but something pretty awful. Mad at you because you can't make rainbows. . . . Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie. . . ." She rubbed her nose, back and forth and back and forth, against Jeannie's small nose. "I love

you very, very much." She reached for a tissue from the shelf and blew her nose hard. "I love you more than all the world and every last person in it."

"More than Pa, Mommy?"
 "More than anybody."
 "More than Aunt Kate and Uncle Joe?"

"Much, much more."
 Comforted, Jeannie wound her arms around Mommy's soft, pretty neck.

"And better than Mr. Lobet," she stated firmly. "You love me better than him, too."

For some strange reason, Mommy let go of her. She sat back on her heels and then got up so quickly that she almost lost her balance.

"Why, Jeannie," she said, slowly, "what a thing to say. I'm ashamed of you. It's bold of you to say a thing like that about Mr. Lobet and Mommy."

Jeannie grew confused. Why was it bold? Mommy did like Mr. Lobet a lot. If she didn't she wouldn't have let him come for coffee every morning after Pa left. Pa didn't like Mr. Lobet. He said he was a goldbricker. Uncle Joe said he was, too. And Aunt Kate didn't like Mr. Lobet any more, either. At first she used to come over for coffee with Mommy and him, but then she stopped, and she had a bad fuss with Mommy. It was none of her business. Aunt Kate had said, and she didn't intend to make it her business, but right was right. Aunt Kate said, and it wasn't fair to Pa. Only Aunt Kate called Pa Robert, of course. Mommy told Jeannie later it was about the coffee. With coffee close to a dollar a

pond, Aunt Kate thought it wasn't fair to Pa to be handing it out that way. But poor Mr. Lobet was out of a job right now and might even be asked to move from his flat right below them. It was only neighborly, Mommy said, seeing Mr. Lobet had no wife to do for him, to offer him a hot cup of coffee when he started out looking for work. The coffee would only go down the sink anyway. Mommy had said. But if that was how Aunt Kate felt about it, Mommy said, she could just stay home and she wouldn't be missed. And neither Mommy nor Jeannie would say a word to Pa about any of it. Mommy and Jeannie would keep Mr. Lobet for their cross-your-heart, hope-to-die, special kind of secret. wouldn't they?

"Just between you and me, lamb," Mommy had said, "and no one else."

So Jeannie had crossed her heart and promised. He was fun, Mr. Lobet was. He had curly hair and the whitest teeth in the whole world. He was always showing them, because he was always laughing or making Mommy laugh. Most times when he came, Mommy let her go straight out to play and Mr. Lobet always kept pennies in his pocket for her. Candy-dough, he called it. Pa didn't like her to eat candy you could buy for a penny. And Jeannie thought Mommy was right when she said that no one should begrudge a friend a cup of coffee. Begrudge meant stingy and mean. Mommy told her. So she had never told about Mr. Lobet's coming, and she never would

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tell her secret with Mommy, so she couldn't see why Mommy should be mad at her.

"Why am I bold to say you love me more than Mr. Lobet?" she finally asked.

"Because," Mommy snapped. "And what made you think of him, anyway? We weren't talking about Mr. Lobet that I can remember."

Mommy was frowning at her now, and Jeannie's bewilderment grew. She didn't know exactly what had made her think of Mr. Lobet. Her forehead wrinkled, and her hands bunched up the legs of her pajamas. She didn't know why she had thought of him and she didn't know why Mommy was so cross. Maybe she was mad because Mr. Lobet had had to go to Chicago to see about his ship that was coming in. But you couldn't just let a ship come in and not go meet it, could you?

Jeannie's small face slowly cleared. "I know," she said, smiling now at Mommy. "I guess I was wondering whether his ship came in."

Mommy turned quickly and let the water out of the basin. She wiped the bowl and faucets with Jeannie's washcloth.

"Oh," she said. "So that was it."

Jeannie nodded her head, up and down, up and down. Her eyes began to shine as she thought about the ship that Mr. Lobet owned. A big, beautiful ship with big white sails. Wonderful things were going to happen when it came in, all right. The ship was another secret that she had with Mommy, and it was the best of all.

It had happened that night when Pa and Uncle Joe had to work the night shift. Aunt Kate had tried to get Mommy to go to the show, but Mommy wouldn't. She had sent Jeannie to bed early that night, and Jeannie hadn't liked it much. She had wanted to stay up and have Mommy read the funnies to her; but Mommy said, *after all*, she had something else to do *once in a while* besides reading funnies every blessed night.

Jeannie was supposed to go right to sleep that night, but she didn't. Then after a little while she heard Mommy rapping on the water pipe. She thought that was funny. Maybe the water wouldn't go down the sink. It did that sometimes. But after a moment she heard another rapping, that seemed to come from underneath the floor. Then after *another* moment she heard someone in the kitchen with Mommy, and she thought Pa must have come home. Maybe he didn't have to work the night shift, after all. And maybe Pa would read her the funnies.

She waited a while; then she got out of bed and went out into the kitchen, and there was Mommy in her new yellow sundress. She'd had her hair tied in a pony-tail when Jeannie went to bed, but now it spread out, all soft and shining, on her bare shoulders. She was sitting at the kitchen table with Mr. Lobet, and they were drinking beer. Mommy's face turned red as a rose when she saw Jeannie standing in the kitchen doorway.

"For crying out loud," she said, "I thought I put you to bed, young lady." She shook her head at Mr. Lobet. "For



crying out loud," she said again, "you've got no privacy left once you have a . . ."

"Well, hiyah, sweetheart," Mr. Lobet said to Jeannie. He said something under his breath to Mommy. "Come on over here and join the party."

He took Jeannie on his knee and told Mommy to make her a lemonade, and after a while Mommy did. That was when Mr. Lobet told about his ship coming in. Mommy got over being mad, and Jeannie had never seen her eyes shine like that before.

She had finally fallen asleep listening to Mommy laugh with Mr. Lobet. It had been fun.

She would have liked to tell Pa next day about the pony and the puppy and the fine fur coat and diamond rings that would come for her and Mommy on Mr. Lobet's ship, but she couldn't tell because Mr. Lobet, just like Mommy, had made her cross her heart all over again. Her tongue would turn to stone, he had told her that night, if she dared tell after doing that. He had known a little girl who had had that happen to her. Her tongue had turned to a lump of stone and she never told anything again; she never said a single word. Not ever, ever again.

A shiver ran down Jeannie's back even now when she thought of such a thing. It would be pretty terrible to have your tongue turn to stone. You wouldn't be able to talk or eat or anything. But she would be all right; nothing like that would happen to her tongue, because she would never, never tell a *secret*. When she asked Pa about a secret he had said that no *decent* person would ever *think* of telling one.

"Mommy," she suddenly asked, "when Mr. Lobet's ship comes in, will we go see it, maybe? And Pa, too?"

Mommy gave her a little push toward the bathroom door.

"Get your clothes on," she said, "and go down and play."

"But I want to know about the ship," Jeannie protested. Then her eyes popped open, because just at that very moment, surprising her out of her wits, Mr. Lobet's ring came at the door. He had a special ring just for himself; it went *rat tat a tat tat . . . rat tat*. "Mommy," Jeannie squealed, "it's him. It's Mr. Lobet."

Mommy's hand flew up to her hair. She looked surprised, too. She grabbed her lipstick from the shelf and ran it over her mouth. Her hands, Jeannie saw, were wobbly.

"Glory be," Mommy sort of gasped, "just look at me, will you? I didn't expect . . . I mean, I thought I'd . . ." When she whirled around from the mirror, her cheeks were as pink as watermelon and her eyes were shining like bright blue stars. She stooped swiftly, kissed Jeannie, and whispered, "Go open the door, say I'll be right out, then get your clothes on fast and run right down and play. And Jeannie," she added warningly, "don't you forget that Mr. Lobet is our special secret, in case you should see Aunt Kate or anything."

Jeannie solemnly crossed her heart as she was supposed to do each time Mommy reminded her, and she ran to open the door. Immediate shyness overcame her. Jiminetty, she thought, she had never seen him so dressed up before. He looked sort of new all over.

"Hello, Mr. Lobet," Jeannie said bashfully.

His little mustache tickled her cheek when he kissed her.

"Hello yourself," he said. "How's my extra-special little sweetheart?" He made little circles with his finger that ended in a poke at her stomach. "Been

true to me, have you? And where's your gorgeous mommy?"

Jeannie wrapped her arms around her stomach and giggled. "Mommy's fixing up her face."

"Her face doesn't need fixing, sweetie-pie. Not for me, it doesn't."

Jeannie smiled up at him. "Did your ship come in, Mr. Lobet?"

He threw back his head and roared with laughter. "Did my ship come in, she asks. Imagine! Sweetheart, it came in loaded with gold." He squatted on his heels before her. "Now what do you think of that?"

Jeannie caught her breath. Loaded with gold. Jiminety! She wanted to ask right off about the pony and the puppy, but thought perhaps she shouldn't. Maybe it wouldn't be so polite, or something. Mommy came in just then, and to Jeannie's surprise she didn't even speak to Mr. Lobet. She just stood looking at him and he stood looking back at her.

"Evie," he sort of whispered. "Eve . . . Eve . . ."

That was all, if you could believe it. Then Mommy spoke.

"You're back," she said, half whispering, too. She held out her hand to Jeannie without even looking at her. "I worried," Mommy was saying. "I worried terribly. I thought maybe the phone down in the hall would ring . . . you know—in the booth. I kept the door open daytimes so I'd be sure to hear, and then when I didn't. I began to think . . ."

"What's the matter, Mommy?" Jeannie asked, feeling suddenly a little frightened.

Mommy seemed to remember her then. She looked down and smiled.

"Wny, nothing, dumpling. Nothing at all."

"And nothing's going to be," said Mr. Lobet. "Never again." He began to smile and to rub his hands together. "I'm set, Eve," he said. "Set. Selling myself was a breeze, and it's good-by to joints like this from here on in. But first, there's a ten weeks' training period, and . . ."

"Where?" Mommy asked quickly.

"That's the only rub," he said. "I know how you feel about New York, but it's got to be Chicago. Then, after the ten weeks are up, it'll be a traveling proposition, and if I don't miss my guess, I know somebody's going to take to that like a duck to water." He smiled and shook his head. "Nothing but the finest for you know who. With a good expense account, it can't miss."

Mommy drew Jeannie closer to her, and the pink faded out of her cheeks.

"Traveling," she said, sounding shocked. "But what about . . . you know . . . You said . . . you did say, that whenever we left she'd go with . . ."

"Look, Eve—I know what I said, but this is how it is, and it's too big to turn down, see? And with things like they are, it looks to me like an even better bet not to settle down in one spot right off. Then, when things blow over and we're . . ." He suddenly nodded toward Jeannie. "You didn't think I'd overlooked that little situation, did you? I got it all figured, Evie, and it won't be long. Not long at all."

Mommy drew her breath in as though something hurt her. "How long?" she asked. "Arthur, I've got to know. You can see, I've got to, can't you?"

"Sure, sure," Mr. Lobet said. "We'll work it out; don't you worry about that." He waited a moment. "Look, Evie," he said. "Today is it. All I got to do is pack my stuff and put in a call for the Salvation Army. They're welcome to everything in the dump."

For some reason Mommy looked a little scared. She kept tight hold of Jeannie's hand.

"Then you expect me to . . . to . . .?" "Right," said Mr. Lobet. He stood looking at Mommy for a little while. "That is," he said, more slowly. "unless there's been one swell cat put on all this time."

"Arthur," Mommy whispered. "don't say that. You know better."

"Well, okay then," he said. "Then this is it, like I said. And before you know it, we'll have everything just the way you want it. It'll only be for a little while—just till we get set."

Mommy put her arms around Jeannie, and all at once her eyes were wet. She put one finger under Jeannie's chin and tipped up her face.

"Jeannie, darling, Mommy has something to tell you."

"Another secret, Mommy?" Jeannie asked excitedly.

Mommy looked at Mr. Lobet then. "I can't do it," she said.

"Don't try," he answered. "Why crucify yourself? The easiest way is best, Evie."

"But this isn't how we planned it." Mommy's face went even paler. "I thought, and you always said, it would be all of us together, at the one time."

"Evie, I know. I know. But use your head, can't you? You know how the courts are about mothers. They always win out, no matter what. And I promise you, Evie, that it won't be long at all."

"But traveling," Mommy said. "How would we do?"

"Listen—I told you I had it figured, didn't I? Do you think I'm the only man in the world who'll be traveling, and do you figure all traveling men are bachelors or something? Evie, can't you trust me?"

Jeannie looked from one to the other. What were they arguing about, she wondered. It was Mommy and Pa most times who did that.

"Darling," Mommy said to her, very, very slowly, "you know I love you. You'll never forget that, will you? And in just a little while, in the littlest bitsiest while, you'll be seeing that puppy and maybe even riding your pony in a nice big park with Mommy walking right beside you." Mommy hugged Jeannie closer and closer. "Won't that be wonderful, my darling?"

"I got my pony named already," Jeannie beamed. "His name is Bucky. That's a good name for a pony—don't you think so, Mommy?"

"A beautiful name," Mommy said. "Couldn't be better," said Mr. Lobet. He jingled the money in his pockets and took out a whole big handful of change. He winked at Jeannie. "Come here.

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—FLORENCE SOMERS

sweetheart. Look at all the candy-dough I got for you this morning."

He pressed so many nickels and dimes and quarters into Jeannie's hand she could scarcely hold them all. He closed her fingers over them.

"Now then," he smiled, "you're rich. Get your glad rags on now and go down and treat the kids in the block. Mommy and I got a lot to talk about, so you can play for a good long time. All morning. Right up till lunchtime. How's that?"

"Fine," said Jeannie. She gazed with astonishment at all the money. "Jiminety," she said, "did it all come off the ship? Are you going to tell Mommy all about the ship coming in, Mr. Lobet?"

"Sure thing. We're going to talk about getting aboard the ship."

"And about all the fun you're going to have, ducky," said Mommy, in a funny-sounding voice, "when you get aboard."

"Today?" Jeannie asked eagerly. "Will it be today, Mommy? Could I go eat my lunch on the ship, Mr. Lobet?"

Mr. Lobet went over to the sink and got a drink of water for himself.

"Can I, Mommy?" Jeannie persisted. "Can I eat my lunch on the ship?"

"No, my darling," Mommy closed her eyes. She seemed to be holding her breath. "I think Aunt Kate will give you your lunch today, Jeannie, if you go and ask. You can tell her that . . . that . . . Mommy isn't home. But you'll come aboard the ship very soon. That's a promise from Mommy, darling, and you remember it." She waited, and her mouth gave a funny little jerk. "No matter what anybody tells you that might sound different, baby, you just keep on remembering that Mommy promised you it would be soon."

"Sure." Jeannie laughed. "I'll remember. Like I do when I go to the store and say what I want all the way. I'll say *soon* like it was soap." She giggled. "I'll say *soon* I'm going aboard the ship and get my puppy and my pony." She turned and spied the prism on the window sill. Compared to a puppy and a pony, it wasn't so much, but still she liked it and what Pa could make it do.

Mommy's hand clasped tight around Jeannie's. "I'll help you get dressed, my darling," she said.

Mommy sure loved her this morning all right. Jeannie told herself. She liked having Mommy say *darling* so much. Jeannie made a little song of *soon* while Mommy slid the blue smocked dress over her yellow head. *Oh, soon, soon, soon . . . zoon, zoon, zoon. . . boom, boom, boom. . .* Mommy's hands were shaking so she had trouble with the buttons. Then, at last, when Jeannie was ready to go down to the street, Mommy kissed her over and over, as though she'd never stop, and she said a funny thing.

"People can't help who they love, Jeannie. Not even if they want to, they can't. They just can't *help* it, that's all."

Me, does she mean, Jeannie wondered. And was Mommy *crying*? She couldn't be. She couldn't possibly be. Because she was always laughing when Mr. Lobet came for coffee.

Jeannie put the money in the pocket of her dress as she ran down the stairs. Just wait, she thought, till the kids see

how rich I am. Her insides were spinning with excitement, but she took a moment all the same to stand in the narrow hall and listen to the sounds the house made. She could hear Aunt Kate singing, and all at once it seemed like a wonderful thing to go tell Aunt Kate about Mr. Lobet's ship coming in. It wouldn't be telling a secret, because Aunt Kate knew Mr. Lobet, even if she didn't like him any more. Maybe he'd even invite Aunt Kate and Uncle Joe to see the ship. . . .

Jeannie started up the stairs again, and then decided she'd walk up and down each flight twice, going backwards the first time and forwards the second. Then she'd go tell Aunt Kate. She was walking up the second flight backwards when Mr. Lobet rushed past her with his suitcase in his hand. He ran down the stairs sort of sideways, and out the front door of the building. "Jiminetty," thought Jeannie, looking after him in astonishment. "Well, *jiminetty*." Maybe she ought to go up and see why Mommy wasn't going to look at the ship.

Jeannie raced up the last flight of stairs, and when she opened the door she saw Mommy standing at the kitchen window looking down into the courtyard that led out to the street.

"Mommy," Jeannie cried, "wouldn't he take you? Wouldn't he let you go see his ship?"

Mommy turned from the window. Her eyes looked drowned with tears. Then she turned again and looked down the street. Her hand closed around the prism on the sill.

"Mommy," Jeannie persisted, "wouldn't he. Mommy?"

"Well," Mommy began in a choked-up voice, "well, you see, I . . . I suddenly discovered I'm scared to-to death of w-water. And I . . . I . . . didn't trust the life preserver that was going to b-be for you, my darling."

"Oh," Jeannie said. She didn't know what else to say. And she didn't know why, all of a sudden, she should feel like crying, too.

"And, Jeannie," Mommy was going on, without turning round, "I'm going to tell your father about the secret and about the . . . the ship. . . ."

"And the pony and the puppy and all?"

Mommy swallowed as though it hurt. "Pa'll find you a puppy, darling. I know he will. He'll find you the f-finest p-puppy. . . ." Mommy kept turning the prism round and round on the window sill as though she didn't even know she had it in her hand. "I'm going to tell him, Jeannie, and try to make him understand. And maybe if you said a little prayer, Jeannie darling. . . ."

"Mommy!" Jeannie suddenly screamed. "Mommy, look behind you! Look—you've made a *rainbow* on the floor—and now it's on the *ceiling*. . . . Look, Mommy—look! You're making bigger ones than Pa!"

The biggest, most beautiful rainbow of all came from the prism under Mommy's fingers.

"So I am," Mommy said. Her eyes, still drowned in tears, smiled down at Jeannie. "Maybe I can keep on doing that. Maybe, if I try, I can."

. . . THE END

A Day in Town with the Girls



(Continued from page 33)

He felt at peace with the world. Julie stirred in his arms. "Jim. Do you ever feel that life is running out on you too fast? All of a sudden it's another spring, and the knowledge starts aching in your bones—"

"The knowledge that's aching in my bones is the thought of all those storm windows that have to come down this Saturday and the screens that have to go up in their place." He yawned.

"I mean, the feeling that your existence has become unbearably—hum-drum," Julie said. "It's probably just spring fever and having been housetied all winter between the baby and that ear infection the twins had, but this afternoon, right in the middle of serving tea to our Preschool Mothers' Club, it really got me down. There wasn't an ounce of glamour in the room. We sat there like—vegetables. All of us are still young, most of us are reasonably attractive, but who'd ever know it, the lives we live? We don't fuss over our hairdos or mani-

cures any more. If it weren't for church we'd forget what a hat looks like. If a truck driver whistled we'd turn around blankly to find the pretty girl he meant the whistle for. We cook and market and clean and take care of our families—and that's our orbit. Why, do you know how long it's been since any of us have even been into New York for the day? I know I haven't been there since six months before Susie was born."

"Well, why don't you plan to go in for a day sometime?"

"Oh, I've *thought* about it," Julie said. "You don't know how *often* I've thought about it . . . about trying on a hat I haven't already seen in the window of the Elite Millinery, or dropping into my old office and saying hello to people, and feeling like a woman again, instead of just a wife and mother. But by the time I've seen you off and fed the children and tidied up the house a bit, it's too late for any train except the 12:16, and you know how poky that is. Anyway, I'd no sooner get there than I'd have to turn around and start home to prepare dinner. All the other girls are in the same boat, too. We keep talking and talking about getting away for a day, but we never do it."

"I don't know why women make an obstacle course out of everything," Jim said. "If it's that complicated to get away during the week, you could always go in on a Saturday."

"I suppose I could," Julie said. "You're home Saturdays, and you're just as handy with the kids as I am and don't lose your temper with them half as much

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as I do lately. You really think I should? For my own good? Because it just might break up this awful doldrums I'm in."

"Sure," Jim said. "Why not?"

"Come to think of it, I don't know why not," Julie said. She kissed him. "Isn't it fascinating how people who've been married as long as we have begin to get *telepathic* about each other? I told the other girls you'd probably suggest Saturday before I even got around to mentioning it."

"What other girls?" Jim said.

"Our Preschool Mothers' Club, dear. We decided we'd talk it over with our husbands tonight—and then those who could get away would all go in together this Saturday. And since you're planning to do the storm windows, that makes it just perfect, because it means you'd be around all day anyway."

"Uh-huh. So that's why you got all dolled up in that housecoat?" Jim dumped her out of his lap. "Any beer in the refrigerator? I need something to take the taste of that out of my mouth." He took out a can of beer and gave it a vicious punch with the opener. "Look, Julie. If you wanted to spend a day in town, all you had to say was you'd made plans to go into New York this Saturday and would I mind the kids. Why put on a big act, as if I were a Turk who keeps you locked up in his harem? If there's anything a man hates, it's the feeling that his wife has prettied herself up just to rook him into something."

"Oh?" Julie followed him into the kitchen, her arms akimbo. "So you think that's the reason I put on my nice house-

A happily married man is one whose personality remains unchanged—whether his wife is with him or not.

—O. A. Battista

coat tonight? Just to get you into a mood where you'd graciously pat me on the head and tell me to take a day off?"

"Well? Why did you, then?"

"Never mind," Julie said. "But don't be too surprised if I elope with the milkman one of these days." She poured herself half a glass of beer, lit a cigarette, and walked back into the living room, the housecoat rustling behind her. When Jim came in, she was staring with unseeing eyes at the television set and crying into her beer.

A married man knows when he's licked. Jim put his arm around her. "Look, hon—I don't know how we got wound up in a wrangle. Actually, I think going into town Saturday is a darn good idea. As you yourself admitted, I suggested it before you did. As a matter of fact, after being housetied all winter I think you owe it to yourself to get away from everything and everybody for a day."

"As a matter of fact," Julie said, refusing to unbend, "I think I owe it to myself, too. And at the moment I can't think of a greater bliss than getting away from everything—and everybody."



"I can't come out, George. I'm taking a bath."

REDBOOK

"Fine. That's settled then," Jim said. "Come on now—give Papa a kiss and drink up your beer like a good girl. What are you cooking up for Saturday? Planning to take in a matinee or something?"

Julie shook her head. "Some of us may. But we're not making any specific plans. The idea is to give ourselves one completely carefree, unplanned day when we can forget all about being wives and mothers and just be—women." Her eyes began to shine. "Six of us are going in Helena's convertible. Doesn't that sound like a scrumptious start for a real fling? We'll start out around 8:30 and have breakfast somewhere along the road. Okay?"

She sounded as excited as a kid before Christmas. Jim grinned. He didn't blame her. Tied down with three small kids, all day long, every day—no wonder she wanted to kick over the traces for a day. He should have thought of it himself.

"Saturday's all yours," he said. "Do whatever you want with it."

He promptly forgot the whole thing.

On Friday night he came home to find dinner barely started. Julie raised a flushed cheek for his kiss. "I'm sorry, dear. I got a little behind schedule, between the week-end shopping and preparing food for tomorrow—"

"Why didn't you leave the shopping for tomorrow?" Jim said, herding the twins toward the bathroom to wash up for dinner. He and Julie always shopped together on Saturdays, taking the kids along. Jim rather enjoyed it.

"Tomorrow's my Saturday," Julie said. "Remember?"

"Oh. Yeah."

"You won't have a thing to worry about." Julie patted his cheek. "I have everything organized, down to Susie's diaper pins." Yet at eleven that night she was still puttering around.

"Call it quits and come to bed," Jim said. "Anybody would think you were leaving this house forever tomorrow."

Julie pushed her hair back from her face. "I want to leave everything behind me as tidy as I can, because I do feel terribly *guilty* . . . planning to leave you and the kids, just to have a good time."

"You sound as if it were an illicit rendezvous," Jim said, grinning.

Julie wrinkled her nose at him.

"Maybe it is."

"Uh-huh."

"You're awfully sure of me, aren't you, smarty?" Julie yawned and started upstairs. When Jim got through locking up, he found her standing before the bedroom mirror in her nightgown. She had a new hat on her head.

"Do you like it?" she said. "I saw it today in the window of the Elite Millinery. Does it *do* anything for me? You know—make me seem young and gay, not like a wife and mother but maybe somebody a man might look at twice?"

Jim grinned. "Wear it with that nightie and I can guarantee any man will look twice." He pulled off his shirt. "I thought one of the main ideas behind this trip to New York was to buy a new hat."

"Well, it was on sale," Julie said.

"Anyway, I couldn't go into the city looking like a frump, could I?" She lit a cigarette and regarded her hatted image through a veil of smoke. "I'm so tired I don't know whether to chicken out on the whole idea—or go into New York and never bother coming back."

Jim knew he was putting his foot into it, but he said it anyway.

"If you're that tired, why not be sensible about it and stay home?" He had a sudden inspiration. "What you need is a change of pace, right? Well, why don't you sleep late tomorrow and I'll take charge of the kids, just as if you'd gone to town. Then I'll bring you breakfast in bed—and in the afternoon we'll pack the kids in the car and go off for a picnic somewhere. Tell you what else we could do. I'll pick up tickets

and bleak and lonely without Julie around.

"Okay. Okay. You're right." He grinned. "I like you around where I can keep an eye on you."

"That's better." Julie said. She kissed him. "It won't do you any harm to worry about me a little, while I'm cavorting around tomorrow in all those dens of vice." She put the hat back in its box and turned out the light. Jim chuckled, pulled her lazily into his arms, and fell asleep.

He awoke to find Julie shaking him. "I didn't think you'd want me to leave without saying good-by," she said. She was wearing her blue suit, the silly hat was perched on her head, her eyes were bright and her cheeks were flushed. She looked prettier than a basketful of peaches. "Susie's had her cod-liver oil and orange juice, and I gave the twins their atomic-ray disintegrators in bed, so they'll be perfectly happy killing each other off for another half-hour if you want to snatch a few more winks—"

"Naw. Since I'm taking over, I'd better get up." Jim pulled on his pants and walked over to the window. It was a beautiful spring day. "Be a nice day for a picnic—"

Julie's face lit up. "That's a wonderful idea. Why don't you and the kids have a picnic supper down by the creek?" A car honked outside. "That's Helena," Julie said, pulling on her white gloves. "I'd feel terrible about leaving except that I know the children will be all right with you." She kissed him hard and ran downstairs. Jim followed, just in time to see her step into the car with a twinkle of ankle and a flutter of petticoat.

She blew him a kiss. "Thanks, dear. For—everything."

She looked cute and young and care-free, sitting there in the morning sunlight in the blue convertible with the top down. For that matter, the whole carload of them looked mighty cute. On impulse, he walked out and told them so.

The girls looked at each other. Laughter bubbled from throat to throat. "That's because we don't feel like wives and mothers today," Julie said. "In fact, the way we feel today, *anything* might happen. Isn't that right, girls?"

"That's right," Helena said. "And if you see the rest of our husbands, you can tell them so, too." She laughed and the girls waved—and then they were gone. Jim chuckled. In his mind's eye he could see them, riding into New York on this bright spring morning, getting their innocent kicks, God bless them, from any masculine attention they might snag en route. Whistling, he started to go back into the house. He saw the milk truck stop before the door, and decided he might as well take the milk in now and save himself a trip.

The milkman got out. He was a blond, well-built chap, a little younger than Jim. "Hi," he said. "Fine day, isn't it?"

"Yeah." Jim said. "You're—ah—new around here?" He distinctly recollected that the former milkman was past fifty and always needed a shave. This one was extremely smooth-shaven.

"I took over about a week ago," the milkman said. "Why?"



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for some play you want to see, you hire a baby sitter, meet me downtown, we'll have dinner together—"

"The last time we planned something like that was the night the twins came down with that ear infection. We had to give the tickets away. Remember?" Julie's voice was toneless. "What you really mean is that you don't want me to go into town tomorrow."

"**N**ow, Julie—"

"Don't you 'Now, Julie' me!" She faced him, her eyes flashing. "Do you know what, Jim Norris? Deep down in your heart you don't really want me to go off and have a good time by myself! Well, let me tell you something. I want to go to New York tomorrow. I'd want to go even if I had to be carried there on a stretcher! Men like a night out with the boys once in a while, don't they? Well, I want a day in town with the girls!"

She looked like an outraged banty hen, all ruffled feathers and indignation, standing there in her nightgown, with the silly hat perched on her head, while she issued her declaration of independence. The worst of it was, he suddenly realized, she was right. He didn't really want her to go. Not that he begrudged her a day in town; it was just that Saturday—or any day—would seem strange

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"Oh, nothing. Just curious." Jim said. He rubbed his own unshaven cheek, picked up the milk bottles, and walked into the house. Of course when Julie had said the other night not to be surprised if she eloped with the milkman one of these days, she'd simply used the milkman as an illustration, to let Jim know how fed up she was with her humdrum routine. But there was no question that all week long she'd had a far-away look in her eyes. She'd been tense. Twitchety. Wound up tight as a fiddle string. . . . *Good Lord*, Jim thought, standing stock still, a milk bottle in each hand. *I really am a Turk at heart after all!*

He shook his head to clear it. Infidelity was one thing he'd always known he didn't have to worry about. Not Julie. Whistling, he bounded upstairs. The twins were sitting up in bed. They had Julie's eyes, but otherwise they were the image of him. He winked at them. "Well, my buckos, how about getting into some clothes and helping me put up screens?"

"Where's Mommy?" Timmy said. "Why was she all dressed up?"

"She went to New York for the day," Jim said, shucking Timmy out of his sleeper. "We're bachelors."

"Last time she went away from us she brought home Susie," Tommy said. "Is she going to bring home another baby this time?"

"Come on—get dressed," Jim said. "That was the time she went to the hospital, not the time she went to New York." The things kids said—but it certainly made him realize how much Julie had been tied down. The only time the twins could remember when their mother had been away was when Susie was born. He pulled at his ear lobe. No wonder Julie had begun to get the fidgets. He fed the twins and Susie and poured himself a cup of coffee. He didn't feel hungry for some reason. He glanced at the clock. The girls were probably stopping somewhere along the road now, descending from the convertible in a butterfly flutter. He chuckled.

"Tell us the joke, Daddy," Tommy said.

"Oh, I was just thinking of Mommy, out with the girls having herself a spree."

"What's a spree?" Timmy said.

Jim spooned soft-boiled egg into Susie. "A day on the town."

"What's—"

"Finish your milk. Both of you." Jim said. He had a sudden recollection of Julie standing in her nightgown, saying, *Men like a night out with the boys. Well, I want a day in town with the girls.* Of course, the two situations weren't a hit alike. Men, out on the town, in a mood like Julie's—well, it was a different proposition altogether.

He wiped the twins' mouths and scooted them up to the bathroom. He took care of Susie's needs, stuck her in her high chair with her rubber dolly, and tackled the breakfast dishes. He took his time about it, the day stretching long before him, the twins underfoot babbling questions a mile a minute. He finished, and discovered he had forgotten to wash the cereal pot. He let it be. Julie would feel better, when she got back, if she could act a little superior

about his housekeeping. He could almost see her rushing in, her arms full of bundles, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining; breathless as if she'd been away forever, unbelieving that they had managed to survive the day without her, needing to touch them all to make sure they were safe and sound.

"When's Mommy coming home?" Timmy said. He looked worried. "I didn't know mummies went off and left their children."

"Maybe she found another family somewhere else she liked better," Tommy said. He looked worried, too.

"I'm ashamed of you both—big boys like you, acting like this just because Mommy went into town for the day to do a little shopping," Jim said. He gave each of them a spank on his round little bottom. "Come on—let's get at those screens. When Mommy comes home, we want to show her we haven't just been sitting around, chewing our fingernails."

With Susie in her playpen out in the back yard, the twins busy underfoot in their role as assistants, Jim started to take the storm windows down and put the screens up in their place. It was a beautiful day. Birds were chirping. Leaves were unfolding. Sap was rising. Another spring. What was it Julie had said? *Do you ever get the feeling that life is running out on you too fast? All of a sudden it's another spring, and the knowledge starts aching in your bones. . . .* Well, he and Julie were reaching toward their thirties; the decades were creeping up on them. One of these days they'd look around and find they were middle-aged. He wished, suddenly, that he had told Julie he understood what she was driving at. Life was darn short, any way you looked at it. On a day like this in the spring, you wanted to hold hard onto life, enjoy it, get everything out of it you could.

He saw Carol, their next-door neighbor, putting her baby out in his playpen. She came over to the fence. "So Julie went into town with the girls?" Her face was wistful. "I'm having my in-laws over for dinner tomorrow, so I didn't dare take the time off. But I bet they have a wonderful day."

"Sure. You should have seen them," Jim said. "They really looked like they were going to town."

"I'll bet they are." Carol giggled. "Some of them had some pretty dizzy plans mapped out. Jean said she was going to have one nostalgic drink for old times' sake at the Grand Central oyster bar—and that she was going to slip her wedding ring into her pocketbook first."

"Tch, tch," Jim said. "Oh, well, there's safety in numbers."

"Oh, didn't Julie tell you? They're not going to stick together once they hit New York," Carol said. "That's going to be half the fun of it—each doing exactly what she wants to do."

"Yeah. Come to think of it, she did mention something about it," Jim said. He went back to the storm windows. Julie would probably stop off at her old office. It was open half-days on Saturday. He wondered if Andy Brown was still working there. Julie had been more or less engaged to Andy until Jim cut

into his time. He pounded his thumb instead of a nail and swore steadily for a full minute.

Even with twins and a baby to be fed lunch, put down for naps, taken up again, Jim had the screens up in time to take the kids for a picnic supper down by the creek. He left a note for Julie, just in case she got home earlier than she had planned. Sitting beside the creek, chewing on a blade of grass and watching the kids, he had to laugh at the way he'd been fretting over Julie all day. Good Lord—Julie! The decenter, straightest, most wonderful girl in the world. Actually, it was darn good psychology on her part, taking a day off like this. Gave him a chance to miss her. A man gets used to walking in at night to light and warmth and the woman he loves. Maybe he even begins to take it for granted. *Okay, I've missed you, he told Julie. You can come home now.*

Riding home through the sunset, the twins half-asleep beside him, Susie curled up like a cocoon in the car crib, he had a sudden hunch that Julie was already there, waiting. His hunch was wrong. The house was dark and strangely quiet. He put the children to bed and tuned in to his favorite television program. He must have stared at the screen for an hour before he realized that all this while, by mistake, he'd been tuned in on a pair of comedians he particularly detested. He looked at the clock. The stores had closed over two hours ago. They should have been home by now. He decided it might be a good idea to call Helena's husband. He was probably worried, too, by now. He dialed the number. Helena herself answered the phone.

"Oh, isn't Julie home yet?" She sounded surprised.

"She didn't—come back with you?" Jim's throat felt dry.

"Well, no," Helena said. "You see, we'd agreed to meet at the parking lot at 4:30 and wait half an hour for stragglers. But we didn't want to tie each other down, so we decided if anybody wanted to stay on a little later, she'd be on her own. Some of the girls even figured that if they found themselves around Penn Station it might be simpler to take the train from there. The idea, you know, was that we should all feel perfectly free today—"

"Yeah," Jim said. "I know." He hung up.

Okay, he told himself, so Julie had decided to stay in town an hour longer. So what? Julie was—Julie. He knew her like the palm of his hand. Hadn't Julie said only the other day that they were practically telepathic about each other? He felt the cold chill touch his spine. He knew suddenly why he'd been worried all day, why the unexpected sight of a good-looking milkman had disturbed him. Julie had told him she had spring fever. Over and over again, in one way or another, she had made it clear that life had become humdrum, that she wanted to feel, once more, like a—woman. The whole trouble was that Julie was a damn desirable woman. And it was spring. A man might know his wife through and through and trust her with every fiber of his being—but who could tell what crazy impulse might

strike a woman suddenly, on a day in town when she feels another springtime aching in her bones and life seems to be rushing away from her a little too fast?

He had a sudden feeling that he ought to be near Julie, right now. To protect her . . . from herself, if need be. He walked upstairs. He opened the closet door. He felt closer to her here, with the scent of her clothes hanging in their shared closet. He took out a shoe and held it close to his cheek.

He didn't know how long he had been standing there before he heard the back doorknob rattling. It occurred to him with a frown of annoyance that Julie never remembered her key when she left the house. He was halfway down the stairs before it hit him. Julie was home. He ran down the rest of the flight. He ought to break her neck for her, staying out till all hours, worrying him like that—

He opened the back door. "Well?" he said. "It's about time."

Julie rushed in, her arms full of bundles, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining, her hat askew. "Darling, don't scold. I know I'm late. Terribly late."

"What happened?" he demanded.

"Oh, this and that. You know how it is," Julie said. "And my watch must have stopped again, because after I'd practically killed myself getting over to the parking lot, the girls had already left and I had to take a taxi back to the station. I'd just missed the train, so I had to wait for the next one, of course." She took off her hat and put down her packages. "Are the children all right? All the way home I kept having a horrid feeling in my bones that Susie had come down with a temperature or the twins had broken an arm or a leg—" She ran upstairs and then tiptoed down. "Sleeping like lambs, bless their hearts." She flopped down in an easy chair and took off her shoes. She wriggled her toes, and her eyes were faraway and dreamy. "What a day! What a perfectly wonderful, beautiful, exciting day! All the way in we were behind this Army convoy, and of course they kept whistling and making wolfish remarks and all that. And of course we kept pretending not to notice—"

"Uh-huh," Jim said. He found himself grinning. "Go on. What other wickedness did you indulge in today?"

"Well, we had breakfast at this perfectly darling inn and then we got into New York and then, well—" She looked up at him. "You know what I'd like? A cup of coffee. How about you?"

"Okay," Jim said. "Make a couple of cheese sandwiches while you're at it. So what did you do next?" He followed her into the kitchen.

"Well, I decided I might as well pop into my old office for a moment," Julie said. "Guess who I saw there!"

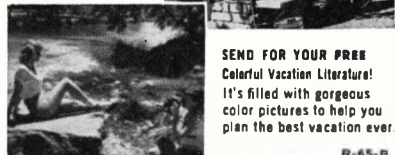
"Okay. Who did you see there?"

"Andy Brown. He wanted to take me to lunch, but I was meeting Betty for lunch at this Chinese place." Julie wrinkled her nose at him. "All the same, it does a woman good to know she's still attractive. Then, after lunch, Betty decided to take in this exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. and I just wandered

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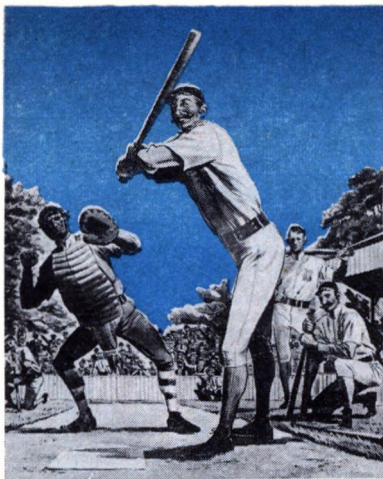
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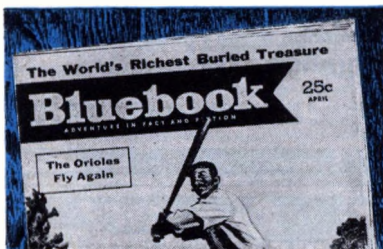
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around. I'm afraid I really went on a spree, darling—" She plugged in the percolator. "Wait till you see what I bought."

"Okay, so for once you went on a spree," Jim said. "What did you get? A whole spring outfit?" He grinned. "I guess the budget can take it."

"Oh, I tried on oodles of things, but I didn't see anything I really wanted—for myself," Julie said. "But they were having this marvelous shirt sale, so I bought you half a dozen—you really needed them, dear—and a darling pinafore for Susie and—well, I broke down and bought the twins those cowboy outfits they wanted."

Jim grinned. "Uh-huh. So you were going to forget all about being a wife and mother today? By the way, I met your milkman. The one you're planning to elope with. Quite a pretty boy."

"Oh, him?" Julie said. "You mean the new one. The one I meant was our nice old whiskery one."

She looked up at him from under her lashes. "Do you know you haven't kissed me hello yet?"

"Hello," Jim said. He kissed her.

Julie sighed. A long, quivering sigh. "I'm still wound up tight. I suppose I ought to go upstairs and change my clothes—but I hate to let go of the day."

He knew what she meant. She was here, safe in his arms, but the faraway look was still in her eyes and a smile of remembrance clung to her lips. He found his fingers tightening on her shoulders.

"Sure," he said. "Why don't you get out of that suit and put on your nice housecoat?" He said it casually, not quite looking at her.

"That's an idea. Then I can come down and we'll have our coffee," Julie said. Her voice, too, was perfectly casual, but she didn't quite meet his eyes. She went upstairs. Jim waited, whistling. He fiddled with the knobs of the television set and then turned it off again. He walked up to their bedroom.

The door was closed. In the casual intimacies of marriage a man doesn't usually knock on his own bedroom door. Jim did, this time.

"Who is it?" Julie said.

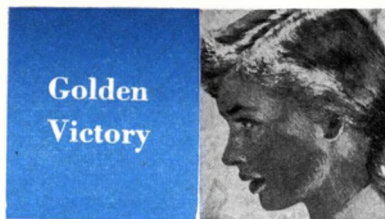
"Who were you expecting?" He walked in, grinning, but the grin caught in his throat. Julie was standing between the double bed and the dresser, in her housecoat, dabbing perfume on her ears. She smiled up at him, but he saw that her lips were trembling.

"Isn't it queer?" she said. "It was only one day—but I feel as if I'd been away forever. And had just come back home."

"Just so you did come home," Jim said. He took a step toward her. "But next time you get spring fever in your bones, woman, and that going-away look in your eyes, I'll wring your neck. Or turn you over my knee. Or—"

"Or—?" Julie said, looking up at him from under her lashes.

"Or." Jim said. He covered the remaining distance between them. And the faraway look left Julie's eyes and was replaced, after a while, by a look of utter contentment with her lot in life. And the percolator bubbled on and on, downstairs. . . . THE END



(Continued from page 39)

hall, and knocked gently on the paneled door which led into her grandmother's room. The brisk voice summoned her in.

"Emily, my dear child," her grandmother said, rising from her chair near the fireplace where coals glowed even on this late afternoon in August. She took Emily in her arms. "It seems like such a long time."

Emily kissed her and smiled and allowed her hands to be held, meanwhile resolving to remember her self-counsel. She must hold to her point, she must not be swayed, she must remember that the aged practiced their own forms of tyranny—so effectively, perhaps, because they were unaware of them, not meaning to do harm.

"Do sit down, dear," Mrs. Lancing said, placing a veined hand on the back of a brocaded slipper chair which she pulled close to her own.

"Are you certain you won't stay the night?" Mrs. Lancing went on, as Emily sat down. "Dinner is such a small favor to your grandmother. I told Stella this morning—Stella is my new cook, you know, and a perfectly good cook even if she is rather limited mentally—I told Stella that if I could persuade you to spend the night, then she must produce popovers in the morning— But I talk too much, my dear; I know that. One does as one grows older. What secret brings you here and why couldn't you tell me about it on the telephone?"

Emily took a deep breath and hoped that when she spoke her voice would not tremble and give her away. If only she were stronger and less dependent! If she did not have such a deep need of the security of love, then she would not have to subject herself to this ordeal.

"It's about the money, Grandmother," she said, speaking quickly, before her resolution was blunted and lost by the flow of her grandmother's words. "I want to ask if you will leave it to someone else in your will. I don't want the money to ruin my life as it ruined my mother's life."

"Well," her grandmother said after a pause. "Well." Emily could sense that she had stiffened, and she drew herself together tightly for what might follow.

"And to whom should I leave this . . . this money?" her grandmother said, her voice suddenly cold with outrage. "To whom should I leave this bauble, the Lancing fortune?"

Emily drew her shoulders together, and now her voice did tremble when she spoke. "To charity?" she asked diffidently. "Couldn't you leave it to charity?"

"To charity!" Mrs. Lancing spoke explosively, but then she stopped and seemed to reconsider. She was silent for

a moment, and then she reached out and covered Emily's two cold, clasped hands with her own.

"Tell me what he is like, my dear," she said in a kinder tone. "Tell me all about him."

Emily had known Douglas MacIver for almost three weeks before he asked her to marry him, and that had been a very happy time indeed; but perhaps the greatest happiness of her life had been distilled into the precious minutes after they first met when he did not know who she was.

They had met at a cocktail party—a very large cocktail party where they were not introduced—and he had come to her by the window as she stood there wondering if she could slip away so soon without offending her hostess, an old school friend who was determined to make her get out and meet more people. She had been abroad for so long that she knew no one in the room, and she had forgotten, if she ever knew, how to carry on the light, bantering conversation of a cocktail party.

And then he came over to her, smiling, a glass in his hand, his healthy face flushed, his eyes carefree and outrageously admiring. "Hey!" he said. "My lucky day. What are you doing over here? Who are you hiding from?"

She blushed and smiled, painfully. Painfully because her experience told her that now she must be alert; she must not allow herself to be trapped and hurt as she had been hurt so often in the past. "I was hiding from you," she said.

But it didn't come out right. It didn't have the light, mocking tone it should have had, and as he went on talking to her she thought, with despair, that she had never behaved so idiotically before. Was she to make a fool of herself with every handsome man who came along, blushing at his compliments, unable to meet his eyes, her voice shaking when she laughed? He stood close to her and looked down at her, making love to her with his eyes in the casual, predatory way that very young men have, but this was merely a flirtation. She should not be so easily affected. Was she to be

like her mother, a victim of men, punished for her need of love?

"I don't get it," Douglas finally said, pulling at one ear reflectively. "You act like no man ever looked at you before. You act like you just got out of a convent."

"Perhaps I have," she said, laughing a little, thinking quickly in her heart how wonderful it must be to be strong enough to go into a convent. Never again to suffer this response, this helpless going out to a man's desire.

"Hasn't any man ever told you how pretty you are?" he asked, taking two Martinis from a tray held out to them and passing one to her.

"Oh, lots of times," she said, smiling over the brim of the glass. "Lots of times."

"And did you believe them?" he asked gravely.

"Sometimes," she said. "Would you believe me now," he went on. "if I said that I thought you were just about the prettiest girl I have ever seen?"

"Oh, yes," she said, laughing more naturally now. "Especially with that 'about' in there."

And then it happened. Everything changed. "Maybe I could be more convincing if I knew your name," he said. "I'm Douglas MacIver."

"I am Emily Bolton," she said.

His head shot up and their eyes met, his blank with astonishment, hers filled with an involuntary humility and pleading which she instantly tried to conceal.

"Wow!" he said. "I heard you were going to be here, but I guess it didn't register."

"Does it matter?" she asked. "I don't know," he said with a little laugh. "I just never talked with so many millions before."

She turned to leave him, but he put out his hand and held her, and when she turned back to him she felt as if they were isolated together in that noisy, crowded room. "I understand you better now," he said. "You don't trust people, do you?"

"I can't," she said simply. He held her with his eyes, and after a moment he smiled again. "Let's start over," he said. "Let's go back to the place we were before I asked you your name. Will you have dinner with me, Emily?"

"I think I'd like that," she said. "Of course," he added, "you'll have to go to a place I can afford."

"There you are," she said helplessly. "You see?"

"Well, then let's pretend you're somebody else. Let's give you another name. You're not Emily Bolton. You are... you are Emily Doe."

They laughed together with explosive delight over the unintended pun.

"Wrong name," he said. "How about Emily Jones?"

"All right," she said. "Emily Jones accepts with pleasure Mr. MacIver's invitation to dinner."

"Douglas," he corrected. "And Emily will go where Douglas takes her," he said with mock severity.

"Yes," Emily said quietly. "I would like that."

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to ask her to marry him. They were sitting together at the bar of a restaurant called The Roast Memorable, or something like that; the French name was too idiomatic to be translated literally. He put his hand over hers and whispered "Will you marry me?" into her ear. For a moment she couldn't speak.

"Do you really want me?" she asked miserably at last. "I'm such a poor risk."

Before Douglas could say anything else, the headwaiter came to tell them that their table was ready. They picked up their cocktail glasses and followed him into the room, to the corner table, their favorite.

"I don't know how to persuade you," he said when they sat down. "But nobody made me ask you, did they?"

She looked up at him in the rose light of the table lamp, seeing the secret things about him which she loved—his good square hands, the high color of his firm cheeks, the stubby vein, constricted by his collar, which rose upward along the side of his neck. "I'd better not say anything for a while," she said, with an uncertain smile.

The soup came, and they ate it in silence. How could she tell him of those experiences in her past which made her so wary? Just last year, in Paris, it had been Federico Albanex, from Argentina, who asked her to marry him. When she learned that he did not have the fortune he had allowed everyone to believe that he had, and she had asked him if her own money made any difference to him, he had looked at her with a most peculiar expression. A smile almost of malice. "You North Americans are so unrealistic, my dear Emily," he had said. "You still get your romantic notions from the novels of Sir Walter Scott." They were finishing their dinner at a table in front of the Cafe Ronde, and she had put her coffee cup down very carefully. "Of course your money matters to me. Money is always a consideration of first importance in marriage."

She had gone back quickly to the hotel where they were living then, and she had sat all night looking out at the cold moonlight on the deserted Place de la Concorde. Mother was married to Count Igor then, and she could hear her in her room, weeping...

Or how could she tell Douglas now even of the good men like himself that she had known—men like Burt Dawson in London, who had been so forthright and sincere? "Wouldn't you try to save the house your family had lived in for more than four hundred years, if you could?" he asked her. "Your money can do that, but I promise in return to love you always as much as I am capable of loving." An honest statement, honestly delivered, but hiding an inner truth suddenly revealed when Emily learned about Geraldine, the daughter of the neighboring family in Sussex, whom Burt really loved. He would love Emily as much as he was capable of loving anyone else.

"Seventy-first Street, you know, near..." Douglas was saying. "Hey! You aren't listening!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Emily said, coming back to the present abruptly, to the table,

Listening Between the Lines

BY MAXINE SEIFER

Any young chicken who has shared her coop for two years or more can readily distinguish between what her handsome rooster says and what he means. What he means usually sticks in his craw rather than in his crow.

What He Says:

1. "Can I help you put the baby to bed, darling?"
2. "Me forget our anniversary? Never! A surprise package should be delivered here very shortly."
3. "Listen, honey—that's our song they're playing."
4. "It's nice to know our love isn't based on material things."
5. "Do you think I've been losing much hair lately?"
6. "I closed a big deal downtown today."
7. "How do you expect to live on just coffee and cigarettes?"
8. "That's all you want—two milks and a bread?"
9. "Your new hat is really becoming."
10. "Ohhhh—I feel so sick. I think I'm dying."
11. "You look tired, honey. Why not lie down for a bit while I finish up the dishes?"

What He Means:

- There's a small poker game over at Jim's house tonight.*
- Now how can he slip out to buy it?*
- Oh, for those good old carefree bachelor days!*
- The boss refused his request for a raise.*
- His thirtieth birthday is drawing near.*
- The new blonde in the office finally returned his smile.*
- The rubber tire around his waist is bothering him.*
- As usual, he'll come back with half the grocery store.*
- The price was reasonable.*
- His nose is stuffed.*
- Please refer to Number 1.*

to the casserole of veal half-eaten in front of her.

"I was saying," Douglas said patiently, "that if we looked at the plans of the new apartment building going up on Seventy-first Street we might get one of the less expensive apartments before they're all gone."

Emily looked at him, knowing that it didn't matter about Federico or Burt, or anyone else. For a moment her love for Douglas and his love for her was almost visible between them, stated there in its own terms—his strength, and her need of that strength.

"Let's not finish our dinner," she said impulsively, smiling at him, holding happiness behind her like a flood. "Let's walk and talk about our plans. Tell me everything all over again from the beginning."

Douglas put his fork down at once. He called the waiter and paid the check, and they left the restaurant and began to walk east, toward the river. They knew of a small park there, with only two or three benches inside its railing, and somehow this had come to seem their own.

"I don't know how to do anything.

you know," Emily said as they walked, her arm linked in his.

"Is that what you meant about being a poor risk?" he asked her.

"Well, yes," Emily said.

"I get my vacation in August," Douglas said, in the brisk tone of a man of affairs. "That gives you four months. You can learn a lot in four months."

"I can?" Emily asked.

"You can enroll in a good cooking school," Douglas said. "You ought to be able to find one in the classified directory."

"And you can make a list of the dishes you like, and I can learn to make them."

"Like tapioca pudding."

"Ugh."

"And corned-beef hash."

"Horrors."

"And Italian spaghetti."

"Mercy!"

They had reached their little park now, and they went inside and walked to the far railing, hand in hand, and looked down at the river.

(Continued on page 102)

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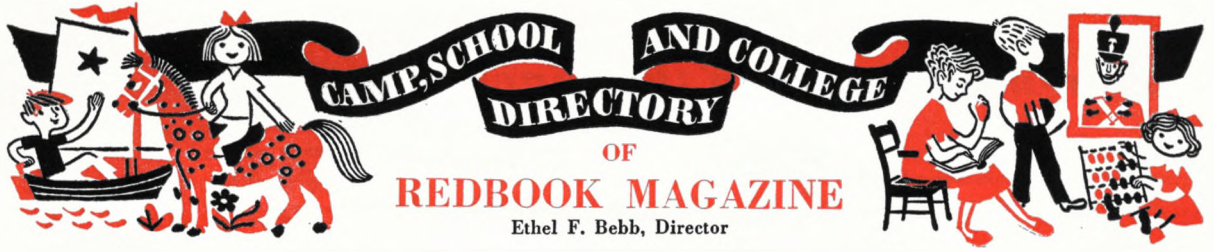
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(Continued from page 97)

"Douglas," Emily said.

"Yes, Miss Jones," Douglas said, for they had preserved their little game, as ludicrous and pathetic as any lover's game ever was.

"That's just it," Emily said. "That was what I wanted to say. I'm not Miss Jones. I'm Emily Bolton."

"I know," Douglas said, and for another girl, less involved in her own thoughts, his tone might have been a warning. "I know that very well. Every moment of the day."

"But if I were Miss Jones... if I weren't Emily Bolton... would you have asked me to marry you anyway?"

Emily could not see it, but in the darkness the knuckles of Douglas' hand whitened as he grasped the iron railing of the park. "I asked you to marry me," he said. "I don't know what I can add to that."

"That you love me," Emily said.

"You could tell me that you love me for myself. I must know that."

"Would I have asked you to marry me if I didn't love you?" Douglas asked. "Do I look like that kind of a man?" And now the coldness of his tone was made more chilling by the bitterness which entered into it.

"Oh, I want to believe that!" Emily said. She turned to him, and when he turned toward her she took the lapels of his jacket as if to bridge all distance between them. "Tell me, Douglas," she said. "Tell me that you love me for myself, so I'll know for sure."

Douglas stepped away from her. He had not reached up to touch her, and she saw with shock that his face was set in fury. "I can scarcely ask you just to take my word for that," he said. "There aren't any witnesses, and I haven't any Bible to lay my hand on."

"Oh, Douglas, please," Emily said, tears springing to her eyes, seeing too late the blow she had dealt his pride. "Please—I didn't mean it that way."

"How did you mean it?" he asked.

"I asked you to marry me. What do you take me for?"

"But don't you see?" Emily pleaded.

"I have to be sure!"

"I don't know why," Douglas said, biting off his words. "I'm a very good buy at any price. I've got all my teeth. I'm young and strong. Here—feel my muscles."

"Oh, pray God, Douglas, don't!" Emily said.

"You can always divorce me if I don't give satisfaction," he went on relentlessly. "Why be so damned tragic about it? How about a thirty-day, money-back guarantee?"

And then Emily summoned what strength remained to her, and fled from the park, which had always seemed to belong just to them.

It was on the following day that Emily had gone to Briarcliff, and on the day after that the summons came for Douglas, from the Plaza Hotel.

"I'm afraid it's quite hopeless, Mrs. Lancing," he said stiffly into the telephone. "Your granddaughter and I were unable to agree on satisfactory terms."

"I am not amused by your rudeness,

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Mr. MacIver," Mrs. Lancing said. "And if you do not come to me, I shall come to you. My car is downstairs."

"I'll come," Douglas said.
"I shall insist upon manners," Mrs. Lancing said. "I am an old-fashioned lady."

"I don't know if I can promise that," Douglas said. "I never knew how little distance lies between being a fortune hunter and a boor."

"Well, come as a boor," Mrs. Lancing said. "But a polite boor, please." And Douglas heard the surprising sound of her laughter, and he laughed, too.

But he was very solemn when he arrived at her suite in the Plaza, late that afternoon. He was shown into her sitting room, where the windows looked down on the park, on the plaza, where Victory walked with General Sherman, holding the golden palm.

Mrs. Lancing did not rise. He stood in front of her, and for a moment there were no manners at all between them. They measured each other, meeting challenge for challenge, and then she stood and offered her hand. "I had you looked up," she said. "I know your grandmother well on the Loring side. We were children together at Bar Harbor. You have good blood, Mr. MacIver. What do we do now?"

Douglas did not answer at once. There were cigarettes in a bowl on the table beside her, and he looked at them and she offered him one and he lighted it and paced the room.

"I remember what my father used to say," he said at last, as though continuing a conversation which had been broken off in the middle. "He said you could eat only one meal at a time, and live in one house at a time, and wear one suit at a time."

"Did you say that to Emily?" Mrs. Lancing asked.

Douglas stood at the window looking down at the golden Victory, impersonal and remote. "No," he said. "A man can't sell himself to a girl like he can sell precision tools."

"Some men can," Mrs. Lancing said. "If you could, I wouldn't be here. Either it wouldn't be necessary, or it wouldn't matter what I said." She paused. "Emily came to me last night," she went on, in a different tone, matter-of-fact. "She asked me to cut her off without a penny. Would you want me to do that?"

"I made a fool of myself the night before," Douglas said. "I said terrible things to her. I don't think it could matter what I wanted."

"Look at me, please, Mr. MacIver," Mrs. Lancing said.

He turned to her, his hands thrust into his trouser pockets, and in the failing afternoon light she could see for a moment the dark smudge of fatigue under his young eyes.

"If I cut her off," Mrs. Lancing said, her voice softened by the compassion which only the old can feel for the very young, "the money will still be there, always, between you. It would be you she gave it up for, and that would be a very hard thing for you to live with. Do you love her enough to be responsible for that? Would it matter to you, one way

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or the other? Do you love her very much, Mr. MacIver?"

"Yes," he said wretchedly, his head down, his toe blindly tracing a figure in the carpet. "I love her very much."

Mrs. Lancing sat back in her chair and breathed deeply—a sound like a sigh of content. "You may come in now, Emily," she said.

Douglas whirled about. The door into the next room opened, and there was Emily, pale and chastened, her eyes fixed on Douglas as if to draw strength from him to come into the room. He was beside her in a moment.

Mrs. Lancing spoke from her chair. "I apologize for this charade, Mr. MacIver," she said. "Sometimes it seems necessary to behave disgracefully. And now, Emily, you will come to me and listen to what I have to say, and then I will leave you alone."

Emily pulled her hand away from Douglas, and walked to her grandmother and stood there with her eyes down, like a little girl.

"Money," Mrs. Lancing began, in a formal tone, as if about to deliver a lecture which she had rehearsed, "is not a shameful possession. Sometimes it can do great harm, and from your fear of that, Emily, you have asked me to leave it—this money, this terrible thing—to something you call charity."

Mrs. Lancing drew herself up in her chair, and her old eyes blazed. "Do you think it lies in great stacks of bills in a vault, child? The Lancing money is in ships and railroads, and in mills and mines. Should this capital be withdrawn, and given away, and men thrown out of work, so that your own small destiny might not be disturbed by its responsibilities?"

Now the old lady leaned forward, and her expression, of face and voice, was strong with purpose. "Go to that desk, Emily," she said, "and look at the folder which I brought for you to see."

Emily moved to the desk as she was told, and sat down on the chair there and looked at the open file folder with its papers spread out in front of her.

"That is the budget for the new Children's Hospital," Mrs. Lancing said. "It is only one of dozens of such folders which occupy my time. Don't you know of the hospitals your grandfather endowed, the university grants, the research projects, the studies in medicine and science? What is this 'charity' you speak of?"

Mrs. Lancing stood, heavily, wearily. "Yes, you have money," she said. "You have money like a millstone around your neck. It destroyed your mother, and it can destroy you, too, if you do not understand the responsibilities it entails. Your

mother never found a man to help her, but I pray that if such a man comes to you, you will have sense enough to see him for what he is."

Mrs. Lancing walked to the door of the other room, but before she left them alone she said, "You must decide for yourself, I will leave you to make your decision."

Emily sat at the desk, and Douglas stood at the window, and neither of them moved for a moment after she had left them.

Finally Douglas could hear the dry sound of papers being gathered together, and when Emily pushed back her chair and stood up, he turned to face her. Across the darkening room he could not see the expression on her face clearly, but when she spoke her voice was clear and calm.

"I love you, Douglas," she said, holding the folder in front of her. "Please help me to do what is right."

He was with her in a moment, holding her close, kissing her mouth, her eyes, her hair. The folder slipped from her hands and fell to the floor, open at their feet.

In a moment they parted. Wordlessly they got down on their knees, and together they gathered the papers, the realities which were not to be lost.

... THE END

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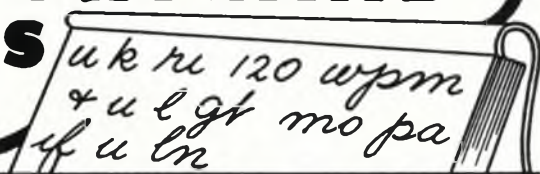
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Marriage for Three



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*Even as Jim held Nicki in his arms, he was overwhelmed
with guilt. She was all he wanted in a wife, but he was
already on the threshold of marriage—a pledge he dared not break!*

REDBOOK'S COMPLETE APRIL 1934 NOVEL

Chapter 1

"You are still a young woman, Mrs. Saxanay." The doctor was looking at her across his desk, frowning a trifle. "And very beautiful." Althea Saxanay smiled faintly, but she did not blush nor lower her glance. She was accustomed to having men tell her she was beautiful, and she loathed women who were self-consciously coy when men paid them a compliment.

"That's a very pretty speech, Doctor Rice," she said in her silvery voice, "although I can't quite think what my appearance may have to do with these beastly headaches." She let her smile deepen a trifle, to take any hint of reproof from her words. He looked tired and harassed, and judging from the dowdy, anxious creatures whom she had seen in his reception room, his workaday world was obviously not crowded by beautiful women!

His expression did not change. "I hadn't finished," he said, calmly. "I was merely thinking aloud of the things you have which might be expected to make a woman happy. You are obviously not. I wondered why."

Her smile faded. The words would have seemed to imply sympathy, but not the tone. On the contrary, she was certain she detected an undertone of dismissal. She sat stiffly upright in her chair and began to draw on her gloves.

"I can give you powders for your headaches," he said, reaching for a prescription pad, "pills for your insomnia. They're only crutches. I can't get at the cause—only you can do that. Organically, there's nothing wrong with you. You're in superb physical condition."

Coldly, she rejoined, "What you mean, of course, is that you don't know what's causing my headaches. Why don't you simply say so?"

"You are causing them. I'm making you angry with me, of course, and likely you'll get another headache. In that event, take two of these." He pushed the first of the prescriptions across the desk toward her. Althea looked disdainfully at it and let it lie where it was. The physician said, quietly, "If you feel I'm being unkind, I'm sorry. I'm only trying to make you think. From the things you yourself have told me, I believe your headaches are a form of escape from some emotional problem which you simply don't want to face."

Althea stood up, drawing her furs tightly about her shoulders. "I wasn't aware," she observed, icily, "that you were a psychiatrist—"

He smiled at her. "All doctors are familiar with this sort of headache, Mrs. Saxanay. When a situation arises with which you can't—or won't—cope, you have a headache—because then you can't be expected to cope, can you?" He ignored her small, indignant gasp. "The pity is, the escape is often far more painful than the problem! If you can discover what it is you're running from, or afraid of, and make up your mind to face it—"

Althea stared at him, resisting his every word with a contempt she made no effort to conceal. "I shan't take up any more of your time." She glanced at the prescriptions. "And I shan't bother with those, since, as you say, they won't do me any good." She swept out. The doctor leaned above the intercom box on his desk and pressed a switch.

"Miss Matson," he said, wearily, "have you someone waiting who looks as if she might be genuinely, physically ill?" The nurse gave an understanding little chuckle. "Yes, I think so."

"Good! Please send her in."

This novel, like all other novels printed in REDBOOK, is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any person, living or dead, is used, it is a coincidence.

As Althea emerged into the bright April afternoon, she glanced at her small, diamond-studded wrist watch. Two-thirty—a half-hour before she was to meet Stephanie Morris at the Ambassador lounge.

They were going shopping for clothes for Stephanie's trousseau.

She'd just go on to the Ambassador, she decided, and have a drink now. Heaven knew she needed something to settle her nerves; she was actually trembling! That dreadful man had been right about one thing, at least—she was going to have another of her headaches!

In the elegant quiet of the lounge, she seated herself at a secluded table and ordered a cocktail. She was still seething inwardly. How could she have fancied Doctor Rice had appeared kind and sympathetic? "From what she had told him," indeed! He had asked her questions, and she had answered them! Now that she looked back on it—he had questioned her as if he were examining a trial witness instead of a patient! Had she a family physician, he wanted to know, and if so, why had she come to him—

She had explained that her own physician happened also to be her best friend. "Doctor Sandra Tillots—I'm sure you've heard of her. She's quite prominent here in Hurd City."

"Yes, I know Doctor Tillots. An excellent physician."

"Well, I've had these headaches for years, and she's been unable to help them. It was at her suggestion that I came to you. I daresay that because of our closeness, she felt she was unable to be—well, quite objective enough." What Sandy had actually said, of course, was *What you need is to throw away your damn pillboxes and get genuinely interested in something besides yourself—but maybe someone else can convince you. Rice is the best neuropathologist in the state. He can tell you, if anyone can—*

Just remembering it quickened Althea's anger. Sandy prided herself on her forthrightness, which was more often downright insolence! Lately she had been very disagreeable, and sending Althea to that insufferable Rice was too much! Tonight Sandy was coming to dinner, and Althea meant to tell her what a shabby trick she considered it. Really, she wouldn't put up with Sandy at all if they hadn't been friends for so many years—and if Sandy weren't practically a member of the family, what with her niece, Stephanie, engaged to marry Althea's son, Jim, in June.

At thought of Jim, Althea's frown deepened a trifle. She really should write him soon, to tell him about the cocktail party she and Stephanie were planning for his twenty-first birthday, two weeks from now. For the past month or so Jim had been unpredictable about coming home for the week-ends, and he was apt to spend that particular week-end on campus!

Jim and Stephanie—"Steve," her friends called her—were to be married on the last day of June. Jim would be graduated from University this year. Both he and Stephanie had attended there, but Stephanie had come home at mid-term, to get ready for her wedding. Althea was not at all certain that had been wise, leaving Jim at school alone. He'd been a bit restive, lately.

She was, Althea reflected complacently, going to be quite an unusual mother-in-law. It would be a rare quarrel indeed which found her siding with her son! She had known Stephanie since the latter was a baby, and they had always been very close. Althea had prepared the motherless girl for marriage quite as carefully as if she had been her own. Stephanie's home had been broken by divorce, and she lived with her father, a prosperous but taciturn, embittered man.

Sandy Tillots was a sister of the mother—who had died several years ago—but the divorce had not estranged her from her brother-in-law. Unmarried, she lived in the Morris home.

A marriage between Jim and Stephanie had always been Althea's dearest dream, and Jim knew how she felt about it. He knew how much his mother had sacrificed for him—she had made it a point to let him know. The mother who surrendered the best years of her life to a child, only to find herself shunted into a corner, alone and neglected when he married and began a family of his own, had only herself to blame!

Althea straightened, looking toward the entrance. Stephanie had come in, pausing to glance about her, and Althea measured her approvingly. She was lovely in a smart silk suit and silver-pale furs which were perfect with her shining-blonde hair and delicate coloring. Althea was proud of her, and simultaneously aware that the girl's beauty did not surpass her own. Now Stephanie saw her and came forward, walking quickly but gracefully, head held high with a hint of arrogance, her glance indifferently brushing those whom she passed. Althea smiled inwardly. *She is so much like me!* She had taught the girl that little trick of hauteur which lent to her loveliness a remote, un-touchable quality. "Genuine beauty is a rare gift," she admonished her, often, "so make use of it! Don't be just another pretty girl. The world is so full of those!"

Stephanie dropped into a chair opposite Althea, letting her furs slide carelessly from slim shoulders. "How are you, Althea? Did you keep your appointment at the clinic?"

"Yes. I'll tell you about it later." She studied the girl, and she thought Stephanie's smoke-gray eyes were sulky. "Darling, is anything wrong?"

Stephanie gave a brief laugh. "I'm not sure, but—Yes, I think there is. Aline Gaddis, one of the girls from Theta, at University, came up to do some shopping in Hurd City today. She telephoned me, and I met her at the Beachcomber, for lunch. We mentioned Jim, naturally, and Aline said she'd seen him several times lately, that he seemed well, and happy." She lighted a cigaret, blew out an angry cloud of smoke. Althea waited silently. After a moment the girl resumed, in a stony voice,

"She bore down pretty hard on that happy business. Aline's about as subtle as a loud scream, and it was easy to see the significance wasn't so much in what she was saying as what she *wasn't* saying. Jim's playing around with someone; I'm sure of it! It fits— All these week-ends he's been at home, without even having to bring work down with him, but all of a sudden it becomes necessary for him to stay on campus. Why?"

Althea said, carefully, "After all, darling, he does have his thesis to finish, and all that."

"Well, that's a good excuse—one of those you almost have to accept because it might just be true. Only it seemed a little odd to me that Jim should suddenly develop into the studious type, this late in his academic career!" She stubbed out her cigarette with a nervous gesture. "There've been other little things, too. For instance, in

his last letter he was obviously trying to discourage me from coming down for the Gamma house party this month." She sounded cynically amused. "We've never missed one; this will be our last—but *he* thinks it might be too dull to be worth my while!"

"Darling, I know Jim has been a little moody lately, but this sort of thing just doesn't *sound* like him!" *He'd never do such a thing to me!* She made her voice calmly humorous. "Don't worry about it. There *do* seem to be periods in every man's life when he feels obliged, for some reason, to be rebellious. Jim's father was like that. I think one trouble is that you and Jim have had too long an engagement. Once you're married and settled here in Hurd City where I can keep an eye on him, everything will straighten out; you'll see!"

Stephanie was unconvinced. "Maybe it was a mistake, my leaving school, but I wanted some time to get my clothes ready and have showers and do the things any girl wants to do before her wedding. I didn't anticipate having to ride herd on my bridegroom right up to the very altar! Althea, I've been doing a lot of heavy thinking. Maybe Jim and I are making a mistake. I'm sure *he* thinks we are, and I'm growing a little inclined to agree with him."

Althea paled a trifle, but she said lightly, "Oh, Stephanie, how funny you are! You and Jim have known each other always—that's not like falling wildly, foolishly in love with a stranger, I'll grant you. Neither do you risk marrying him without the vaguest notion whether you're in any way suited to each other, and waking up one morning to realize, much too late, that you aren't! We've been through all this before, darling— Honestly, I could shake you! Any man is apt to become a bit restless before his wedding. Men never know *what* they want!"

"If you mean Jim *thinks* he isn't sure he wants to marry me at all, you couldn't be right!"

Althea murmured, shocked. "You frighten me a little; you really do. You've always been so *sensible*—with all the things we've always dreamed of practically a fact accomplished, it would be foolish to jeopardize it simply because Jim starts acting like a—a *male*!"

Stephanie shook her head. "It isn't that I *want* to jeopardize it; you know that."

"Then promise me you won't!" Althea challenged. "You just leave Jim Saxanay to me; I can manage him!"

After a moment Stephanie shrugged, and yielded. "All right," she said, "I promise."

It was nearing twilight when Althea reached her own apartment. It had turned out to be quite a satisfactory afternoon, after all, once she had succeeded in dispelling Stephanie's pessimistic mood. They had found some exciting things for the trousseau.

Althea smiled a little as she stood in the doorway of her living room. She always loved coming home to this apartment. Jim had protested, rather strenuously at first,

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when she declared her intention of selling the big family house on the outskirts of Hurd City, but even Jim was forced to admit this place suited her perfectly. It was modernistic, but with its pale, angular furniture subtly softened by muted yellows and grays, with here and there a vivid splash of color. It was an exciting apartment. Stephanie adored it—and Althea had not yet told her that she was having the guest room and a large, adjacent store-room remodeled and decorated as a bed-sitting room, so that Stephanie and Jim could live here with Althea, after their marriage. Of course, Jim might demur a little at first—funny lamb, she smiled to herself, he had been making some outrageously *grown-up* noises of late. She didn't know yet what he'd be doing, after graduation. She'd been talking to several of her businessmen friends about a position for him, but she had not yet decided which would be best. Whatever it was, it would be some time before he could provide a place like this for Stephanie, so this was quite the happiest solution!

Alberta, the maid, came padding to the door. "You want dinner early?"

"Eight will do. Doctor Tillots will be here—you might fix a shaker of Martinis. Just put it in the little silver ice tub, on the coffee table. I'm going to bathe and dress."

When she had showered, she stood toweling herself briskly. She paused before her reflection in the full-length mirror, studying her nude body with frank interest, noting with approval the firm breasts, the slender waist and flat stomach. Her thighs and legs were good, tapering into slender ankles and delicate, high-arched feet. Her face was beautiful, with small, patrician features and fair hair like spun silk.

Tonight she dressed carefully in a flaring black velveteen skirt and a white silk blouse. She thrust onyx studs into the cuffs, fastened a small black velvet bow at her throat, slipped her silk-shod feet into black suede pumps with flat heels. The result was highly gratifying. Her costume was simple, and it made her look like a small, fair child. She wished Jim were here to whistle admiringly at her. Not long ago, she recalled, he had told her, "You're the most beautiful woman in the world." Then he grinned teasingly at her. "I suppose there're people who'd debate that, but to me you are."

For a moment she stood lost in thought. Jim was much as his father had been—tall and slim, with the same quick, restless movements, the same dark eyes and hair. Stephanie Morris, on the other hand, was enough like Althea to be her own child. She adored Althea, and she heightened the illusion of similarity by copying her manner of speaking, her dress, her attitudes. People often commented on the likeness. Old friends said they could almost swear it was Philip and Althea Saxanay, seeing Jim and Stephanie together. It was almost like being *really* young again. Althea closed her eyes, briefly, feeling suddenly a little weary. Forty-three, said her brain.

"You're still a young woman, Mrs. Saxanay—" *I could easily pass for thirty or less, if I hadn't a grown son!*

Forty-three, her brain repeated. It was the downhill side. The slowing down, the morning tiredness in eyes which should be clear and shining, the faint crepiness about the throat, invisible in lampglow but not quite hidden in the merciless light of the sun—

She pressed her hands against her forehead with a gesture of distraction. *No, I will not grow old! I can't endure it!*

She heard the distant peal of the doorbell, and she stood immobile, breathing slowly and deeply until the clamoring inside her died down. Then, squaring her shoulders, she went out into the living room.

"Sandy, darling!" she cried, to the tall, red-haired woman beside the fireplace. "How nice you look."



Sandy Tillots laughed. "And what a little liar you are!"

Althea laughed, too. Sandy could hardly help being aware of the contrast in their appearance! Sandy was tall, thin, with high cheekbones and a wide mouth. She did have nice hair, a rich coppery shade, and good eyes—but she didn't give a hang for clothes and she showed it, with an untidy thrown-together look. She was at her best in white, trimly tailored office uniforms—which was a blessing, Althea thought, because patients who saw her in street dress would not be favorably impressed!

She said, charitably, "Darling, I've so often tried to tell you that you could be very smart and interesting-looking if you only took the time and trouble!"

"You gild the lily, pet," Sandy drawled, indifferently. "I'm as the good Lord made me, and I'm satisfied just to go on being a hollyhock!"

Althea shrugged. "Sit down and I'll pour you a drink. To tell the truth, dear, you look tired. Hard day?"

"Not particularly. I'm just getting old, I guess." There might have been faint malice in her tone. She was two years younger than Althea. Determinedly, the latter ignored the thrust and concentrated on pouring drinks. Sandy accepted hers and sank into a chair, her long, lanky frame stretched out comfortably.

"What sort of day did you have? Did you keep your appointment?"

"I did." Althea's lips thinned. "Sandy—you didn't happen to telephone Doctor Rice and offer your diagnosis beforehand, did you?"

Sandy laughed. "So that's how it was! It's like you, Althea, to be annoyed rather than relieved! I suppose if he'd told you that you were verging on collapse you'd have been happy. Believe me, pet, there's darned little wrong with you that a little self-discipline wouldn't help immeasurably! Give yourself a chance—stop working so hard at being young! You'll find growing old is a little like being in labor—not nearly so painful if you don't fight it!"

"You've changed, Sandy." Sudden, self-pitying tears stung Althea's eyelids. "You used to be fond of me, and understand me. You know what I've been through—"

Her reproachful tone evoked memories of those tragic years when Philip Saxanay had died in a motor wreck, leaving Althea widowed, with two young children on her hands; and when her daughter, lovely little Jill, had died.

Sandy said, calmly, "Your life's had sorrow in it—most lives have. And I haven't changed. Our friendship has lasted all these years because I've been honest with you. Better let it stay that way—the day may come when you'll need someone who's not afraid to tell you the truth!" Then she veered, abruptly. "What was wrong with Steve at noon? She dropped by the office after lunch to leave my car keys, and she was in a perfectly vile humor."

"She was disturbed." Althea hesitated. She had a sudden urge to discuss her vague apprehensions with Sandy. Whatever her faults, the doctor could keep her own counsel, and she could be quite sensible and comforting when she was not in one of her caustic moods. "I'm afraid Jim's been behaving badly, and I'm quite displeased with him. I—just couldn't bear the thought of anything happening to him and Stephanie." Then she brushed it aside. "Jim wouldn't let anything happen. He knows how I feel about Stephanie."

Sandy said dryly, "Well, it might occur to him that how you feel isn't the important thing. It's his marriage, not that there's much sense in belaboring the point. He'll marry her. We know it. He knows it. If Steve is feeling a bit uncertain at this point, it may do her good. You've spoiled her, Althea. Years ago, you and she decided she should marry Jim, and from there on, even if the boy'd had an idea to the contrary, he never had a prayer!"

Althea stared, indignantly. "You don't want them to marry, do you?"

"I've never said that, but now you've brought it up yourself, I will say I've never believed they're emotionally right for each other. Jim is sensitive and, thanks to you,"—she flicked Althea an enigmatic glance—"he hasn't a really selfish bone in his body. Steve, on the other hand, is quite a selfish little baggage. You've always encouraged her to believe that, if she wants something, that's sufficient reason for having every expectation that eventually she'll get it!" She made a wry gesture. "You're probably the

first mother in the history of marriage who has trained her prospective daughter-in-law to lead her son a dog's life! It's a departure, but interesting!"

Resentfully, Althea said, "Really, Sandy, I think some of your jokes are in questionable taste!"

Sandy retorted, "Who's joking? If Jim dares so much as frown at poor little Steve, she comes running to you! Some day, Jim may get a bit fed up with having you and Steve conspire against him."

"Oh, what utter rot! Stephanie isn't spoiled! She's a very sweet girl."

"When she wants to be, yes. She can also be a pretty thorough little stinker, when she puts her mind to it—a fact of which I've no doubt Jim is well aware." She eyed Althea shrewdly. "What's got her wind up? Jim been jumping the fence?"

Althea rejoined, waspishly, "Oh, don't be absurd! Why would he?" and Sandy drawled:

"Well, for that matter, why wouldn't he?"

Althea stared at her, indignantly. "You don't believe they're in love with each other, do you?"

"I wouldn't know about that. They're both in love with you, though, and maybe that will be enough. For all your sakes, I hope so. I'd feel pretty sorry for any other girl Jim tried to bring home to you." Then she shrugged. "In any event, it's not my affair."

"No," said Althea, flatly, "it isn't." When the occasion warranted it, she thought with some satisfaction, she could be brutally frank herself! And it had probably been foolish of her to think Sandy would understand.

Now she regretted her impulse to confide in the doctor, and she let the conversation lag. Sandy seemed not to mind; she only slouched deeper in her chair and stared contemplatively into space. When Alberta came in to announce dinner, Althea got to her feet with an unmistakable air of relief. It was going to be a dull evening, and she wished only to get through it as quickly and painlessly as possible.

She knew precisely what she wanted for Stephanie and Jim, and she was quite capable of bringing it off without help from Sandy or anyone else!

Nicki Stewart had never believed in love at first sight. She had always thought the way Romeo went head over heels for Juliet from the moment he saw her was quite improbable, and a little silly. Sensible people simply did not fall in love with strangers about whom they knew utterly nothing. And that—she was to think wryly, at a later date—probably made her the very sort of person to whom it was most liable to happen!

The day on which she met Jim Saxanay began much like any other. She was up at seven, helping her mother get the little boys off to school. She inspected ears and teeth, broke up a sudden burst of quarreling between Billy and Kip, crawled around under furniture in Tim's room, helping him look for his mislaid fountain pen.

Billy came shrieking down the hallway. "Kip bit me!"

Nicki advised calmly, "Well, bite him right back! Your teeth are as sharp as his!" Her mother made a tsking sound, and Nicki laughed at her.

When at length her brothers had departed, and blessed quiet descended upon the house, Nicki and her mother sat together in the kitchen, drinking coffee.

"Another morning," said Belle Stewart, with a little sigh.

"Another miracle! Honestly, I always expect them to scatter in all directions, like a bunch of sheep!"

Belle glanced at the clock. "Finish your coffee, dear; you'll be late to work."

Chapter 2

As she watched her daughter, her eyes were shadowed by a faint frown. Poor baby, her world had been turned upside down, these past few weeks. When her father died, shortly after Christmas, Nicki had adamantly insisted on leaving college and coming home to help her mother with the boys. She had taken a position in the University library in January. It must be very lonely for her. Belle thought—at State she had been a popular girl, but here she had not yet gotten to know many people. When she carried home tales of the things which happened on campus, she gave no hint of whether she minded not being a part of them, but Belle worried about her.

Paul Stewart, Nicki's father, had been a professor here at University, but they had sent Nicki downstate to the small, quiet college which Belle herself had attended as a girl. Paul had been old-fashioned, in some ways—young girls, he insisted, firmly, should never be sent straight from their sheltering homes to a large school like University. Such institutions were too big and impersonal, and shy, inexperienced students too easily lost in the shuffle!

When Belle had pointed out that Nicki would be living at home, he said that was not the solution, either. A girl her age needed a happy balance. She needed not to be under parental domination, yet not completely free to do as she pleased.

Belle smiled inwardly. They'd had small cause to worry about Nicki, in any event. She had been a sunny, obedient child. She was nineteen, now, still a child in some respects, but given to tender moments of sensitivity and rare understanding, which warmed her mother's heart with a glimpse of the *woman* Nicki would be.

Nicki said, suddenly, "Don't scowl, darling—and don't worry about me! I'm a very happy, well-adjusted young woman. I'll have you know!" and her mother gave a sheepish little smile.

"You also think you're a pretty shrewd one, don't you?"

"Yes'm." Nicki laughed as she arose and kissed Belle good-by. "I read *your* mind, didn't I?"

Nicki got off her bus on the boulevard, at the edge of the lower campus. She was a little late, and she hurried along toward the library, where she worked in the reference rooms. Students passed her on the broad walks, sometimes pausing momentarily as they encountered friends, turning their faces toward the bright sun to soak up its warmth.

A few greeted Nicki by name. Not many, although several of the male students whom she passed looked her over with frank admiration.

In college, Nicki had had a great many friends, and a lot of fun, and here among so many impersonal, always-hurrying young strangers, she felt a little lost. Sometimes she wished she were more—what was the word her father used to use: *gregarious*? Then she shrugged off the momentarily wistful mood.

It was April. The wide, sprawling lawns were already green, and overhead the naked limbs of the great trees wore clusters of bursting buds. The fragrance of spring was in the air, and Nicki breathed deeply of it.

Soon, now, it would be vacation time, and she and her mother and the boys would go to the farm for the summer. She looked forward to it with impatience. The farm had been her grandparents' home, and as a child Nicki had spent much of her time there. She knew most of the people in the near-by village, and it was like home to her. The farm itself was a lovely place—a brown farmhouse atop a long, pine-crowned hill, and a white-sand road winding down to an old wooden bridge, with a tumbling, singing stream flowing beneath it. Her father had loved it there, and with him she had spent many lazy, happy hours wandering the woods or fishing the pools. Once he had given her some sage advice:

"Always go to the country on your vacations, Nick. You'll find the solitude has a therapeutic value—it's a vacation from *people* one needs most, rather than from work!"

As she went up the steps of the library building, Nicki glanced back at the campus; at the red-brick buildings on the quadrangle, the long, gabled dormitories visible beyond; at Greek Row, across the boulevard, each imposing house set in grounds of its own. This campus and others like it had been Paul Stewart's world for many years. He had not left a spectacular mark—Nicki knew that. He had been a quiet man, a professor of prosaic courses in commerce and economics. But she felt an evanescent pity for his students who had not known the gentle humor underlying his studiousness, the kindness behind his dry manner—Or *had* they known?

Always, crossing the campus thus, she thought of him, and of the wry comment it would evoke from him, could he know that to her, University was his monument. He and "education" were one and the same; he was the simple forthrightness, the integrity, the *wisdom* without which knowledge was empty.

For a moment she stood with the warm sunlight on her face, filled with tenderness, and with no way of knowing it was she who was the monument to the father she had adored.

As she entered the building and turned aside to the stairs leading down to the reference rooms, Eileen Bailey thrust her head out of the office door. Eileen was assistant librarian—a plump, cheerful girl who had been friendly and helpful to Nicki. She said, now:

"Hi; you're late! You had an early seeker, so I let him in."

"Thanks." Nicki ran quickly down the stairs. Her "seeker" was at one of the long tables in the reference room, his papers spread out before him. He was leaning an elbow on the table, his fingers thrust aggrievedly into his dark, rumpled hair, and he was scowling at his notebook. Nicki, having three younger brothers in various stages of getting themselves an education, knew the earmarks of the embattled student. Smiling slightly, she crossed over to him.

"Can I help you with something?"

Jim Saxanay was lost in a brown study, and the sudden sound of the girl's voice annoyed him. He glanced up, scowling, and she had a confused impression of dark eyes which were very nice and oddly appealing even when they were frowning.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Nicki Stewart. I'm in charge here."

He looked at her. She was tiny—hardly more than five feet—but there was enough of her to fill out her neat yellow wool dress in all the right places. She looked as if she might spend a lot of time in the sun. Her smooth skin had a golden tone, with a faint rose flush across the cheekbones, and there was a dusting of freckles on her small, tip-tilted nose. Her hair was brown—a very ordinary brown, probably—but it was soft and shiny clean. She had a mouth that looked as if it curved easily and often into laughter.

The rose-flush deepened under his scrutiny, and the soft mouth formed crisp, efficient sounds: "I noticed that you seemed to be having some difficulty."

"That's a mild term for it." He had never seen eyes like hers before. They were large and unbelievably blue, the irises deep and clear and the whites shining. Her lashes were long and silky, and they clung together in star points, like a baby's.

"I don't know how you could help me, unless you've been trained to break code." He glanced down at his notebook again, because looking too long into those incredible eyes made him feel a little woozy. "I'm trying to compile

the bibliography for my thesis, and this stuff is in my own handwriting, but I'm hanged if— Well, here—see for yourself!”

Nicki looked down at a page of what seemed to be some sort of mystic hieroglyphics. She considered it thoughtfully.

Presently the first entry emerged obscurely as *Fmtls appd ml sc, boon*.

He demanded, ruefully, “See what I mean? Prof Stevens gave me this list over the telephone, and I scrawled it down in a hurry.”

“Scrawled,” said Nicki, “is right!” She continued to regard the entry dubiously. At length she hazarded, “I think that’s ‘Fundamentals of Applied Mental Science,’ only it’s by Broome, not Boone—”

“Hey!” he said, admiringly. “You’re wonderful!”

She took his notebook back to her desk, and as she succeeded, sometimes rather miraculously, in decoding each entry, she unearthed the text to which it referred and brought it to his table. Once, she handed him a slim gray volume, chuckling:

“This one had me stumped! All I could get was ‘monkey business’! It turned out to be Monk’s ‘Basics of Business Law’!”

Her sleeve brushed a loose sheet of paper from the table, and she bent to retrieve it. For an instant the shining brown hair was near enough for him to catch its faint, soapy-clean fragrance. He had an almost irresistible impulse to touch his lips to the spot where the hair curled in childish tendrils away from the nape of her slender neck. Then she straightened, with a quick, graceful movement; she was glancing at him as she placed his paper back on the table, and she blushed suddenly, as if she had caught him in what he was thinking.

She returned to her desk, and he tried to settle down to work, but he was sharply conscious of her presence, and he kept glancing up to watch her. Often their eyes met, and whenever they did, he had that damned crazy *woozy* feeling. She was busy cataloguing a pile of large, formidable-looking volumes; but now and then she paused to help a newcomer. He watched and admired her bland patience with a supercilious sophomore who demanded the Temple notes on Shakespeare, and then had to be shown how to use them.

Once, when there was no one else in the room, he queried, “Your name is Stewart?” and when she nodded, smiling, “I had a favorite prof last year named Stewart. Commerce. He’s dead, now.”

“I know. He was my father.”

He looked at her a bit blankly. It had been a conversational device. He *had* taken a class under the old boy, though, and he had liked him. He said, lamely, “I was sorry to hear of his death. He was—a real nice guy.”

“Thank you,” she returned, gravely. “Yes, he was a wonderful guy.”

When the low, wailing noon whistle sounded across the campus, he gathered up his books and papers. He turned to go, then looked diffidently at the girl.

“Look—I was wondering— Well, you were so helpful with my list, and—” Then he gave her a disarming grin. “The devil with excuses! The thing is, I’d like to take you to lunch, if you’d care to go.”

The wonderful eyes regarded him with candid thoughtfulness. He added:

“My name, by the way, is James Philip Savanay. I’m a senior. I live at the Gamma house, and I’m very respectable.”

Her eyes began to twinkle. “Well, my name is Nicola Margaret Stewart. I was a junior at State last semester, my education is temporarily in abeyance. I live at home with my mother, three brothers, two dogs and a kitten. I’m pretty darn’ respectable myself, and thank you very much—I think I’d like to lunch with you!”

They laughed together, and Nicki thought, Why not? He was terribly attractive, and he seemed nice. When you’d been practically born and raised on a college campus, you learned at a tender age to spot the wolves, and this was definitely *not!* Besides, he had known her father, and that should make them not utter strangers!

As for Jim, he was surprised, and momentarily disconcerted. The invitation had been on impulse, and he had half-expected it to be politely declined. Now he had—very briefly—another impulse: to recall suddenly a previous engagement and get the hell away from little Blue-Eyes, fast! But it was only a token resistance, and even as he wavered, he heard himself saying, lightly:

“Swell! Let’s hurry, then, so we can get a decent booth before the freshman hordes come howling in!” and she was coming toward him, smiling; she was near enough that his senses knew that clean fragrance again, and he was sunk. He felt suddenly very daring, and unaccountably happy. So that was how it began.

Jim delighted in being with Nicki. He liked talking to her. Sometimes, her words came in a breathless little rush; but when she wanted to make a serious point she paused with a faint, intent frown, as if carefully considering her own words. She awakened his mind; she put into coherent phrases for him many things of which he had been only vaguely aware.

They argued a great deal. On countless issues they arrayed themselves on opposing sides and went at it with gusto. There were moments when Nicki surprised him with her knowledge. When he commented on it, she said with a little shrug:

“My father and I talked a lot, and read the newspapers together. He said as long as I’d got to live in the world, I might as well know what was going on in it!”

Jim was vaguely aware, from the beginning, that he was being dishonest with himself about Nicki. He knew he was seriously attracted to her. The world might be full of

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girls like her, but he had never come across one before. She had intelligent opinions, and she voiced them honestly and thoughtfully. She returned banter gaily, but with none of the under-the-lashes look, the veiled double-talk, which was a game played by most of the girls he knew. Although he was aware Steve would raise holy hell over a thing so innocuous as a few lunch dates, he told himself he was guilty of nothing wrong. The very knowledge that nothing permanent could come of his acquaintance with Nicki was a kind of insurance. Maybe it wouldn't look right to Steve if she knew about it, but actually, he thought, a married man might have done precisely the same thing with utter impunity!

Nicki liked him; she had let him know it—not in the manner of a smoothie making her pitch, but with the guileless honesty which characterized her. Still, there'd been no reason to think *she* would take the friendship too seriously. She was a lovely, wonderful girl, desirable in every way, not some date-hungry waif who was emotionally off-balance and ready to fall for the first man who paid her any attention! If she weren't a virtual stranger on the campus, she probably wouldn't even have any time for him, her calendar would be so full!

If he knew it for dishonest rationalizing, he attempted to evade the knowledge, nor did he explain to himself why he had not told Nicki about Steve. The knowledge that Steve would be angry if she knew made him feel vaguely guilty about her. That it might be even more unfair to Nicki did not occur to him. Not at first.

Friday was her afternoon off. They lunched together, and as they left the café they were deep in a heated discussion. By unspoken, mutual consent they walked aimlessly, following the myriad footpaths which were everywhere on the campus. They talked animatedly, and they were genuinely astonished to discover, presently, that it was nearly four o'clock. They were hungry again, so they sat at high stools in a diner, on a quiet side street, and ate hamburgers. They made a date for a Saturday matinee.

That left Jim, momentarily, with the sharpest pang of guilt he had yet felt. He always went home on week-ends—not that it would make a great deal of difference, he thought; there was nothing special planned, and Althea and Steve were so involved in wedding plans and showers and the other purely feminine aspects of the forthcoming ceremony that, what time he spent at home, he was mostly underfoot!

He telephoned Steve and told her he was going to stay on campus to work on his thesis.

During the second week, lunching together had become a daily habit with Jim and Nicki. Unconsciously, Nicki provided a bit of relief for his conscience by insisting firmly that it be Dutch treat. That was reassuring evidence that she herself wanted the association kept on a safely impersonal basis!

That week-end too, he stayed on campus. He did not see Nicki on Saturday, and he did work—albeit somewhat uninterestedly—on his thesis. On Sunday morning he telephoned her and found himself persuaded, not at all unwillingly, to go to church with her. Angry or not, he thought amusedly, Steve would get a yak out of that. The Sundays which found him up before noon had to be something pretty world-shaking!

On Wednesday, he asked Nicki to go dancing with him, and she was frankly dismayed.

"I'd really love to, but tonight I can't. Once a week I'm Mother's official sitter. I stay with the little boys so she can get out." She had an inspiration and acted on it, impulsively. "Look—why don't you come out to the house for supper? I'd like you to meet my mother. My brothers go to bed early, so we'd be all alone—" Then, because there was an odd, unreadable expression in his dark eyes, she wondered if he had misconstrued her meaning, and for

the first time she was self-conscious. She said, stiffly:

"The point I'm trying to make is that you may be one of the many people who feel that having hordes of wild young Indians howling the house down isn't a pleasant way to spend an evening. Well, it wouldn't be like that! I've any number of excellent recordings, we've got television, and—" Because he was laughing at her, she snapped, "And a perfectly delightful family album!"

He shouted with laughter. When Nicki would have walked out on him, he clung to her hand, chortling. "I'm sorry I laughed at you! It was just that you were looking so cross, and blushing like crazy—"

For the moment she regarded him expressionlessly, her small face set stubbornly. Then she began to laugh, too. "I guess I should have warned you that I've got an awful temper! It isn't often, but it is awful!"

"But you won't rescind your invitation? I'd like to come."

"You really would? I mean, it won't hurt my feelings a bit if—"

"I would indeed, dear lady!" He swept her a gallant bow. Nicki dimpled.

"Then by all means, sir, pray do!"

Belle was at the stove, tending a simmering pot from which issued a delectable odor. She said, "You like this Jim Saxonay, don't you?" and it was less a question than a statement.

Nicki laughed a little at her. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, considering you lunch with him every day—"

"Not every day!" Nicki protested, righteously. "I made an excuse yesterday, although I wanted like anything to go! After all, he's been studying at the library a lot. Maybe when he's finished there, I won't even see him any more."

"You don't sound very worried," her mother observed in a dry tone, and Nicki laughed again. Then she reminisced, somewhat dreamily:

"It was funny, that first day at the library—we both kept trying to seem very busy, but we'd catch each other looking at each other, if you know what I mean, and I'll bet you do! Didn't it ever happen to you and Father?"

Belle chuckled. "Well, once when I had barely met your father, he came to our house to see my brother about something. He kept staring at me, and I was certain he thought I was beautiful. Only I'd been trimming oil wicks, and it turned out I had lampblack on my nose."

"Oh, you!"

The evening was very pleasant for Jim Saxonay. Nicki's mother was a sweet-faced, graying woman who was cordial to him. Nicki's brothers were sturdy little fellows who accepted him matter-of-factly. There was a lot of gay talk and banter, much laughter, and he thought that the Stewarts were a close-knit family, and probably very happy.

After supper, Mrs. Stewart excused herself and went off wherever she was going. The boys disappeared above-stairs. Nicki played her recordings, which were excellent, and they watched the antics of a television comedian, who was only passably funny. They talked, and inevitably they argued, and at length Nicki jumped up, her eyes bright with mischief.

"I almost forgot!" After some searching in the bookshelves, she came up with a battered red velvet, fat volume with tarnished metal clasps. "I *never* do this," she declared, laughing. "I don't think there's anything more deadly dull than a picture of someone's Uncle Ed at the age of two on a bearskin rug—but I did promise you the family album!"

They leafed through it, shouting with laughter at the costumes, the stiff, unnatural poses and tortured expressions. Jim was convulsed by a picture of Nicki, a small

creature in a shapeless cotton dress and a Dutch bob, squinting into the sun and glaring ferociously at the unseen photographer.

"I hope whoever snapped this had a chair and whip handy for his own protection!"

She giggled. "I did look dangerous, didn't I? I remember that day very well. Al, my grandfather's hired man, was hauling meadow hay, and he'd promised to let me drive the team. Only they called me in and washed my face so Aunt Somebody-or-other could take my picture, and Al didn't wait for me. I was furious!"

He said teasingly, "You were bowlegged, too!" and she denied, indignantly:

"I was not!" She bent forward to look more closely at the picture, then giggled again. "A little pigeon-toed, maybe—"

The clean fragrance of her hair was in his nostrils, and she was near enough that he could feel the warmth of her. He was assailed by a sudden fierce need to touch her.

He got abruptly to his feet, and she looked inquiringly at him.

"I just noticed the clock," he said, lamely. "I've had a wonderful evening, Nicki, but I've still got a thesis to finish. I guess I'd better be on my way."

She brought his coat and hat, walked to the door with him. They smiled at each other; then they were looking into each other's eyes, beyond the smile. Jim's heart lurched, hungrily. She was such a little thing, the top of her shining head coming barely as high as his chin. She would be light and warm in his arms—

He kept his hands at his sides only by an effort. *She wants me to kiss her.* She wasn't coy, nor calculatingly inviting. If she had been, he'd simply have kissed her and to hell with it! She was just sweet, with that softness about her mouth, smiling at him, and waiting.

He saw the way her glance fell, momentarily, aware of the strained silence between them. The long, silken lashes made small crescents of shadow against her cheeks. She said, low-voiced, "Good night, Jim—"

Because he had to touch her, he trailed the fingers of one hand lightly across her cheek. "Good night, Blue-Eyes," he said, gently, and then he went away.

When he was gone, the room seemed strangely empty and lonely. Nicki went back to the divan and sat down, staring frowningly at nothing. She was suddenly a little frightened. For a moment she had thought Jim was going to kiss her, and she had wanted him to; she had wanted it so badly it was like an ache inside her.

I've been kissed, she thought. But it never really mattered. I never *wanted* anyone to kiss me before.

She heard her mother come onto the porch, and for the first time in her memory, Nicki did not want to talk to her. She fled to her room, undressed, and put out the light. When Belle came up the stairs, at length, Nicki lay very quietly in her bed, pretending to be asleep.

Earlier last night he had made a date with Nicki for the movies tonight. That was the time to tell her. It was high time anyway, he thought, gloomily. In a couple of weeks Steve was coming down to University for the Gamma party, and Nicki would have to know then, in any case. If she didn't understand, if she told him off but good for monopolizing her time when he was practically married to someone else—well, he had that coming!

It hurt, remembering how she'd looked last night when he left her. She was too real to be subtle, and she thought he was real, too. She'd had the right to decide for herself whether she wanted even a casual friendship with a guy who was engaged to be married—

And he wasn't kidding himself. It wasn't casual, any more.

Now the thought of Steve made a helpless anger in him. He'd been crazy about her once, or at least he'd been crazy for her, and he supposed it was the same thing. She was the most exciting-looking girl he'd ever seen—slim and supple, with blonde-silk hair and a flawless white skin. Her full, scarlet mouth was a distracting invitation; but her eyes were coolly gray as a March day, and he had learned long ago that there was the same coolness inside her. When he had begun to realize, sickly, that he and Steve were making a mistake, he thought she knew it, too, only she refused to face up to it. The sort of life she'd have as Althea Saxanay's daughter was exactly what she wanted. Maybe she'd never known much emotional security. Althea petted and pampered her, and he was damn' well aware that a big part of marriage to him meant being Althea's little girl for the rest of her life!

Steve had been well aware of her physical attraction for him, and she baited him endlessly, fanning the flame by subtle device of a look, a touch, a nuance of tone. Jim shared a general male contempt for what fellows called a "teaser," but with Steve it was different. She was going to marry him. If her sly coquetry tormented him, still it promised ultimate fulfillment.

Gradually he had realized that the promise of eventual fulfillment was an empty one. Steve was an adept flirt, and she *talked* a terrific love affair, but beneath her surface loveliness was an unchanging coolness. He was increasingly unhappy in his awareness that he wanted, in a wife, an emotional depth of which Steve was wholly incapable. She might fool him with words, but when he held her in his arms, he knew. Whatever the ingredients of which his marriage to Steve might be compounded, it must struggle along without the shared, happy intimacy which was supposed to be an integral part of a good marriage! When he had attempted, with halting awkwardness, to tell her how he felt, she had charged him angrily with resolving their relationship to the single denominator of *sex*; and she made it an epithet, made him sound crude and insensitive, strictly a male animal.

There had been times, lately, when it seemed the affair must fall apart of its own dreary weight—but in the end Steve had prevailed by sheer persuasive logic. Instinctively, he guessed she had gone to Althea, and that it was his mother's own calm reasoning with which she assailed him. That did not surprise him, particularly. It was a preview of what his marriage might be, he thought wryly. Into whatever small transgressions a husband might stumble, he would be judged by them both. It had been, for years, a sort of *triad*, and thus it would always be.

There were so many other things to consider beside the way *he* felt. A breakup with Steve now would break his mother's heart, and at this stage of the game, it was an unthinkable thing to do. If there were moments of rebellion against this fact, he put them down quickly. For years she had sacrificed a life of her own, and happiness, for him. His father had died when he was small. There had been many eager suitors for his young and beautiful mother, but

Chapter 3

Jim Saxanay breakfasted on black coffee, then sat, robe-clad, at his desk. Today, he'd study here. There was nothing more he needed from the library—as a matter of fact, he hadn't needed anything much after that first day. Seeing so much of Nicki Stewart had been a damn' stupid thing to do!

Unwelcome thoughts kept crowding between him and the printed page. He had the unpleasant sensation of being face to face with himself, and not liking what he saw. He stood up, kicking savagely at a wastebasket which got in his way, and went to the window. Above the trees on the campus, the square tower of the building which housed the library was visible, and he stared somberly at it.

she had clung to single loneliness, for his sake. Since his engagement to Steve, Althea had told him repeatedly that, once they were married and settled near her, she would have everything she had ever wanted.

There was Steve herself to consider. If what she felt for him was not the sort of love of which he had dreamed—before he stopped bothering to dream at all!—still, it was she who had said, “*Maybe ours isn't the grand passion, darling, but I love you as much as I could ever love any man—*” and he thought that was likely true. They'd been behaving like a couple of emotional idiots, she told him, reasonably, beating each other over the head with a problem which would resolve itself, once they were married. Women were constituted differently; love was less a physical thing to them than a matter for the heart, the mind.

He had not been convinced—only defeated. He had come too far to turn back. He'd give Althea and Steve what they wanted. They'd have the smart apartments, the friends, the life they had always lived. He and Steve would belong to the Fortnightly, the Roundup, the country club. He'd go to an office five days a week, play golf on Saturday. He'd probably drink more than he needed to. Now Steve would no longer bother even to pretend, and when necessity drove him to her she would tolerate his love-making with a bored acquiescence far more insulting than outright rejection. Maybe one day when he had reached the end of his tether, he'd start being unfaithful to her.

One night, in the decent privacy of his own room, he got drunk. He crawled into bed and pulled the covers over his head, but suddenly he was almost sober again, and for the first time since he was a child, he wept.

He thrust his unhappy reveries away from him with a sort of self-disgust. None of this, he thought, was sufficient reason for his having deceived Nicki—

All right, he said to his angry conscience, I'll tell her tonight!

Because the evening was mild, Jim put down the top on his convertible. Driving toward town with Nicki, he kept glancing sidewise at her—at the small, eager face, the brown hair blown by the breeze. Funny, he mused—she and Steve were the same age, but Steve seemed so much older, and wiser, with a wisdom which had a kind of bitter edge to it. He wondered if the difference of their backgrounds accounted for it. He tried to visualize Steve in the noisy, cheerful camaraderie of the Stewart family, but it was no good. What would Nicki be like, if she'd had Steve's problems to contend with?

He thought, perhaps unfairly, It wouldn't make any difference. Steve would be Steve, and Nicki would still be Nicki!

Nicki had such a warm, vibrant interest in all that went on about her. Tonight she had been unaffectedly glad to see him, and her eyes shone with a kind of happiness. Now, even as he tried to think what would be the best way, the right moment, to say what had to be said, he knew in his heart there was no way, no time. Maybe if he just didn't see her again, didn't call her—She'd think he was a heel, if he dropped her cold, he thought; then his mouth twisted. Well, he said derisively, What do you think you are, Saxonay?

His mood of hopelessness made a sort of constraint between them. The movie was a disappointment—a pointless, highly-involved story of a woman who after several reels of agonized indecision junked a dying marriage and returned to the career she had once relinquished for love. The ending was bitter and futile, bereft of hope, the fadeout calculated to wring tears from the audience.

Nicki's eyes were quite dry. She thought it a silly story, and as they were leaving the theater, she said so.

Jim looked curiously at her. “Why?”

“Any number of reasons. All that *guff*—her voice was clear and scornful—“about what a sacrifice she made when she married him! If she felt that way about it, she shouldn't have married him at all!”

He drawled, “Maybe she loved the guy,” and Nicki sniffed.

“Call it love if you want to—I wouldn't!” Then she flushed a bit. The scenarists had made it clear that the chain which held the man and woman in reluctant bondage had been forged by a purely physical passion; and because all their other moments were empty, bored ones, they treated each other with a polite contempt.

Jim asked, in an odd tone, “What they felt for each other—do you think that important in marriage?”

“Of course it is! But the rest of it, the things they *didn't* feel, are even more important! I'd say that was the point of the story, if it had one—they weren't willing to trust each other, or put each other's happiness first, or realize that unless they wanted a life together more than anything else, more than they wanted the things they could only achieve individually, they had nothing to build a marriage on!”

“There are girls who'd tell you that's a pretty old-fashioned viewpoint, these days.”

“I don't doubt it—and they'll probably wind up having five or six husbands and crying into their cocktails, the way *Estelle* did, about how shabbily life has treated them!” Because she suspected him of laughing at her, her tone was a bit curt.

Jim said, lazily, “With those ideas, you ought to make some guy a perfect wife.”

It angered her. He *was* laughing at her! She snapped, “I doubt it! I can't cook very well, I can't sew at all, and I haven't a lick of sense about money! I'll probably be a very bad wife, but at least my husband won't ever have to wonder *why* I married him!”

She was standing at the curb, her head high, eyes indignant. Jim looked down at her expressionlessly; then he opened the door for her, and she got in. He went around and slid in under the wheel, tooted the car out into traffic.

They rode toward her home in silence. Presently Nicki's annoyance began to ebb away, and she felt flushed and unhappy. What had made her flare up like that? She had begun the conversation about the darned silly picture herself! Jim hadn't taken open issue with what she'd said, and even if he had, what of it? They'd argued about a lot of things!

The car stopped before her house. They got out and went silently up the pathway. At the door, Nicki looked at Jim, to say, small-voiced: “I lost my temper again. I don't know why I *do* that.”

He said nothing, and she turned away from him, fishing in her purse for her key.

Jim put his hands on her slim shoulders and bent to touch his lips to her hair. He felt her slight body go tense beneath his touch, and the key fell to the floor with a small, metallic clatter.

Nicki, baby, why didn't you just go into the house and slam the door, and then we'd both have been safe!

He turned her until she was facing him. In the half-gloom her face was a small, pale oval, the eyes enormous and shadowy. Jim's fingers tightened on her shoulders.

“Nicki, I love you.”

She was in his arms, her body light and warm against him, his mouth on hers. She had to stand on tiptoe, but her arms were around him, too, and it was as he had known it must be, a sweet imprisonment from which he wanted never to be free. All was as it should be: the sense of oneness, the wild soaring, the thundering of his heart—and the knowing, by the pressure of her thin young arms, the eagerness of her lips, that she felt it, too.

Because now they could not say good night, they wandered back to the car, hand in hand. Jim asked, "Can we drive for a while?" and she nodded wordlessly, smiling at him. They followed the winding highway to Settlers' Point, a high, barren promontory overlooking the town. They got out and sat on the rimrock, the mild evening breeze fanning their faces. It was lonely here tonight. The Point was popular with University sweethearts, and on week-end evenings it usually had a score or more cars scattered along the rim, but tonight it was deserted. The moon was just lifting above the eastern hills, and in the shadowy valley the town was like a jewel box, filled with electric diamonds and the ruby-and-emerald glitter of neon.

"It's beautiful," said Nicki, softly.

Jim took her hand, held it tightly in his own. "It's more beautiful tonight than I've ever seen it. The air is clearer, the lights are brighter—and I'll swear I hear music!"

She laughed and said, "That's only the wind crying through the rocks!"

"Nicki, do you know what has happened to us?"

"Yes." She drew a deep breath. "I think so."

He drew her tightly against him. "I'm never going to let you get away from me."

"I'll never want to."

She was such a little thing, but there was a kind of strength in her, a solace in the touch of her small, warm hands on his shoulders.

He thought despairingly, She's all the things I ever wanted, or needed, the reason for living, the things to believe in, the future to build for.

I could turn the world upside down for her, if she belonged to me. There has to be a way!

They drew apart, shaken, breathing quickly, shallowly. Jim said in a ragged voice, "I'd better take you home, darling."

A car was coming toward them. It circled the edge of the promontory, neared them. Momentarily, the blinding white glare of the headlights fell across them. A masculine voice called something gibing but unintelligible, and a girl giggled shrilly. Now the spell was broken. Jim stood up and held out his hand to Nicki.

Belle Stewart sat at her dressing table, going automatically through the motions of brushing her graying hair. Nicki was curled up at the foot of her bed, talking only a little, her blue eyes abstracted, faintly troubled.

This was the hour of her day Belle loved most, when the little boys were settled for the night. Then Nicki came into her mother's bedroom, and they had what they called their "session," exchanging gossip, talking idly or seriously, according to the mood of the moment. Now, as she listened to her child's fragmentary talk, punctuated by intervals of thoughtful silence, Belle felt a vague apprehension.

"I've thought about love—who hasn't?" asked the young voice. "I've wondered what he'd be like. How I'd meet him. When."

The silence again. Belle's heart said anxiously, Oh, do be careful, my darling! but Belle only said, matter-of-factly, "It happened rather suddenly, didn't it?"

Nicki rolled over to lie full-length, looking at the ceiling. "I think I knew, right from the beginning. Mother, it—frightens me a little."

"Why?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe it's because I don't really know much about Jim. His father is dead, and he has only his mother. He hasn't said much about her, but I think he's terribly devoted to her, and a little afraid of her, maybe." She turned her head to smile at Belle. "Don't ask me *why*, please. I don't know. It's just something I sensed, and maybe I'm quite wrong. I rather think she must have money. Jim lives at the Gamma house, and wears expensive clothes, and he has a new car—" Her voice trailed away into a studying silence.

Belle picked up an atomizer. It was one she had owned for years, but she looked intently at it, as if she had never seen it before. A tiny bell of warning was ringing in the back of her mind, but she tried to ignore it, thinking, Mothers are only people, like anyone else. Sometimes they're even more prone to blunder, where their children are concerned, because their hearts are too closely involved for their minds to see straight! I've always said that *intuition* is a highly overrated commodity. After all, I have only seen the boy once—

But I didn't like him! Glancing at her reflection in the mirror, she saw the frown of protest between her eyes, and smoothed it hastily away. It hadn't been a *dislike*—more an uneasiness. She had thought he wasn't Nicki's sort.

As if she read her mother's thoughts, Nicki said slowly, "Jim is—different. He doesn't talk much about himself, but I know his life hasn't been like mine. There's—I don't know—something disturbing about him. Maybe I can't explain it to you, but it's something I'd only sense, for an instant, sometimes when we were talking. The next moment he'd be laughing about something, and I couldn't be sure it was ever really there at all. It was something I'd glimpse in his eyes—a kind of lostness. And quite without knowing why, I'd suddenly pity him, rather—awfully." She drew a deep, unsteady breath. Then she slid off the bed and stood up, abruptly. "All this surprises you, doesn't it?"

Belle pulled several long strands from the brush and twisted them in a curl about her finger, regarded them thoughtfully.

"Well, if it does, dear, it's only that I'm not accustomed to your reacting this way to any man."

Nicki amended, calmly, "Not just *any* man. This is it. Maybe that's presupposing a great deal because of one lovely evening, but all the same, I'm sure!"

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Jim Saxanay lay sleepless, shaken and frightened by the emotion Nicki had aroused in him. It was not the angry passion into which Steve had so often goaded him, but a quiet hunger, without violence. He felt an emptiness—an aching loneliness that was perhaps not so much for Nicki, nor for any human, but for all the warm and shining things he had never known.

I'm in love with her, he thought. I want to marry her. I want to work for her and take care of her, and make her happy. I want a home with Nicki in it, and Nicki's children—

Funny, but he'd never cared much whether he and Steve had kids. Althea had said repeatedly she hoped they wouldn't have babies—not for a long while, anyway—and as for Steve, he didn't even know if she liked kids. *I guess I don't know much of anything about Steve.*

He kept hearing Nicki's eager young voice, and the things they had talked about went through his mind. Things like God, and religion. That was something else he didn't know about Steve—what she believed, or if she believed in anything. They'd never talked about things like that. It would have been embarrassing to them both.

The things Nicki believed were like a part of her, and she spoke of them matter-of-factly, without a trace of self-consciousness. When he had questioned her, she had thought he was attempting to argue the matter, and she said in that calm way she had that religion was between the individual and whatever God he believed in.

"My father always said all men are religions, and every man prays, in one way or another—"

Do I pray? He tossed restlessly, ill at ease with the strangeness of his thoughts. When I'm alone, and filled with uncertainty and this damned hopeless reaching-out, am I praying then?

God, he said despairingly, I'm all joused up! I don't know what to do.

In the hallway, the telephone was ringing. It stopped. Shuffling footsteps came to Jim's door, and a sleepy voice said, "Saxanay?"

"Yeah—"

"Telephone for you. Long distance. It it's Steve, ask her if she's been out this late, or if she just gets up this early!"

Jim switched on the light. It was two-thirty. He went out into the hall and picked up the telephone. The operator said, "One moment, please, Hurd City calling. All right, miss—there's your party."

Steve said, "Jimmy?"

"Yes." She was flying high, he thought; she never called him Jimmy except when she'd had a few.

"I tried all evening to call you, but you weren't in."

"No, I was out."

"Obviously, dear boy! But *where*, out?"

He said, curtly, "Movie."

"I went to a party. Lee Ellsworth and Marj Lester had an announcement party—they're so-oo in love, and they're going to be married. Isn't that sweet? Lee gave all the girls brown orchids, and we had champagne. That's not what I called to tell you, though. Darling, Althea has asked us to live with her, and she's fixing us the most adorable rooms in her apartment! Isn't that wonderful? And *guess!*"

"I couldn't."

"Well, she's got you a job. Brewster-Geddes has an opening in the accounting department. Lee Geddes wants you to come in and see him, this week-end, but he practically guaranteed Althea the place was yours! It only starts at three hundred, but you'll have opportunity for advancement, and Althea is going to give us an allowance until we're on our feet."

You and Mother, he thought with a surge of bitterness, have me all staked out and pegged down, haven't you?

He said nothing, and Steve cried, half-angrily, "*Jim*, are you still there?"

"Yeah, Steve."

"Well, why don't you say something?"

What he had to say to Steve, he thought, wearily, could hardly be said at this hour of the morning, over a public telephone, and with Steve high as a March kite! He said, instead, "We can discuss it this week-end when I come up for the party." He was aware of the coldness in his tone, but he couldn't help it.

Steve said indignantly, "Now *look!*"

"It's a little late, Steve, and I'm probably keeping the fellows awake, talking out here in the hall."

"Are you certain it's the fellows that've got you so reluctant to talk to me?"

Jim said, firmly, "Good night, Steve. I'll see you Friday," and hung up. He went back to his room, to sit for a long while in the darkness, smoking innumerable cigarettes and thinking his lonely thoughts.

Steve put the telephone on its cradle and walked into Althea's living room. Althea, seated on the divan, looked interrogatively at her.

"The brush off," said Steve, thinly. Her eyes were narrowed and angry. "He'd hardly talk to me. Not a word about the apartment, or the job—we'll discuss it Friday, he says!"

"Where was he all evening?"

"Movies, *he says!*" Stephanie laughed, curtly. "Until one-thirty or later? Maybe he went for a long walk afterward! Our boy, who is always the soul of politeness, was positively *rude* to me. What do you think, Althea?"

Calmly, Althea said, "I think that when he comes home this week-end, you mustn't let him know you're disturbed—or suspicious." Her tone was lazy, but there was an angry glitter in her eyes. "And don't worry—he'll talk to *me*, I assure you!"

Steve shook her head. "I know the influence you've got over Jim, and I'm not under-estimating it—but suppose he decides he wants someone else. *She* might have some influence, too."

Althea's mouth became a thin line, and the clear red of anger glowed in her cheeks. "Perhaps you *are* under-estimating me a trifle. Jim isn't going to want anyone else. A long while ago he promised me he would never marry a girl of whom I did not approve. I know Jim won't hurt me, ever, if it is humanly possible to avoid it." Her glance was determined. If she had used that knowledge in the past, it had been for Jim's own good—and if some perverse male whim caused him, now, to threaten the future for which she had planned so carefully, she would certainly use it again! If his devotion to Steve were really wavering now, it was fortunate for them all that her influence over him was quite strong enough to keep him from doing anything foolish. "I know what I'm about," she declared, firmly. "Even if Jim *is* interested in someone—and I'm not at all convinced that's the case—he won't want *me* worrying about it. He knows my health is frail." For the moment, she regarded Steve thoughtfully; then she added, in a sudden wistful tone, "I only hope that I shan't ever have to let him know *how* frail it really is!" She lifted slim fingers, to press them against her temples. Steve gazed blankly at her; then her eyes widened, slowly.

Althea said, more briskly, "Oh, don't be obtuse, darling! The state of my health is nothing for *you* to worry about!"

Steve continued to stare. Presently she laughed a little. "Poor Jim!" she said, and Althea demanded, a hit sharply:

"Why do you say it like that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Because we outflank him so often, I guess."

Althea sniffed. "And it's fortunate for him that we do. Men can be such fools!"

Chapter 4

Someone at the piano was playing "Laura," and doing it rather badly, Jim thought. The sound drifted intermittently to him above the babble of voices. He was sitting on the topmost of several shallow steps leading from the big living room up into a sort of alcove, with beige rattan furniture and splashes of color, and tall French windows opening onto a terrace. This was quite an apartment—an appropriate setting for his mother's fragile beauty. It was fortunate that his father had left a great deal of money; it enabled Althea to live the way she liked to live.

This sort of thing was important to Steve, too.

He looked for Steve. She was listening to the inept musician, standing beside the piano with her aunt. Jim had known Sandy Tillots for a long while. He like her, although, to tell the truth, he had always been a little ill at ease around her. She treated him rather as if he were still a child, with the indifferent indulgence of one who likes children well enough, but doesn't care to be bothered with them. Because he had gone to University on Althea's money, and had not yet held a job of any consequence, she probably considered him a spoiled mamma's boy. In a way, he reflected soberly she was probably right; although if the choice had been strictly his, it would have been different. Up to now, things had been mostly of Althea's choosing.

"Darling, be young and carefree while you can! Your youth will pass all too quickly, and then you'll be grown up for such a very long while!" That was what she had said a couple of summers ago, when he had wanted to take a vacation job in the field, with a seismograph crew.

Jim's father had been in the oil game. At his death, Althea had sold the company he had established—but for a time old Johnny Prentiss, a grizzled old driller who had known Phil Saxanay all his life, had been around. He'd felt an anxious solicitude for the family of his long-time friend and employer, and he had come often, at first, to the Saxanay house. He told Jim exciting tales of the days when his father had been a lad, tagging his father about the oil fields. "His people kept him in school by grit and by grace, I reckon—come first day o' vacation, and here come Phil, hell-bent for the rigs! Plumb crazy over it, he was."

Althea had decided Johnny's picturesque talk and wild tales were unsuitable, and she began, subtly, to discourage the visits; but by the time Johnny stopped coming to the Saxanay house altogether, Jim already knew by heart the story of his father's brief but successful career in the fields.

Althea had been horrified, that summer, when she learned what he wanted to do. "Such grubby, unpleasant work, dear! If it's the money, then I'll increase your allowance. It's your money, too, you know, and your father would have wanted it used this way, to educate you, and provide you the fun and carefree happiness that goes with being young, and in school. You've plenty of time ahead for thinking of jobs. Darling, please don't make me feel that I'm failing you!"

Steve, he thought wryly, had been more blunt. "What's with this earthy urge?" she demanded, with half-scornful amusement. "If I wanted to keep steady company with a roughneck, I could pick them up by the dozens down on Industrial Avenue! If you're worrying about establishing proof of your virility—well, there's your college track record, and your golf score, and with your backhand you could clobber the daylights out of the biggest, fiercest dragon old George ever encountered! Or has someone been telling you that clean fingernails are a sign of masculine weakness?"

He couldn't make either of them understand that. "grubby" as the work might be, it was something he wanted to do. Maybe it had been partly an unconscious urge to identify himself with the father he could hardly remember—but there was something exciting and satisfying about the noisy, feverish activity of the oil field. Old Johnny had told him that Phil Saxanay started "low on the ladder," too, for all that his father was an executive; but perhaps Althea didn't understand about that, really. Philip Saxanay had been ten years her senior, and by the time they were married he had got well begun on his swift climb; so that he was no longer associated so closely with the "roughnecks."

Jim had yielded to her, as he usually did. He was all she had, and she had built her life around him. What he wanted, at that point, was probably unimportant. Not important enough, at least, to cause his mother distress by being churlish about it.

Steve was doing a little dance, now, beside the piano, her lithe body swaying. He watched her expressionlessly, seeing her beauty but unmoved by it.

He hadn't talked much to Steve since he got home. When he arrived, she was already here with Althea, and he hadn't had a chance to speak to her alone. Not, he thought, that the time would have been right for anything important he had to say. First, he had to talk to Althea. For this once, she had to be on his side!

Without wanting to, he remembered the night he and Steve got engaged. It was here in this room. It was Christmas. There was a great tree, glittering with tinsel and shimmering baubles, and the floor was strewn with gay wreckage—gaudy holiday wrappings, crumpled silver foil. Gifts were everywhere, duly examined, exclaimed over and laid carefully aside. Steve, a cool, slim flame in red velvet, was holding out her left hand so everyone could see the ring.



"Look, people!" *From Jim to Steve, with love.* It was an exquisite ring. Althea had helped him select it. "We're going to be married!"

Althea was standing there with a kind of happy triumph in her eyes. "Some people wait a lifetime for their dreams to come true—for a ship to come in or a number to pay off or a horse to run first." Laughing softly, she crossed the room to kiss Jim. "This was *my* dream—you and Stephanie and I, like this. You couldn't have given me a more wonderful Christmas gift!" *From Jim and Steve to Althea, with love.*

He remembered something Sandy Tillots had said. She looked at Steve and Althea, gazing mistily at each other and holding hands, and she drawled. "I think they'll be superbly happy together." Her meaning was unmistakable.

Jim grinned and said, "Well, everyone knows Mother and Steve were engaged long before Steve and I were!" Everyone laughed, and Jim, did, too. Now what he had said purely in jest seemed not very funny.

He thought of Nicki, and his heart grew warm and comforted. Surely his mother would understand! He knew it was a bum go for both her and Steve, but it must happen occasionally that an engagement was broken virtually at the threshold of the church! Even Steve, if she could be persuaded to look logically at it, must realize they'd be fools, entering into a marriage in which not only were the pair involved not in love with each other, but one was in love with someone else!

He mused about something which had happened in humanities class only this morning. Old Prof Davies had been rambling on in his usual long-winded style, saying something about the importance of being able to express oneself with sincerity, spontaneity.

Then, abruptly, he had issued one of his characteristic impromptu assignments. "Give me, in exactly one minute, a written paragraph setting forth your personal definition of happiness." He held up his wrist and peered at his watch. "Ready, write!"

Happiness, wrote Jim Saxanay, is a half-pint, blue-eyed girl with small, warm hands and laughter that bubbles.

He tore it up, of course, having obeyed the old man's demand for sincerity and spontaneity, even if no one was going to see it. Then, with the sixty seconds nearly spent, he scrawled rapidly: *Happiness is a pleasantly addled state of mind, like intoxication, and it is apt to wear off even more quickly.*

When Davies read this contribution, he asked dryly, "And does happiness, like intoxication, leave a hangover?"

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know, sir."

Davies' eyes glinted behind his spectacles. "You've never been drunk, eh?"

"Yes, sir." He rolled his eyes sadly. "But I've never been happy." It brought a shout of laughter from the class, and even old Davies grinned. When you lived in the Gamma house, wore good clothes, had a convertible, money in your pocket, and a babe like Steve Morris, said the knowing eyes of his classmates—well, how happy can you get?

Althea threaded her way among her guests and came to sit on the steps beside her son. "You're awfully quiet tonight, darling. Don't you like the party?"

"Sure—it's fine. I'm a little tired, I guess." He smiled at her. She looked like a little girl, perched there beside him. She wasn't drinking tonight, he had observed. He was glad. It wasn't that she didn't handle her liquor beautifully, but when she drank she was liable to have one of her headaches, and he hated seeing her suffer.

She said, lightly, "Poor dear. I know how busy you are, getting ready for graduation and all that, but you mustn't work too hard. A bridegroom can't have circles under his eyes—what would people say?" Her laughter tinkled. Jim thought with sudden urgency. You're my

mother, not Steve's. I know you want what's best for me, and you believe she's it. You believe you've drawn a magic circle with the three of us inside—only what you don't realize is that I'm on the outside, looking in! *Now that you're here beside me, and she's across the room, let this be a moment just between the two of us. Let me tell you how it is—that she's clear across the world from me, and she'll always be—*

"Mother," he said. "I want to talk to you. About Steve and me."

Althea leaned against his arm with a weary little sigh. "Darling, you sound so *serious*—but not now, please! If it's about you and Stephanie living here with me, that was only a suggestion!" He would have spoken, but she went on:

"It's so *good* to have you both here with me," and now her tone was edged with wistfulness. "All evening I've been pretending that the long waiting and the—*the loneliness*, is ended, and you're both here to stay! I guess I'm just living for that day. I can rest, then, and you and Steve can baby me, and I really believe my silly head will be better, and the doctor won't have anything to worry about, after all."

He stared down at her, instantly concerned. "The doctor? Has Sandy—"

"I saw a specialist. Oh, darling, don't look so frightened—I shouldn't have mentioned it. I didn't mean to; it just slipped out!"

"Have your headaches been worse?" he demanded. He regarded her with a worried frown. She was paler than usual, he decided, and she looked thinner. She was watching the people in the room below, one hand absently massaging her forehead. She'd had these headaches for a long while, he realized, and such things could be serious. Fear smote him.

"What did the specialist tell you?"

"Oh, you know how doctors are!" she scoffed, lightly. "I think they try to frighten you half out of your wits, so when they help you a little they can make you believe they've actually saved your very life!" She patted his arm. "Let's not spoil the evening, darling."

Stubbornly, he insisted, "I want to know."

"Darling, please," she protested wryly. "you're embarrassing me! Are you trying to find out what a silly, weak creature you've got for a mother, and how dependent I'm going to be on you and Steve?"

He felt sick inside. She was ill—he could tell that by the very way she kept trying to cover it up, make light of it. As for Steve, she was as dear to Althea as her own flesh and blood. He knew that; he'd always known it. Now that she was so near to achieving the one happiness she'd asked for herself, how could he slap it out of her hands? And this illness of hers—

"I want to know what the doctor said."

She waved her hands, in helpless confusion. "Oh, it was just a lot of *talk*!"

"What kind of talk?"

"Darling, it was *nothing*! Oh, there was some sort of nonsense about its being dangerous for me to be emotionally disturbed or—or to have to cope with situations!" She gave a disparaging little laugh. "What could be sillier? As if anything could disturb me, now. I've never been happier!"

Jim put an arm about her shoulder and drew her close to him, his cheek against her hair. He was glad she could not see his face, because loneliness seemed to well up from some bottomless spring inside him. This was it—the old treadmill which kept returning him, with dreadful finality, to the starting point! The time for rebellion had already passed—not, he thought hopelessly, that he'd have had the good sense to recognize it!

"You just go on being happy, sweetheart," he said, gruffly. And, after a long moment:

"Steve and I will take care of you."

Althea rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. She was smiling a little.

Chapter 5

While Jim was away, over the week-end, for Nicki the campus seemed strangely empty. She played a little game of remembering, recalling the hours they had spent together, what they had done, what they had said to each other. She examined, with grave interest, each facet of this new emotion.

She'd had her share of school romances. Once, she had "gone steady" for a semester, and she had even been pinned, for a brief while. She had been only seventeen then, and her mother had protested a little; but Nicki had explained carefully that being pinned was not so much being engaged as being engaged to be engaged! It did, however, denote a more-or-less seriousness, or at least it was supposed to—and because she knew her heart was not seriously involved, she had given the pin back.

She had always known that one day she would fall in love, but she had not imagined it would be like this, in only a few days, with a stranger— Only he was *not* a stranger! What difference did it make if it were a year, or a week, or a moment? He was away for two days, and those days stretched themselves into an eternity, so obviously, in love, time signified nothing!

She tried to imagine what Jim Saxanay's home was like; and she attempted to picture his mother. He loved her deeply; it was in his eyes and his voice when he spoke of her, yet he really had said little which hinted at the sort of person she was. Why had she fancied he was a little afraid of her? Was there a certain subdued quality in his manner when he spoke of her? Mentally, she pictured a large, angular woman, maybe the *pince-nez* type, with a brilliant mind and a dominant personality. Then she rebelled against the image. That was not the sort of mother Jim should have, at all! She should be someone like Belle—kindly and warmhearted, capable of sense or nonsense, as the need might be. *But then, everyone in the world should have a mother like mine!*

On Monday, Jim did not put in an appearance at the library. He telephoned and asked Nicki to meet him at the café, at noon. The very sound of his voice had an odd effect on her, quickening her breath and making her heart behave idiotically. Afterward, she went about her work with the ridiculous feeling that her feet were barely touching the floor. She was probably being very silly, she thought, but she didn't care. It was a heavenly kind of silliness, and she would wholeheartedly recommend it to all her friends!

Her mood matched the morning—sun-flooded, the happiness mushrooming inside her until she thought she might simply explode. Now and then in the past few hours

there had been moments of troubled uncertainty. Time was running out, and soon Jim Saxanay would be leaving University for good. These were the moments when she warned herself that she might be placing too much importance on so brief a romance. But then she would think, *He loves me; I'm sure of it*, and her heart would go soaring again.

Once, when the room was temporarily empty of "seekers," she paused before the dusty bust of Shakespeare, on his corner pedestal, and gave him a flip salute.

"I guess I owe you an apology, Bill," she said. "You knew more about love than I gave you credit for!"

Some time after eleven, Eileen Bailey came downstairs. She had, Nicki thought, a rather grim expression. She asked, "Your Gamma not hanging around today?"

"I'm lurching with him—and what makes you think he's my Gamma?"

Eileen said, quite crossly, "I'm just hoping you don't think he is!" and Nicki demanded, wonderingly:

"What on earth is wrong with you?"

"I'm darn' good and mad, that's what! As pretty and sweet as you are, and as many boys as there are on this campus—you had to get all shiny-eyed over that—*that Bluebeard!*"

Nicki shook her head uncomprehendingly, but she had a brief, unpleasant feeling that cold fingers were brushing her spine.

Eileen asked, "Have you by any chance seen the *Roll Call*?" The latter was the journalism school's official campus paper.

"No, the boy brought it only a little while ago, and I haven't had a chance to look at it. It's there on the rack."

"Well, take a look at the 'Roundabout' column. You're what I believe they call a 'choice item.'"

Nonplussed, Nicki walked to the magazine rack and picked up the *Roll Call*. "Roundabout" was a campus-gossip feature she seldom bothered to read, since she seldom knew any of the people about whom it chattered. The item which had incurred Eileen's displeasure was second from the top. It read:

We view with interest, and some alarm, that Gamma senior's sudden pursuit of knowledge. At least, we assume that's what he's pursuing, all these lovely spring hours he spends with a certain ver-ry cute little librarian. In the interest of peace and tranquillity, we trust his intentions are strictly academic. The blonde Theta he's pinned to for a June wedding is due on campus next week-end, and we hope there aren't going to be any fireworks around the Gamma house.

Nicki folded the paper carefully and laid it down. Eileen said, irately, "This 'Roundabout' character fancies himself quite a Cholly-type and a very witty guy, but I had a hunch you weren't going to think this is very funny."

"Oh, but it is," Nicki said, expressionlessly. "I think it's probably *very* funny!"

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When she reached home, she went into the kitchen, where her mother was preparing lunch for the boys. Belle said, "Well, I wasn't expecting you. Fortunately, it's stew. I can add a little water." She studied Nicki's white face, and then looked down at the vegetables she was dicing. "Darling, don't look like that! It makes me want to go right out and murder someone! Do you want me to ask you any questions?"

"No. I'm going upstairs and—do something; I don't know what. Maybe I'll have a tantrum. Or maybe I'll laugh. I ought to, because it's really very hilarious. You'll simply *split*, when I tell you!"

Belle said, calmly, "Of course. I don't know what it is, but I rather doubt that."

"I once read a story about a woman whose heart was broken, and she went out and got awfully drunk."

"Well, you could try it. I suppose, but I'm afraid you'd just get awfully sick. Is your heart broken? What about crying? Sometimes that helps."

Nicki's face crumpled. "I probably will," she gulped. "Just let me alone, and when I'm all cried out I'll come and tell you about it." She turned and fled.

She came down to supper, and afterward she helped Belle with the dishes. She gave her mother the briefest of explanations, but it was sufficient to make Belle's mouth tighten with anger.

It was almost dark when she went upstairs again. Presently Belle went up, too. Nicki was lying down. Her eyes were still faintly reddened, but she was not crying now. Standing in the doorway, Belle hesitated, seemed about to turn aside; then she said, grimly:

"Jim Saxanay is downstairs. He says he must see you. I should have sent him away. I will, if you want me to."

For a moment, Nicki lay quite still. Then she sat up, lifting her hands to tidy her hair.

"No," she said, "there's no point in being rude to him. He hasn't done anything criminal. He took me out a few times—"

"He kissed you."

Nicki said, stonily, "I've been kissed before."

Belle's face set in stubborn lines. "I don't like him!" and Nicki smiled faintly at her.

"Well, I'm afraid I do—but I'll get over it."

Jim had declined a chair. He was standing beside the door, and when Nicki came into the room he said, without preamble:

"At noon, when I got to the café, some guys had the *Roll Call*, and they started carrying me high. When you didn't come, I knew you'd seen it, too."

"Yes, I saw it. It was pretty silly, wasn't it?" Nicki's tone was politely conversational. "I do hope it doesn't cause you any—fireworks." The tear-traces on her face belied her offhand manner, and Jim's heart ached, dully. *I've hurt her*, he thought, inanely.

"All afternoon," he told her, humbly, "I've been walking. Places we walked. Trying to think what to say to you—"

"It's not necessary to say anything. It's—nothing." She kept her head high. "I suppose you can tell I—shed a few tears. I felt a little—*silly*, that's all. But it's not important, so please don't let it disturb you."

He flushed dully, and thrust his fingers through his hair with the aggrieved gesture she had seen before.

"Nicki, please—I know what you must think. I should have told you, in the beginning. I suppose I was afraid that if you knew, you wouldn't see me any more."

Coolly, she rejoined, "All the more reason you should have told me. I'd the right to a choice."

"I know. I'm not making excuses, nor trying to justify what I did. I guess you've small reason to believe anything I say, now, but I didn't think it was going to matter to

anyone but me. Or maybe," he amended, honestly. "that's only what I *wanted* to think. If I'd had the remotest idea you'd find out this way, that you'd be—humiliated—" He shook his head. "I'd never have done that to you, Nicki."

"No," she said, after a long moment. "I don't think you would."

"There were things I should have told you, and didn't. But the things I did tell you."—his glance was steady—"I wasn't lying. If I said I was sorry it happened—my falling in love with you—it wouldn't be true. At least I've had this much, and it's more than I expected. I've never been really in love with anyone before, and no one has been in love with me. When I said that I love you—that was true. I do. If it matters at all to you, now, you've the right to know."

Nicki was watching him thoughtfully. Her face changed, grew softer. "It matters," she said, quietly. "If I pretended I've gotten over it quite this quickly, then I'd be lying."

"I love you," he said, again. "More than I had ever wanted anything in my life. I wanted to marry you. When I went home for the week-end, I meant to tell her I was in love with someone else—"

Nicki made a small, negative motion of her head. "Not that way, Jim. I don't want happiness I have to steal from someone else."

"It wouldn't have been that way," he said, heavily. "It doesn't involve the sort of happiness you're talking about. But it does involve—other things. It was—no good."

A little silence fell. Studying him, Nicki saw again the ineffable loneliness, the *lostness*, which had puzzled and disturbed her. At last she said, gently. "Jim, would it help, to tell me?"

"It would help to know that you understood—that even if what you and I have is lost, at least it isn't completely destroyed."

She hesitated briefly, then made a little gesture. "Come and sit down."

He complied. Nicki sat on a stool near the empty hearth, sitting with her feet tucked childishly beneath her, small hands folded in her lap. She looked gravely at Jim.

"I'm not angry any more," she told him. "I don't know *why*, really—it's just that somehow I feel I needn't be. There's a great deal I don't understand, but I'm not sorry, either, that we met—nor even that we fell in love."

Her glance met his, fully, and a bit of the coldness in him relaxed, in a surge of gratitude that she was willing to accept the truth of his love. Presently, she went on. "I can understand, in a way, why you didn't tell me, and if—kissing me wasn't quite fair, well, I wanted you to. I'm sure you knew that." She smiled very faintly at him. "Maybe that makes me to blame, too."

Jim was thinking, soberly, that there had never been anyone like her. If she believed that he loved her, then she must know that she could make this rugged for him by treating him with contempt, refusing to listen to anything he had to say. Instead, she seemed almost to want to comfort him.

He stared at the design in the rug at his feet, hearing his own words begin, awkwardly. He told her a little about Steve—how she'd lived next door to the Saxanays throughout her childhood, how she and his sister Jill were inseparable chums. He spoke of Jill's death, shortly before her tenth birthday.

Because the memory of that time still had the power to hurt him, his voice blurred a trifle. Briefly, he was far away, in his own thoughts—seeing himself going softly to his mother's side, his whole body a great ache in his desire to comfort her. Hearing her agonized voice crying out, "*Don't touch me! Let me alone!*"

He had crouched on the stairway, frightened and bewildered, seeing Althea and Stephanie clasped in each other's arms, hearing Althea's broken, despairing sobs.

"*Promise me you'll never leave me, Stephanie! You must be my little girl, now!*"

After that, they had been very close. They played together as if Althea herself had been a child, and often they wore look-alike clothes. People said how wonderful for Althea that she had Steve near her when she lost Jill.

Afterward, Jim could not recall with what words he had told these things to Nicki; but he saw her suddenly, pale and tense, her wide eyes never leaving his face. It shamed him, because he didn't want her to think he was feeling sorry for himself.

"I probably imagined too much," he said, reasonably. "You know how touchy kids can be. Where Mother was concerned, Steve could do no wrong, and for a while I was jealous. I had it in my mind that I was—well, shut out of Mother's grief, while Steve was permitted to share it with her. I got over it, as I grew older. I've always known that in some ways Mother thinks more of her. Not that she *loves* her more—only that Steve is more important to her. It's almost as if they were—a part of each other."

Then, after a thoughtful silence: "When I was a kid, I used to wish there were something I could do for Mother. I'd have done anything to make her happy. But I guess getting engaged to Steve was about the only important thing I ever did for her."

The studying silence again, and: "The engagement was something we more or less drifted into. Both of us knew how much Mother wanted it that way, and because we felt the way we did about her, it—influenced us, of course. But I believed, for a while, that we were in love. Before we were engaged, both of us dated other people now and then, but neither of us had ever really been around enough to know what we wanted. I began to realize, months ago, that we were making a mistake, but we just—kept drifting. The wedding date was set, and Mother was head over heels in plans, and I just couldn't seem to bring myself to do anything about it. Maybe it doesn't make much sense to you, Nicki—I suppose you'd have to know my mother, to understand. She isn't well. She's got her heart set on our marrying, and living near her—I don't know what it would do to her if everything went to pieces, now." He got to his feet, restlessly, and stood looking down at Nicki. "I wanted to try to make you understand how I got things all fouled up like this, but I'm not sure I understand it myself. I did a lot of things wrong. Everything I did here at University was aimless—I knew mother was going to want me to live in Hurd City, and the opportunities there are pretty limited. I majored in business administration because it seemed the most practical for someone who hadn't any idea what he was going to do."

Nicki said, low-voiced. "It seems to me you'd have a better chance at happiness if your work was something you *wanted* to do," and Jim nodded.

"Shall I tell you something? That night on the Point,"—their eyes met with brief awareness, then turned away—"I knew exactly what I wanted of my life, and I had the feeling there was nothing I couldn't do if I were doing it for you. At least, you've shaken me out of my rut, and I'm not going to tumble back into it. When I was at home last week, I did something about it." He made a brief sound of half-amusement. "Steve and my mother are probably going to scream the house down when I tell them. I went to see a friend of my father's—he used to be around our house quite a lot, but I haven't seen much of him in the last few years. Johnny Prentiss is his name, and he's an old oil driller." His mouth curved with faint humor. "He's salty as they come—had quite a lot to say about 'dudes' who spent four years at college to learn to sit at a desk and push a pencil around. Said it only took him through grade school to learn to write as good as anybody!"

Nicki laughed, softly, and Jim sat down again, relaxing a trifle. "Anyway, I've always liked the oilfield—my father

was in the business, and Johnny used to tell me stories about him when I was a kid. There are some big fields around Hurd City. Johnny's retired, now, but he knows practically everyone in the game, and—well, he said if I'd agree to start at the bottom, the way my dad did, he'd help me get on." He was watching her intently. "What do you think?"

She asked. "What would you do, at the—bottom?"

"*Work.* 'Roughnecking,' they call it. The equipment is more efficient, now, so it's not so rugged as it used to be. But it's rugged enough. A guy gets tired. And dirty."

"And it's what you want to do?"

"Yes."

She said, simply, "Then I think it's wonderful."

"I won't be able to climb the way my dad did, nor nearly as fast. I'll have some detours. Once I'm out of college, the Army may decide any day it has a place for me. But at least I can get started, and I'll have an idea what I'm going to do when I come out of the service. I like oil—I know it isn't some people's idea of a satisfying career." He shrugged. "Lord knows it's not Mother's, nor Steve's. But it takes all kinds. Oil's for me."

"I'm glad," she said, earnestly. "You've got your own life to think of, too, Jim. Doing something *you* think is worth while, you'll be happier."

There seemed, suddenly, nothing left to be said, and looking at her, Jim got an ache in his throat. To cover up his swift surge of hunger, he resorted to flipness.

"Some day," he said, with a faint grin, "when I'm a very successful guy and I'm asked to what I attribute it all, I'll bare my head reverently and say, 'To a little gal named Nicki, who inspired me to become a roughneck!'" Then the grin faded and he said, tight-voiced. "To a little blue-eyed girl named Nicki, whom I loved then, and now, and always."

They looked at each other for the moment with their hearts lying naked and hurt in their eyes. Then Nicki said, thinly, "I think you'd better go, now—" and he nodded, wordlessly.

Nicki walked slowly upstairs. Belle was sitting on the side of her bed, and Nicki stood in the open doorway, looking at her.

"I know I'm very young," she said, tonelessly, "and maybe when something like this happens to the young, it isn't very important. But I think that as long as I live, nothing can ever hurt me quite this much again."

Chapter 6

The quarrel had its beginning at the Gamma house, on Saturday night. Jim and Steve were on the shadowy veranda, dancing somewhat desultorily to the strains of phonograph music drifting through the open windows. The spring night was soft and fragrant, with an improbably large and brilliant moon riding above the sycamores fringing the lower campus.

Jim's thoughts were fragmentary, muddled. Steve had him guessing. He was sure she had heard about that item in the campus paper—the knowledge was in a sudden little bleakness in her glance, in the way she called him to heel a bit oftener and more possessively than usual, or otherwise demonstrated to her curious friends that she had everything under control. But she hadn't said anything, and outwardly she was all sweetness and light. Maybe, he thought with weary cynicism, she was waiting to get his mother's advice on how to handle the situation!

He felt tired and depressed, and when he had trodden upon Steve's foot for the third time in one dance, he said resignedly:

"I guess I'm all left feet tonight, Steve. While you've still got any toes left, what do you say we call it a night?"

She shrugged. "I'd just as soon—I'm tired, and anyway, it hasn't been a very exciting party, has it?"

So that was how it would have been, ordinarily. They'd have ended a rather dull evening amicably enough, with a walk across campus to the Theta house and a rather dull good-night kiss at the door. But Fritz Roberts, dancing past with a bored Tri-Ep in his arms, called out, "How about driving out to the Midnight Club with us, Saxanay—you and Steve? Maybe we can kick up some excitement. This party is dead on its feet!"

"Thanks, but we're just leaving."

Roberts leered at him. "What's the rush—got a library book to check in?"

Stephanie's slim back stiffened. The Tri-Ep in Fritz Roberts' arms stopped looking bored. She giggled, and suggested, "Maybe Sax wants to look at the moon from Settlers' Point again. How about that?"

Steve withdrew from his arms, murmuring, "I'll get my things."

Jim sat in a deserted swing and resisted the impulse to glare at Roberts and his girl. To let them know their gibes had struck home would only heighten their amusement. Steve came back, and together they went down the steps, across the lawn, gray-velvet in the moonlight. They turned into the path which plunged into dappled shadow beneath the budding sycamores. When the last lyric notes of a tenor, insisting that the night was made for love, died away behind them, Steve said evenly:

"I don't mind—much—being made a fool of, only I like to know the details. So would you mind filling me in on a few things?"

Mentally, Jim hunched his shoulders against the coming storm. "What do you want to know?"

"Well, I'm not greedy!" she said, sarcastically. "Just any little old scraps of information you may choose to toss me." When he did not reply at once, she added, "If you're shy, you needn't tell me *all*—just give me the part that affects us."

"You won't believe it, maybe," he rejoined, wearily, "but it's all over, and none of it affects us."

Stephanie laughed—a hard little sound. "You must be psychic! I *don't* believe you."

He said tonelessly, "I met a girl at the library. I went there to work up my thesis bibliography, and she gave me a hand. I took her to lunch that day, and after that, I—saw quite a lot of her."

"Obviously! Was she the one who was on the Point with you?" And when he made no reply, she demanded, in a voice taut with fury, "What were you doing up there, necking up a storm?" She stopped walking and faced him, her features a pale blur in the gloom. "I want the truth about this whole thing, Jim! Do you want to level with me, or shall I go to her?"

"Stay away from her." His voice went stony. "She's out of it. Leave her out, or—"

Thinly, Steve interrupted, "Are you threatening me?"

"Just leveling. It's what you asked for."

"You fell for her! Don't deny it!"

"I'm not going to deny it. I'm in love with her."

There was a sort of solace in being completely honest. "And I've no intention of quarreling with you about it. I'm fed up with quarreling. I don't see any future in it, or if I do, I don't like what I see! I told you what happened is over with. It has nothing to do with you and me. You'd better just let it go at that!"

For a space Steve walked silently beside him. When at length she spoke, it was in a voice gone curiously dead.

"I don't like what I see, either. You used to worry about whether I loved you. That's changed, hasn't it? Now you're the one who's not in love—not with *me*. Nothing I've done has ever been right for you, has it? What would you like me to do—drop dead? I'd really like to know

what you want, Jim!" They passed beneath a swaying light, at the corner of the campus. Steve was staring straight ahead, her gaze fixed and bleak. "No, I don't think you'd better answer that! I know what you want—you'd like to be free to marry *her*, wouldn't you?"

"She wouldn't marry me now." At a small, contemptuous sound from her he said, coldly, "Believe what you like, that happens to be the truth."

After a moment Steve said, woodenly, "I've tried to understand you. I know I'm not like you are, and I was honest enough not to pretend ours was a—a burning love affair. At least we knew what to expect from our lives and from each other, and it was all pretty simple. Only you had to mix everything up! You had to start trying to read my mind and tell me how I should feel. You'd known me all your life, and you should have known what I was like. But you asked me to marry you, and you let me make all my plans, and *then* you began taking a dim view of what sort of life we're going to have!"

Jim said nothing, but he had an uncomfortable sense of the justness in her words.

"My engagement to you," she told him, in a tone sharp with bitterness, "hasn't been exactly one long picnic, but at least I hadn't counted on any competition! It isn't very easy on a girl's pride—or did you think I hadn't any? If it had happened earlier, I'd have said let's call it off, but not now, Jim—not at this late date! If you think you can jilt me, practically at the altar—well, I can't keep you from doing it, but I can keep it from being very pleasant for you, and I will! If that seems unfair to you, I'm so *sorry*, but it seems a little unfair to me for you to think you can turn my life upside down—"

Jim said, calmly, "Oh, shut up, Steve, will you? I've no intention of calling it off. At this 'late date,' as you put it, anything like that would have to come from you."

Steve rejoined, nastily, "A clear case of your honorable duty—is that it?" and he made a gesture of exasperation.

"Will you cut it out? You were just raising hell about my jilting you, and I said I'm not going to. We understand each other, Steve, and we both know how many factors are involved. We know what a breakup between us would do to Mother—"

"Oh, yes, Althea." Steve's voice was strange. "Still, who knows but what she might like your librarian as well?"

Jim snorted. "I suppose that's meant to be funny, but I'm not laughing. Look—if you and I are going to be married, don't you think we should try to be friends?"

"Do you think we can?"

"At this point"—he made a gesture of helpless disgust—"I'm damned if I know!"

"I'm sorry, Jim," she said, a bit more reasonably. "I'm acting like a drip, I guess. To hear all the righteous noises I've been making, you'd think I'm the injured party!"

He suspected her of sarcasm, but it was absent from her tone. Her meaning was a bit obscure to him, and he

let it pass. There was, he thought wearily, the big issue yet to come! He took a deep breath and said on a determined note:

"As far as I'm concerned, the wedding plans stand as they are. But I guess you may as well know now that some of the plans you and Mother have made for afterward are due for a change."

She looked warily at him. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It just means that if you're going to be my wife, I'll support you, on money I earn from a job I find for myself! We're not going to move in with Mother, nor accept an allowance from her."

"I see. And this *job*—you've something in mind?"

"Yes. Johnny Prentiss is going to help me get on in the field."

Steve digested the information in lengthy silence. At last she asked, "May I ask just what you fancy Althea will think of all this?"

"She won't like it at all," he admitted. "Not at first, anyway. But when she understands what I'm trying to do, I think she'll see it my way."

Steve drawled, "Just what *are* you trying to do?"

Her tone nettled him, and he retorted, "What do you think?"

She laughed, suddenly. "Well, you might be trying to scare me! I remember telling you, once, that I don't go for roughnecks."

"Or I *might* be trying to grow up," he told her, angrily. "I might want to accomplish something on my own, so I could respect myself. So *you* could respect me."

She looked curiously at him. "Would you care if I did or not?"

"Why wouldn't I? If a man's wife can't respect him, who can?"

"Jim,"—she studied him intently in the half-gloom—"I believe you're *serious* about all this!"

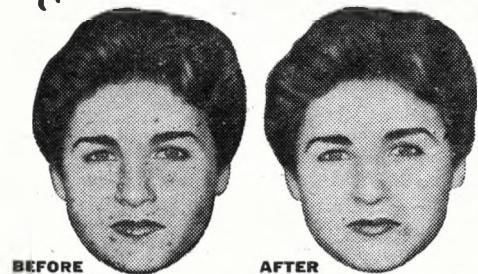
"I am."

"Althea will never stand for it! She was upset because you didn't go see Lee Geddes last week-end, after she arranged the interview for you. And she's already had the decorators in to begin doing our rooms—"

"I'll just have to try to make her understand. My mind's made up, Steve. It's nothing for her to get upset about. The pay's good, and I'll be working toward something. That's the way my father started, and *he* didn't do so badly. I don't say I'll be able to do that well for a long time. Maybe I never will—but I'm going to give it a try." Then he looked at her, to add, rather diffidently, "I realize it's your life, too. I *hope* you understand what it is I'm trying to do."

"Well, I can *understand* it," she said frankly, "although I can't say I like the way you're going about it. That would take some thinking-about." She half-turned, away from him. "I'm dead on my feet," she announced,

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abruptly. "Unaccustomed as I am to such seriousness, you've got me on the ropes. Can it wait for another day?"

"Just one more thing," he said. "I can understand that living the way Mother does must seem more—attractive to you than the sort of thing I've been talking about. But if you've got some idea of getting Mother to talk me out of it, forget it, Steve."

If he had thought that would anger her, he was mistaken. She seemed amused.

"Have it your way," she said, lightly. "I'm willing to give it a whirl—although I warn you, when you get a load of my cooking, you may rue the day you left your mother's roof!"

Jim grinned, suddenly. "I guess that's a chance I'll just have to take."

The reference room was very quiet. Somewhere, in a raised window, a bluebottle fly had gotten itself imprisoned between two panes, and it droned foolishly as it sought, unceasingly and futilely, to escape. Campus sounds drifted in—faraway footsteps, snatches of conversation, bursts of laughter. The bright spring sun splashed gold on the oiled wooden floor.

The day was unseasonably warm, the air had a breathless quality, and across the river thunderheads were piling up. Now and then thunder muttered, faintly, promising a spring storm. Listening, Nicki hoped it would not break until she was off duty. She loved walking in a storm, and just now, she thought, it might sooth a certain fevered restlessness from which she had suffered these past few days!

There had been an added flurry of activity on the campus today; and along Greek Row, where the annual spring festivities had begun. She supposed the Gamma party was in full swing—and that, she told herself grimly, was none of her affair!

It was Saturday, and the seekers-after-knowledge were few. At one of the long tables a girl sat poring over a book of charts. At a filing case, two students were looking for something in the index cards, carrying on a whispered, almost inaudible argument between themselves. Nicki watched them idly for a moment, then gave her attention to a book the torn binding of which she had been attempting to repair.

The door opened, and someone came in. A girl. She was, thought Nicki admiringly, quite the most beautiful girl she had ever seen—tall and slender, with an exquisite face and shining blonde hair.

She paused inside the door, looking about her a bit uncertainly. Nicki arose from the desk and went to the newcomer to ask, smiling:

"May I help you with something?"

The girl looked at her oddly. Puzzledly, Nicki noted that she seemed startled, and in an almost protesting tone she said:

"You're not the librarian, are you?"

"Well, I'm a librarian," Nicki told her. "I'm in charge here."

"Oh." The other's gray eyes went over her, coolly, "Thanks, but I'll find my own way around."

Steve carried a volume she had taken at random from a shelf marked GREEK PHIL, N-Q. She hadn't even looked at the title. She sat in a chair at a table near one of the open windows, with the book before her. She watched the girl at the desk.

Nicki, Nicki Stewart. Jim hadn't mentioned her name, but finding it out had been no trick at all. Most of Steve's friends seemed to know!

Now that she was here, she wasn't quite sure why she had come. She'd believed Jim when he said the affair was ended. Whatever other faults he might have, he didn't lie. She supposed when one was going to marry a man who ad-

mitted frankly to being in love with someone else, it was natural to be curious about how his taste ran!

She wasn't sure, either, what she had expected this Nicki to be like. "Librarian," she thought with scorn, could denote darned near anything; but in her mind it had conjured up a picture of someone lean and bespectacled and intellectual, but man-hungry. *Very* hungry. That might appeal to Jim. One look, however, had told her the picture didn't fit.

That was quite a smile this gal had—sweetly dimpled and showing small white teeth. Her voice, Steve had noticed, was soft and musical, with a hint of laughter in it. She had a shining, well-scrubbed look, and a look of *honesty*—

That annoyed Steve, unaccountably, and she thought, Well, I don't lie to Jim! It was that do-or-die speech of his, last night, the old I'll-be-a-man-in-spite-of-you routine, which had put her on the defensive, but why should it? After all, she thought, I'm the sinned-against, not the sinner!

Lately, she'd been having uncomfortable reactions to Althea's small deceptions where Jim was concerned. There was no sense in belaboring the obvious; Althea had her reasons—only it was too *easy*, like taking candy from a baby! Jim was crazy about his mother, and he accepted unquestioningly whatever she told him.

Steve shrugged, and looked at Nicki. The latter was busy doing something with pastepot and scissors, brown head bent absorbedly above her task. She had absurdly long eyelashes, Steve noticed, and they made little half-moons of shadow against her cheeks. Her soft lower lip was caught lightly between small teeth, and she was frowning slightly as she concentrated on her task.

Very cute, Steve thought. *Very sweet*. *Perfect heroine type—and what the hell does that make me—the villainess of the piece?* Her eyes narrowed angrily, and for the moment she was tempted to walk up to the desk and make whatever unkind remarks occurred most readily to her.

Someone came in—a rangy youth carrying an armload of books. Steve looked at him, and then she averted her head, pretending to be absorbed in the volume before her. The newcomer was Ty Miller, a Deke. For the moment she thought, thankfully, that he was not going to notice her. He put his books on the desk and said, cheerfully:

"Thanks, Beautiful."

"You're very welcome—" Nicki removed the card from its small jacket in the first volume, made a notation on it. "Did you find the information you needed?"

"Most of it," he said. "Enough to make the prof think I know whereof I speak."

He turned and started out. His glance found the blonde girl, and a slow and knowing grin curved his mouth.

"Hi, Steve!" His voice was a stage whisper, in deference to the QUIET signs, but it carried audibly. Steve saw the girl at the desk glance up, quickly, and their eyes met with awareness. "Don't tell me you're pursuing knowledge, too!"

She was hot with exasperation, feeling a perfect fool—like someone caught playing Peeping Tom!—and she would have liked to slap the Deke's broad grin off his face! Well, so long as the fat was already in the fire—

"No," she drawled, "just browsing. I was curious to see what makes the library such a popular place with all you brethren!"

He grinned again—but with a quick, uncomfortable glance toward the desk—and hurried out. Steve sat where she was, exchanging a level look with the girl at the desk.

Nicki arose and came over to her. "Was there something in particular you wanted, Miss Morris?" Her voice was low, but steady. Steve regarded her thoughtfully. Behind them the students at the file case apparently found what they wanted, and they disappeared into the dim.

musty aisles among rows of books. Across the big room, the girl with the charts was oblivious to the others.

"Should there be?" Steve put a touch of insolence in her tone. "This is a *public* library, isn't it?" She smiled a little, an ironic curve of lips. "Maybe I just wanted to read a good book."

"Maybe." Nicki glanced down at the volume on the table. "Do you always read Plato in the original?"

Steve laughed. She had to, because it struck her funny. She hadn't thought to look at the stupid book! "I never do," she said. "I just thought I should have a book. That is what people come to a library for, isn't it—to read? *Some* people, anyway." Then she rather wished she hadn't said it. It sounded spiteful and adolescent, and it seemed to put her at a disadvantage. She shrugged. "To tell you the truth, I was curious. Wouldn't you be, in my place?"

"I might," said Nicki, coolly, "and if you were in mine, you might be a little annoyed at being *viewed*, like some sort of exhibit!"

Steve said, in her turn, "Yes, I might." Then she surprised herself. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't expect to be recognized. And I didn't come here to embarrass you—there wouldn't be much point in it, would there? I imagine you've already been embarrassed. If it's any consolation to you, so have I." Then she added, flatly:

"Jim tells me he's in love with you."

Nicki flushed a little, but her glance did not waver. "I'm sorry he told you."

"Why?"

"He's going to marry you."

Steve laughed—a curt little sound. "Well, *ours* is hardly the love affair of the ages! I'm sure he must have told you that." And when Nicki said nothing, she demanded, "Are you in love with him?"

Nicki's chin came up a trifle. "I'm afraid I don't see the point in all this. I can understand that after that—silly business in the *Roll Call*, you'd have wanted an explanation, from Jim. He and I won't see each other again, and *whatever* I feel, it has nothing to do with you."

"Meaning—" Steve drawled, "it's none of my business!"

The red flared deeper in Nicki's cheeks. She snapped, "That's another way of putting it, yes! I wouldn't ask you whether you love him. If you don't, I feel sorry for you. I feel sorry for both of you."

"I suppose you think that because you and he *are* in love with each other, or think you are, I should hand him over to you?"

"I think," Nicki told her, scornfully, "that it would be absurd for either of us to believe he could be handed back and forth as if he were a—*a* rubber ball! He's quite capable of making his own decisions!"

Steve got to her feet. "A few days ago, I'd have debated that with you," she commented. "Now, I think you may be right. Well,"—she gave the other a self-conscious smile—"Now that I'm on the point of departure, I find myself a little embarrassed. What does one say at a time like this—'*Nice to have met you*'?"

Nicki was too angry to be bothered with amenities. "Why don't you depart as you arrived?" she suggested. "Without saying anything at all."

"*Touché!*" said Steve. She went.

The storm was building up rapidly when Nicki reached home. She told her mother, "I'm going to take the car for a little while."

"Where are you going?"

"Just driving."

Belle cast an apprehensive glance at the lowering sky, but she said nothing, because she had already noted Nicki's disturbed expression.

Nicki drove to the Point, deserted now, and stopped the car near the spot where she and Jim had sat on the rim-

rock, on that evening which seemed an eternity ago. She sat staring down into the valley, where the rising wind stirred up whirling dervishes of dust.

The first flash of lightning came—a swift white streak spitting across the black sky—and the thunder followed closely with an earth-shaking crash. A sudden wind howled among the rocks, and the rain began—not gently, but a deluge, beating against the car. Thunder growled and crashed, trailed mutteringly into silence, only to arouse again in savage reply to the lightning flashes.

The fury of the elements seemed to have gotten inside her—a conflict of anger and grief and loneliness—and Nicki wept, wide-eyed, the tears streaming down her face as she watched the storm, her sobs making no sound against the inferno outside.

The squall passed, quickly, and with it the tears. She rolled down the window, feeling the wet freshness against her cheeks, hearing the drip of water from the trees, the faraway rumble of the fading storm. At last she looked at the gray sky to ask, in a forlorn little voice:

"Why couldn't *You* have seen, before it was too late, that they're all wrong for each other?"

There was no reply, in the dripping stillness.

"The brown material is much the nicest, I think." Althea laid a roll of printed linen on the divan, draped a portion of it across the back and arms. She withdrew a trifle to study the effect critically. "Don't you?"

Stephanie was sitting cross-legged on the floor, looking at some samples of glazed chintz. She murmured assent, barely glancing up, and Althea looked thoughtfully at her. The girl had not been herself, these past few days. When she had come back from the Gamma party, at University, she had told Althea Jim had been "playing around" a bit—*some librarian, I think she said*—but that the matter was "all straight" now. She had been unwontedly taciturn about it, with an uncommunicativeness which, in anyone but Stephanie, Althea would have called downright sullen!

When they had gone down for the graduation ceremonies, Jim had behaved himself quite well. He had been a bit quiet and subdued, perhaps—as well he might be! his mother thought, indignantly. But Stephanie had obviously met her little crisis, of whatever moment it might have been, very efficiently; and Jim had treated her with courteous consideration. There had, however, been this latest—and utterly *maddening!*—tangent of his: this business of striking out on his own, taking some ridiculous *laborer's* job, which was actually what it amounted to, for all his brave talk of "starting at the bottom"! Her first infuriated impulse had been to squelch his idea, promptly and in no uncertain terms; but she had thought better of it. It might be more diplomatic, in view of his recent unrest, to allow this new whim to run its course—perhaps with an assist from her, but from behind-scenes.

"I've friends of my own in the business," she told Stephanie. "Some of them owe me favors. If Jim can't see, in a reasonable length of time, how ridiculous it is to—to *slave*, like any common day laborer, for things he already has—" She shrugged, and did not finish.

Stephanie said, in a tone shaded by disbelief, "Do you mean you'd get him *fired*?"

Althea protested, half-laughing. "Oh, darling, sometimes you do have the *bluntest* way of putting things! I don't mean anything of the sort! But if he is bound to be in oil—well, then, there are other positions. He could hardly object to being advanced, could he, particularly if he felt he'd earned it?"

Stephanie had murmured something, and said no more; and the topic was dropped. Nevertheless, the feeling

Chapter 7

persisted with Althea that the girl was behaving strangely. She was too quiet—suddenly given to silences which had an enigmatic, withdrawn quality. She was obviously trying to be sporting about this new design-for-living Jim had come up with, but if she found it a chore, it was small wonder! With an expression of distaste, Althea looked about her.

This was the postage-stamp living room of the apartment they had found—the only tenable one they had seen, within the price-range adamantly set by Jim. Heaven knew it was far from desirable! She gave a sigh of exasperation, so gusty that Stephanie looked up inquiringly.

"I could just throttle that boy!" Althea exclaimed. Her eloquent glance took in the infinitesimal dwelling, visible in entirety from the spot where she stood—the tiny entry hall, the "efficiency" kitchen, which was hardly as large as the linen closet in her own apartment. And no bedroom at all! The bed let down out of the wall at night, and in the daytime it was concealed by a pair of mock French doors.

Stephanie understood the look, and she laughed a little. "Oh, I don't know; I think it's sort of cute."

"Cute!" Althea shuddered. "When you have guests, what do you intend to do with them?"

"Well, I suppose Jim thinks on what he'll be making, for a while, we can't afford to do much entertaining."

Althea sighed again. "I only hope he comes to his senses soon. Meanwhile, we'll do what we can." She gazed speculatively about her. "Fortunately, the color scheme isn't too impossible. With the flowered-linen slipcovers, and plain traverse drapes at the big window there, and the shag rug wall-to-wall— Oh, my dear, that reminds me. I'm afraid I told Jim a fancy, and I'd better tell you, so you won't give me away."

"Oh?"

"He was quite difficult about the rug. When he discovered how much they cost, he was appalled. He's so ridiculously serious with this budget of his, and he was so firm about how much we could spend to fix up the apartment! The point is, I simply couldn't bear the thought of your giving the rug up. It will simply make what would otherwise be a very ordinary room. Well—I finessed! I told him Boatmann's were letting me have one at cost. That made it nearly a hundred dollars less, so he was agreeable to that."

"Do you think he believed you?"

"Oh, I'm sure of it! I made it sound quite logical. I said they'd had it in stock for ages and had despaired of ever selling it, because it was irregular—and that Mr. Boatmann was delighted for the chance to dispose of it without taking a loss!" She laughed a little, adding, "I suspect we'll have to manage a great many things for you 'wholesale,' while this economical phase of Jim's lasts!"

Stephanie was gazing down at the swatches in her lap, and she made no reply.

After a moment, Althea commented, "He's been behaving himself quite nicely, generally speaking."

"Jim? Yes, he has."

"No more nonsense about that creature at University?"

Stephanie shook her head, negatively. "I wish I hadn't said anything about that. Actually, it was all over by the time I got wise to it. We—have an understanding, so I hope you'll never let Jim know I told you."

"I shan't let on that I know, but you mustn't be reticent about confiding in me, darling. You promise!" Reluctantly, Stephanie lifted her eyes, and something flickered briefly in their depths. Althea frowned a little. "We've been very close, you and I—and I don't want anything to affect that. I've tried to do for you the things I have done for my own girl—"

"You've been—wonderful to me." Stephanie drew her knees up and put her forehead against them, as if she were weary.

Althea seemed to be listening for something. She said, quickly, "Straighten your hair, darling. I just heard the elevator—it's probably Jim."

It was Jim. He stood in the doorway, smiling at them. All morning, he had been out driving around leases with Johnny Prentiss. He looked tired, and dusty, and happy. He said, "Hi, gals. Anyone here call a taxi?"

Althea said, "I've my own car, and besides, there are some things I want to see to. But I do think you should take Stephanie home. She has a fitting at four."

Jim came over to drop a light kiss on his mother's cheek. Then he looked critically at her. "Sure you aren't overdoing it?" he demanded, concernedly. "You look a little pale."

"I'm fine." She leaned against his shoulder for a moment. "I really feel quite well today."

"That's the way we want to keep you feeling, so don't wear yourself out on this decorating spree! Steve and I can finish what's left undone."

Althea looked reproachfully at him. "Darling, one doesn't move a bride into a—*an undone* home!"

As they rode down in the elevator, Jim asked anxiously, "Does Mother seem all right, to you?"

"She's fine. Don't worry about her." Her tone was a bit curt, and he glanced quickly at her. She was tired, too, he thought. He guessed all of them were.

As they drove through the brilliant afternoon, toward Steve's home, Jim said with sudden diffidence, "Steve, there's something I want to tell you. I'm not much good at saying things; I guess you know that—but I've been doing a lot of thinking about us. Somewhere along the line we got all fouled up. That was probably my fault—I know I've given you a bad time. But I'll try to make you happy. Things won't be quite as *push* as Mother had planned them for us, but I honestly think that this way we will have a better chance to make a go of it—" He paused, awkwardly. "That's—what I wanted to say. We'll make a go of it."

She was not looking at him, and when she answered, her voice sounded a bit muffled. "Thanks, Jim. You know me—I'm not so good with the serious talk, either, but—anyway, thanks for telling me."

Presently he commented, "Mother's taking this whole thing pretty big, isn't she?"

Steve did not turn. She murmured, "Real big."

It was late the next afternoon when Jim telephoned Steve and asked her to go for a drive. When he called for her, she saw that his face was grave, and he seemed preoccupied. He told her, without preamble:

"It looks like things are gang a little a-gley. I've just been down to the board—I've got my reclassification notice." And as she looked questioningly at him:

"I'm due my draft call any time."

"I see. Have you told Althea?"

"No. I wanted to talk to you, first. It might be as long as thirty days." The wedding was two weeks away, now. "I doubt it will be any longer. It rather puts the quietus to my plans with Johnny."

She said, sincerely, "I'm sorry, Jim. I really am. I know it's what you wanted."

"Well, there'll be oilfields when I come out. I'm not worrying about that part of it." He heaved a sigh. "I hope we can start looking around for someone to sublet the apartment. Mother will want you with her when I'm gone, for a while, and for what short time I'll be here after the wedding, I may as well stay there, too. I was thinking, Steve—"

—er, when I know where I'm going to be stationed, you could come where I am, for a part of the time, anyway. If you wanted to. I think a lot of Army wives do that."

"Jim,"—the expression in her eyes might have been amusement—"if you're trying to tell me that you don't in-

tend to take advantage of the situation by running out on me—"

He interrupted her, his face reddening angrily. "You haven't much of an opinion of me, have you?"

"My opinion of you," she said, levelly, "might surprise you a little. I think you're—a real tall guy."

When he left Steve at her house again, shortly before dusk, Jim drove slowly homeward. As he followed a wide, curving street which ran along the rim of a hill, he looked down at Hurd City, sprawled beneath him, and thought of Nicki.

After that last night, at her house, he had seen her only once—a brief, hurting glimpse from a distance. During the graduation ceremonies he had willed himself not to look for her in the crowds—but he had felt in his heart she was not there.

He had tried to put her out of his mind; but he could not get her out of his heart, yet, nor his dreams. All the small, soft dearness of her haunted him—and later, when the confusion and emotional involvement of these days had settled into the quieter, duller pattern which was to be his life, he would feel his loss more keenly.

He brought the car to a stop on the shoulder of the highway and sat for long moments, looking down, remembering another hill, a town cradled in another valley. Now there was no moonlight, no music in the air, no small, warm presence. Did she ever feel this way, caught up in an immense and aching loneliness, trying vainly to still the pain in her heart?

Take care of her. His eyes searched the vaulting blue sky. *Let her forget quickly.* And, after a time:

Take care of Steve, too, and of anyone else whom my blundering may have harmed, and for as long as I live, let me never hurt anyone again.

When Sandy went into the library after dinner, Steve was there before her, lying on a wide seat before the open windows, desultorily looking through a magazine. She did not glance up, and Sandy moved as to withdraw, but then she said, tentatively:

"Hi. Mind if I share your retreat?"

Indifferently, Steve said, "Help yourself."

Sandy selected a book at random from the shelves, and carried it with her to a comfortable leather chair. She did not open it. Instead, she remarked, "Warm."

"June," was Steve's cryptic reply, and Sandy grinned. I asked for that! she thought. She herself was apt to deal shortly with conversation-feelers when she was in no mood for chitchat.

She studied the girl without seeming to. Steve was quick to resent it if she thought anyone was prying into her private affairs. All through dinner, Sandy had thought she was unusually preoccupied and silent. She was never a chatterbox at home, her aunt knew, but tonight she had

not even bothered with the amenities. Once, in an unguarded moment, she had looked about her as if in an unconscious appeal for help, and Sandy had been hurt and a little shocked by the unmistakable unhappiness in her eyes.

There'll be more of the same, she thought, now. Under the circumstances she's got small-enough chance for happiness. *She's got a good chance, Sandy amended, to be damned unhappy. It's not quite the same.*

She sighed a little, as she opened her book. She and Steve had never been very close. She supposed there were some would say that the girl had had too little attention at home—but a more impartial observer might realize that she'd never wanted it. Any attempt to counsel or advise her was likely to be interpreted—promptly and resentfully—as unwarranted interference. Everyone in her own home was far less important than Althea Saxanay and the thorough spoiling Steve received at her hands.

In some ways, Sandy thought, with exasperation, Clint Morris had been worse than no father at all, to Steve. He'd been so confused and defeated, poor guy, by the trouble and ultimate failure of his marriage to Steve's mother that he had just given up. He had been a good provider; he and the girl treated each other with a sort of impersonal politeness, and that was it. A silent, withdrawn father and a busy, old-maid aunt—that was Steve's family! There were a great many people who would consider her fortunate indeed to have had someone like Althea Saxanay interested in her!

"Love!"

Sandy jumped, startled, as Steve uttered the small, forceful expletive and flung her magazine down disgustedly.

Her aunt laughed a little. "You don't approve of it?"

"All this drivel they publish—you'd think they'd be embarrassed!"

Dryly, Sandy observed, "Well, there seems to be quite a market for it."

"Love," said Stephanie, "is strictly for the birds!"

"Oh?"

"I notice *you* never bothered with it."

Sandy looked startled. Then she drawled, "Well, let's just say it never bothered with me. I never exactly hid from it."

"Mother and Dad must have loved each other, once. I've got an old letter she wrote him before they were married. She loved him so much she thought she couldn't live without him. But in ten years' time, she hated him so much she wouldn't live with him—not even for my sake!"

"I wish," said Sandy, "there were some way I could explain your mother to you. I can't. I'm afraid I didn't understand her very well myself, even though she was my sister. Yes, she loved Clint, and I doubt she ever really came to hate him. I'd be more inclined to believe she hated herself. There was a restlessness in her. She wanted an exciting life, and Clint was a quiet man. It was just—no

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good." She looked levelly at the girl. "Your mother loved you, Steve. She wanted to take you with her, but Clint wouldn't hear of it. He was—bitter. She hoped that when you were old enough to choose you'd want to come to her, but she—died."

Steve's mouth twisted. "And you think they loved each other, when they could do such things to one another?"

Sandy said quietly, "I know they did."

"Then whose fault would you say it was that their marriage failed?"

"I wouldn't say. I don't know. Both, perhaps—it takes two to make a marriage succeed. Maybe it takes two to make one fail."

They said nothing more for a time. At length Steve stirred, restlessly, a frown between her gray eyes.

Sandy watched her. "Look here," she said, "I'm not prying—but it's been obvious all evening that you're disturbed about something. Anything I can help with?"

Steve shook her head. "Not unless you could convince someone that fellows like Jim need a little time to do something about their futures, before they have to go off and be soldiers!"

"Well, I'm afraid my persuasiveness wouldn't count for much in that department." Her tone was sympathetic. "When does he have to go?"

"We're not sure. Soon, though."

"I suppose Althea is taking it hard."

"He hasn't told her yet. But I'm not worried about her—she can look out for Althea!"

The unmistakable bitterness in her tone brought a blank stare from Sandy. The latter drawled, "Unless these old ears deceive me, you just spoke harshly of your mother-in-law-to-be!"

Steve's reaction was a strange one. She flushed darkly; then, without warning, she burst into tears.

After a moment Sandy said, quietly, "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No. I don't think so. Not—not now!" She got to her feet and hurried blindly to the door.

Behind her, her aunt said, "I've got to go to the country on a call tomorrow. About twenty-five—maybe thirty—miles. It's rather a pretty drive. If you'd like to go with me—"

Steve went out without answering. But in the morning, she was dressed and waiting when Sandy came downstairs. She was pale, and she looked, Sandy thought, as if she had not slept much. There were dark circles of fatigue beneath her eyes.

"I'm going with you," she announced. "I warn you, I'll probably talk and talk—I think I feel it coming on!"

Sandy smiled at her. "Well, I'm an expert listener."

Chapter 8

Althea was fretful. "I simply can't imagine where that girl has gone off to!" She glanced irritably toward Jim, who was drumming his fingers against the coffee-table top. "Oh, do please stop that annoying sound!"

"Sorry."

"I've telephoned the Morris house a half-dozen times. Clint said Stephanie has been off somewhere with her Aunt Sandy all day. She knows a man is coming from the *Times* at four, to take pictures for the Sunday section, and she promised to check the caterer's list with me—" She made a sharp gesture of exasperation. "I must say she's been behaving quite thoughtlessly the past few days. It simply isn't like Stephanie! One would almost think none of this matters to her in the least!" Her hand worried fretfully at her temples, and Jim said:

"Come sit down and let me rub your head, darling. And stop worrying! Steve will probably turn up promptly

at four, and you'll have got yourself all in a dither for nothing at all!"

Steve did not arrive at all. The *Times* man came, departing at length, disgusted and without pictures.

Althea was fuming. "Oh, really, this is the limit! I can't conceive what could have been important enough to keep her away all day—nor why she should have gone with Sandy. She never does! And then not even to telephone me and say she'd be late, nor offer any explanation at all—I'm quite furious with her; I really am!" And:

"I'm going to lie down. I've a beastly headache!"

It was after seven when Steve telephoned. Althea and Jim had finished dinner and were in the living room. Althea was uninterestedly turning the pages of a magazine, casting frequent, ominous glances at the clock. When the telephone shrilled, Jim went to answer it, and Althea said:

"If that's Stephanie, I want to speak to her."

On the wire, Steve's voice said, "Jim?"

"Yes. For the love of Mike, Steve, where've you been? Mother's fit to be tied—"

"I want to see you." Her voice sounded strange—tired and with a strained note which might have been anger. Jim's nerves tightened, and he thought wearily, *What now?* "Can you come out to the house?"

"Why—yes, of course, but what's up? Mother's been expecting you all day—"

She cut him short. "I'm sorry, but it couldn't be helped."

"Well, she wants to talk to you—"

"I'm sorry," she said, again. "I can't talk to her right now."

"But, Steve—" He stopped, puzzledly. The line was dead. He went back into the living room, and in reply to Althea's questioning look, he said, "I told her you wanted to speak to her, but she said she couldn't talk right now—I'm sure she'll telephone you back, shortly."

"But where has she been all day?"

"She didn't say—she just asked if I'd come out to the house." He smiled at her and admonished, "Relax, darling! You said yourself it isn't like Steve to be thoughtless. I'm sure she'll have an explanation!"

Althea did not relax. She snapped, irately, "She'd better have!"

Jim left his car at the gate and walked up the winding, climbing pathway to the Morris house. The evening wind was pungent with the smell of early summer. Night creatures were in full voice. Crickets fiddled for unseen dancers, and from a small pool below the hill bullfrogs gossiped endlessly. Jim had liked nights like this when he was a kid. Involuntarily, his eyes sought a sign of the big house which had been his childhood home, the grounds of which adjoined these. He could see nothing, and he thought the trees must have grown more thickly branched. The lights used to show up plainly from here.

Steve was waiting for him on the veranda, deep in a wicker chair. A small light burning above the doorway cast a pale glow, but her face was hidden by the shadows.

Jim said, lightly, "Hi, wanderer! Mother's pretty upset with you—I guess you know that."

"Sorry." Her voice sounded curt. "She's going to be even more upset with me, I'm afraid."

Jim looked puzzledly at her as he dropped into a near-by chair. "What's up?"

"Well, I'll give it to you once-over-lightly. I'm afraid it's about all I feel up to, so try to catch it on the first throw, will you?" She moved abruptly, and he heard the protesting creak of wicker as she leaned across the arm, intent on her own words. "I'm not being very brave, probably—I should have gone to Althea and told her myself, only I didn't seem able to think of a very satisfactory way of explaining that the reason I didn't show up today was that it seems rather silly to take pictures of a wedding that isn't coming off!"



He said, blankly, "I don't get it, Steve."

"It's really pretty simple, darling. I'm not going to marry you."

"You're not?" Surprise seemed to wipe his mind blank. He tried to get it functioning again. "Why?"

She looked tired, but the sulkiness was gone. She looked, he noted with vague surprise, almost happy.

"I'm not going into all the *whys*," she said, calmly. "Some of them are—too involved. The simplest one, I guess, is that I don't want to."

He had the feeling she was laughing at him, but this was no joke; he could tell that. She meant every word she was saying. "And God knows you don't want me to. And you can stop being the noble, gallant knight, because I just shot your white horse out from under you!"

Jim stared dazedly at her. "I'd try to say something intelligent," he muttered, "only none of this seems to be getting through to me."

She did not appear to have heard him. "I told you once that you were a little rough on my pride—but I think what really burned was when I began to get wise that you were growing into considerably more of a person than I was. When you first began all that business about our being poor and struggling—starting at the bottom, living strictly on what you made—" She shrugged. "At first, I thought you were trying to frighten me. Then I tried to kid myself that maybe you were doing it for me. I mean, that our marriage might have a better chance of succeeding. Only when I saw *her*, I knew I'd been wrong on both counts. You were doing it for her, weren't you?"

"*Her*?" he said, uncomprehendingly. Then he frowned. "You—saw Nicki?"

"Yes. I went to the library." She grinned at him. "In my own defense, I didn't go there to start anything—I was just curious, that's all. She wouldn't even have known who I was, only some creep I knew came in and

blared out my name. Obviously, she had heard it before." Steve laughed softly. "She's a rather *direct* little guy, isn't she?"

Jim said nothing. After a moment the girl said, slowly, "I'm sorry if that's—humiliating. I really didn't intend her to recognize me."

"It—doesn't matter."

"Well, for my own peace of mind I'd have been better off if I'd stayed away," she admitted, frankly. "She wasn't quite what I had expected. I almost *liked* her—which was a little confusing, to say the least. And after that, one thing led to another, to coin a phrase." She took her cigarettes from her jacket pocket, lighted one. The white smoke drifted lazily upward through the dimness. "To tell you the truth, the simple life you planned was—well, I rather admired you for it, but it *wasn't* exactly what I'd planned, you know. At the same time, pretending to go along with it and accepting bonuses under the table seemed a little thick, to me— And as he looked at her without understanding, she shrugged again and said, "Let's just skip that one, too. It gets into the *involved* things. Anyway, I think your having to go into the service was the climax—and not from a selfish point of view altogether, believe it or not! From where I stood, it seemed to me your future was dreary enough without *me* in it!"

She arose, tossing her cigarette over the railing. It described a small, glowing arc as it disappeared into the darkness.

"These past few weeks," she said, thoughtfully, "I've liked you rather better than I ever did before. Given half a chance, you might turn out to be quite a man. Sandy seems to think you might. But I'm not in love with you; you've always known that—just as I've always known you were never really in love with me. And when I took a good long look at the things I wanted, and—what I was willing to do to get them, it just wasn't worth it! Not to me." She fumbled in her pocket again, handed him a small, tissue-wrapped package. "Your ring and pin, Jim," she said, quietly. "Hail and farewell. Stuff like that."

"Steve—" The blankness was dissolving, a flood of conflicting emotions surging in its wake. "I— Maybe if things had been different with us—" He looked unhappily at her. "This is going to be rough for Mother."

"Jim—" Her voice sounded strangely sharp, determined, but then she drew a quick little breath and said, more quietly, "No. Not nearly so rough as you may think. Just—give it time, and don't worry about it. I know this puts everything in a sort of mess, but—well, Sandy is going to help me get everything straightened out as much as it can be. Invitations canceled, gifts sent back, that sort of thing. It's fortunate for me she's willing. Althea is simply going to wash her hands of me; I *know* that! Sandy and I had—quite a talk, today. She's been loaded and ready for me for months, but I never gave her a chance. Today she let me have it!" Then she made an abrupt gesture of dismissal. "Go away, Jim," she commanded. "Post-mortems are always such a dreary waste of time! Anyway, your mother's got to be told, and I'm afraid that's a little straightening-up detail I've got to leave to you."

He was obliged to stifle a momentary resentment for what seemed to be her callousness. It probably wasn't that at all, he told himself. He knew how Steve had always felt about Althea, and her calmness now was probably a cover-up for her own hurt—

He nodded, and arose. "It's going to be a little difficult to tell her—" That was an understatement. His heart was sick with dread.

Althea was lying on the divan. She said, peevishly, "Stephanie never telephoned me."

"I know." He went to sit beside her, taking her hands in his. "Mother, listen—" He tried to make his voice matter-of-fact. "I've something to tell you."

She pulled her hands away and sat up, her eyes narrow and searching. "Something about you and Steph-

anie? I *knew* it! The way she's been behaving lately, and then going off like that today, without a word to me— Jim, what have you done?"

He drew a deep breath. "We've called it off."

She came to her feet as if jerked upward by invisible strings. "Have you taken leave of your senses?" she demanded, shrilly. "Do you realize that the wedding is less than two weeks away?" She stared at him, and realizing that he was in earnest, she began to weep, frantically. "How can you *do* this to me?"

"Darling, it's nothing we're doing to you. We're just not in love, and we don't want to marry—that's all there is to it!"

"It's that—that *creature* at University! That's why—"

Jim's mouth tightened. "She had nothing to do with it. Steve broke the engagement herself. She said Sandy is going to help her make the arrangements to cancel—"

"Sandy! Of course!" Althea's face was crimson, and her rapid, excited breathing made her sound as if she were panting. "She did this! Oh, darling, I knew you wouldn't hurt me this way!" She put beseeching hands on his arms. "Go after Stephanie! Bring her to me. I can put everything straight again!"

"You don't understand. We don't want it put straight."

"You don't know what you're saying! Go after her, Jim!"

"No." He turned sickly away from her clutching, demanding hands.

Althea shrieked at him. "Jim, I—I *command* you!"

He denied her, woodenly. "I'm sorry, Mother."

"Mother!?" she echoed it, bitterly. "I wonder you even bother to call me that! Obviously you've lost your last shred of duty to me! Behaving like a—ridiculous adolescent after Steve left University, keeping her disturbed and unhappy, coming home with all that *rot* about grubbing in the oilfield with common hoodlums—"

He swung about, his face pale. "I thought you might understand that," he said, tightly. "I hoped you would. Everything I'd ever had came from you. I know you meant well, but expecting it to go on that way indefinitely was a mistake! How was I ever to know whether I could accomplish anything on my own, whether I could take care of myself *or* my family? If I wanted to start at the bottom and see if I could achieve anything, build a life of my own, find out if I had even the germ of self-reliance in me— would you honestly call that *rot*?"

She flooded him with words then—furious, recriminating, accusing words. Jim sank into a chair and stared at the floor, stunned beneath their impact. He was a thankless, selfish son, deserting her now that she had given up a life of her own to devote herself to him. It mattered nothing to him and Stephanie that they had wrecked her plans, her dreams, her very life! What was to become of her now? She was heartbroken, and ill, and there was no one to whom she could turn. They had let her plan and sacrifice and endure long years of loneliness for their sakes, and now they had flung it all back in her face—



Goaded beyond endurance, he shouted savagely. "Oh, for God's sake, Mother, stop it! This is just a broken engagement, not a catastrophe!"

She collapsed on the divan then and began to moan, softly and unceasingly, her hands fluttering uncertainly to her temples, falling limply back. Her eyes were closed. When Jim spoke fearfully to her, she gave no sign that she had heard. He gathered her up in his arms and carried her into her room, and to the frightened Alberta, who had come hurrying in, he ordered, "Get her undressed and into bed."

He hurried out and telephoned Sandy Tillots. When he returned to Althea, she was lying against her pillows, her head turning feverishly from side to side. She was still making that dreadful moaning sound, and she gave no indication that she was conscious of his presence. He sat watching her numbly until Sandy arrived.

When the doctor came into the living room at length, Jim got to his feet. He went to the hallway, but Althea's door was closed and no sound came from beyond it.

Behind him, Sandy said calmly, "I've given her a sedative. She'll be asleep in no time."

He turned back, to ask apprehensively, "What's wrong with her?"

"A spanking good case of hysterics—and I fancy I know what brought them on."

Jim flung himself into a chair, his face pale. "It's all my fault. I blurted it out about Steve and me. I know it's dangerous for her to get excited—"

Sandy surveyed him thoughtfully. She said, presently, "Well, she's all right now, so just relax." She exhaled a weary sigh. "Lord, what a day this has been! I should imagine you're feeling as if you've had it, too! What are you going to do now, Jim?"

"I don't know." He shrugged. "I'm afraid I haven't had much time to think about it. Stay here with Mother. I suppose, until she gets to feeling better about—everything. I've got to go into service pretty soon."

Bluntly, Sandy demanded, "What about the little girl at University?" and he jerked his head up to stare, resentfully. The physician smiled at him. "Steve and I talked about a great many things today. Everyone needs to talk to someone, now and then. To whom do *you* talk? Look here, my lad—since you were knee-high to a grasshopper, I've seen you through broken bones and mumps, and measles—and I've watched you go through one or two other things which were infinitely worse, only they weren't things for which I could treat you. Doctors are *people*, you know. Sometimes they feel affection as well as professional concern for their patients. You were a rather wonderful little boy, Jim."

He gave a curt laugh. "I seem to have outgrown it nicely."

"Oh, I don't know—maybe you grew up rather slowly, but that's not particularly surprising, in light of the fact you had little encouragement to grow up at all."

Jim looked blankly at her. Sandy sighed a little. "The breakup between you and Steve was—in my opinion—the best thing which could have happened to either of you. Now it's done, so just forget it! Jim, tell me. This girl at school—Steve thinks you're in love with her. Are you?"

For a long moment she thought he was not going to answer, but at last he said, "Yes."

"Is she in love with you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you marry her?"

"I should think the answer's pretty obvious. Even if she'd have me now, Mother would never accept her. You know that."

"I don't know anything of the sort. Althea'd come around, in time. Meanwhile, keep your girl away from her."

"It's not quite that simple. I owe Mother far too much just to walk out on her!"

"Well, let me see." Sandy was cheerfully matter-of-fact. "She brought you into the world. Voluntary or not, it was her doing, not yours. Bringing you up, therefore, was something *she* owed you—and your father left enough money to make that a fairly simple task. Most mothers know their kids will grow up and live their own lives—most mothers wouldn't have it any other way! You see—I'm trying to arrive at the precise nature of this debt you owe her. I'd say it showed strength of character in a young boy to feel, and accept, the terrific sense of responsibility you've had for your mother. But you've got a responsibility to yourself, too—and sometimes failing yourself can weaken your character as much as if you fail someone else. If you let someone else live your life for you, don't expect it to add up to very much, in the end."

He shook his head, flushing. "I know you're trying to help me, Sandy, but you don't understand. Mother was young and beautiful when my father died. She could have married again, but she didn't, on my account. She chose being lonely rather than—"

"Tommyrot!" The word had an explosive quality, and Jim broke off, staring at the woman. Sandy arose abruptly, walked a few steps away, then turned to face him, the color heightened in her rather gaunt cheeks. "Has Althea ever told you that when Phil Saxanay was killed, she had been planning to divorce him?"

"That's a lie!"

"I think you know I wouldn't lie to you about it. There were only a few of their closest friends who knew, but there were a few. Shall I tell you who they were?"

"No!" His face was livid. "I don't want to hear any of it!"

"Neither do I *want* to tell you!" she said, harshly. "But at this point there are things crying to be said. You won't like me much for saying them, but I won't care much for me if I don't say them! It may take a little courage to listen. It depends on how badly you want to be free. I've read of animals who will gnaw off their own foot to get it out of a trap!" She leaned forward intently, her eyes grave. "She's your mother, and you love her. That's as it should be. But she's more mixed up than you ever were. I can't help her—and believe me, I've tried! Neither can you, unless you help yourself first! I know you're frightened, now. She meant you to be." She returned his angry stare levelly. "Toward the last, when she and Phil were having so much trouble, she had a great many of these attacks. It would frighten Phil out of his wits, and he'd call me to come and quiet her—I was interning at City Hospital, then. For a long while she had Phil believing her health was delicate, too." She let her words fall flatly. "There's nothing on earth wrong with her, and she knows it. She's healthy as a horse!"

"But her headaches—"

"A form of migraine which she brings on herself. She'll have them if she lives to be ninety—and she probably will."

There was a long interval of silence, during which Sandy watched Jim's white, stony face with a pitying glance.

He said, at long last, "I always thought my mother and father were happy. She *must* have loved him—"

"Yes, I suppose she did, in her own way. He worshipped her—and that's important to Althea. But those whom Althea loves, she must rule. Philip Saxanay was not easily ruled—he loved her, and he tried to make her happy, but when he got wise to her frail health, and all the other little devices she employed to get her own way—" She shrugged. "She was full of complexes, and there were—reasons. You never knew your grandparents, did you? They'd rather a lot of trouble. Althea was filled with resentments on her mother's behalf, and it made her dislike her father intensely. She believed all men were selfish brutes at heart, and she never adjusted—then or later. Your father tried hard to understand her, but to

Althea the only convincing proof that he loved her was for him to yield to her slightest whim. When she could no longer run him, his life, his work—she was through. If she turned against you now for marrying a girl of your choice instead of *hers*, it would be rather as if she were divorcing you for the same reason, wouldn't it?"

There was a very long silence, then. Jim sat motionless, slumped in his chair, his face impassive. Sandy said at last, "I'm not saying she doesn't love you. I think she does. But love which must conquer and possess will ultimately destroy the thing it loves. You know how she adored Jill, and how desperately hurt she was when Jill died. Because she was unable to accept it, she tried to put Steve in Jill's place—and Steve became another whose life she must control. She was determined you and Steve would marry; then no one could ever take either of you from her. She would have wanted it, even knowing you weren't in love. I think she did know."

Jim wanted to shout at her, to reject with violent words all she had said; but the words were silenced by his inner awareness that she was speaking the truth. The awareness had been there as he listened to Althea's outburst against him. It had underlain his ability to convince himself, quite, that he could tell her about Nicki and that she would understand—

"Get out, Jim." Sandy's quiet voice reached him. "Make yourself a life with good, solid things in it. When she knows that you can be truly in love with someone else and still have room in your heart for her, *then* perhaps you can begin to help her. Not this way. It's no matter of your duty to her—she can hardly ruin your life for you without ruining her own, as well, so you see you've got to look out for both of you! I've been afraid for you and Steve for a long time, but talking to Steve was no good; she only resented it. At the end, she began to see for herself where she was heading. If you married her to please Althea, it could only end one way." Then she got to her feet, to say wearily, "I think I'll go now. I can well imagine you've had enough of the sound of my voice to suffice you for a lifetime!"

Jim did not answer her, nor did he even seem to hear the faint thud of the door closing softly behind her.

Chapter 9

Althea read the letter many times, with varying, painful emotion. With incredulity, at first, and with mounting fury, and then—when the words refused to reshape themselves into phrases less damnably final—her anger would no longer sustain itself and she began to feel a *fear* quite unlike anything she had ever known. She wept for a space—ragged sobs which tore her apart—but self-pity failed her, too, because there was no one to witness her grief, or comfort her. When at length she had exhausted all her emotions and found small consolation in any of them, she read the letter again, feeling nothing now but a terrible emptiness.

Dear Mother [Jim had written]: I'm going away for a while. I'd have liked to talk it out with you, but you were so upset that there was no chance of making you understand what I have to do, and I was afraid if we quarreled I might say things I'd be sorry for, later. I don't want to hurt you, but I've got to live my own life. That doesn't mean I want to shut you out of it; it only means I must be free to live it in my own way.

I've decided to enlist. I'll get my call soon, and I may as well go on, now. I had almost reached that decision, in any case, and had mentioned it to Steve. I didn't talk to you about it, because I was afraid I knew what your reaction would be, and it's another of the things I must work out for myself.

I know, of course, that Steve has told you about the girl at University. Her name is Nicki Stewart. I'm very

much in love with her, and more than I've ever wanted anything in my life, I want to marry her. Maybe she won't have me—but if she will, sometime you'll meet her, Mother, and when you do, I believe you'll understand how *right* all this is for me, and that the way things worked out was best for me, for Steve, for all of us.

That's all I've got to say, I guess, except that I love you and I'm sorry things ended the way they did. We were both all mixed up, and maybe we were too dependent on each other. That's one reason I'm going away—to try to get things straightened out in my own mind.

Althea's hands made a convulsive gesture, crumpling the letter. He was thinking only of himself! *Not a word about me. Not "don't worry; take care of yourself," nor even that he'd get in touch with me. He doesn't care what happens to me!* She began to weep again.

Sandy's nurse came into the office and closed the door behind her.

"Mrs. Saxanay is outside, Doctor. She hasn't an appointment, and there are others ahead of her, but she insists on seeing you, and she's behaving oddly."

Sandy sighed, and nodded. "Send her in."

Althea refused to be seated. She stood straight and rigid before the desk, her face livid. "I want to know what you said to Jim last night. You talked to him—I heard your voices before I fell asleep."

Sandy countered in a level tone, "Why didn't you ask him?"

"He's gone! Before I was awake this morning, he packed a suitcase and left. There was a letter on the breakfast table. That was *all*." Her tone was thin with disbelief. "He didn't even tell me good-by, nor where he was going—" She fumbled in her purse, withdrew an envelope, which she tossed upon Sandy's desk. "Read it," she said, tightly. Reluctantly, Sandy withdrew the single sheet and scanned it, silently. When she had finished, she looked levelly at Althea. The latter said, jerkily, "He doesn't *care* what this might do to me—"

"That's not quite true," Sandy amended, calmly. "He simply knows it won't do anything to you except make you furious as the devil."

"This is your doing, I know—but *why?* What dreadful thing have you done to me?" Her voice sharpened with incipient hysteria, and Sandy interrupted, firmly:

"Sit down and be quiet! I shan't talk to you unless you pull yourself together. This is one time in your life when you've nothing to gain by throwing a tantrum!"

After a moment's hesitation Althea complied, but she held herself upright in the chair, her mouth a thin, harsh line. Sandy said, quietly, "I may as well tell you at the outset that if you've come to me for sympathy because Jim has finally come of age, and has fallen genuinely in love—"

She shook her head. "I think it's the best thing that ever happened to him. And if for once in your life you can react like a woman, instead of a *brat*, you'll see it, too!"

"You know those children were all I had in the world! Their marriage meant more to me—"

"To *you*. Not to them. They're *not* children."

"You separated them, drove them both away from me—"

"Tommyrot!" said Sandy, flatly. "Breaking the engagement was Steve's own decision."

"I don't believe you! She was with you all day yesterday."

"Yes. She needed to talk to someone, but she had already made up her mind what she was going to do, and frankly, that surprised me. I'm afraid I'd given Steve up as a lost cause, where you were concerned. But you defeated yourself, Althea, with your little lies and evasions. Steve is selfish in a great many ways, but basically she's honest. You can blame yourself for her change toward you—you committed the cardinal error of making her sorry for Jim! Steve could see that what he needed, above



all else, was to get away from you, and he hadn't a chance unless he got away from Steve, too."

Althea flinched as if Sandy had slapped her, and she cried, piteously, "How can you say these things to me?"

"It's not difficult at all!" Sandy snapped. "Once I said to you that the day might come when you'd need someone who wasn't afraid to tell you the truth! What you were doing to those two kids was nothing short of tragic, but even I didn't realize, until Steve told me, how far you'd really gone. You took an outrageously unfair advantage—and I'm angry with you!"

"I was good to Stephanie!"

"Too good. When you taught her your own cold-blooded views on men and marriage, I don't think you realized what the consequences might be—at least, I'll give you that much credit! But you were thinking mainly of yourself. Ever since I've known you, you've been your only *real* love! I'm *sorry* for you, Althea. Maybe inside you, you're still a little girl who should never have had the responsibilities and intimacies of marriage thrust upon her—but what you did to Steve was dangerous! You wanted her to belong to *you*, not Jim! You'd have had to be certain that anyone Jim married would form a part of a circle which revolved around *you*! The things *you* promised Steve were what made marriage to Jim attractive—not what he could give her. You taught her that marriage is a poor shuffle at best, but with you to guard her welfare she'd hold a winning hand! You managed, in that delicate, whimsical way of yours, to teach her that men are strictly male animals, that sex is disgusting, *but* a weapon a woman can turn to her own advantage if she's smart enough! When you'd done with lousing those kids up, emotionally, you could be *darned* certain they wouldn't care more for each other than they cared for you." She uttered a brief, hard laugh. "*That's* for certain—they'd got to the point where they practically detested one another!"

Althea began to cry. "Stop it!"

After a moment, Sandy said more quietly, "I've persuaded Steve to go back and finish school, get into something afterward which will interest her. I hope she'll meet someone who can convince her she's been a fool. If she discovers, in the process, that you're a fool, too, so be it! You asked me what I said to Jim. Not a great deal, actually. There was so much more I might have said. I didn't tell him, for instance, that you never quite forgave him for having been born at all—"

"That's a lie, a wicked lie!"

"After Jill," Sandy said, relentlessly, "you didn't want any more children, and when you found out you were pregnant with Jim, you were wild. When you decided, eventually, to divorce Phil, you were perfectly willing to give him custody of Jim, and after his death you exacted from the boy all the *kowtowing* you were never able to command from Philip Saxonay!"

Althea whispered, "How *cruel* you are!"

Sandy gave a sigh of futility. "Maybe you're right. Believe me, I've taken no pleasure in saying these things, but for God's sake, open your eyes now! In your heart you know the things I've said are true, but unless you face up to them, I'm afraid you're going to wind up your days as a dreadfully lonely old woman." She ignored Althea's wince. "I think Jim will marry his girl. I hope he does. If he doesn't, then he'll marry someone else—"

"What do you expect of me?" Althea moved her head slightly from side to side, as if she were dazed. "No matter what you say, Jim is my son! What do I know about that girl—what she's like, what sort of family she comes from?"

Sandy said, calmly, "Well, Steve says she's very lovely."

Althea gasped. "Stephanie *knows* her?"

"She's—met her."

Outraged color mottled Althea's fair skin. "There seems to have been a great deal going on that I knew nothing about!"

"Jim and Steve matured, that's all. Far be it from me to say 'I told you so,' but I *did* tell you!"

"But Jim and this—this girl, they can't have known each other very long!"

"My grandmother," said Sandy, placidly, "met my grandfather for the first time at a dance on Saturday night. She married him two weeks later; they had seven kids and lived happily together for fifty-one years. On the other hand, look at my sister and Clint Morris. They knew each other for five years; they were engaged for two, and their marriage blew up in ten."

"Children," said Althea. "That's another thing."

"Well, they *do* happen, when people get married."

Sandy laughed, suddenly. "It's a kind of occupational hazard. Worried about being a grandmother?"

Althea stiffened; then she said coldly. "I was thinking of Jim's welfare. If he's going into the service, you know what sort of marriage that can turn out to be! She'd follow him from camp to camp, and if there are babies, she'll drag them about with her—"

Sandy pointed out, equably. "Well, they're not married yet, and the thing is that however it comes out, it's Jim's life, Jim's problem. Not yours."

"No other girl can ever mean to me what Stephanie would have—you know that!"

"Good," said the physician, approvingly. "It's what she means to Jim that's important—I've told you that before." Then she glanced at her wristwatch. "I'm sorry," she said, abruptly, "but I've a reception room full of patients. If you'd like to have dinner with me this evening—"

Althea felt forlorn, seeing the day stretch empty ahead of her. What on earth was she to do with herself? Painfully, her mind avoided contemplation of days stretching empty before her, one upon the other—

Then she experienced a revulsion of feeling. Sandy must regard her as quite lacking in pride! *After the dreadful way she has just talked to me, if she thinks I'd care to spend the evening in her company, she must be out of her mind!*

She said, coolly, "Well, I'm going to be rather busy."

Sandy nodded, cheerfully matter-of-fact. "If you change your mind, you can give me a ring." Then, as if she sensed what was in Althea's mind, she added, almost gently, "I'm sorry for you, Althea. I've always been fond of you, in an—*annoyed* sort of way. I still am. I'm aware that, at the moment, the friendship's under pretty much of a strain, but—well, when you need me, you know where to find me."

For the moment, Althea looked wordlessly at her. Then she turned abruptly and went out, her high heels making staccato sounds in the stillness.

The afternoon was hot and quiet. Althea hurried along the street toward where her car was parked, and furious thoughts twisted and turned in her mind. She felt sick with her sense of betrayal. No one understood how she felt—after all she had done for Stephanie, what shoddy thanks was this? And what dreadful things Sandy had said to her! *Your cold-blooded views on men—* Her mouth twisted with the painful memory of her own mother, defeated, old before her time, unable and unwilling to free herself from a husband who warmed himself at the fires of younger, prettier women.

I know about men! she thought contemptuously. If I didn't want my son to be that way, was it so dreadful of me? She rubbed a slim hand wearily across her forehead, trying to evade the memory of other things Sandy had said to her, across the years. *Why don't you grow up with that boy, Althea, before you awaken one fine morning to find he's grown up without you? . . . You pride yourself on being a good mother, but do you ever wonder why Jim is*

such a lonely youngster? . . . I think they're both in love with you; maybe that will be enough. . . . He'll come back, once—

Of course, he'd come back! His conscience would never permit him to treat her this way! And when he did come back, for his own sake she must punish him a little for having deserted her, even for a while! She would be sweet to him, and forgiving, but with an aloofness. Jim had never been able to bear having her displeased with him!

She got into her car, reached for the ignition key. Let him go to that girl, the one for whom he had defied Althea and all her plans and dreams—he'd still come back! He had always loved his mother more than anyone in the world; that couldn't have changed overnight. When he had time to think it over, to begin wondering what the worry over his absence might do to her— *Perhaps if he telephones me, I should have Alberta say that I am too ill to come to the telephone—* But suppose he did not telephone?

Despite the warmth of the day, she shivered a little.

Alberta was out—at the market, perhaps—and the apartment was very still. It seemed to mock Althea, with its smartness and elegance, its emptiness. She moved restlessly about, touching things. She paused before the mirror over the mantel, studying her reflection closely. She looked haggard, she thought with a little shudder. Leaning closer, she noted a faint darkening at the roots of her hair. What she needed was a session at the beauty salon—that always boosted her morale! She'd just telephone now, to make an appointment for tomorrow.

Halfway across the room she stopped, hands raised to her throbbing head.

"Oh, what's the use?" she wailed, the words plaintively audible. Who was there to care, now, whether she was beautiful? There was no Stephanie, to admire and emulate her, no Jim to tell her proudly that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. Let the stupid hair go! The gleaming silver-blond would turn to a darker, brownish-blond against which the gray would show distinctly. Her own natural shade had never been so flattering to her skin as the gleaming fairness which had been a secret, all these years, between her and her hairdresser—but what did it matter now?

Almost at once she thrust the impulse aside. Don't be a fool! she told herself, contemptuously. If Jim marries that girl, that *Nicki*, sooner or later you'll have to face her. At least, let her see that Jim's mother doesn't have to take a back seat to any girl!

She went to the telephone.

When she had made her appointment, she wandered about again. It was so *quiet*. She wondered what Jim would say to that girl about her. He was feeling sorry for himself, and she'd no doubt be terribly sympathetic and understanding. Althea thought, with resentful determination, *Well, I shall certainly see to it that she has no reason to pity him because of me!*

She made half-plans, sudden excitement quickening in her. If Jim married the girl, she would be completely charming to her! She would write and invite her here for a visit, and she would send a lovely gift.

She thought with some satisfaction of the regret Stephanie might feel, seeing someone else in the place which might have been her own. And she tried to picture Nicki. *I wonder if she's anything like me—*

She had a comforting vision of herself, Jim's young and lovely mother, laughing gaily and companionably with Jim's girl. *Misunderstood men, my dear—no one knows better than I how one has to humor them!* Not yet ready to admit that for the first time in her life she was defeated, Althea Saxanay was, nevertheless, preparing to face defeat in her own fashion.

She decided to shower and dress. Perhaps she'd go out somewhere, to a matinee, dinner afterward—she was

not going to sit about her silent apartment and brood! The others had all deserted her, but she was not yet ready for the rocking chair, of that they could be very certain. Even that dreadful Doctor Rice had told her she was still young and beautiful. Well, she meant to be even more young and beautiful! She'd show them all.

But she was frowning as she stepped out of the shower and began to towel herself vigorously. She paused before the long mirror and, letting the towel drop to the floor, she turned slowly, eyeing herself critically.

Being a grandmother might be fun! she thought, with faint amazement at herself. In the soft light the faint wrinkles at the corners of her eyes had disappeared, and her flesh was white and firm. She could easily pass for thirty, or younger. When she said to strangers, "*I'm a grandmother, you know—*" it would be amusing to watch their reaction. They'd simply never believe her!

The brief buoyancy of her mood faded, and loneliness clawed at her again. As she dressed, her mind kept going back to the things Sandy had said. She had intimated that Althea did not really love Jim. It was not true! With the thought of how he had always treated her—with gentleness and admiration and a never-failing courtesy far more considerate than she had ever known from a lover!—sudden tears clogged her throat. Perhaps, in a sense, he was the only human she had truly loved, for a long while, the only one who had truly loved her. She could never give him up completely. If she could avoid losing him only by *sharing* him, then share him she must!

The girl was probably quite sweet, Althea thought, reluctantly. According to Sandy, Stephanie herself had said Nicki was lovely. *It would be difficult ever to be really fond of her, after what she has done to me, but for Jim's sake I must be careful never to show it.* In her mind, a cool, brusque voice which might have been Sandy's said to her, *Unless you want to lose Jim for good, you must be careful, period!*

The loneliness persisted, and Althea found herself wishing she had not declined Sandy's invitation to dinner. She really should be furious with the physician, and when she had left her, after that outrageous interview, she had been certain she never wanted to see her again. Still, in all these years, Sandy had been her closest friend. Althea had other friends, too—many of them—but none in whom she cared to confide. One needed someone to talk to, and for all her bluntness, her frequent unkindness, Sandy was honest. She understood Althea.

Althea gave a sudden half-smile. Maybe that's it, she thought with a rare honesty. She understands me too well! Maybe it's why I never stay angry with her when she says the things she does—because I know she tells the truth!

"When you need me," Sandy had said, and there had been a faint glimmer of amusement in her eyes. Not, "*If you need me—*"

She knew that I would! Resentment flared briefly, and died. With a resigned little sigh, Althea went to the telephone, to dial Sandy's number.

Chapter 10

When the doorbell rang, Belle Stewart was upstairs in the boys' room, putting folded clothing into a large suitcase which lay upon the bed. She went out into the hallway, to call, "Timmy, will you get that, please? *Tim—*are you down there?" The bell continued to ring and she murmured, irately, "Oh, drat that boy!" She went downstairs, grumbling beneath her breath. The living room was darkened, the shutters closed and the furniture shrouded in dust covers. She thought, If it's callers, they'll simply have to sit in the kitchen!

She opened the door, and was unable to check the frown of surprised displeasure at sight of the young man who stood there. Jim Saxanay said, politely:

"How do you do, Mrs. Stewart?" and his face flushed beneath her level look. "May I see Nicki, please?"

"Nicki isn't here. She's—out of town."

"Oh." He glanced down, quickly, and she wondered, with a reluctant sense of pity, if it were to hide the quick look of disappointment in his eyes. "When will she be back?"

"Not until school starts in the fall," Belle said, firmly. "She left several days ago. The boys and I are going this evening."

"You—wouldn't care to tell me where she's gone, I suppose?"

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I'm sure she's not expecting to hear from you again, and I think it's better just to let things stay as they are."

If she had expected him to protest, she was mistaken. He said, uncertainly, "Well, thank you—" and turned away. At the top step he paused, looking back at her. "When you see her, would you give her a message for me?"

"I—" She was unable to deny him. "Yes, I suppose so."

"Tell her I'm free. Maybe it won't make any difference to her, now, but I'd like her to know. I'm going into the Army, so I don't know where I'll be, but I'll write her here in the fall. Tell her—" Then something like pleading flickered in his dark eyes, but he shook his head. "Never mind." He touched his hat and went down from the porch, walking swiftly. He had almost reached his car, parked at the curb, when Belle said, wearily:

"Just a moment!" And as he turned, she made a small gesture, half irritation, half resignation. "Young man—Oh, come in!" He came toward her, hope brightening his face, and Belle shook her head. "I've told you Nicki isn't here," she said, rather curtly. "But I want to talk to you."

She led him into the kitchen, gave him her mending chair beside an open window, where cool breezes filtered through whispering vines. She looked questioningly at him.

"What else was it you wanted me to tell her?"

He flushed a little, but returned her glance steadily. "That I love her."

She studied him, critically. After a moment she said, "You look tired, and I think you're thinner than you were. Have you been ill?"

"No. I'm just a little short on sleep, I guess. I've been driving for the past twenty-four hours or so—"

"Driving? Where?"

He shrugged. "Just driving. Trying to settle some things in my own mind. Whether I should come here again, if I had any right to ask Nicki to marry me. I'm—very much in love with her." He stared at the moving patterns formed on the floor by the vines outside the window. "I know I'm not good enough for her. I've made mistakes. But I think she's in love with me, too."

Belle watched him. Presently she said, "Yes, I think she is." She turned away. "I'm going to make you some coffee." She busied herself at the stove, to say, without turning again, "You hurt her rather badly, you know, letting her become so fond of you, not telling her you were going to marry someone else. And then letting her find out about it the way she did—"

"I know. From the beginning, I'd—no right to be seeing her at all. I guess that's why I didn't tell her, because I knew *she'd* say we hadn't the right. I—was engaged to a girl I'd known all my life. We'd been—I don't know; sort of thrown together, I guess you might say. She's—all right. She wasn't getting much of a bargain in me." He was silent for a moment; then:

"Two days ago, she told me she didn't want to go through with it. It hadn't anything to do with Nicki. That's on the level, Mrs. Stewart—she just called it off. I couldn't have; I'd waited too long. But she did."

"And now you want to marry Nicki."

"If she'll have me." He clasped his lean hands together and stared down at them, frowning. "I don't think

I knew, until I met Nicki, what I wanted. My life seemed pretty well cut and dried—my father died when I was small, and there was only Mother and me. And there was this girl Mother liked a lot, and she'd always hoped we'd marry—I never thought much about what my life *might* be like. I guess. I thought I knew what it was going to be. I—haven't got much to offer. I've got a job lined up for when I get out of the Army—I mean, I've decided what I want to do, and how I'm going about it. But that's pretty far in the future, I guess. I can't even offer Nicki family—not just now, anyway. There's only Mother, and we've had—a kind of quarrel." Belle began to understand, vaguely. She said nothing, but the sternness of her mouth softened a trifle. Jim said slowly, "Mother's angry with me because her—our plans fell through, and for a while she probably won't want to accept anyone I may marry." An ironic smile moved his mouth. "I guess my prospects aren't very exciting, are they?"

Belle brought a coffee tray, put it on the small mending table beside Jim. She had fixed a substantial-looking sandwich. "When did you eat?"

"Last night, I think—I don't remember. I'm really not hungry."

"Eat the sandwich," she ordered, firmly. "Drink your coffee." She sat near by, with a steaming cup of her own. She thought, I know Nicki loves him. She would have gotten over it in time, I think—or maybe she would never have gotten entirely over it. Who can say? In any case, here he is, looking for her, and I suppose it is required of me that I try to understand.

She asked, almost with reluctance, "And if Nicki will—have you, as you put it, then what?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "I'd hardly dared plan that far ahead. It would be up to her. I suppose she'd want to finish school." He looked steadily at Belle. "Maybe she won't even want to be engaged to me, but if she'll just let me write to her, see her when I can—I realize we haven't known each other very long, and Nicki's young. But I've known her long enough to be sure I'd never find another girl like her, and I'll wait for her as long as she wants me to. She's—worth waiting for."

Belle said, thoughtfully, "And if she marries you while you're in service, she'll want to go with you, to live near wherever you are. If you should be sent overseas, then she'll have to wait, alone."

His glance fell. "You—don't like it, do you?"

Belle turned her cup on its saucer, seeming to study it absorbedly. After a lengthy moment she said, calmly, "No, I don't like it—I should imagine there are a great many mothers who don't. But that's rather beside the point, isn't it? I've got boys who are growing up, too. If they're going to have to live in a world of wars and near-wars—" Then she shrugged. "I think if, when it comes their time to serve, if someone wished to deny them the right to be husbands—and fathers—simply because they had to be soldiers, I'd resent it. So," she smiled faintly at him, "it would be foolish of me to want to deny you the same right, just because the girl you love happens to be *my* girl." Then she said, almost crossly, "Now eat your sandwich—it's a long drive to Maysville."

Jim had been staring wordlessly at her, conflicting emotions in his glance. He repeated, uncertainly, "Maysville?"

She ignored the interruption. "Ninety miles, to be exact. You stay on State Highway Six until you get there. It's only a village, and anyone there can direct you to the Stewart farm. That's where Nicki is."

He stammered, "Mrs. Stewart—"

"Eat your sandwich," she ordered, firmly, "and get started! The boys and I aren't going until late afternoon, but if you leave now you can easily make it by four—and that's quite early enough, so don't drive like an idiot!

Nicki's grieved over you enough as it is, without having you kill yourself!"

Jim got to his feet, his face very pale. "I know I'm almost a stranger to you," he said, a trifle unsteadily, "and up to this point I can't have made much of an impression. But I promise you you'll never be sorry—"

For a long moment Belle looked searchingly at him. Then she put out her hand to him, and her smile was warm. She said, gently:

"Godspeed, young man," and the quaint old phrase came from her with a sweet dignity.

When Jim's roadster nosed its way up the steep, pine-sheltered lane to the brown farmhouse, a slim, jean-clad figure came out onto the gallery. Jim stopped the car and got out. He stood before the gate, looking a little uncertainly at the girl.

"Hello, Nicki."

She replied gravely, "Hello, Jim," and came down the wooden steps, moved slowly along the path toward him.

"How—" He cleared his throat, harshly. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

There was a little silence, broken only by the faint sound of her small, moccasined feet against the sand of the pathway. Jim looked at her almost with dread, feeling a kind of despair as he felt the words he had planned to say eluding him. *Now I know the answers. I found them in you—all the things I'd been missing, and wanting. I knew what a man would have to be like to keep your love and respect, and even when I thought I'd lost you, I meant to try to be that kind of man—*

He said, haltingly, "Nicki, I wanted you to know—"

The blue eyes were shining, with tears and with something brighter than tears. Nicki was near him now, and she had stopped walking; she was standing within arm's reach of him, looking at him. She drew a deep breath.

"You're late. I divided all the mileage by all the traffic signals I could remember, and subtracted the reduced-speed zones in the villages between University and Maysville, and according to my calculations you should have been here at five until four. It's five after. What kept you?"

He asked, blankly, "You were expecting me?"

"Mother telephoned. I guess she thought I'd want to get myself all gussied up—only after she called. I was too excited to do anything except pick up things and put them down again—and just *look* at me!"

"I am looking." He gazed at the tousled brown-silk hair, the flushed cheeks, the shining, wonderful eyes. "I never saw anyone look half so beautiful."

They stood facing each other, not touching yet, only savoring the moment, and the miracle. . . . THE END

NEXT MONTH—IN MAY REDBOOK

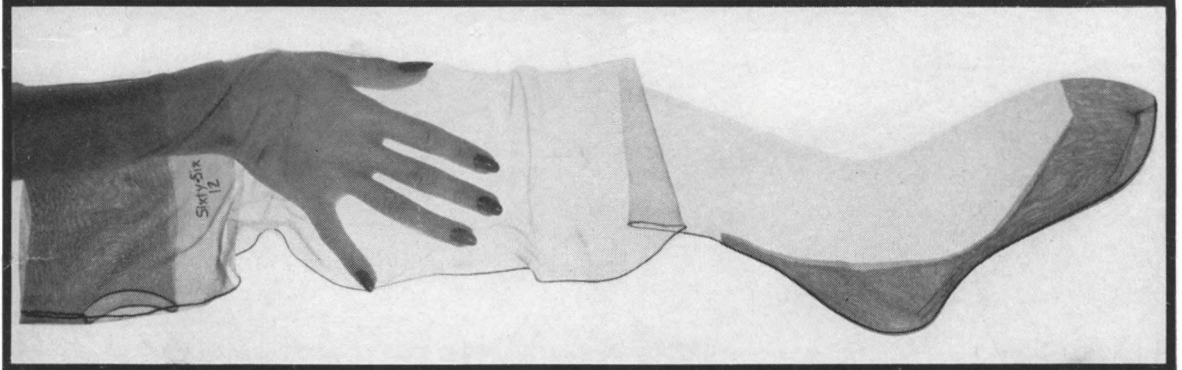
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