How Successful Are Early Marriages?

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

A revealing report on the special problems of very young couples

APRIL • 35 CENTS

"BACHELOR FATHER"

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY DON STANFORD

THEY TOOK OUR HOMES

When road builders decide to uproot a town, how can homeowners fight back?

Romance can be a near-miss if a girl insists upon saying—

"Oh, No!"

Modess . . . because

Diane's new tooth will get a good start with Ipana—best bacteria destroyer of all leading tooth pastes

THIS SPACE RESERVED

for a tooth that must last for 68 years

YOU: I try to make sure my daughter always brushes her teeth.

US: Wonderful! Hope she uses Ipana with WD-9.

YOU: What's so spectacular about WD-9?

US: The way it kills germs! Ipana with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria best of all leading brands, including fluoride tooth pastes.

YOU: That wouldn't help much if my daughter didn't like the taste.

US: She'll love Ipana's new, minty flavor—everyone does! And Ipana's just as good for your teeth as for children's. Try a tube soon?

- New king-size cap is easy-to-use, hard-to-lose.
- Tube can stand upright.

New-formula Ipana® with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria best of all leading brands

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin and Vitalis

Picture
OF THE MONTH

The comedy of the year is here.

It's love-at-first-sight when de luxe doll meets rugged newspaper man. After whirlwind courtship, they're wed.

Fashion-designer is her career. She is doing gowns for Broadway musical. Happens to meet shapely blonde showgirl who was husband's ex-flame. Sticks pins in her.

Newspaper-man husband is meanwhile having mobster trouble. He must hide out while punchy pal protects him. His wife suspects the worst (showgirl!)

How these lovers reconcile their two different worlds makes a picture destined to be one of the year's tops. Designed for your delight in CinemaScope and Metrocolor by M-G-M.

Watch for Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall in "Designing Woman" co-starring Dolores Gray. Written by George Wells, Associate Producer. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Dore Schary.

APRIL • 1957
VOL. 108 • NO. 6

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

GUARANTEED AVERAGE CIRCULATION 2,300,000

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SHORT STORIES

ARTICLES

FEATURES

YOUNG ADULTS AT HOME

DEPARTMENTS

COVER PAINTING BY LUCIA

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.

REDBOOK magazine is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by McCall Corporation, Marvin Pierce, Chairman of the Board; Arthur B. Langlie, President; Lowell Shumway, Vice-President and Circulation Director; Edward M. Brown, Secretary; William C. Auer, Treasurer; Charles S. Thorn, Advertising Director of Redbook. Publication and Subscription offices: McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered, but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury. TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: Redbook Magazine will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: $3.00 for one year, $5.00 for two years, $7.50 for three years in U. S. and Canada. Add $1 per year for other countries. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance, because subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date and extra postage is charged for forwarding. When sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and old address from last copy received. APRIL ISSUE, 1957, VOL. CVIII, No. 6. Copyright ©, 1957, by McCall Corporation. Reproduction in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Necessary formalities, including deposit where required, effected in the United States of America, Canada and Great Britain. Protection secured under the Universal, International and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 14, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3rd, 1879.
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A new kind of deodorant

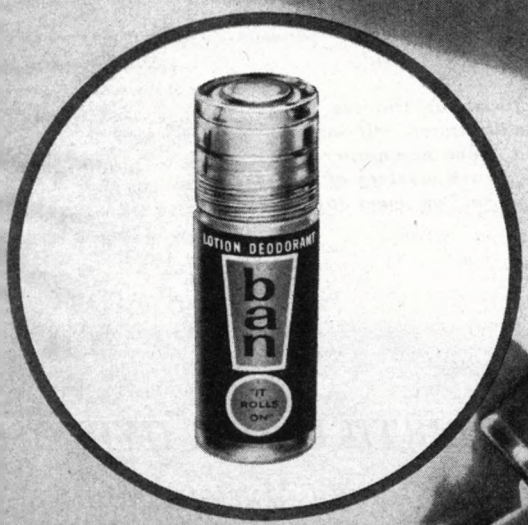
ban®

rolls on!

More effective than creams, easier to apply than sprays!*

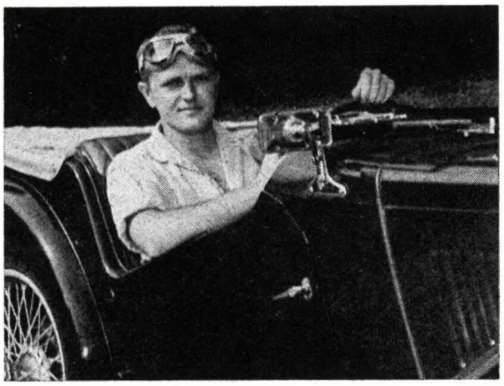
BAN is a new lotion form of deodorant that actually *rolls on* more effective protection . . . with a little revolving ball in the top of the bottle. This waste-proof, drip-proof applicator automatically spreads on just enough of BAN's pleasing lotion to check perspiration . . . stop odor for a *full* 24 hours. BAN is safe for normal skin . . . won't damage clothing. Get new BAN today—wherever fine toiletries are sold —98¢.

*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN AND IPANA

Norman Lobsenz



Don Stanford

Lois Dykeman Kleihauer

BETWEEN THE LINES

A former magazine editor and newspaper man, Norman Lobsenz, author of "How Successful Are Early Marriages?" groans softly about the loneliness of free lancing and the fact that for going on three years now coffee breaks are on *his* time. But mostly he likes his lot, particularly since he began to probe personal relations subjects — basic problems of men and women such as his study of interfaith marriages in REDBOOK of October, 1956, and his current article on page 28. The rewarding thing about reporting, he believes, is the opportunity to do some good, and we think his "Early Marriages" will be an eye-opener to readers. One phase of research took him to the University of North Carolina campus. "My lasting impression," he said, "is of the tremendous maturity of today's young people, as compared with my own younger days and the fellows and girls I knew. Today's kids seem to know exactly what they want, and they have much insight into the requirements of mature love." Norman is 37 and totally lacking in modesty about his three young sons. His wife, Margery, is an editor of *Look* magazine.

A letter from Spain brought word of Don Stanford, author of our novel, "Bachelor Father" on page 117. What's he doing there? "Spending a few months," he wrote, "gathering material for — well, I don't know yet what for, but something, never doubt it." Don gets more play out of his work than do most free lancers. (Heaven knows, they have their lonely times.) Within shortest memory, Don has been prowling the bottom of the Mediterranean in an aqualung, valeting a horse at an English riding school, racing a sports car in competition, skiing in Colorado and just generally living it up in Paris, London, Honolulu, Cuba — you name it! His first story appeared in REDBOOK just ten years ago. Since then we've published nine of his novels and fifteen short stories. It's a shoo-in that *something* will come of this Spanish lark.

No relation at all between fact and fancy with Lois Dykeman Kleihauer, author of the charming "Houseful of Women" on page 40. She occupies a predominantly male menage in Ohio, with a husband and two sons! —W. B. H.

Lucia, without formal art training, has made a hit as an illustrator. Self-taught, she progressed from newspaper ad sketches to the brush mastery of her painting for "Oh, No!" on pages 36-37.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

First full report on CHILDBIRTH UNDER HYPNOSIS

Also: Yul Brynner—Self-made Mystery Man

Charting a safer course against CANCER...

Just as the pilots of ships are helped to chart safer courses by heeding signals, so, too, have many people been made safe by recognizing warning signals of possible cancer and taking proper action.

In fact, thousands of people are alive and well today because they knew cancer's warning signs and were treated in time. For your own protection, you should know the danger signals listed here.

Remember, however, that these signals do not always indicate cancer. Rather, they may just be signs that something is wrong—and that you should see your doctor. If cancer is found, precious time will be gained by prompt treatment.

Even if no symptoms occur, it is important to have periodic health examinations, particularly if you are 35 years of age or older. Studies show that about 95 percent of all cancers are found in people over 35.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

If people would act promptly when a danger signal is noticed . . . if apparently well people would have their doctors examine them regularly . . . the American Cancer Society believes that the annual number of cancer cases saved could be increased 50% with weapons now at hand.

Medical science is now pushing a total attack against cancer . . . and progress is being made in both cancer diagnosis and treatment. Meantime, you have a responsibility to yourself and others to:

1. Have periodic health examinations
2. Know cancer's early danger signals
3. Get prompt medical care at once if any danger signal appears

For more information on cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 4-57-R, "*What You Should Know About Cancer.*"

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

Redbook's Pictures of the Month

Selected by Florence Somers

When *Janine Duval* (Brigitte Fossey) and *Danny Andrews* (Bobby Clark) escape from school, they lead their parents (Gene Kelly and Barbara Laage, *right*) a merry chase through all of France.

"The Happy Road"

A delightful comedy in which two children outwit their parents, the French police and NATO

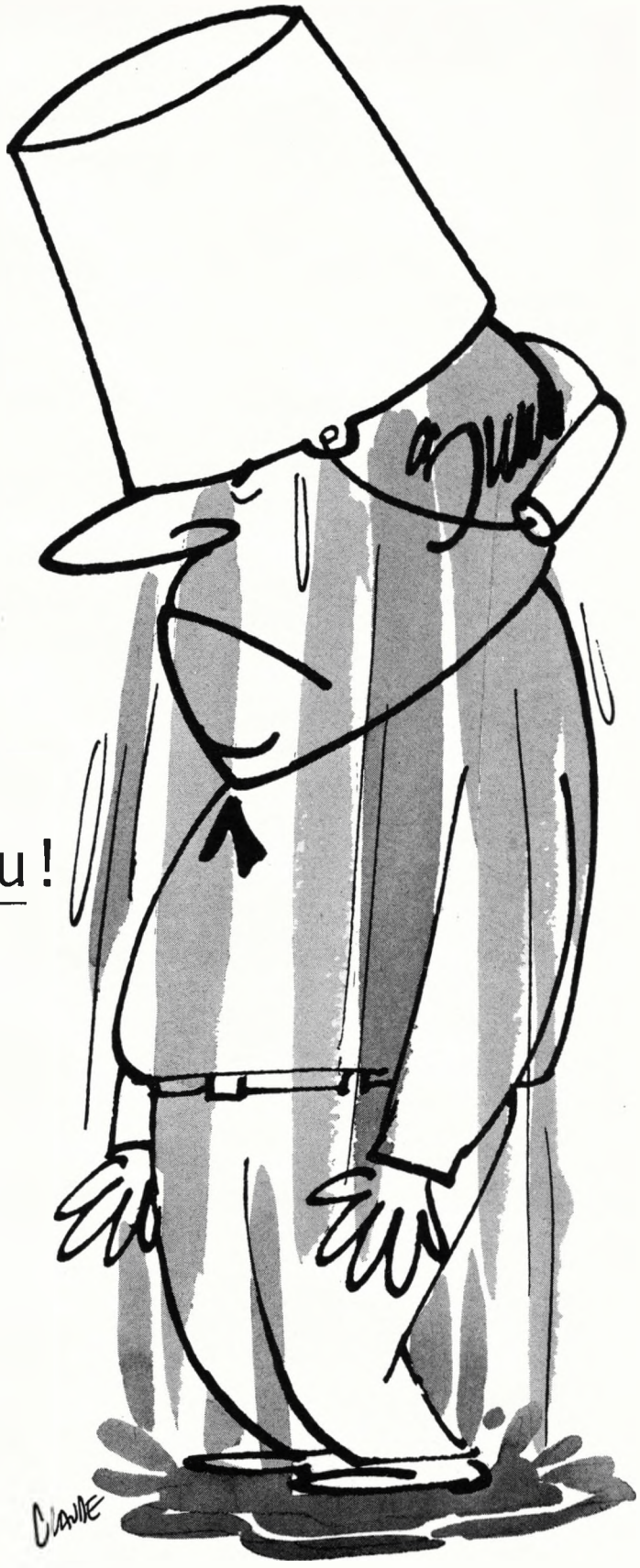
Young adults everywhere will get a bang and a lot of laughs out of this film since it concerns two captivating children who accomplish what they set out to do, leaving a trail of exasperated adults in their wake. The picture, without a dance in it, was produced and directed in France and Switzerland by dancer Gene Kelly who also played the adult lead.

In the film, *Danny Andrews* (Bobby Clark) has been put in school in Switzerland by his father *Mike* (Gene Kelly), a widower in business in Paris. In order to show his father that he is capable and old enough to live in Paris, *Danny* decides to run away from school and make his way to the French capital. He escapes only to find there's a "woman" in the case, ten-year-old *Janine Duval* (Brigitte Fossey), enamoured of *Danny* and determined to rejoin her divorced mother *Suzanne* (Barbara Laage), who is also in Paris. *Danny* tries to discourage *Janine*, but succumbs to her logical argument that, since he speaks no French, he needs her to interpret for him.

As soon as the school finds out about the escape, the parents are notified, summoned to Switzerland and assured that the police will soon capture *Danny* and *Janine*. From then on a chase develops that is as funny as the old silent comedy films. The children, by making use of a family picnic, friendly children, a canal boat, a NATO soldier, a carnival and a bicycle race, elude the police, NATO command, reporters and everyone else, eventually reaching their destination.

Meanwhile *Mike* and *Suzanne*, sharing any number of mishaps, disappointments and even a night in jail, forget their early antagonisms and discover each other.

The whole story has a wonderful, humorous, light quality of fun about it which will enchant young audiences. "The Happy Road" means a happy time for those who see this picture *(MGM)*



This trick's on you!

A bucket of water over the door is one of the risks of April Fool's Day. But being tricked on *other* days is something else again.

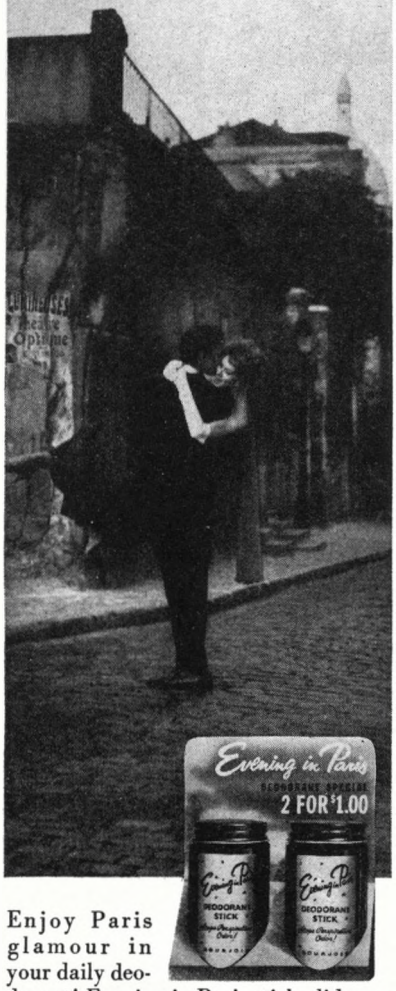
Yet that's what happens as far as your taxes are concerned. Part of your taxes are used to help pay the cost of electric service for customers of federal government power systems.

First, your taxes help build the federal power plants that produce electricity for these people. Then, you have to be taxed *more* because they don't pay all the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. People who get electricity from the TVA, for example, pay less than *one-fifth* of the taxes on electric service that you pay.

Next time you hear someone talk in favor of federal government electricity, ask him about the trick it plays with your taxes (and his). Chances are, he'll stop talking and start thinking. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

have a breath of Paris about you... every day!



Enjoy Paris glamour in your daily deodorant! Evening in Paris stick glides on dry . . . keeps underarms *dry* and delicately *fragrant.* Rely on it for 24-hour protection. New convenient push-up tube.

EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK SPECIAL! 2 FOR $1.00

limited time only! regular $1.50 value

CREATED IN PARIS · MADE IN AMERICA BY BOURJOIS

3 OTHER FINE

"GUN FOR A COWARD"

THIS IS a Western in which family relationships are more important than cowboys or cattle. The story involves the three *Keough* brothers, *Will* (Fred MacMurray), *Bless* (Jeffrey Hunter) and *Hade* (Dean Stockwell). Since their father's death, *Will* has been the head of the family, but their mother (Josephine Hutchinson) has exerted such an influence over *Bless* that most people consider him a weakling, instead of understanding that he wants peace so much he'll do almost anything to avoid fighting.

One of the few who sympathize with *Bless* is *Aud* (Janice Rule), who has been pledged to *Will.* Inevitably *Aud* and *Bless* are drawn together as developments occur, and the climax is reached when *Will* and *Bless* fight it out for self-respect and the woman they both love.

The characterizations and the acting make this an appealing film for young audiences. *(Universal)*

"THE SAGA OF SATCHMO"

THIS AROUND-THE-WORLD excursion in jazz proves that audiences everywhere, no matter what language they speak, dig King Louis Armstrong the most. Produced and narrated by Edward R. Murrow, the film is a documentary of Louis' good-will tour, showing everything from the London concerts Princess Margaret attended to one for an audience of 100,000 on the Gold Coast of Africa. The recording is excellent, and Satchmo plays tunes from "The Saints Go Marchin' In" to a New York Philharmonic Orchestra presentation of the "St. Louis Blues," conducted by Leonard Bernstein before an audience at Lewisohn Stadium which included W. C. Handy.

As unique as Louis' jazz is, the expressions on his genial, mobile face are almost as fascinating. There's also a delightful interview in which Armstrong, in his inimitable language, explains jazz terms to Murrow. As for this film, "It's the greatest." *(UA)*

APRIL BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Above Us the Waves—Good suspense in a tale of the sinking of the German battleship *Tirpitz* in World War II.

Albert Schweitzer—Interesting documentary film of the life of one of the great men of our time. * March

Battle Hymn—True story of a flying preacher who saved Korean children from Communists. Rock Hudson. * March

Don't Knock the Rock—Rocking youngsters will go for Alan Dale, rock-and-roll artists and sixteen hot tunes.

Full of Life—A very funny young family comedy about the birth of a first baby. Judy Holliday. * March

FILMS

"THE BACHELOR PARTY"

Delbert Mann, who won an Academy Award for directing the Academy Award-winning "Marty" in 1955, directed "The Bachelor Party," written by Paddy Chayefsky who also won an Academy Award for "Marty." So it is not surprising that "The Bachelor Party" has "Marty's" realism.

The hero of the film is *Charlie Samson* (Don Murray, whose fascinating life story is in this issue), a young married bookkeeper who has just found out that his wife *Helen* (Patricia Smith) is going to have a baby. *Charlie*, who has been invited to a bachelor party, feels that he shouldn't spend the time or the money on the party although *Helen* urges him to go. He relents and joins the fellows in a typical male night on the town, involving parties, girls and uninhibited confidential talks. *Charlie*, like the others, has moments of self-pity, despair and anger, then rushes home and embraces *Helen*. *(United Artists)*

Nightfall—A thriller with Aldo Ray trying to evade some hank robbers and prove his innocence of their theft.

Spring Reunion—The most popular girl and the boy most likely to succeed meet at their fifteenth high-school reunion and find neither married.

Three Violet People—Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter and Gilbert Roland in an emotional Civil War Western.

* *Previously reviewed in Redbook*

something different

turtle-shaped tasty cookies

Easy and fun to do . . . these cookies are so delicious besides being so cute looking. All that you need to make them are a couple of mixes and some nuts.

THE EASY HOW-TO-DO-IT

Turtle-Shaped Cookies, above

1 Per cooky—on ungreased cooky sheet, group 3 big pecans; face out; touch at center. **2** Prepare choc. chip cooky mix (use only ¼ c. milk, no more). Gently push 1 tsp. dough into each group of nuts. Shape like a turtle. **3** Bake 15 *min.*, 375°F. Cool. **4** Top, fudge frosting mix,

IDEA For party for little folk, all the way up to teens and young marrieds, Turtle Theme is fun.

IDEA Invitations can be turtle-shaped or paint big turtle on a card, with mouth cut so as to hold the invitation.

IDEA After arriving, they can make selves turtle costumes out of gunny sacks, cardboard, string, tape and paint or crayon.

IDEA With wrapping paper, concoct a pin-on-the-turtle's tail . . TV quiz game with "turtles" for humans can put guests in stitches, laughing.

Always a refreshing treat!

Enjoy the lively taste of Wrigley's Spearmint while you work—it's so cooling and refreshing. And see how the pleasant chewing seems to make things go smoother, easier. Enjoy daily. Millions do.

They're all over baby—chubby folds, tiny crevices, creases and curves. They need the special cleansing care of 'Q-Tips'.

It's the cotton swab with the loving touch. Made of 'Q-Tips' own "silkenized" cotton. Custom-cushioned at the tip. The finest, gentlest you can buy.

That's why more mothers and doctors use 'Q-Tips' than all other cotton swabs combined!

The box for you is blue

Q-Tips® Also available in Canada
Made by Q-Tips, Inc., New York, Toronto and Paris.

But We Love Him—

BY HENRIETTA RIPPERGER

Nothing is more bewildering or harder to take than the sudden rash of violence and bad manners alternating with unusual affectionateness in an 11-year-old boy. One day he is as sweet as pie. The next he shouts at you if you so much as speak to him. He hits his sister. He is rude to his grandmother. He bangs the door in rage. His father is grim at having a fresh, disrespectful son and upset at tears, which he thinks babyish. His mother is sick inside, racked by diverse feelings, defensiveness for her child, horrible fears at what kind of a monster her son is turning out to be and sympathy for a little boy crying his eyes out behind a door he has just slammed.

Parents may take heart, however. According to the Gesell Institute, this type of behavior is normal for the age. It is due to the terrific pressures of pre-adolescence. The way to get on is to avoid head-on collisions, to pretend not to notice tears (they embarrass him, too), to take up the matter of manners at a moment when he is calm and to let him know that, in spite of everything, his family loves him. If adults can hold out, they will find this, too, will pass!

Coming home at the end of a hard day and being met with, "Daddy, you'll have to do something about Joe," or, "Daddy, do you think this was fair?" isn't most men's idea of how to make a father glad to get home, and one man has done something about it. He holds a family court every Sunday morning after breakfast. All disputes are held over for this; no running to Mommy or Daddy for refereeing is allowed during the week.

The results have been surprising. The children have learned to delay action, a feature of maturity, and have realized themselves that the causes of many quarrels are too silly to bring up. Serious gripes have received serious consideration by the whole family. And also, bad situations have been uncovered; situations that might have become worse and have caused real trouble later on. And Himself now comes home to peace.

Librarians are buzzing over a report on a survey which shows that mothers stop reading aloud to children once children can read for themselves. They think it is a pity. Yet many families make reading and singing aloud taboo at the one time the clan is together, the family dinner. Librarians ask why not allow each one to share with the rest the item from the newspaper, the verse from the magazine, or whatever hits his fancy. As for music, a very senior guest in a home heard one of the youngsters humming something between bites at breakfast and joined in with a "*tum*-tum-te-tum" in a resonant bass. "Just as I was about to say, 'no singing at the table' " says the young hostess. "If I'd been stuffy, we would have missed the hour of musical enjoyment that followed the meal."

A nurse says that, in going in and out of homes, she notices how often mothers forget to eat properly. They stand handing out orange juice and cereal, sausages and pancakes to their husbands and children and settle for a cup of coffee and a bite of toast, later, for themselves. They nibble at lunch; in fact, dinner is all too often the first square meal in their day. And these are the individuals who must clean and make beds, lug kids around, see the teachers, run the washing machines, do the errands and cook the meals. Five o'clock is family friction time, the nurse observes, and she wonders if it can be partly because Mommy is hungry?

How to Bring Up Parents

BY FRANK O'NEAL

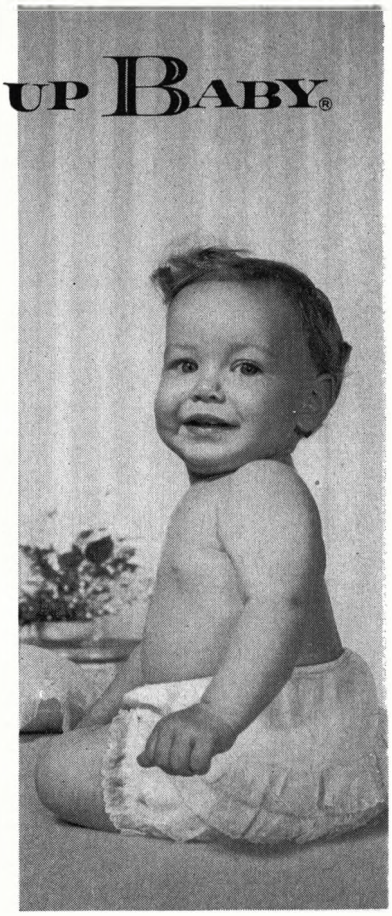
Help them develop self control

Teach them to cooperate

Cheer them up

BRINGING UP BABY®

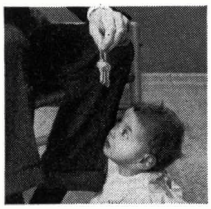
Hints collected by MRS. DAN GERBER
mother of five



Those first brave attempts at toddling are bound to be accompanied by assorted tumbles, bumps and bruises. That's just part of the important business of growing up. Of course you'll want to comfort baby, but it's not wise to over-sympathize, since this may instill a fear of trying to go it alone. I think perhaps a hug, a kiss and a quick distraction work more of a magic cure than dwelling on the hurt.

BITING STORY

Teething can often dampen even the brightest of spirits. Pleasant way to help relieve aching gums: Gerber Teething Biscuits. They're extra-hard so baby can get real biting satisfaction. The surface is smooth and soothing—the flavor mild and pleasant, and they're baked in a tapered shape for easy grasping.



HOW A FELLOW MAKES A FRIEND

Some of the most successful visiting adults make friends with shy year-olds by "delaying action." Ignoring them at first often arouses enough interest to make the lad or lass gravitate toward the stranger. Once interest has been indicated, the friendship can usually be furthered with a chain of jingly keys, a bright-colored hankie or any safe item.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

When baby begins to creep or toddle it's most important to see that all electrical cords are in good condition and electrical outlets are not left exposed. Keep lamp cords out of sight, iron and toaster cords well out of reach.

FRUIT REFRESHER

1 cup whole milk *1 egg white, beaten*
½ container of any Gerber Strained Fruit
Sugar to taste

Combine ingredients and blend with a rotary egg beater. Wonderful as an after-nap snack for toddlers.

FEATURE OF THE MONTH

Gerber Junior Vegetables and Turkey

It's new! It's Turkey and rice and everything nice, including flavor-fresh vegetables. That just about sums up this delightful Gerber main dish for toddlers. Nourishing because it combines 3 food groups to give baby a variety of nutrients plus unusual flavor interest . . . all in one dish.

BABIES ARE OUR BUSINESS...OUR ONLY BUSINESS!

Gerber® BABY FOODS
FREMONT, MICHIGAN

4 CEREALS • OVER 75 STRAINED & JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEATS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TV REPAIRS

Your article "How to Get *Honest* TV Repairs" (January) brings to mind the last TV repairman who came to fix our set. He told me that honest repairmen were hoping to organize an association to keep down dishonesty—he said they were tired being watched like hawks every time they repaired someone's set.

MRS. FLOYD L. BUTLER
Alhambra, Calif.

Back in 1949 maybe this would have been a worth-while article, but certainly not today. Our organization was formed in 1953 with a strict code of ethics required from all members. Am attaching a copy of a survey made by the St. Paul *Dispatch-Pioneer Press* showing that conditions as described by Mr. Gorman do not exist in St. Paul. You will note that 94.5% of the people interviewed were satisfied with repairs made to their sets.

JOE DRISCOLL, Secretary
Television Electronic Service
Association of St. Paul, Inc.
St. Paul, Minn.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

I completely disagree with Ruth and Edward Brecher about long engagements. ["The Time to Insure a Happy Marriage"—January]. If anything, I think it unwise to be engaged too long a time. My husband and I were engaged only two months. In February we celebrated our tenth anniversary.

MRS. W. J. BARTHULY
Fond du Lac, Wisc.

I wish more people would read. think about and digest such articles as "The Time to Insure a Happy Marriage."

AN AVID READER
Toronto, Ont.

THE TROUBLED CHILD

I was interested to see your article, "How We Can Help Troubled Children" (December). Those of us who are in the child-guidance field are aware of the need to enlist the interest and support, both financial and moral, of the community. Thus, we are particularly gratified when a magazine of national coverage presents such a topic in an accurate, dignified and telling way.

EVEOLEEN N. REXFORD, M. D.
Director
Douglas A. Thom Clinic for Children
Boston, Mass.

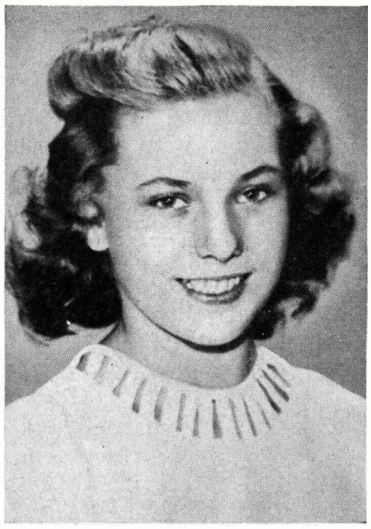
We are pleased to see that Illinois is listed in your article among the bright spots in the child-guidance picture. We are making a very determined effort not only to enlarge our child-guidance services, but also to encourage and support an increased number of mental hygiene clinics for adults.

OTTO L. BETTAG, M. D.
Director
Department of Welfare
Illinois

KIM—AN UGLY DUCKLING?

We think Kim Novak is tops and thought your article on her (January) was wonderful. It is hard to believe that she used to consider herself "unattractive and odd." Could you show us a picture of Kim as she used to look?

EDIE, BOBBY AND MARGE
Chicago, Ill.



Kim Novak as a teen-ager.

ON MODERN SCHOOLS

About the article "What Happened to the Three R's?" (January), I find Falcon O. Baker as unfit to write on his subject as his tiny son. Why is it that spelling and writing and reading are almost lost arts? How does he explain the wildness and destruction our youngsters show and practice if our schools now turn out such well-adjusted children?

ALICE M. IVES
North Creek, N. Y.

Leave our schools for the real education of a child. Don't leave all the "raising" of a child to our overworked teachers. Parents should take a little responsibility.

MRS. GEORGE R. WOOD
Gardena, Calif.

"What Happened to the Three R's?" is one of the best reports I have read on a parent's sincere attempt to discover just what a modern school is doing for his child. It is most refreshing to read a report in which a parent approaches the problem in an open-minded, objective and thorough manner.

J. WESLEY CRUM
Dean of Instruction
Central Washington College of Education
Ellensburg, Wash.

Thanks to you and Falcon Baker for the article "What Happened to the Three R's?" We wish more parents would visit the schools so such knowledge would become more common. All of us welcome constructive criticism, for it stimulates progress.

MRS. MAXINE SMITH
President, Oregon Department
of Classroom Teachers, Medford, Ore.

Yes, emotions need education, but that learning is rooted in the home. Teachers can give our children only the slightest fraction of the understanding, personality sparkle, love and affection that we parents can. The load of responsibility is now being put on the teacher and school while it should be on Mom and Dad.

MRS. MARILYN ELLAN
Rockford, Ill.

READER'S REQUEST

I have been reading Irma Simonton Black's articles on child care with interest each month and wonder if I could suggest a subject for her to cover. I am a mother of two boys and generally feel pretty capable of handling the various problems that arise. But when my youngest flies into a temper tantrum, I'm lost—I simply don't know how to handle him. I'm sure many other mothers must wonder what to do in similar situations. Would Mrs. Black advise us?

BARBARA JOHNSON
Chicago, Ill.

In response to many requests from mothers, Mrs. Black deals with this subject in this issue. Let us know if you have a child-care problem you would like to have Mrs. Black discuss. ED.

MEDICAL OPINIONS

William Peters' article, "What Goes on in a Doctor's Heart?" (January) is one of the best articles of its type I have ever seen.

STEPHEN T. DONOHUE
Assistant Director
American Medical Association
Chicago, Ill.

I feel that this is one of the finest articles I have ever read. It certainly shows the feeling that most doctors have for their patients. It also points out, both to the public and the profession, several

ways that we can help in overcoming our shortcomings.

On behalf of the American Academy of General Practice, as well as personally, my sincere thanks.

MALCOLM E. PHELPS, M.D.
President-Elect
American Academy of General Practice
Kansas City, Mo.

REDBOOK and Mr. Peters are to be congratulated on this article. It is bound to bring better understanding to the public of how they may best deal with their physician in developing the sort of relationship that is vital to the best sort of medical care.

GEORGE BUGBEE, President
Health Information Foundation
New York, N. Y.

**HANDS OFF—
PRIVATE PROPERTY!**

I have just finished reading your story "Ask Any Girl" (January). I enjoyed it very much and think along the same lines as the girl in the story. I agree emphatically that all husbands should wear a *brand*, such as a ring.

MRS. BARBARA FORMBY
Dallas, Tex.

**DO-IT-YOURSELF OR
DO-YOURSELF-IN?**

Our overimaginative art editor's conception of the Geoffrey Meadows' tricycle.

Apropos of Norman Lobsenz' piece, "It Used to Be Child's Play" (January), our three-year-old son seemed strangely unappreciative when the do-it-yourself tricycle we gave him for Christmas had some significant parts out of place and tended to go backward instead of forward. Stifling my natural impulse to throttle him, I quietly explained that he must learn early in life that the gift itself doesn't matter at all—it's the blood, sweat and tears (his daddy's) behind it that really count. I'm still not sure he understood.

GEOFFREY MEADOWS
St. Louis, Mo.

★ Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York

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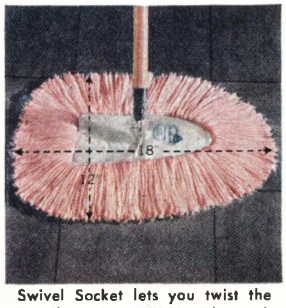

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New NYLON DUSTER with "Magne-Static" Action

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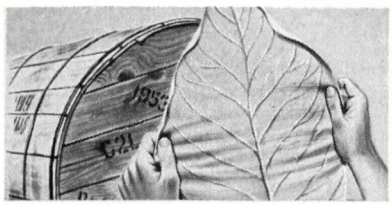
SMOOTH! From the finest tobacco grown Viceroy selects only the Smooth Flavor Leaf . . . Deep-Cured golden brown for *extra smoothness!*



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YOU AND YOUR HEALTH

BY WALLACE CROATMAN

Why You Need Salk Polio

To the average young adult, polio is a greater threat now than it ever was. Yet young people have been notably lax about giving themselves the same protection against the disease that they have demanded for their children. At the start of this year only about one out of every six persons in the 20-to-35 age group had had even the first injection of the three-shot Salk vaccine series. Even with the polio season only a few months away, the vast majority of young people over 19 have yet to get their first shot.

Public health authorities attribute this laxity to four main reasons—none of them valid in view of today's knowledge about polio and the Salk vaccine.

1. "Polio is on the way out." Many young people have the idea that polio is a disease of the past. It's easy to see why. Since the Salk vaccine came into general use, the polio rate has dropped far below the rate for preceding years. What grownups tend to overlook, though, is the fact that the statistical improvement is due largely to the widespread use of the Salk vaccine among children.

As far as the young-adult group is concerned, there is no reason for complacency. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis estimates that the rate of polio in people over 19 has actually gone up at least 25 per cent in the past five years.

Statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that older children and young adults are comprising an increasing proportion of the reported polio cases and deaths. The death rate from polio in the 1953-55 period was almost as high for young adults as for children—and these figures do not fully reflect the improved outlook for children brought on by the Salk vaccine.

Leaders in the polio field agree that young adults should make every effort to get the Salk inoculations now. The shots are especially important for pregnant women, who are two to four times as liable to contract the disease as are non-pregnant women.

2. "I'll wait for a better vaccine." Many doctors feel that the Salk vaccine, which is a so-called "dead-virus" type, may eventually give way to a better vaccine made from weakened strains of a live virus. Two separate "live-virus" vaccines—one developed by Dr. Albert B. Sabin of the University of Cincinnati, the other by a team of scientists from Lederle Laboratories—have already undergone promising tests on humans. Both can be taken by mouth, whereas the Salk vaccine must be injected. But the live-virus vaccines are far from ready for general use.

As Dr. Sabin himself told the New York Academy of Medicine last fall, "We are not ready for so-called mass trials of an orally given vaccine. . . . The Salk vaccine is the only poliomyelitis vaccine available for public use at this time and . . . advantage should be taken of its protective effects to the maximum extent of its availability."

3. "It's too late to start this year." It's true that there is no longer time to get the full series of three injections before the polio peak in August and September. If you have your first Salk shot on, say, May 1st, you will ordinarily get the second between May 15th and June 15th and the third at the end of December. But even the first two injections will give you a high degree of protection this season—75 per cent, according to latest estimates.

• MEDICAL CARE FOR GI FAMILIES

Wives and children of servicemen will get an estimated $70,000,000 worth of Government-financed treatment in civilian hospitals this year through a new program called Medicare. The plan, backed by most of the country's doctors and hospitals, is designed to help the estimated 40 per cent of today's 2,000,000 dependents who live too far from military bases to get free care in service hospitals and clinics.

Under the program, a serviceman's pregnant wife selects any doctor in her town who participates in Medicare and shows him a card certifying that she is a serviceman's dependent. The doctor sees her during her pregnancy, has her admitted to a hospital when the time comes, delivers the baby and provides postnatal care. The Government pays the doctor's entire fee and all but $25 of the hospital bill. (The woman must also pay for "luxury" items such as private room or special nursing.)

Besides covering maternity services, Medicare also pays doctors' and hospital bills when dependents are hospitalized for most surgery, injuries or medical treatment. But the plan does not cover treatment for chronic diseases, mental disorders, elective operations or ordinary visits to a private doctor's office.

• BREAST FEEDING

The common hospital practice of not letting a mother start breast feeding un-

Shots NOW

Even one Salk injection greatly decreases your chance of contracting polio. During a severe epidemic in Massachusetts in 1955 (the first year the shots were given on a large scale), the rate of paralytic polio was less than half as high among children who had received one dose of vaccine as it was among unvaccinated children.

Moreover, experience gained from inoculating almost 50,000,000 people has shown that the vaccine itself is perfectly safe. It will not make anyone more susceptible to polio, even if injected at the height of the polio season.

4. "The vaccine is hard to get and expensive." Actually, there is now more vaccine available than there is a demand for. At least two manufacturers have curtailed production because stocks have piled up on druggists' shelves. The AMA reported that 20,000,000 shots were stored in this country by the end of last year.

How much should the shots cost? No more than any other series of three injections in a doctor's office. But you probably will have to get the injections from your own doctor—not from one of the free clinics that have been set up in many towns. Federal funds for buying the vaccine apply only to use for children and pregnant women. And doctors, who have generally co-operated in local campaigns to inoculate children, seem reluctant to expand free programs to include young adults.

However, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has set aside $10,000,000 to buy vaccine for families who cannot afford to get it from other sources. Applications for free shots should be made through local polio chapters.

til several days after delivery comes under attack from a consultant in *GP Magazine*. "In many instances," he writes, "it should be perfectly reasonable to put the infant to breast at about 12 hours after delivery, and certainly in almost every case, other than a premature birth or complications in the baby, at the end of 24 hours." He adds that "even a single bottle of milk, introduced during the early period of breast feeding, has an untoward effect on the production of the mother's milk."

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned

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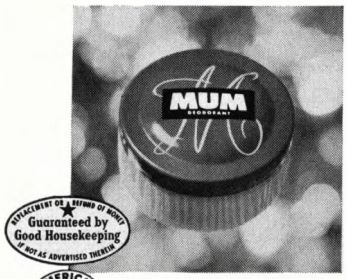

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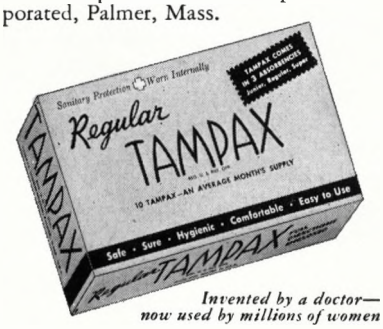


Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

When the tantrum is over, quiet talk and a drink of juice may soothe him.

What About Temper Tantrums?

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

The first time your child goes into a temper tantrum can be a frightening experience for you if you don't know what causes such fits of uncontrollable rage and how to handle them.

Tantrums may occur frequently as your child outgrows babyhood, but is not yet a "big" boy or girl. During these years there are times when your child's urges to grow up, to be capable, to please you outstrip his abilities. When his carefully built block tower falls down because he awkwardly jars it as he puts on the top block, it's just too much. He flings himself on the floor and screams in frustration.

An occasional tantrum is perfectly normal in these early years. It is the result of immaturity, not of naughtiness. But if your child has frequent tantrums, or keeps on having them past the preschool years, it is time for you to think seriously about the cause.

The child who is expected to act grown-up at an early age, who is pushed to conform to adult standards before he is able will often resort to tantrums. He can't express his feeling of oppression in any other way. And although it may seem paradoxical, the child whose every whim is indulged will also react with violent rage to the slightest frustration. This kind of child has not had help from his parents in learning the beginnings of self-control.

The best way to handle a tantrum is without anger and without submission. You don't want to teach your child indirectly that he can get his way by throwing a violent fit of temper. You don't need to punish him, however, because he is already upset enough. Reasoning with him is worse than useless—it will probably make him even angrier. His trouble is not with his logic, but his emotions.

Wait for the storm to pass as calmly as you can. Go on about your work, even if your youngster is still screaming at the top of his voice. If you are going to leave him, tell him, "I'll be in the kitchen when you want me," so that it won't seem that you are going in anger or disgust.

If your child has a tantrum in a crowded room, you may want to pick him up and take him to some less conspicuous spot. If you are at home, take him to his room and tell him that he's too noisy for the living room. If you are not at home, stay with him until he quiets down.

When he is calmer, he may need soothing, since he is actually afraid as well as angry—afraid of his own violence and of the possibility that he may provoke you to similar rage.

Wash his hands and face with cool water; give him a drink of water or juice. Talk about an entirely new subject. But avoid going to extremes such as smothering him with affection or handing him a special treat to eat or he may get the idea that having a tantrum pays off.

One way to avoid tantrums is to give your child the chance for vigorous, active and independent play. The child who is busy and active is also happy, and a happy child is likely to be co-operative.

Another way is to use imagination in dealing with your child. The youngster who throws a tantrum when his block tower falls will feel less frustrated if you take a moment to help him rebuild it. And one who objects to bed may respond with pleasure if you take his hand and say, "Let's get undressed so there'll be time for a story." This kind of approach isn't weak—it is a demonstration of your loving interest, and your child will feel it. He is not, after all, an enemy to be fought to a standstill —he is a young human being who needs your help in learning more mature ways of feeling and behaving.

Mrs. Black is an instructor at the Bank Street College of Education and author of many books about and for children. Her informative column is a regular REDBOOK *feature.*

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

THE HIGHLY INDIVIDUAL MR. COLE

BY CARLTON BROWN

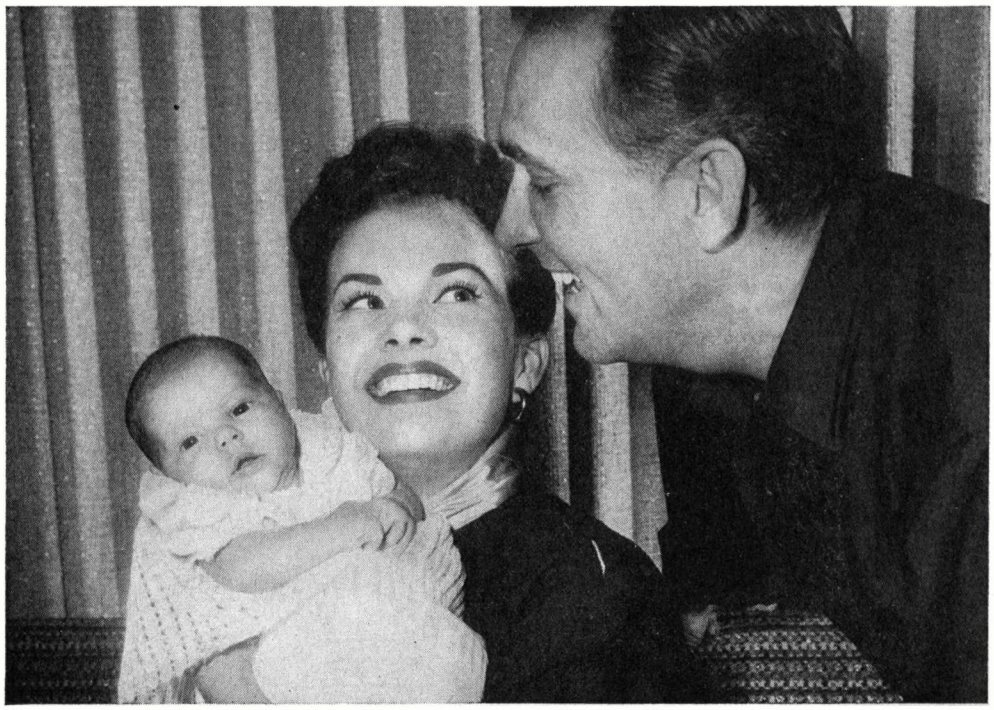
Of all of today's popular male vocalists, none has a more readily recognizable voice than Nat "King" Cole. Whether he's singing a dreamy ballad or a fast, bouncy number, his first couple of words are enough to announce who's performing.

Nat's warm, vibrant and rhythmic style is such an uniquely personal one that many of the songs he has turned into hits will always be identified as his and his alone. The list is a long one, beginning with "Straighten Up and Fly Right," in 1944, and continuing with such smashes as "Nature Boy," "Mona Lisa," "Pretend" and "Unforgettable."

Although Cole's highly individual vocal style has brought him stardom on records, in movies, night clubs, personal appearances and his recent NBC television show, it has tended to obscure the great talents as a pianist and small-band jazzman which first brought him notice. The son of a Baptist minister, Nat was born in Alabama in 1919 and reared in Chicago, where his mother gave him his first musical training on the church organ and in the choir. He studied classical piano through his teens and switched to jazz after listening to Louis Armstrong and pianist Earl Hines. After touring with his own band in vaudeville and as piano soloist in night clubs, Nat formed the King Cole Trio, whose first big hit was Nat's own novelty number, "Straighten Up and Fly Right."

Of nearly a dozen albums that Cole has since made for Capitol, his latest is the best showcase yet for his several talents. Its title, "After Midnight," stands for the time when musicians get together to play for their own enjoyment. Nat and a rhythm section of guitar, bass and drums are joined by four outstanding jazz instrumentalists, who take turns with Cole at solo honors. Nat sings and plays on each of the dozen numbers, beginning with a jumping, jam-style rendition of "Just You, Just Me" and proceeding through swinging, relaxed and inventive updatings of such old favorites as "Sweet Lorraine," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "It's Only a Paper Moon," "I Know That You Know," and "When I Grow Too Old to Dream." It's easy listening all the way.

GALE STORM'S CHILDREN'S HOUR



Gale and Lee Bonnell with their first daughter, named Susanna after Gale's current television show.

As great as Gale's appeal is on TV, she's even more popular as a mother. Here's how Gale and her husband handle the family problems

Until last fall, Gale Storm's family was all male, consisting of her husband, Lee Bonnell, and their sons, Philip, Peter and Paul. Then, several weeks after Gale's new TV show "Oh, Susanna," appeared on CBS, her daughter was born. Although she's too young yet to take part in activities, Susanna will find that she belongs to an interesting family.

Gale and Lee long ago decided that their children were most important, and they have worked out a most satisfactory arrangement which allows time for the family, work and play. Every evening the dinner hour is set aside for the children. Whatever happens, at least one parent is at home then, and most of the time both of them are on hand. The boys bring up their problems, discuss exciting events or play games. If one brother has a beef against another, they change places at the table so each can see the other's point of view.

In their own lives, Gale and Lee try to set examples for their family. They are both active in church work, and their Sundays are entirely given over to the family. Besides spiritual training, the children are taught, in interesting ways, the value of good health, social relationships, mental improvement and discipline.

All this is the result of Gale's and Lee's winning contests which sent them to Hollywood, where they met and married. Lee gave up acting to become an insurance broker, but Gale played in twenty-five films, then won millions of new fans through her "Margie" show which played on both TV and radio. She's also had hit records and was the Sunday school teacher who astounded Las Vegas by setting new records with her personal appearance there.

—FLORENCE SOMERS

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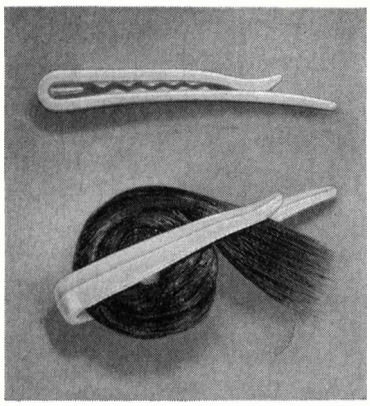

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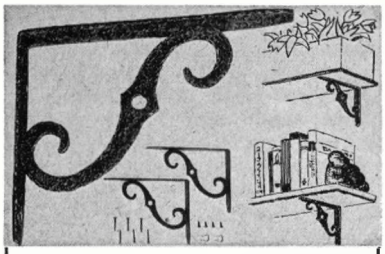

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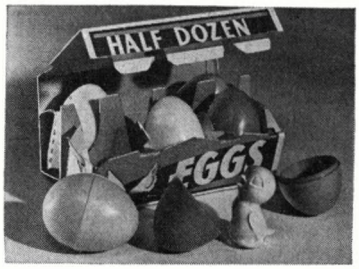
Put eggs on the list if you're looking for a darling Easter gift for a sweet little boy or girl. This carton looks just like its counterpart on the supermarket shelf, but the colored plastic eggs it holds come apart to reveal a yellow baby chick inside! Box of 6 eggs, $1 ppd. Miles Kimball, 22 Algoma Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis.



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TOWER PRESS, INC., P. O. Box 591-SB, Lynn, Mass.

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40 machine needles for only $1.00. Made of hardest carbon steel. Outlast ordinary needles 2 to 1. Needle point stays sharp, and goes through toughest of fabrics. Eye of the Acme needle is larger, and makes threading much easier. You can sew hundreds of yards without the thread breaking . . . Fits all types of machines: Singer, Pfaff, White, Elna, Necchi, and all others. Size 11, 14, 16 m.m. State size desired. Your dollar back, if not 100% satisfied.

NEWARK DRESSMAKER SUPPLY CO.
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SEND FOR FREE 28 PAGE SHOE BOOKLET G2

TALL GALS

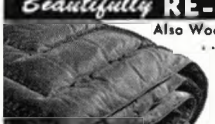
IT'S EASY TO BE FITTED DIRECT VIA MAIL! NO RISK TO YOU! MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

Tall Gals of all ages buy these fine Shoecraft 5th Ave. shoes with confidence. New York is the mecca of fashion and we're famous for prompt, careful attention to your orders. Young-marrieds and career girls save money on our exciting, advance styles. NO EXTRA CHARGE on all sizes 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12, 12½, 13; SURREY widths AAAAA to C.

$16.95 Perforated and fringed. Black patent. Fawn, grey or flax brushed suede. Also white calf.

SHOECRAFT 603 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK 17

DOWN COMFORTS Beautifully RE-COVERED



Also Wool Comforts Re-Covered . . . and . . . Feather-Fluff Comforts Made from Heirloom Featherbeds. Write for **FREE** samples of coverings, testimonials and picture folder. *No salesmen —*

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Exciting BUSTLINE BEAUTY

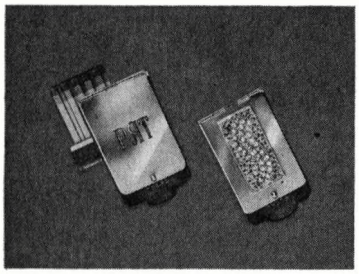
"Flatters Where it Matters"

post paid **$1** This new, easy method will help develop your chestline measurements without changing your contour. "Flatters where it matters" aids in giving you increased chest measurement. Adds muscle tone and helps strengthen the muscles lying underneath the breasts. Helps improve posture. You too can be more attractive, and youthful looking. SHIPPED in plain wrapper. Money back guarantee. No C.O.D's.

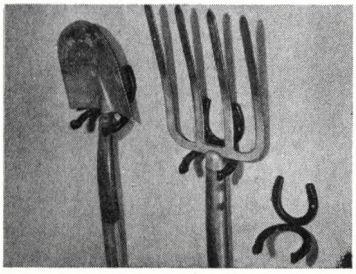
Harrison Products, Dept. RB4, Box 201, Bethpage, N.Y.

SHOPS

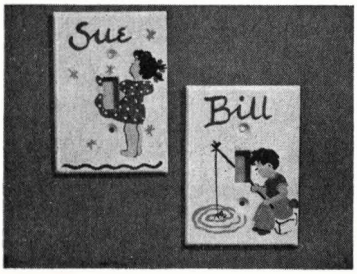
CAROLYN KELLY
Shopping Editor



Cover story. This is a way to carry matches that's not only pretty, but practical! Gold-plated metal match-book cover comes with any first name, monogram or "jeweled" panel. Either style is $1 ppd. These would be wonderful table prizes for bridge or canasta! Vernon Specialties Co., 156 Fourth Ave., Mt. Vernon, New York.

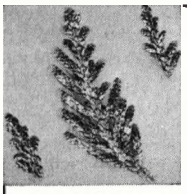


Lucky guy! He's got real ponyshoes holding his garden tools and their inherent luck will make his garden grow! Genuine ponyshoe nails are included for hanging them in the garage or tool shed. Black, weather-resistant finish hooks, 4" x 3½" x 3½", are $2.75 for 3; $11 a dozen, ppd. Horseshoe Forge, Dept. RB-11, Lexington 73, Mass.



Gay plates for small-fry light switches are personalized with any first name and an appropriate design for boys or girls. They're white ceramic and hand-painted, are a cinch to wipe clean with a damp cloth and fit any standard single light switch. $1.75 each, ppd. Wales Luggage, 540 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

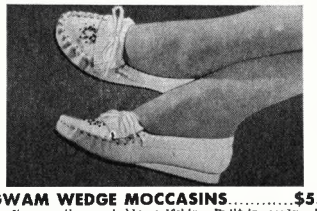
personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering



UNIQUE GENUINE CEDAR SPRIG

Each set distinctively designed by nature. Earrings and Pin, or Scatter Pin set, $3.50—Earrings only, $2.50—Pin only, $1.95—Preserved in lovely 14K GOLD or SILVER—send check or money order. Price incl. tax, ppd.

SCHANTZ STUDIO
Metallic Arts Dept., Lowville, New York



WIGWAM WEDGE MOCCASINS.....$5.95
Glove-soft, smooth, washable calfskin. Built-in wedge heel. White, Natural, Turquoise, Red, Charcoal, with intricate pinwheel bead design. Sizes 3 thru 10, narrow and medium—½ sizes too **$5.95** *Send cash, check or M.O. to*
OLD PUEBLO TRADERS, Box 4035 Dept RW Tucson, Arizona

THE NEW SHADOWBOX
Friendship photos

from your own favorite photo, snapshot, or negative. Friendship Photo's excitingly new—different—"Shadowbox Prints" with "deep-sunk" embossing, softly rounded corners add subtle glamour to that treasured snapshot. Prints are full folio size...2½" x 3½". Satisfaction guaranteed. Quick service. Order today.

25 FOR $1 ONLY PLUS 10¢ SHIPPING

50 for $2 from one pose, plus 10¢ shipping...including special bonus

Friendship Photos, Dept. F-8, Quincy 69, Mass.

THE LORD'S PRAYER ON A PENNY
That's right folks . . . . The Lord's Prayer on an honest to goodness penny. Beautifully engraved on a genuine one cent copper coin, with a decorative border and every word easy to read. Punched for hanging on a key chain, charm bracelet, etc. It's a good luck charm and brings happiness to those who use it. Give one to your friends and all your loved ones . . . they'll appreciate the thought. Key chain included FREE with each penny. Price ppd. 2 for $1.

A TO Z GIFT MART, Dept R-47, Box 26588, Los Angeles 26, Calif.

RETRACT-A-PEN RIOT! New Low Prices!

($1.79 Value each)
RETRACTABLE PENS
5 for only $1.00
(100 for $18)
Choice of Red, Blue, Black or Green Ink! Barrels in asst'd colors. Will not leak, smear or transfer. Send check or M.O. Add 10c for shipping. Money back guaranteed. Larger quantity and imprint prices on request.

REFILLS (49¢ Value Each)
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to fit ALL retractable pens (except Parker Jotter). Choice of Red, Blue, Black, Green or Brand New BROWN Ink.

Barclay, Dept. 672, 86-24 Parsons Blvd., Jamaica, N. Y.

$22.95 YOUR OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE, STOLE!

I. R. Fox, fur specialist, restyles your old, worn fur coat regardless of condition, into a glamorous 1957 cape or stole. The low price, $22.95 complete, includes new lining! Send for FREE Catalog now. Many styles to choose from.

SEND FOR FREE STYLE BOOK

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For Mothers and Grandmothers

An excellent gift, a tribute to HER! This bracelet, in beautiful sterling silver, bears proud record on each sterling silver disc, the name and birthdate of each child or grandchild. Every sterling disc is script engraved with the first name, month, day and year of birth for each child or grandchild. Add a silver disc for each new arrival!

Sterling Silver Bracelet.....$1.50
Each Engraved Disc.....$1.00

BRACELETS AND DISCS AVAILABLE IN GOLD

12 kt. Gold Filled Bracelet.....$2.75
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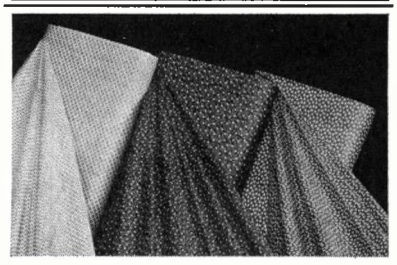
Add 10% for Fed. Exc. Tax. No C.O.D.'s please

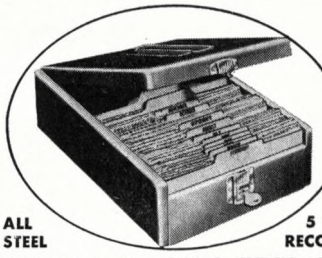
EDWARD H. ZIFF, IMPORTER
Box 3072 Merchandise Plaza, Dept. H-4, Chicago 54, Ill.



OLD-FASHIONED CALICO

Printed from original plates, the very patterns our great-grandmothers loved: enchanting for dresses, skirts, blouses, draperies, quilts. Blue, green, yellow, red, brown, black or lilac grounds. Yard, 87c, plus 25c handling. Set of samples, 15c. Send for our new catalog showing many gift ideas for the discriminating.

THE VERMONT CROSSROADS STORE
Waterbury 5, Vermont



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Especially Handy For Income Tax

Banker's efficiency for cancelled checks! All-steel Check File holds 5 year record compactly—keeps checks safe, orderly for business, budget and tax information. Monthly separators permit quick reference. Baked enamel finish. With locks, keys. For Personal size checks order AB 4638, only $3.95. Commercial size, order AB 7173, only $4.95. No C.O.D.'s. Add just 15c postage, handling. **BANCROFT'S 2170 So. Canalport Avenue, Dept. RB-966, Chicago 8, Illinois.**

NO MORE BROKEN NAILS!

Now you can strengthen and harden your fingernails NATURALLY without swallowing big capsules, taking messy concoctions or removing your nail polish! Our new super-concentrated "It's A Pleasure" NAIL HARDENER is guaranteed to harden and strengthen your fingernails in two weeks or your money will be refunded. Just place a small amount in a cup, add warm water and soak fingernails for two minutes daily. You must be delighted with the results of "It's A Pleasure" NAIL HARDENER.

JUST $1.00

PLEASURE PRODUCTS
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STRIPED INSEPARABLES

SHORT-ALL AND SKIRT IN NO-IRON COTTON

Wonderful two-some! Wear the brief short-all on its own—as a playsuit or romper, or sleeper, if you like! Add the whirl-y wraparound skirt for a pretty street outfit! Silky, drip-dryable broadcloth in black, red or green stripes on white. 10-18.

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Amazing Shampoo WAVES HAIR While You WASH IT!

Save on beauty parlor and home permanent expense! Now wash your hair just once a week with new MAGIC WAVE SHAMPOO which contains SPRAY SET lotion. Get clean, shining hair that holds waves and curls until next washing. The "SPRAY SET" Lotion in Magic Wave Shampoo adds life, beauty and high lights to dull thin hair and leaves it soft and glamorous. You just wash your hair—then set it! Wonderful for children's and teen ager's hair!

SPRAY SET LOTION IS RIGHT IN THE SHAMPOO!

Easy to Have Lovely Curls, Waves . . . Always! A MAGIC WAVE SHAMPOO once a week leaves your hair in perfect condition to reset beautifully. You can have curls, or comb out into lovely waves such as you've never had before. It's the Spray Set lotion in MAGIC WAVE SHAMPOO that keeps your hair soft, lovely and "manageable" until the next washing. It's easy, simple, quick. Send name and address with only $1.00 for full 6 months supply—sent ppd. Try two weeks. If not delighted return package for your $1 back. Order now!

MAGIC CURLER, Dept. 521
8427 S. Chicago Avenue, Chicago 17, Illinois

"TI" PLANT LOG

PLACE THE SHOOT IN WATER AND WATCH THE GREEN LEAVES GROW

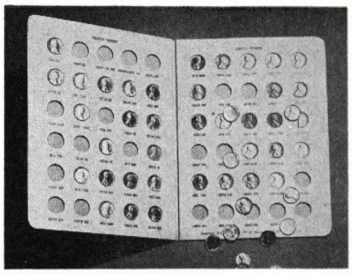
YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THEM GROW

Amazing Tropical from Hawaii!

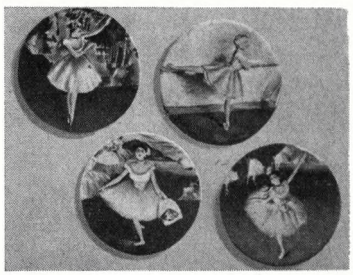
No "green thumb" needed! Just place Hawaiian "TI" plant log in water, peat moss or soil and watch it grow! Plant has a striking, palm like appearance (when fully grown) that adds a tropical effect wherever planted. Stays green year 'round, requires no care and its lush green leaves grow up to 2 ft. long! A luxuriant, rare Polynesian plant with a 1001 uses! Very fascinating! Just $1.00 for 2 logs; 3 for $1.25 postpaid; 6 for $2.25; 12 for $4.00. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-VA, Lynn, Mass.

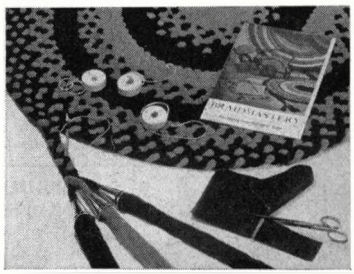
Lovebirds in the kitchen. This is a darling anniversary or shower present. Turquoise or pink ceramic planter, 6½" high, shows two lovebirds billing and cooing on a perch, with "his" and "her" first names on the front. And the price is just $1.95 postpaid. Order from Stratton Snow, Dept. R4 Delray Beach, Florida.



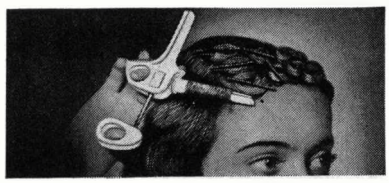
Penny collectors, here's a hobby that pays off! Fill this coin album with the 59 Lincoln-head pennies specified and you'll receive $16.00 plus a refund of your original dollar. Some pennies are easy to come by; others are hard to find—but all are in circulation. Album, $1 ppd. ByBy-Mail, Box 488, Dept. R, Hempstead, N.Y.



Plaque magic—for a dancing-school daughter's room or to brighten up your own walls—6" ceramic tiles, each featuring a famous Degas ballerina. In the beloved artist's exquisite colorings, they're fired for permanency and are only $4.50 for the set of 4, plus 20¢ postage. Allow 2 weeks delivery. Jay Flint Studio, Logtown, Miss.



Braid your own rugs from any old clothes, any fabric scraps. Complete kit includes 3 Braid Masters, 1 double-eyed lacing needle, 3 spools of waxed linen thread, measuring gauge for cutting strips, illustrated directions. A hobby for $2.95 postpaid! R. Peters Associates, Dept. R, 19 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.



PUT YOUR HAIR UP IN SECONDS—$2

Make perfect curls every time with this new AUTOMATIC HAIR CURLER! Your curls are softer, more natural, last longer. Just put strand in slot. Push handles together for forward curl—pull handles apart for reverse curl. Fast and easy! *Guaranteed to do the job or your money back!* Only $2, postage paid. Order AUTOMATIC HAIR CURLER direct by mail from SUNSET HOUSE, 844 Sunset Building, Hollywood 46, California.

YOUR OLD FUR COAT MADE INTO A NEW 1957 CAPE STOLE OR JACKET $22.95 TAX FREE

MORTON'S RESTYLING INCLUDES: New Lining • Interlining • Monogram • Cleaned • Glazed

ONLY AT MORTON'S Choice of 30 HIT STYLES

- Morton's is world's largest and oldest one-price fur service.
- Most praised by style magazines.
- Widest selection of styles all only $22.95.
- Whether your coat is outworn or just out-of-style you'll be delighted with Morton's glamorous restyling.
- Quick delivery. Order now. Write:

MORTON'S, Dept. 15-D Washington4,D.C.

MAIL COUPON TO: MORTON'S Dept. 15-D Washington 4, D. C.

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1000 NAME AND ADDRESS LABELS $1

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Your name and address beautifully printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels—padded for convenience. PURSE SIZE RE-USABLE PLASTIC BOX INCLUDED. Use on stationery, checks, books, records, toys, etc. 1000 only $1 ppd. Any three orders $2. *Satisfaction guaranteed* **Regal Labels, 420 Regal Bldg., Mar Vista 66, California.**

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Cinderella *of Boston*

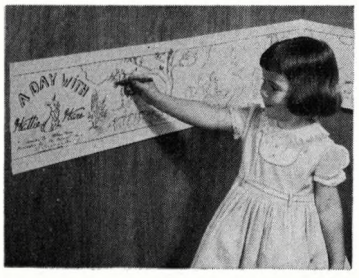
Send for your FREE CATALOG

For best fit in your size buy shoes by mail from our catalog showing a huge variety of styles for **every** occasion — all specially designed to flatter little feet!

85 SOUTH ST., Dept. R-2
BOSTON 11, MASS.

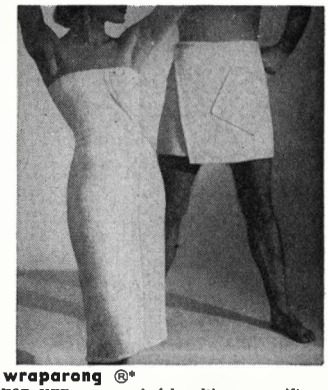
Wristy business. Imported aluminum filigree bracelets come in rose gold, yellow gold or silver, look like a million, are only $1 each! And their perfect matchmates, earrings centered with a look-like-the-real-thing pearl, are only $1, too. Tax, post., incl. B. M. Lawrence Imports, 244 California St., San Francisco 11, Calif.

A budding ballerina will adore having this on her dressing table. Made of delicately tinted fine china, with a frilly china lace skirt, this sweet danseuse stands on a 4" diameter cherrywood pedestal under a 6¼"-high glass dome. And the price is a marvel! Only $2.59 postpaid. Ward Phillips Co., Carpentersville, Ill.



30-foot color roll is a mural for a child's room that unfolds a tale of "Hattie Hare's" voyage into the outside world from the forest, through city, school and circus life. It takes paint or crayon and ends the urge to color on the wall! 59¢ each; 2 for $1; 4 for $1.95 postpaid. Red Oaks, Dept. RBI, Prairie View, Illinois.

Good night light for a nursery is this prayer light that holds a 6-watt bulb, sheds a soft glow while baby sleeps. Made of durable, non-breakable type plastic, it hangs on the wall like a picture. The colors are lovely, and it measures 7½" x 8½" x 2". $3.95 plus 60¢ postage. Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-RC, Lynn, Mass.



wraparong ®*

FOR HER . . . wonderful multi-purpose gift . . . an oversized towel that's shaped and fitted . . . buttons on in a wink. Perfect for tub to phone, shampooing, make-up, bathing, lounging. White, aqua, maize, pink, royal—all bound in white terry. Small (8-10), medium (12-14), large (16-20). $3.95

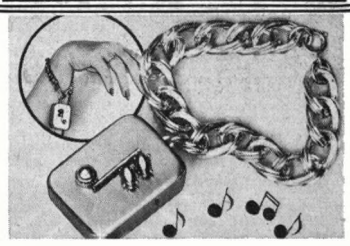
snaparong

FOR HIM . . . popular terry towel that snaps on in a jiffy . . . ideal for shaving, bathing, locker room wear. Big, deep pocket holds shaving needs, cigarettes. White, yellow, royal. Small (28-32 waist), medium (34-38), large (40-44). $1.95

*® Patented

Specify Quantity, Size & Color. Add 25¢ for shipping.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.



MUSICAL CHARM BRACELET

A million dollar Easter gift couldn't make her happier than this tiny Swiss Music Box . . . an entirely different masterpiece of costume jewelry. Encased in a handsome gold-tone case on a golden link bracelet, the charm plays: "Anniversary Waltz", "Let Me Call You Sweetheart", "Stardust" or "I Love You Truly" (State your choice when ordering). Use also as a lapel pin or necklace ornament. An ideal gift for Easter or anytime of year. Only.. $6.95 ppd.

A TO Z GIFT MART Dept. R-47,

BOX 36586 LOS ANGELES 36, CALIF.

FUN FILLED TOILET TISSUE—$1

Laughin' bathroom tissue will dress up any john with riotously funny sayings! Great for gag gifts. Makes your guests sit up and take notice. A silly saying or racy remark is printed on each sheet with non-irritating ink. "Do it yourself", and a 100 other sayings! Here's a witty way to solve the bathroom reading problem. You must be pleased or your money back! 3 different rolls of Tissue for only $1, postage paid. Order LAUGHIN' TISSUE from **SUNSET HOUSE, 864 Sunset Building, Hollywood 46, California.**

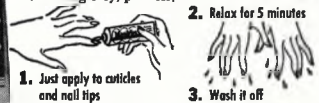
NOW!

WASH AWAY OLD CUTICLE

As Easily As You WASH YOUR HANDS!

ONLY $1 ppd. tax incl.

New **Mani-Magic Cream Cuticle Remover** gives you professionally-shaped cuticles without dangerous cutting or nipping! Makes the hardest part of home manicuring easy, painless, fast!



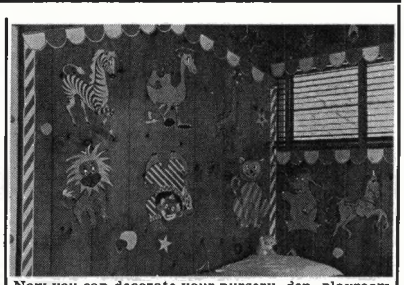
1. Just apply to cuticles and nail tips
2. Relax for 5 minutes
3. Wash it off

As you rinse away this gentle, fragrant, white cream, old surplus cuticle and nicotine, carbon or kitchen stains wash away with it...leaving nail rims trim and smooth...nail tips clean and white...nails lovelier! Non-acid, non-drying, safe even for brittle nails. Send now for 3-4 months' supply. *You must be delighted or money back.*

No C.O.D.'s please.

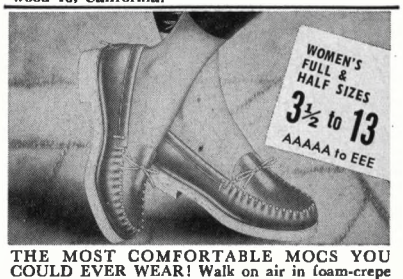
Available By Mail Only, from **PREMAR PROD. CO., INC.**

P.O. BOX 781, DEPT. R-1, OLD GREENWICH, CONN.



Now you can decorate your nursery, den, playroom or bar the way you've wanted to. These giant impish circus animals are the cutest ever. Come complete with all the trimmings: Yards of candy striped tent poles and canopies, 8 cuddly 2 foot tall circus animals, stars, balls and circles in exciting full color plus decorating instructions. Easily applied to wall with paste, tacks or scotch tape. Complete set only $2.98 plus .32 cents postage. Guaranteed to please or your money refunded.

KAY ENTERPRISES, Box 36632-R, Los Angeles, California



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Tops In The Shops

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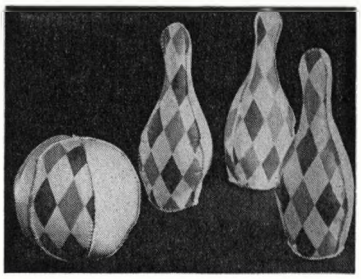

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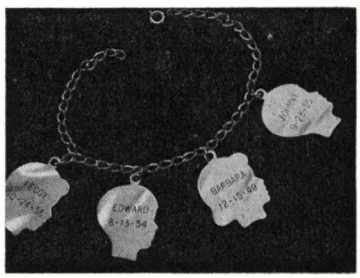

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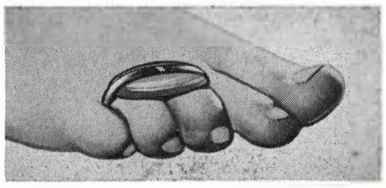

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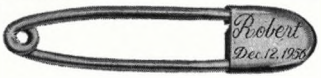

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The Case for the 18-Year-Old Vote

Early this year President Eisenhower renewed his request that Congress introduce a constitutional amendment to lower the present age limit of 21 for voting in Federal elections. And Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota is again leading the effort to obtain Congressional approval. This is what happened in 1954 just before a proposed 18-year-old vote amendment was quickly and quietly snuffed out late on a Friday afternoon while 37 Senators were absent from the chamber.

Since November, 1950, REDBOOK has advocated that the voting age be lowered to 18. The editors of this magazine agree with President Eisenhower and Senator Humphrey that, if a person is old enough to fight for his country, he is old enough to vote for its leaders. We deny the arguments of those who belittle the maturity of young people and who try to establish this quality as the exclusive property of those of advanced years.

Just how mature are people of 18 to 21? They're grown-up enough to get married and rear families and to hold jobs. They're grown-up enough to be tried in adult courts and to be drafted into the Armed Forces.

They are also better educated and better informed than were previous generations. And they are more aware of the seriousness of their civic obligations. Coming to adulthood in the Atomic Age, they have been compelled to face awesome problems and responsibilities. Because they must participate in any action the nation may plan, it is fair that they have a voice in deciding what those plans and actions shall be.

In addition, 18-year-olds, given the vote, would contribute strength to our system. Their feeling for political and social affairs is fresh and vigorous and not yet subordinated to interests they may later acquire. They have enthusiasm and idealism. Georgia and Kentucky have lowered their voting-age limit to 18—with heartening results.

Among the fearful, unfortunately, are some members of Congress who oppose the 18-year-old vote because they are afraid it may upset their margins at the polls. To secure a fair hearing and vote on a constitutional amendment, supporters of the amendment must be forceful in pressing their case. It is a battle worth fighting—and winning.

—The Editors

Had he not betrayed his own people, he might never have married Vernia. And had he not lost her, he might never have found the

ROAD of HOPE

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

For weeks he had known, and not let himself know, that his mother was dying. Even last evening, when she had called him on the telephone to say that she was going to the hospital because the new doctor wanted some tests done, and no, for goodness' sakes, he'd been drivin' his cab all day, a neighbor was aimin' to take her, and why'd he always make a fuss out of nothin'; even then he had only said, "Well, I'm glad I finally got you to a doctor with some sense. Vernia and I'll be over tomorrow."

For weeks he had known, and not let himself know, that his marriage was tearing apart. Even now, as he let himself in at the door of their new place, the place it had been such a struggle and triumph to find, he was smiling, and his deep voice as he called was warm and confident.

"Vernia, I'm home."

The quiet brought him up short, the quiet and the way the sun came in too brightly through the windows, making everything look too clean, too orderly, like a house that has been made ready for strangers. He told himself that it looked as it always did; he had often teased Vernia about that inflexible daily routine that she called "doing things right." He told himself that she had just gone up the street somewhere and taken Clarkie with her. But he knew that it was not so.

And still, all the way down the hall and into the bright, empty kitchen he went on calling in the casual voice of a man just home from work.

"I'm home, Vernia. Clarkie, where are you?"

He heard his own voice, the middle-class Yankee voice without trace of racial *(Continued on page 54)*

"I never told you it would be heaven on earth up north," he said. "I likes knowin' where I is!" she flared, and her face closed against him.

ray prohaska

How Successful Are Early

Divorce rates are highest among our youngest couples. Here is a firsthand report on their special marriage problems—and how they are being solved

BY NORMAN LOBSENZ
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTHA HOLMES

According to romantic tradition, young couples are supposed to spend all their time at dances, games or beach parties, thinking of nothing more practical than their love for each other. Money, job problems and babies are not part of the picture.

But romantic tradition, if it ever had any basis in fact, is out of date today. Young American couples are not just falling in love. They are getting married —at earlier ages than ever before.

How does early marriage affect their long-range chances for happiness?

On the one hand, it is discouraging that almost none of the elements considered basic to marital success can be automatically claimed for early marriage. And in every marriage survey, one fact becomes clear: *The younger a person is at marriage, the more likely it is that the marriage will fail.*

Sociologists point out that young people who marry are often seeking escape from unhappiness, that they are emotionally immature. Their dating experiences are limited; their engagements, short or nonexistent.

These couples cannot share basic goals because they are too young to have any. The majority of them marry without their parents' approval. They are hazy about the facts of love and marriage.

On the other hand, early marriage can be wonderful. Under the right conditions it can produce more flexible patterns of living, closer understanding between husband and wife, a deeper marital relationship. It means that there will be less of an age gap between parents and children. One expert in family problems, Mrs. Maria Shelmire, director of the Family Service Agency of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, told me that she believes early marriage should be encouraged, "provided we give our young people the proper training and experience to fit them for it. Nothing can take the place of the energy, the vitality, the enthusiasm of youth."

I saw this myself in talking with dozens of young married couples. I was amazed at their thoughtfulness and courage, the depth of understanding most of them displayed. They were proof of a previous REDBOOK article ("It's Right to Marry Young"—November 1952) that advocated early marriage—provided it was based on a solid footing.

How do most early marriages work out? Just what are the right conditions for successful early mar-

Marriages?

riage? To help answer these questions, I have consulted social workers and marriage experts, high-school teachers and college deans, ministers, psychologists, parents and scores of young married couples.

If you are looking for cut-and-dried answers, you won't find them here. For one thing, there is the question of how young is too young. Even the law cannot agree on this. Twenty-five states permit marriage, with consent of the parents, at age 18 for boys and 16 for girls; in a number of states these minimums are as low as 14. Without consent, most minimums are 21 and 18. Early marriage, therefore, necessarily ranges from the college-age youngster to the boy or girl barely past childhood.

Second, chronological age is hardly a measure of a person's ability to make a good marriage. "The successful marriage is made between persons who are emotionally mature," Mrs. Alice Adler, family life consultant for the Family Service Association of America, told me. "I've seen so-called adults in their 40's who didn't have the maturity of some 17-year-olds."

In 1890 the average bride was 22 years old; the average groom, 26. Census Bureau figures show that, in 1955, the average bride was barely 20, the average groom 22½. Even more indicative is the fact that, while marriage age decreased gradually for 50 years, in the past ten it has dropped sharply.

There are more than 1,000,000 husbands and wives today who are still in their teens. So widespread is the idea of marriage in high schools that a guidance booklet, "High School Wedding Belle," is used in 10,000 schools to help youngsters discuss the problem with counselors. All told, one of every three women is married before 20; two of three, by 24. One of every two men is married before 24.

Minimum Ages For Marriage

	WITH PARENTS' CONSENT		WITHOUT CONSENT	
	MEN	WOMEN	MEN	WOMEN
Alabama	17	14	21	18
Arizona	18	16	21	18
Arkansas	18	16	21	18
California	18	16	21	18
Colorado	16	16	21	18
Connecticut	16	16	21	21
Delaware	18	16	21	18
District of Columbia	18	16	21	18
Florida	18	16	21	21
Georgia	17	14	21	21
Idaho	15	15	18	18
Illinois	18	16	21	18
Indiana	18	16	21	18
Iowa	16	14	21	18
Kansas	18	16	21	18
Kentucky	16	14	21	21
Louisiana	18	16	21	21
Maine	16	16	21	18
Maryland	18	16	21	18
Massachusetts	18	16	21	18
Michigan	18	16	18	18
Minnesota	18	16	21	18
Mississippi	14	12	21	18
Missouri	15	15	21	18
Montana	18	16	21	18
Nebraska	18	16	21	21
Nevada	18	16	21	18
New Hampshire	20	18	20	18
New Jersey	18	16	21	18
New Mexico	18	16	21	18
New York	16	14	21	18
North Carolina	16	16	18	18
North Dakota	18	15	21	18
Ohio	18	16	21	21
Oklahoma	18	15	21	18
Oregon	18	15	21	18
Pennsylvania	16	16	21	21
Rhode Island	18	16	21	21
South Carolina	18	14	18	18
South Dakota	18	15	21	18
Tennessee	16	16	21	21
Texas	16	14	21	18
Utah	16	14	21	18
Vermont	18	16	21	18
Virginia	18	16	21	21
Washington	14	15	21	18
West Virginia	18	16	21	21
Wisconsin	18	15	21	18
Wyoming	18	16	21	21

"I don't exactly want to be married, but, gee, I'd love

If you substitute for these statistics the beaming faces of young men and women, you can better imagine the depressing outlook forecast by other statistics—the results of studies made to link age at marriage with the degree of happiness in marriage.

The half-dozen major investigations cover more than 3,000 young couples. In every study, the chance for marital success was found to be significantly lower when the man was under 20 and the woman under 18 at the time of marriage. In a classic study of 526 marriages by sociologists Ernest Burgess and Leonard Cottrell, more than half the wives between 16 and 18 made a "poor adjustment"; so did 40 per cent of the husbands under 22. But as the age at marriage rose, so did the percentage of good marriages.

Studies of divorce tend to prove the same point. In 1,000 marriages surveyed by sociologist Judson T. Landis, the divorce rate was 14 per cent if both man and wife were under 20 when they married. If both persons were over 20, the divorce rate dropped to 6 per cent. If both were over 30, the divorce rate was only 2 per cent.

Youth seems to suffer even in specific areas of marriage. Couples who marry before 20 face a harder job in working out problems connected with sex, in-laws, money, friends, even recreation. One investigator found that half the men who married before 20 lacked a satisfactory sexual relationship with their wives. But four out of five men who wed at 30 or over achieved a happy sex life.

Of course, those who marry early may have problems that would cause marital unhappiness no matter how old they were when they wed. "The emotionally unstable young person," one psychologist said, "is not likely to marry successfully at any age. But if he does marry, he is more likely to do so at 20 than at 30." Backing this up is a study by Dr. Floyd Martinson of the Sociology Department of Gustavus Adolphus College. He found that high-school girls with the highest percentage of neurotic symptoms made the greatest number of early marriages.

Despite this gloomy picture, the success of an early marriage clearly rests, not on averages or surveys, but on the attitudes and abilities of the young people involved in it. There are, I found, certain fundamentals that can make early marriage successful—that can serve as guideposts for youngsters now considering marriage, and for their parents. If young couples will try to answer honestly three basic questions, they cannot avoid squarely facing the facts—"the right conditions"—that can mean the difference between success and failure.

1—"Why are we marrying?"

Ask that of any young couple, and you get the same reply—those famous words, delivered with a look of amazement at your stupidity: "We're in love!" So far, so good. But the plain fact is that, in too many cases, "love" is not love. It may be infatuation; it may mask sexual need; it may represent escape; it may be any one of a dozen things, but not love. In all of these cases it can carry the seeds of trouble rather than fulfillment.

North Carolina student Dick Crouch and working wife Barbara share housekeeping chores.

So "Why are we marrying?" should be changed to "Why are we *really* marrying?"

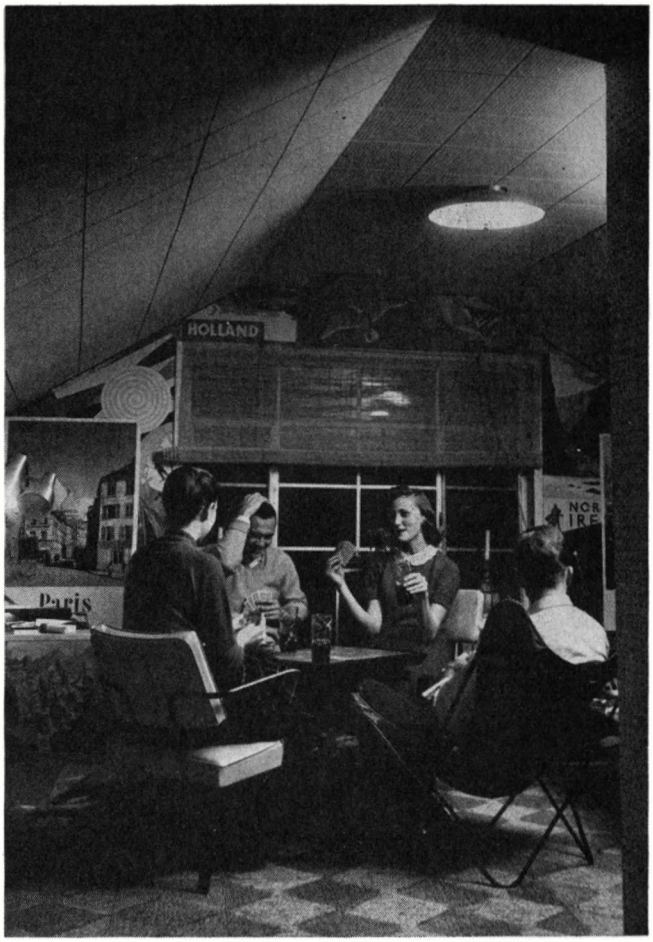
Most family-life experts agree on a half-dozen or so basic reasons for the increase in early marriage. Since 1940, the imminence of service in the armed forces has been a major factor. Although the double adjustment to marriage and military service requires unusual maturity, many of these marriages grow out of the insecurity both parties feel.

To some young men in the armed forces, a wife makes up for the loss of home and mother. To others, being married is a badge of manhood. Girls have more practical, but still basically poor motivations. One girl in a small Southern city told me: "There's no use kidding myself. Practically all the eligible boys from this town are going to enlist or be drafted. Most of them will never come back to live here. If I don't get married to one of them now, before he leaves, my chances of ever getting married are slim. There's going to be a lot of spinsters around here. I don't aim to be one of them!"

Very few youngsters took the longer view. One young man who did put it this way: "How do I know how I'll feel in a couple of years? Maybe I'll meet someone I like better. It's stupid to rush into marriage just because it seems glamorous. At our age, two years of waiting isn't going to kill us, and it may save us some heartaches."

a wedding"

Don Gray studies political science; he and Affie both work—and learn to wash dishes in bathtub.



Money is tight; work and study schedules rigid; but the Grays make time for inexpensive entertaining in their unfinished attic home.

If current world tensions provide an emotional hook for early marriage, current economic prosperity provides a solid financial base. Jobs are plentiful. They pay well. Even the couple that marries on a shoestring can be confident the shoestring won't break. The average young man with a high-school education can earn enough to support a wife and even a family. For the college-campus couple, there are part-time jobs.

A third reason for the growing number of early marriages is the practice of early dating and steady dating that American society now not only approves, but often encourages. These customs not only permit more intimate relationships between young people ("You can get further faster if you keep going out with one girl than if you switch around"), but they also literally force youngsters to form emotional attachments long before many of them want to.

"My daughter is a nervous wreck," one worried father said to me. "She's 16 and a freshman at college. She was there only three weeks before the other girls started teasing her when she didn't have a steady date for weekends. What does a girl 16 years old need a steady date for?"

In Cleveland recently, Juvenile Judge Albert A. Woldman called steady dating a "dangerous fad . . . where 12-year-old girls are made to feel like old maids." In Boston a school superintendent banned steady dating. But our society puts a premium on social acceptability and popularity.

The steady date ends youthful agonizing over the threat of escortless proms and empty Saturday nights. It is, in effect, a compromise with love. You may never meet the person you could really be happy with, but at least you won't be alone. It is, some youth workers feel, part of the growing drive for utter security that is a main concern of young people today—like wanting one's first job to be with a company that has a retirement plan.

Steady dating also gives a feeling of security to parents, especially those with daughters. Parents don't have to worry that their daughters will be wallflowers and, eventually, spinsters. They would rather see a daughter go out with one boy than with many, would rather risk an early marriage than a sexual involvement that might force one.

Sex, of course, enters any discussion of early marriage. Some experts doubt that it is a leading cause. "Sexual curiosity is vastly overrated as a drive toward early marriage," Alice Adler told me. "Most young people who have that much of a sex drive find an outlet for it outside of marriage."

The theory that people with strong sex urges should marry young gives no consideration to the inherent instability of early marriages, makes no distinction between sexual *(Continued on page 108)*

ESCAPE

Death stalked him from the moment he discovered he was the innocent pawn of smugglers. Yet he tried a desperate getaway . . .

BY ANNE WEISS
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

Louise glanced at her husband as they sat by the pool edge, watching the multicolored bathing suits cavorting in the tepid, light-blue water. Michael's face was pinched, worried. The lush scenery around them seemed unreal, too full of bright flowers, of the unbelievable greenness of the clipped turf. How different it was from the city where she and Michael had lived before they knew about the Island. Louise closed her eyes, remembering their cheap little apartment, reached by endless flights of stairs crowded with stale cooking smells. A feeling of homesickness gripped her, and she opened her eyes guiltily, as if Michael might sense some disloyalty in her thoughts. It wasn't his fault; she knew he had taken the job for her sake. She had been so ill back there in the apartment, with a tiredness that would never leave her. One night, the walls had seemed to close in on her, leaving nothing but blackness. When she had opened her eyes, there was a doctor talking to Michael, asking about her loss of weight, the constant fatigue. The doctor had sighed as he mentioned rest and change of climate. Too many of his patients could not afford to follow such advice. After he had gone, Louise and Michael had looked at each other, silent with the weight of the hopelessness lying between them. Louise murmured weakly.

"Florida . . . Arizona . . . California . . . they sound so far away, don't they? They must be very warm, right now, with all that sun." Michael had stroked her thin cheeks, his own face drawn with worry.

"Maybe we could move to one of those places, darling, and I could get a job there. The only trouble is, with medicines costing so much, and the rent raised again . . . we just don't have much saved. It would cost something for us to get out there, to keep us *(Continued on page 90)*

"THEY TOOK OUR

This story of what happened to one town in the path of a super
Would you know how to fight road builders if they decided to

Uprooted house is moved to another part of South Nyack; some residents had to give up their homes altogether.

HOMES"

highway holds a warning: invade your community?

BY KENNETH ROBB

George Widmer—a South Nyack, New York, building contractor—had stayed at home from work that day. He had been suffering from a cold. About the middle of the afternoon a truck pulled into his driveway, and a gang of men began unloading a drilling rig in Widmer's backyard. He went out to see what was happening.

"They wouldn't tell me anything," Widmer recalls. "It was as if I were some kid, and they said, 'Get lost.' They poked down with their drill and lifted out earth samples. I knew enough to see they were testing for bridge foundations.

"It was the first real idea I had that the new highway and bridge across the Hudson would go through our place."

Higher up the hill, overlooking the river, Anthony Havershan saw the survey crew arrive. Havershan says he had checked earlier. The best information available indicated he might lose about ten feet off his yard. But the surveyors drove stakes all the way up to the patio outside his front door.

"I thought you needed only a little piece down front," Havershan told the foreman of the crew.

"I'm afraid not," the surveyor said. "You're going to lose your house."

But most South Nyack families learned of their coming displacement in an even more impersonal way. In the typical case, the young wife and mother answered the doorbell and found a man she'd never seen before.

Put yourself in her position.

The stranger stands there, preparing to ring again as you open the door. He glances in embarrassment at the fat envelope in his hand. He mumbles your name, then asks, "That you?"

You nod and fumble with the latch as he thrusts the envelope and a receipt form at you.

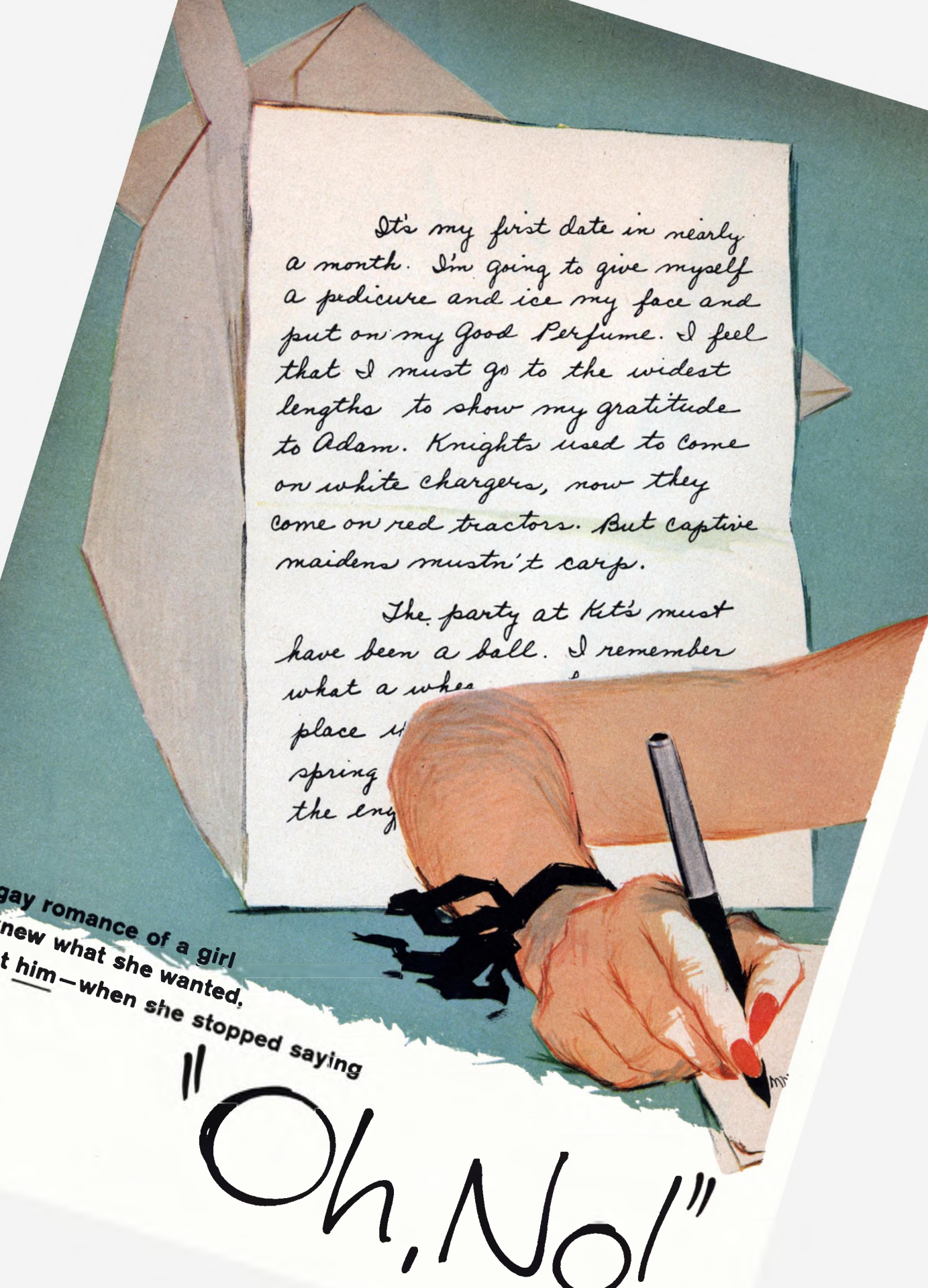
"Sign on the bottom line so we'll know you got the papers," he says. "Official notice. The state needs the property for the new highway."

He hurries off to deliver other notices to other householders along the street. You stand, dazed, uncomprehending. Then, from behind, one of the children asks, "Who was *he*?"

And for the first time you find yourself saying, "They're taking the house. We're going to lose our home."

Although this is a report on one small New York community, what has happened in South Nyack so that a highway could be built is happening with increasing frequency throughout the land. Wherever you travel, results of the nation's highway modernization program greet the eye: new expressways, bypasses, supertraffic arteries plowing through densely settled metropolitan areas. The new 42,000-mile interstate highway system, just authorized by Congress, promises to ease road congestion from coast to coast.

In such a mammoth project, personal sacrifices are inevitable. But there is evidence that highway builders—in their haste to get a job done *(Continued on page 74)*



gay romance of a girl
new what she wanted,
t him—when she stopped saying

"Oh, No!"

Tyler, Iowa
June 10, 1956

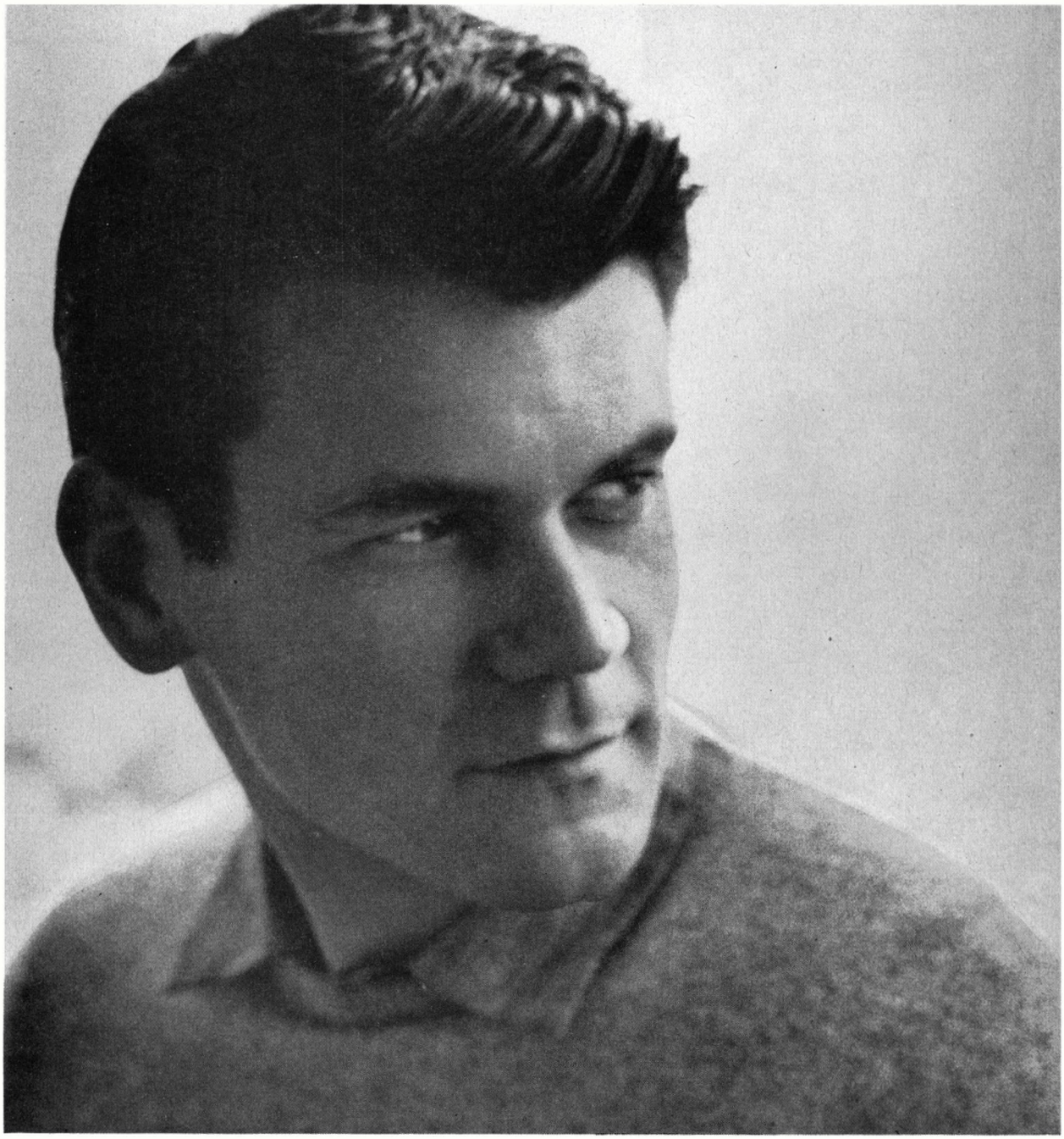
Dear Jan,

I'm sorry I haven't written, but I have nothing to say except maybe "glug." You can imagine how lively things are when I tell you I'm reading "War and Peace," the longest book I could find. I'm madly in love with *Prince André*, but I skimmed ahead, and he gets killed in a couple of chapters, and after that I don't know where I'll attach my free floating passions. Certainly not on anyone around here. There isn't anyone around. All my friends have either moved away, or got married, which is worse. I feel like the science fiction people who get caught in time lags.

The thing is I haven't been at home for more than a week at a time since high school, and I had no idea what I was getting into, promising to spend the whole summer here. I *had* to do it—after all *(Continued on page 103)*

BY HARRIETT PRATT

A Man Who



Refused to Kill

Don Murray's convictions made him choose hardship rather than military service. Even fame has failed to confuse him about "real happiness"

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

On Christmas Eve, 1954, a lanky young American with hazel eyes stepped before 1,200 refugees at a displaced persons' camp near Capua, Italy. He faced a bizarre group, composed of contrasting nationalities, creeds and social classes. Some had been interned for as long as ten years with still no place to go. Many were sick. All were embittered.

Camp directors had warned against what the young man as trying to do. To present a Christian Nativity program before such an embittered group, they argued, invited a riot.

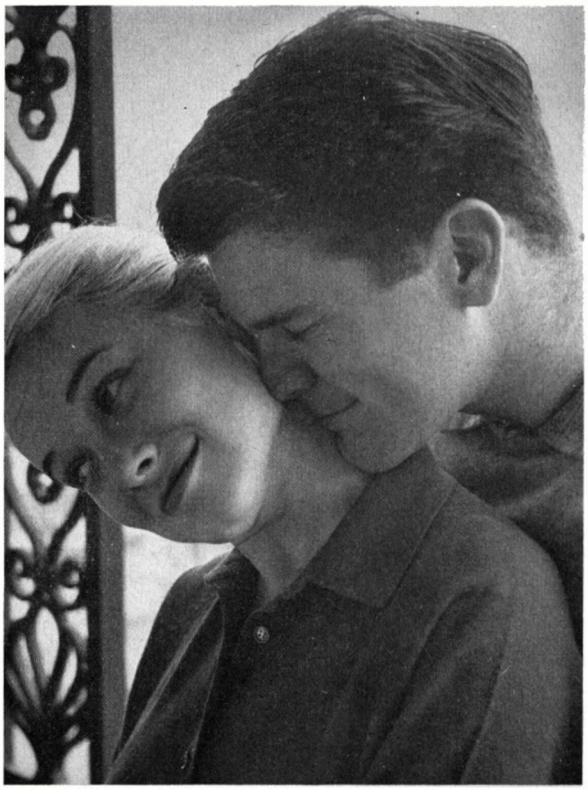
At first their fears seemed justified. The opening cantata was greeted with jeers. Bible passages were smothered by mocking laughter, and some candles were put out by missiles. The young man held out his hands and spoke in halting Italian.

"We are gathered here tonight," he began, "from different national origins and of different religious beliefs—Christians, Moslems, Jews and many others. But one thing we can all share—if not a worship of Jesus Christ as divine, then a great respect for Him as a man. It is to honor that respect that we present this program."

As the mutters gave way to silence, the story of Bethlehem was enacted while the speaker held his breath. When it was over, the crowd rose, cheered and begged to see it again.

To Donald Murray, a young actor engaged in religious relief work, this applause was both a benediction and a mandate. That night he made himself a promise: If success in his profession ever came to him, he would use it to help these people.

At the time, 25-year-old Don Murray's prospects of making good his promise seemed remote. He was living in a Naples waterfront slum and drawing $7.50 a month for expenses. His skin was jaundiced from an attack of hepatitis which had almost killed him. Three-quarters of one lung was still congested from *(Continued on page 95)*



Sudden success came to Don Murray after playing the male lead in "Bus Stop" with Marilyn Monroe* (right). *Hope Lange* (above) *was also in the film; she and Don were married shortly after production was completed.

House Full of Women

He felt cheated. Another girl instead of a boy!
Then danger struck and his regret surrendered to pride and love

BY LOIS DYKEMAN KLEIHAUER
ILLUSTRATED BY MARK MILLER

When he got home from the hospital at a quarter after four on Thursday morning, he dropped wearily into bed. It had been a long night. Yet it had been only ten hours ago that Celia had sat at the dinner table across from him. And suddenly she had lifted her head and looked at him as though she were listening, and he knew that she waited another signal from her body.

"Time?" he said, and she smiled and nodded, and the three little girls around the table suspended forks and spoons in mid-air and looked at their mother with wide, apprehensive eyes.

Now it was over. His fourth and last child had been born at a quarter past three this morning. A girl. Another girl. *Four* girls!

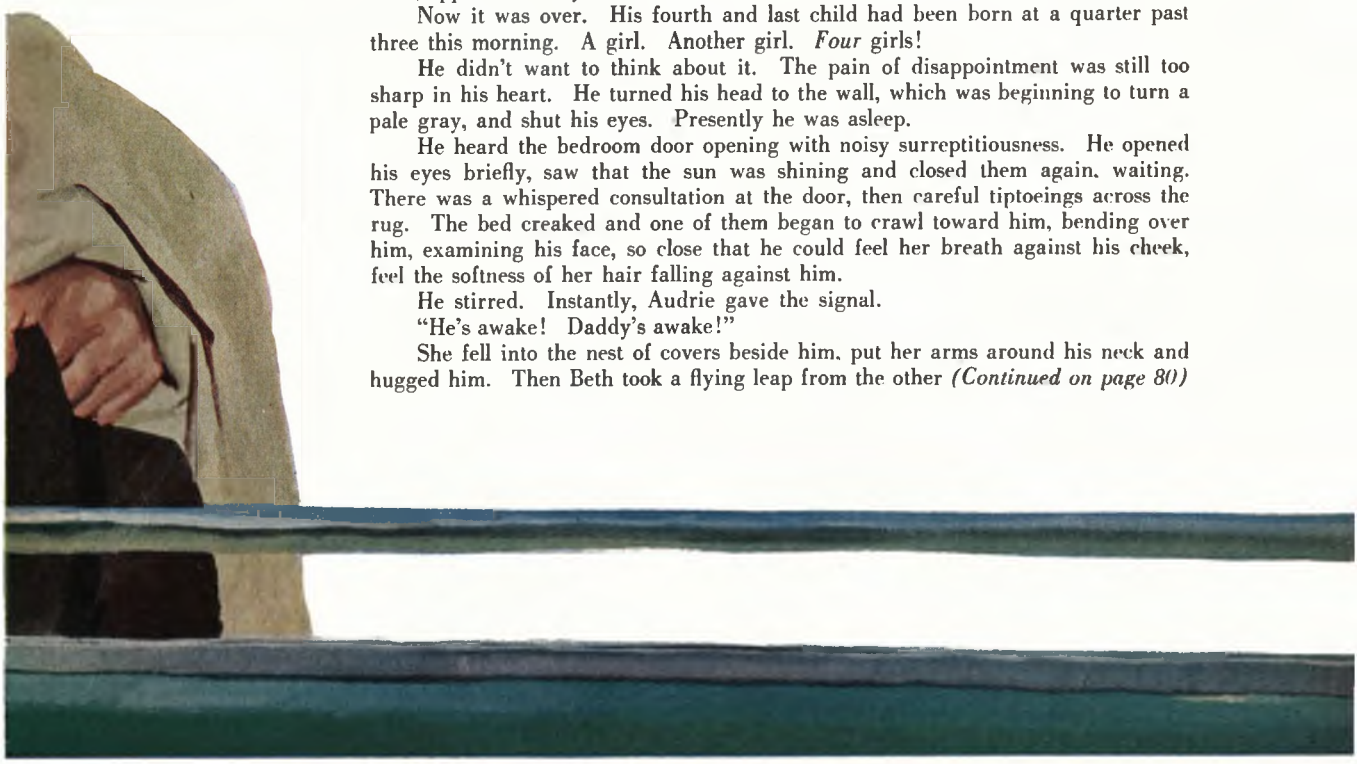
He didn't want to think about it. The pain of disappointment was still too sharp in his heart. He turned his head to the wall, which was beginning to turn a pale gray, and shut his eyes. Presently he was asleep.

He heard the bedroom door opening with noisy surreptitiousness. He opened his eyes briefly, saw that the sun was shining and closed them again, waiting. There was a whispered consultation at the door, then careful tiptoeings across the rug. The bed creaked and one of them began to crawl toward him, bending over him, examining his face, so close that he could feel her breath against his cheek, feel the softness of her hair falling against him.

He stirred. Instantly, Audrie gave the signal.

"He's awake! Daddy's awake!"

She fell into the nest of covers beside him, put her arms around his neck and hugged him. Then Beth took a flying leap from the other *(Continued on page 80)*



CAN WE BE FAIR

To keep our 22,000,000 former servicemen from getting too much or too little from the Government, we need sweeping reforms of the laws governing benefits and the agency that administers them. Your letters to Congress can help

THE SECOND OF TWO ARTICLES
BY ANDRE FONTAINE

Thousands of veterans are wrongfully taking millions of dollars from the Government every year. The Government, on the other hand, is depriving thousands of other veterans of benefits they deserve.

Some of the abuses by veterans, which were discussed last month in the first of these two articles, are deliberate fraud. The Government, however, isn't defrauding veterans intentionally. The trouble is with the program itself—it is confused and complicated because it grew so fast and so haphazardly. At fault are both the laws governing veterans' benefits and the Veterans Administration which administers them.

One of the clearest examples is the treatment of men classified as 100-per-cent disabled while in service. Two years ago President Eisenhower appointed a commission, headed by General Omar N. Bradley, to study the whole veterans' program. The Commission's report, after 15 months of research, was the most complete and well-documented of many recent surveys. Among other things, the Commission discovered that often a 100-per-cent rating bears little relation to the actual disability, and that many veterans who are truly totally disabled get a great deal less compensation than others who need help less.

For instance, in World War II a man we'll call Charley Brooks was in the Navy, and in one Pacific battle was wounded in the head so badly that both his left arm and left leg were paralyzed. He was rated 100-per-cent disabled, as the law prescribes.

Brooks went to college under the G.I. Bill. He also took advantage of the VA rehabilitation program and slowly began to win back some control over his damaged arm and leg.

Today you'd hardly notice his disability; he has gained enough use of both arm and leg so that they appear normal—except that he still drags his foot slightly. He has a Government job that pays him about $8,000 a year, is married, has two children and collects $324.50 a month in disability compensation from the VA.

He has done a fine job in overcoming his handicap, and nobody wants to take away any of the credit due him. But compare his case with Jim Alexander's.

Before the war Alexander made more than $100 a week as a carpenter in a shipyard. In the Army he saw action with the First Infantry Division in North Africa, Sicily, Normandy, France and Germany before a shell exploded near him one day in April, 1945. His left arm and shoulder, abdomen and right hip were riddled with shrapnel. He was discharged later that year as 100-per-cent disabled.

His old company gave him a bench job instead of his former work, built a special chair for him, gave him frequent rest periods and lowered his production quota. But at the end of the year it was plain that he couldn't work a full week at a time. Since the company had no part-time jobs, he was fired.

At this point Amvets, the World War II veterans' organization, arranged for him to receive vocational training under the VA program. He started on-the-job training in an optical plant—but his salary was now $65 a week. Even at this lighter work, he tired so quickly that he seldom could work a full week. After two years his wounds became inflamed, and he had to go into a VA hospital for three months.

When he came out, someone else had his job. He tried to find another, but several private firms wouldn't hire him because they thought his disability rating would increase their workmen's compensation rates (it wouldn't have), and even the U.S. Post Office turned him down because he couldn't work a full week. Finally he got a part-time job with a lumber yard run by another disabled veteran. He now averages about $50 a week; if he were able to hold down his prewar job, he'd be making about $130.

Like Charley Brooks, Jim Alexander is married and has two children. His VA compensation is $226.50 a month, as against Brooks' $324.50. Both get the same dependency allotment of $45.50, but Alexander gets the regular VA rate for 100-per-cent disability—$181 a month. Because he lost the use of an arm and a leg, Brooks gets a special award, prescribed by law, which makes his basic allotment $279 a month.

Compared with some veterans who have lesser

TO VETERANS?

disabilities, the 100-per-cent disabled are also discriminated against as a group. The Bradley Commission surveyed 20,000 veterans to determine how the disabled compare in income, health and longevity with the nondisabled. It discovered that the average income of all veterans was about $4,000 a year. When the investigators measured the income of the disabled (including their VA compensation), they found it was just about average at $4,000—and it was thus apparent that compensation rates were making up for whatever income loss the veterans' disabilities were causing. But there were two glaring exceptions: The 90-per-cent disabled earned about $1,000 a year more than the average, and the 100-per-centers earned about $1,000 a year less. Thus the law setting up disability payments and the VA rating process which decides how much a man's compensation will be give the least to the very men who have given the most during war.

Furthermore, the Commission found, there is too much latitude in the law governing who is and who isn't 100-per-cent disabled. In a survey of the 100-per-centers, almost six out of ten said that their disability did not totally disable them, but merely reduced their activity. The remaining four out of ten were really totally disabled.

It is obvious that, in any program that handles as many disability cases as the VA—about 2,000,000—there will be individual cases of inequity. But the laws under which the VA operates are so inflexible that adjustments that would do simple justice to these men are often not allowed. And this doesn't apply only to the totally disabled, either. Take the opposite end of the scale—the cases with 10-per-cent (or less) disability.

About two out of every five disabled veterans are in this category, since there are over 350 ailments that will get a man such a rating. Any bullet or knife wound, even if thoroughly healed, is considered a 10-per-cent disability, so are loss of both eyebrows; stiffness of the ring finger and pinkie; stiff ankle, wrist or arm; "moderate" flat feet, weak foot or hammer toes. Any of these entitles a man to $17 a month, plus half a dozen other potentially valuable benefits. These added benefits include preference in Federal, state and city jobs; vocational retraining, and the privilege of being admitted to any VA *(Continued on page 87)*

WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE

When the Bradley and the Hoover Commissions and the Teague Committee finished their studies, each made suggestions for improving the veterans' program. Here—as formulated by REDBOOK—are some of the most important. You may want to mention them if you write your congressman about the program's failures.

1. **The Rating Schedule, which determines how much the VA pays for disabilities incurred in service, should be up-dated by an outstanding group of doctors—and brought more into line with the experience of private disability-insurance companies.**
2. **Compensation for 100-per-cent disabled veterans should be increased so that their total incomes match those of all other disabled veterans.**
3. **Nonservice-connected pensions should *not* be paid to veterans who are in jail for more than 60 days.**
4. **Any benefits due a veteran at his death should be paid only to his wife, children or dependent parents—not to distant relatives.**
5. **The American Legion's plan for a nonservice-connected pension for all veterans over 65 (with certain income limitations) should *not* be made into law.**
6. **In determining whether a veteran's income is within the limits required for a nonservice-connected pension, *all* the family's income should be considered. A wife's income should be included, and the veteran's net worth should be capitalized at four per cent and the resulting interest included. Furthermore, the pension should be paid on a sliding scale, as recommended by the Bradley Commission, so that the veterans who need the money the most will get the most.**
7. **The Veterans Administration should be tied in more closely with the other branches of Government, and the Administrator probably made a member of the Cabinet. Also, his present absolute powers should be limited by law.**
8. **In the words of the Bradley Commission, "The role of the Administrator should be much broader and more positive than presently conceived within the Veterans Administration."**
9. **Laws governing veterans' benefits should be codified and simplified.**

"What are you thinking about? That sexy redhead?" "No," Jim answered. "I'm thinking about what I do."

The 64-Cent Question

BY HARRIET SHIEK
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BENNETT

On a Saturday night in June, five years and two children after their wedding day, the Jim Randalls were walking home from a party in their neighborhood. Their arms were linked. Jim, a tall dark-haired man wearing slacks and a white sport shirt, was scowling thoughtfully. Marcie wore a pink cotton dress with a full skirt that swirled about her legs; her feet, in pink ballerina slippers, took a double little dancing step now and then to keep up with Jim's long strides.

"What a night!" Marcie sighed, head tilted back, blonde pony-tail swinging. "What a moon! I'd like to dance on it, round and round and round."

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE

"Mm," Jim said absently, still scowling.

"Wish I could ride with you when you take the sitter home. Wish we could ride all night till the sun comes up."

"Mm."

She glanced at him, shook his arm a little, as though to waken him. "Mm, mm. Is that all you can say on a night like this?"

"Mm."

"What are you thinking about so hard? That sexy redhead we met at the party?"

"Was she sexy?"

"Oh, come off it. She had all the men drooling, including you. You're probably not the only husband who's thinking about her on his way home tonight. Go ahead, have your think."

"Gee, thanks. But I'm not thinking about Carlotta Landreth. I'm thinking about what I do."

"What do you mean, what you do?"

"Just what I *do*, that's all."

She gave him a wry appraising look. "How many drinks did you have, Jim Randall?"

His big shoulders shrugged away that subject. "What would you say I do, honey?"

She unlinked their arms, took off her white stole, waved it in the air and whirled around once in a scarf dance. "This is no night for quizzes. What a silly question, anyway."

"No, it's an important question. I'm serious."

"*Must* you be? Oh, all right." She folded the stole, hung it over her arm, then clasped her hands in front of her as though she were sitting in church. "Now. I've never been more serious. Tell me what's important about this big sixty-four-cent question."

"Well . . . when we were introduced to the Landreths tonight, did you notice it wasn't two minutes before Bob Landreth was asking me what I do?"

"So?"

"Well, that's the third time it's happened to me today. And I just got to thinking . . . Do you realize that, no matter where or when a guy meets people, the first question they ask him is, 'What do you do?' "

Marcie thought that over. "Well, it *is* a common question. So?"

"So the average guy—unless he's got a real career like being a doctor or lawyer or something—answers that he repairs cars or sells insurance or delivers milk or runs a turret lathe. Me, I always say I wind coils that go into potentiometers. But . . . you know what?"

"What?"

"Tonight . . . after answering the same damn' question three times in one day . . . tonight I got the feeling that I've been giving the wrong answer."

"Wrong? What's wrong with it? You do wind coils that go into potentiometers. Unless you're leading a double life that I know nothing about."

"When would I have time to lead a double life?"

"Hm. You've got a point there. Which reminds me, we're getting home pretty late. Are we still going to get up early in the morning and paint the fence before the kids wake up?"

"Sure."

They walked on slowly. Marcie asked, "What *is* the right answer, then, if it isn't winding coils?"

"I don't know. That's what's got me stumped."

"Jim . . ." Marcie was frowning now.

"Don't you like your job at the plant?"

"What's to like about coils? I like the fellows I work with, though. And some day maybe I'll move up to supervisor. But it'll still be coils." He was silent a while, then asked curiously, "Does a guy *have* to like his job?"

"Well, certainly, he's supposed to, to be happy. Are . . . are you happy?"

"Sure. Not because of coils, though. I could die tomorrow and those coils would still get wound. Just the same, I'm happy. Does that make me an odd-ball?"

"Well . . ." Marcie's voice trailed off uncertainly.

They had reached their house now, a white shingled bungalow with a picture window and a patch of lawn and a picket fence. Examining the gate in the moonlight before he unlatched it, Jim said, "It sure will look better with a new paint job, won't it? Let's set the alarm for five. Maybe I can give the steps a coat, too."

"Jim . . . ?" Her voice sounded troubled as she stood looking up at him. "Your job . . . I hate to think you're not satisfied or . . ."

"But I *am* satisfied. As long as I punch that old time clock, I'm earning the dough to do the things I want. Like buying the house, painting the fence and . . ." His voice stopped. He gazed at their house for a long time, at the lighted window, the fireplace chimney, the green shutters. "That's it," he said slowly, as if he'd just discovered something. "Now I know why my answer to that question about what I do seems wrong. Look," he said, turning to her. "I spend only eight hours a day at the plant, right?"

"Right."

"But it pays me money to do all the things I want to do in the other sixteen hours out of twenty-four. Right?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's *it*," he said again. "Those coils are a means to an end, not an end in itself. They aren't my whole life or the only thing I do. They aren't the things that give me satisfaction or the things I'll be remembered for, either . . . are they?"

"No, Jim."

He unlatched the gate, swung it open for her, then latched it after them. As they went up the walk toward the porch, he said, "Do you know what my answer's going to be the next time somebody asks me, 'What do you do, Mr. Randall?' "

"No."

"I'm going to say, 'Who, me? What do I do? Why, I live.' And if they want any more details, I'll say, 'I live with a blonde. I talk to her; I eat with her; I sleep with her. I also raise kids. And I spend a lot of time fixing up the home that I do my living in.' " He grinned at her. "Wouldn't all that be a truer answer?"

"Yes, Jim." She smiled and slipped her hand into his. "But I'm afraid you *would* sound like an odd-ball to give an answer like that."

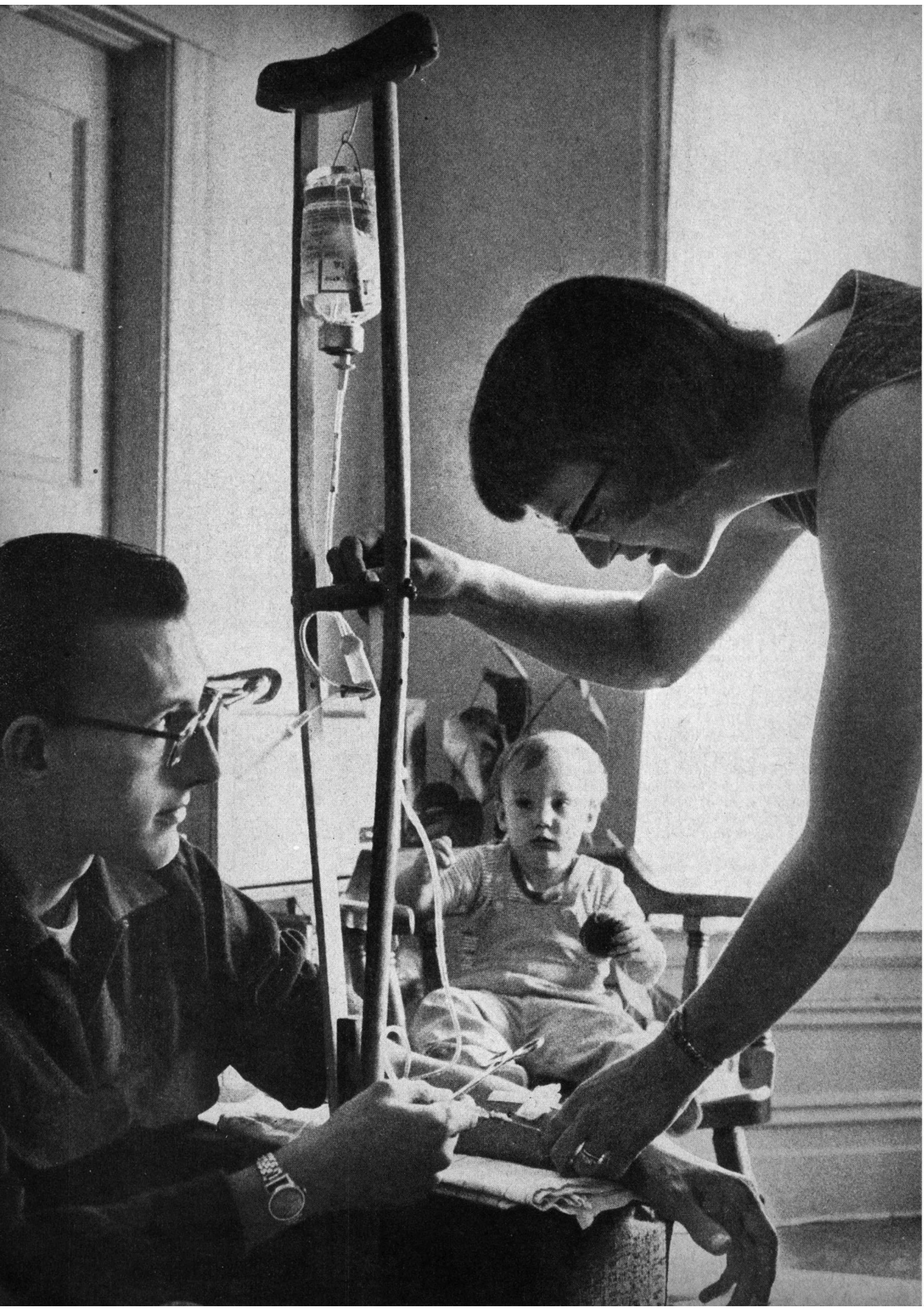
"Yeah, I guess I would. I'll probably end up saying, as usual, 'I wind coils that go into potentiometers.' "

They were at the door now. As he dug in his pocket for the key, Marcie unfolded her stole, reached up and looped it around his neck. Drawing him toward her by pulling on the ends of the stole, she said softly, "Why don't you ask me what I do?"

"And what do you do, Mrs. Randall?"

"I love," she answered. . . . THE END

ON THESE TWO PAGES ★



Jim Garner and his wife and son live a happy, normal life—with one exception. Every day, Jim must receive a blood transfusion to keep hemophilia under control.

Every Day Someone Saves My Life

A young man tells how he learned to take his lifeblood from strangers—after learning to give of himself

BY JAMES GARNER AS TOLD TO FRANK CAMERON

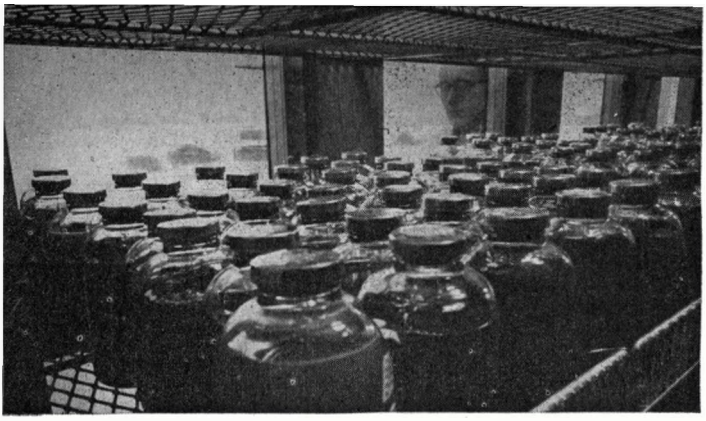
Photography by Don Ornitz—Globe

Every night at nine o'clock Evelyn, my wife, props a crutch into one end of the sofa in the living room of our San Francisco apartment. She expertly sticks a needle into my right arm and, by the way she does it, I get a rough idea of the number and kinds of frustrations she has had that day. As I lie there, 250 cubic centimeters of plasma flow through a plastic tube into my vein and, thanks to some stranger somewhere, another day of life and health can be added to my present 27 years.

As of the moment I'm telling this, that may have been transfusion number 1455, give or take a couple of dozen. As far as the doctors can foretell, I'll have to have at least one transfusion every day for the rest of my life. For each of these I must provide not one, but two donors. A pint of blood from one will replace the plasma I use; a pint from the other will serve as payment for a processing fee. Because of this, I must face the nagging pressure of having to find about 730 donors a year in order that I may stay alive.

I have gradually come to accept the challenge of living and enjoying life as a hemophiliac, but I still have a way to go.

Perhaps I should explain what my trouble is. In hemophilia something



About 730 pints of blood must be donated to Jim Garner each year.

"We started our honeymoon in a hospital"

somewhere along the line has affected the blood-clotting factor called the antihemophilic globulin. Whereas the blood of a normal person clots in from six to 12 minutes, that of a hemophiliac may not clot for as long as several hours. The usual treatment for this is a transfusion of blood plasma, not primarily to replenish losses, but to supply the needed globulin in sufficient strength to coagulate the blood.

My kind of hemophilia causes severe internal hemorrhages usually at the joints. It's like carrying around a built-in bomb that can explode just as I'm about to prove to myself that I'm basically a normal guy who can live and love like everyone else.

That's what I kept telling myself one Thursday in 1954, two days before Evelyn and I were married. I was then, as now, a student at San Francisco State College, working toward a master's degree. At the same time I was an outpatient of the hospital where I received my plasma transfusions. For six months I had been feeling fine. I had kept out of institutional beds so long I had begun to miss such old hospital friends as the gray, boiled potato with the beady, blue-black eye that looked up at me from every dinner tray.

"Hospitals," I said to the mirror as I carefully maneuvered the electric shaver, "are nice places to visit, but no place to live. I, for one, am through with them."

I gathered from the mirror that I wasn't the most dashing bridegroom of 1954, but I had the handsome look of any man in love. My height was average. I had a becoming, toasted look from a coat of tan which I encouraged, to take the edge off a hemophiliac pallor.

Then, with less assurance, I continued adding up the score. The shoulders and chest were satisfactorily strong—my earlier years on crutches had helped broaden me there—and my waist was lean. It was my legs that sorely punctured pride and self-assurance. Before being graduated to crutches, I had been moved back and forth between wheel chair and bed. During this time, my unused legs had turned to spindle shanks. The pipe-stem effect was all the more noticeable because the joints, where most of the hemorrhages occurred, had a way of looking melon-sized in my mirror. That's why, much as I love the water, I shun swimming trunks. And it isn't only for support that I wrap bandages around each leg. They help keep my trouser legs from flapping in breezy San Francisco.

I almost wish it were just as simple to pad my spirits. On Friday, the day before the ceremony, I managed to wake up, but all I could do was lie still and breathe. This was no way for a bridegroom to feel, so in the afternoon I managed with great effort to get to Stanford University Hospital in San Francisco where I was an outpatient.

"We'll just stick you in for the night," said the doctor cheerily.

I telephoned Evelyn the news. "Don't worry," I added. "I'll be at the altar tomorrow."

That night at dinner the boiled potato looked up at me glumly, a perfect reflection of my own mood. Inside me lay an old, cold dread of missing fulfillment again. It was the feeling I had known in high school when, once before, I had failed to prove I was just like everybody else. It happened in my senior year. Up until then, I hadn't made many friends because the years of invalidism had given me the feeling of being set apart. Then, unexpectedly, I was invited to join DeMolay, a junior Masonic organization. Just as I was about to grasp this outstretched hand of acceptance, the bomb went off.

Initiation day found me at home and in bed, wretched and ashamed of my weakness. My shoulders were painfully swollen. My skin was sensitive and taut. It was hard to move my arms. Mother called the doctor.

"I wanted so much to join," I told her. And then I cried.

Mother came over and sat on the bed.

"Many disappointments will happen to you, Jim," she said. "But you can't go on hating yourself for being a hemophiliac. That will make you bitter and alone. One by one, you'll have to face these things as they happen. Face them and accept yourself, and then you'll find others accepting you—not just with tolerance, but with respect for the courage you have gained."

The words brought little solace then, but I was older now and had weathered many a crisis. That night before the wedding, as I lay in the hospital, I repeated those words like so many beads on a rosary. I even began to take comfort from the other seven patients whose friendliness eased my anxieties at the

Jim and Evelyn hire a baby sitter for Johnny and go off for dinner and an evening out. They are seldom apart.

thought of the chapel wedding next morning. My family would be there. Evelyn's was in town from Milwaukee. I had already sensed her mother's apprehensiveness over Evelyn's chance at happiness with me. I wondered what her father was thinking about my potential as a breadwinner.

"I'll get there. I'll make her happy," I kept thinking. For some reason, I felt better next morning.

"We'll let you out long enough to attend the wedding and reception," the doctor said, "*if* you promise to get right back here afterward."

Feeling like a parolee, I ran to a cab and arrived at the chapel in time. After the ceremony, I gave the bride a lingering kiss to help compensate for what I had to tell her.

"Hello, Mrs. Garner," I said with what I hoped was a light, carefree greeting. "I know the coziest medical ward where we can start the honeymoon. Care to join me?"

That was Evelyn's introduction to married life. It didn't seem so funny when I offered to carry her over the threshold at the hospital, and the festiveness over sharing our wedding cake with the other patients had a slightly hollow ring. After the celebration, Evelyn drew the curtain around the bed and we kissed good-night. I made her leave the curtain drawn as she left because I didn't want to see her go. I could hear others in the ward saying what a good time they had had. It was the most lonesome night of my life.

Still, Evelyn maintains *(Continued on page 99)*

A BUDGET VACATION PLAN

THE TREASURES

Along the Atlantic Coast, from Maryland to Georgia, is a friendly land, rich in fun, history and beauty. Once you have sampled it, you will want to go back for more

BY BOOTON HERNDON
DRAWINGS BY TOM HILL

OF TIDEWATER COUNTRY

Whatever vacation joy you're seeking, as long as it has to do with sight-seeing or water, you'll find it in Tidewater America. And you can name your prices, too, unless $22.05 a week (not including meals) for a couple with a child is too much, or $50 a day too little. Between those extremes there's everything.

At colorful, remote little Chincoteague island, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, I talked with a couple named Soapy and Nancy Stoe, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The year before they had come to Chincoteague at the time of the wild-pony round-up. Soapy's mother had cooked all of Soapy's favorite foods and put them in glass jars so all Nancy had to do was heat them up. After all, it was their honeymoon.

They'd stayed in one of Frances and Roy Andrews' new, clean little cottages, complete with boat. Soapy can't afford a boat and trailer, but like a lot of young people these days, he has an outboard motor to throw in the trunk of the car. With the motor, a pleasant 20-minute run through protected waters took the honeymooners to a stretch of ocean beach, miles long, inaccessible except by boat.

Nancy sighed as she finished telling about it. "It might as well have been our own private beach."

This year the Stoes brought another couple with them. They shared a two-bedroom cottage.

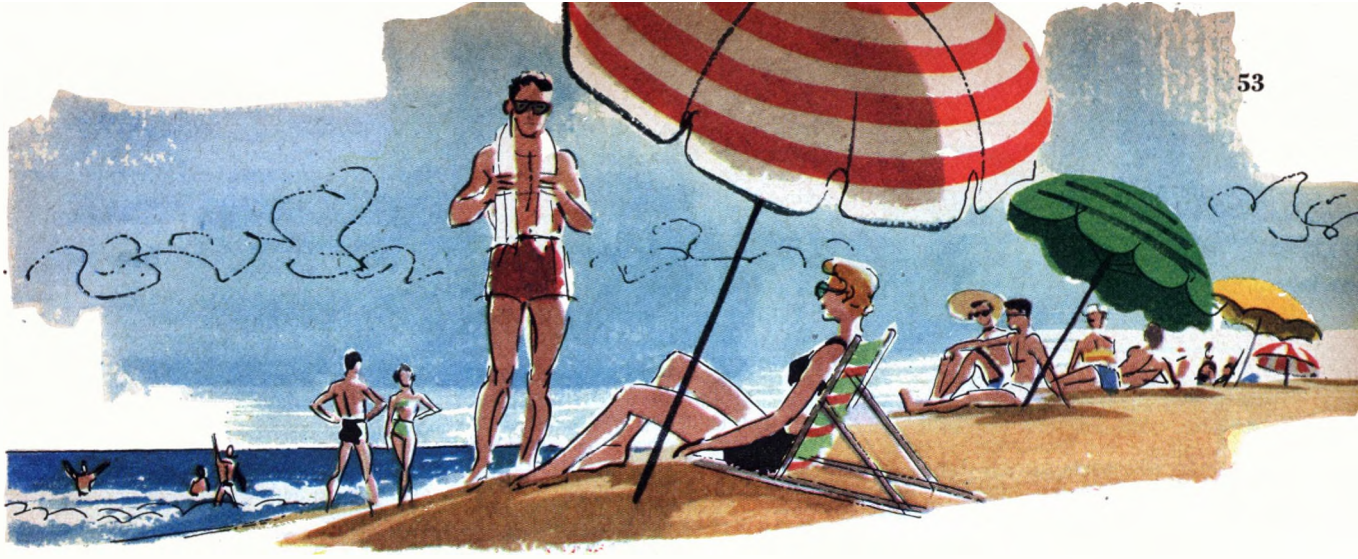
THE TREASURES OF TIDEWATER COUNTRY

(CONTINUED)

Total cost (not including meals), with two boats, linen and dishes, and all the fish and crabs they can catch just ten yards from the front door, was $60 a week.

As people like the Stoes become more affluent and numerous, Nags Head, on the Outer Banks of the North Carolina coast, will be the place. This is a relaxed, family beach where even the best hotels allow you to come to lunch barefooted. Just a few miles away is Roanoke Island, site of the first English colony in America, with its continuing air of mystery, for no one knows what happened to the people of that colony.

But it is for parents of small children that Nag's Head shines. At the Carolinian, for instance, a cute blonde named Pat Everton takes charge of children in the morning from nine to twelve and in the evening through cocktail time and dinner. And at night, should Mommy and Daddy want to go to the party room, they just leave the telephone off the hook. One sound from the kids and someone runs to tell the parents.



Because Tidewater is historic, visitors have been flocking to it for many years. Tourists bring $600,000,000 into Virginia each year. As a result you'll find experienced, efficient hosts and well-organized tours and entertainment. Other states in the area are expanding their tourist business, and vacationers are benefiting.

Georgia, for example, has taken over the famous millionaires' playground of Jekyll Island, near Brunswick, and made it a charming new resort, less expensive than swanky Sea Island, or moderate St. Simon, also nearby. There are excellent accommodations already, and more being built.

Many people, particularly family groups, come to Tidewater for uncomplicated back-to-nature entertainment. Take crabbing, the simplest water sport. One morning I was sunning myself on the pier at the Yellow Bluff Fishing Camp near Midway, Georgia. Two young fishing widows were sitting and chatting in a rowboat across the creek from the pier. They didn't mind being deserted. They'd slept late and, as one of the girls observed, "What I really hate about fishing is catching the slimy things."

But crabbing—and smoking and drinking Cokes and talking and sunbathing all at the same time—was perfect for the girls. Each held a crab line, which is just a piece of string with a weight and a piece of meat on one end. Occasionally one of the girls would squeal and gingerly pull on the line. Then, with screams and giggles, they'd slip a long-handled net under the crab and deposit it in a bushel basket.

While I was there, they discussed various subjects including the P-TA, baby-sitters, other women, their husbands and other men, without ever, thanks to the crabs, finishing one single subject. But they came in for lunch with a nice sunburn and two bushels of crabs, enough for a fine free meal that night.

These Yellow Bluff cabins, incidentally, were the cheapest I found. *(Continued on page 84)*

Standing watch over the "graveyard of the Atlantic" is historic Hatteras Light **(left)** ***on Cape Hatteras, N.C. The 193-foot sentinel is the tallest on the East Coast. Tidewater beaches like Virginia Beach*** **(above)** ***are among the best. Early American beauty still lives*** **(right)** ***in the houses of graceful Savannah.***

Road Of Hope

(Continued from page 26)

origin that was the natural outcome of a small-town Massachusetts childhood, of public schools and Boston University on a working scholarship. It was that voice, of which he had so seldom been conscious before he married Vernia, which had precipitated their last, bitter quarrel —the quarrel after which they had ceased to quarrel because they had only given up a hope. We quarrel only while we still hope for understanding.

"You and yo' old No'th, where they treats colored folks right!" she had cried. "What's it come to? Only jus' never knowin' where you belongs. Go to a store, a movie, one day and get treated like you was white, go another and have 'em act worse'n down home! I likes knowin' where I is!"

"I never told you it would be heaven on earth up here," he said. "I told you it would be better. And it is better."

But she had stood before him with her face fined down to the blind, sculptured look that he had come to fear. Beautiful and blind, shut away in its integrity and its ineducability, her face had lifted before him like the face of an Ethiopian queen carved in stone.

"And don't you try to be big with me with that dicty, whiteman's talk," she had cried. "You 'shamed of yo' own folks you was born from?"

He had tried again, for that one last time, to make her believe him.

"Vernia, I only talk like the people I've always heard."

"Yo' mother don't talk no different to me."

"She grew up in Carolina. She didn't go to school."

"So you're 'shamed of her."

"Vernia, for the love of God try to break out of that tight little box and understand me . . . try to use the mind God gave you . . ."

And then the mask had broken, had become the face of a wretched girl, contorted with weeping.

"Not even to me," she had sobbed. "Not even to me, y'own wife. You got to keep puttin' on that high-toned white-folks talk, even to me."

And now he stood in the empty apartment, hearing his voice and knowing that the thing had happened for which he had not let himself know that he was waiting.

The shock of knowledge made his dark, heavy-featured face blank. He sat down at the kitchen table and reached out for the letter that he had seen, and kept himself from seeing, as soon as he entered the room. He read the first page through, his face still unmoving and empty.

> I went to the hospitle to kiss your mother. Do not tell her different from I did, my sisters took sick and I got to go down there account of her kids and all. Kiss Clarkie every nite and tell him same thing till he stops askin. I had to pray God a long while soes I could leve him but I know the way you raised him he woud not get on rite down home. Mrs. Whites keepin him today. Vernia.

And then, at the bottom of the page, in the large, uncertain penciled script: "Turn over."

His fingers fumbled upon the paper, made clumsy with the shock of incredulous joy that obliterated for one stabbing instant all other emotion. Clarkie; she had left Clarkie.

He laid the paper down again before him, spreading it slowly flat with both hands and read on.

> I wode not have left with her in the hospitle only theas peaple are drivin the intire ways to Tupelo. I did not want to use your mony to go with I want to do rite. Now I know how hard it is for peaple to know how to do rite and I feel bad for you the same as me.

Her living voice was in that last page. He sat with bowed head, his square, dark hands crumpling the paper into a ball, spreading it out as if they caressed it, and crumpling it again. His lips formed words: "How much she loved the boy, to make herself leave him behind!"

Of that love, no one could doubt. She was an undemonstrative mother, a firm disciplinarian. "Joshua," she would say, "it ain't no kindness to a chile, fetchin' him up to expect things different to how they is." But sometimes she would step quickly, almost threateningly, across the room to hug the child against her, bending down to press her cheek against the top of his round little head. She would stand so, her eyes closed, her face perfect in love.

She had been undemonstrative with Joshua, too, in their life by day. When he made love to her in words, she was scornful, restive. "Joshua, what makes you so full of talk!" Or, when he kissed her good-by in the morning, "Think you was goin' on a trip. Y'act foolish."

But he would wake at night to find her pressed against him as if it was with her body alone that she could speak of a love that was stronger than her pride or her terrible will to judge. And in these moments he had felt his own body grow strong with the knowledge that, alien as she was to his world, she would never leave him.

But she had left him, and she had left Clarkie. He spread out the crumpled paper once more on the kitchen table. She had ruled it off carefully with her pencil and a ruler before she wrote upon it.

Oh, God, he thought, what difference did it make where we lived? Any place she wanted, any damned segregated slum, so long as I had her, so long as Clarkie had her.

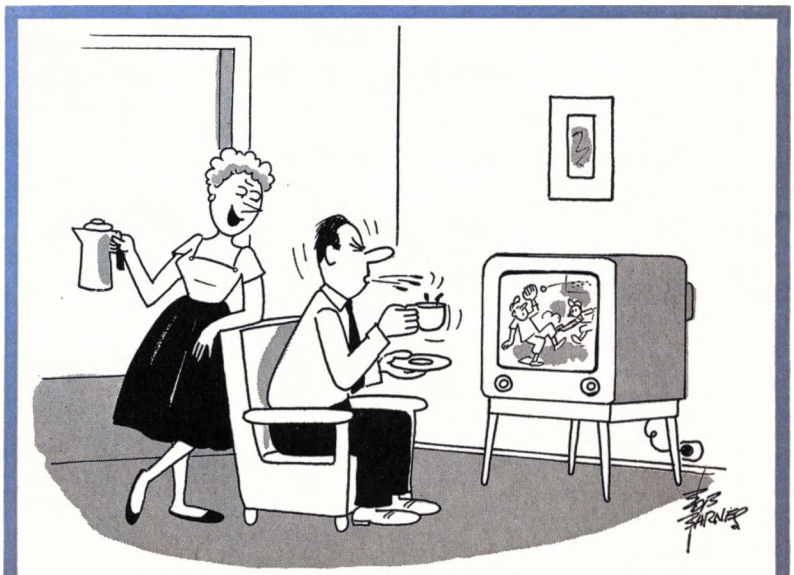
He got up and opened the window. The evening was still bright. He looked out upon a neighborhood of respectable wooden three-deckers, a neighborhood mostly white. Boston was not like a small town; he knew that. He knew that feeling had changed, too, with the influx of colored labor after the war. And still he had persisted, stubborn in his determination that Clarkie should have, as nearly as possible, a childhood like his own. He thought back a few weeks.

He had been genuinely amazed when his mother had aligned herself so gently and firmly on the side of Vernia.

"But, Mom, you never brought me up in any colored neighborhood."

"Jus' because, Joshua, where we lived there wasn't enough colored folks to make one. Now what's Clarkie goin' to get, pushed in where he ain't wanted?"

He tried to tell her and realized that



"Probably tastes funny because it has a love potion in it."

REDBOOK

he could no more explain to her than he could to Vernia.

His mother's fingers had rested lightly on his arm. Looking down he had seen how they were wasted, fragile as a bird's claws. A coldness went over him.

"Vernia loves you, Joshua. And I loves the both of you. Don't push her into where she ain't wanted. I try to tell her how you ain't proud, how it jus' comes from all that schoolin'. . . ."

He could have answered her words, but not her voice, so tired, so patient. He had turned his head away.

"Son, if you still ever says your prayers, pray to get so's you loves her more'n the ideas in your head."

But he had thought he knew what he owed to Clarkie.

Clarkie and Ray were rolling like puppies on the floor of Mrs. White's front room.

"Did you know about my Auntie got sick? I didn't know I had a Auntie. Mrs. White says I can stay. Can I?"

Mrs. White laughed.

"Yo' poor wife was so worried, her sister and your mother both sick at once. I told her one more here won't make no difference."

"That's a lot to ask. I . . . I'd want to pay . . ."

Mrs. White was a squat, untidy woman, but there was dignity in the lift of her head.

"I grew up out in the country, where neighbors is still neighbors."

"I . . . Mrs. White . . . I certainly . . ."

He found himself in the street, still choked with the sense of his own inadequacy.

They told him at the hospital desk that a doctor wanted to talk to him before he saw his mother. The doctor was a middle-aged man who spoke to him first as one speaks to a child and then, with obvious surprise and relief, in technical terminology.

"A fast-growing melanoma, well progressed. Fantastic that she held out so long on her own."

"Does she know?"

"Is anyone that close ever fooled? But they like to go through with the gestures. Play up to her."

"I'll be careful."

The doctor got up, holding out his hand.

"Thank you."

They shook hands absently. The encounter had been a Utopian model of race relationship . . . but they were both thinking about something else.

The ward was noisy, but his mother was asleep. He sat down. Her hair, streaked with gray, was drawn back neatly into two braids. She breathed through her mouth.

"They've given her something for the pain," he thought. "I must let her sleep."

And even as his mind formed the words, his voice broke out, urgent, childish, demanding.

"Mom! Mom, it's Joshua!"

She sighed and opened her eyes.

"Mom, you should of let me brought you in last night."

He did not know that he was speaking the language of his childhood.

"What'd the doctor tell you, Son?"

"Nothing much. Have to keep you here a while, I guess."

Her eyes looked through his face for a moment of silence.

"Don't tell Vernia," she said, then. "Let it come on her sort of gradual. You see, I'm the closest she's got to being home. When she comes in here this mornin', she was all stirred up inside."

"What did she say?"

"Said her sister was sick. Said they'd telegram her, if'n she got worse. Don't let her go, Joshua. She tell you that stuff, don't pay her no mind. I was too tired, I made like I believed what she say, but don' you pay her no mind."

He smiled, reaching for her hand.

"So that's it! I came home and found her in bed. Just 'flu, but she's got it good and hard. I called the doctor. She said, 'I've been so miserable these days, I didn't even know I was sick. Guess I couldn't tell the difference. I'm afraid I talked a lot of fool stuff and scared your mother.' "

He saw, with grateful wonder, that he had carried the lie off.

"And you don't have to worry about Clarkie," he said. "A neighbor took right over, bringing in food, keeping him, everything."

"Colored neighbor?"

"Of course."

"Oh, that's good. I couldn't of prayed for no better."

She shut her eyes, and at once she was asleep again.

He had gone out into the street before he realized that she had spoken to him, almost casually, of the fact that she was going to die. He stood still.

"Oh, God," he said, low and aloud. "If it had only taken me a few more weeks to find that damned house."

GET YOUR
POLIO SHOTS
THIS SPRING . . .

AND
PLAY SAFE
THIS SUMMER

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION
FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Through the week that followed, his mother sank rapidly, as if, having relinquished the struggle, she were eager to be through with weariness and pain. She slept most of the time and was easily satisfied with the report that Vernia was still in bed, but better, that Clarkie was fine.

Her name was on the foot of her bed: MRS. LAURA HAMMON. The nurses seemed to be continually shaking her awake, taking blood-tests, giving injections, rousing her to take medicines by mouth.

"Come on now, Laura. Wake up."

"Are they good to you?" Joshua would ask her, over and over again.

"Fine. They treat me fine."

Even out of a confused half-sleep that answer would come in a little whispered sigh. And he told himself over and over that it was true, and that, even if she had been fully conscious, it would have seemed only natural to her that the nurses called her Laura, while the ignorant, half-mad old woman in the next bed was always called Mrs. O'Mallon. He told himself it did not matter.

And still he hated the condescension. He found himself with increasing fury hating the young resident doctor. He was from Mississippi, a short, fair young man, almost an albino, with pinkish red hair and a fixed smile. He called Joshua's mother Laurabelle.

"Come on, now, Laurabelle, you can swoller that down, big girl like you." And, "Hi, there, Laurabelle, ain't you got no smile today?"

And he spoke of her in Joshua's hearing as "that little ol' colored gal in Ward B."

He had heard Joshua's mother speak his name and it seemed to tickle him. He would drawl it out in three slow syllables: "Mornin', Joshua."

"Good morning, sir."

His name was Dr. Alster. Whenever he came into the room, Joshua learned to shut off thought and feeling inside himself, with a conscious effort, as if he had jerked hard upon the handle of a main. But an afternoon came when the main would not shut off.

A technician was drawing blood, and the shock of sudden pain roused his mother to a brief, whimpering cry. At that moment Dr. Alster appeared on his rounds.

"Aw, come on, there, Laurabelle, that don't hurt. Who you think you're kiddin'?"

The force of murderous hate that rushed through Joshua at that moment was a terrifying thing to a man of civilized mind. It was of a degree and intensity which we are seldom forced to consider as a latent part of ourselves, except, perhaps, on the field of battle. It was his custom to rise when Dr. Alster came by, but now he could only sit, crouching forward, holding on with all his force.

He was still sitting so, motionless, after Dr. Alster had gone away.

His mother spoke. "What you study-

in' on, Son?" He managed somehow to jerk on the main, hard.

"Him. Mississippi."

His mother smiled. "That's right. Biloxi. He told me. He's so friendly, ain't he?"

"Friendly?"

"Pleasantes' talkin' young gentleman . . . Puts me in mind of the boy at the place my Mamma worked, back home. He's got a pet name for me. Laurabelle."

He stared at her in silence, as the flood of his anger broke out again, veering in its course and turning upon her. A pet name, he thought. Like a dog. Good old dog. Good old nigra. He denies the human dignity of her whole race, and she likes it. With a fantastic effort he controlled himself.

"Well, that's nice. Guess you can't tell by looks."

His mother giggled, weakly.

"Well, he's awful white, even for a white man. But you're awful black, even for a black man, Joshua. Favor your Dad."

She closed her eyes. He felt his body beginning to shake.

"I got to go home, Mom. To Clarkie . . . and Vernia . . ."

But she was already asleep. He stood by the bed looking down at her, at the small, wasted house of all that courage and patience and love that had been the sheltering strength of his childhood, the touchstone for human worth by which his manhood had judged his fellow-man. Once she had held him on one arm as she walked around the house at her work, singing the spirituals with which she had lightened her girlhood labors in the cotton-fields.

"It's cruel tirin', that bendin' and pickin'," she used to say. "That's where I learned there ain't nothin' to lift you up at work like singin'."

His heavy lips worked upon one another, his hands flexed and fell open, limp at his sides.

"I hated her," he thought. Stronger than the love, the pity, he had felt the hate. "And I hated Vernia," he acknowledged, "but I didn't know it. I didn't know it. Oh, Vernia, did you know it? Was that why you left me? Vernia!"

He turned away from the bed and walked rapidly out of the hospital. It was dark outside, and he moved into the shadow of the building. He stood still, accepting as if it were for the first time the knife-sharp, stabbing realization of his intolerable loss, first his wife and soon his mother. After a little time his body broke into a slow, deep, rhythmic sobbing.

"Vernia," he wept. "Vernia . . . Vernia . . ."

He had been a captain in the army, stationed at a training camp in Mississippi. The jeep had broken down, and he had walked into the ramshackle farmhouse to ask for directions to the nearest telephone. When he came out on the porch again, he saw her walking up from the pump, carrying a pail of water. And even from that first moment, he had known that her beauty belonged to the hot June morning, to the wild and shabby fields, that it was a beauty of congruence, part of its landscape, like the beauty of Gauguin's quiet women. But against that knowledge he had set himself to persuade her.

And even so, from the first she had distrusted his northern voice, his captain's rank, his schooling.

"Ain't there no girls in town," she had asked sharply, "that you got to chase 'way out in the country?"

And then, on the afternoon a week later, when they stood in the hollow at the foot of the slope beneath the big water oak, she had said, "I never knew you was aimin' to marry me. Please don't kiss me no more, Joshua. Don't touch me no more."

"But why? Why?"

She looked directly into his face.

"It wouldn't be right," she said. "We was raised too different." And then, rapidly, tempestuously, "Oh, Joshua, you can kiss me if you wants to. I tried to live by the Bible up to now, but I don't care any more. I don't care. You can git anything you wants from me. Only don't make me marry you."

He had thought, like a fool, that her reluctance came from the belief that she was unworthy of him. But he had been unable to accept the gift that her pride—yes, he knew it, now, her pride—had offered to him, and go away.

For he had desired Vernia. In the slow learning of marriage he had come to love her for precisely that same pride and strength of blind integrity that had called forth the deep-hidden hate that was only now laid bare. But it had not been love that he sought from her then, although he had believed that it was love. It was not love, but absolution.

For he had shrunk from his own Negro troops in loathing.

They were, most of them, rural boys from Georgia and Mississippi, many of them illiterate and almost all with no more than the most rudimentary schooling. On duty they were dull of apprehension, slack in performance; on leave they knew of no way to pass their time but to get drunk, find a woman, or start a fight. He told himself continually that their lives were no more than the inevitable outcome of a systematized, state-sanctioned debasement, yet when he talked to white officers, he heard his own involuntary underlining of Northern accent, of easy, correct speech, as if he would have said, "Do not think that, because my skin is black, I am one of these creatures." He heard that in his voice and hated himself as a traitor. But he could overcome neither the shame nor its cause.

And Vernia had been one of them, born out of the same soil and the same system—and still good, still beautiful, still full of human dignity. The impulse that drove him toward a marriage which would inevitably—he knew it even then—shut him away from any future that he had ever planned or desired did not put itself into words. But it was as if he felt that, in marrying her, he would once more be able to say to the men whom he had rejected and betrayed in his own heart, *See, I am one of you; you are my brothers.*

But the self-forgiveness that he desired from their marriage was the one gift that it was not in Vernia's power to give.

He should have known it on the afternoon when he tried to talk to her about his men and shocked her by his complex feelings toward them which, in his own mind, exonerated him from some degree of his shame.

"What kind of talk is that?" she had demanded. "Blamin' such actions on the white men, as if a colored man didn't have his own good sense! I got no money and schoolin', and I still ain't 'shamed to look God in the face account of how I acts!"

Fierce and lovely in her spiritual pride, she had paced before him, head high, down the path to the spring in the hollow beside the big water-oak.

That was the life that he had taken away from the wild, shabby fields to which it belonged. His service record had been remarkable; he had already been offered a grant to study at the Harvard Business School after his discharge. The world that lay open before him could not have accepted Vernia, nor would he hide her. He told her nothing about the grant. Instead, he bought a cab and started driving it.

But he was inconsistent. And the salvation he sought for himself was not that which he desired for Clarkie.

Clarkie . . .

The name spoke itself in his mind like an actual sound to recall him to the living moment. How long had he stood there in the shadow under the starless sky sobbing his wife's name aloud? He did not know.

On his way home he drew over to the curb twice, once near a tavern and once near a restaurant, but both times he drove on again. He did not want a drink and he was not hungry. Still, at the delicatessen near his corner he bought a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread, and two comic books, a Mighty Mouse and an Uncle Scrooge.

"Looky, Ray! Looky what we got from my Dad!"

"How 'bout supper, Mr. Hammon? You just runnin' youself to death with that hospital. Get y'own self down sick if you don't rest up some and eat right."

"Thank you, Mrs. White . . . you're very good. But I guess I'll just run over to my place now. I'll rest before I eat. I've got some food out in the cab."

But he forgot to take it out of the cab after all. As he climbed the stairs to his door, he had withdrawn again to that past which he had so often retraced through the myriad confusions of self-justification, that past which he was now seeing honestly and whole for the first time.

He walked into the bedroom and threw himself down on the unmade bed. The room looked sordid and unkempt. Vernia had loved order. She loved the dignity of self-discipline.

They had lived in that house for less than a month. When they had been there a week, Clarkie said at supper that the new school was great, and as soon as he had eaten, he ran out joyfully to meet his new friend, Ray. Joshua permitted himself a kind of swagger.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, "is a mixed neighborhood as bad as you expected?"

That was when he had seen her face

(Continued on page 73)

YOUNG ADULTS at home

Stretch Your Step Into Spring

See page 69

Springtime Holiday Cakes

Washdays Are A Thing of the Past

Which Perfume User Are You?

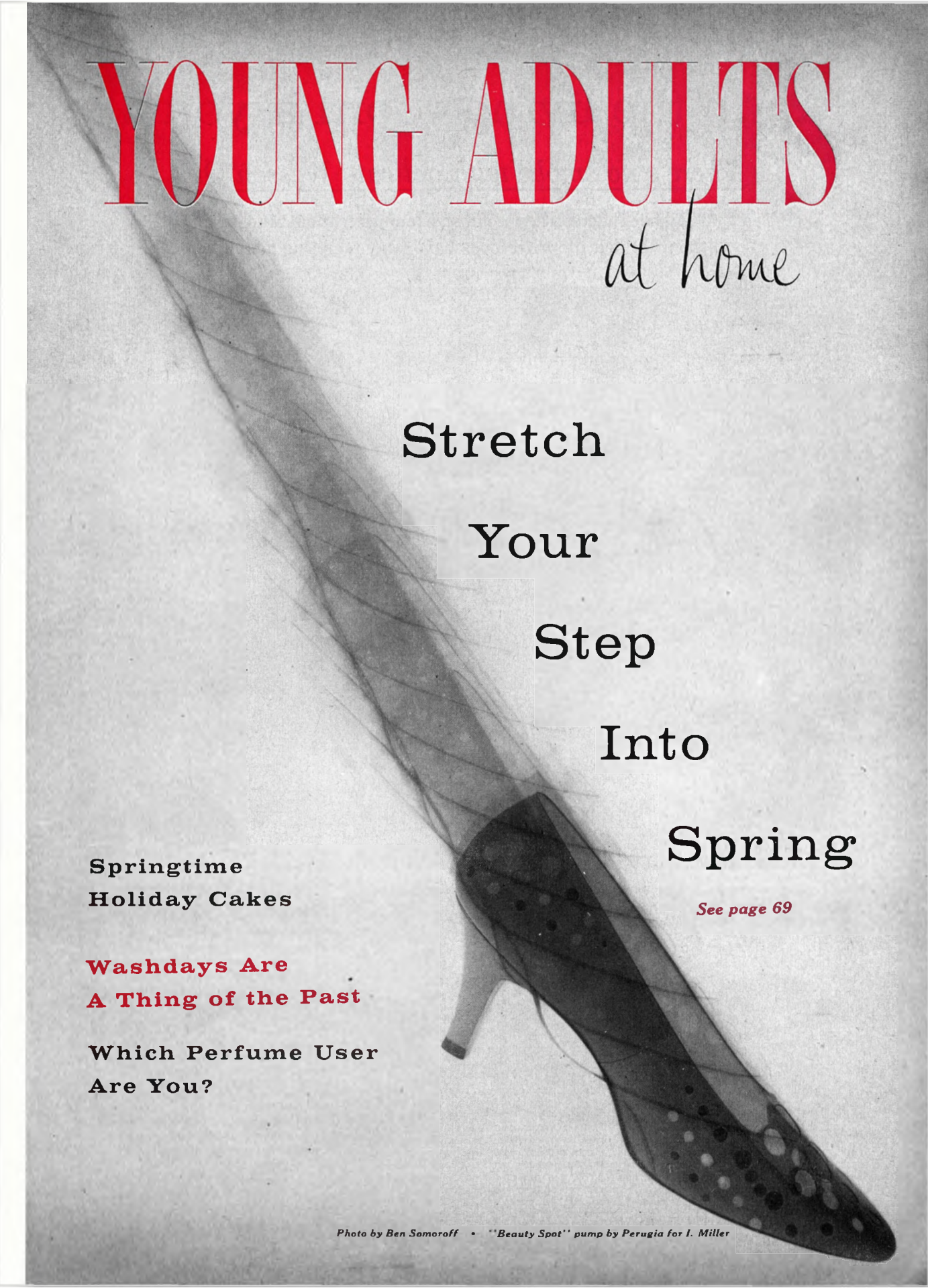


Photo by Ben Somoroff • "Beauty Spot" pump by Perugia for I. Miller

Fry in the living room if you like

There's no smoke with delicate Wesson Oil

It heats 40° higher than costliest solid shortenings without smoking. So even the most delicate fried foods have true, tempting flavors.

© 1957 WESSON OIL & SNOWDRIFT SALES COMPANY

Quick start for *safer* frying. There's no digging out solid shortening and melting it. Pour just what you need. No smoke, no frying odor with Wesson. And since burning fat harms both flavor and digestibility of fried foods, you can understand why Wesson frying is better for everybody. Light and digestible—never, ever greasy.

Sparkle-clear, sparkle-pure Wesson Oil "babies" fried foods. It lets all the fresh, delicate flavor of shrimp and mushrooms shine through. And Wesson keeps so pure, you can fry *economically* with the same Wesson Oil again and again. Add a happy ending to every fish dish—season with fresh, tangy Sunkist Lemons.

Pan-Fried Shrimp Royal

- 4 tablespoons Wesson Oil
- 1 pound shrimp, peeled*
- 1 can (4 oz.) mushrooms, reserve liquid
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ large green pepper, coarsely chopped
- 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
- Sunkist lemon wedges

Heat Wesson Oil in fry pan. Add shrimp, mushrooms, salt and green pepper. Cook over medium heat for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Spoon shrimp, mushrooms and pepper onto toast squares. Add grated lemon rind and mushroom liquid to pan; blend and heat. Pour over shrimp on toast, serve with Sunkist lemon wedges. 4 servings.

*Or use Blue Plate or Gulf Kist brand canned shrimp; omit salt and reduce cooking time to 5 minutes.

At your grocer's—get more recipes for FAMOUS AMERICAN FISH DISHES.

YOUNG ADULTS • FOOD
RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS . . .

Very Special Cakes

No food makes a party so grand as a handsome homemade cake. All of these fluffy chiffons are designed for spring holidays

GIRL'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

Cocoa Chiffon Cake

1¾ cups sifted cake flour
1¾ cups sugar
½ cup cocoa
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup salad oil
7 egg yolks
¾ cup cold water
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon red food coloring
1 cup egg whites *(about 7)*
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Preheat oven to 325° F. *(moderate).*

Sift flour, sugar, cocoa, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Make a well in the center and add oil, egg yolks, water, vanilla and food coloring. Beat with a spoon until mixture is smooth and creamy. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until very stiff peaks form. *(Whites should be stiffer than for meringue.)* Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over egg whites, gently folding together with a spatula. Pour into an ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake 55 minutes. Increase oven temperature to 350° F.; continue to bake 10 to 15 minutes. Cake is done if top springs back when lightly touched with the finger. Remove cake from oven and invert pan over a funnel or large bottle. Cool completely. Cut around side and center of cake with a thin spatula to loosen cake from pan. Rap edge of pan sharply on table to remove cake.

Whipped Cream Frosting

1½ cups heavy cream
¾ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Dash of salt
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
Chocolate candy shot

Whip cream just until it begins to thicken. Add sugar, salt and vanilla; whip until stiff. Frost top and sides of cake. Sprinkle sides with chocolate candy shot.

BOY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

Spice Chiffon Cake

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon each: ground nutmeg, ground allspice, ground cloves
½ cup salad oil
5 egg yolks
¾ cup cold water
1 cup egg whites *(about 7)*
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Preheat oven to 350° F. *(moderate).*

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and spices into a bowl. Make a well in center and add oil, egg yolks and water. Beat with a spoon until mixture is smooth. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until straight, stiff peaks form. Pour yolk mixture gradually over egg whites; gently fold together with a rubber spatula. Bake in an ungreased 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan 45 minutes until top springs back when lightly touched with finger. Remove cake from oven. Invert pan; support edges by two cake racks so cake hangs free. Cool completely. Loosen sides of cake with a spatula. Rap rim of pan sharply on table edge to remove cake.

Candy-Nut Frosting

6 tablespoons butter or margarine
¾ cup brown sugar, packed
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup light cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3¼ cups confectioners' sugar
¾ cup chopped nuts

Cook butter, sugar, salt and cream in a saucepan over low heat until mixture is smooth. Cool; stir in vanilla and sugar. Beat until frosting is ready to spread. Ice cake sides and top. Cover with nuts.

FATHER'S DAY CAKE

Chocolate Chip Loaf Cake

1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sifted cake flour
¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup salad oil
2 egg yolks
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons cold water
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup egg whites *(about 4)*
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1½ squares, grated unsweetened chocolate

Preheat oven to 350° F. *(moderate).*

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Make well in center; add oil, egg yolks, water and vanilla. Beat with a spoon until mixture is smooth. Whip egg whites with cream of tartar until straight, stiff peaks form. Pour yolk mixture gradually over whites; gently fold together with a spatula. Fold grated chocolate into batter. Bake in an ungreased 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan 30 minutes until top springs back when lightly touched with finger. Remove cake from oven; invert pan; support edges by two cake racks so cake hangs free. Cool completely. Loosen sides of cake with thin spatula. Rap edge of pan sharply to remove cake.

Bittersweet Frosting

⅓ cup boiling water
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg yolks
4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Blend water and butter. Stir in melted chocolate, vanilla, sugar; add yolks and beat until smooth. Place bowl in ice water; stir until frosting's ready to spread. Cut cake in 3 equal layers. Frost between layers, sides and top.

Turn the page for more holiday chiffon cakes →

MOTHER'S DAY CAKE

Lemon Chiffon Cake

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
3 tablespoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup salad oil
5 egg yolks
¾ cup cold water
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 cup egg whites *(about 7)*
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Preheat oven to 325° F. *(moderate)*.

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Make a well in the center and add oil, egg yolks, water, vanilla and lemon rind. Beat with a spoon until mixture is smooth and creamy. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until very stiff peaks form. *(Whites should be stiffer than for meringue.)* Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over egg whites, gently folding together with a spatula. Pour into an ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake 55 minutes; increase oven temperature to 350° F., and continue to bake 10 to 15 minutes. Cake is done if top springs back when lightly touched with the finger. Remove cake from oven and invert pan over a funnel or large bottle. Cool completely. Cut around side and center of cake with a thin spatula. Rap rim of pan sharply on edge of table to loosen cake from pan.

Marshmallow Frosting

2 unbeaten egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup light corn sirup
1¼ teaspoons vanilla extract
Few drops green food coloring
¾ cup shredded coconut

Whip egg whites and salt in a medium-sized bowl, with a rotary beater or electric mixer at high speed, until soft peaks form. Add sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, whipping until smooth and glossy. Add corn sirup in a fine stream, whipping until firm peaks form. Add vanilla and enough coloring to tint a pale green. Spread frosting on sides and top of cake. Sprinkle sides with coconut.

DOUBLE ST. PATRICK'S DAY CAKE

Prepare Lemon Chiffon Cake as directed in recipe above. Bake batter in two ungreased 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pans. Cool and remove cakes from pans. Place cakes side-by-side on a flat oblong cake plate or tray. Frost sides and tops of cakes generously with Fluffy White Frosting *(see recipe in next column)*. Cut a 5-inch shamrock pattern from stiff cardboard. When frosting has set slightly, place cardboard cut-out on top of one cake; trace around it with a sharp pointed knife. Repeat on second cake. Carefully fill in shamrock design with green-colored sugar. Decorate edges of plate with green grape leaves or geranium leaves.

BRIDE'S CAKE

Pineapple Chiffon Cake

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup salad oil
5 egg yolks
¾ cup unsweetened pineapple juice
1 cup egg whites *(about 7)*
½ teaspoon cream of tartar

Preheat oven to 325° F. *(moderate)*.

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Make a well in the center and add oil, egg yolks and pineapple juice. Beat with a spoon until mixture is smooth and creamy. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until very stiff peaks form. *(Whites should be stiffer than for meringue.)* Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over egg whites, gently folding together with a spatula. Pour into an ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake 55 minutes; increase oven temperature to 350° F. *(moderate)* and continue to bake 10 to 15 minutes. Cake is done if top springs back when lightly touched with the finger. Remove cake from oven and invert pan over a funnel or large bottle. Cool completely. Cut around side and center of cake with a thin spatula. Rap edge of pan sharply on edge of table to loosen cake from pan.

Fluffy White Frosting

⅓ cup water
1 tablespoon light corn sirup
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg white
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
16 varicolored cream mints

Combine water, corn sirup, sugar, cream of tartar and salt in a small saucepan. Cook and stir over moderate heat until sugar dissolves and bubbles appear around edge of pan. Remove from heat. Whip egg white with a rotary beater, or electric mixer on medium speed, until stiff but not dry. Pour the hot sirup into beaten white in a fine stream, whipping constantly. Add vanilla and continue whipping until frosting loses its shine and stands in stiff peaks, about 5 minutes. Frost sides and top of cake. Press mints into frosting around bottom of cake.

GRADUATION TEA CAKES

Prepare Pineapple Chiffon Cake as directed above. Bake in an ungreased 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Cool and remove cake from pan. Cut in fancy shapes. Put pieces on rack set in large tray.

Make easy frosting by combining **1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup milk** and **½ teaspoon salt.** Bring to a boil and boil vigorously 1 minute. Remove from heat, stir in **½ teaspoon vanilla** and **3 cups confectioners' sugar.** Pour half into another pan. Tint each part with food coloring in the school colors. Cool 3 to 4 minutes until of good consistency to pour. Pour frosting slowly over cakes, letting extra run down into tray. Decorate with silver dragees.

EASTER JONQUIL CAKE

(photographed at right)

Orange Chiffon Cake

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup salad oil
5 egg yolks
¾ cup orange juice *(fresh, canned or reconstituted frozen)*
3 tablespoons grated orange rind
1 cup egg whites *(about 7)*
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon yellow food coloring

Preheat oven to 325° F. *(moderate)*.

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Make a well in the center and add oil, egg yolks, orange juice and orange rind. Beat with a spoon until mixture is smooth and creamy. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until very stiff peaks form. *(Whites should be stiffer than for meringue.)* Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over egg whites, gently folding together with a spatula. Pour into an ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake 55 minutes; increase oven temperature to 350° F. and continue to bake 10 to 15 minutes. Cake is done if top springs back when lightly touched with the finger. Remove cake from oven and invert pan over a funnel or large bottle. Cool completely. Cut around side and center tube with a thin spatula to loosen cake from pan. Rap rim of pan sharply to remove cake.

AMBROSIA CHIFFON FILLING

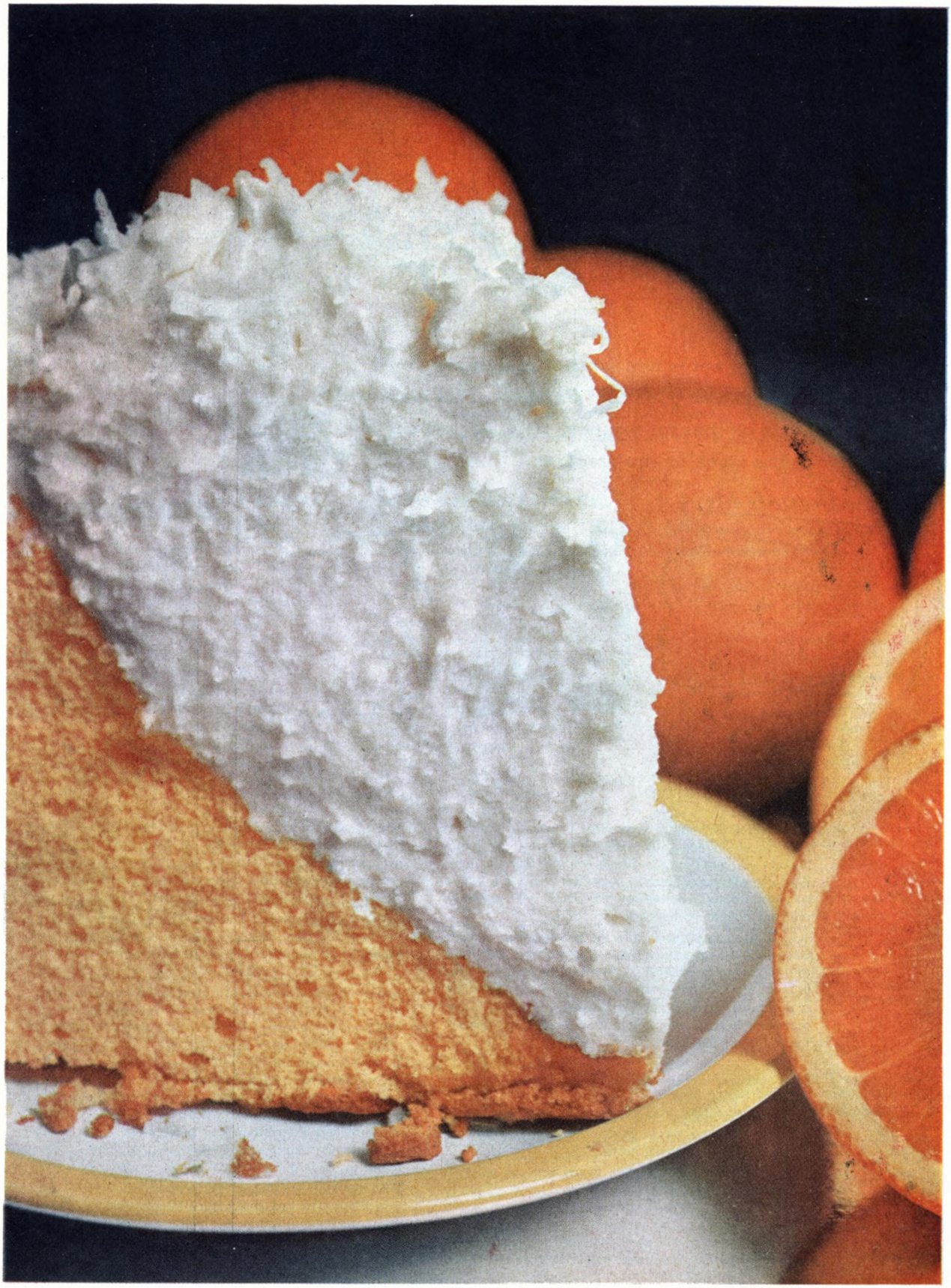
½ cup sugar
¼ cup all-purpose flour
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
½ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups milk
¾ teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon almond extract
3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup sugar
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup coconut flakes

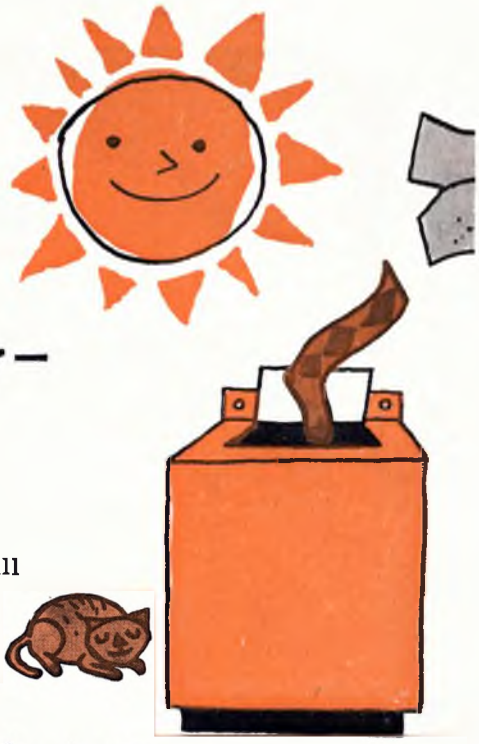
Blend together in a saucepan the sugar, flour, gelatine and salt. Gradually stir in milk. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils. Boil 1 minute. Place pan in bowl of ice water and cool until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from a spoon. Whip egg whites and cream of tartar until soft peaks form. Add ½ cup of sugar a tablespoonful at a time and continue to whip until stiff peaks form. Fold gelatine mixture, then whipped cream, into egg whites.

TO PUT CAKE TOGETHER: With a sharp knife cut a cone shaped piece* from center of cake. Spoon chiffon filling into cake. Sprinkle top with coconut. Chill until firm. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

** Serve the cone for another dessert: cut cake in small cubes, fold it into cooled lemon pudding prepared according to package directions. Top each serving with chocolate sauce or sweetened whipped cream.*

Photography by de Evia





Washday is Any Day– or Night

With an automatic washer and dryer you can wash at your convenience. This team will clean clothes for you any time, regardless of the clock or the weather

Automatic laundry equipment is causing a revolution, one of the pleasanter types. It's the revolt of homemakers who don't believe Monday is washday any more than Tuesday or Thursday. In fact, there's a whole corps of women who wash when there's an opportune moment, who don't make a project of it.

If you are about to join the rebels and seek your freedom from washday drudgery, be assured you'll not only save time and labor; you'll get better results. That is, you'll get better results if you use your automatic laundry appliances as they are meant to be used. Mere machines do need your thoughtful guidance, so REDBOOK offers these suggestions.

BUYING AN AUTOMATIC WASHER? All of the automatic washers on the market will wash, rinse and extract water from clothes efficiently. You can choose your washer, then, on the basis of size, price, style and extra features to suit your needs.

To determine how much space you can allot to laundry equipment, first decide where to put it. If you're not including a dryer in your immediate plans, you'll want easy access to the outdoors. If you plan to reuse the wash water, you'll want the washer near set tubs. It's handy to have the laundry near the kitchen, where you are often working, or near the bedroom area, where most soiled laundry originates. If space is limited, you may decide on a combination washer-dryer. One brand can be installed with the dryer over the washer.

Each manufacturer makes a number of models with a wide range of prices. The least expensive is as sturdily built as the most costly. What you'll get for more money is additional styling and convenience.

Among convenience features available (not all in one machine) are choice of water temperatures for wash and rinse cycles; variable water levels for large and small loads; an automatic fine fabric cycle with shorter time, gentler agitation and slower spin; lint filters; automatic dispenser for water softener; a door that weighs the clothes load; a buzzer that denotes the end of the cycle; automatic dispenser for clothes conditioner; permanent directions on the machine; lighted controls; all porcelain exterior; heater to maintain or boost the water temperature; automatic soak period and automatic pretreat period. You choose the ones that are most valuable to you.

There are two basic types of automatic washers: front-opening machines, in which a cylinder revolves to tumble the clothes, and top-opening machines, in which an agitator on a center post provides the mechanical

Illustrations by Bud Simpson

washing action, moving either the clothes or the water. Combination washer-dryers use the first type of action. Both types give good results.

If water pressure in your home is low, choose a washer with a pressure fill rather than a time fill to insure having enough water in the machine for it to work properly. If your water supply is limited, compare various makes of washers for the amount of water used in the complete cycle for a full load of clothes, selective water level for part loads and perhaps a device to let you reuse the wash water.

BUYING A DRYER? You'll never regret it! It's a time and labor saver, to be sure, but, best of all, it saves you and your clothes from the elements—freezing winter weather, too-hot sun of summer, rain and soot. It turns out fluffier towels, diapers and corduroys, less wrinkled nylons and other synthetics.

The choice between gas and electricity depends on where you live and which is more economical for you. For practical purposes, you need a 230-volt line for an electric dryer. Dryers using cold water to condense the water vapor from the clothes and to wash away the lint need a cold-water connection and a drain. Those that exhaust the steam after catching most of the lint in a lint trap don't need plumbing, but should usually be vented. The lint, by the way, is a natural by-product of drying and occurs as much in line drying. You just don't see it then because it blows away gradually. Dryers are actually less wearing on clothes than line-drying.

DON'T FORGET THE WATER HEATER! One reason automatic washers can do a better cleansing job than old-fashioned methods is that you don't put your hands in the water, so it can be really hot. Don't shortchange your washer by giving it a skimpy hot-water supply. Hot water means at least 140° F. when it enters the washer, so set the heater higher to compensate for heat loss between it and the washer. Insure an adequate hot-water supply by having an automatic water heater of a size and recovery capacity gauged to your family's needs for bathing, dishwashing and laundry.

A WATER CONDITIONER can work wonders in a hard-water area. While detergents are preferable to soap in hard water, they work even better in soft water. Water conditioners and filters can also handle specific problems, such as iron content in water. You can buy a water conditioning system outright and regenerate it yourself, or you can rent one from a company that supplies you at intervals with freshly charged tanks.

For ways to get best results in laundry, turn the page →

Before You Load the Washer

SORT CLOTHES according to amount and type of soil, color fastness and garment construction. Put together those that will take the same water temperature, washing products and cycle of the washer. Separate hampers are a time saver.

EMPTY POCKETS: brush out cuffs; close slide fasteners; remove trimmings that aren't washable; mend tears and tighten loose buttons. Tie apron and pajama strings loosely. Shake dust from curtains. Take out shoulder pads.

PRETREAT shirt collars, cuffs and other heavily soiled areas. Brush liquid detergent directly on the area, or wet spot and rub on some dry detergent, or dissolve some dry detergent in water and brush it on the area to be treated.

REMOVE STAINS. Coffee, for example, can be removed from white and colorfast cotton and linen by pouring boiling water through it from a height. Choose method according to fabric and kind of stain. Treat stains promptly.

- **Pretreat with same detergent you intend to use for washing.**
- **Wash white nylons only with white clothes. They attract color even from colorfast clothes and pastel nylons.**
- **Certain stains, such as meat juice, are set by hot water and must be rinsed out with cold water before they go in a hot wash.**
- **A short soaking period in cool or lukewarm water with detergent is helpful for some types of soil, such as perspiration and dust. Long soaking, over thirty minutes, lets soil redeposit.**
- **Avoid putting more than two sheets in a washer load. Fill out the load with smaller items like towels, shirts and pillowcases.**
- **When buying garments, select them with an eye to the washer and dryer. Get cotton knits a size or two larger; avoid nonwashable trim.**
- **Brush bits of tobacco from pockets so they won't cause stains.**
- **Rinse diapers promptly. Hold them in covered pail of cold borax solution (one teaspoonful per gallon of water) until daily washing.**

How to Make the Best Use Of Your Automatic Laundry

With automatic machines and the vastly improved washing products now on the market, it's no trick at all to produce spanking clean clothes. Check your washer and dryer instruction booklets for details of how to do it. Here's the basic story.

WATER TEMPERATURE is determined by the fabric and the soil. Hot water *(see p. 63)* is used for white and colorfast cottons and linens. It's most important for greasy soil. Medium water is used for linens and cottons with less stable dyes, and warm water is recommended for rayons, silks, wools and most synthetic fabrics. Nylon can be washed in hot water to get it whiter, but the tendency to wrinkle increases with the heat. Warm water has traditionally been used for rinsing. A more recent development is the use of cold-water washes and rinses. Besides saving on hot water, they keep wrinkling of synthetic fabrics at a minimum.

ABOUT DETERGENTS: Soap is excellent in soft water or when used with water softeners. If it's necessary to soften the wash water, also soften the first rinse to avoid the graying effect of soap build-up in the clothes. Synthetic detergents have largely replaced soaps because they are easier to use in hard water. In either case, use a neutral product for fine fabrics and a heavy-duty product for regular fabrics. With front-opening washers, including washer-dryer combinations, it's essential to use controlled-sudsing detergents because too much suds interferes with the washing action of these tumbler-type washers. Top-opening machines can use either sudsing or controlled-sudsing detergents.

The amount of detergent to use depends on the amount of water in the washer, hardness of the water and the amount of soil in the clothes. Start with your instruction booklet; measure the detergent and determine by the suds level how much to use in the future for your own laundry.

BLEACH is correctly used to remove stains and to help whiten cottons and linens, not to make up for poor washing procedures. Chlorine bleaches, useful for white and colorfast cottons and linens, should be diluted before coming in contact with the clothes. If improperly used and inadequately rinsed out, the chlorine bleaches greatly weaken fabrics. Do not use chlorine bleach, either liquid or powdered, on wool, silk or acetate. Never use chlorine bleach on resin-finished fabrics, the glazed and embossed cottons, usually labeled as such, that have appeared on the scene in the past few years.

Powdered sodium perborate bleach is recommended for wool, silk, acetate and the other synthetic fabrics. It is slow acting, but safe for all fabrics.

BLUING: Optical or fluorescent whiteners, used in most modern detergents, make whites appear whiter and colors brighter, making bluing unnecessary. If you do use bluing, see package directions for whether to add it to wash or rinse water.

FABRIC SOFTENERS: Diapers, towels, corduroys and cotton knits can be made appreciably softer by the addition of fabric softener to the final rinse. Don't add it to the wash water, because fabric softeners do not work in the presence of detergent. You will find them useful if your clothes are line-dried.

STARCH: The type of starch you choose will most likely depend on whether economy of money or time is more important to you. The least expensive starches require the most preparation; plastic starch which lasts through several washings costs more. When doing a load of wash, such as curtains, that should be evenly starched, it's practical to starch in the washer. Use a heavier solution than for hand-starching; see package directions. In any case, clothes should be damp before starch is added, and starch should be thoroughly worked through the clothes.

For more about laundry procedures turn the page →

Use of Your Automatic Laundry *(Continued)*

"BUILD-UP" in clothes makes them gray and stiff. It's caused by using soap in hard water and by poor rinsing, which in turn may be caused by using too much detergent. You can pull this deposit from the clothes by putting them through the wash cycle of the washer using only a nonprecipitating water softener. Repeat the process until no more suds appear. You'll be amazed at the rejuvenated appearance of sheets, bath towels and lingerie.

USING THE DRYER: Many a dryer that was bought for foul-weather duty has been pressed into year-around service because it does a better job on the clothes, with obviously much less effort on the part of the homemaker, than does line drying. It eliminates clothespin corners and the stretching out of shape that comes from hanging on a line, as well as sun-fading.

If you'll take the clothes from the dryer when they still feel slightly damp and smooth them on top of the dryer, you'll cut down on ironing time. Remember, there's some natural moisture from the air that is normally present in fabrics, and you want to leave at least that much moisture in them when dryer-drying to prevent wrinkles. Since the dryer leaves the moisture fairly well distributed throughout a garment, you can remove clothes at just the right point for ironing and avoid the whole process of sprinkling.

Dryers that can be operated without heat will fluff up pillows, blow the dust from draperies and do many other household tricks. You can erase wrinkles from crushed woolens by tumbling them in the dryer with dampened colorfast sponges.

Any fabric that can be drip-dried can go in the dryer except durable-pleated items. The pleats need the action of the water dripping down them, but the dryer can cut out the rest of the drip-drying.

When doing napped items like blankets, it's smart to tumble a couple of dry turkish towels in the dryer until they are warm before adding the blanket. Towels help to balance the load and they brush up the nap of the blanket. Blankets should be taken out while still somewhat damp, then stretched and brushed.

Dry-cleaning fluids should never be used in the washer, nor should freshly dry-cleaned articles be put in the dryer.

In planning a dryer load, put compatible items together. Don't mix starched and unstarched things and, of course, don't dry a black cotton dress with a white shag rug. When you expect to leave the load in the dryer after it shuts off, try to plan so it is made up of towels, diapers and other things you don't intend to iron. When you do dry the to-be-ironed clothes thoroughly, you can later dampen and tumble them for a short time.

IRONING with an automatic ironer is a pleasant sit-down assignment. With a little practice anyone can learn to use one for the bulk of the family wash, including little girls' dresses and ruffled curtains. The professional finish on table linens and sheets is one of which you can well be proud.

Hand irons and ironing tables have undergone some changes in recent years. The advent of the steam iron has made ironing much simpler. The other big step has been the improvement in ironing tables. With readily adjustable heights and wheels that let them be rolled forward and backward, they make it ever more practical to sit down to iron. Ironing is no longer a fatiguing chore when you can sit in a well-designed chair, with the damp, ready-to-iron clothes on one side of you and a rack for the finished garments on the other side. Ironing aids such as press mitts and wrinkle-erasers help you to do a more professional job with ease.

We don't believe in wasting time on unnecessary chores, but if the collar of a nylon blouse or the hems of dacron curtains would look better for a little touch-up with the iron on a low setting, we'd go ahead and do it.

YOUNG ADULTS • FASHION

RUTH DRAKE
FASHION & BEAUTY EDITOR

The new leather shoes with elongated vamps and pointed toes, so reminiscent of the era of the slinky man-baiter of the silent films

The Return of the Vamp

Suit your shoes to your activities—

Dress-up time calls for the new very slender "sheath" shoes. The lasts for these shoes are being made to accommodate this new narrowness. There is a slight increase in length for toe-room and across the ball of the foot. Even casual and sports shoes are more tapered.

The busy young mother can reduce fatigue immeasurably by wearing well-fitting casual or sports shoes while going about her work. Spineless house slippers or shapeless cast-offs are actually a physical hazard.

The girl-with-a-job needs shoes that hug the heel and cradle her arch. The heels should be low enough for easy walking. And two pairs are better than one, so that each pair can rest every alternate day. And here's another tip—shoes will feel better and retain their shape longer if they are treed or just stuffed with tissue when they are not being worn.

Everyone should try to have a shoe wardrobe that really fits her requirements. If you have been holding on to shabby shoes, shoes you'll probably never wear again—away with them! Chances are they'd hurt your feet or have long since gone out of style. Nothing can spoil the effect of a new dress or suit faster than an old pair of shoes. So get rid of the clutter in your closet and make way for the new shoes that will "do something" for you.

See spring and summer '57 versions of the new shoes on the next two pages →

Photography by Ben Somoraff

A. Elegant needle-toed pump of tawny calf with a light beige trim. By Palizzio. About $23.

B. Turquoise suede and gleaming patent make this smart tapered pump, with a slim high heel. By Tweedies. About $17.

C. Ascot gray calf pump—the vamp sashed in white calf. White mid-heel. By Mannequin. About $11.

D. A pointed-toed spectator in white grained calf, trimmed with rosy red and bright blue calf. By Mannequin. About $11.

E. Wedgwood-green calf pump with white underlay in a delicate flower design. Slender high heel. By Delmanette. About $20.

F. Yellow—a new neutral—in velluto calf, with a pointed toe and medium heel. By Sattini. About $13.

G. A smart tapered pump in vanilla kid—the little tailored bow touched with the gleam of bronze beading. By Trim Tred. About $10.

H. Mule in white textured calf combined with black patent—the toe very tapered, the heel very thin—with Spring-o-lator. By Mademoiselle. About $19.

I. Sophisticated stiletto pump in black patent with a jet buckle. By De Liso Deb. About $20.

All shoes available in other colors

Perfume habits often reveal a woman's temperament and personality . . .

Which Type Are You ?

The average man subconsciously typecasts a woman he meets by her fragrance. If it's a heavy, sultry odor, he pictures a siren, maybe a nice siren. If it's a subtle floral, he sees her in a garden, sweet and fresh as a flower. A sparkling modern blend makes him see a sophisticated, interesting woman. He is charmed by a woodsy note and pictures an outdoor-type girl. The smart girl does not allow herself to be typed—she can be a bit of a siren—sweet—ingenuous—sophisticated and an outdoor girl. Her use of various fragrances can point up her many roles. There are certain pitfalls (we have pictured five) that should be avoided in using fragrance. Never be a **Squanderer**—the easiest of all types to recognize because, to quote her, "I practically bathe in perfume." The result is practically asphyxiating. This woman lacks selective discrimination. If possible, avoid getting into a crowded elevator with her.

THE PERFUME HOARDER. Frugal? No! Just missing the delight that fragrance can give her and the pleasure it could give to those around her. This woman has bottles of perfume stored away, but she hasn't opened them. Neither will she wear the beautiful nightgown that she has carefully put away—too bad.

Don't be a **Mad Chemist**—this daring soul takes two or three partly used bottles of various perfumes, adds a bit of cologne and just mixes them all together. She really believes she improves on the subtle scents that have taken the perfume chemists years to perfect. When this lady's friends ask her, "What *is* that perfume you're wearing," she takes it as a compliment—"My own concoction," she whispers. Avoid extremes. Make your fragrance one of the loveliest things about you.

Whatever you do—don't be an **I Don't Care Girl**—not if you want him to care.

For four other types of perfume-users, see page 72 →

Illustrations by Burma Burris

NEW IMPROVED GOLDEN-LIGHT MAZOLA® OIL

...now 3 ways better than ever!

No fresher oil available! Protected by a new process, golden-light Mazola is a superior salad oil for all homemade dressings. Here's lightness you can see...freshness you can taste!

Mazola won't smoke or burn even up to 440°F. This means clean, smoke-free frying you just can't get with solid shortenings. Crisp golden-fried foods look so good...taste even better.

Lighter, more delicate flavor. New, improved Mazola is the best liquid shortening for all baking. Look for Mazola in the clear glass bottle...see the golden-light quality of this pure corn oil.

Mazola

PURE GOLDEN CORN OIL

Which Type Are You? (Continued from page 70)

THE "SPECIAL OCCASION" USER. This woman doesn't know how to enjoy perfume—she never uses it unless there is a special occasion—"special enough to use my good perfume." Fragrance is a part of a woman's everyday grooming, the subtle accent that points up her personality, charm and costume.

THE ONE-FRAGRANCE WOMAN. She has used one scent for years. If variety is the spice of life, this lady doesn't know it. She has become scent-jaded—and so have her husband and friends. If she would add to her perfume wardrobe every so often, no one close to her would be a victim of "olfactory fatigue."

THE TIMID SOUL. No one ever knows she wears perfume because she just puts a drop behind her ear. Never uses it on the pulse spots—throat, temples, wrists. Never gives her body a generous splash of cologne after her bath. She often wonders why no one compliments her on the fragrance she is wearing.

THE SMART GIRL. She wears fragrance around the clock, keeps her toiletries in tune to her life and wardrobe. She knows how to use co-ordinated fragrance in soap, talc, cologne and perfume to step up her feminine appeal and self-confidence. She has several fragrances, for daytime use and for evening elegance.

(Continued from page 56)

finally close against him in the awful, static faith that has, from the dawn of history, stoned the prophets. And he had hated her precisely as this afternoon he had hated the pink-haired boy from Biloxi and his mother.

He sat up sharply on the edge of the bed, his square, heavy features almost sharp with the sudden clarity of his perception.

"I thought that I hated their passiveness," he whispered. "And I did. But not for the reason I thought. I hated them because they made me ashamed of my own inconsistency, my own dishonesty.

"When Vernia scorned the inconsistency, the dishonesty of the North, I thought it was weakness, and I was ashamed, and I hated her as I have hated my own mother, for driving it home to me.

"But people are only people. Vernia loves me, and she is beautiful and good. If I had seen myself without shame, without anger, couldn't I have made her see what we've all got to reach for? Made her see that, if people do right sometimes and sometimes fall back, it is still better than living on consistently in a system that we have outgrown? Made her see that even the white men who use big words about a human equality that they don't feel are moved by a real reaching forward, a real shame because they can't make themselves all through and all at once what they think they should be?"

He stood up.

"My mother is like her," he thought. "I can try to tell her. If she understands me, I've got a chance to make Vernia understand. I'll tell her tomorrow."

And the next morning he smiled as he walked down the hospital corridor. His mother whom he loved was dying, his future was in doubt, but there was a clear quietness, a peace in him like nothing that he had ever felt before.

But when he stood by her bed, he froze rigid in an instant of terror, and then he ran out into the hall.

"Nurse . . . my mother . . . the doctor . . ."

He felt a hand on his arm. He turned and saw the doctor who had talked to him on the day he first came to the hospital.

"They should have called you last night. I'm sorry. We're pushed . . . we're understaffed . . ."

"Doctor, she doesn't know me . . . she's rolling from side . . . she's pushed the covers off . . ."

"There was a cerebral hemorrhage after you left. And with blood in the spinal column there is pain. But she was due for more pain. This may speed things up."

He felt the hand of intelligent human kindness pressed upon his arm. Again, as it had come upon him the night before in the shadow of the hospital wall, he felt the sobbing rise within him.

The doctor said softly, "It's all right. I know. I lost my mother a year ago. Don't be ashamed to cry. It's all right."

The afternoon before his mother died she woke and knew him.

"I'm right sick, Joshua. I'm goin' to die. Is Vernia got enough better so's you

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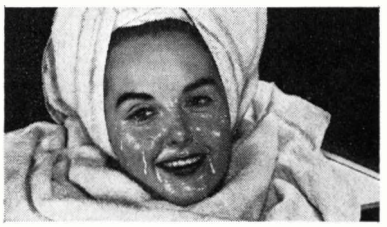

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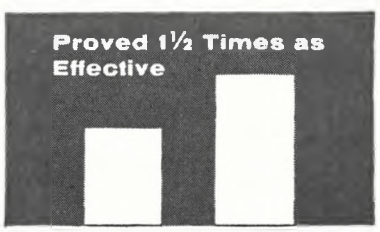

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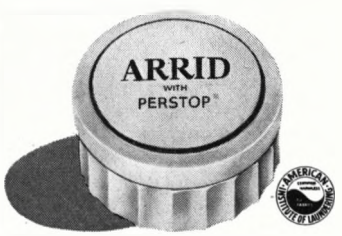

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*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

could fetch her in before I die?" He leaned forward.

"Mom. Mom, listen." He bent over her, speaking strongly, urgently. "Mom, there's something I've got to tell you about, something I've got to ask you. Mom, listen. The people who treat you one way one day and another way the next because you're colored . . . they aren't the way you and Vernia think. Oh, Mom, try to stay awake, try to hear me . . ."

But she had fallen back into her coma. He sat by the bed, holding her withered little hand in both of his, his face empty with defeat.

They called him to the hospital at about three the next morning. When he came into the room, he found her propped high in the bed while Dr. Alster held the oxygen mask before her face. A nurse read off the blood-pressure from time to time in a low monotone.

He sat down by the bedside, taking her hand between his own. He held it close, feeling it cold and still; and yet there was a living quality in the stillness.

Dr. Alster spoke.

"Glad y'got here, son. Had 'em ring you up soon's they called me on the floor to see her. You talk to her, now. Go ahead. I got a feeling she wants it, she can hear it."

Joshua bent his head.

"It's all right," he said. "Mom, it's Joshua. It's all right. Everything's all right."

The room felt quiet and bright, but not empty.

"It's all right," he said. "Everything's going to be all right."

Dr. Alster laid down the oxygen mask, bent over with the stethoscope. Then he straightened up, nodded at the nurse and together they stepped out into the corridor.

Joshua looked down at the parted lips, the half-open, sightless eyes of death. The brightness that had been in the room was gone. He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them, turned, and walked out to the desk.

Dr. Alster was standing there, waiting. He reached out a hand.

"Listen, son . . ." His voice broke off and came again in a curious uncomfortable rush. "Listen, this is hard for some folks to do, but it would be a help to folks still livin' if you'd sign for a post-mortem."

"Of course." Joshua reached out for the pen and bent over the prepared forms that lay on the desk.

As he stood up, he found himself looking directly into the other young man's face. It sagged, pale even beyond its normal pallor, the light eyes staring past him, the moving lips speaking as if they spoke to emptiness.

"Never get used to it," he was saying softly. "No matter how many times you see one go, it's just like it never happened before."

Joshua stood still, staring into that pale, unprepossessing face of weariness, of mortal bewilderment. His own face changed, grown sharp and tender at once in the force of compassionate human insight. In that moment he felt himself stand free of his own bewilderment, his own grief, his own weariness; he stood strong beyond his own strength.

His hand went out and closed without revulsion upon Dr. Alster's plump, moist hand with its pinkish hairs upon the wrist.

"You were kind to her," he said gently. "She appreciated it. She was fond of you."

The limp white hand tautened, closed hard upon his own. The voice that was so much more like Vernia's than Joshua's spoke unevenly.

"Anybody'd been kind to her," it said. "Brave little ole thing. Sweetest little ole colored girl I ever run into." Then the hand dropped, and the pale face once more looked beyond Joshua's in its fixed stare of mortal bewilderment.

The moving lips spoke again. "Never get used to it," they said. "That's a fact. Never get used to how . . . well, here's somebody alive . . . and then they're dead . . ."

And he turned and walked away.

Joshua came out of the hospital into the early dawn. A single planet hung bright above the paling horizon. He walked out into the parking lot and stood still, his face lifted.

Funny, his mind said. *It's back in place, the sky. It belongs to things again.*

He got into the car, put the key into the ignition and sat staring out through the windshield. The morning was growing light around him.

It goes on, he thought: generations, worlds, universes, a living order. The life keeps pushing ahead. Right now there is probably a woman back there in labor, and that child will be part of it, too. The continuing, striving process.

I wanted them to forgive me, he thought, *when I had only to forgive myself for being a part of the way things are.*

He sat upright, staring through the windshield. He saw Vernia's proud, lovely face, closed against him. He saw the unseeing mask that had housed his mother's life. He crossed his arms upon the wheel and leaned forward; the delayed onset of his grief swept upon him.

Then, while the tears still coursed down his quiet cheeks, he sat up, turned the key in the lock and started the motor.

"First I'll have to call up the minister of her church," he murmured. "He'll know what to do, how to arrange things the way she'd have wanted them. And then, when it's over, I'll pack some stuff for Clarkie and me, stow it in the cab.

"I can find her. She'd keep in touch with her folks. I'll find her. She'll get hold of Clarkie again; she'll grab him and stand with her eyes shut and her face against his head . . .

"I won't rush her. Sooner or later we'll work it out. I know we can; she loves him so. And me, in spite of her ideas and mine . . . and me . . .

"Maybe, in a year or so, she'd think about moving up around Baltimore, some place like that. Some sort of halfway place where we could work things out together.

"I won't rush her. I'll let her take her time, and I'll teach myself to take my own. Vernia. . . ." . . . THE END

"They Took Our Homes"

(Continued from page 35)

—sometimes run roughshod over individuals and families, inflicting *unnecessary* sacrifices, shunting aside quite justified protests and objections. When this occurs, young families invariably take the worst beating.

South Nyack's ordeal began on a Friday afternoon, seven years ago this month.

A lone man came rowing into Powell's Boatyard from a barge anchored in the Hudson River. Someone asked what the barge was doing out there, and the boatman said, "We're sounding the bottom so the state can build a bridge."

Word spread through the village within minutes, raising a hundred questions. Why build a bridge here? Could the town be bypassed? If the highway did come through, what would be the route? Whose houses would be affected?

One young married couple heard the report as they papered, painted and redecorated an old house into which they'd just sunk their last cent.

Fred Campbell, a World War II veteran and a lawyer, got the news as he hurried from the commuters' train. He hesitated between checking with the mayor or going home and mowing the lawn, as he had planned.

Anthony Havershan and his wife puttered in the yard around the house they'd built for the most part themselves.

"The river's nearly three miles wide here," Mrs. Havershan said. "Surely they won't build a bridge here."

Havershan shook his head. "I'll ask about it at the village hall in the morning," he said.

But when the anxious villagers attempted to get information, it was like wrestling with a shadow.

The New York State Thruway system needed a bridge across the river. Responsibility for laying out and building the 427-mile superhighway had been taken out of traditional county and state road-building hands. Indeed, the Legislature and Governor had signed away all their control over road building, as if a superhighway required a superbody to build it. They called this body the New York State Thruway Authority. Each of the three all-powerful directors was an expert in some field—finance, road design, law.

The Authority members had not conferred with the county planning board. Mayor Louis Cooper and the village trustees had not been consulted. State Assemblyman Robert Walmsley knew only that

(Continued on page 76)

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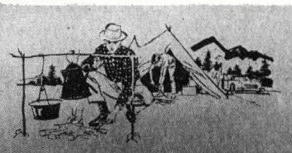
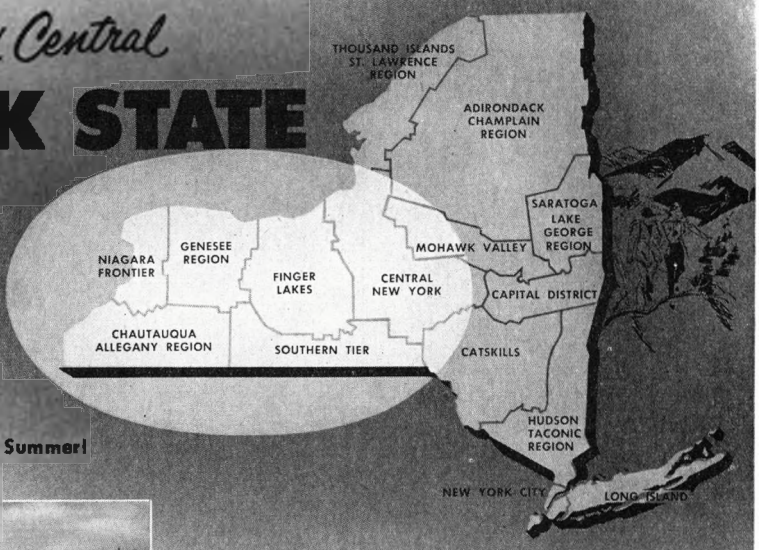


Western and Central

NEW YORK STATE



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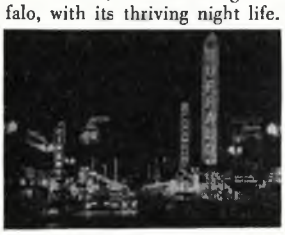
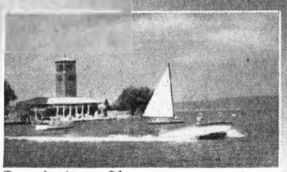
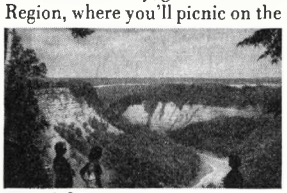




South lies Chautauqua, where sailing, boating and other sports are combined with a unique cultural program which attracts over 50,000 visitors each year—an ideal summer retreat.

Not far distant is Allegany Park, 57,000 acres of forest land perfect for outdoor camping . . . swimming . . . or fishing.

Then to the sunny, gentle Genesee Region, where you'll picnic on the



rim of the spectacular gorge.

Follow the river's quiet course northward to Rochester, "The Flower City"—and take a side trip to Newark, "Rose Capital of America" and site of the annual, beautiful Festival of Roses.

Southward, the incomparable Finger Lakes Region, where you can explore the leafy ravines of Watkins Glen . . . sample the delectable wines at notable vineyards . . . relax at lakeside resorts . . . try your skill on water skis —or just enjoy the view.

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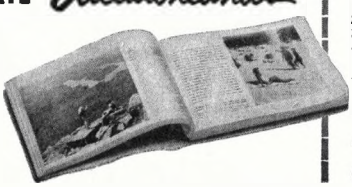

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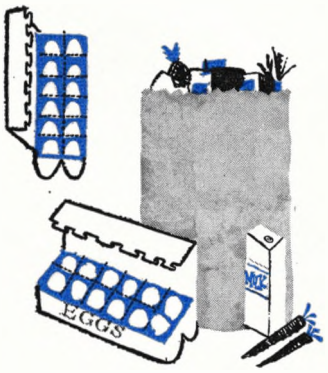
REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

for Young Adults at home

The Way to Store Eggs
at home to keep
their flavor at its peak



Take advantage of spring's plentiful supply and buy eggs in quantity, but remember storage affects keeping time.

FOR BEST RESULTS hold eggs in a cool atmosphere, free from strong odors and not too dry. Sounds like the egg storage compartment of a modern refrigerator, doesn't it? Put eggs, with small ends down, in a covered container. Don't wash eggs; there's a natural protective coating on them. Just wipe them off.

LEFTOVER EGG WHITES will keep three or four days in a covered dish in the refrigerator. Unused yolks should be covered with water first, then stored the same as the whites.

YOU CAN FREEZE EGGS, either whites and yolks separately or whole eggs, slightly beaten. (Use only uncracked eggs for freezing to avoid bacterial contamination.) Wash shells before breaking eggs. Freeze amounts you'll use for your favorite recipes in right-sized freezer containers; allow room for expansion. Label with amount and which of these additives used.

Add to whole eggs, slightly mixed, either 1 tablespoon corn syrup or sugar, or 1 teaspoon salt for each cup liquid eggs, depending on later use. To yolks, add either 2 tablespoons corn syrup or sugar, or 1 teaspoon salt for each cup to prevent gumminess. Add nothing to whites for freezing; do not beat.

When using the frozen eggs:
1 tablespoon yolk = 1 egg yolk
1½ tablespoons whites = white of 1 egg
2½ tbsps. mixed white and yolk = 1 egg

Illustrated by Al Grossman

(Continued from page 74)

the Thruway originally had been planned to follow a route which goes south at Suffern, 10 miles west of the river, and crosses New Jersey and the George Washington Bridge into Manhattan. And there had been talk of late of a possible crossing about 30 miles north, at Newburgh.

Protests to Governor Thomas Dewey were referred to the Authority. Answers were all the same: The Authority was merely thinking of a Hudson River crossing. South Nyack was just one of the spots under consideration. Certainly residents of South Nyack would be consulted before a decision was made.

But the barge stayed, week after week. New York City papers said outright that the Thruway would cross at South Nyack. Then in September, observation planes began circling overhead.

People who lived there then say that South Nyack that summer and fall was like a town under siege. Outwardly, inhabitants became almost apathetic, but tempers grew short and bickering between neighbors was frequent.

Householders let painting and repair jobs go. Vacations were put off for fear the Authority might act while one was gone. Families, unable to stand the tension, tried to sell their homes, only to find no takers at any price because of the uncertainty. Then on November 21, 1950, New York State Thruway Authority Chairman Bertram D. Tallamy announced that exactly one week later the Authority would hold a public meeting in the New York City Armory. The subject: A proposed bridge between South Nyack and Tarrytown.

Immediately an outcry went up that those most vitally concerned lived and worked 35 miles from where the meeting would be held, that insufficient time was given to prepare a defense, that indeed the town did not know what to defend itself against. The only response from Albany, the state capital, was silence. Nevertheless, on November 28th, several hundred Hudson Valley citizens crowded into the armory conference room, each determined to be heard.

Protesting the loss of homes, the despoiling of natural beauty, the loss of $1,500,000 in taxable property, Nyack residents asserted that more feasible crossings were available.

Ten days later the New York State Thruway Authority announced that the Hudson would be bridged at South Nyack. Simultaneously, it released bridge plans so complete, so detailed that they must have been on the drawing board for months.

Elmer Hader, whose house looks out today on the Thruway's Hudson River bridge and who followed closely the controversy over the bridge location, says South Nyack's experience has national significance for two reasons.

In the first place, nearly 40 states are about to use the New York "authority" method for building their portion of the new highway system.

And second, Bertram Tallamy, the Thruway builder, is today Federal Highway Administrator, overseeing road construction in every corner of the U.S.A. "From our experience," Hader says, "I can tell anyone who challenges Mr. Tallamy's decisions that he will find himself up against a formidable opponent."

Charlie Carroll, whose living room once stood where a piling for the bridge now rises from the Hudson's west bank, says, "Even after we knew many homes in South Nyack would be taken, we didn't know and couldn't find out which homes would be affected. For two more years we were kept in the dark."

Survey crews worked the streets, sighting through transits, driving spikes into the pavements, painting blue and yellow numbers on the sidewalks—"127," "135," "208." Housewives and children watched and sometimes asked, "What do those marks mean?" The surveyors usually shrugged away all questions.

At last, when the Authority had decided what land it needed, right-of-way was obtained by a legal act of acquisition called "appropriation." Incredible as it may seem, here is how "appropriation" worked.

Preliminary maps of the proposed route were filed with the County Clerk, giving engineers the right to enter private premises. After surveys and final measurements had been completed, a corrected map was filed. At this point, title to the property passed automatically to Thruway officials.

Each owner received by special messenger a copy of the second map as notice his property had been appropriated. He no longer owned the house he lived in nor the land on which it stood. Technically, he was a trespasser against the Authority. He did, however, possess a *claim.* If he exercised his claim within a given time, he'd be paid the market value as determined by a state appraiser.

Most displaced persons found the Authority willing to pay about what professional appraisers said the property was worth. But this did not take into account that when evicted owners tried to buy replacement homes, they found themselves in a seller's market. With a third of South Nyack condemned, housing prices in the area skyrocketed.

In replacement homes, young families invariably required at least as much living space in the new house as they had had in the old one. But spiraling construction costs made it impossible to duplicate former living space.

The newly-married couple—caught modernizing an old house in South Nyack—said it received from the Authority about what had been paid for the place. But they faced drastic reduction of their living space.

"I told the Thruway agents," the young husband recalls, "let's forget about your paying me money. You just find me another house of this size within a five-mile radius and I'll trade you even. They laughed and admitted the impossibility. But they denied responsibility for the housing inflation."

With two young children now in the family, this couple's present home contains about half the living space of the old one. This was the "most" house the Thruway settlement would buy.

One young wife tells how, twice, she and her husband found other houses they wanted to buy. Builders offered these houses under GI mortgages. But the hus-

(Continued on page 78)

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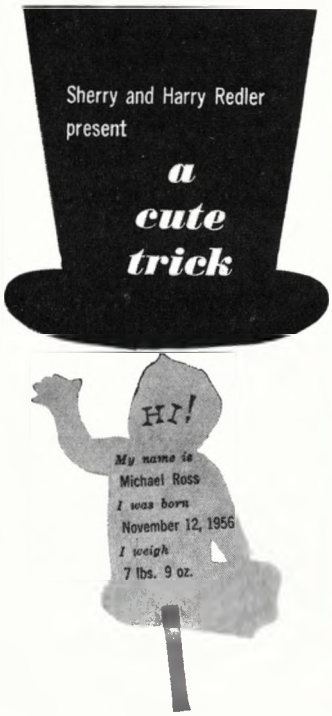

The birth of our baby boy seemed to us a feat of magic. To convey how proud we were of our "cute trick," my husband designed a top hat. Instead of pulling a rabbit out of the hat, who should appear but our son, Michael Ross!

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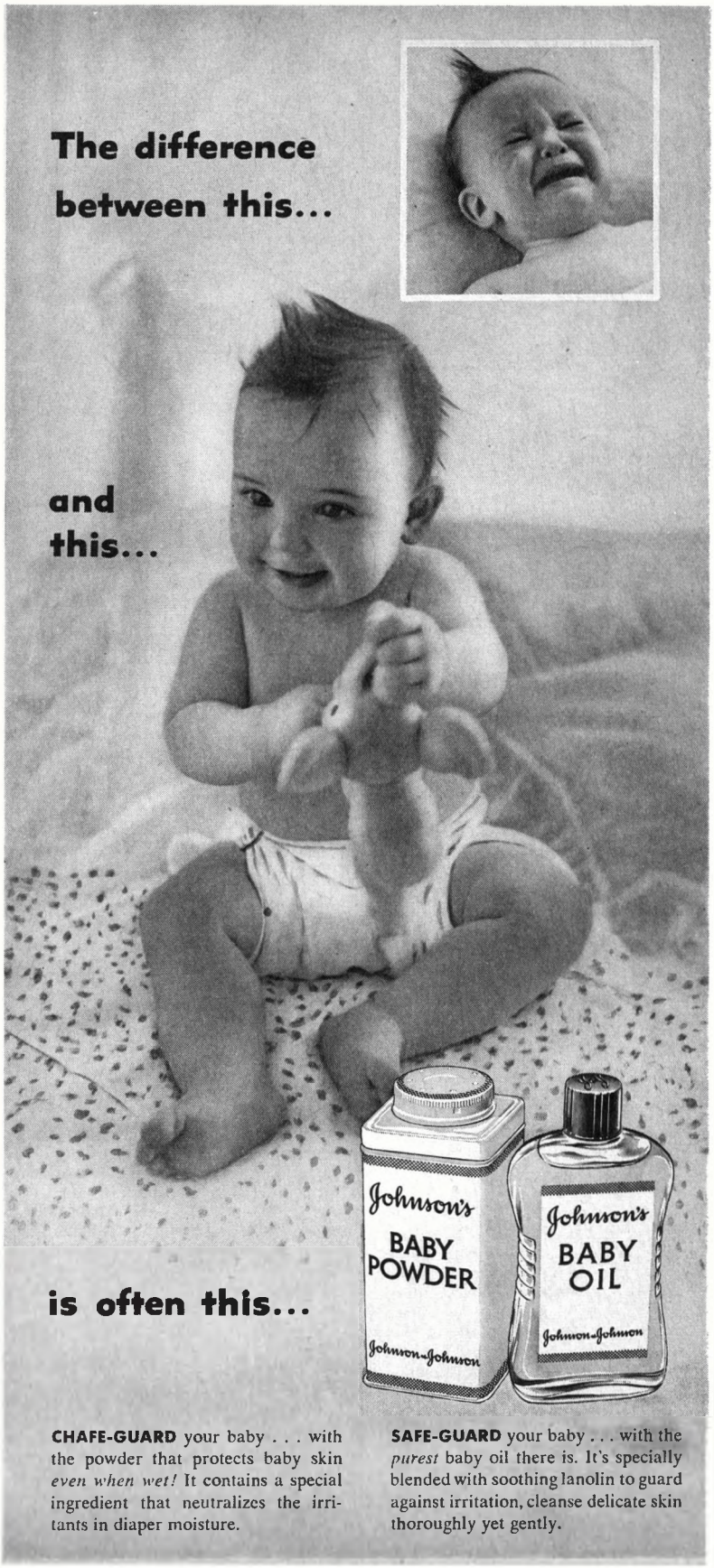

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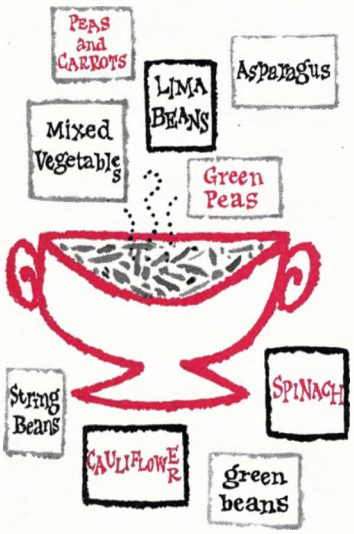
SAFE-GUARD your baby . . . with the *purest* baby oil there is. It's specially blended with soothing lanolin to guard against irritation, cleanse delicate skin thoroughly yet gently.

REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

for Young Adults at home

Baking Frozen Vegetables
for better flavor
and convenience when
you're serving oven meals



You will save cooking fuel and last-minute food preparation if you bake frozen vegetables along with your roast, instead of cooking them the usual top-of-stove way. You will also preserve more of the natural vegetable flavor.

To prepare frozen vegetables for the oven: Place solid-frozen vegetable in greased casserole. Top with 1 or 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine and ½ teaspoon salt; cover. (Add 2 tablespoons of water to lima beans and mixed vegetables before baking; 2 tablespoons of milk to cauliflower.)

Baking time will vary with the vegetable and oven temperature. For convenience, the oven temperatures given here are those most commonly used for roasting meat. When your oven is set at 325° F., most vegetables will require 55 minutes, with the following exceptions: asparagus cuts and spinach—65 minutes; green peas and lima beans—50 minutes; asparagus spears—70 minutes. If your oven is set at 350° F., reduce the cooking time of all vegetables 10 minutes. Stir 15 minutes before end of cooking time and again before serving.

Illustrated by Al Grossman

(Continued from page 76)

band had already used up his GI privilege in South Nyack. Easy credit under the GI Bill, through which many families financed South Nyack homes, couldn't be obtained a second time.

"When the state evicted us, we doubled up with my folks for more than a year," the wife recalls. "Inconvenient? A terrible imposition? Yes. But we had no choice. It took that long to find a house under conventional financing that fitted our pocketbook."

Family roots in the South Nyack area go deep. James Bloor, youthful executive of a Manhattan bank, saw his home spared by the original Thruway construction only to find it threatened now by an extension of the superhighway.

"My family's lived here for more than 200 years," he says. "It means a great deal to raise children in the same house where you grew up. If the place goes, no amount of money will pay me for the loss."

Should Bloor wish to challenge the taking of his property, only monetary damages would be considered. What can't be measured in economic terms can't be compensated for. But some individuals who appealed on the basis of economic loss, said that they received less than satisfactory results.

Anthony Havershan thought the Thruway's offer for his house too low. The Havershans had bought an old run-down place some years before. Every extra cent and moment of spare time went into remodeling and landscaping. Havershan hired a professional appraiser. The appraiser set the value of the property at nearly twice what the Thruway offered. The Havershans climbed into the family car and headed up to Albany.

Received quite cordially, Havershan got little satisfaction.

"How much did you spend to redo this room?" asked the Authority official with whom they dealt.

"Four hundred dollars," said Havershan.

"How long ago?"

"A year ago."

Then the official explained that the life of a redecorated room is about two years. "We'll allow you $200 on it now." he said.

It was the same with the furnace. The life of a furnace is calculated at 20 years. The Havershan furnace was older than that. "It wouldn't be right for the Authority to pay you for that furnace, Mr. Havershan," the official said.

Havershan asked about the landscaping. A nurseryman had valued the plants and trees on the grounds at $2010. "We want only the house and land," said the official. "You can keep the shrubbery."

"We didn't want to sell at the Authority's figure," Havershan says. "But it was take it or leave it. We signed."

Havershan could have appealed to the State's Court of Claims, where a *state-appointed* judge hears only cases of individuals seeking *damage from the state.*

Many of the South Nyack owners who felt their compensation inadequate considered this source of appeal too far removed. By the time a case could be heard, the house would be leveled. The judge could only look at pictures in trying to fix a fair valuation.

Again and again, negotiators reminded homeowners that they didn't actually own the premises any longer. One man recalls, "They kept saying, 'You might as well sign. You won't get any more.'"

Even after homeowners accepted the settlement offered, actual payment was slow, sometimes arriving as long as eight months after agreement had been reached.

The road builders said the signed contract was as good as money, that any bank or lending agency would finance a new home for the dispossessed on the security of the Thruway's promise to pay.

Yet, when individuals took such contracts to bankers to arrange financing for family resettlement, they heard a different story. Banks did *not* accept the highway builders' contract as sufficient collateral for a loan.

Then in August, 1953, the road builders arrived with their graders, scrapers, shovels, cranes. When an existing road got in the way, the engineers moved it. Down went dozens of houses. Down went the historic Protestant Episcopal Chapel and the pre-Revolutionary "Bell Home." Down went the village hall, Mayor Cooper's house and 100-year-old elms. Demolished were familiar restaurants, stores, landmark cottages and mansions.

By the time the roadbuilders had done their work, 147 homes and 458 men, women and children had been uprooted.

"But after all," you may be saying. "South Nyack is only one town. Can we believe that its experience constitutes a threat to homeowners everywhere?"

No one knows for certain how many families face displacement by the road-building program now under way. But at least two-thirds of the new $34,000,000,000 system will cross land where no highway now exists.

New York's Congressman Harold Ostertag has said, "The program will involve the taking of some two million acres of land, much of it in metropolitan areas." Unofficial estimates at the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads indicate that anywhere from 100,000 to 500,000 families will be affected.

Obviously this means that hundreds of today's remote, peaceful residential areas will find themselves sliced by super-roads. Even areas not directly abutting main arteries will experience secondary disruption caused by the need for feeder roads and service routes to get traffic on and off the main highways.

What can we do to prevent the unnecessary sacrifice of homes and communities?

In South Nyack's case, the final decision as to where the road should go rested solely with the highway engineers.

To prevent other South Nyacks from occurring, state laws should give individuals and communities the right to question and appeal decisions by the builders. In this respect the new federal highway law passed by Congress last year is faulty. It guarantees only that public hearings will be held so that arguments against construction plans can be placed on the record. It does not require that officials listen to or be governed by the arguments of local interests.

Asked if he didn't think the new federal requirement for hearings wise, one of

Mr. Tallamy's New York assistants shrugged and said, "I don't know. We never really had it. We sometimes invited local groups to submit alternatives. Invariably they turned out to be impractical, and we went ahead as planned."

The first move is to keep highway officials answerable to the electorate. In California, road building powers rest almost exclusively with the state highway department, which answers to the governor. But the law requires local *approval* of new highway construction, not just a record of a hearing filed with some board.

To prevent abuses by special highway authorities, Colorado, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maryland and New Hampshire charge the chiefs of state highway departments with final responsibility for construction and operation.

Sometimes the legislature exercises needed public control over road building, as with New Jersey's Garden State Parkway. There the legislature determined the route. Should the legislature delegate this power, it can still place, as in Kansas, members of its road committees on the governing boards of highway-building agencies.

A second step to protect families would be to insist on local officials' negotiating between homeowners and road builders.

A third safeguard needed in the complicated process of acquiring highway rights of way is an arbitration system that works promptly to settle disputes between individuals, towns and highway builders.

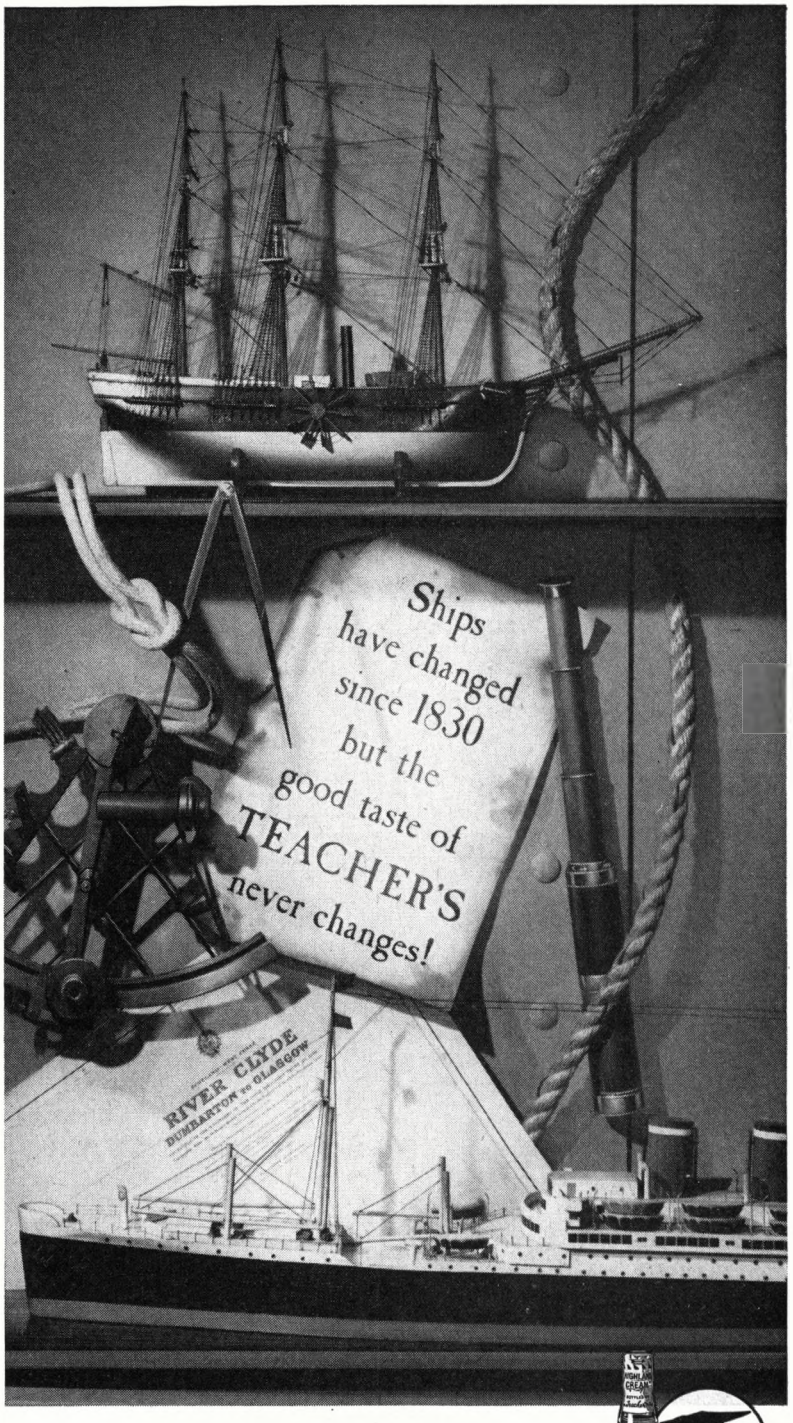
Special referees on the spot could judge the legal merits of any dispute within days. It is inexcusable to force the citizen to wait two years or longer for his day in court. Most people do not possess the means to buy another house while their assets are tied up in a court fight.

The fourth—and perhaps most effective—step a young family can take to safeguard itself is to unite with neighbors when their community is threatened.

When the New York Thruway and the New Jersey Turnpike authorities announced their intention to build a link between the two superhighways, residents in the New York communities of Grandview, Upper Grandview, Sparkill and Piermont faced the prospect of obliterated homes, disrupted families, blighted community life. Forming themselves into a "Committee to Save the Villages," these citizens resorted to every weapon at their command to call public attention to their plight and to forestall the destruction of their homes.

In many ways they have succeeded whereas the residents of South Nyack failed. On one occasion they borrowed an idea from colonial days when church bells sounded the alarm of an Indian attack. The area was organized on a given Sunday afternoon and every church bell from the New Jersey line to the outskirts of Albany began to toll, warning that a new, 20th-century threat now endangered homes in the valley. The action attracted 10,000 persons who signed petitions urging that the communities not be sacrificed.

Through mass meetings, appeals to elected officials (all of whom are powerless to intervene) and roadside signs telling of the danger, the organization has kept its case before the public and in the headlines. As the committee chairman



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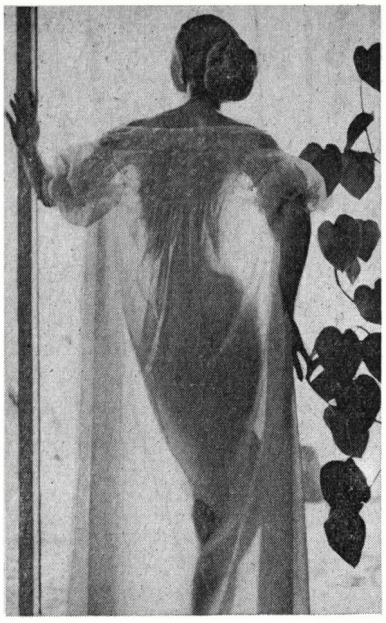

explains, "Road builders find it inexpedient to exert arbitrary power when the world is looking on."

But the committee has not contented itself merely with opposing.

Recently these Rockland County, New York, communities joined forces with citizens in neighboring Bergen County, New Jersey, forming a new group called "The Interstate Planning Conference." Under the leadership of Mrs. Eric Gugler of Palisades, New York, and Joseph R. Ellicott of Alpine, New Jersey, they have continued to press their fight to persuade the authorities to accept a less disruptive route for the connecting link.

They've called into service the respective planning boards of the two counties, employed consulting engineers of their own to make route studies and submit plans, conducted traffic surveys and opinion polls among truckers who would utilize the new highway.

As this is being written, the road-building authorities have not reached a final decision, but the members of the planning council are hopeful. As a result of their intensive effort and study, they have been able to recommend a route that has many advantages over that favored by the Thruway Authority. Twelve families would be uprooted instead of several times that many. The new route would be 14 per cent shorter; its over-all cost would be 20 per cent less.

America's highway-building program certainly must go forward. Overcrowded, outmoded, dangerous roads must be replaced or improved—and supplemented by modern thoroughfares. Inevitably, as highway expansion is pushed, some families will have to make sacrifices. But every effort should be made to hold these sacrifices to a minimum.

If state legislatures see to it that explicit safeguards are written into road-building laws, and if citizens are vigilant in overseeing the highway experts, the program ahead can be not only the "greatest public works project in history"; it can also be a monument to America's respect for individual worth. . . . THE END

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House Full of Women

(Continued from page 41)

side of the bed and sat on his stomach. Behind her, Carol tripped over the threshold and fell, sprawling, into the room. She opened her mouth to let out a howl of indignation over the bread and jam, jam side down on the rug, and then, as suddenly, closed her mouth and picked up the bread, pinching at the strawberries on the carpet with a thumb and forefinger. Carefully, she placed them back on the bread.

Audrie said, "Daddy, have we got a baby yet? A baby brother?"

Mark sat up, unwinding Audrie's arms, dislodging Beth. Carol, her bread and jam once more assembled, approached the bed with her intention plain in her face.

Mark said, "No, Carol, get out of here with that stuff. Go and wash your hands, Carol."

She stopped and looked thoughtfully at the offending bread and then back at her father.

Beth said, shaking his arm, "Daddy, tell us. Is it a baby boy?"

He unclasped her hands with irritation. She sat back on the bed, shaking her head to shake her bangs into place.

He felt ashamed of his display of anger. "We've got a new baby," he said quietly. "About three this morning. A baby girl."

Audrie, nine and sensitive, Beth, seven and a tomboy, said in a duet of disappointment, "Another girl!" Carol, three and-a-half and not quite sure what the fuss was about, stuffed the last of the bread into her mouth and wiped her hands happily on her jeans.

He felt a rising sense of defensiveness against their disappointment. He said, sharply, "All right, what's wrong with girls? *You're* girls, aren't you?"

Beth said, "Yes, but we got here first and there's enough of us. We need a boy now."

Audrie said, frowning, "Mamma wanted a boy. She said she did."

He got out of bed, pulled on his robe. "She wanted a boy because she thought *I* wanted a boy. It doesn't matter to me. Now get out of here so I can dress. I'm going back to the hospital this morning to see your mother."

Audrie said, "We picked some daffodils for you to take her."

"Daffodils! We haven't any daffodils."

Beth said, "McCrorys have. They won't care. They said we could pick some. They said we could have all the daffs we wanted just so we'd leave their hyacinths alone."

Mark reached down to pull on a slipper. "You didn't touch the hyacinths, did you?"

Beth said, piously, "Of course not." She added, "They were almost finished anyway."

"Where's the nurse?"

"Eating bacon and eggs and rolls. She's eating three eggs, Daddy. She eats three eggs every morning. Are you going to pay her all of her wages if she eats three eggs every morning?"

"She's taking good care of you, isn't she?"

"She's not as good as Mommy," Audrie said, wistfully. "When's Mommy coming home? And the baby? What are we going to name her now that we can't call her David? It's got to start with D, you know."

Mark said, "You start thinking. Carol—out of my way, woman!"

Carol had wound her sticky hands around his legs, and now she stood gazing up at him with an adoring smile, refusing to let go.

Some of the hardness in his heart melted. He stooped, picked her up and

now her small round face was on a level with his and her clear gray eyes with their dark fringe of lashes gazed at him in open comradeship. She smelled of soap and toast and milk. He kissed her soft cheek, and she leaned back in his arms and grinned at him, rubbing at her cheek with the back of her hand.

"You scratch."

He swung her to the floor. "I know. I've got to shave."

At the door he looked back. Audrie sat at the foot of the bed, thoughtfully smoothing the tufts in the spread. She looked like Celia with her small, slender face; wide, serious eyes and soft brown hair. On the floor Beth was practicing a handstand. From her upside down position, her face red, she talked in quick bursts of words. "Mommy isn't going to like it at all. Does she know yet? Does she know she's got another girl?"

She landed in a heap, righted herself and looked at Mark for an answer.

He said, shortly, "I'm sure she knows by now."

While he shaved, he thought about it, the first sickening sense of disappointment now an aching burden in his heart. It wasn't as if there would be another chance. This was the last child. The doctor hadn't wanted Celia to take a chance by having this one, but she had insisted. She'd insisted because she knew how badly he wanted a boy. And now, in a few months, she was to have the operation that would mean no more children, ever. No boys. No sons. Just four girls. It wasn't that he didn't love his daughters, but—

And downstairs, locked in the fruit cellar was the bicycle he had bought for a boy nearly ten years ago, before Audrie was born.

When Audrie came, they'd laughed and he'd said, "Well, I'll keep it for the next one." After Beth his grin had been a little wry, but he'd still been able to grin. Then Carol came, and he'd protested, "Here now, let's not carry this too far."

Celia said, "I think you better get the bicycle out and let the girls have it. Beth has been coaxing for one."

"No, it's a boy's bike." But there was more to it than that. Suddenly it had become an issue with him. All at once he was on the defensive and afraid. The girls were wonderful, but—well, a man wanted a son.

He went down to breakfast, but he had only coffee and toast. Audrie brought him the daffodils, their stems carefully wrapped in red tissue paper unearthed from the Christmas wrappings box. Beth had tied them with a green bow.

The girls hung around the table, leaning on it, jiggling it, watching his teeth bite into the toast.

Audrie said, solicitously, "You want some jam, Daddy?"

Beth said, "There isn't any more. Carol ate it all up. Carol's a little pig."

Carol grinned at him. "Carol's a little pig."

The nurse came in. "More coffee, Mr. Brady? Or toast?"

"No." His tone was louder than necessary. "No, thanks," he added, with forced courtesy. He got up.

"Don't forget the flowers, Daddy." Beth thrust the damp bouquet into his hands.

Audrie hung on his arm. "Tell Mamma we miss her. And be sure to see the baby so you can tell us what she looks like. And, Daddy—"

He waited, impatiently.

"Don't let Mamma know you feel bad because it isn't a boy."

He opened his mouth to deny this, but he couldn't lie in the face of Audrie's steady gaze. He took her hand from his arm, squeezed it and put it down.

He opened the garage doors, got in the car and slid the key into the ignition. And then he sat, disliking himself, feeling a deep, restive shame. They were nice kids. He didn't have to take it out on them.

He reached his hand out to turn the key, and then he drew it back. It had to be done some time. It might as well be now.

He got out of the car and went in the side entrance to the house and to the basement. He unlocked the unused fruit cellar and wheeled out the boy's bicycle. It was shiny and red, and the spokes glinted in the light. Carefully, he carried it up the stairs and out the side door. The girls were playing hopscotch on the sidewalk.

"Here," he called, "this is for you."

They turned and looked and then, screaming with delight, they descended upon him. They surrounded the bicycle, admiring it, and then they turned to overwhelm him with their gratitude, but he escaped to the car. He backed out of the garage and called to them through the rolled-down car window. "Have fun."

He stopped at a florist's shop to order an azalea plant sent to Celia and then went on to the hospital. It was about ten thirty when he got to Celia's room.

When he went in, she was lying with her eyes closed and he thought she was asleep. But when he approached the bed, she opened her eyes and looked at him and then two large tears began to roll silently down her cheeks.

"Celia!"

He bent to her and half gathered her into his arms and kissed her and held his cheek against hers.

She lay against him and he could feel her quivering as she fought with herself.

"Don't," he whispered. "Darling, don't. It's all right."

Finally she was able to speak. "But you wanted a boy—so badly."

"Honey, I was only kidding."

"No, you weren't."

He smoothed her hair gently. "All right, I wasn't. I wanted a boy. But we didn't have a boy. And it isn't your fault. So stop crying. Look what the girls sent you, snitched, I'm afraid, from the McCrorys' yard."

Celia turned her head and looked at the flowers, and she started to laugh, but it ended in a sob. She reached for the daffodils.

"Of course," Mark said, critically, "I have seen daffs that seemed to have more of the zest of life in them than these have, but considering what they have been through, I think they must have come from singularly hardy stock."

Celia held them, touching the wilted

petals with gentle fingers. There was love in her touch, and remembering. And he knew that at that moment Audrie and Beth and Carol were in the room with her.

He said, suddenly, humbly, "You're a wonderful person, Celia. I love you."

She looked up at him, her eyes momentarily surprised. But she was still too far away from him, too close to the night and what she had been through. After a while she said, "Have you seen her yet?"

He shook his head. "Not yet. I'll stop on my way out. The girls want to know what her name is."

Celia said, "I've been thinking. Do you like Diane?"

"Diane. Diane Brady. Yes, nice, don't you think?"

"Are you getting along all right? Is the nurse working out?"

"Sure thing. Except that she eats three eggs for breakfast and Audrie wondered if my financial state could bear the strain."

Celia laughed, softly.

"And you should have seen Carol picking strawberry preserves off the rug this morning, putting them back on her toast and eating it. And Beth, sitting on my stomach before I was out of bed. Hurry up and come home, honey, and protect me from all those women."

He stood up, but Celia put a hand on his to detain him.

"Which one could you do without, Mark?"

He didn't answer. He bent and kissed her.

He stopped at the nursery and they brought his new daughter to the window. At first he thought she looked the way his other daughters had looked when they were eight hours old. And then she moved her tiny fists, uncurling the fingers like starfish, and yawned. He smiled. And as he stood and looked at her, he began to realize that she was not Audrie, not Beth and not Carol. She was his child, his and Celia's, but she was not like their other children. You could recite the marriage vows to a new child, he thought. *To have and to hold*—until she grew up and left you for her own home. *From this day forward*—but how fast the days became weeks and months and years. It didn't seem long since he'd stood here, looking this way through the glass at Audrie. *In sickness and in health*—and you stayed awake through long nights when they were ill and you bandaged fingers and smoothed bumped heads.

Diane was asleep. The nurse, looking to him for approval, turned away to tuck her into her crib.

He walked down the corridor toward the elevator. He didn't feel exultant or excited the way he had when Audrie was born. He could not help but wonder. If Diane had been a boy, how would he have felt? And he could envision himself, light of foot and heart, racing out of the hospital doors to tell the world—I have a son!

He could not concentrate on his work at the office. He found himself gazing out the window at the skyline, thinking of Celia, thinking of the girls, restless and unsettled. At about three he left the office and went to a store to pick out a pink silk bed jacket for Celia. With it under his arm, he went back to the hospital. His azalea plant stood in the place of honor on her bedside table.

She reached up her arms to him with a contented smile and he knew that, in her heart, she had accepted her new daughter, wholly and completely. Some time in the interval since he had last seen her the baby had been brought to her and that indefinable something had occurred that made her feel as if this baby and no other in the world belonged to her. Boy or girl, it didn't matter. *This* was her child.

And her unreserved acceptance made him feel alone, shut out of the midst of his family.

Celia put on the new bed jacket and lay back against her pillow.

"It's lovely, Mark."

"It makes you look lovelier," he said.

Her eyes searched his face and, because she knew him so well, she knew what was in his heart. Her eyes clouded. "She's a sweet baby, Mark."

"I know," he said. "I saw her."

"It will be all right."

"Of course," he said, and smiled at her and kissed her.

He drove home slowly about five o'clock. From half a block away he saw the three girls around the bicycle near the garage doors. When they saw him, Audrie came running toward him.

"Daddy, stop. Beth wants you to watch how she can ride. She's been practicing all day to show you."

He stopped the car before he reached the drive and waited. Beth waved at him gaily and then climbed on the bicycle and began to pedal down the slight incline toward the street. The bicycle wobbled erratically, but Beth stayed on, pedaling faster to gain momentum. She came onward swiftly, making a sharp turn into the street toward him. She tried valiantly to steer past the car, but the bicycle was out of her control. He saw what was going to happen before it occurred, and he was out of the car when she crashed into it.

He ran to the tangled heap lying in front of the car and knelt to extricate Beth. She lay there, white and still.

Audrie stood beside him, saying in a low, terrified voice, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy." And Carol clung to her skirt, frightened and bewildered.

He lifted Beth in his arms, and her slight body was limp and weightless against him. Some of the terror in Audrie's voice entered his heart.

"Daddy, is she dead?"

"No—no—" he said, gruffly.

He strode toward the house.

Which one could you do without? This one? This tomboy who loved cats and Teddy bears and baseball, who saved dimes in an old peanut butter jar, who gave away her best hair ribbons and her most cherished pencils and her heart? Or Audrie, perhaps? Audrie who practiced patiently at her piano lessons, who liked to make Toll house cookies, who couldn't stand to see anything suffer, whose hands felt so soft and soothing to a headache? Or Carol? Carol the putterer, who sang over her mud pies, Carol the serene who asked nothing but to be loved, Carol who could sit and dream over a picture book for an hour? All right then, Diane, the unknown quantity with the tiny starfish hands?

He laid Beth on the sofa, and the nurse came and took her pulse while he called the doctor. After that he went back and knelt by the sofa and watched her, trying by his urgency to breathe consciousness back into her. After a while she opened her eyes. She saw him there beside her. "I went too fast that time," she said. Her voice trailed away.

He sat back on his heels and then he saw Audrie and Carol standing silently beside him, watching Beth. They stood with wide eyes and tearstained cheeks, caught up suddenly into frightening insecurity and terror. They looked at him uncertainly. And their forlornness went to his heart. He put an arm around each one and pulled her close to him.

"She's going to be all right," he whispered.

He had to believe that, too. Because he couldn't do without Beth. Or Audrie or Carol. Or—Diane.

She shouldn't have had to ride a boy's bicycle. She could have managed a girl's much easier. That bicycle—it should have been old and aged by now, aged in the use of some child, not kept as a sacred offering to the boy he was never to have.

Then the doctor came, bringing with him an air of proficiency and knowledge. They stood back, silently, watching him examine Beth.

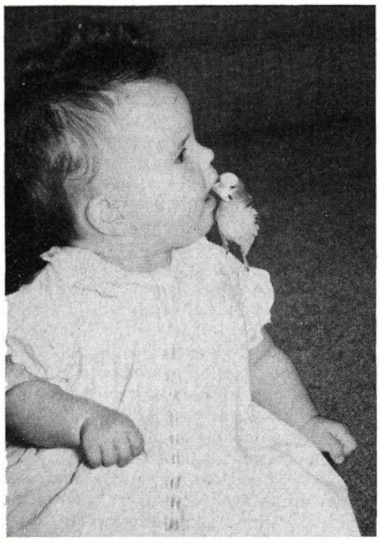
He closed his bag. "She should have

(Continued on page 84)

"Albert!"

REDBOOK'S

Family Scrapbook



It has been our pleasant custom to "baby-sit" for our neighbor's parakeet when they are away from home.

Last summer, when our daughter was 10 months old, we again had Budgie as our temporary house guest. The freedom of the house was again his.

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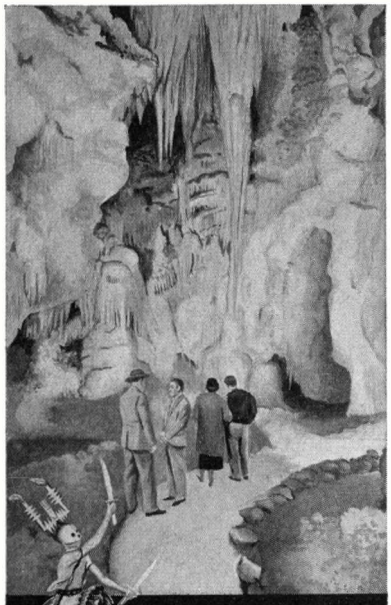

New Mexico
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You will stand in stunned amazement when you see Carlsbad Caverns National Park, and off-the-beaten-track you will likely discover some unheralded *fiesta* or local celebration as gay and colorful as the celebrators themselves. At Indian *pueblos*, where customs and dress have changed but little since the days of the *Conquistadores*, you will thrill to the throbbing rhythm of the tom-tom heralding an age-old ceremonial. The pleasing graciousness of Spanish culture and the lingering traces of a rollicking... robust Old West add individuality to this land of contrasts. The coupon below will bring you free our colorful booklet, map and new Indian Arts folder!

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(Continued from page 82)

had a broken leg," he said. "An adult would have. But kids are made out of rubber. That bump on her head is the worst, but it isn't serious. She'll probably have a headache for a while."

When they were alone again, Beth lay and smiled at them, pleased over the undivided attention she was receiving. She put an arm around the doll Audrie brought her, Audrie's favorite. She accepted Carol's picture book. She drank water through a colored straw.

And she looked at her father and confessed, "I've got to practice a little more on the bike, Dad."

"A little," he agreed. "I'll get you a girl's bike. That should help."

He sat down on a hassock by the sofa, and Carol climbed into his arms and settled against him like a kitten seeking security and warmth. Audrie sat on the floor and leaned against his knees.

He didn't have a chance and he knew it. No father did. Not against love. For he knew now that Diane would come home from the hospital and day by day she would grow into his life and into his love so that he would never again be able to think of himself as living a life apart from her. Or without her.

Audrie said, "What's the baby's name, Daddy?"

"Diane," he said.

They passed the name back and forth among them, trying it out, sounding it, and finally they approved of it.

From the sofa Beth chanted in a little singsong. "Audrie, Beth, Carol and Diane."

The nurse came in with an afghan and tucked it around Beth.

"You've got a nice family, Mr. Brady," she said. "A fine family."

He looked up at her, his eyes grave and thoughtful. And then, suddenly, he grinned and the grin was composed of rue-fulness and pride, surrender and love. "Yes," he said, "I've got a house full of women." . . . THE END

Tidewater Country

(Continued from page 53)

They cost $1.25 per night per person.

Prices of accommodations elsewhere frequently change with the season. Want to go to the bright, new resort of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina? Want to stay in a housekeeping apartment, say the Buccaneer? Okay, from June 3 to June 17, the rent is $75 a week; June 17 to 24, $95; June 24 to July 1, $110; July 1 to 8, $125; from July 8 to August 19, $110; August 19 to August 26, $100; August 26 to September 2, $75; and from then to June 3 it's $150.

Want a tip? May and September, even October, are lovely months at Myrtle Beach.

Let's stop skipping around now and instead explore down from north to south. Start at Annapolis, Maryland, an historic little town where more than a hundred buildings in use today were built before 1700. The U. S. Naval Academy there is open to visitors and is exciting to youngsters and grownups. South of Annapolis, thanks to new bridges and Highway 301, a new resort area is springing up.

On both sides of Chesapeake Bay, which divides Maryland, there's an interminable network of coves and creeks and rivers. It's a wonderful vacation land, but quiet and peaceful.

Late one evening I was sitting in a skiff in a protected cove of the Tred-Avon River with Paul Harper, one of the owners of the Pasadena Inn at Royal Oak, and a guest at the Inn, Ann Gibson, from Philadelphia. The waves were making little slap-slap sounds against the boat. To the west the sky glowed with sundown hues ranging from brilliant scarlet to soft mauve. On the nearby shore the grasses waved in the evening breeze. Behind them were the exotic shapes into which the constant wind had molded the coastal trees. Overhead a flock of southbound ducks whiled away their voyage with conversation.

"People often ask me why a single girl comes here for her vacation instead of going to a beach resort," Ann mused. She waved a hand to take in all the beauty around us. "Well, that's why."

But with the exception of the Pasadena Inn, a big old farmhouse offering room and three huge, family-type meals at $7 a day per person, and some cottages at nearby Tilghman Island, there are few accommodations in this area.

Driving along the state roads, as a matter of fact, you'd think the country was deserted. But a trip on Captain L. C. Solomon's boat, *Loafer*, out of Easton, provides a pleasant surprise. We'd gone hardly any distance when we rounded a point and there, overlooking a little cove, was a lovely, gracious manor house with landscaped lawn slanting down to the water's edge. We rounded another point, and there was another beautiful home. And so it went all afternoon—one lovely house after another, hidden from all eyes on the land side, but wide open to the water traveler.

"Who would ever have dreamed it?" a young woman breathed to her husband. "Just think! A garden tour by boat!"

Garden tours are popular throughout Tidewater during the spring, when private homes on the tours are open. Many homes and plantations, however, particularly in Virginia, are open the year around. Entering Virginia from the north, on U. S. 301, you come into the historic old section known as the Northern Neck, which lies between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers. Along the broad Potomac there's Westmoreland State Park with spacious cottages at $48 a week for two families, $24 for one, available for those who get their applications in early enough. These cottages are set back from the beach, up a steep bluff.

Most of the visitors to Virginia this year will probably be attracted to some of the many places where history stopped

over in this exciting state. For this year marks the 350th anniversary of the first permanent English-speaking settlement in America—Captain John Smith's establishment of Jamestown in 1607. On April 26th the three specially-constructed replicas of the original fleet will land at the island, and other events are scheduled straight on through the year.

Jamestown is, of course, only seven miles from Williamsburg. The authentic, painstaking restoration of this colonial town has resulted in a living community where we can see just how our ancestors lived. The accommodations are many and excellent, but not cheap. The food, particularly in period places serving authentic dishes—scalloped oysters, Brunswick stew, Indian pudding and Sally Lunn bread—is as delicious as it's interesting.

While you're in Virginia, it's practically obligatory to visit at least one plantation. After the first one, it's up to you whether you want to see more. But I talked to a couple that has been spending several weeks a year just visiting plantations and old homes, every year since their honeymoon.

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. Joseph Remm of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests as the typical man reader of the November 1956 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him.
—THE EDITORS

The James River plantations, up picturesque, winding State Highway 5 from Williamsburg, are typical examples of the many fine old plantations open to the public. The one named "Shirley" has been in the same family for nine generations. The present house dates back to 1723, and the old stable, smokehouse and dovecote are of the same period. Or you can take the little ferry across the James at Jamestown and visit Brandon, the gardens of which extend all the way from the manor house down to the river.

Some people going south skip the Virginia Historyland entirely and take the Ocean Highway (U. S. 17-13) down the Eastern Shore, past Chincoteague. This means a ferry ride across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. Complete with lounge, restaurant and snack and beer bar, these state-owned ferries are bigger than many ocean-going vessels.

South of Virginia, North Carolina offers nearly 300 miles of marvelous ocean beach, most of it accessible. The northern hundred miles or so make up the famous Outer Banks, one of America's most picturesque regions. On the ocean side of these islands there's fine surf fishing and charter boats for the deep-sea enthusiasts. On the inland side there's excellent freshwater fishing and crabbing. And don't miss "The Lost Colony," performed nightly during the summer on Roanoke Island. This is great and moving entertainment. This whole area lives off vacationers, likes them and wants them to come back. The Dare County Chamber of Commerce at Manteo wants to help tourists find the right accommodations.

Hatteras Island, below Nags Head, is our country's only national seashore, one of the precious few stretches of shoreline which are being preserved for public use. Here's a fine camping ground; no

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Cape Hatteras is a place of wild grandeur. Waves from two ocean currents roar together here with savage fury. A thousand ships wrecked here have given it the name Graveyard of the Atlantic.

It takes a woman to tame the wild waves. I was standing on the point one day, gingerly sticking one toe in the water, when a cute little blonde in a bathing suit, carrying a surf rod twice as long as she was and trailed by two small children, came down the beach and walked out into the waves. Without taking one look back at the children playing in the shallows, she began casting. After an hour she came out and marched back up the beach, the two children falling in behind her.

If you really want to get away from it all, try the wonderful, picturesque little island of Ocracoke, just below Hatteras. There's no road from the ferry landing to the village; you have to take the mail truck, which makes its own road every trip. There are plenty of accommodations; I paid $7 a day, including good meals, at the pleasant Soundfront Inn.

Below Cape Lookout, from Atlantic Beach, off Moorehead City, all the way down to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, there's one friendly, pleasant modern resort area after another. Fine fishing, fine white sand, fine surf, fine accommodations and fine people. There are lovely azalea gardens on the mainland back of Wilmington. And there must be a reason why there are 16 charter boats available for both ocean fishing ($5 a person, bait and tackle included) and moonlight cruises at Little River, just below the state line in South Carolina.

A hundred miles south of new, shiny Myrtle Beach is old, mellowed Charleston. What they have in common is hospitality. In Charleston, within walking distance of the business district, are fine old mansions set in the loveliest gardens you've seen anywhere. The big iron gates are nearly always open and, the local people assured me, no one minds if you walk in and stroll around to your heart's content.

In Charleston on Sunday afternoon you can stand on the upper Battery in front of the Fort Sumter Hotel and watch the yacht races in the Cooper River in front of you. On Friday afternoons the cadets of that fine old military college, The Citadel, parade in their full-dress uniforms and high shakos. And every day the excursion boat puts out for the 12-mile run to Fort Sumter, where the Civil War began.

Up the river road from Charleston are several old plantation gardens, including Cypress Gardens and Middleton Gardens. The garden enthusiast could easily take them all in her stride. For the one-shot visitor, Magnolia Gardens are perhaps the most famous.

I drove up to Magnolia Gardens one morning after a shower had washed the air. For mile on mile the huge live oaks, with their fringes of Spanish moss, formed a cool green vault through which sunbeams peeked. The gardens themselves were gorgeous. Imagine a camellia plant the size of a dogwood tree, completely covered with bloom. And banks on banks of azaleas mirrored in the black still waters of tropical lagoons. At one place you can look up, up, up and there, high in the towering cypresses, climbing roses and purple wisteria form clouds of color.

South of Charleston is the sleepy, historic old town of Beaufort, one of a group of 64 islands surrounded by fish-laden waters. This whole coastal area is a kind of maze. Most of it is accessible only by boat. Through it runs the Intracoastal Waterway, the protected route for small boats from New England to Florida. Marinas, where travelers can gas up and buy supplies, are located along the route. Stand on the pier of one of these establishments, and you'd be amazed at the traffic that goes by—shrimp boats and trawlers, millionaires' yachts and small cabin cruisers.

These marinas are like old-fashioned stage-coach stops. Late one afternoon, for instance, a cabin cruiser from Norfolk, Virginia, docked at the Savannah marina. A man, wife and two kids poured out of the thing and began deluging Larry D. Blalock, the manager, with questions:

"Where's the next marina? How far? Can we get something to eat here? Where's a good fishing drop? What's biting?"

As quickly as the questions came, Larry had the answers: "Next stop, Brunswick; about a seven-hour run. Sure, two good restaurants, right here. Fishing drop? Look for marker No. 96; drop your line off the point directly opposite. Speckled trout and channel bass are biting. And how would y'all like a nice hot shower? No charge, on the house."

Just as the Savannah Marina is a must-stop for Inland Waterway voyagers, so is Midway, a few miles south, for the boat-and-trailer people. Here is an example of the esteem in which enlightened local authorities hold the American fishing family. For Liberty County has banned commercial fishing in its tidal waters, leaving them—and the fish—entirely to people who fish for fun.

At the Midway motel a family named Perkinson, from Michigan, sheepishly admitted that they'd started out for Florida, but had spent so much time en route, fishing and lazing around at one place and another, that now they'd never make it.

"But we really don't care," Mr. Perkinson said, as Mrs. P. and three kids bobbed their heads in agreement. "We've had what we wanted, family fun and, man, what fishing! We're going to be right back here in Tidewater next year, too. We know when we are wanted!"

... The End

For more information and free booklets about the tidewater areas of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, write to:

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230 Park Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Can We Be Fair To Veterans?

(Continued from page 43)

hospital for treatment of a nonservice-connected ailment without the veteran's having to sign a statement that he can't afford to pay. If he dies, his widow qualifies for a pension, whereas the widow of a nondisabled veteran does not (unless he was a veteran of World War I or earlier wars).

Veterans who are 10- and 20-per-cent disabled make up more than half—57 per cent—of all disability cases, and they cost the Government $326,000,000 a year. The Bradley Commission found that these disabilities "did not result in any impairment of physical vitality" and that these men appeared to be as well off as veterans generally and much better off that nonveterans their age. The Commission recommended that monthly payments for these men be stopped and that they receive instead a lump-sum payment.

But let's look at what happened to Paul Simpson, a high-school physical-education teacher who became a Marine. During the fighting on Iwo Jima he was knocked unconscious by a shell blast and didn't come to for 24 hours. His case was diagnosed as traumatic epilepsy, resulting from the injury. He was discharged as 10-per-cent disabled and went back to his old job.

The first year he had a seizure during class and was summarily fired by the school board. He applied for a job at a nearby school and was turned down on the ground that he hadn't mentioned his epilepsy on his application for the first job. The same thing happened at every other school to which he applied.

Finally he gave up teaching and took a job with an insurance company. After a year he had another seizure and was fired again. At present he is still trying—without much success—to find a job where people will not be frightened by his generally misunderstood illness. Meanwhile, all he can draw from the VA is $17 a month.

Representative Olin E. Teague (D.-Tex.), chairman of the House Committee on Veterans Affairs, put his finger on the crucial point about disabilities. "The question is not, should we pay a man for a 10-per-cent disability; the question is, what constitutes a *real* 10-per-cent disability?"

Unquestionably the rating schedule needs overhauling.

So do some of the other laws governing benefits.

In Terre Haute (Indiana) Federal prison a man is collecting $66 a month in a nonservice-connected pension despite the fact that he forged a Government check. To be eligible for the pension, he has to be "unemployable"; presumably, since he's in jail for three-and-one-half years, he is unemployable. In Leavenworth another man is drawing the same sort of pension, although he's serving ten years for counterfeiting. So are two men in a Tennessee state prison for murder and another in Colorado for auto theft.

Teague, who uncovered this scandal, had a bill in the last Congress designed to correct it. The bill died with the Congress, stalled behind an American-Legion-backed bill that would have provided pensions for all veterans over 65.

Teague's Committee also investigated another kind of pension payment, required by law, which appears dubious:

The VA pays benefits—pensions, compensation, death benefits—to almost 1,000,000 veterans (or their dependents) living abroad. Nearly 10,000 of these veterans are drawing nonservice-connected pensions that, in the aggregate, cost the Government more than half a million dollars a month. Only about one in five is an American citizen; some used to be, but have given up their citizenship. The question Teague raises is whether the United States owes these men anything when they have given up their citizenship.

In order to be eligible for such a pension, the veteran has to have a physical examination, after which the doctor certifies that he's unfit to work. These examinations, of course, are made by foreign doctors, and may or may not conform to American standards.

The Committee came up with a bill to correct another abuse, one dealing with what the VA calls guardianship estates. A typical case goes like this:

A World War I veteran was admitted to a VA hospital in 1921. He's been there ever since. The VA has been paying him disability insurance of $57.50 a month since 1920, plus disability compensation ranging from $20 to $100 a month, although it has also been housing, feeding, clothing and caring for him.

A guardian was appointed to handle his affairs in 1922, and since that time only about $2,000 has been spent for the direct benefit of this man. He now has an estate of more than $42,000, all of which is from VA payments or profits from investments made with such payments. The man has no parents, wife, children, brothers or sisters living. He has some nieces and nephews who were asked by the guardian to visit the man in the hospital once in a while. They refused, even when the guardian offered to pay their expenses. These nieces and nephews will inherit the $42,000.

Congressman Teague's bill provided that such an estate would be paid only to a veteran's spouse, children or dependent parents; if there were none of these close relatives living, the money would revert to the U. S. Treasury.

Men who spend their lives in VA hospitals are, of course, tragic victims of war. Although modern chemistry, medicine and psychiatry are developing new methods of treatment which can save some men from lifetimes in bed, we must always have enough VA hospitals to care for the people whose lives have already been wrecked by war—and those hospitals should be denied neither money nor top-flight personnel.

But whether these hospitals should serve another function is a question that many critics of the present veterans' program have raised. A couple of years ago the Chamber of Commerce in Long Beach, California, examined the number of admissions to its VA hospital during one month. It found that 86 per cent of the patients were treated for ailments not con-

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nected with their service in the armed forces.

In his 1956 budget message, President Eisenhower said that almost three out of every five of the 110,000 patients who occupy VA hospitals each day are being treated for nonservice-connected ailments. The Hoover Commission reported that this type of free hospitalization costs the public about $500,000,000 a year and that, under present law and VA policies, about 40 per cent of the country's wage-earning male population is eligible for it. Furthermore, the Commission reported, there were enough VA hospital beds in 1933 to take care of all the men who have been disabled in service ever since—including those injured in World War II and Korea. Nevertheless, since 1933 we have built VA hospitals to accommodate an additional 78,000 beds—nearly double the number we already had—at a cost of $1,000,000,000.

Probably no existing veterans' law has caused so much controversy as the one providing for nonservice-connected pensions. If a veteran is disabled by some post-war civilian ailment to such an extent that he can't work, and if his income is less than $1,400 a year if he's single, or $2,700 a year if he has dependents, he is entitled to such a pension. The rate is $66 a month; after ten years on the rolls or after a man reaches 65, this is increased to $78 a month.

The Bradley Commission found that, under the present law, the veterans who need money the most sometimes get the least. For example, take the case of a Midwestern man who has such a severe case of diabetes that he can't hold a job. He is married and has a small daughter. He gets a pension of $66 a month, and he tries to live on it at today's prices.

Another veteran, on the West Coast, was so crippled by polio that he couldn't work. His wife is a teacher who makes about $4,000 a year; the man himself has an income of about $200 a month from investments and owns a good share of a $15,000 house. Yet this man, too, is receiving $66 a month.

The Bradley Commission found that nearly half the men receiving such pensions—45 per cent—are trying to live on incomes of less than $1,100 a year, including the pension. But 55 per cent of them have incomes ranging from $1,200 up. Summing up, the Commission found that nearly half the men in the pension group got only about a quarter of the income from Government and other sources, while three-quarters of the income went to the other half.

The Bradley Commission said, in effect, that, if you're going to pay a pension for nonservice-connected disabilities, you should pay the most to the men who need it the most and eliminate payments to some of those who have other income.

Nevertheless, during the last Congress the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and some other veterans' organizations threw their weight behind pension bills that would raise the income limits to as high as $3,500 a year and would make pensions available to all veterans over 65.

"This," said Congressman Teague, "was nothing but a membership drive." Instead of helping the low-income pensioners who need the money most, Teague said, the proposed bills would simply put more men on the pension rolls whether they needed help or not. The Legion's bill, he said, would actually give a greater pension to a veteran who'd been in the Army 90 days, had never served overseas and had no disability than it would provide for a veteran who had been 50-per-cent disabled in action.

The Legion mobilized its most powerful pressure techniques in an attempt to get its bill passed. In the Committee office last summer, for example, there was a pile of hosiery boxes about two feet high. I asked Oliver Meadows, staff director of the House Committee on Veterans Affairs, what was in them. "Letters," he said, "from a Legion Auxiliary post. Each member of the Committee got one. Here, let me show you."

He opened one of the boxes. Inside were a number of slips of paper, each about twice the size of a playing card. Each bore the same multigraphed message: "I urge your immediate action in favor of the Veterans Pension Bill HR 7886. Thank you." Each bore a different woman's signature.

The box also contained a covering letter from a woman in Worcester, Massachusetts. It read:

"Enclosed you will find 135 letters urging your support of HR 7886. We realize it is quite a task to answer each letter separately, so if you will send me one letter . . . it will be okay. Be sure to state that it is in reply to the 135 letters received from us . . . as our Unit gets credit for this."

Some Committee members were not impressed by such tactics. Congressman William H. Ayres (R., Ohio) went to Akron and invited all interested in the pending veterans' legislation to tell him their opinions. The state commanders of both the Legion and the VFW started by supporting the pension bills, but when Ayres explained what the bills actually provided, both reversed their positions. Neither had known exactly what the bills contained.

"This," said Teague, "is not unusual. Most members of these organizations don't know what their leaders are pressuring for. They go along because the commander says it's the thing to do, and the leaders come up here on the Hill and tell us they're speaking for the veterans. Well, I know my district, and they're not speaking for the veterans who live there! The Legion just doesn't represent the veterans today—that's all there's to it."

Bradley Commission reports backed up Teague. The Commission cited a survey by Elmo Roper, covering nearly 3,000 veterans, which showed that only 13 per cent thought that there should be a pension for all veterans and only 22 per cent thought that veterans should be eligible to get free medical care for all injuries and illnesses. Thus it would appear that the majority of veterans are directly opposed to the very things that the veterans' organizations are trying hardest to get.

Significantly, the same survey also showed that only one veteran out of every 26 was "very active" in any veterans' organization—and three-quarters of all the veterans surveyed didn't belong to any such group.

Furthermore, the Bradley Commission reported that, if we had a nonservice-connected pension law providing $100 a month (about the average of several proposed bills) for all veterans at age 65, the total program would cost $762,000,000,000—almost three times the present national debt—before we were finished with it.

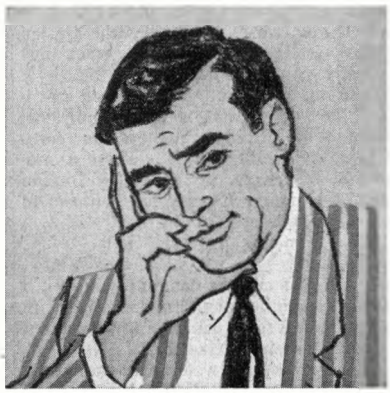
Many of the younger veterans opposed the pension bills. The Amvets did, and so did the Disabled American Veterans, as well as the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The pension bills were still pigeonholed in committee when the 84th Congress adjourned last July. But no one who has had any experience with veterans' affairs expects that the drive for pensions has ended.

The complexities of the laws on veterans' benefits gives the Veterans Administration an incredibly difficult job to do. And the VA has had to grow so rapidly in the last decade and a half (in 1940 there were 4,000,000 veterans; today there are 22,000,000) that there are bound to be inefficiencies, inequities and waste in its operations. After all, it runs the biggest insurance and hospital programs in the U. S.—and probably the world.

But a "give-away" attitude seems to pervade all levels of the VA. Many things the VA has done tend to confirm this:

- In 1950 it ordered the payment of a dividend on Government life-insurance policies. The move cost the taxpayers $2,800,000,000—yet the Bradley Commission reported that it was unable to find any authorization from Congress or anyone else for the payment of the huge fund.
- A spot-check by the Teague Committee listed over 1,000 veterans who were receiving free hospital treatment for nonservice-connected ailments and who had incomes of more than $3,500 if single and $5,000 if married, or with a net worth of more than $15,000. Many of these were VA employees. Yet several months later Robert Lampher, assistant VA administra-



Bachelor Father

BY DON STANFORD

When a carefree man is thrust into the role of a father, there are amusing and terrifying complications! Turn to page 117.

tor who has charge of disciplining VA employees, said that *none* of these cases had been referred to his department for investigation and/or punishment.

● By and large the VA takes a veteran's word when he says his income is low enough to make him eligible for a nonservice-connected pension. Says P. H. Moss, acting head of the Central Committee on Waivers and Forfeitures (which would have charge of punishing veterans who made fraudulent statements): "It is the policy of the VA to accept as correct the statement of the veteran . . . in the absence of any evidence to the contrary." The VA, unlike the Internal Revenue Service, runs no spot-checks to determine whether a veteran is lying about his income, it doesn't question him closely when he applies and it checks his statements only if somebody reports he's cheating.

● Hundreds of the veterans treated in VA hospitals carry hospital insurance. In 1954, according to the Hoover Commission, the VA gave hospital care worth $15,000,000 to veterans who were covered by insurance, and it billed the insurance companies for that amount. Yet it collected only $3,000,000.

● The VA, according to the Bradley Commission, doesn't begin to do enough research. In 1955 it spent almost $2,000,000,000 on compensation and pensions for disabled veterans. Yet it has never run a study to find out exactly how much a particular disability damages a man's health, general vitality or earning capacity. (The Bradley Commission itself ran a brief study of this kind and discovered that many disabilities for which the VA pays compensation don't handicap a man at all.)

● The amount of money a man gets for a particular disability is determined by an elaborate document called the Rating Schedule. The Bradley Commission reported that this has not kept up with the advance of medical knowledge; in some cases even the names given to ailments are not those of modern usage. One result is that the VA is paying out many thousands of dollars for "disabilities" that modern medicine has made obsolete or greatly minimized.

In part this indifference to research is the result of a policy set when the VA was founded more than a quarter of a century ago—that it would not fight the cause of the veteran in Congress, would not originate any legislation, but would simply carry out the laws that Congress passed. As a result, the VA has not had to dig up facts on which to base a plea for a piece of legislation and has not become a pressure group. Instead, according to Clarence G. Adamy, a member of the Bradley Commission, it has relied on the American Legion and other veterans' organizations for political protection and research. As a result, Adamy says, the Legion has dominated the VA for 25 years, except when General Bradley was Administrator right after World War II. Today, for instance, four of the five top men in the VA are Legion members; two are former Legion department commanders.

Other Government agencies, of course, also have pressure groups trying to influence them. But other agencies have checks on their freedom of action that limit the effect that pressure groups can have. The VA is unique in that its Administrator, by

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law, has absolute power in certain areas.

For example, in 1948, when General Carl R. Gray, Jr., was Administrator, he ordered a move called Extension Five of the Rating Schedule, which has already cost the Government billions of dollars and will cost more before its effect has ended.

By proclamation Gray ruled that any veteran over 65 who was at least 10-per-cent disabled and couldn't get a job would be considered totally and permanently disabled and therefore entitled to a pension. Doctors say that nine out of ten men at 65 are 10-per-cent disabled, as defined by the VA; all you need, for example, is to have X-rays show evidence of calcium deposits in your joints—and virtually any man over 40 can show this.

Said one of the economists who worked with the Bradley Commission: "This was a multi-billion-dollar decision. It was made by the Administrator without clearing with the President or with anyone else. I know of no parallel to it in our Government."

There are many laws that give the Veterans Administrator absolute power in various areas. One of the most sweeping is the Act of October 17, 1940, which reads, "notwithstanding any other provision of law [with two exceptions] the decisions of the Administrator . . . on any question of law or fact concerning a claim for benefits or payments . . . shall be final and conclusive and no other official nor any court in the United States shall have power . . . to review any such decision."

The late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Harlan Fiske Stone, once wrote: "The agencies of government are not more free than the private individual to act according to their own arbitrary will or whim, but must conform to legal rules developed and applied by the courts." But in some cases affecting the VA, this basic principle of democracy is violated by the very law of the land.

As this was written, facts brought out by the Bradley Commission, the Hoover Commission and Teague's Committee were being studied by Congressmen, veterans' organizations, Administration leaders and scores of others in Washington. It remains to be seen how much will be done to correct the inequities in the VA program.

To one who watched Congressmen quail before the self-appointed power of the big veterans' organizations in the pension fight last summer, it seems highly unlikely that many Congressmen will find the political courage to right some of these wrongs—even though these organizations speak for only a small minority of the nation's veterans.

At the end of REDBOOK's lengthy investigation, however, one encouraging fact stood out. The overwhelming majority of the young veterans of World War II and Korea subscribe to the modern attitude toward veterans' benefits—that a man should be repaid for any handicap his service to the country has caused him, but beyond that should be treated no differently from any other citizen. . . . THE END

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Escape

(Continued from page 32)

going until I found a job." When he came home, less than a week later, with the clipping from the newspaper, it had seemed a private miracle, aimed especially at them. There was an ad asking for a young man willing to travel to the West Indies. A young man interested in hard work, responsibility and an excellent salary. Michael was interviewed twice, and, to their surprise and happiness, had been chosen for the job over many other applicants. Almost before they had time to think, to congratulate each other on their luck, Louise and Michael were flying here to this small dot of an island, a tiny speck in the wide West Indian sea.

Louise smiled gently. Even now, nothing could spoil the memory of their first morning awakening in the new hotel suite. She had thrown back the doors to the balcony and stood in wonderment, listening to the strange cries of flashing macaws, watching the steaming green of the Island foliage through the opalescent mists. Later, she had seen the sea close below her. It had sparkled in the strong sunlight, winking friendly diamonds, pushing crinkled green waves against the stone base of the hotel. But in that early awakening time, it had still worn its gray mist cover, and she had wondered at the lapping sounds which formed a background for the shriller sounds of birds. Louise had stood there, breathing deeply, almost tasting the strange air.

"Michael, wake up. Come look out here. It's like living in the Bird House at the Zoo. There are all kinds of parrots and things flying around, and it's warm . . . oh, Mike, it's so nice and warm." She walked back inside and tugged at his tightly sheeted form. Michael groaned. He burrowed deeper into his pillow. Louise deftly ripped the sheet away at the bottom of the bed and tickled his feet. He sat up. His hair was tousled, sticking up in all directions, and he was trying hard to scowl. Louise looked at him and began to laugh. She felt so light and well, so full of adventure, so alive. She couldn't recall ever feeling so alive. Michael gave up pretending to be cross and took her tenderly into his arms. He kissed her, burying his face in her neck. His voice was husky with emotion.

"How long has it been since you laughed like that, Lou? You don't know what it means to me to see you looking so well and happy." She pulled away from him, smiling, not wanting him to remind her of the cold city left behind, of the past and its troubles. This would be a new chapter. She was filled with eagerness to dip into it further, to share the wonderful world outside their windows with Michael.

"It doesn't look quite real out there, Mike. I've seen a place like this only once before, in a travel film, showing where movie stars go for their vacations. It was quite a lot like this." Michael

rumpled her long hair until it fell over her face.

"The new movie star, Madomozell Louisee . . ." he grinned and ducked, as she struck out at him. She went to the dressing table and began to comb out her hair. When she turned around, her laughter had died away.

"Is this really happening to us, Mike? You're sure there's no mistake? What kind of job will you do in a place like this?" She felt uneasy. Michael shrugged.

"I don't know the details yet myself. But I'm sure they knew what they were doing when they hired me."

"What did they tell you about the job, Mike? They must have said something." She searched his face, fearful that his eagerness to get her away from the city might have led him to exaggerate his accomplishments. It was so unbelievable that this luxury and beauty should suddenly be theirs. She was so afraid that there might be a mistake, that it might be ended as swiftly as it had begun.

"Oh . . ." Michael yawned, stretched his arms above his head. He reached for a cigarette. "They asked a lot of questions . . . a heck of a lot of questions. They didn't talk too much about exactly what I'd be doing, come to think of it. They just told me they needed a man who could learn quickly, follow orders well and take on added responsibility as I got more experience. I'm supposed to be a sort of exalted messenger as I see it, carrying important papers from their office here to other islands. I wouldn't worry; you concentrate on getting well, and I'll take care of the rest." Michael lit his cigarette, drew on it heavily. Louise absently picked up the blackened match and tossed it into the ash tray. There was a knock on the door, and a white-coated native waiter entered with their breakfast tray balanced on his head. Louise gasped. Even Michael stared. There were strange, exotic-looking fruits, steaming coffee, crisp buttery rolls. After the waiter closed the door, Louise let out a little scream of excitement.

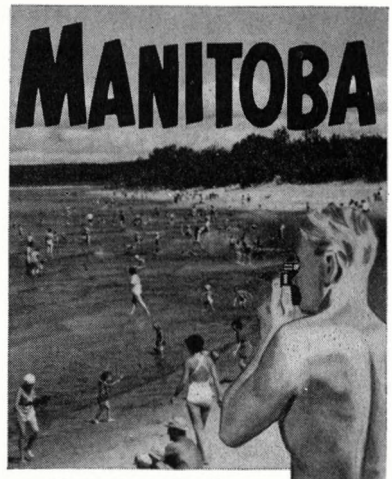
"You see, Mike," she whispered breathlessly, ". . . just exactly like the movie stars. Just *exactly*."

After breakfast on that first morning, they had been told that Michael's new boss, Mr. Porfiero, had been detained in the United States on business and would not return for the next few days. He had forwarded instructions welcoming Louise and Michael to the Island, telling them to spend the time getting settled and having a little fun. They had been very touched by this thoughtfulness.

Louise knew now that Porfiero always did this with new men. Kept them under his all-seeing eye, which observed each one, meticulously, like a beetle on a pin. They had been very carefully, if unobtrusively watched, their characters studied, their conversations noted. She couldn't recall when the realization of this had dawned upon them and the slow poison of fear had begun filtering into their minds. It had been only a dim cloud at first, something not quite understood, something in the voices of people they met, or something hidden at the back of their eyes. Michael's actual job seemed very simple. He was a messenger, as he'd said, carrying valuable papers back and forth between business offices on various West Indian islands. They were in thick manila envelopes, sealed with red wax and covered with elaborate stamps. There was a high-powered speedboat to carry Michael and his envelopes, and he found the work pleasant, if not particularly interesting. He became friendly with the minor officials and customs men of the islands, and they used to smile and nod at him when he landed. He occasionally wondered what connection these envelopes had with Mr. Porfiero's importing-exporting business, but no one enlightened him, and he was too comfortable, too happy watching Louise blossoming in this island paradise, to do anything about it. One day, he was given a small parcel to deliver with the usual envelopes. Later, he and Louise were sent all the way to South America with another envelope and a present for the wife of the Señor to whom the envelope was going. An innocent little gift, just a necklace of semiprecious stones. Still later, there were more trips, more innocent-looking gifts. A pair of military brushes for a man in Rio, another necklace of the big semiprecious stones. Michael began to wonder. He and Louise became puzzled, uneasy. Once, during a trip, Louise awoke in the night and saw Michael examining the gifts, tapping at them, holding them up to the light. He found the answer to the puzzle. The gifts had one thing in common, whether they were beads or brushes or a little girl's doll. They all contained tiny, secret compartments in unexpected places. If the compartments were opened, there was the sudden, surprising sparkle of perfect gems. Diamonds, rubies, an occasional emerald. But when Louise and Michael had finally understood, it was too late. They were too involved, trapped in Porfiero's formidable net. Escape was impossible.

Returning to the present with a feeling of discomfort, Louise put her hand over her eyes for a minute. The brightness of the sun on the water of the pool made them ache. She turned and looked at Michael again almost fretfully. In these few, short months they had been on the Island, his face had changed, grown thinner, more lined with worry. Louise shuddered. He was beginning to have a hang-dog, furtive look that made him seem like a stranger. Pretending all the time was beginning to take its toll. He felt they were safe only as long as he could hide their knowledge of the jewels from Porfiero, and deceit of any kind was so foreign to Michael. Louise saw him stiffen, and, glancing upward, she felt her own hands grip the chair more tightly. Porfiero stood smiling down at them. Michael started to get to his feet, but Porfiero waved him back.

"Well, Mike, Louise, out here enjoying yourselves? Don't bother to get up; I just stopped by to say hello . . . won't keep you long. You should learn to relax more, not be so infernally jumpy all the time. Or is something making you both nervous these days?" He smiled again, and Louise felt uncontrollable fear prickling like sweat along her back. Porfiero's eyes were not smiling with his thick lips. Was this a warning or a threat? "But, of course," he continued, ". . . even when



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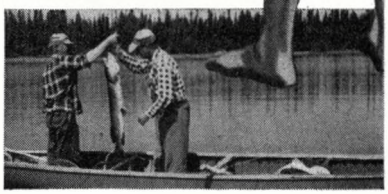

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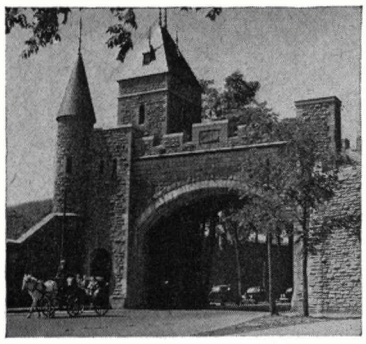

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one is relaxed, it is necessary to get results, or we start looking around and asking why." He seemed almost to purr at them like a great cat. "When we find out why we don't get results, it is . . . unfortunately . . . necessary to . . . do something about it." Porfiero moved to the edge of the pool, tapped his cigar. All three watched in silence as the ash floated an instant, then was gone. Porfiero laughed. "I guess you realize that I was not happy about the way you two handled your last assignment." Michael's voice, answering, was tense.

"I wrote a full report about what happened, sir." Louise laid her hand on his arm. She could feel how taut the muscles were. "We ran into a train inspection by some new agents at the border, and they were searching everything . . . shoes . . . watches . . . everything. I thought the brushes would be safer hidden in the lavatory like that until the agents got off the train. I couldn't have known they wouldn't be there when I went back for them . . . anyone can make a mistake." Porfiero regarded them steadily.

"One mistake in my business and . . . sometimes there isn't any business. It was very clumsy, Michael, very clumsy. I make the decisions in this outfit, and I give the orders. You are supposed to carry out those orders. My client was very . . . upset."

"But they were examining everything, I tell you . . . I thought the brushes . . ." Michael stopped suddenly, aware too late that he had betrayed their knowledge of the gems. Porfiero laughed softly.

"Maybe that's the trouble, Michael . . . you've been thinking too much lately. Why should you be so concerned over a set of brushes, eh? A simple little present for my client, were they not? You did not agree; you had ideas. My boys are not paid to have ideas. Those agents would not have searched you two. Do you understand me, Michael?" Michael pulled his arm from under her hand and reached for his handkerchief. His face was gray-tinged, sweating.

"Perhaps we should give up the job, Mike." Louise was surprised to hear her voice sounding unshaken, despite the way she felt inside. "If we've disappointed you, Mr. Porfiero, I'm sorry. It was wonderful to have such an opportunity, but since it isn't working out well, perhaps we should just go home. Don't you agree, Mike?" A little edge of pleading crept into her words. Porfiero looked over their heads at the banyan tree.

"I understand you, sir. I'm sure we'll do better . . . next time."

"But Michael, we ought not to . . ."

"Be quiet, Lou. She doesn't understand business arrangements well, sir, but I'll explain things to her. I'm sure she'll see things our way when I explain." Porfiero bent and flicked Michael's shoe lightly.

"Fine, Mike. I'm glad we've got things squared away between us. I won't take up any more of your time. Come to my office tomorrow morning and we'll discuss your new assignment. You'll be traveling with the boys this time . . . Louise will stay here."

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Porfiero." Porfiero moved, then turned back to them. His small eyes glinted at them like faceted jets.

"I just happened to think . . . it might be wise for you two to stick around here tonight while this new deal is in the works. I wouldn't plan on going anywhere else for the next day or two, you know?" He fluttered his plump hand at them and padded silently away. They stared after his squat, heavy body in the impeccable white linens. Michael wiped his face again.

"Mike, why do you want to go on working for him? You know what he is . . . you hate this dirty work, and you know it."

"Hush, Lou, don't speak so loudly. This is it, don't you see? He suspected me before, but now he knows that I've found out about the jewels. He has no intention of letting us go back to the States . . . or anywhere else. Do I understand him, he asks. A hell of a lot better than he thinks." Louise stared at Michael wide-eyed, unbelieving. He patted her hand. "He's through with us; there's no doubt about that. But he won't let us go . . . alive. I've lain awake nights thinking until I was dizzy of some way to escape. We may have one chance . . . just one chance . . ." he frowned.

"But the new job . . . he mentioned a new job for you, Mike."

"Yes . . . a new job. My last job. The other boys will see to that. You stay here as a sort of hostage so I won't try to make a break for it; then, after the delivery is made, I have a little . . . accident . . . on the way home. Don't you remember what happened to Gonzales?" Louise nodded, mute and terrified. Michael looked at her with sudden compassion. "Poor old Lou . . . we bring you down here for your health and . . . what a laugh. I know this is rough on you, sweetheart; I wish to God there were some way I could get you safely out of it. If I could only be sure that he would let you go free when I . . . didn't come back." She gave a terrible little cry of fear, clutching at his hands, needing to feel their warmth against her cold ones.

"What shall we do, Mike?" she whispered.

"First of all, we've got to act natural; we've got to pretend that we don't realize what he's planning. I'm counting on him to underestimate us now that he has tricked me into admitting I know about the jewel racket."

"I'll do the best I can."

"Our only chance for escape is to get on that plane tonight. If we can do that, we'll be all right. I don't think he expects us to try. Lou, go on up to our room and wait for me there. Pack what we need in that large black purse you bought the last time we went over to the bay. I'll come back for you as soon as I get the tickets."

"Couldn't we take even one small suitcase? I never had pretty clothes like these before, and we'll need something to wear when we get back home."

"Lou, please try to understand the seriousness of the situation. We can't afford to take any extra risks. Porfiero has spies everywhere. What would he think if they reported to him that we were going out of the hotel with a suitcase? I'll tell you what . . ." He tilted her chin until she faced him. He looked alive now, and he was smiling. "For

every dress you have to leave behind, I'll buy you two new ones when we get back to the States. How's that?" She couldn't resist his courage. It actually seemed possible that they might get away, with Michael talking about buying dresses. She laughed a little breathlessly.

"All right, but I'm going to hold you to your bargain. Don't think you'll be able to wiggle out of it when you see those New York price tags." Dear Michael. She really felt stronger. Reaching up, she patted his cheek.

"You know something, honey? I'm really glad the whole mess is over. For the first time in months, I feel almost clean. I'm not a very good man, Lou, or even a very strong one, I'm afraid. But I've had a belly full of this dirty game, and no matter what happens, I'm glad that part is over."

"I think you're pretty wonderful, Mike," she said softly, her eyes very proud and shining. He looked grateful, squeezed her hand.

"Thanks, honey. You're pretty wonderful yourself. Now get up to the room, and don't talk to anybody. Don't let anyone in."

"Well . . . good-by, Mike . . . I mean, just until you get back." Even a familiar thing like saying good-by was frightening today. They looked at each other, and she thought that she had never loved him so much as now, at this moment of intense fear. Then she turned and walked to the hotel.

When she had finished packing her make-up, their toothbrushes, her few pieces of jewelry into the black purse, she sat for almost an hour on the bench in front of the dressing table, clenching her hands and staring dully at the face looking back at her from the mirror. What was keeping Michael? A picture of Porfiero's fat, menacing body padded through her mind. She hit her fists in sudden anger on the glass table top. *We're going to escape from you, Mr. Porfiero. Maybe we'll be the first ones who ever got away with it, but we will. We must!* She looked again at the face in the mocking mirror. Ironically, she had never looked so well. The Island sun had given her a healthy tan; rest and good food had filled out the hollows in her cheeks. But there was no satisfaction now in examining her reflection; she was too conscious of the traveling clock ticking the precious minutes away. The plane left at nine in the evening. There was only one plane each night, each morning. If they missed this plane . . . her blue eyes seemed to grow large in her face, then they misted so she could no longer see. She pushed her heavy, blonde hair off her neck, then reached for a fresh cigarette, forgetting the one left smoking, untouched, in the ash tray. Michael had been gone two hours. When she shut her eyes, wearily, she could see his face as he looked in the early morning, when he still lay sleeping, strangely defenseless, beside her on the pillow. *Michael,* she whispered soundlessly. *Michael.* She covered the clock with a towel. Two hours and a half, he'd been gone. She must keep her control. She pulled at the corners of her thoughts, trying to anchor them firmly in the future. She tried to think of a home, not in the city, but in a quiet little town somewhere. A place with a real fire and a cocker spaniel to lie in front of it. Sweat crawled down her face and back like slow, cold-footed caterpillars. She was startled by a knock at the door.

"What? Who is it?"

"Number Three Boy, Mrs."

"What do you want? I didn't ring for anything."

"Bring message from Mr. Porfiero, Mrs. He say you and Mr. come down have dinner with him now, Okay?" *What shall I do,* she thought, panicked. *Michael, what shall I say to Porfiero?*

"I'm sorry, Boy. Tell Mr. Porfiero many thanks, but tell him Mrs. has a sick in her head and can't come to dinner tonight." There was silence outside the door. "Boy understand Okay?"

"Okay." *Did I do the right thing? Is it what Michael would have told me to say?* She ran across the room and snatched the towel from the clock. Michael had been gone three hours. Their only chance had been to run; it was beginning to look as if they had failed. Going to the window, she watched the leaves of the banyan tree blowing in the wind. She didn't like the way the night was closing down so soon, so menacingly. Was Michael never coming?

She spun around at the sound of Michael's key in the lock and went wordlessly into his arms. He took the tickets from his pocket with a triumphant flourish. Tears began to spot them as she kissed his hand. He pulled them away, laughing.

"Hey, it took a lot of work to get these babies. Do you want to spoil them . . . getting them all wet like that?"

"How did you get them, Mike?" He was looking swiftly through their drawers, checking to see if they had taken everything of importance.

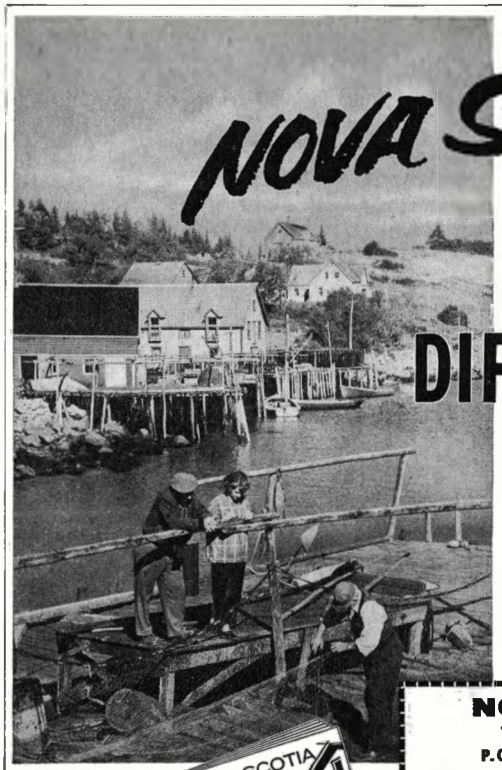
"I knew, if I went to the desk for them, we'd be cooked; the agent would have notified Porfiero as soon as I turned around. So I stood outside the door in that little dark corridor that connects the ticket office and the dispensary. I was a little worried, because not everybody uses that way out by any means, but it's a good place for what I wanted . . . isolated from the office itself, hardly any light at all. I had to let the first ones get by me; there were three of them all together, and I was afraid I couldn't handle them by myself. When I was about ready to give up, another guy walks through that door with these right in his hand. I jumped him when he came past."

"You didn't really hurt him, Mike . . . you wouldn't . . ." Louise laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Didn't hurt him a bit, sweetheart, just borrowed his tickets. Come on, we've got to get moving." Michael looked in the mirror briefly, straightened the knot in his tie. "There is one hell of a wind blowup out there; I hope to God we take off before this storm really hits."

"But that man, Michael . . . what did you do with him?"

"Put him in Doc Hendricks' storeroom for the night. I tied him very comfortably, locked him in. Doc had left the key in the lock again. Don't worry about it, Lou darling, he'll be all right. Doc goes down there early. He could take the next plane; we couldn't." Louise picked



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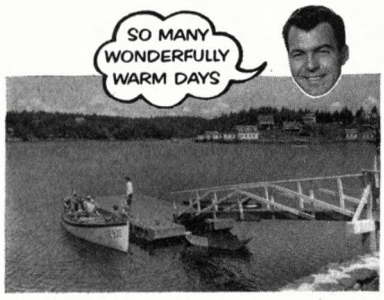

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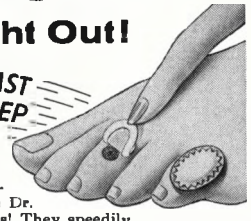

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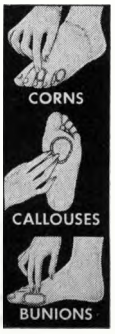

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up her purse, looked once more around the room and followed Michael out the door.

The wind whipped at them in an ugly manner as they crossed the street on their way to the airstrip. Huge, scudding clouds marred the sky, and from the shaking trees no bird called. There was only the whine and whistle of the wind, the cry of a frightened monkey, above the noise of the angry sea. They pushed hard against the door of the ticket office, then walked through another door out onto the airstrip itself. They saw their plane being pushed back into the hangar by the native ground men, as the ticket agent raised the red and black hurricane warnings. Louise and Michael stood there, stunned, defeated, unable to look at each other. The agent came toward them, leaning against the wind, and his shouted words seemed the voice of the wind itself, the end of everything.

"Flight canceled tonight; just put up the flags. Real bad one comin' up; weather bureau says it'll be a full-fledged hurricane. You can bring your tickets to the desk and I'll change 'em for you, but I'm not countin' on the mornin' plane makin' it, either." He passed them as the first drops of rain darted against their hot, damp skins.

"We're not going back to the hotel, Lou." Michael's voice sounded harsh and grating above the sound of the wind. His face was set in a grotesque mask of disappointment and determination. Louise slumped dejectedly. Michael had made her sure they could make it; she had believed him. Now there was no chance at all. She shook her head slowly, sadly. Michael bent close to her. "Don't give up now, Lou; we're not licked yet!" He tried to smile at her. "We'll hide out further inland until the storm blows over, and then I'll get one of the natives across the Island to take us off in his boat. At least, they won't be able to look for us in this storm!"

Afterwards, all Louise could remember about the walk into the jungle was how wet everything was. Half drowned, she had followed Michael, pulled along by his hand. In her numbed mind, the hand became almost a separate entity, an annoying presence that would not let her rest. Her mind became more and more confused as Michael dragged her through thick, snarled undergrowth, around drenched, vine-choked trees. She had never been so wet nor so tired. Once or twice, she had tried to resist the hand, wanting to stop, to rest, at any cost, but Michael refused to give up their desperate flight. He forced her on, deeper and deeper into the streaming, watery greenness. At last, they reached a banyan with a hollowed trunk. They crawled inside the huge, gnarled tree. It was damp in there, but protected from the worst of the storm. Louise lay down gratefully on the rotting wood. She tried to think, to organize her mind, but she was too exhausted. She fell asleep, still confused, no longer sure of anything in the world. Sometime later in the night, she woke, startled into trembling by the violent screaming of the wind.

"Michael," she called, putting out her hand for him. In the blackness, she felt slowly along the rough, mildewed sides of the tree. "Michael . . ." He was not there! Had Michael finally deserted her to go on by himself? She wept. In all their years together, rich with love and trust, she had never thought anything like this, but these past few hours seemed to have unbalanced her. She cried as much for the old, lost security of Michael's love as she did from fear at the ferment of the storm. "Michael . . ." she sobbed brokenly, "Michael, darling . . ." She thought she heard his voice outside, but the words were lost in the swirling, swooping air. She crawled toward the sound, through the opening in the trunk, and stood outside with her hair whipping across her face, trying to peer through the darkness. "Where are you, Michael? Why did you leave me alone?"

"Get back inside, Louise . . . get back. I'm coming." A howl like a tormented fiend ripped across the other noises, and the crashing of branches and whole trees seemed deafening. A sudden blow struck her side, and then there was nothing more for Louise as she fell beneath the torn limb of the banyan tree.

Consciousness returned to Louise in little snatches, bringing a sharp, gouging awareness of pain. There was a persistent, jogging movement beneath her as she felt herself carried with her head resting against Michael's chest. There was sun on her face, and she noticed that the wind was gone. Michael was panting heavily as he walked, his mouth half open to ease his labored breathing. She wanted to spare him the burden of carrying her, but when she moved, the pain threatened to engulf her. She wondered where they were going.

"Michael, stop . . . put me down for a minute."

"It's all right, sweetheart; don't be frightened. You got hit with a falling branch when you came out of the tree. You've got some cuts and bruises, and your left leg is broken. Does it hurt much?"

"I remember now . . . I was looking for you. I was afraid you had gone on without me." She buried her face in his shirt, ashamed now of the moment of doubt in the storm. Michael held her closer. His voice was hoarse and tired.

"You know I couldn't leave you, Louise. I'm the guy you're married to, remember? I went out for a minute to see if I could get some idea of where we were, and I didn't want to wake you when you were so tired. I've messed things up all along the line, haven't I?" He leaned back against a tree, his shoulders sagging wearily. She longed to comfort him.

"It was my fault, darling . . . my own silly fault." She blew him a kiss. "Where are we going?" She didn't recognize their surroundings.

"Back." She was startled.

"To the village? To the hotel?" He nodded. "But why, Michael? You said we could get one of the natives to take us in his boat? If we go back . . . no, Michael . . . we can't go back." Michael looked over her head.

"I've changed the plans a little bit, honey. I don't think Porfiero will be tough on you after . . . I'm . . . not around. The most he'll do is make you stick around here for another few months or so. You aren't any real threat to him; I'm the one he's afraid of. And Doc Hendricks will

take good care of that leg, fix it up as good as new. You see, honey, we can't go out in a boat with you like this; there might be some internal injuries that I couldn't see . . . I'm not a doctor. We couldn't take such a chance." Louise sat up. Her hair, already dried by the sun, fell across her face. Michael's love shone in his eyes when he looked at her, was in his voice when he spoke. She looked back at him, the pain of her leg and the pain of her despair merging into one.

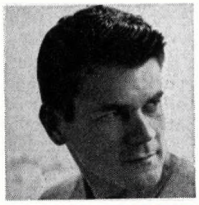
"What will happen to you when we go back?" He got to his knees, bent to gather her into his arms again.

"I love you, Lou," he said softly, burying his face in her hair.

"Fractured femur, possible fracture of the ribs on that left side, but no indications of internal injuries. Mighty lucky, young lady; I seen some bad cases already this morning. Worst storm we've had in twenty years." Doc Hendricks straightened his glasses and smiled at Louise. "We'll put a cast on your leg; I might even autograph it for you, how's that?" Louise smiled back wanly, but her eyes never wavered from Michael's face. He was obviously exhausted; he could never escape from Porfiero and his men in this condition. The thought of what it had cost him to bring her to the doctor filled her with tenderness as well as fear. At the back of her throat she felt a scream forming for the time when the door would open suddenly and they would step inside to take Michael. It would be any minute now. They must have been seen coming into the infirmary. Doc Hendricks moved to his little white table, began to mix some medicine. His voice was calm, unemotional. "Yessir, when the end of the hotel went, it made a roar like the whole village was blowing away. The natives were huddled in the basement here and over at the mission house . . . thought it was Doomsday. It did make some noise. 'Course," the doctor paused, squinting, as he measured drops into the mixture, "I always said it was a damn' fool thing to build that end of the hotel out over the water. At least, if they had to do that, they should have made her all stone, right up to the top, not just the foundation. I've lived here most of my life; I know the Island weather. I gave Mr. Porfiero my advice while he was building . . . but, you know, he was a right stubborn man. Just laughed in my face. I don't reckon he was laughing much when that tidal wave hit him last night. Hundred feet of water like that's no joke. The kitchen boys say he was having a special meeting with all his men when it happened, and his rooms are the farthest out over the water . . . that is to say, they *were* the farthest. The whole end of the hotel was ripped clean away, and them along with it. Between you and me, this Island will be better off without them." Louise half rose from the pillow, seeing only Michael's face with the grayness draining from it. She was watching a man come alive. They hugged each other, laughing and crying, while the doctor stared at them in amazement. The sound of an engine swept through the open window. Louise held up her arms shakily.

"Lift me up, Mike, lift me up. I want to watch it coming down." He carried her to the window. Louise looked outside, where the sunlight, strong and beautiful, had given a peaceful sea back its diamonds. She snuggled her head beneath Michael's chin, feeling his arms holding her tightly, unfalteringly. They stared at the sky where, twin engines roaring, the plane swung gracefully in for a landing. . . . THE END

A Man Who Refused To Kill



(Continued from page 39)

pneumonia, and his side ached from an appendectomy done without adequate anesthesia. Although he was a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts who had shown promise on Broadway, he was completing two-and-a-half years in a world far removed. Furthermore, he had left Broadway during the Korean War bearing the stigma of a conscientious objector.

Yet only last fall Don Murray flew back to Italy to set up a program with the Church of the Brethren, his faith, aimed at abolishing the concentration camps still there 12 years after the end of World War II. To finance its start he had already given $10,000 from his earnings as an actor.

"Without this," he says quietly, "what has happened to me would have no real meaning."

What happened to Don Murray upon his return to America was success so sudden that, in his words, "It was almost a miracle."

His agent met him with three television offers. Two days later Broadway producer George Abbott chose him to play with Helen Hayes and Mary Martin in "The Skin of Our Teeth," on the American National Theatre and Academy's "Salute to France" program in Paris. Following its American tour, he starred on Broadway and on nationally televised shows. One, "A Man is Ten Feet Tall," was voted by New York critics the best TV drama of the season.

Less than a year after he came home, Don Murray found himself in Hollywood costarring with Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop." For his second film, "The Bachelor Party," he received $5,000 a week. Last year he earned over $100,000. Today he is what Buddy Adler, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, calls "potentially the greatest young star we have had in years."

His success has not swerved this unusual young man from a course he laid out for himself years ago—a course he describes simply as "to follow the teachings of Jesus Christ."

There is nothing sanctimonious or evangelical about Don Murray. He waves no banners. He is no ascetic. Beneath a mop of brown curls, his irregular Irish features break readily into a grin. He has the frame of an athlete—and he is an

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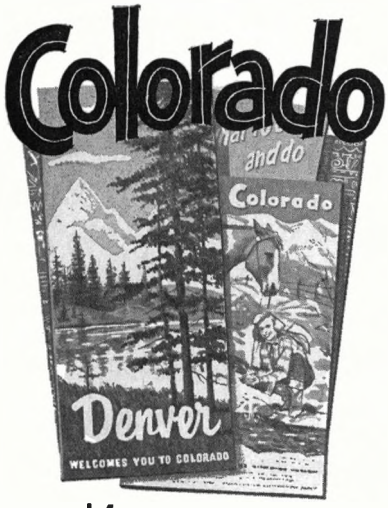

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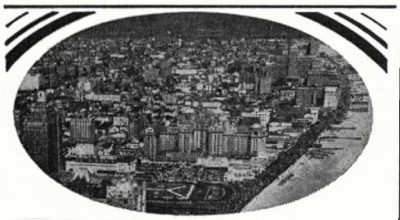

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expert swimmer, as well as a former track and basketball star. After watching Don's bouts with bronchos and Brahma bulls for "Bus Stop," Casey Tibbs, a champion rodeo rider, handed him the cowboy's accolade of "top hand." Between such strenuous scenes Don established an easy friendship with Marilyn Monroe by discussing philosophy, the works of Freud and the problems of serious acting.

Unlike many brilliant but mixed-up young actors today, Don Murray has been able to follow his ambitions as an artist without giving up his integrity as a person.

"There is no freedom in irresponsibility," he says. "At first there seems to be, but you soon become a slave to your own whims. The more freedom we would have, the more responsible must be our behavior. The only true security comes from ideals. If everything else goes, you still have those to make life worth while. I think my point of view is as selfish as any other. But it is a question of which self you want to serve. Fortunately, I've learned that you serve your best self by serving others."

At 27, Don Murray has a seasoned philosophy to work and live by. It was not easy to get.

He was born July 31, 1929, in Hollywood, where his father was temporarily directing dances for Fox, Don's studio today. When the Depression wiped out his job, Dennis Murray took his family to New York, where they lived in a small clapboard cottage on a sand dune in East Rockaway, Long Island.

Don Murray's childhood seems to have had its full share of warmth and security. Don had a big brother and a little sister. His mother, Ethel, a former singer in the Ziegfeld Follies, was effusive and outgoing, so active in P-TA, church and civic affairs that friends nicknamed her "Madame President." Every Sunday she sang in the Congregational Church choir—and still does.

His Catholic father had a contemplative nature and a knack for stagecraft; soon he was the most respected show manager on Broadway. Don remembers walking by Denny Murray's side down Broadway, proud because "everyone spoke to my dad."

When Don was six, Denny marshaled Billy Rose's big spectacles, including "Jumbo," the Texas Centennial at Fort Worth and the aquacade at Cleveland, where Don was allowed to jump off the high board with Johnny Weissmuller. Hired next to stage the antics of Olsen and Johnson's "Hellzapoppin," Denny recruited Don and his brother, Bill, to race across the stage on opening night. That job lasted ten years and brought a comfortable living, as well as glamorous guests to delight the Murray kids and lend them prestige in East Rockaway.

Neighbors recall Don as a cocky young daredevil. At school he had a reputation for playing practical jokes and getting into fights. Although he attended Sunday school at the Congregational Church and afterward often accompanied his father to mass, spiritual matters were not then a major concern with him.

In high school he was the smallest back on the football team, a miler and captain of the track squad. Taught to swim at four, he lived in summer in the water on all three sides of his house. A liking for money and what it bought made him a hustler. He was always rigging up a lemonade stand, caddying or feeling with his bare toes in the bay for clams to sell at ten cents a dozen. As early as eight, Don was arrested for cutting evergreen boughs in a private wood to sell for Christmas decorations. Released because he was so young, he refused to leave his older companions. His father had to come and get him.

One summer, when he was 14, Don's mother sent him to a camp retreat at Blairstown, New Jersey, sponsored by the Congregational Church. Missionaries and delegates from all over the world, including Chinese, Indians and African Negroes, gave him his first experience in living with other nationalities and races. He returned the next summer, became a member of the Pilgrim League and a camp leader.

World War II was still on. Until then Don Murray had thought of war as glamorous. His 17-year-old brother, Bill, was a Marine. As a Boy Scout patrol leader, Don sold defense bonds and collected rubber and scrap iron. Casualty lists had small meaning to him. But at the church camp he began to ponder the morality of war. "Actually, I must have, if only subconsciously, before," he believes. "I think it is impossible for anyone reared in war years not to."

Back in his civics class, Don Murray found himself passionately opposing enforced military service. Sometimes his classmates hooted.

The fall after graduation Don enrolled in New York's American Academy of Dramatic Arts. His father paid the tuition; to earn spending money, Don got a job ushering at CBS studios.

There had never been any question about how he wanted to make his living. He had written and acted in plays at school. His father had taught him to dance, and his mother had taught him to sing. He thought he might be a comedian or a night-club entertainer.

Don's first serious assignment was the part of a young Scottish soldier in "The Hasty Heart" who discovers that he is about to die. Approaching it lightly, Don overheard his disappointed instructor sigh, "If only So-and-So [another student] could play this. He would do it so beautifully!"

Stung, Don haunted an old gardener in East Rockaway to acquire Scottish mannerisms and a convincing brogue. But when the curtain dropped, he walked off the stage convinced he had failed. He had been used to hearing people laugh, but none had. Backstage, some of the Academy's faculty were mopping their eyes.

One, a director named Paton Price, was struck by "the great health of this boy, both spiritually and morally, and his complete lack of neuroses." He became Don's teacher and friend. At the end of his senior year, Price engaged him for a summer-stock group in Connecticut. The following winter they shared an apartment on New York's lower Sixth Avenue; they had two suits of clothes between them and a chronically thin bankroll.

That year Don Murray had little work outside of occasional modeling and jobs in commercial films. He existed on money advanced mainly by his family or friends.

But he remembers it as a rewarding period. He studied paintings and sculpture at the museums, read history and religious philosophy and, through Price, met artists, writers and ministers. "All were in some kind of humanistic endeavor," he notes. "I saw what they were doing with their lives. I wanted mine to have the same meaning." He also crystallized his thoughts about war and pacifism. When he turned 18, he registered for the draft as a conscientious objector.

His roommate, Paton Price, was already one. During the war Price had been sent to a work camp for "C.O.s," but had gone on strike when a Negro was not allowed to eat in the main dining area. Sent to Federal prison at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, he had spent two-and-a-half years behind bars and endured a 23-day hunger strike protesting censorship of prisoners' mail.

According to Price—a tall, lean Texan who is still Don Murray's closest friend and professional manager—"Undoubtedly my position had some influence on Don's decision. But I never discussed it as applied to him. It is a personal thing—and if it isn't backed by your own dedication, courage and intelligence, you can't stand up to the pressures. I recognized Don as a boy who knew his own mind, and it was a healthy mind. But when he told me what he had done, I had great fears for him. Pacifism is an uncharted course. You take a position on principle, not knowing where it will lead you. The quest of a man's conscience is not likely to make him popular. It is especially hard for a young actor."

At Don's request, Price put him in touch with pacifist organizations such as the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the War Resistance League. Finally he took him to David Dellinger, an Oxford graduate and Olympic athlete who, with the Union Theological Group, had refused to register for the first draft. After talking to Don one evening, Dellinger told Price, "He's much better grounded in his beliefs than you were."

Two years later, when Don was called up for service, he reaffirmed his stand and told his family about it. His father said to him, "If I didn't know you were sincere, I would despise you." His brother, the ex-Marine, said, "I don't believe as you do, but I know you mean it," and offered to send Don money. Don remembers some slurs from his theatrical colleagues, but on the whole, "a lot of understanding around Broadway."

The authorities were not so readily convinced about his sincerity, the key issue in a "Conshie's" plea. During the next two years he was investigated by the FBI and periodically examined by his local draft board and in Washington. For 18 months of that time he played his first major stage role, paradoxically as a sailor in "The Rose Tattoo," on Broadway and on tour. He also fell in love with a 17-year-old dance student named Hope Lange, who respected but did not share his convictions.

When he was 22, Don's status was reviewed by a judge in East Rockaway who had known him most of his life. At the hearing Don's mother said, "I have one son who was a Marine and another who is a conscientious objector. I am equally proud of them both." Don said he was prepared to go to prison for his beliefs. He was finally classified as a C.O. in 1952. The Korean War was on.

After four years under a cloud, Don felt he must have active service at once. "I wanted to bear witness that a conscientious objector does not object to danger, only killing," he says. He applied to drive an ambulance for the Red Cross, but was turned down. The American Field Service also rejected him, and the Korean Reconstruction Agency had no place open. Don applied for foreign relief work to the Church of the Brethren, a sect closely akin to the Society of Friends (Quakers) in peace tenets. Although numbering only 180,000 in America, the Brethren maintain one of the largest world-wide relief programs. The Brethren accepted him so promptly that he had to cancel auditions for three Broadway productions and one television play. "Most of my friends," he smiles, "thought I'd gone crazy."

Don's own doubts about his choice vanished the day he began training at New Windsor, Maryland. "I had expected to find little men wearing beards," he confesses. "Instead I found a happy group of people who were really putting their religion into action. Suddenly I felt as if my whole life had pointed to this purpose. My bed was a foot too short, but I slept like a rock that night." Three months later, in March of 1953, he sailed for Rotterdam.

His destination was Kassel, Germany, only two miles from the Russian zone. Half of the city was still in ruins, its streets filled with battered people, many hobbling on artificial limbs and with empty, pinned-up coatsleeves. "The need was appalling," Don remembers. "My only worry was whether I could measure up to it."

Quartered with a German family, he went to work as a bricklayer on a building to house church-relief activities. His work schedule was ten hours a day, six days a week. In the evening he attended religious services; at night he studied the German language. On Sundays he coached German boys in organized athletics. Participating himself in the German national YMCA track tryouts, he won the 100-meter and 400-meter dashes and placed second in the 200-meter. He wrote and staged a playlet illustrating Christ's principles as applied to sports. Often he addressed high-school classes, explaining how democracy worked in America.

"The fact that the American Government trusted me, a conscientious objector, with that made me proud of my country," says Don. Whenever he needed U.S. Army trucks or equipment for any task, he had only to ask.

During his year in Germany, Don Murray was so much interested in his work that he often lost all sense of time. On his 24th birthday he was invited to a celebration by the Wischermanns, the German family with whom he lived. That day, absorbed in an intricate bit of bricklaying, he worked 16 hours. At the end a German sports leader asked his help hauling in gear from a distant field. Rain bogged down the truck, and Don didn't arrive home until three A.M., only to remember a promise to paint the hall floor. Hildegard Wischermann found him next

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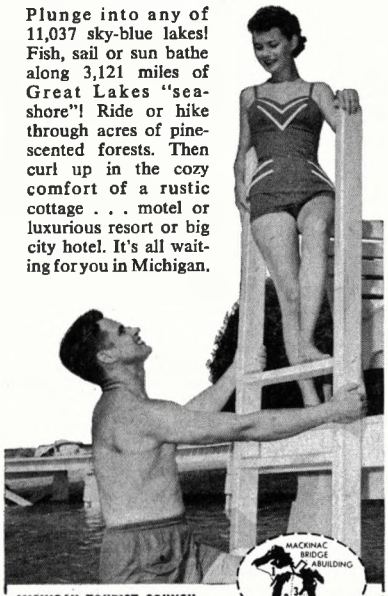

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morning on his hands and knees wielding a brush. He had forgotten about both the party and sleep. "But it was the happiest birthday I ever spent," Don believes. "My mind was at peace and my body at work."

After a year in Germany, Don received a letter from his own Congregational Church, asking him to direct a relief center in Naples. Before deciding, he rode down third class, sitting 30 hours on a wooden bench. What he saw shocked him.

Fifty thousand ragged, emaciated people were living among the bombed-out plaster shells of former Nazi barracks. Some lived in caves. In the center of this waterfront slum was an inadequate one-and-a-half-story building where nearly 500 grimy children, many of them tubercular, rickety or with open sores, had what was usually their only meal of the day as well as medical attention or schooling. Don returned to Germany and obtained his transfer from the Brethren program. A month later he dumped his bedroll in a narrow hallway of the slum relief center.

In Naples progress was as slow for Don Murray as it had been swift in Kassel. At first he spoke no Italian. He had only one helper, a secretary. The young people he was trying to help were mostly hardened young ruffians and, by necessity, thieves. The older ones, from all over Europe and Asia, were destitute, disillusioned and suspicious of everyone.

Besides distributing food, medicine and clothing, Don faced tougher but equally pressing problems of morale. One was to keep the gangs of boys off the streets at night. Another was to bring activity and hope to the thousands of refugees crammed in the five D.P. camps encircling Naples, but banned from any work by the vast unemployment in that city. "I prayed," says Don simply.

In a few months he had worked wonders. From a core of 15 urchins he had organized a Boys Club of over 100, led by the toughest. Instead of plundering shops and picking pockets, they played team sports and found small jobs. Later, at Don's departure, they gave him a party with money saved from their earnings. Former members still write to him regularly.

In the D.P. camps Don fought idleness by staging bazaars at which inmates could sell their leatherwork, paintings and knitwear. He organized and taught an English class; his 60 students presented the Christmas program. At the relief center sickness declined sharply and young faces stayed reasonably scrubbed.

Toward the end Don's health broke, and he barely survived. For the first time in his life he entered a hospital. Weak and 30 pounds underweight, he returned to work too soon and collapsed again. On a trip to Germany, ostensibly to recuperate, he joined the Church of the Brethren and was baptized in the Fulda River in the dead of winter. Even while making "Bus Stop," Don still ran a fever from empyema resulting from his illness abroad and had to have his lung drained.

In May, 1955, Don sailed home. He had already voluntarily stayed six months beyond his two-year service term. "It wasn't nearly long enough," he says, "but I felt that at least the ground had been broken."

When he arrived home, Don recalls, "I felt fuller than ever as an actor. My technique was rusty, but I knew I had gained depth and maturity from my experience. My reading for 'The Skin of Our Teeth' was the best I had ever given."

Others thought so, too. During the play's run, Joshua Logan, the prominent stage and film director, told Mary Martin, "Someday Don Murray has to do something with me." It came about sooner than either he or Don suspected.

A few weeks later, Logan was commissioned by Buddy Adler to find an unknown actor to be Marilyn Monroe's leading man. Logan chose five of the most promising young men he had seen on Broadway for tests. "The minute I saw Don Murray's," Adler reports, "I agreed that he was our man. I was looking for a strong new personality to build. Murray not only had an amazing ability to grasp and understand dramatic material, but he had the point of view which this generation responds to—honesty and sincerity."

About that time the same qualities finally convinced Hope Lange that Don Murray was her future. "Until Don came back from abroad," she admits, "I had no intention of marrying him. I was interested mostly in good times with college boys. Suddenly they were no longer exciting—but Don was. He hadn't found the answers yet, but he was eagerly looking for them. I couldn't imagine not looking with him."

Coincidentally, Adler also hired Hope Lange for "Bus Stop" after seeing her on television, without suspecting that she knew Don Murray. The picture turned into a family affair when they were married last April 14th in the Beverly Hills municipal court. The couple also had a religious ceremony after "Bus Stop" was completed.

Since marriage Hope has shared Don's interest in church work and foreign relief. She also tithed her salary for his Italian project. Last November, after playing Jesse James' wife in her second film, she accompanied Don to Naples, although pregnant at the time.

Both Don and Hope have clauses in their contracts allowing them periods of free time. Both have agreements with their studio not to seek publicity for them. Their only home so far has been a small Hollywood apartment. Until he married, Don had only one suit. Neither he nor his wife smokes or drinks, and so far they have had almost no contact with the film colony's social life. What leisure Don Murray finds he gives to work on an obviously autobiographical novel that he began while in Europe.

Right now, the opportunities for Don Murray in Hollywood seem unlimited. Critics have praised his performances. At Twentieth Century-Fox, special readers are assigned to find proper material for him. His contract salary has already been raised, and his loan-out figure is now $100,000 a picture—when other producers can get him. "He will be cast only importantly," says Buddy Adler. All this makes Don understandably grateful and pleased. But for him it is not enough. He seeks a larger security.

"To me," he says, "real success is not just living happily—but also fruitfully."

. . . THE END

Someone Saves My Life

(Continued from page 49)

she wouldn't change any of it. Not that we don't have our share of marital difficulties. Sometimes, if I am having a bad hemorrhage and it happens to coincide with a night Evelyn is tired, our tempers are likely to flare. One source of trouble is my guilt over the fuss my hemorrhages cause. That's the time I need Evelyn's reassurances that she loves me. I have to know that, in spite of my bouts with hemophilia, she is glad she married me.

I think she really found out how unpredictable life with a hemophiliac can be a year ago when she had our baby—a time when most wives count on having their husbands standing by with love and support. I, too, had counted on Evelyn's confinement as a time during which I would be lavish in my attentions. I would wait on her every need and console her with tenderness as she had often done with me.

The night before she was due to enter the hospital, neither of us could sleep. I was excited. She was tense. As the hours passed, the nervous anxiety began to tell on both of us. However, we made it to the hospital all right. She went off to her room to deliver Johnny—and I went off to the ward to deliver myself into nursing hands, having suddenly begun to hemorrhage in both legs.

So, while Johnny was being born on one floor, I was on another coldly greeting the boiled potato. Several days after, however, we were able to leave the hospital together with our Johnny and now, a year later, I can look proudly at this sturdy boy who smiles back out of Evelyn's blue eyes. It adds to my happiness to know he'll be spared a bleeder's fate. Hemophilia is a disease affecting only the male, but is transmitted only by the female. Evelyn's family has no record of a sufferer, so Johnny will never have to carry a wallet card like mine:

> "I AM A HEMOPHILIAC (A BLEEDER)," it states. "TAKE ME TO A HOSPITAL AT ONCE. IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, NOTIFY . . ."

Evelyn and I had discussed all this before we were married. We knew our sons would escape hemophilia but some of our daughters, if any, might be carriers. However, as Evelyn pointed out, everyone who has children is taking some kind of chance and the odds were in our favor.

So, when I look at Johnny now, it's not with any concern for that robust little body, but sometimes I think a curious thing. I remember how, as a boy, I looked with shame on my father because he had not been in the first World War like the other boys' fathers. And I wonder if some day Johnny will grow up to feel the same because, when others were in uniform, his father was 4-F.

Whatever he feels, he'll never have a father who hasn't learned to face up to his responsibilities. My own father disappeared after a separation from my mother, leaving her to carry on with the three-ring medical extravaganza I turned out to be. The first symptoms of the disease showed up in babyhood when black-and-blue spots took unusually long to go away. In my second year, when I banged my head, the lump stayed and wouldn't go down.

"It's hemophilia," the doctors told Mother without adding any cushioning details. "We can't cure it. We don't know very much about treating it. It's just something he'll have to learn to live with."

I now look upon this as an extremely droll remark because nobody bothered to say in how many cases you just *don't* live with hemophilia. I survived my first serious bleeding episode when I was three. As I grew older, it became impossible to foresee what might touch off another—like the egg beater Mother gave me to lick when I was four. It scraped a blood blister on my tongue, and a frightening 24 hours passed before the bleeding stopped. No sooner had I recovered than I fell from a playground swing and bit my tongue in the same place. It took two transfusions to stop the blood, and I can still remember how scared I was.

For a long time I was an invalid confined to either a bed or wheel chair. That's when my leg muscles atrophied. But I wasn't unhappy during those days. My mother's job as a professional Red Cross worker kept her away from the house most of the day, leaving me to my own devices. I read a lot, as I still do until Evelyn pulls me from behind a book or magazine. I had a home teacher and got good grades. I made rubber band-propelled airplanes and model ships which the neighborhood kids would fly and sail, giving me performance reports on which to base new designs. I made kites, too, but these I flew myself. To get them off the ground, Mother had to push me in my wheel chair, running as fast as she could. This made us a favorite neighborhood sight.

Then, at 12, I rebelled, refusing to accept myself as an invalid. Perhaps Carol, the girl next door with braces on her teeth, was responsible. She had a badminton court in her back yard and one day I was overwhelmed by a longing for what seemed the most desirable sensation in the whole world—to play badminton with Carol.

So intense was this wish that, coupled with a spell of good health, I willed myself out of the wheel chair and into a wagon I could push with a stick. Soon, I grew ashamed of the rather pathetic and comical figure I cut in the wagon and Mother bought me new crutches. In six months, I was agile on crutches and, although I had to return to them later, laid them aside for a cane. With the cane I watched hungrily from our side of the hedge until I could stand it no longer.

"Look, Carol," I cried one day throwing the cane a retrievable distance, "Two hands!"

It took several months before I won my first game and I veered toward being cocky. My health was so good that I was

a full-time high school student, thanks to a sudden, unaccountable change hemophiliacs sometimes experience. I tested myself at every turn. Awkwardly, I managed the slow dances, and at one school party I was waltzing with Carol when another fellow brusquely cut in. An argument developed and I invited him outside. I don't know whether he was quite as frightened as I was, but it was my first fight and, as I told myself later on the way to the hospital, it was all mine.

"Jim! Jim!" cried my mother when she arrived and saw my swollen shoulders and knees.

"Great fight, but we won, Mom!" I told her, not unmindful of a pretty nurse who would see how a stout heart could smile through pain.

"Relax," said the nurse in an automatic voice and jabbed the needle in.

I was graduated from high school in 1947 and set out to get a degree in social service. In the next six years, among the best and worst of my life, I enrolled in two junior colleges. Although my grades usually came close to an A average, my attendance was, at best, a sometime thing. I was intermittently sick and half-well and several times had to drop out of school. Twice, I almost died from stomach hemorrhages. I didn't want to die, but the drain on my small reservoir of courage was so great there were moments when I didn't care about living.

Quite suddenly, a new avenue of hope opened. My mother had been active in helping to found a northern California chapter of the National Hemophilia Foundation. One day, in 1953, she attended a meeting addressed by Dr. Theodore H. Spaet, who was then doing extensive research on blood coagulation at Stanford University Hospital. After the meeting, Mother was able to persuade him that I would be a good research subject, and Dr. Spaet agreed to give me a series of tests. When these were finished, he called me in.

"Up to now your hemorrhages have been treated as they occurred," he said. "I'm going to try a different program. It will be a preventive approach, and you'll get a regular transfusion of plasma every day—the equivalent of a pint of whole blood. Maybe this way of supplying you with the clotting factor will make a difference. I can't promise. But it's a chance."

The daily blood ration that followed came to me, as a Stanford outpatient, through the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank. This is the pioneer of all U.S. blood banks, and I wish I knew how to repay what I owe it. Before Dr. Spaet began working on me in September, 1953, I had been averaging a painful, serious hemorrhage about every ten days. Now, with the daily treatment, they dropped to one a month or less, were less severe and I recovered from them sooner. In addition, my weight jumped from 118 to 145 pounds, and I was able to enroll in San Francisco State College to finish my on-again, off-again route to a degree.

But there was a rub. As the hemorrhages decreased, my value as a research subject also lessened. I was notified that, although the hospital thought I made a dandy outpatient and would continue to draw on the Irwin people for my plasma, they would have to bill me the standard fee of $25 a pint unless some program of replacement could be arranged. My sole source of income was what I received from my mother and from my brother, a teacher in Auburn, California. Obviously, I was going to have to find an inexpensive blood supply. Equally obvious was another complication. I had fallen in love with Evelyn, who was then a technician in Dr. Spaet's laboratory.

"That," I put the matter to myself one day as I watched her poised, slender figure sweep gracefully down a hall, "is for me."

Three years before, I had had one brief, unfortunate marriage, but neither my health nor my emotions had been ready for such a step. I hadn't been so much in love as concerned with proving to myself that I was, hemophilia or no, an eligible male. That marriage ended, unhappily, in divorce, but with Evelyn I knew that my feelings were different. I knew also that she had no illusions about what life was like with a hemophiliac.

"Don't count on any deathless love affair to make this successful," she said wisely when we were engaged. "I think a good marriage takes work."

Most of the paying work would have to be hers until I could get my degree but, if she were to be the breadwinner, I would be the bloodwinner.

My first experience with gathering blood donors en masse was grim. I had turned to a club of amateur radio fans in San Francisco, having been a "ham" during my high school days. The club invited me to a meeting where I would have a chance to explain the mysteries of hemophilia. I dreaded the ordeal and thought, contemptuously, of how I would be publicly wearing my heart on my sleeve. Nevertheless, I faced the hundred members and tried to wind up the tense appeal with a laugh.

"I don't mind getting stuck to get the plasma," I said with corny humor that now makes me wince, "I just don't like getting stuck with the bills."

It had been a stiff-necked plea with all the bars up. Behind my words had been a reluctance to let anyone get a peek inside me and the implication that, if any giving were to be done, it had to be all theirs. It is not surprising, then, that only six members showed any willingness to help. I went back to my room that night certain my campaign for volunteers was a failure and the fault was mine.

But the more I thought about that incident, the more I realized it had taught me something. I next discovered that my contact with Cal was teaching me more. Cal was a bedridden hemophiliac, ten years younger than I, whom I had met through the National Hemophilia Foundation. After several visits, I began to recognize in him all the hard-shell defenses that would keep him from satisfying relationships with other people—defenses I, too, had built up at his age and later, in fear of pity and in bitterness. His hatred of the word hemophiliac made it a curse. I began telling him about myself, drawing on each woeful experience to illustrate my points. It was a moment of astonishment when I first sensed that this process was relieving some of my own feelings, feelings I had forgotten were there. In putting my thoughts into words for Cal, I was getting a better understanding of myself. Something in this sharing was bringing me satisfaction.

Although Cal responded well, he still had a dozen reasons why *he* was different, and why *he* shouldn't use crutches or get fitted for leg braces that could make him partially active again.

"I know all those reasons," I told him. "In bed you keep the world at a distance; you let in only what you want. Once you're on your feet, people expect more of you. Maybe they do, but then they also have more to offer you."

Out of my visits to Cal grew a sure-

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ness that my own defenses were lessening. I found it easier to approach people and tell them candidly why I needed their help. My own family augmented these efforts and, for the first time, blood contributions were arriving in a heartening way. My sister in Chico, California, appealed there to the Kiwanis Club, which raised 40 pints. This is about a month's worth of life-giving plasma since, on some days, I must double and triple the dose. My brother in Auburn spoke to the Lions Club there, and another sizable batch was credited to me with our chapter of the National Hemophilia Foundation. Red Cross coworkers of my mother were especially generous. The East Contra Costa Junior College, which I had attended briefly, began making steady donations. Each fresh response made me more humble as I began to realize how deeply the spirit of giving lies in the human heart.

All these welcome pints were squaring my account for the blood I actually used but, suddenly, another hurdle appeared. For 13 months, the blood bank had been generously absorbing the daily blood processing cost which, by September 1954, amounted to $4000. Then, a letter arrived explaining that their budget could no longer bear up under such a strain. Would I henceforth please remit through the hospital, which would carry the charge at a special rate of $8.50 a pint.

In spite of the cut rate, (the regular processing charge was $10) this was frightening news.

"Look," I told Evelyn when we first tried to work out a budget. "My bill at the hospital is already almost $1500. I use a plastic tube a day, and every single one costs a dollar. Drugs run us another $30 a month. No budget we can ever figure out will take an $8.50 daily load on top of all that."

Evelyn, a wife to treasure, answered with her usual calm.

"Just listen a minute, dear. I haven't been around hospitals all this time without having an idea or two. Now, why don't you suggest *this* to the blood bank . . . ?"

This turned out to be a daring plan, one that would take all the courage I could muster. Since I was having fair success with blood replacements by finding enough donors to average a pint a day, what would they say if I could manage to average *two* donors a day—the second pint to go to the blood bank in lieu of the processing fee?

"All right with us," said the blood-bank officials agreeably and for a moment my confidence deserted me. I would really have to give something of myself if I were to receive such a massive gift in return. No more tight little speeches such as I had made to the radio club.

I first tackled a sympathetic psychology professor, told him my problem and asked for a few minutes to address the class.

"Minutes?" he said scornfully. "Give psychology a chance to work. Take the whole hour."

I added I might have difficulty explaining myself and hoped he would be patient.

"If you get choked up, go ahead and get choked up. We'll understand."

Actually, I uncorked. I made quite a little speech; my heart was on my sleeve and for once I didn't care. I tried to tell them what life was like before the daily transfusions, how these made the difference between living and just existing. I told them about the depressing, if well-meaning, letters and calls I got from people suggesting all kinds of cures—alfalfa tea, lamb's blood, yogurt, yogurt and more yogurt. But I told them, too, of the kind people who volunteered their blood and were embarrassed when I tried to show gratitude.

"They're the ones who make these daily transfusions possible and, thanks to them, I can enjoy life. I know I live it a little bit differently from most because, for one thing, I can never go far away from my refrigerated blood supply. I must be careful, yet I can't be too careful or I fall back into an invalid way of thinking. So I have tried not to expect too much and to live just one day at a time."

For a moment after I finished, there was silence. Then the questions rained down. How long had I been suffering? Were there many like me? How could they help? And, finally, as the hour closed, one enthusiast proposed a Jim Garner Club. I swallowed hard and had to turn away.

Through the efforts of service fraternities on the campus, help began to come in great quantity. A series of campus blood drives raised over 500 pints. A faculty campaign for funds, supplemented by student bazaars and cake sales, has reduced my hospital bill to a size Evelyn and I will soon be able to manage. Last April still another drive brought me a graduation present of cash and 271 more pints, enough to see me through my bachelor's degree.

After that? Well, the Jim Garner Club didn't materialize, but my own scholastic fraternity, Sigma Alpha Eta, has taken over the blood drive idea as an annual project. Interest has spread out from the college itself. One day a group of 50 Marines volunteered. Other servicemen constantly drop into the blood bank. The "Aces n' Eights," a group of young hot-rodders, sent a delegation from San Carlos, California, to donate. San Quentin inmates, a Cleveland housewife, San Francisco bank employees—all have spontaneously contributed. Entertainers from the "Hungry I," one of San Francisco's most popular night clubs, gave a benefit performance. A good neighbor voluntarily sits with our Johnny so Evelyn can work one weekday, in addition to her weekends, at the hospital laboratory.

The feeling of confidence in others that has come to me because of their kindness and generosity, gives me confidence in myself. Each feeds upon the other and now, since I know there will always be those willing to help me maintain a steady blood supply, I have no hesitation in planning two more years of college for my master's degree.

No one has ever made me feel that thanks were expected for what I have received. In a career of social service—helping others to help themselves—I've picked the way I'll show my gratitude.

. . . THE END

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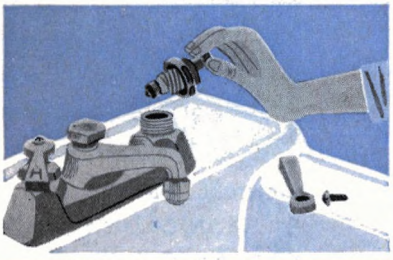
A leaky faucet is usually caused by a worn washer. To change it is a simple job that doesn't require a plumber. Here are step-by-step directions

How to Change the Washer in a Faucet

1

2



3

4

5

1 Shut off the main water supply by closing the main valve, which is at the point where the water supply pipe enters the house. If there is a shut-off valve directly under the fixture, you can close it, instead. Check to be sure the water is off by turning on the faucet. A little water should come out, then none. Close or plug the drain so you won't lose any parts down it. Remove the faucet handle by taking out the top screw or by removing a small screw on the underside of the faucet handle.

2 Loosen the lock nut with a monkey wrench. It's wise to wrap a piece of cloth around the nut to avoid scratching its chrome finish with the wrench.

3 Twist out the entire valve. Usually you can do it with your fingers, but if it's too tight, replace the handle over the knurled top of the valve and use the faucet handle to unscrew the valve.

4 Examine the washer at the bottom of the valve. If it's worn and ragged, you've found the cause of the leak. Unscrew the washer as shown at left. Take the old washer with you to a plumbing-supply or hardware store to buy the new one. It's a good idea to get two, so you'll be prepared the next time.

5 To reassemble the unit, see guide at left. Pick up the valve **(A)**. Insert the new rubber washer **(B)** into the round hole at the bottom of the valve. Turn small screw **(C)** through the hole in the washer and into the valve. Tighten it securely. Spin valve down into faucet opening. Drop large rubber washer **(D)** over the top of the valve. Twist large lock nut **(E)** down onto the threaded neck of the faucet opening. Tighten it with a monkey wrench, again using the protective cloth. Place handle **(F)** over the knurled top of the valve. Line up the handle with its mate. Insert small screw **(G)** and tighten it gently. Turn the water supply valve on again. Once in a long while the valve or valve seat gets worn. If a worn washer is not the cause of the leak, you will probably need to call upon the trained skill of a plumber.

Illustrations by Miyo Endo

"Oh, No!"

(Continued from page 37)

the folks are staking me to a start in New York, come September, and I know I won't be at home much after that. But it's three months of my youth, ashes in the wind.

Mother grew up in Chicago, and I asked her the other day how she had managed to endure this place for twenty-three years, and she said she didn't know; she'd got rather fond of it. This is hard for me to understand because she *knows* better. I liked Tyler when I was little, but I hadn't been anywhere else. Now the very thought of Fifth Avenue brings tears to my eyes.

I'm doing my hair a new way, straight back, and I'm getting tan, and every morning I put on all my make-up, but there's no one to notice. I feel like the British ladies in novels, doing their nails in the jungle. I feel awful, and I'll bet you do, too, reading this, but I've got to howl at someone, and there's nobody here to talk to. They're putting a new front on the bank building, and the way people are discussing it, I guess it's the biggest thing that's happened around here since the treaty with the Indians.

Well, they should never have sent me to school so near New York. But September is coming. I'm going to get a wonderful job and absolutely conquer the world. I'm scared to death, of course, but you're my inspiration. I remember how petrified you were when you graduated last year, and you got a job right away. I hope you're apartment hunting for us.

Your week end in Connecticut sounds just great—and tell me more about the artist you met. And write soon. You're my only out-line.

Love,
Hilary

P.S. On top of everything else, my young brothers keep calling me Hilarious, which I am anything but.

Tyler, Iowa
June 17, 1956

Jan, jewel,

Your letters are keeping me alive. Sorry the artist didn't look so good in the daylight. But how grand that Eddie and Jake are in New York. They'll know a lot of other guys, too. We can give lots of parties and play records and drink coffee and go to hell and stay up all night if we want to. Of course, I can stay up all night here, too, but what for?

Went to a cowboy show the other night with my little brother Timmy, and he got so annoyed during the love scene that he climbed under the seat and refused to come out till he heard gunfire. Life being what it is, I felt like joining him and refusing to come out till September.

Desperately,
Hil

Tyler, Iowa
June 23, 1956

Dear Jan,

Well, things are looking up. Not exactly up, but at least they've taken their eyes off the ground.

I've been lurking around the house like Mad Alice, and today Dad took mercy on me and took me along on a trip to the country to see a Mr. Hendrickson about some insurance. One thing I'll say for this part of the country, it's fertile. Stuff is practically lunging out of the earth. Tomatoes and trees and strawberries and corn and weeds. I have a feeling we should pour asphalt over the whole state before it gets out of hand and gobbles us up. (Oh, how is darling, sterile Park Avenue?)

Anyway, this was a very pretty farm—red barn and white house and lots of flowers and a really voluptuous vegetable garden. We trundled out to the barnyard, and Dad talked to Mr. Hendrickson. I was communing with some sympathetic cows when a nice young man crawled out from somewhere inside of a tractor and said, "Well, if it isn't Hilary Ames."

I said it was, and he turned out to be Adam Carr. He's in the farm machinery business with his father. Adam's years older than I am—twenty-eight or nine—so I never knew him very well.

He patted the tractor as if it were Nashua and said, "It was a little off its feed, but it'll be okay now. Handsome devil, isn't it?"

"Well," I said, "those little foreign jobs are easier to park."

We talked about the weather and the corn and the new front on the bank building, and when Dad came to gather me up, Adam said, "You look as if you're old enough now to take care of yourself. How about going to the movies tomorrow night?"

I was going to say I'd already seen both the movies that are playing, but then I decided that at least he wouldn't climb under the seat, so I said okay.

It's my first date in nearly a month. I'm going to give myself a pedicure and ice my face and put on my Good Perfume. I feel that I must go to the wildest lengths to show my gratitude to Adam. Knights used to come on white chargers; now they come on red tractors. But captive maidens mustn't carp.

The party at Kit's must have been a ball. I remember what a whee we had at her place when I hit town last spring vacation. Ah, me. And the engineer sounds divine. Curly black hair, you say? Um!

Give the subway a big hug for me.

Ever laughing,
Hilarious

P.S. I finished "War and Peace," and am starting "The Forsyte Saga." It looks *very* long.

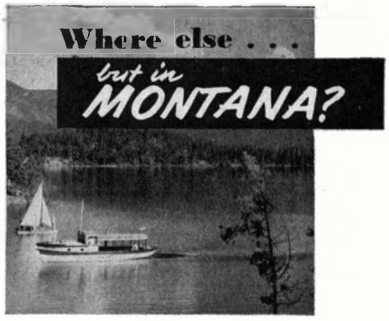
Tyler, Iowa
June 24, 1956

Wake up, Janice!

(I know you'll get this letter in broad daylight, but I'm writing it at two A.M., and half the fun of a date is a roommate to chatter with when you get home. Oh boy, I can hardly wait till next fall.)

Well, we went to the movie, and Adam didn't crawl under the seat. He

(Continued on page 105)



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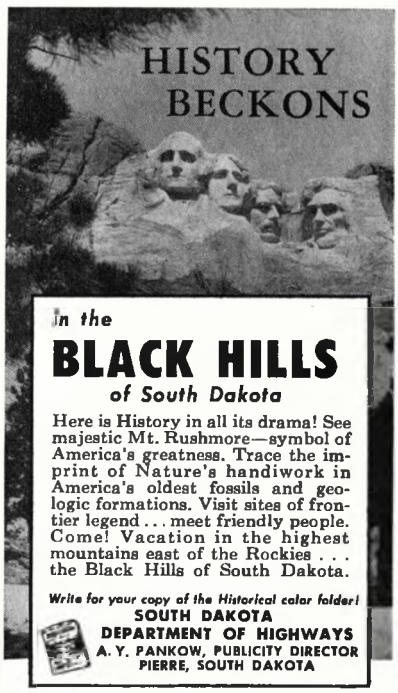

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pattern shown: a Galanos design exclusive with McCall's PRINTED PATTERNS A DIVISION OF McCALL CORPORATION *remember: better fabrics make better fashions*

(Continued from page 103)

didn't even crawl over it, bless his clean-living heart.

We got out of the movie about ten-thirty, and the town looked as deserted as if the Redcoats were coming and the populace had fled to the hills.

"What do you do around here at night?" I said. He looked thoughtful, and I said, "What else?"

"We could go dancing," he said.

So we drove out to "Henry and Mac's," a place on the highway with a juke box and wooden booths, which is frequented by the pleasure-mad young set of Tyler. I must say that Adam is a good dancer, though. He taught me the cha-cha-cha, and we laughed and whooped and had quite a lot of fun.

Did I describe him to you? He's about five-eleven, and he has sandy hair and freckles, and he looks sort of tan and rough and tough from being out on the farms a lot, and he feels for the new combines the same thing that Jake and Eddie feel for the new Continental—a sort of burning reverence.

Adam brought me to the door and shook my hand, and then he said, "That seems silly, doesn't it?" and came back and kissed me.

We're going to the country club Saturday night, so I can wear my new green sari, instead of letting it rust in the closet.

Well, it's no Big Deal, but he's nice, and he sort of takes the curse off the summer.

To bed, to bed. I'm yawning.
Cha-cha-cha—
Hilary

Tyler, Iowa
July 6, 1956

Jan, lamb,

How awful that your engineer got sent to South America. Wouldn't you *know*! As for weather, though, you get no sympathy from me. It's hot here, too, and I'd rather fry an egg on Madison Avenue than roast a whole steer on Main Street. Besides, we have mosquitoes.

The corn was knee high by the Fourth, which put everybody in a good mood. We had a great party at the country club, fireworks and all, and about midnight a real old-fashioned thunderstorm. It was pretty exciting. The electricity went off, and the lightning struck a tree on the golf course and it sounded as though a couple of giant hands had ripped the sky right down the middle.

I hung on to Adam—I've always been scared of storms—and everybody got candles, and we sang, and everybody kept saying the rain was just what the corn needed.

Weather is topic A around here—even edges out sex. If it rains (not *too* much) the farmers get crops, which means they can pay Adam, which means he can expand his business, which means he gets a loan at the bank, which helps them pay for their new front, which improves the town, which means maybe a new factory or something will move in, and so on, and so on. So if you look at the sky here, it isn't just to see if you should take your umbrella.

The country club is rather nice, by the way. We've gone several times. It's right by the river, and you can dance and drink cool drinks and watch the fireflies from the terrace. Everybody dresses up, too, and on Saturday night the club has a sort of Outpost of Empire feeling.

Sunday afternoons we go swimming. Adam has a darling tan. It stops right above his elbows and comes to a V at his neck. The poor dear burned his back and his chest last week and could scarcely bear to be touched for days. (I guess *that's* a giveaway, but he *is* nice.)

So the evenings and weekends are better, thanks to Adam, but the days drag, and I keep thinking of all the stuff I'm missing. I'm dying to see that new French picture, and I know, by the time I get to New York, it'll be gone. Glad you've got a lead on an apartment. Track it down! Try to get one on a busy street. Sometimes, when I'm lying in bed listening to the crickets, I'd give almost anything to hear a real ear-splitting traffic jam right under the window.

I've finished "The Forsyte Saga" and am starting "Remembrance of Things Past." It's got *volumes*.

Pathetically yours,
Hil

Tyler, Iowa
July 21, 1956

Dear Janice,

You pampered child—going out with two men. I know you don't want to marry Eddie *or* Jake, but who wants to get married? Golly, you're having fun. Forty-one days, and I'll be there. (All of a sudden I'm scared. A lot can happen in forty-one days. The whole Flood only took forty.)

And you went to our favorite place and had that divine trout with almonds. And while you were doing that, I—well, life is basic here. While you were toying with your boned fish, I was out *catching* mine—bones, skin, fins and all.

Of course I've been fishing before, but never catfishing. Dad wouldn't take me—said I wasn't tough enough. But Adam said it was high time I saw Life.

We started at five A.M.—a good hour to be getting in, but very dim for going out. Old clothes, flat shoes, mosquito goop and a couple of fishing rods and a mysterious bucket containing unidentified bait.

It had rained the night before, and the river bank was squooshy and swarming with gnats. Adam got the lines all fixed up, and then he told me to step back while he opened the bait. I don't think I should tell you what it was. On the other hand, you've read Spillane—you're rugged. Well, it was—ugh—old liver. It seems the catfish can smell it. So, I assure you, could I. I managed to hold myself together—sheer will—while Adam baited the hooks. That man is real pioneer material. Then he put me at a "good spot" and went off around the bend. We were there for hours. Once in a while he'd come back and change my bait and pat me on the head and once in a while he'd shout to see if I was alive, but I stopped shouting back because the second time I nearly swallowed a mosquito.

I just waited and suffered. It got hotter and hotter, and I couldn't even take off my scarf because of the mosquitoes. It was just awful. And then at

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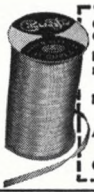

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Why did Judy Garland try to kill herself?

BURCHMAN

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"That's a childish way of thinking. And I know it now as well as I knew it on that Saturday afternoon back in 1951 when I tried to commit suicide. Everything had gone wrong. My marriage to Vincente Minnelli was coming apart at the seams. I was a nervous wreck, jumpy and irritable from sleeping too little. I couldn't take the tension at the studio. I had walked off a picture and been suspended.

"Now that I look back on it, I realize my foolish attempt to kill myself was little more than a desperate effort to get people I loved to say they loved me . . . It wasn't a good experience; but I learned from it that you can't run away from yourself and your problems. Problems have been the story of my life . . ."

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last there was a tug at my line. Well! I let out a whoop and Adam came charging through the underbrush, giving instructions, and I was as cool as a clam—the way you're supposed to be in a crisis. I did everything right, kept the line taut and hauled in. I thought my arms would break off: I thought I had a log—but it was a five-pound catfish. Have you ever seen one? Really monstrous, dirty gray, with fierce long whiskers and wicked eyes, and *huge*. Adam hadn't caught anything, and he was so excited that he kissed me, mosquito lotion and all.

He really makes things fun, you know. Just looking at him makes me smile. Have you ever known anyone like that? I got home all muddy and blistered and tired, with that horrible fish in tow. It was about noon, and I took a bath and went to bed, actually thinking I'd had a good time! I don't know what's happened to the Hilary I knew and loved.

Anyhow, tonight I drove the family out of the house and baked the fish for Adam, and you wouldn't believe how much of it the two of us managed to eat.

I wish you could meet him. Too bad he has to live *here*. On second thought it'll be nice to have him around for Christmas and such. And he says maybe he can get into New York some time. I'd like that.

Now to bed. This domesticity is wearing me down. I never baked a fish before.

Love,
Hilary

Tyler, Iowa
July 24, 1956

And a black day it is!

Adam and I had a fight.

I don't know exactly how it started, but I made some crack about Tyler, and he acted as if I'd insulted his mother or something. I said the reason he was so crazy about it was that he'd never been anyplace else, and he said he'd been in college for four years and in the Army for two, and he'd been halfway around the world and he hadn't found any place he liked as much as Tyler. I got all out of hand and said he got roped into his father's business because he didn't have the guts to get out and do something on his own, and he said if he had the choice between being President of U.S. Steel and selling farm machinery, he'd take farm machinery. And so on, and so on. It was fierce.

Finally I apologized. I said, "I don't care what you do. It isn't any of my business."

And he said, "That's right."

Now I'm upstairs, alone with my mosquito bites and Proust. It's so *dismal*. I *wish* I were in New York. I'll bet you're seeing a play tonight, or maybe you're at a party with those crazy kids in the Village. I can't bear it. That splotch on the margin is a tear.

Sad Hilary

Tyler, Iowa
July 31, 1956

Dear Jan,

Yes, we made up. Sort of. Coexistence.

It's just that I hate to see Adam *wasting* himself. He has all this personality, and he's smart, too. He reads a

lot, and he knows all about current events and he can play the piano, and, of course, he could probably take a tractor apart and put it back together again in the time it takes me to figure out our new can opener.

I told him I was sorry about blowing my top, but it seemed to me he was doing the big-frog-little-pond bit. He said it wasn't that—but he liked a pond he could *do* something about, and besides, somebody had to look after the little ponds, and bigger didn't necessarily mean better. Some people think Lake Louise is more beautiful than the Atlantic. And so on. I said all right, forget I ever mentioned ponds.

So we're just not discussing it. You know what they say about politics and religion. Well, Adam and I discuss politics and religion for hours, but we don't mention T-Y-L-E-R or N-E-W-Y-O-R-K.

Your new one sounds nice. In the advertising business, huh? Account executive? Writer? Artist? Write soon, and tell me all about him, and about lovely, wonderful, N-- Y---.

Love,
H-----

Tyler, Iowa
August 10, 1956

Hooray!

The apartment sounds perfect. Take it! It makes my coming to New York seem real. Figure out if we need any extras, like draperies or sheets or rugs, and I'll go gleaning in the attic before I leave. Twenty-one days!

Don't get discouraged about your new man. After all, he's learning the advertising business from the bottom up. I agree that at twenty-eight he should be further along than mail boy, though. At *least* he has the sense to live in New York—give him an A plus for that.

You're absolutely right about Adam. But how did you know? *I* didn't know. I thought I was just having a mild summer romance. I *still* think it's just because I'm so bored, and there's no one else around. Fact remains, before he comes, I get a feeling of panic in the pit of my stomach, and when he's around, I can't take my eyes off him, and apparently he's got it, too, because he's over here all the time, and last night when he kissed me good night—oh, well, you can tell, that's all. Neither of us is saying anything, of course, because it's absolutely hopeless. I'd rather slit my throat than live here, and he wouldn't move to New York if you gave him all the taxis in Manhattan.

I've given up reading Proust. I can't concentrate. But I'm *not* giving *in*. I'm enclosing a check for the first month's rent on the apartment. Cash it quickly. It's my ticket to sanity.

I should *never* have come home!
Hilary

Tyler, Iowa
August 14, 1956

Jan—

Situation desperate. I'm coming right away. Will get in 10 A.M. on the 16th. Can you put me up for the rest of the month? I'll sleep on the couch. I wish I were dead.

Hil

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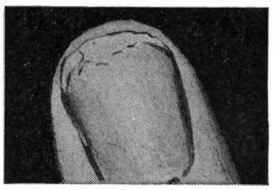

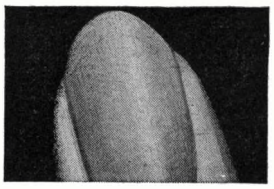

JANICE ALEXANDER
NEW YORK NEW YORK
NOT COMING LETTER FOLLOWS
SAVE YOURSELF I AM DONE FOR
HILARY

Tyler, Iowa
August 16, 1956

Dear Jan,

I suppose you've figured this out by now. I haven't. A few days ago I realized I simply had to get out of here, or all would be lost. I told Adam I had to get to New York early—made up a story about a job. He went along with it—he even took me to the train. And then the craziest thing happened. I couldn't get on. Simply couldn't move. I just stood there on the platform and stared at Adam. "I can't go," I said, more surprised than anything else.

He didn't say anything. He just wrapped his arms around me and held me tight, and when he finally let go, my luggage was back on the platform and the train was fading into the east, and the porter was laughing himself sick, in a friendly way.

Obviously I'm in love, and I'm going to marry Adam, and I can't help it. But I feel so horrible about it. It isn't what I really want; it isn't what I *meant* to do. I wanted to live in New York and have a career and do a lot of wonderful things, and now I'm going to be stuck here for the rest of my life, going to the country club and going catfishing and worrying about the corn. Oh, Jan, I'm so *confused*.

I'm sick about the apartment, too. Please keep my rent money, and I hope you can find somebody else to share the place—it sounded so darling, with the fireplace and everything.

I'll write as soon as I can. I'm so mixed up that even remembering my name is an achievement. But I *think* I'm still—
Hilary

Tyler, Iowa
September 2, 1956

Hi, Jan!

All sorts of things to tell you—couldn't write sooner—busy! Jan, he's so wonderful; he honestly is. I don't know how I had the good luck and the good sense to fall in love with Adam. And when I realize I might have got on that train for New York! It's like the stories about people who didn't get on a plane or a train or an elevator, and the next day they read that everybody was killed.

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Adam knows how I feel about New York, though, and he says we can go in for a week or two every fall and see the shows—and, as he says, a city's no place for children. And I must admit I get a kick out of the idea that our children will go to the same school Adam and I went to and fish in the same river and skate on the same pond.

Oh well, that's the rosy future—it's the rosy present I want to tell you about. We're getting married October 14th—my parents' anniversary—and we're having a real wedding, and I want you for maid of honor. Can you come? *Could* you get away? I'd be so happy if you could, and besides, I think you'll have fun. There'll be scads of parties, and the country's beautiful that time of year, with the leaves turning, and the bridesmaids are all going to be in fall colors—yellow and rust and orange—and I promise not to choose icky dresses. And that isn't all! The big thing is Adam's best man. His name's Joe Perry, and he's a lawyer, new in town, six feet, wavy blond hair, and I showed him your picture and—I can't say the glint in his eyes was exactly matrimonial, but I think it could be channeled. So come. Hurry! Don't waste your youth in an office. Besides, I'll never get "Remembrance of Things Past" finished now, and you've read it, and you have to tell me what happens.

Love,

Hilary

P.S. Wait till you see the new front on the bank building. It makes Main Street look practically like Park Avenue!

. . . THE END

Early Marriages

(Continued from page 31)

repression and sexual self-control. "This viewpoint," say Judson and Mary Landis in their "Marriage Handbook," "seems to underrate young people. Are they all totally spoiled children who must have immediate and complete satisfaction of all urges? Or are they normal human beings, with urges, certainly, but with a reasonable perspective on life and with the ability to plan and build for permanent happiness?"

Some young people think of marriage as a way out of an unhappy school or home situation, or as a means of converting vague feelings of rebellion into a legitimate kind of independence. The youngster of eight asserts himself by running away from home; the youngster of 18 asserts himself by getting married.

Listen to the remarks of a divorced girl still in her teens: "I was married at 16 to get away from home. Nobody paid any attention to me there. I guess any fellow who came along would have done. I was sorry I married him almost from the very beginning."

This kind of understanding—even after the fact—is rare. Most youngsters who marry to defy their parents or to escape from them are largely unaware of what they are doing. The result is that the marriage itself becomes the scene of conflicts that are really caused by other problems. "Many a husband who fights with his wife is really talking back to his mother," said a psychologist.

"Sometimes it may be sensible to marry to escape an unhappy home environment," says Reuben Hill, research professor of family life at the University of North Carolina and one of the country's leading experts on marriage. "But such a person is not going to know how to operate well enough in a marriage to be able to cope with the tensions he encounters. The person from an unhappy home won't know how a good marriage works."

Less often mentioned—but still an important reason for many youthful marriages—is the glamorization of marriage and its glorification as a solution for all emotional problems. The girl who marries is the envy of her friends and classmates: "Mary Jane is married; why can't I do it, too?" One girl unconsciously revealed the yearnings of her generation when she said, "I don't exactly want to be married, but, gee, I'd love to have a wedding!"

In a recent survey of high-school principals, 20 different reasons were given for the increase in high-school marriages. Only one of these—the early social and psychological maturity of modern youth—could be called a positive, constructive reason. And it ranked far down the list compared with such others as "increasingly lax parental care," "fad effect" of student marriages and the insecurity of our times.

No wonder it is difficult for young people to understand exactly why they want to get married. Yet unless they have the emotional maturity to know their real reasons, they are starting off with a serious handicap.

2—*"Have we planned sensibly for marriage?"*

Behind the sea-haze of romance lie the sharp rocks of reality. Unfortunately, many young couples dismiss the problems of everyday living with an airy "We'll work things out."

"Things seldom 'work out' unless they are worked at," says Dr. M. Robert Gomberg, executive director of Jewish Family Service in New York. This is especially true of such problems of early marriage as jobs, finances, housing, relations with in-laws, decisions about babies, agreements on ultimate goals. "Instead of sharing these problems and working them out together," says Dr. Gomberg, "some people tend to use them as weapons with which to threaten each other."

I **spent** several days at the University of North Carolina, researching the campus marriage. Of the school's 7,000 students, more than 1,500 are married. One of every five men there lives on the campus, or in the surrounding town of Chapel Hill, with his wife, and many have families that number as many as four children.

Far from resenting their function as meal tickets, virtually all the working wives I spoke with said they were proud and happy to be able to help their husbands finish college. "It's no different, really,"

said one girl, "from any other marriage of the millions in which the wife goes to work to help fill out the family income."

"If I work a few years now," another working wife said, "it means my husband will eventually get a better job, make more money. He's investing his brains, and I'm investing my energy in a partnership for the future. That's what marriage is supposed to be, isn't it?"

"I'm contributing more to my husband's chances for professional success now than I'll ever be able to again," said dark-haired Bobbie Paysour, who works at a secretarial job while her husband, Buck, finishes his senior year at journalism school. "It's rough, we scrimp and we're almost always tired. But sharing hardships toughens a marriage for the years ahead."

Buck is typical of the many husbands who pitch in as much as classes and study permit to add to the family bank account. He works daily as an assistant in the University publicity bureau and does odd jobs from time to time. He knows men who get up at 3 A.M. to handle a newspaper delivery route, have a quick breakfast, go to class, study in the afternoons and then go to a night job—a back-breaking schedule that sometimes causes a breakdown in health. "On the other hand," Buck says, "there are a few guys who are either lazy or willing to take advantage of their wives. They're not mean. They're the perpetual students who are going to spend as much of their lives as possible trying to escape from life."

What does this kind of set-up do to a marriage? If it's based on love and the long view, it can, as Bobbie Paysour said, put strength into a marriage. But it can upset a couple that hasn't faced the facts squarely.

For instance, many campus wives have had to give up their own chance for a degree and a career. Some of those I met spoke wistfully of the day, after their husbands took over the bread-winning chores, when they would be able to go back to school and "take a few courses." The few couples who try to combine marriage with schooling for both husband and wife live in turmoil. "One couple," Dean of Women Katherine Carmichael recalled, "was perpetually running across the campus pushing a baby carriage so one could take over the infant while the other went to class. They had their schedule worked out like a railroad timetable."

One aspect of early marriage that young couples often forget to consider, in their enthusiasm, is the simple allocation of daily chores. Somebody has to put out the garbage. And it comes as rude shock to the young husband, who has been visualizing himself as the master of the house, when he is asked to do it, or to do the wash or the marketing.

In a survey of married students at Kansas State College, the happiest marriages were those in which both husband and wife pitched in to do the dishes and change the diapers. Men, the researchers found, tended to share all the homemaking duties if the couple had no children. When there were youngsters, the husband was relieved of a few chores in order to take over more of the baby-sitting or child care. There was little resentment on the part of the men. "My wife is too busy to do everything," was the general attitude.

Jobs, chores, children, classes, study—all these leave little time for leisure, or for extra-curricular activities. Except for the notices on the bulletin boards listing an almost endless group of "wives" clubs—Med Wives, Law Wives, Science Wives—the usual campus activities hold no interest for young couples.

Young married couples not at college face the same problems. But there is a difference in approach that can be helpful. These young men are used to the idea of working for a living; these young girls are not generally leaving sheltered lives in luxurious homes. The realities of moderate-income living are familiar to them. But they must still be dealt with—and often under the double handicap of a limited education and an unsatisfactory home life.

In almost all early marriages, it's a hard fight to make budgets come out even. Most of the couples I met are just getting by. Dinners are generally hot dogs or casseroles or stews. Wardrobes are modest and often home-sewn. Wives cut their husbands' hair, and go to a beauty parlor only when they absolutely need to for morale. Most of these couples don't carry insurance and don't save money.

As Joseph S. Vandiver, professor of sociology at Oklahoma A. & M., told me: "Our young couples 'camp out,' more or less. They live in housing far poorer than most of them are used to, and their furniture is second-hand, or gifts from parents. Most of them do without much of the household equipment other brides consider necessary—with the possible exception of a television set, which fills in all those nights the couple can't afford to go out; and a car, which seems to be a necessity, although it is common belief that few of them are paid for."

If getting along happily without every last appliance and gadget can be considered a test of a successful marriage, then most early marriages seem to be doing well. Everywhere I got the same reaction to my questions: "Living on a shoestring is fun." "It's the future that's important." "We don't have to keep up with the Joneses because there aren't any Joneses around here."

Yet I could not avoid the impression that many young couples are making the best of things because they feel they are supposed to. It's hard to draw a line between sincere and synthetic idealism. But at some point the "fun," the overcoating of "glamour" that attaches to living on a shoestring may be rubbed off by the frictions of everyday living. What happens then?

"It is an inherent defect of most early marriages," one social worker told me, "that sooner or later a financial crisis, a breaking point is going to be reached. And too often the marriage has not had enough time to build up the strength to meet it."

One way out is to accept help from parents or in-laws. Many young couples do, either as an allowance or as "gifts" ranging from cash to furniture and food. Sometimes there is merely an understanding that Dad will come through in an emergency. But young couples must bear in mind the degree to which parental subsidy can stunt the growth of a good marriage. If dealing with in-laws is the single biggest problem for an early-marriage couple, as sociologist Judson Landis declares,

(Continued on page 114)

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(Continued from page 109)

then the problems multiply when money and in-laws are mixed—when parents feel they have the right to give orders because they give cash, or when young people feel guilty about accepting aid.

"Money, either given or withheld, can be a power device," Alice Adler said to me. "It is the rare parent who can quietly help his married child without turning into a benevolent despot who feels he now has the right to make decisions for the couple."

She told me about a 19-year-old girl who married her 19-year-old college-student fiancé against her father's wishes. Instead of working out a loan or allowance arrangement that would permit the couple to live decently, the father adopted a policy that kept the couple financially off balance. He would, for example, give his daughter a fur coat for her birthday, or a substantial check from time to time. But in between the sudden bonanzas, the strain of trying to meet the monthly bills added to the growing tension between the young couple.

"Obviously," said Mrs. Adler, "this father was using money in a careful campaign to drive home to the girl the 'mistake' she had made, and to alienate her from her husband.

"To handle this kind of situation, a young couple must be aware of what money means to the parents—whether it is a means to enjoyment of life, or a weapon against people. For instance, if Dad used to give Johnny a regular allowance when he was a boy regardless of whether he did the chores, or got good marks, he isn't likely to use money as an excuse to interfere in Johnny's marriage. But if Dad varied the allowance depending on how he felt toward Johnny at the moment, then Dad is likely to go right on thinking of money that way."

Young married couples must face their own conflict between the need for financial help and the desire for independence. In a recent survey of 5,000 young people, 94 percent said they wanted to be "on their own" when they married. But of this same group, three-quarters of the girls and more than half the boys said they would take money from their families. Either the sense of financial insecurity outweighs the desire to live one's own life, or these young people were just not aware of the conflict between the two.

Babies have a way of arriving whether they are wanted or not. But the question of having children involves special problems for early marriages. "As soon as I knew I was pregnant," one girl said to me, "I made my husband promise he'd go right on ahead into medical school as we'd planned. I couldn't stand the idea of a baby's upsetting all our hopes for the future."

Most young married couples frankly admit that they are postponing having children until they are sure they can afford them emotionally as well as financially. For the young wives, especially, this is a hard choice to make. But, voluntarily or not, many of them are having babies. There are more than 300 children living on the University of North Carolina campus. Many of the mothers have formed a cooperative day nursery.

Babies are born sooner and more often to noncollege early-married couples. There is less reason to defer parenthood. Usually both parents are working, and there are enough relatives near at hand to care for the child.

Other problems can upset long-range goals. People do not easily accept the responsibility for the results of their own actions. There is in all of us a tremendous capacity for what psychologists call "projection"—the ability to blame others for mistakes we ourselves make. When a young husband blames his wife for "ruining my life," or when a young wife senses that perhaps she could have "done better" by waiting a few years, bitterness or even hatred can creep into a marriage regardless of where the fault lies. It is almost too much to expect a person to say, "Well, I let myself in for this." It's so much easier to say, "If it hadn't been for you . . ." That is why the couple's long-range goals should be discussed thoroughly before marriage. Each must be aware of sacrifices that may have to be made.

Yet I came away from my investigations in early marriage much less impressed by the troubles than by the living evidence of success provided by couples such as Don

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and Affie Gray at the University of North Carolina. Don was 20 and Affie 19 when they married. They haven't much money; they live in a converted attic in a small house. Their amusements are books, conversation and television: going out is rare. They survived a rough year in which Don studied by day and Affie worked at night. Now they both work in the college bookshop while Don finishes his political-science courses. They are deeply in love and extremely happy. "The most important thing," Don Gray told me earnestly, "is to learn consideration for the other person. Thinking of her wants or her needs is the key to happiness."

The Grays had already learned their answer to the next—and most crucial—question facing young people who want to marry.

3—"Are we emotionally prepared for marriage?"

"How can you expect young people to know whether they are in love when at least half the people in America grow up, marry, rear children and die—never knowing what love really is? Romance? Oh, yes. Infatuation? Certainly. Love? No. The problem is not so much one of calendar age as of emotional maturity. There are individuals 50 and 60 years old with the emotions of a 12-year-old. This is because most of us do not know how to bring up children."

This stinging indictment is from F. Alexander Magoun, a director of the Marriage Study Association and for the past 25 years a leading expert in family relations. It typifies the thinking of most authorities in the field. Examples of lack of emotional preparedness are everywhere. "It is absolutely impossible," a disturbed father said to me, "to make my son, who thinks he is in love, realize that for the rest of his life he is going to be looking at hundreds of other women and comparing his wife to them—and that sometimes she will not compare favorably!"

It is a rare couple that can realistically imagine the prosaic, day-to-day functioning of the average marriage. Can anything be done to help young people learn the aspects of mature marriage? One answer is provided by Reuben Hill.

"Whether they know it or not, parents teach their children about marriage every day of their lives," Hill told me. "As they grow up in a family, youngsters actually are apprentices in marriage—making thousands of observations on how marriages and families work. How mature an approach young people bring to their own emotional life depends on what they have learned from their parents."

Here are five things Hill thinks are important for children to learn about marriage from watching their parents:

- Affection must be expressed unashamedly and continually.
- Love between a husband and wife is unearned and unconditional. A man and wife love each other for what they are, not for what they do.
- Sex and love cannot be separated. Sex plus nothing soon equals nothing, and sometimes equals less than nothing.
- Marital problems can be solved by discussion. Children must see how tensions, resentments and even flatly differing viewpoints can be compromised and eased.

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When each parent stands up for what he or she feels is right and then eventually reaches a "kiss-and-make-up" agreement, a youngster learns that constructive conflicts are part of marriage. But he should be given a chance to see the kiss-and-make-up stage just as clearly as he sees the irritation and argument.

Success in marriage can be achieved. This is the most valuable lesson children can learn as they watch their parents work out dissensions, surmount crises, handle problems.

Apprenticeship for marriage can be served in more homes than one. "A youngster should be encouraged to visit the homes of friends and relatives where he will no doubt see different ways of running a family," says Hill. "Through church and club socials he should get a chance to learn about marriage from newlyweds and engaged couples—those just ahead of him in the ranks of life. This kind of training is as sound in family relations as it is in business. And it is especially useful for young people whose parents are unhappily married, or whose homes are broken by divorce or death."

Finally, says Hill, parents should help a young person make his own dating experiences a period of training and testing as well as of glamour and excitement. "Steady dating," Hill says, "*if it is not a commitment to marriage*, in many ways gives more chance to form opinions and to develop insights than does casual dating. A steady-dating couple soon leaves company manners at home, and the superficialities of hit-and-miss courtship give way to honest efforts to evaluate a couple's permanent compatibility."

This kind of marriage apprenticeship is one way to emotional maturity. Another lies in the "marriage courses" now being given with growing frequency in high schools and colleges. Nearly 1,000 marriage and family relations courses are given in universities, and they are steadily being added to high-school curricula. Wherever these courses are given, students swamp them.

The goal of the marriage course is to help young people identify and solve marriage problems so they will view matrimony neither as a cure-all for whatever ails them, nor as a battleground. Although the need for such courses is greater in high schools —where they can reach more people at a more impressionable age—only about 20 percent of all high-school students are exposed to them.

One of the leading programs on the high-school level is that headed by George Douglas, supervisor of the Family Life Program for the 46 Charlotte, North Carolina public schools. "Marriage," Douglas told me, "is on the minds of most of our students. And most of them are naïve about it. But I find that, if I simply quote the divorce rate on early marriages, they stop and think twice."

Perhaps in another generation advances in the understanding and teaching of human relations will be so great that every young man and woman will be prepared to make a success of marriage—be it early or late. But short of that Utopia, young people and their parents today can only do their best to evaluate properly the many pros and cons and then make a decision based as much on knowledge as hope. ... THE END

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Pages 20-24, Tops in the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Pages 12 & 13, Letters to the Editor—page 12-Phil Burchman; Pages 34 & 35, "They Took Our Homes"—Nyack Journal-News; Pages 38 & 39, A Man Who Refused to Kill—page 38-Globe, page 39 top-William R. Woodfield-Globe, page 39 bottom-20th Century-Fox.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 10, But We Love Him—drawings by Joel Cohen; Pages 12 & 13, Letters to the Editor—page 13-drawing by Joel Cohen.

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Bachelor Father

BY DON STANFORD

COVER DESIGN BY HERB McCLURE

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BACHELOR FATHER

BY DON STANFORD

They were strangers, he and the daughter he never knew. Suddenly responsible for her, he almost failed as a parent—until she taught him that the love of a child, or a woman, has to be earned unselfishly and humbly

It had rained during the night, and in the gray morning a wan moist breeze stirred the curtains, bringing into the room the sounds of early traffic on the street below, a sizzling of tires on asphalt glistening wetly black. The rain had left a freshness in the air that would yield, as soon as the sun had climbed high enough to burn through the lingering haze, to the humid heat of Washington in late May.

At eight minutes past eight that Thursday morning, however, it was cool enough in the room where Alfred Traynor sat rigidly erect on the edge of his unmade bed, staring with unseeing eyes at the dead telephone in his hand.

He had been leaving for his Pentagon office when the telephone had called him imperiously back from the door; now he held himself with the unconscious stiffness of a man awkwardly trying not to wrinkle a fresh suit.

He watched his hand stretch slowly out to replace the telephone in its cradle, and he observed quite detachedly that the fingers were trembling, that they did not seem to be his own fingers.

He willed the hand to make itself into a fist, so that he would not see the trembling, and was vaguely surprised and mildly pleased to see it do as he had willed. And then, staring at his own clenched fist that was entirely detached from himself, he took a firm grip on his numbed mind and forced it to pronounce the thought:

Marjorie is dead.

He waited for the thought to do something to him, and it didn't do anything at all. He was dimly aware that something indescribably terrible had just happened to him, yet he could not even feel the hurt, let alone estimate the extent of the damage. Angrily, he made himself say aloud,

"Dead!"

The sound of his own voice jarred him, but his mind skittered evasively away from the meaning of the word; it focused instead on the electric clock by the bed and shrilled, "Eight after eight; late, you're late!"

He let habit take over, then; with a relieved sense of doing something, he let action take the place of coherent thought. Habit got him up off the edge of the unmade bed, and habit carried him downstairs and out into the gray morning, to stand on the curb and signal for a taxi to detach itself from the stream of traffic and carry him away. And habit made him look, to anyone who might have looked at him, just as he ordinarily looked: a lean, dark-haired, young-looking man in his middle thirties, with alert blue eyes and a nose that had once been broken and was still a little askew. And with something indefinable about him that made women look at him, although he was in no sense a handsome man, something that declared him to be free and unattached, at an age when a man is not likely to be still a bachelor.

His mind began to function, not smoothly but sputtering and skipping like an engine with wet spark plugs,

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about the time the taxi crossed the bridge into Virginia; by the time habit had carried him through the Pentagon labyrinth to his own steel-furnished office, things had begun to sort themselves a little, anyway. At least, although he could not begin to contemplate the consequences, he knew his immediate course of action.

He went straight through his own office with an abstracted nod for his incurious secretary and put his head inside the door inscribed, "Norman Rice, Chief of Procurement."

"Got a minute, Norman?" Traynor asked. "It's a personal matter, but I'm afraid it's urgent."

Norman Rice was plumply forty, with a porcine face and heavy-lidded, sleepy-looking eyes, a ginger mustache and a crew-cut over a low forehead. He looked stupid, and carefully fostered that entirely deceptive appearance—although it fooled no one among his subordinates, who knew him for a brilliant, hard-driving man who commanded everyone's respect and no one's liking, a cold fish with whom no one had anything approaching a personal relationship.

Traynor had been working immediately under Norman Rice for six years, but beyond the empty privilege of first-naming him, knew nothing of the man. He did not know, now, how Rice would react to the extraordinary request he was about to make; since he had decided it was a matter of necessity, however, he did not much care.

He took the chair Rice waved him into, and blurted without preamble, "I know this is a hell of a time for me to take off, Norman, with the whole wad of specifications under revision, but I need an emergency leave, starting immediately. I'm also going to need some help, if possible, getting a passport in a hurry and transportation to France. It's tourist season, and plane space is probably tight. I—"

Rice looked sleepy and patient and not at all interested. Traynor caught himself up abruptly; he said, less urgently, "I'm sorry; I forgot to mention the nature of the emergency. I'm a little—disorganized. My ex-wife was killed yesterday, in an automobile accident in Italy. Her—our—*my* daughter's in a boarding school in France, near Antibes; the school had me on the phone this morning to ask me what I'm going to do about the kid. I'm her only living relative."

"Never knew you'd been married," Rice murmured sleepily. "The impression around here seems to be that you're the uncaught and uncatchable bachelor. . . . What *are* you going to do about the child, Al?"

"I wasn't married for long," Traynor said, "and it was a long time ago. . . . Why, I guess I'll have to go get her, that's all."

"And then what?" Rice inquired, and Traynor answered candidly, "Norman, I haven't the faintest idea."

Rice grunted. He murmured, "Shouldn't think you would have. Likely to make quite a difference in your daily routine, suddenly taking on the joys of fatherhood. . . . How old's the young lady?"

"Thirteen," Traynor answered, and Rice's heavy-lidded eyes opened wide for an instant; the ginger mustache twitched in what, if it had not been Norman Rice, Traynor could have sworn was a fleeting smile.

"Um," Rice said noncommittally. "Ah—you grieving, Al?"

Traynor hesitated only an instant. He said, candidly, "No. No, I'm not grieving, Norman. I'm enormously shocked, of course, and I feel—regret, I guess. But not grief. I hadn't seen Marjorie in almost eleven years; I guess I never knew her very well, really, even before that. We had two months together in the middle of the war, when I met her, and about two more at the end of it. That was all, and it was—a long time ago."

Rice grunted again. He asked, "And you haven't seen the child, either, in eleven years? Since she was two?"

"That's right." Traynor said, and suddenly felt entirely hollow, with icy winds howling around inside of him. "Not since she was two."

"All right, Al," Rice said, and his manner changed to one of crisp decision. "You didn't take a vacation last year; you've got twenty-six days' annual leave accumulated, plus twenty-six more for this year, plus thirteen days' sick leave if you want it. Were you going to bring the youngster back right away, or d'you want to take a little holiday on the Riviera while you're over there?"

"I don't know," Traynor said helplessly. "I just don't know, Norman. The school asked me the same thing; I gather the term won't be over for two or three weeks and they wanted to know whether she'd be finishing or if I'd just yank her out right away. . . . I don't know. I guess I'd better get over there as quickly as I can, and do whatever seems best for the child after I've met her and—and sort of sized up the situation."

"You do that," Rice said, nodding. "You get out of here, right now, and dictate me a memo; a progress report on the status of everything in your active file. Keep it concise, Al; all I want to know is how far you've got. I'll puzzle it out from there and put somebody else on it. Stick your head in about lunchtime and I'll tell you when and where you can pick up your passport, and what we've got for you in the way of plane space. You want to leave tonight, if we can arrange it?"

"Well—" Traynor said, startled and hesitant, "sure, I guess so—." A score of protests arose in his mind and gibbered at him: He had a weekend sailing date, a Gibson Island house-party with some people he liked very much; he had a dentist's appointment on Monday; his car was being overhauled and he was supposed to pick it up tomorrow at noon; his laundry wouldn't be ready until tomorrow, and he doubted that he had enough clean linen for an extended trip. And as for the various work projects that were assigned to him. . . .

He blurted, his voice rising, "Listen, Norman, I don't know that I *can*—there're two or three things I don't see how somebody else could just pick up in the middle. I've got a session coming up at the Bureau of Standards tomorrow, on the revised spec—"

"Put it in the memo," Rice ordered sleepily, "the best way you can. We'll muddle through. The machinery of Government will undoubtedly be slowed by your unexpected departure, Al, but I doubt that it'll crunch to a stop. Now beat it, I want to make a couple phone calls. And, Al—one thing. . . ."

There was an inflection in Norman Rice's voice that Traynor had never heard in it before; it alerted all his senses.

Rice said very quietly, almost shyly, "When you need some help, and you will, come around. My wife's advice, on the policy level, is sound. We're rearing five boys ourselves, but she used to be a girl. . . . We'll look forward to seeing you, Al. Good luck."

Traynor swallowed hard and said almost inaudibly, "Thanks." Dazedly, he realized that the unapproachable and dreaded Norman Rice was freely offering friendship.

Posed gracefully beneath the flowering peach tree in the garden behind her beautiful old Georgetown house, Claire Morrissey made an exquisite picture. She regarded Traynor with a tranquil gaze, and it occurred to him all at

once that he had the word for Claire's beauty: serene. She said, softly, "Please sit down, Al. I *am* glad you managed to come by, and if you found time for a call, you have time for a drink. And I'll bet you need one! Are you all ready to leave? How do you feel?"

"Bewildered," Traynor answered, and sank gratefully onto an aluminum chaise. "but I guess I'm ready. Gus Fox is picking me up in half an hour and driving me to the airport. It's been quite a day. I'm sorry about the weekend, Claire."

"Don't be silly!" Claire told him with mild vexation, turning from the bar to hand him a frosted silver cup garnished with fresh mint. "Don't you dare treat me like the kind of empty-head who'd be mourning her spoilt weekend at a time like this, Al Traynor! Oh, Al, I am sorry and—and upset for you; you do know that, don't you?"

Traynor nodded and quickly dropped his gaze and sipped at his julep; she was upset, he knew, and unexpectedly so. He had known Claire Morrissey for six—no, nearly seven years, and he liked her and knew comfortably that she liked him; he had, of course, known that her quick sympathy would be forthcoming. But he had not anticipated that she would be agitated or distressed, and it disturbed him that she obviously was. He said awkwardly, in some embarrassment, "Yes, I know. And thanks, Claire. But it isn't anything to be sorry about, I guess; I mean, I'm nobody to be sorry for. So far as I know. Things are a little confused right now, but—"

He looked at her over the rim of the julep cup, and said simply, "Tomorrow at noon I'll be landing in Nice. After that, we'll see how things go."

"Is she meeting you in Nice?" Claire asked, and her calm had returned. "The little girl?"

"No," Traynor said, "I'm to pick her up at her school —it's about half an hour from Nice—and take her out to lunch. . . ."

He could not keep the bitterness out of his voice as he added, "The advantage of the arrangement is obvious; I'll know which one she is; the school will see that I get the right child!"

"*Oh!*" Claire said softly. "Oh, the poor little thing! You don't even know what she looks like, do you, Al? What's her name?"

"Her name is Victoria," Traynor said, his voice suddenly harsh with the accumulated strain of the day, "and how would I know what she looks like? When I got out of the Navy in September, 1945, I'd never even seen my child, only snapshots of her, and she was two years old. I had a child I'd never seen and a beautiful actress wife I'd met and wooed and won in two months a couple of years before and hadn't seen since, and I had my discharge pay and a bonus. So we rented a beach house on Balboa Island and settled down to get reacquainted. And in two months Marjorie was in Mexico getting a divorce, a month after that she was in Italy making a movie, and not long after that she married this Italian count, the guy who cracked up his car yesterday and killed her. I never saw either of 'em again."

Claire was watching a robin idly, and Traynor watched it too; the companionable silence grew, and the tension in Traynor eased a little, and Claire asked, "Was he killed too, Al? Her husband?"

"No," Traynor answered, "he was bashed about a bit, but he'll be all right. But of course the child's nothing to him. I gather they've had her parked in boarding schools ever since she was old enough to live away from home; I never knew about that until now, though. . . ." He added guiltily, almost inaudibly, "I never thought about her much, Claire."

"Well," she protested weakly, defending him, "well, after all, Al, she's been a stranger to you, hasn't she, even though she is your own child? And so far away . . . Al, what are you going to do?"

"I wish I knew!" Traynor cried. "Oh, God, I wish I knew! Bring her back here, I suppose, when her school term's over. But then—what am I going to do with a thirteen-year-old girl I don't even know, when I do bring her home? Home—I haven't got a home to *bring* her to! I live in the Winston Club, where I can have a swim in the pool every morning and find a stag bridge game any night I don't feel like going out. . . . Claire, I've been a bachelor for thirty-five years, except for a couple of months that just seemed stagey and unreal and make-believe. I've never thought like anything but a bachelor—how do I suddenly turn into a father? I don't know where to begin!"

Claire regarded him coolly, a crisp blonde vision of tranquil poise; then suddenly her gray eyes were alight with mirth, and she gave him a flashing gamin grin that transformed her face.

She said, giggling, "Buster, you are in a bind! A scrawny old rooster with a chick to bring up all alone! I'm sorry, Al, but I can't help laughing!"

"Well, it isn't funny!" Traynor grumbled resentfully, "it's damned serious! I don't know anything about children, and even if I dump the poor kid in another boarding school when I get her over here, I'll have to have a place for her to come home to during vacations, won't I? And what kind of a father am *I* going to be, for a little girl to come home to? It just doesn't seem fair to the kid, Claire!"

"It doesn't, does it?" Claire murmured, and her voice sounded strange. She cleared her throat and added softly, "You'll just have to do the best you can, Al. And let people help you. You'll be surprised how many people can help, and how much help they can give, when somebody needs it. . . . You've never needed anything from anybody before, Al; you'll have to live a less selfish life from now on, and I bet you'll find it'll be a less sterile one, too. A man who doesn't need his friends doesn't achieve very deep friendships."

Traynor stared at her, amazed and uncomprehending; her golden head went high and bright color flooded her clear cheeks as she said defiantly, "To begin with, *I* know just about everybody in the State Department, and the way they keep shuffling those poor USIS people around from country to country there's always someone coming or going. *I'll* undertake to find you an apartment by the time you get back here with her. It'd better be a furnished sub-let to begin with, I guess; I suppose you don't own a stick of furniture, cowbird of passage that you are?"

Traynor shook his head, wordless; he opened his mouth to speak, and Claire raised her voice hastily and commanded, "And don't say anything, Al! Don't you go jumping all over a lot of defenseless little conclusions, just because people want to help you to help a little girl. . . . What do you know about girls, anyway? Little girls, I mean?"

"Not much," Traynor mumbled, and wished his ears weren't flaming hot; it seemed so silly for them to be sitting here blushing at each other, "and not much about big ones, either. I . . . thanks, Claire." He sighed deeply and murmured, "You know the only thing I remember about Victoria? When we were down on the Island and things were getting a little bit worse every day, I used to walk to the post office every morning and the

baby used to go with me. I remember walking slowly so she could keep up, and lopsided with one shoulder dropped so she could reach up and hang onto my hand. I remember I liked that; we both liked it. But that was as close as I ever got to her, and that's about all I really remember about her."

His voice trailed off into silence, and after a moment Claire made a small wordless sound of encouragement. Presently Traynor said thoughtfully, "A man builds thirty-odd years of habits and associations and accomplishments into a character, an identity he wears as a turtle wears its shell. Take the shell off a turtle, and what you've got left is a sorry-looking thing, all shriveled and scrawny and defenseless. . . . Claire, I'm scared to crawl out of the nice, familiar, protective shell I've built myself and take some strange baby by the hand and go wandering off in search of some new shell that'll fit the two of us! I don't know what I look like without my shell any more, and I'm not sure I'm going to like it when I see. . . ."

"You'll get used to it, anyway," Claire murmured, and smiled, "you'll have to. Don't dread it, Al; it may not be so bad. But there's one thing you'd better remember—Victoria won't be a baby any more. . . ."

She certainly wasn't a baby any more, Traynor thought, watching the child as she bent her head in rapt absorption, ladling horse-radish liberally into the small glass cup of tomato sauce that accompanied her shrimp cocktail.

She was slender and quite tall for her age, with eyes of a startling dark-blue framed in thick black lashes; her face was too thin, but arresting in its promise of extraordinary beauty to come. And she had the most remarkable poise; he wished that he might emulate her composure himself.

She put the empty horse-radish bottle aside and promptly poured a sizable jolt of Tabasco into the cup, and as Traynor watched in mild consternation, she stirred the mixture delicately with her oyster fork and swiftly tasted the fork with the tip of her tongue.

She glanced up, then, and caught him staring at her; the dark-blue eyes regarded him gravely for a long speculative moment, and she spoke.

"The way you can tell if the sauce is hot enough," the child explained, "is if it makes your eyelids sweat. I should say perspire. Your lower eyelids. If you can eat it and it doesn't make your lower eyelids perspire, then you can put in some more horse-radish. Or Tabasco, but I like horse-radish better, don't you, Papa?"

She called him "Papá," accenting the second syllable in a way he knew must be French. Her accent was very faintly foreign, too; she seemed to swallow her r's and pronounce them somewhere in the back of her throat, with a little roll. It had not occurred to Traynor that his daughter would speak French in preference to English, nor that her English would be even slightly accented; he was grateful for the ease and fluency with which she spoke it, but he found her slight accent, although rather pleasant, distinctly unnerving. But her manners were exquisite; she appeared to be quite at ease with him, and gratefully he tried to respond in kind.

"I don't think I like it quite as hot as you do," Traynor replied gravely, "but I'll certainly bear in mind your standard, Victoria. When I find my eyelids sweating—perspiring, I mean—the sauce will be too hot for me."

She seemed to find this acceptable; she nodded seriously. She said politely, "Well, could you order me some more horse-radish, please, Papa? I like it very hot."

"Of course," Traynor said. Her grave formality delighted him. He turned his head, and the waiter was at his side instantly.

"A little more horse-radish, please," Traynor said, and the waiter gave him a troubled, uncomprehending look and said,

"*M'sieu?*"

"Horse-radish," Traynor repeated a little more loudly, and, when the waiter's expression did not change, he turned to his daughter and said apologetically, with a humorous-helpless shrug, "I'm sorry, Victoria. I guess you'll have to do the ordering; you're the French-speaking member of the family."

"The family," the child repeated, and her thin, expressive face was briefly alight with pleasure. And then she said soberly, hesitantly, "Do you—really think I ought, Papa? Speak to the waiter myself, that is? I mean, a lady doesn't *ever* speak directly to a waiter when she's with a gentleman, does she, even if he doesn't speak French?"

Traynor considered, briefly, but he was acutely aware that the waiter's troubled, attentive and expectant gaze never left him. And he was equally well aware that the waiter had heard Victoria exchange polite formal greetings with the proprietor in fluent French.

He thought, My God, I am going to have trouble living up to this young lady; she's had better breeding than I have!

"You are absolutely right," he told her solemnly. "Now, shall I draw him a picture of the bottle, or will you tell me the French word for horse-radish?"

She giggled, and instantly the poise and the mannered composure vanished, and she was a skinny child, pleased with her father.

"*Raifort*," she said, and Traynor, pleased with himself and feeling an absurd lilt in his spirits, turned to a waiter solemnly concealing the relief and revelation in his eyes, and gravely repeated,

"*Raifort, s'il vous plaît.*"

"*Mais oui, m'sieu!*" The waiter responded alertly, and vanished at a smart trot.

"*Encore un peu*, you say, Papa," the child Victoria instructed, "*Encore un peu raifort*. It means, a little more."

"*Encore un peu raifort*." Traynor repeated dutifully, grinning, "*s'il vous plaît*. How'm I doing, Victoria?"

"Very well, I think," the child responded, and smiled and dropped her eyes shyly. "Thank you, Papa."

"Thank *you*," Traynor said, and made her a little half-bow without rising. But he had seen the momentary troubled look in the dark-blue eyes, the fleeting frown instantly erased by the guileless childish gaze. And he took a chance, impulsively; he leaned across the table and asked her seriously, confidentially, "Victoria—what's wrong?"

"Nothing, Papa!" she protested quickly, the dark-blue eyes widening, too-candid, too-innocent. But they fell before his steady gaze; she whispered almost inaudibly, shamefaced, "It's—just that I must become accustomed to my name. To 'Victoria.' It is very nice in English; I shall learn to prefer it, I am sure. But I have always been Victoire. . . ."

Considering, Traynor pursed his lips. He frowned. He rubbed his itching vaccination, absently. He said, frowning, imitating her pronunciation carefully, "Veek-twahr. And you like that better, do you? Veek-twahr?"

The child looked at him beseechingly without answering; then, very faintly, fearfully, she nodded. "Oh, but I know," she said quickly, "*Maman* told me once, that I am Victoria, named for your mother, Papa. And if you think

she would object—I know she is no longer alive, but if you think she would prefer that I am always Victoria—"

"I'm sure my mother wouldn't mind," Traynor said gently, and deliberately added, stressing the name and imitating the French pronunciation to the best of his ability, "Victoire."

He saw the child's eyes drop, the faint flush that suffused her cheeks; he added casually, "You know, I've always thought it would be a very good thing if people had a chance to choose their own names, instead of having their parents pin 'em on them. I bet there are thousands, maybe millions of people in the world who purely hate their parents for calling them John when they'd rather be James, you know?"

Victoire giggled again, and again she lost her composure and became a child, vulnerable and defenseless and unutterably appealing; her giggle was a limpid clarity of sound that reminded Traynor of a mountain spring.

Victoire said, "Or even if they don't actually *hate* their names, they'd be quite a lot happier if they could choose their own, different ones. . . . How are we going to arrange it, Papa?"

"I don't know, Victoire," Traynor confessed. She had said *we* in a childlike, confiding way that turned something inside him upside down; a wild alarm struck at him, and he blurted, "I don't even know how to start out being a father to you. I only hope I don't make a mess of it; I'm afraid I'm not very well qualified for the job. I've never had any experience with children."

Victoire regarded him somberly and sighed.

"And I," she told him gravely, "have had no experience with fathers, although I have always wanted one. So you need not fear that I will be critical, Papa; I shall be *very* glad to have you. . . Ah, here comes the horseradish. The . . . *peu raifort!*"

CHAPTER 2

Beyond the stone balustrade of the terrace the mountain fell away with a dizzying steepness; Traynor could look down upon the tops of trees and then a diminishing ribbon of winding road and, finally, the tranquil vivid blue of the Mediterranean far, far below. Behind him the chateau bulked huge and solid and impassive, its walls faded and mottled by the centuries to no particular color; it seemed to be a part of the mountain, as ancient as the mountain itself.

And the old lady pouring tea in the shadow of the wall, her aristocratic hawk-nosed face as impenetrable as the rock of the mountain, and seemingly as hard; it was impossible to imagine that Madame la Marquise de la Graviéres had not been here as long as her château, which was now a school for young ladies.

"I rejoice," the old lady said in her exquisitely-modulated voice, "that your meeting with the little Victoire has been so satisfactory, M'sieu Traynor. It gives me pleasure that you like her, as you say. She has indeed great charm, and you will find her most intelligent as well; she is at the head of all her classes. But you must not give credit to my little school for this; Victoire has been here only since mid-term of last year, as I presume you are aware?"

"Well, no," Traynor said apologetically, "I am not aware. Victoire's upbringing has been entirely in her mother's hands; I'm afraid I. . . ."

"She has attended many schools," the old Marquise said, her voice without expression, "in Switzerland, in France, even in England; some very fine schools, and some less well-known, perhaps of less excellence. Perhaps not. In any case, less costly. As is my own. This is not unusual in the case of a stepchild for whom there is no place at home, M'sieu Traynor; I have seen many such children as your daughter. But if you will permit me to offer the suggestion, I think it would be better to permit Victoire to finish her term here, if you can, before taking her to America. It is only a few weeks, if your affairs will permit you to remain that long?"

"I have the time," Traynor said, frowning, puzzled, "but I don't quite understand. . . . You say she's intelligent, at the head of her classes. Why . . .?"

"It is not that," the old lady said, and made an impatient gesture, "the standards of American schools are far less exacting than ours. Victoire is now at least one year ahead in her studies; she could depart today and have no difficulty in taking up her school work in America. It is simply to make the transition less abrupt that I suggest these weeks for you here. . . ."

She set her teacup delicately in her saucer and turned faded eyes upon Traynor. Deliberately, the Marquise said, "You must not expect that she is a normal child, M'sieu Traynor; she is not. How could she be, when she has not led a normal life? I think you must go slowly; allow her at least *a little* time to keep something familiar in her life, the while she adjusts to the unfamiliar. If I were you, M'sieu Traynor—and I am aware that I am being presumptuous—I should rent for one month a small villa down there—"

She pointed, with an imperious gesture, to the balustrade and the seacoast far below it, but Traynor did not take his troubled, half-angry gaze from her face. She said, and he only half-heard her, "—It will be easy to find one for this month; in France the holidays do not commence until Bastille Day, the Fourteenth of July. You might find a small villa where it would be possible to live *en famille* with Victoire until the end of term; she could come to school each day by bus. It would approximate the life she is to expect henceforth, and it would not be totally different from any she has known. It might help her to adjust to the unfamiliar, you understand, if she could first experience it in familiar surroundings . . . ?"

She gave Traynor an inquiring glance, seeking agreement, and he blurted angrily, "You said she wasn't *normal.* Just what do you mean by that, Madame?"

His head was filled with a clanging alarm; he shrank in revulsion from the word *abnormal.* That frail, defenseless kid with the thin, big-eyed, someday-to-be-beautiful face and those incredible courtly manners—there was not, there could not be anything wrong with her! And with the hot denial came the sudden defiant knowledge that she was his and that he could protect her from anything. But of course there wasn't anything—

"She does not—" the old lady hesitated and deliberately selected the word, "*exhibit* the capacity for normal emotion, M'sieu. I do not say that she does not *possess* the capacity for feeling, but she is—unfeeling. A young girl is normally, you understand, a creature of mercurial feelings, of violent—and transient—loves and hates; she

will adore a teacher in February and loathe her in March; she will be inseparable from one classmate this week, and never go near her next. . . . But Victoire is different, M'sieu Traynor; perhaps dangerously different. On the surface she is exactly like the others, but beneath the nice surface she is—undisturbed. Always. She feels nothing, M'sieu; she cares for no one!"

Relief swept the dread from Traynor, and gave way at once to exasperation. Irritably, he said, "If that's all. . . ."

"That is more than you think, M'sieu," Madame la Marquise said crisply, "I fear you will discover so, to your sorrow; I wish only to warn you, that neither you nor Victoire may be harmed. . . . If the child feels nothing, it is because she has trained herself to feel nothing, to live alone within herself. Regard, M'sieu: in all her life she has known no home, no parental affection, no roots, no security. And when she has found a little love, perhaps for a classmate whose home she visits in the holidays, always she has been taken from that school and placed in another, and—*pouf!* it is gone again. I think she has come to accept the fact that she has nothing beyond her lonely self and that, if she dares to care for something else, she will only suffer the agony of loss once more. And so she does not permit herself to care. But the danger, M'sieu—"

Madame leaned forward, and her faded old eyes blazed fiercely into Traynor's; in spite of himself he was impressed with the intensity of her conviction; he listened in fascination as she said harshly, "—the danger to the child, now, lies in yourself, M'sieu Traynor. *You must not offer her too much too quickly.* Her defenses must come down, yes, but not all at once, for she will be too vulnerable without them; she has lived too long in imagination, denying herself experience. You must think of her as one who has known only starvation; she must eat sparingly of emotion until she can digest the richness, you understand?"

"I understand," Traynor said flatly and rose. He did not try to put conviction into his voice; his patience with the old lady was at an end. He knew perfectly well that Victoire had had a raw deal all her short life, and he felt uncomfortably that he was at least partially responsible. And he intended to make it up to her in every way he possibly could. If the kid had been hurt in the past, she damned well wasn't going to be hurt any more; he'd see to that.

And he foresaw no dangers that he couldn't take care of for her, somehow. He said, in a polite effort at placating the old lady, "I had already decided to stay until the end of term, although I'd planned to stay in a hotel myself and leave Victoire here at school. But I think your suggestion is excellent; if I can find a place where she can get used to living with me during these weeks. . . ."

"I will send you to an *agence*," the old lady said, and her voice was as flat as his own, her faded old eyes dull; she did not seem to care any longer as she added, "But I urge you to remember, M'sieu Traynor—you have said, with engaging candor, that you have had no experience in being a father; you must not forget that Victoire has had no experience in being a child!"

Through the clear glass wall of the huge window Traynor looked out upon a small but exquisitely-landscaped patio carved out of the towering rocks of the shoreline. A pair of wind-twisted pine trees shaded one end, and the other was bright with flowers. And ten feet below the intervening low wall was the deep blue water of the Mediterranean. *Get up in the morning,* Traynor thought, *just roll out of bed and pull on a pair of trunks and walk out there and dive in. . . . What a way to start the day! And the place* is *brand-new. . . .*

He turned from the window, abstracted, and glanced once more around the small salon with its gay, modern furniture and polished terrazzo floor. The newness and cleanliness of the place pleased him almost as much as did the marvelous beauty of its setting; already he could envision a month of pleasurable activities in delightful surroundings, and the prospect lessened his discomfort at the unaccustomed presence of the child.

He glanced at Victoire almost eagerly, glad to have someone with whom to share his pleasure.

But she was standing off by the big window fingering the drapes, her gaze averted, staring out over the blue Mediterranean.

The fat man from the *agence* was studying Traynor, watching him closely.

"One hundred and fifty thousand francs," the fat man murmured, smiling, and shrugged to indicate that the price was ridiculously low, of course. "Everything is, as you see, *absolument neuf, m'sieu,* absolutely new. And everything is included. Linens you will hire, for a few francs, from the *blanchisserie.* . . . But come, I have not yet showed m'sieu the *pièce de résistance* of this so-modern villa—a real American kitchen!"

A hundred and fifty thousand francs, Traynor computed, was four hundred and twenty dollars for the month, about a hundred dollars a week. Not cheap rent, certainly, but then it was only for one month, wasn't it? And the place was magnificent, no doubt about that; it would be impossible, surely, to improve upon it. . . . Yes, if the kid liked it, he'd take it; no point in wasting time looking at anything else. . . . And why wouldn't she like it?

The agent beckoned and stood aside with a flourish, and triumphantly, proudly announced, "Regard, m'sieu—a real American refrigerator! With ice cubes!"

Traynor choked on a shout of laughter; fortunately the fat man did not observe it. He was bending low, wheezing with the effort; from the tiny home-bar refrigerator he was extracting a single doll-sized ice-cube tray designed to make six forlorn miniature cubes. Traynor caught Victoire's eye and winked merrily, but the child only looked puzzled; the fat man's pride was obviously genuine as he looked to Traynor for admiration and approval, and Traynor thought, In Heaven's name, hasn't modern refrigeration got to France yet?

"*C'est magnifique, n'est-ce pas, m'sieu?*" the fat man crowed with delight, and Traynor nodded.

"*Magnifique,*" he agreed gravely. He turned to the child, who regarded him with a level dark-blue gaze, and said gently, "Victoire. Do you like this house? Shall we take it for a month? It's entirely up to you."

"It is very nice, Papa," Victoire murmured politely, and the dark-blue gaze softened with something bewilderingly like compassion, and suddenly the child's beautiful eyes were moist. Victoire said, and her voice was suddenly strident, "But *no,* we shall not take it! This man is trying to cheat you, Papa; he is a thief, but he shall not take advantage of *my* Papa who does not understand! *Écoute, donc—!*"

She swung on the startled fat man, who recoiled and backed away with comic dismay as the child advanced upon him, her fists cocked on her thin hips and the slender body bent forward belligerently from the waist, pouring forth a stream of staccato French that wilted the agent so that he seemed to shrink within his clothes. The metamorphosis was complete and instantaneous; the shy, thirteen-year-old

with the ladylike manners was now a Frenchwoman, and a shrew at that, thrusting her face into the fat man's, blazing with anger.

Traynor stood still, wordless and astounded; he watched with a trace of alarm as his daughter finally permitted the agent to get in a few feeble bleats of protest, and then abruptly turned her back on the poor wretch, folding her arms across her chest and staring aloofly out over the blue sea.

"I—I did not understand, m'sieu," the fat man stammered abjectly, turning to Traynor and mopping at his sweating forehead with an enormous handkerchief, "if—if m'sieu will forgive me. . . . I thought that, being American, m'sieu would wish for himself and his daughter a villa such as this one, with American-style appointments. It is not, I will agree, cheap, such a villa—"

"It is not!" Victoire agreed icily, turning swiftly upon the agent, who visibly shrank from her. But she was the ladylike child again now, saying crisply and with commanding hauteur, "Very well; let us waste no more of my father's valuable time. Perhaps you know now what we wish to see? Have you such a villa to show?"

"Mademoiselle," the fat man quavered earnestly, beseechingly, "if mademoiselle will permit me. I ask no greater privilege than to find for you a villa with which you and your father will be content in every respect. Will Mademoiselle have time to inspect one now? It is not far from here."

And what's more, Traynor told himself half in amusement and half in awe, he means every word of that. Literally. She's got him. He *respects* her as he'd never respect me. So I think I'd better leave the young lady in complete charge.

But at the same time, as he followed her out of the villa toward the agent's buglike baby car, his eyes rested on the slender form ahead with new and troubled interest. He was on very shaky ground indeed, Traynor felt apprehensively; he was just beginning to face the realization that for all the heartbreaking, fragile vulnerability of this skinny little creature, she was a full-fledged and terrifyingly complex person. And with a thrill of something like pure terror he thought, *For all the rest of my life I'm going to be tied to her closer than I've ever got to anyone before—and I don't understand one single damned thing about her!*

In a kind of numb fascination he simply stood aside and kept out of the way, speaking only when spoken to and then only to glance first at Victoire and agree with whatever the child suggested, while she and the fat man speedily concluded the transaction of renting a villa. It did not seem in any way sensible to him to renounce the beautiful new villa on the rocks for this tiny tumbledown thing of peeling pink stucco set in a weed-grown garden ten minutes' walk from the harbour of St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat. But whatever the child was doing, he knew certainly, although without a glimmer of comprehension, she was doing brilliantly.

The fat man departed at last, bowing profusely to Victoire and perfunctorily to Traynor, and they were alone. Alone, as it happened, in the kitchen of the Villa Lou Cigaloun, which bore no resemblance whatsoever to the modern kitchen of the first villa. Like the rest of the villa, it was clean; but its furnishings were battered and primitive beyond belief. Traynor glanced from the ponderous hulk of a cast-iron range big enough for a hotel kitchen to the wooden tub on the floor, covered with a wet burlap sack, which was the Villa Lou Cigaloun's sole facility for refrigeration, and unconsciously sighed.

"It is not an American electric refrigerator," Victoire murmured, "but you will find it will serve very well, Papa. We shall take every day a twenty-five-kilo block of ice, and this will keep our butter and our milk cool and sweet. And your white wine. And we are paying only seventeen thousand five hundred francs for this villa for the month, a little more than one-tenth the price that fat thief asked for the other. And I have made him agree to supply our bed-linens as well, and our electricity. . . . It is not so bad, I think. But do you not like it, Papa?"

"Very much!" Traynor said hastily, "Only—well, we don't have to be *quite* so frugal, you know. After all, we are going to spend a kind of vacation here, you know, and it is only for a month. We could have taken the other place if you'd wanted."

"Are you then very rich, Papa?" the child asked, and Traynor protested hastily.

"No! No, of course I'm not rich. I didn't mean I could afford—*we* could afford—a hundred and fifty thousand francs' rent every month. I only meant we could afford it for *one* month. One little old month's extrava—"

"Then it would be very foolish to take that villa, Papa," the child told him soberly, her dark-blue eyes concerned. "You see, it would not be only the villa, which is priced at perhaps four times what it is worth, but for everything else we might need here we should be charged four times, too. Food, wages—*everything*. No French family will ever take that villa, Papa, even though it is beautiful; the *agence* will not even show it to a French family. It will be rented only to a foolish foreigner—an American, if they can find one, or a rich Swiss or a Belgian. Perhaps even to a German; they are rich again now. But whoever takes it, everyone will know for a fool, and the French do not like a fool, Papa. The French have only contempt for a man who spends his money without getting due value, Papa; most of all they have contempt for the foolish Americans. And I will not permit that they think in such a way of us!"

"I—see." Traynor said slowly. He glanced again around the kitchen, thoughtfully; it seemed somehow no longer primitive and stingy, but comfortably thrifty and eminently respectable. Impulsively, he put an arm around Victoire's thin shoulders as he said, with simple sincerity, "Thank you for taking over, then. I hope you'll take over again, any time I'm thoughtless or fail to understand. This is a strange country to me, you know. But I don't want people to despise us, either. . . . And I'm very glad you think of yourself as American, Victoire."

Her shoulder, in his cupped hand, was incredibly fragile; it was like holding the frail body of a sparrow, not struggling, but passive in his grasp. He wanted suddenly, fiercely, to hold the child in the protective circle of his arms, to keep his bulk between her and all the world while he made her eat and drink and grow strong; she was too thin, too weak, too frail! And then Victoire moved a little away from him and his hand fell empty to his side, and the terrifying knowledge that had come to him on leaving the other villa returned, and in panic and revulsion he cried out silently, *I don't want this; I don't know how to be this close to anybody, to be responsible; I don't want any of this to have happened! God, get me out of this!*

"But of course I am American," Victoire said matter-of-factly, without inflection, "I have an American passport. *Maman* kept it always renewed for me. I could have had dual citizenship, but I did not wish to be Italian. And *Maman* said that American citizenship would always be useful."

"I only meant—" Traynor began, and stopped. He had been about to say that she seemed a good deal more

French, or something, than American; if she really thought of herself as an American child, though, that might be tactless, to say the very least. Further, it might make her self-conscious or ill-at-ease at the thought of living in America; she might get to worrying about being a misfit or something.

She had, however, given him an opportunity to say something he hadn't had a chance to bring up before, and which he felt uncomfortably that he really should bring up, although he didn't know quite how to do it or what to say. But at least he hadn't had to drag the subject of Marjorie in by the ears; Victoire had mentioned her first, even if more or less indirectly.

"I think your mother was quite right," he agreed, and took a deep breath and plunged. "Victoire. I haven't said anything about this before, and I really don't know quite had to say it now, but I want you to know I—I'm terribly sorry about—about your mother. About her death. It was a—a terrible shock to me, too, although I know it must have been much, much more terrible for you; I just want you to know I do sympathize with you. And that I'm—I'm terribly sorry."

The dark-blue eyes regarded him curiously, and he sought desperately in them for understanding, for some feeling. And they showed him absolutely nothing at all beyond polite attention and perhaps a mild curiosity, and he felt like a clumsy fool. He opened his mouth to try again, and Victoire said quietly,

"Do you *really*, Papa? Because you haven't seen her or known her at all for a very long time, have you? For eleven whole years? Could you *really* feel terribly sorry—I don't mean just politely a little bit sorry—about someone dying you hadn't seen for all that time? Why, Papa, *I* knew *Maman* better than you could have, and *I*—"

A tiny icy finger trailed lightly up the back of his neck and a harsh protest leaped to his lips, but before he could stop her she said it. With that level dark-blue gaze steady on his face, without hypocrisy, with the simple candor of a child she said,

"*I* don't feel sorry, Papa. Not *really* sorry. I thought perhaps I ought to, and I tried to, but I don't. I didn't know *Maman* at all, so I don't really feel sorry for her; all I feel sorry for is me, because I don't have a *Maman*. And that isn't the same, is it?"

Traynor shook his head. His mouth was cottony, but he managed to croak, "No. No, that isn't the same."

"But I don't feel very sorry even about that," Victoire said meditatively, "because, you see, I've never really had a *Maman*. She used to come to see me at school sometimes, perhaps once or twice a year, but last year she didn't come at all. And I could never go home for holidays because Alessandro didn't want me there. And it was his home, of course, his and *Maman's*; there was no place for me; I didn't belong there. So I shan't miss her, really, and I just don't seem to be really very sorry she's dead. . . . Is that monstrous of me, Papa?"

Again Traynor shook his head; this time he could not bring himself to try to speak. It did not seem monstrous to him, for some reason; the childlike logic was clear enough. But what was even more logical, even in the midst of his smouldering rage at Marjorie who had callously neglected her own child so completely that the child could not even mourn her mother's death, was the knowledge that the child was *his* child, too, and that his neglect had been even greater. . . .

It seemed to him that she must surely resent him, and presently he had to ask it, to be sure.

"Victoire," he began, and cleared his throat and said again more clearly, "Victoire. Listen, *I* never came to see you, either, not even once. I never wrote to you. For all you know I've never even thought about you, not once in all your life. Don't you—dislike me, at least, for being thoughtless and inconsiderate, for neglecting you far worse than your mother ever did? I wish with all my heart I—but I didn't! Don't you feel, well, disappointed in me, or angry, or something?"

Victoire considered a moment. She said, gravely, "No. I don't suppose you ever did think about me, Papa, but why should you have done so? I didn't belong to you; I was *Maman's*. She took me away from you. Of course, you couldn't come all the way from America to see me when I wasn't even yours, and I never wrote to you, either. I wanted to sometimes, but I didn't know how without asking *Maman* where to address you. And I did not wish to do that. . . . No, I find nothing for which to blame you, Papa; it was *she* who took me away from you—and then did not want me after all!"

There was no bitterness in the clear voice; there was no emotion at all. She simply accepted the fact that she hadn't been wanted; she hadn't much affection for her mother, and little wonder, but she didn't seem to be even normally resentful. . . .

Traynor had a lump in his throat.

He cleared it noisily and said harshly, "Now, look here, it isn't as simple as that. You're being a little hard on your mother, you know—and entirely too easy on me. What in the—what could she do, but take you along when she left me? Could she leave you with me? A two-year-old baby girl, with a guy just out of the Navy, a guy with no family, no job and no place to live? *I* didn't want you! And I had no way of taking care of you. Of course, your mother took you!"

Victoire's thin face showed nothing, and the thick black lashes hid her eyes; after a moment she murmured, without inflection, "Even though she didn't want me, either. . . . Papa, will you tell me about you and *Maman?* How it came to be; how you met and married? It is very important to me that I know."

The lashes came up for a moment and descended again; in the swift look she gave him there was a beseeching, an imploring demand. He said, startled, "Why . . . I met your mother in San Diego, during the War. She was in a U. S. O. show, and I had just been brought in on a destroyer that picked me up after I'd ditched, trying to get back to the carrier . . . I really don't think I remember exactly how it came about; it was a long time ago. . . ."

And it had been; a long time ago and a long time out of his mind. But even as he spoke, only half aware of the child listening silent and with downcast eyes, it all came flooding back into the blinding brilliance of the present. It was as though he lived that time again, though swiftly, and he was able to tell her how it was. . . .

He hadn't had a chance to feel anything like fear, thrashing furiously in the vastness of the empty sea with a hundred acres of lonely wild gray water already between him and the fast-receding bulk of the carrier, and only a fading patch of effervescent white on the roiled surface of the gray water where the airplane had wallowed and gone bubbling to the bottom. In his intense concentration on not pancaking broadside to the surging gray waves and being flipped upside down, he had not even felt the chill of alarm; there had been only that first incredulous indignation at being unceremoniously soaked, and then instantly the rebellious anger that made him struggle against the sea for his life.

Every time he bobbed up out of the trough onto the crest of another wave, the carrier was farther away, with the swarm of airplanes circling over her like a cloud of gnats, peeling off one at a time to approach the pitching, heaving deck. He saw one—and then two, and then three—stall out of the pattern and splash into the sea as he had done, out of gas—

And then the destroyer came slamming up out of nowhere and a life-ring with a line attached splashed into the sea quite near him, and he paddled over and got it, and they hauled him aboard. . . .

The minute they hit San Diego he made for the Officers' Club, along with a fast-talking j. g. off the destroyer, and they were barely inside the warm, smoky, noise-throbbing room when Traynor accidentally bumped this girl's chair and she looked up and made some smiling crack about his ill-fitting uniform. Traynor would have apologized and let it pass, since the girl was with another officer and she was also incredibly beautiful, but the j. g. off the 'can' moved right in with a melodramatic pitch about Traynor's wearing borrowed blues because he had just been shot down and rescued at sea. And by the time Traynor had straightened her out on the shot-down part, he was holding her hand, and she was singing "People Will Say We're in Love" to him and him alone, and her eyes were wet with tears while she was singing.

It had hit him all at once, then, how close he'd come to dying without ever having had a reason for *not* dying, and he began to shake all over; he hadn't had the sense to be afraid before, and he was past the need for it now, but all he could do was hang onto the girl's hand like a drowning man while the icy waves of shivering swept over him inside. . . .

They gave him twenty-one days' leave, and he spent every waking hour of it with her, in Hollywood. She had a bit contract with one of the studios, but they hadn't found anything for her to do yet, and if they had, she wouldn't have done it if it had taken her away from him. They were young and scared, and they had walked long enough on the quicksand of the strangeness and loneliness and hunger of war; each of them clung desperately to the rock of the other. Even if he got killed, now, Traynor knew he wouldn't really be dead so long as this part of himself stayed behind and lived; wherever they sent him, she would never be afraid or lonely again, for he was her courage, her reason for being.

She was twenty-one, and he was twenty-three. When his leave was up, he was relieved of flight duty; he drew orders to ground duty at an atoll airstrip nobody had ever heard of, and before he shipped out, they got married. They had known each other twenty-two days.

Traynor looked up, and the child Victoire was watching him; she looked away at once, the thick black lashes veiling her contemplative dark-blue gaze. After a moment she spoke, without looking at him; as though to herself she murmured almost inaudibly,

"And because of that . . . *I am.*"

He saw the thin shoulder move almost imperceptibly in the faintest of shrugs, and the gesture was one of resignation and infinite weariness.

It stabbed him with a kind of pain he had never known before in his life. He could not have said what he felt: anger, and shame, and compassion, and something more than all three.

He stilled himself with an effort, searching for the words to make the child know that she was not merely a living souvenir of twenty-two days in which loneliness and bewilderment and terror had fused two strangers into a transient entity. And as he groped for the words, he knew himself that she was not just that, but infinitely more, and the knowledge awed and humbled him.

He said very quietly, very gently, with absolute conviction, "No. It is not because of *that* that you are, Victoire. It is only true that, if it had not been for that you would not *be*, and it isn't for you—or me—to understand why *that* way was chosen. . . . What have they—?" his composure snapped suddenly, and he cried out at her harshly, angrily, "*What have they made of you, an atheist? At thirteen?*"

Her face whipped round; she gave him one blinding dark-blue look and ran, plunging out into the weed-grown garden. And from somewhere wisdom came to Traynor and stayed him as he exploded to his feet to follow her, and he stayed where he was, trying to recall how long it had been since he had thought about believing or felt any need to believe in anything beyond himself and his own limited understanding.

Only a few minutes ago he had cried out profanely to a God of Whose existence he had not thought seriously for years, *Get me out of this!* Now he no longer wanted out; now he knew he was in it to stay and fearfully glad of it, and in quite a different spirit Traynor whispered aloud, humbly, "*God, help me. Help us both.*"

Groaning, he sought to push away the first faint glimmerings of consciousness and return to the warm, dark, drowsy depths of sleep. He moved lazily in the bed, stretching in the snug warmth beneath the quilts, fitting his body into the springy hardness of the old hair mattress, resolutely clinging to the ebbing fringe of sleep.

But he could not shut out the monotonous buzz of the fat fly droning erratically across the room to bang bumbling against the window and then drone back again, and now he could smell coffee downstairs and sense movement in the house.

His bedroom door opened very quietly, and then he was wide awake, watching Victoire very carefully backing in and turning with the tray in her hands, her small face grave and intent on not spilling anything. Frowning in concentration, she reached his bedside and bent to ease the tray onto the small table there; only then she looked into his open eyes, and at once her face was sparkling with delight.

"*Bonjour, m'sieu Papa!*" she said gaily, and curtsied, "*Le petit déjeuner est servi!*"

"*Merci!*" Traynor murmured, and triumphantly stuck out his tongue at her as he wriggled to an upright position in the bed, heaving his pillow up behind him against the bolster.

Victoire giggled; she was delighted; she cried, "But your French is improving, Papa! You understood me, did you not?"

"I understand coffee in the morning," Traynor assured

her, inspecting the flaky fresh *brioche* on the tray and the pale curls of butter, "but where'd this come from? Surely your friend the agent didn't supply groceries, too?"

"Oh, *no,* Papa!" Victoire told him and giggled at his foolishness, "I have been this morning to the *alimentation générale;* it is not far. I have brought coffee and milk and butter and fresh bread. And I have ordered everything we will need for our dinner tonight, and the boy will deliver it in a few minutes, so you must have your breakfast and get up, and you must give me the money to pay him when he comes!"

"Dinner tonight?" Traynor repeated blankly, pouring hot milk into the strong aromatic black coffee and adding sugar, and Victoire raised the graceful dark wings of her eyebrows and said, "But of course, Papa! Certainly we are not going every evening to a restaurant as we did last night; that would be too expensive. And in any case it would not be amusing; it is only pleasant to dine out occasionally for a change, not as a habit. And why do we have a villa, if we are not to live in it?"

Traynor swallowed deeply and gratefully; the coffee was bitter with chicory, but it was hot and fragrant and delicious. He broke off a bit of *brioche* and buttered it, and inquired thoughtfully, "What about *your* breakfast, while I'm lying here being pampered like a Roman senator? . . . And just who is going to prepare this dinner tonight, if we are dining at home? Have we hired a cook?"

"I have had my breakfast," Victoire informed him, "thank you, Papa. And *I* shall prepare dinner tonight. I shall prepare *all* our dinners, except perhaps an occasional one. I am an excellent cook, you will find."

"Are you, indeed?" Traynor said skeptically, laughing, "And just when and where have you found opportunity to become an excellent cook, my daughter? No; it isn't that I doubt you for a moment, but I think we'd better plan on—"

"*Please,* Papa!" Victoire protested in a strained, unnatural voice, and Traynor, startled, saw that the child was intensely serious. "I *can* cook! And I can sew and do housework and keep accounts. . . . I have been taught these things in *all* my schools; it is what a *jeune fille bien élevée* must know in Europe, especially if she is to have no dowry! And I have never had a chance to practice the things I have learned; I have never had anyone to do things for . . ." she hesitated, and rich color suddenly flooded the pale, delicate face, and Victoire said proudly, defiantly, "But you will find that I have learned well, Papa! You will find that I will not be entirely a useless burden to you!"

A useless burden! Traynor thought, startled, and then suddenly his eyes stung absurdly and he thought, *Mud pies! She'll make mud pies like any other child, only not for the same reason any other child would. And by God I'll eat 'em!*

He swallowed hard and cleared his throat and found that he could speak; he said mildly, "All right, you can practice on me, if that's the way it is. But only up to a point. I don't want you spoiling your—ah—your husband, when you get him. There'll be no more breakfast in bed—that's service above and beyond the call of wifely duty. From now on, I'll get up. And we'll dine out every *other* night. And since I'm on vacation with absolutely nothing to do, whereas you'll be back in school from tomorrow on, we'll divide the housework between us. Under your supervision, of course, since I don't claim to know how it's done . . . Okay?"

Victoire considered soberly, her small chin in her hand, her dark-blue gaze unwinking. And then a mischievous light began to dance deep in the dark-blue eyes.

"O-kay, Papa!" she said with a little bubble of laughter, and showed very white, slightly-crooked teeth in an impish grin that transformed her whole small, solemn face. She spun away with an exuberant little skipping step to throw the shutters wide, while Traynor thought, My God, but she's a—a mercurial little creature, isn't she?

Mercurial . . . he knit his brows in a frown as the word caught tantalizingly at his memory and elusively slipped away and danced back—*Madame la Marquise!* His brow cleared and he snorted derisively, silently addressing the old lady: *So little girls are ordinarily mercurial creatures, are they? Only this one's not normal, is she? Well, Madame, you ought to see her now!*

He swung his legs out of bed and stood up, shuffling into his pullman slippers, feeling absurdly elated. The child was standing momentarily quite still in the flood of sunlight by the open window, looking at him with her lips still curved in that pleased, expectant smile; he flipped her a mock salute and said cheerfully, "Give me five minutes to shave and brush my teeth. And then—shall we go swimming, just to start the day off right? Or must we do our housework first?"

The jetty was a long, slightly-curving arm of high-piled, rough, reddish rocks reaching out across the little bay to bar the surging blue waters beyond from the tiny tranquil harbor.

The sea washed murmurous against the wet-glistening rocks, ceaselessly sending long probing fingers to rush foaming and splashing into the crevices and at once come tumbling noisily forth again.

There were a dozen boats floating in a motionless row on the still water of the harbor, each with her stern moored snug against the pier. The last boat in the row, riding high in the water almost at the end of the concrete pier, was also the largest, a diesel yacht of some seventy feet over-all. Her swimming ladder was down, and three white-capped feminine heads were swimming lazily in the clear water alongside. Watching them from the shade of her canopied cockpit, was a square, solid-looking man in a basque shirt and yachting cap.

Victoire reached the end of the pier and stopped; she slipped out of her brief beach jacket and dropped it with her towel on a convenient rock and without hesitation began climbing toward a particularly large rock jutting out from the pile and overhanging the clear water at a height of about ten feet. Traynor, following, glanced back at the diesel yacht as he dropped his sweatshirt and towel, and the man in the basque shirt half-raised a hand in greeting and acknowledgment as their glances met, and turned his head back to watch his own swimming party again. The golden letters across the yacht's glistening white stern read, LA SIRÈNE, Cannes.

That's the life! Traynor thought admiringly, but without real envy and began to scramble up over the rocks. Above him, Victoire posed for a moment on the lip of her chosen diving platform, and momentarily some deep-buried Puritan instinct in Traynor was mildly scandalized at the brevity of the child's bikini. But the slender golden body was a child's body still, knobby-kneed and coltish and somehow touchingly vulnerable. She glanced down and gave him an insouciant grin, totally unselfconscious in her sexless near-nudity, and Traynor grinned back and thought *Well, when in France dress as the French dress, I guess; but I'll have to get this young lady a decent bathing suit before we go back to—*

The slim body arched into the air and fell, cutting the still water with scarcely a splash, and Traynor caught his breath at the perfection of the dive, bewildered at the sud-

denness with which the coltish awkwardness had vanished and become sheer grace.

Her head bobbed to the surface, the black hair plastered sleek and dripping close to her skull, one small pale ear showing through as she struck out toward the red buoy bobbing in the harbor's mouth. *She can swim like a seal!* Traynor thought with pride and delight; he was inordinately pleased because he had always been a strong swimmer himself; it was something he liked to do and now something they could like doing together. . . .

He reached her rock and crouched, launching himself into a flat racing dive. And then, as his body plunged into it, the water was shockingly cold for an instant and then at once only pleasantly cool and very buoyant, holding his body up as he rose from the long shallow dive and struck out to overhaul Victoire, the steady thrust of his thighs and the rhythmic pull of his arms driving him hard through the cool water.

He caught her just before she reached the buoy and touched it first himself; he let his feet drop down until his body was upright in the water, treading water lazily, watching her. Clear crystalline drops of water sparkled on the ivory of her face and shoulders and in the wet black thicket of her lashes, each droplet separate and clear as a jewel. Her eyes were wide and her mouth open in astonishment and then incredulous delight.

"But you have beaten me, Papa!" she crowed, laughing in sheer delight, "and when I had a fine head start—but you are a wonderful swimmer, Papa!"

Traynor was mightily pleased with himself and with her; at the same time he felt a little sheepish at having shown off so blatantly. He tried to steady the corners of his mouth and felt pretty sure he was smirking in spite of himself; laughing, he sloshed a mighty spray of water over the seal-sleek head and at once bowed his own head to the return storm as Victoire delightedly set about deluging him, splashing water with both hands, furiously. They battled amiably until they were both short of breath and then rolled over to float side by side on their backs.

The sun was warm, and he began to feel drowsy; better not overdo it the first day, he decided reluctantly, and murmured, "We'd better go in now, I think; you haven't much of a tan, and I haven't any at all, and we don't want to get sunburnt. . . . No race this time; let's just take it slow and easy. . . ."

She stayed effortlessly beside him all the way back to the end of the pier, her slender arms plowing the water in exact rhythm with his own stroke; each time he rolled his face out of the water to gulp air he caught that one instantaneous misty glimpse of Victoire's sleek wet head streaming clear water, the half-closed dark-blue eyes momentarily meeting his own, the soft mouth open, breathing, and rolling away again. Happily, he took a vast simple pleasure in this silent companionship, a swelling elation.

He pulled himself up onto the end of the pier and turned to stretch a dripping arm down to Victoire; she caught his wrist with both her hands and Traynor said, "Allay-*oop!*" and hauled the child bodily out of the water. He took two long strides and tossed her her towel and caught up his own, drying himself briskly; he noticed with mild curiosity that three fishermen had left their vast net spread over the rocks of the jetty and were clustered at the stern of *La Sirène,* the old man gesticulating expansively as he talked volubly to the basque-shirted man in the yachting cap while the two younger men stood by watching all this silently.

Victoire slipped into her beach coat and draped her towel over her arm; Traynor pulled his sweatshirt over his head, and she slipped her hand into his. But as they strolled off together, the man in the basque shirt turned his head; he touched the old fisherman's arm deferentially to interrupt his impassioned speech and, raising his voice a little, addressed Traynor, "Hey, there—I beg your pardon, sir, but do you by any chance speak English?"

Startled, Traynor could not reply at all for a moment: he had added the French yacht to the basque shirt and the yachting cap and the pipe, and the sum in his mind had spelled Frenchman; he was quite unprepared for the unmistakably American voice. Victoire giggled, a little sputtering sound of surprise and sheer delight at his comic discomfort.

Traynor recovered himself and replied dryly, "As a matter of fact, I don't speak anything *but* English. My daughter, however—"

He gave the child's hand a quick gentle squeeze of encouragement and took a self-effacing half-step back. The three fishermen had turned to him at the sound of his voice; the old man now shifted his inquiring expectant gaze to Victoire, who shot a dancing dark-blue glance at her father and addressed the old fisherman in rapid French. The old man's seamed face creased in a grin of pleasure and he replied at some length, speaking rapidly, but no longer gesticulating while Victoire listened attentively, nodding. And then she giggled, and the old man shrugged and laughed with her, and she turned to the man in the basque shirt.

"Monsieur Abadie," she said gravely, and indicated the old fisherman with a polite nod, "is very sorry to have troubled you, sir. He did not realize that you were not French, as your yacht would indicate, when he spoke to you first; when he realized that you could not understand him, he wished to apologize—he could not simply walk away, for that would have been very rude. He wishes now to apologize for knowing no English to explain to you that all he wished to ask in the first place is whether you would have the great kindness to inform the Harbor Master, who will presently appear, probably drunk, to demand whose nets are drying on the rocks, that they are the nets of Aristide Abadie, who will return for them after he has had his dinner, and not before!"

The man in the basque shirt took off his yachting cap and made her a grave half-bow; he said, with the laughter bubbling in his voice, "Thank you very much, Mademoiselle. Will you offer *my* apologies, please, for knowing no French, which as a visitor to his country I should do? And assure him that I shall be delighted to deliver his message, verbatim, to the Harbor Master. Drunk or sober, the Harbor Master speaks English."

Victoire translated rapidly to the old man and his two sons, and as one they bowed to the yachtsman; the old man murmured a few words, smiling warmly, and the three bowed again to Victoire and departed, the two sons following a respectful half-step behind their father's long springy strides.

"Monsieur Abadie says that you are most gracious, sir," she told the yachtsman demurely, "and he regrets that the privilege of conversing with you in your own language should be wasted upon the Harbor Master. Who is, I believe, his brother-in-law."

"Ah," the man in the basque shirt said, laughing, "Thank you again, and will you come aboard? My wife and daughters are dressing; they'll be up in a few minutes; they'd like very much to meet you. . . . My name's Skinner, by the way, Joseph Skinner. We're from Stamford, Connecticut."

"Glad to know you," Traynor said, and Victoire caught

his eye and shook her head almost imperceptibly, "Mine's Traynor, Alfred Traynor, and this is my daughter Victoire. We're from Washington. And thanks very much, but we're —ah—well, we're wet, and—"

"And we must go home to begin preparing our dinner," Victoire added, smiling apologetically.

"Ah," Skinner said again, regretfully, "Well, then . . . take a raincheek, if you're living nearby? We'll be lying here for a week at least, possibly longer. Maybe you'd join us for a day's cruising?"

The child lowered her eyes shyly, but not before Traynor had seen the gleam of pleasure in them; he said warmly, "We'd like that very much. Thank you. Our place is just over the hill, beyond that pink wall, the Villa Lou Cigaloun. Drop in any time."

"Right," Skinner said cheerfully, nodding, "we'll be seeing you, then. And thanks again for the excellent services of your interpreter!"

Whatever that amazing kid was doing in the kitchen, Traynor told himself and sniffed hungrily, it certainly didn't smell like mud pies.

And he was ravenously hungry.

When he had come downstairs, dressed in slacks and open-collared sport shirt, the house had been redolent of hot buttery fragrances emanating from the kitchen. But his daughter had barred him firmly from investigating; with a floury smudge on her small nose and her eyes alight in her flushed face, she had ordered him imperiously to go and stop bothering the cook. She had been touchingly like a little girl playing at keeping house, and in mock humility Traynor had bowed to her will; he had retreated to the salon to write letters to Claire Morrissey and to Norman Rice, occasionally raising his voice to demand plaintively whether she was trying to starve him to death.

But uneasily he sensed that this gay playfulness was not quite the easy comfortable fun it pretended to be, that there had been something almost feverish in the flush of pleasure on Victoire's small face, in her shining eyes. Undoubtedly she was enjoying her little game, her pretense of being grown-up and the lady of a real house, but uncomfortably he knew it was more than just a game to her; she was trying with a fierce intensity to please him. And he felt that she should not; he was deeply grateful that apparently she was prepared to accept him and even to like him, but surely a child should not *care* quite so intensely? His first instinct was to say directly, *Look can't we just fool around getting meals and things together while we're getting acquainted? I don't* want *you waiting on me this way, it makes me uncomfortable.* . . . But she would take that as a rebuff, he felt certain; greater delicacy would be required not to hurt her, and apprehensively he doubted his ability to find the way. Soberly he wrote to Claire Morrissey:

". . . *So superficially it looks as though everything's almost too good to be true—the kid seems to like me, and I honestly like her very much. I think she's a wonderful little person; I don't want to sound like a doting parent, but she seems extraordinary to me. But I don't know how to communicate with her, and I'm afraid to try for fear of upsetting things right at the beginning. I'd give anything to have someone to talk to, someone who knows something about children. It seems to me I may be going about this all wrong.*

"*But I suppose it'll all work out, once we get home and settled down somewhere; we'll get used to each other in time. Have you dug up an apartment or anything yet? I'll be bringing her back in about five weeks, and if we haven't any other place to go, I guess we'd better start thinking about a hotel for the time being, or . . .*"

He finished the letter, reread it and sealed it, feeling unhappily that it was an unsatisfactory one, but still it had helped to put his apprehensions into words to Claire. He took another sheet of paper and began to write, more formally and with many pauses for thought, to Norman Rice.

". . . *I'll have a good deal of time on my hands for the next few weeks while Victoire is in school, and I'd be glad to have some work to do. I thought perhaps you might want to send along some of the TTP Series, and I could be overhauling them while I'm here.* . . .

"*My daughter and I are getting acquainted, and I like her very much, but frankly I find the responsibilities of fatherhood terrifying. She's doing a lot better than I am. She is a very poised young lady, and a pretty one; she is also a linguist and apparently an accomplished cook; at this moment she is.* . . ."

Three soft chimes struck from the dining room, and he turned his head; Victoire had shed her apron and stood fresh-faced and demure and smiling at the head of the table.

She lowered her eyes shyly and murmured, flushing, "*Le dîner est servi,* Papa. I hope you will enjoy it."

CHAPTER 4

The rain fell steadily from a gray and cheerless sky, a warm and gentle Summer rain, but a thoroughly wet one nonetheless. Inside, the American Banking and Travel office was a warm pool of yellow light, a snug, dry sanctuary humming with the muted murmur of voices.

The neat little sign on the girl's desk read, "Miss Barlow," but Alfred Traynor, curling his chilly toes uncomfortably inside his sodden socks, found it difficult to take his eyes from Miss Barlow's face, bent over the forms she was carefully filling out. It was a small, feline face, broad across the clear brow but narrowing to a tiny pointed chin below the small, snub nose; it was framed in shining smooth-brushed hair as glossily dark-brown as a newly-opened horse-chestnut. And Miss Barlow's eyes—

The girl raised her eyes suddenly and looked directly into his, and he saw again that they were an incredible color, a clear light-brown that was almost amber, and that they seemed to slant upward at the outer corners. Beautiful eyes. An exotically beautiful face.

Miss Barlow smiled, and her small, snub nose wrinkled pleasantly, her amber kitten's eyes half-closed. She said, in a voice that was unexpectedly husky, almost hoarse,

"Okay, Mr. Traynor, that does it except for the insurance rate. Will you be the only driver of the car, or will your wife be driving it? Or anyone else in your party?"

"I'm not married," Traynor answered, shaking his head, "and my daughter isn't old enough to drive. So—"

The amber eyes flicked wide, and Miss Barlow's small pretty mouth dropped open. She gave one startled

whoop of laughter and at once jammed her knuckles against her mouth, her eyes dancing.

"I'm—sorry!" she said in a choked voice, "Really I am! It just—sounded—"

Traynor felt the hot flush creeping up the back of his neck; his ears were afire. But before he could speak a hand fell lightly on his shoulder, and the unmistakable voice of Joseph Skinner said with warm lazy pleasure, "Well, *hello*, neighbor! So you've met the traveler's delight, have you? Hi, Barley!"

"Hi, Joe," Miss Barlow said, "I've just insulted Mr. Traynor, or something. Tell him I didn't mean it, huh?"

"She didn't mean it," Skinner said immediately, "but we want to hear about it, Peggy and I. Peggy, this is Mr. Traynor; Mr. Traynor, my wife—"

Mrs. Skinner was a rangy blonde with a wide humorous mouth; she gave Traynor a quick firm handshake and said warmly, "You're the fabulous swimmer with the remarkable daughter, who slithered away like a thief in the night before Joe could drag you aboard . . . You have to bring your child to meet our two; they've been giving the poor guy hell for letting you get away!"

"And not only the kids," Skinner said mournfully, and jerked a thumb at his wife, "*She* didn't believe me entirely, either. . . . Where is your young interpreter, anyway? I'm surprised you venture out without her; I wouldn't."

"She's in school," Traynor answered, "and it seems there isn't any regular school bus for her school, and it takes over an hour with two changes to get there by ordinary bus. So I thought I'd rent a car and ferry her back and forth myself; we'll want to take some side trips around while we're here anyway. . . ."

He did not add that the prospect of confronting Victoire with this extravagance made him preposterously uncomfortable, as though he were a willful small boy in for a parental scolding for doing something he had known to be forbidden. It was ridiculous to feel that way, and yet, when he had discovered how difficult it was going to be for the child to get to and from school and had immediately decided to rent the car, he had not simply announced his decision in a firm parental tone.

Instead, he had come here alone, feeling rather sheepish—

"Barley will fix you up, all right," Skinner said, nodding, and Miss Barlow said, regarding Traynor with unconcealed interest,

"Barley already has. Old friends, Joe?"

"New friends," Skinner said, and grinned at her slyly, "Interested, Barley?"

"Darn you!" Miss Barlow said huskily, and laughter wrinkled her small nose again as her eyes flicked from Skinner to Traynor and back again, "Let us say intrigued, shall we, Joe? Since you won't let a lady be ladylike and properly reticent and demure? I am sorry, Mr. Traynor, but you do have the most raffish friends!"

"*I* will control my raffish husband, and a good word it is for him, too," Peggy Skinner said firmly and turned to Traynor, "Mr. Traynor, we were going to come calling on you this afternoon, to ask if you and your daughter would come with us on Saturday. We're going to cruise out to one of the offshore islands and have lunch aboard and swim from the boat. . . . You're invited, too, Barley, and I *hope* you'll both come because the kids have captured some more American college boys, and I just can't face a whole day with nothing but a swarm of yelling teen-agers!"

"Love it!" Miss Barlow said instantly, and Traynor glanced at her and found the amber eyes regarding him thoughtfully. He felt a pleasant tingle of anticipation, and to the friendly unaffected expectant gaze of the Skinners he said warmly, "That's—very kind of you. and it sounds wonderful. Yes, we'll come with pleasure. What time Saturday, and is there anything that we can bring?"

The car was a small, dark-green four-door sedan, and it was surprisingly lively and responsive, the little engine humming throatily as the car took the steep climbing turns of the mountain road with catlike agility. By the time the towering lichen-covered walls of the château loomed ahead, Traynor was handling the car with confidence and pleasure; he put it neatly between the great stone gateposts and braked with a flourish, stopping in a small spurt of gravel before the château's entrance.

Madame la Marquise received him on her terrace as before, pouring tea in the shadow of the château wall. She handed him his cup and gazed for a moment out over the treetops and then turned her aquiline old face to Traynor's, studying him with faded still-sharp eyes. And nodded in apparent satisfaction with what she saw and murmured quietly, "The child will be very happy that you have come yourself to take her home, M'sieu; it is an attention she will not have expected, and it will make her very proud. She will be proud, too, to be able to display her Papa and his automobile and his thoughtfulness to her schoolmates. This is a very kind thing that you do."

There was a distinct warmth in the old lady's manner that had not, Traynor thought, been there before.

He murmured wryly, diffidently, "Well . . . I'm not so sure about the car. She may not approve of the extravagance. . . ."

He told her, briefly, about the fat agent and the two villas and Victoire's grave lecturing of him afterward, and the old lady's faded eyes came alight with amusement.

"And she was quite correct, of course, as you had the wisdom to perceive; I do not wonder that your child is so happy with you. M'sieu Traynor, since you have been so intelligent as to treat her with the courtesy and respect you would offer an adult. Had you condescended to her, you might have stripped her of her dignity; at best she could scarcely have been moved, as she has been, to rise to your avowed opinion of her. . . . But I think you need not fear, M'sieu, that her sensible frugality will move her to disapprove of your car!"

"If I've done anything right," Traynor said honestly, "we can charge it to luck, not intelligence, Madame. And I am really beginning to feel terribly apprehensive that things may not be going quite so right as they seem to be. . . . What makes you so sure she'll approve of the car, Madame? It's at least as much of an extravagance as the villa would have been, in a way—"

The old lady made a small impatient gesture and said crisply, "She is partly a young lady, M'sieu, as in the case of the villa; a house is a practical thing, not a toy, and she has been trained to be practical. But she is also partly a child still, and her training is by no means complete; I have never seen a child who was not delighted with the possession of a new automobile, nor one who questioned its cost. . . ."

She smiled, and the faded old eyes twinkled; Traynor decided suddenly that he had been completely stupid about Madame la Marquise de la Gravières, that she was

not only clever, but wise, and he liked her very much. Madame lifted her teacup and sipped and replaced the cup unhurriedly in its saucer; she said, without change of inflection, "And now, M'sieu, we have only a very few minutes before the little Victoire will join us. . . . Have you reason for this feeling of apprehension you have mentioned? I do not wish to intrude, M'sieu; only to be of assistance if I can and you will permit me."

Traynor hesitated, searching for words; finally he said awkwardly, humbly, "I should certainly welcome any assistance, or any advice, you could offer me, Madame. But I—there's nothing I can put my finger on, exactly. It's just—I think it boils down to what you said last week: I've had no experience at being a parent, and Victoire's had none at being a child. And perhaps we're both trying too hard. It's just—a little uncomfortable, that's all. And I'm *afraid* of saying or doing something wrong, and I think Victoire must feel the same way. . . ."

"It is not an unnatural assumption," the old lady said dryly, nodding, "and it is always uncomfortable, M'sieu, to be offered love. Comfort comes later, when love has been accepted and has become familiar. Provided, of course, that the offer is not withdrawn before the initial discomfort has worn off. Provided, for example, that you do not weary of your novel little game of parenthood before it is too late to withdraw the acceptance you have offered to your child—" Traynor sat bolt upright, blazing with anger; the old lady showed him an imperious palm and continued, unperturbed, "—*or* provided that some disappointment in yourself does not frighten her away from you before she is fully certain of you. . . ."

The faded old eyes gave him a shrewd look and perceived his unhappiness; Madame la Marquise continued more gently, "God alone knows what shape it takes in her imagination, M'sieu, this dream she has yearned to believe in all her life; there is no way for you to know, and therefore no way for you to fit yourself to it exactly. But you have begun well, and you must remember that she will help—that it is you she wishes to love, and she can modify the dream to fit you in her heart insofar as it is possible for her to do so . . . You are uncomfortable, M'sieu, and so is she; but it is not an unhappiness, this discomfort, is it?"

"No." Traynor said thickly, and cleared his throat and repeated emphatically, "No! It's just—"

"You will come to know one another, M'sieu," the old lady said quietly, "and with familiarity will come comfort. If you make mistakes along the way, and you would not be human if you did not, they will be forgiven and forgotten. . . . It is only now, when it is all so new, that it appears to both of you that the smallest single error can destroy so much. Perhaps, if you can help your child to understand that, she will be less uncomfortable with you. . . ."

A tiny smile played at the old lady's mouth and vanished, and Traynor said, laughing, "And perhaps, if I will first manage to understand it myself, I'll get along more easily with her? I'll try, Madame. You've helped me a great deal; I am deeply grateful."

"I have helped you not at all, M'sieu Traynor," the old lady said, and rose, "but I think you will help yourself—and the child. That is the bell to end her class. . . . I must mention to you that I have rearranged her schedule; she will have classes only in the mornings from now until the end of term, so that you can have your afternoons together. Shall we go now and find her, before she has slipped away to take her bus?"

Denny Skinner was seventeen, a slim laughing honey-blonde girl in brief white shorts and long-sleeved pullover; the three crew-cut college boys, who all looked bewilderingly alike to Traynor, glanced frequently and appreciatively at Denny's long and lovely golden legs. The other Skinner daughter, Julie, was fifteen; her smaller body was startlingly mature in shorts and T shirt, her small pretty face brooding, almost sullen in repose. Victoire looked vulnerable and immature between the two blonde girls as the three huddled together on piled cushions at one side of *La Sirène's* canopied cockpit; the two American girls were plying her with eager animated questions, however, and from Victoire's sparkling face and frequent clear laughter, she seemed to be getting along with them famously.

"Soon as Barley gets here, we'll cast off," Joe Skinner said lazily and added, nodding toward the three girls, "Kids seem to hit it off all right, don't they?"

Traynor's pulse quickened; resolutely he put aside the vision of the amber-eyed girl in the American Banking and Travel office, and agreed, "They do, at that. . . . How many d'you carry in crew, on a boat this size? Must take quite a ship's company to handle her, doesn't it?"

"Four," Skinner answered, nodding, "the Captain, who is also the engineer, two sailors and the steward, who is also the cook. . . ."

"The Skinners sail in style," his wife put in dryly, "but never under false pretenses. It isn't *our* boat, you know, Al."

"Of course it isn't our boat," Skinner said, "and who'd ever think it was, with a Cannes registration? It's a charter, and practically a gift because the season hasn't started yet and the crew was just lying around eating its head off anyway; at any rate it's considerably cheaper than living in a hotel suite with a family of four and eating in the dining room. I found that out the hard way."

"The easy way, you dog," Mrs. Skinner corrected him, giggling.

Skinner grinned sheepishly and readily conceded, "All right, the easy way. Actually, this is a business trip for me; I had to come over to wind up an estate that's been dragging through probate for years, partly because the principal heir is an eccentric expatriate who's lived over here since 1933 and won't sign anything we send him. Well, it looked as though this might take a couple of months at least, so the Skinners in family conclave decided that travel would broaden the lot of us, and the kids could go into summer school when they got back to make up for lost time, and over we came.

"And fortunately, just before I went bankrupt, my expatriate heir offered us *La Sirène* for a month for the crew's wages alone. So. . . ."

He shrugged and spread his hands and rolled his eyes heavenward, grinning. His wife giggled infectiously and added, "He's got another yacht, can you beat it? Joe's little heir, I mean. This is his old one; he doesn't use it much any more. And he's inheriting over two million dollars more, now that Joe's persuaded him to accept it!"

"Them whut has, gits!" Skinner grunted and hoisted himself to his feet, "Ah, here comes your girl, Al. Go hoist her aboard, while I pass the word to the skipper to get under way."

As a cream-colored motor scooter threaded its rackety way with negligent ease among the people and fishnets and other obstacles along the narrow pier, all heads

turned as one from the decks of moored yachts and fishing boats alike to follow the jaunty figure of its rider with admiring eyes. The scooter coasted to a stop at *La Sirène's* stern, and Barley Barlow, in white Bermuda shorts and white knee socks and a flaming crimson jersey, dismounted and propped it up on its kickstand. Cramming a white sailor's hat at a rakish angle on her glossy chestnut head, she squared her small shoulders, threw a snappy salute toward *La Sirène's* cockpit and marched briskly up the short gangplank dragging an enormous straw beach bag behind her.

Traynor went to meet her; he reached for the beach bag and she gave it to him with a gesture and a sidelong smiling glance that somehow commended more than the bag to his care. Traynor felt suddenly buoyant and gay, idiotically pleased with the prospect of the long lazy day ahead.

"Hi, Peggy!" Barley said in her husky voice and slanted the tawny eyes toward the three girls across the cockpit, "Hi, Denny; Julie . . . and you're Miss Traynor! I've heard so much about you! I'm Barley Barlow. . . ."

She put out her hand in an impulsive, friendly gesture, and Victoire stood up and took it gravely, murmuring something polite and inaudible. But Victoire's dark-blue eyes flicked aside to glance at Traynor, and before the thick dark lashes hid them from him, they were thoughtful and troubled. . . .

La Sirène rode serenely at anchor in the brilliant sunlight, her hull rising and falling lazily with the breathing swell of the sea. Fifty yards off her starboard bow the blue waters creamed against the pine-crested reddish cliffs of the island.

With his naked legs stretched out on the sun-hot teak of the foredeck and his bare back propped against the anchor winch, Alfred Traynor watched the three heads wearing snorkels moving aimlessly along the island's rocky shore while the sun cooked his relaxed and sleepy body.

He had had enough of swimming about and peering at the underwater world himself; they had all had enough except for the three youngest, Victoire and Julie and the boy called Jodo, still paddling slowly along the base of the red cliff. And he could not remember when he had felt so completely content, so languidly relaxed and comfortable and at home among friends.

Denny and the other two boys—one was Dick and the other was Peter, and Traynor was still not sure which was which, were back in the canopied cockpit, singing in ragged harmony. Joe Skinner, in swimming trunks, was stretched face-down on the foredeck; Peggy lay supine at right angles to Joe and with her head pillowed on his hip, her arms outstretched and her eyes closed, her face upturned in blind worship to the sun. And Barley. . . .

Traynor turned his head lazily; luxuriously he let his half-closed eyes rest on the girl standing with her back to the rail and her elbows hooked over it, leaning back and lazily watching the distant swimmers. In the trim black sheath of her swimming suit, Barley's body was small and smooth and golden and perfectly formed.

But beautiful as she undoubtedly was, her fascination was made up of more than beauty. Traynor thought about it lazily and decided on a word: Candor. Candor and warmth. Or warm candor, or candid warmth. . . . He had decided at first that she was a little flirt, amusing but rather dangerous; now, after these few hours in her company, he had revised that estimate completely. There was nothing coy or flirtatious about Barley; probably she had discovered long ago that she didn't have to bother with what she would call "any of that jazz." Not that she was exactly ingenuous, either; she was simply—genuine. If she thought a man was attractive, she frankly let him know it; further, without being in the least arch or giggly or anything else repulsive, she could somehow make him feel she was delivering herself without reservation into his hands, making him responsible for her and trusting him completely.

She turned her head, and their eyes met; at once her snub nose wrinkled and her whole small face smiled, a welcoming warm smile of sheer pleasure. She came off the rail and down onto the deck beside him in a single fluid dancing motion.

"Cigarette, Al?. . . . Isn't this wonderful?"

"M-mm," he agreed and reached for his cigarettes and gave her one, holding the match in his cupped hands while she bent her head, her face intent, and then put her head back and regarded him through half-closed eyes while her small nostrils flared, curling smoke. The faint sound of the singing voices in the aft cockpit drifted to them, and Barley hummed a bar with them and sang with them huskily, ". . . man without a woman—Is like a wreck upon the sand . . ."

She broke off with a throaty giggle and drew deeply on her cigarette.

Traynor said with lazy curiosity, "Barley. Who are you?"

The tawny eyes slanted at him quizzically. "Me? I don't really know, Al; I haven't found out yet. I keep asking, and I never get any answer. . . . I get awfully restless, Al; I've always been restless. It's as though, if I stay still, I'll miss something; I'll never know, you know? So I—" she paused thoughtfully, watching the smoke curl away from the cigarette between her fingers, and shrugged and murmured almost inaudibly, "—keep moving on. I've been in Europe a year, clerking in a ski lodge in Austria last winter and just living in Paris before that: now I'm here for the summer and I'm going home to the States in the fall, but I don't know how long I'll be able to take it. . . . My family—"

She glanced up at him again and her eyes were questioning and fearful and defiant, and then the look faded and she said softly, with a little catch in her husky voice, "They worry about me, Al. My father's a doctor. He's tried to give me everything; he just can't understand what it is I want that he couldn't just give me if I'd ask for it; neither can my mother. And I can't explain it to them because I don't know myself; I only know I have to find it for myself . . . you know?"

She touched his hand tentatively, almost timidly; he turned his over and hers lay curled in it passively like a small warm animal. He watched the three swimmers come away from the rocks and move slowly toward the yacht, the masks pushed up on their foreheads and the snorkels bobbing, Victoire's seal-sleek black head a little in the lead.

"Yes," he said quietly, presently, "yes, I guess I know. . . . How old are you, Barley?"

"I'm twenty-five," she answered, and her voice was bleak; she stared out over the water beyond the swimmers and abruptly pulled her hand away from his and stood up. She said without inflection, "I'm going to get dressed, Al. I'll be back."

But she did not come back. Traynor reached absently for his pack of cigarettes and shook one out and lit it and then sat bemused while the cigarette burned away, unheeded, in his fingers. And then the swimmers were back, shouting and laughing and splashing at the stern, and Peggy Skinner roused herself and sat up, slapping her husband

vigorously and calling, "Joe! Joe, wake up! It's after four, and the kids are back; let's weigh anchor and inaugurate the cocktail hour. What a brilliant host and hostess we are, sleeping all afternoon!"

"What else?" Skinner grunted sleepily. He sat up and winked at Traynor, grinning amiably, "A rude wench, but mine own. And she does have occasional good ideas—could you use a long, cool, tinkling gin-and-tonic, Al?"

"I could indeed!" Traynor assented earnestly and got up and followed the Skinners along the narrow deck aft to the cockpit, thinking soberly, *What a thoroughly nice family group this is, this easy-going friendly guy and his good-looking, unaffected wife and those two gorgeous kids; what a close, inseparable unit they make among themselves, and yet how quickly they make a newcomer feel close and at home with them! And Barley—*

And then the thought for which he had been groping came to him: can it be that *I'm* different, that *I've* changed so much in just this short time since I left home? Could it be that I've lived in my self-sufficient shell too long, that being dragged out of it and equipped with a set of problems like other people's draws other people to me—and me to them? Could that be why I feel closer to these people and more interested in them than I do to—well, to almost any of the people I've known for years . . .?

The car waited at the curb, muttering; a shaft of dim yellow light fell across the dark stone steps from the hall within as Traynor held the heavy door ajar, striking highlights from Barley's glossy hair. Looking down at her, he cleared his throat and said, whispering in the echoing silence of the deserted street,

"Shall I get a mechanic to come and look at your scooter in the morning? Maybe I could bring it back to you if it'll fit in the trunk of the car . . . ."

"No, don't," Barley murmured. "I'll come down on the bus and get it in the morning. I—I can fix it myself; it'll start all right. . . . Al, I—how unspeakably corny can I get? I feel as though we'd known each other for y-years!"

Her arms were locked hard around his neck all at once, her small body straining on tiptoe against his own. And then her mouth was warm and fragrant beneath his. She wrenched free at last and backed away a step, her eyes wide.

And then she spun away and was gone, and the heavy door closed firmly in his face, and after a long moment Traynor went slowly down the steps and got into the car and drove away.

The car rushed humming along the Corniche Inferieure, its headlamps carving a yellow tunnel in the night. The smell of Barley's smooth hair was still in Traynor's nostrils, the taste of her lipstick on his mouth, the feel of her arms around his neck and the fluttering warmth of her small body straining against his own. . . .

He shook his head violently to clear it and held his watch beneath the dash in the faint glow of light from the instrument panel. It was nearly one o'clock. Over an hour since Barley had discovered her scooter wouldn't start and he had offered to drive her home; it had been farther away than he had anticipated. By the time he got home it would be two or after; Victoire would be asleep, of course, but still it didn't seem right to have left the child in the house alone. . . .

He tried to sort out the whirling kaleidoscope of thoughts in his head, but it was no good; his brain was jammed with the bewildering events of the day, and Barley's kiss had just jumbled everything else up hopelessly. He had felt, once, on the threshold of revelation; now he was simply confused and bewildered. But not unhappy—buoyed up by a wild, giddy elation.

He parked the car and went through the sagging gate into the garden of the Villa Lou Cigaloun; the first thing he saw was that the light was on in Victoire's bedroom. Then, as he opened the front door, he saw Barley's cream-colored motor scooter leaning against the house; it should have been still on the pier, crippled, and he was frowning as he bounded up the stairs two at a time and into Victoire's room.

She was propped up in bed with an open book on her blanketed knees, her dark hair in pigtails.

She turned somber eyes upon him, and there were faint circles of exhaustion beneath them; her thin face was unsmiling, remote.

"What are you—" Traynor began, blurting, and then, because she looked so childishly vulnerable in her blue cotton pajamas, he dropped his voice and said very quietly, "What are you doing still awake at this hour, Victoire? Why aren't you asleep? And what's Miss Barlow's scooter doing down there?"

"I was reading, Papa," Victoire said remotely, "while I waited for you to come home. And as for the scooter, Jodo started it right after you left with Miss Barlow. They were all walking home with me, Denny and Julie and the boys, and Jodo just tried it once, and it started right away, so we decided to bring it here to keep it safe until Miss Barlow comes to get it. Perhaps she would rather have it here than on the public pier. . . . It is very strange that it would not start when she wanted it to, is it not, Papa?"

He opened his mouth to reply, and then he saw that, beneath the cool remote manner, she was very angry and, perhaps, hurt as well; his own quick-rising anger struggled briefly against dismay and guilt and lost. He stood wordless, and she watched him unblinking and unbending; presently he said quietly, "Yes, I suppose it is. I'm sorry, Victoire. Good night."

She put her hand to the light switch by her bed as he turned away, and her room went dark; from the darkness her voice followed him out into the hall, small and withdrawn and impersonal, "Good night, Papa."

CHAPTER 5

He went to bed, but not for some time to sleep, and then restlessly. The child's attitude disturbed him deeply, and he could not decide what to do about it; it seemed to him, alarmingly, that no matter what he did, he would be likely to make matters worse rather than to improve them. No doubt she misunderstood the situation, but it would be specious to claim that she misunderstood it entirely; guiltily, he knew that he had wanted to be alone with Barley, and that he had been eagerly grateful for the opportunity provided by the recalcitrant motor scooter. And then resentfully, he told himself that that had been harmless enough and certainly nothing to be ashamed of, and demanded to know what right Victoire had to object to his taking Barley home? Or why the child should so obviously and with such chilling contempt disapprove? He was a grown man, wasn't he? Was his every social relationship henceforth to be

subject to the approval or disapproval of a thirteen-year-old child?

But he could not sustain his anger and resentment, even though he was convinced it was reasonable. . . . Reasonably or unreasonably, the child was disappointed in him; somehow he had let her down, and the fault was unquestionably his. He thought of the cool, polite remoteness in the child's voice and in her unsmiling dark-blue eyes, and no protest could still the conviction that he had created a rift between himself and his child just when they were coming so close together.

A feeling came over him that he had not experienced since his boyhood, when he had gone to live in his grandfather's house after his parents' death: a bleak loneliness approaching absolute terror, a despairing conviction of his own inadequacy. He lay on his back and stared wide-eyed up into blackness and thought, *I can't do it alone; I've got to have help! Just somebody to talk to. . . .*

The thought of Claire Morrissey popped into his head out of absolutely nowhere, and he thought that he would give anything he had or ever would have, right now, to be able to pour out all his doubts and troubles to that serene and unruffled and understanding audience. And in the middle of the thought, quite suddenly, he fell asleep.

In the morning it was no better; if anything, worse. He heard Victoire get up and hastily got up himself and dressed; she was already in the kitchen starting coffee when he came down, and the formal remoteness was still in her greeting and her bearing; the distance still lay between them.

He wandered out into the garden, and his unhappy eye fell at once upon the cream-colored scooter propped in bland silence against the peeling pink stucco. He scowled at the inoffensive thing; he could not even take pleasure in the thought of Barley for his dissatisfaction with himself.

He should, he supposed, go in and talk it out with the child and explain matters to her so that she would understand. She was an intelligent little person; they ought to be able to talk things out together and understand one another. But he shuddered away from the task; he did not know how to communicate with her when she revealed this —this dislike of him. . . .

He was relieved when he saw Julie Skinner trudging up the hill toward the garden gate, head down and with her usual brooding expression on her small blonde face as she scuffed along kicking at pebbles.

"Hi, Mr. Traynor," Julie greeted him mournfully. "Can Victoire come and swim with me? Denny's gone to see the silly boys off; they're cycling to Rome. And Mummy and Daddy said to tell you they're coming up after a while to see if you can make coffee any better than Mario; his is *ghastly* . . . . Hi, Victoire! Want to come swimming?"

"Hello," Victoire said, and Traynor turned to see her standing in the open kitchen doorway, smiling, her thin expressive face animated and alive again. She turned the dark-blue eyes on him and at once lowered her dark lashes; her clear voice was quiet but vibrant and friendly and by no means distant, "May I, Papa? Your breakfast is ready, and there is plenty of coffee, and I have already had mine."

"Of course," Traynor said, smiling at her; she did not appear to be looking at him and therefore did not see his smile nor return it. And he thought, with mingled exasperation and swelling affection, *So* . . . this is a family affair, this disagreement; the outside world is not to know anything about it!

He was still disturbed as he watched the two girls stroll down the hill with their heads together, talking, but his heart was a little lighter; there was a rueful pleasure in knowing that he and she were conspiring together, if only to conceal their differences.

But, concealed or in the open, the differences still existed; he went into the kitchen and poured a cup of coffee and carried it back out into the garden, his brow furrowed with troubled thought.

He was still sprawled there, a half hour later when he saw Joe and Peggy Skinner strolling up the hill. He got up then and dragged two more chairs over to his own, and went into the kitchen to move the coffeepot over onto the hot part of the vast stove and carry the tray out into the garden. And some time later Peggy Skinner set her cup back in its saucer and leaned back in her chair with a sigh and broke a long and companionable silence, "I love French coffee when it's good French coffee! I wonder what Mario does with his, washes out his socks in it? . . . Al, do I just imagine that you're kind of morose this morning?"

"Prying, inquisitive female," Joe Skinner said. "Ignore her, Al. She wants a smell of romance, successful or blighted, it doesn't matter which; she's equally ready to cut down her own wedding dress for Barley or hold your hand while you sob out the story of your heartbreak. All women are alike; the only thing they can't abide is the thought that anyone else may enjoy some decent privacy!"

"We introduced them," Peggy said stiffly, "so surely I can ask if he liked her, can't I? And anyway I didn't; I was devious. I only asked him why he was standing on his lower lip looking despondent and suicidal, that's all I did, you—you curbstone philosopher!"

Skinner chuckled lazily, and Traynor sat up and took a deep breath. After all, he had been praying for someone to talk to, and the Skinners were at least experienced parents who seemed to have done a pretty good job with their two daughters. . . .

"You asked for it!" he said firmly, and rapidly recounted the story of Victoire's behavior last night and this morning, finishing unhappily, ". . . I—I feel as though I'm letting her down again right now, telling you all this when she's obviously determined to do the family laundry in private. But damn it, she doesn't know any more about intrafamily warfare than I do! I'm serious about this, Joe, Peggy; it's important! She's had a rotten break all her short life, and she's all too ready to disbelieve in people; we were just starting to get along pretty well together, and now I've disappointed her badly. I've got to make up for it, and quickly, and I can't take any chances on fumbling the job! Now, then—you're old experienced parents . . . what do I do?"

The Skinners exchanged a long and pensive glance, and presently Joe cleared his throat noisily and began seriously. "Al, believe me, we are old experienced parents, and it's been a painful joy every hard-won inch of the way. My heart goes out to anybody who tries to start this parent business in the middle, and I'm not wise-cracking. If there were any way I could tell you all we've learned in seventeen years right now, I would, but it would take seventeen years and wouldn't begin to cover tomorrow's new problem anyway. . . . In this case, though, I think you've just been inoculated with what we've learned to call the Parental Guilt Complex. This—"

"Complicated, Joe," Peggy interrupted. "This could be worse than the usual Scornful Disapproval, because it sounds like she's jealous, too. She could be, anyway."

"Jealous?" Skinner said blankly, and then slowly, "Well, yes, I suppose so . . . but let's take the primary lesson first, shall we? Al, the very first thing you'll have to learn, and never forget, is that all children are perpetually embarrassed, frequently to the point of tears and occasionally

to that of murder, by practically everything their parents do! If they try to be dignified, they're stuffed shirts, and he can't bear to have his friends see them; if they don't, they're making fools of themselves, and he can't bear to look at them himself."

"*And,*" Peggy emphasized, "what's probably more to the point, Joe and I used to neck a little in the kitchen while I was getting dinner, until the girls called us in one afternoon and sat us down and informed us that there was something obscene about that, at our age! If there's one thing the young firmly believe, it's that sex is not for anyone older than they are!"

"True," Joe Skinner nodded and regarded Traynor unsmiling, "and that's about the size of it, Al. Your child is going to set an impossibly high standard for you, and, of course, you won't be able to live up to it. They all do, and none of us can. Fortunately, they *do* learn to make concessions, just as we do. Ungraciously, as a rule, but they make 'em. Only thing to do is resign yourself to the knowledge that you aren't going to have their unalloyed respect, which you don't actually merit anyway, and rely heavily on—well, love. Damn it, in the last analysis they'll forgive you anything because they do love you—but boy, how they make you suffer for it!"

He fell silent, shaking his head, and Traynor glanced thoughtfully from his serious open face to Peggy's, and presently said diffidently, "All right. I've got a lot to learn. Assuming that's the first lesson, what do you prescribe in this case? What do I do now to get back her—her respect? Her liking? Joe, she doesn't like me any more!"

"She won't, quite a lot of the time," Skinner told him, unperturbed, "and believe it or not, there'll be times when you won't like her much, Al. Nobody can like anybody all of the time, and being related doesn't dilute that truth any. . . . Time, Al, that's your only prescription. Wait her out; she'll come back. And that's the only thing to do. Don't plead, don't reason, don't threaten or bluster—and above all, don't bribe! She's offended, and she's enjoying feeling offended; when she doesn't enjoy licking her wounds any more, they'll heal, and she'll forget all about 'em. . . . Right, Peg?"

"About right, yes," Peggy agreed quietly, "except that Al's trouble is worse because it's so new to both of them. And she may be jealous of him, too, you know; he's all she's got, and she hasn't had him long enough to be sure of him. . . . I think I'd be careful not to rub salt in her wounds for a while, Al. Meaning Barley, of course. I hope that won't—"

"Speaking of you-know-who," Joe interrupted suddenly and pointed, "the lady in question arrives, in quest of her fearful little vehicle, no doubt!"

Barley wore a full skirt of vivid multicolored stripes, a crisp white blouse open at her golden throat and sandals on her small bare feet. She came smiling in the garden gate and Traynor's breath caught in his throat at her fresh beauty.

"We have just been talking about you," Peggy said pleasantly, and Barley raised an eyebrow, glancing from one to another, and murmured huskily, "Goody. Are you going to tell me about it, or change the subject?"

"Tell you about it." Peggy said, and scowled momentarily, "dammit, we're friends, aside from anything else you and Al—"

"Peggy!" Joe growled warningly, and Peggy said hastily, "Yes, dear. Well, Barley, it seems you and Al have got Al in trouble with his child, who, even as our children, is always ready to suspect the worst of a parent. Relations are very strained in the Traynor household because it seems one of those meddlesome little boys started your scooter with suspicious ease immediately after Al took you home last night and Victoire suspects that the breakdown was pure finagling designed to get you and her Papa away alone together."

"Well," Barley said promptly, "she's a hundred percent right about that, anyway. There's nothing wrong with that scooter; I just had the gas shut off tight while I was pretending to try to start it, that's all!"

Her small snub nose wrinkled, and she laughed delightedly; Peggy giggled and Joe Skinner snorted, and presently Traynor grinned rather sheepishly, wishing she hadn't and at the same time pleased that she had.

"I wanted to be taken home by my date," Barley said plaintively, "instead of riding home alone in the middle of the night on a scooter. What's wrong with that?"

"There's nothing wrong with that," Skinner said firmly, "absolutely nothing. Only . . . well, this amateur parent here is trying to establish a rather difficult relationship with his equally amateur child, and children sometimes have a peculiar way of looking at things, of seeing wrong where wrong wouldn't exist even in their hot little minds if their parents weren't involved. . . ."

Barley's small face sobered and a little pucker appeared between her brows. Her eyes slanted from Skinner's face to Traynor's to Peggy's and back to Skinner's again; when Joe finished, Barley nodded thoughtfully and immediately stood up.

"I am now going to get out of here before she comes back from her swim," she said huskily, "because I don't want to make it any worse than it is. Maybe if it doesn't get any worse, it might get better. You can call me any time things get smoothed out, Al, because I like you very much; and you needn't feel you have to call me until they're straightened out because I think I understand how they are. I used to suspect my father of carrying on with his office nurse, poor old guy, and I knew him a lot better than she knows you, and I remember how mad it used to make me to think that my father was in his second childhood! I guess he must've been about thirty-four or -five at the time. . . ."

She crossed to the scooter in three graceful strides and straddled it. Throttling it down to an uneven stutter, Barley grinned insouciantly from one to another; then her grin faded and her eyes looked soberly into Traynor's.

"I'm sorry I caused you trouble, Al," Barley said. "I didn't mean to. If I can help repair the damage, please call me; if I can't and you get it fixed up yourself, and if you want to—please call me, Al!"

She lifted a hand in a gay salute and twisted the throttle with the other; the little motor snarled and the scooter spurted off.

"That's quite a girl," Joe Skinner remarked thoughtfully, and Traynor, staring after the departed scooter, agreed absently, "Yes. That's quite a girl."

Monday's mail brought a thick bulky envelope from Norman Rice, containing a cordial letter and the specifications Traynor had asked; it was a relief to be able to settle down and work in the mornings after he had driven Victoire to school.

The gulf between him and the child did not narrow, however.

Whenever the Skinners were present—and Julie, in particular, was at the Villa Lou Cigaloun nearly every afternoon—Victoire was as unaffected and delighted with her Papa as ever; when they were alone together, however, she was formal and remote. On Tuesday afternoon he proposed

a drive to the perfume factories at Grasse, and she agreed at once; the visit was not a success, however, because, for all her polite interest and apparent enthusiasm, he sensed the reserve in her, and it depressed him.

On Wednesday afternoon they went swimming in the harbor with the Skinner family, and Traynor invited all the Skinners to dine at the small restaurant perched at the other end of the harbor, a simple open-air place with long tables set on a gravel floor beneath arbors thick with grapevines. It transpired that the old fisherman Aristide Abadie was the *patron,* and the dinner turned into a festive little party with Victoire doing the conversational honors for all the Americans and old Aristide bringing on bottle after bottle of his own wine to go with his formidable bouillabaisse.

Toward the end of that dinner the thaw began, although Traynor did not recognize it at the time. Denny and Julie Skinner had mentioned several times their desire to go shopping in the big stores at Nice:

"We have money to spend!" Julie said mournfully, "Only not in the old tourist shops. Old sucker traps! I want to take home some clothes I bought in France that're really French like a French girl would buy! You know, in a place where they don't speak any English. . . . Wouldn't you go shopping with us, Victoire, huh?"

Victoire hesitated, and Traynor saw her hesitation; the subject had come up before, and each time she had had an instant reason for not going, or a counter-proposal to change the subject. Now he said diffidently, glancing at Victoire, "I could take you all to Nice tomorrow afternoon, if you like. Unless there's something you'd rather. . . ."

"Oh, please, Victoire!" Denny begged, and suddenly Victoire giggled and capitulated. She had been enjoying herself hugely for the past two hours; now, as she looked at Traynor, her thin face was flushed with pleasure and her dark-blue eyes sparkled, and there was no trace of remoteness in her voice as she said gratefully, "Oh, thank you, Papa!"

She had regained a part of her distant reserve the following day, but only a part of it; by the time Traynor had found a place to park the car and herded his three giggling charges into the first of the shops Victoire selected, it seemed to be pretty well gone. Denny and Julie bought bikini bathing suits, and Traynor thought apprehensively that their parents would undoubtedly have a few words to say to him about that, but he did not try to change their minds.

He said cheerfully, "Okay, now you'd better have an American-style suit, Victoire. How about this one?"

"But I have a swimming costume, Papa!" Victoire protested, "I do not need another!"

The saleslady had already alertly spread out a selection on the counter, and Traynor said firmly,

"You'll need another, and a different kind, to go swimming in Washington! And if we can find one that's not too extreme, I think the other kids will envy you if it came from France. Right, Denny?"

Denny winked at him and assented, and reluctantly Victoire chose a suit and allowed him to buy it; she was, he thought, struggling against her pleasure. But when the Skinner girls bought short French shorts she flatly refused to let him buy any for her although she was obviously taken with one absurdly brief pair; Denny nudged him and bought them for herself, and Traynor, in conspiratorial delight, palmed her the money to pay for them. . . .

They loaded the car with bundles at last, and Traynor led them to a sidewalk café for a Coke before starting back. The three girls adjourned and came back giggling helplessly, and Victoire sputtered, "Papa, may I invite Denny and Julie to—to come to the villa to—to—?"

She broke down giggling helplessly, and the other two girls shrieked with laughter; the French people at adjoining tables were all watching, smiling, and finally Victoire managed to sputter, "To take a bath, Papa? It is the one thing they miss so much on the beautiful yacht, that there is no b-b-b-athtub!"

"Oh, a hot bath!" Denny murmured dreamily, her eyes half-closed, "to lie and soak in oodles of hot soapy water . . ."

Victoire had stopped giggling; she was still smiling, but her eyes were serious, regarding him questioningly.

And Traynor said at once, quietly, unsmiling, "Of course you may. You don't have to ask permission to invite your friends to our house; it's your home."

The dark-blue eyes were misty all at once, and Victoire swallowed hard and nodded, but did not speak at once. When she did speak, as they got into the car, she drew him aside a little and murmured, "Then could we perhaps invite all the Skinners to our house tomorrow evening, Papa, for a dinner which I will cook myself? Julie will help me, and Denny; they wish to learn to cook. . . . And could we also invite Miss B-Barlow, Papa? I should really like to!"

The car was drawn as far off the shoulder of the Corniche Inférieure as possible, huddled against the shelter of the precipitous rocks dripping rain in the dim yellow glow of the parking lights.

Within the car was warm dark silence, illuminated only by the brightening-fading coals of two cigarettes. The smell of tobacco smoke was harsh, and Traynor moved his left hand to turn the crank and open his window a little; instantly the splashing murmur of the sea was louder, and a fine mist of rain drove in to dampen his sleeve. He left the window open, oblivious of the rain; the warm fragrance of Barley's hair filled his nostrils now, and he was violently, disturbingly aware of the fragile fluttering aliveness of her small body, curled in the protective circle of his arm.

He drew on his cigarette, looking down at her head on his shoulder; in the momentary glow of orange light that limned her half-hidden face, he saw the foreshortened outline of her clear brow and the short sweet line of her small snub nose.

"Life," Barley murmured just above a whisper, and her mournful voice filled the silence in the car, "is a matter of timing, mostly. Ours was lousy, Al."

He said nothing, silently agreeing, understanding her completely; presently she whispered, "When the right two people meet at the right time, and have that—that big happy spontaneous recognition . . . it must be so wonderful, Al! But when the right people come together at the wrong time . . . gee, it hurts, doesn't it? And yet, even while it's hurting, you know it's right to hurt; you have to accept it and even be kind of glad about it all the time you're sorry. . . . She has the first claim on you, Al."

After a moment he moved his head a little, nodding against hers; the fragrance of her hair arose in a choking cloud and he sighed and assented, whispering, "Yes. Yes, that's . . . about the size of it. . . ."

"She has the first claim," Barley repeated, her voice plaintive and bewildered, "and there isn't any second. It's —it's almost as though you were married to someone, and I was coming between you. And it isn't anybody's fault; she was so nice, she was trying so hard to show she'd like me, she'd accept me because of you. . . . I like her, Al. I like her as a person, I think she's wonderful. And she could like me, too. But—but not as a—but not for you, not with you and her, because there'll always be the two of you together to consider now. . . ."

The silence swallowed up the trailing ends of her small throaty voice, and in a little while Traynor whispered, "I know."

And he did. He knew, and the knowledge brought him mingled joy and sorrow, that the time when he might have been free to fall selfishly in love, or to marry selfishly for love alone, was gone; he knew that, had he been alone in life, as he had been alone all his life, he would have loved Barley spontaneously and magically and without reason and that out of that blind emotion might have grown knowledge and a myriad of closer ties to bind them together. But he was not, now, alone; and even in the midst of his regret that nothing like this feeling had come his way while he might have seized it and kept it for himself, he felt the surging gladness that he would never be alone again, the deep gratitude for the other love that was his to earn and keep and continue earning always. . . .

Barley moved; she sat up suddenly, staring through the rain-washed windshield at the impenetrable darkness beyond the yellow glow of light. She whispered steadily, staring straight ahead,

"So there's no future in it, Al. But I'm still glad it almost happened—"

She turned to him and her face came up to his in supplication; her eyes were luminous in the darkness and then they closed.

She whispered with a catch in her throat, "Take me home, Al. But kiss me once more first."

The *alimentation générale* was small, neat and dusky, redolent with the mingled aromas of fruit and spices, coffee and cheese. The grocer Guillet stood behind his meat-block, rubicund and portly in his clean blue smock, exchanging wordless smiles of admiration and approval with Traynor while Mme. Guillet and Victoire, moving from bin to bin among the vegetables and fruits and examining each as though neither had ever seen it before, carried on a vehement conversation in staccato French with many dramatic gestures. Traynor had been appalled at first to discover that Victoire would bargain shrilly and apparently passionately for half an hour over the selection and price of a head of cauliflower; he had gradually discovered that Mme. Guillet enjoyed these altercations hugely and was inclined to sulk if some hurried shopper simply paid the price asked and walked out, and that both the Guillets adored his child without reservation.

This afternoon, in theory, he and Victoire had not come to buy anything, but only to bid farewell to the Guillets on the eve of closing the Villa Lou Cigaloun forever and departing for Washington. They were to dine on Aristide Abadie's bouillabaisse, just the two of them, since the plane from Nice departed early, and they had agreed, regretfully, to resist the temptation to spend a last evening with the Skinners. And Victoire had calculated thriftily that there was just coffee enough and just milk and butter enough for breakfast. . . .

Now, however, she was examining a small cantaloupe, the first Traynor had seen this year, holding it to her ear and shaking it violently, listening, and then delicately sniffing the blossom end of it while Mme. Guillet waxed lyrical in her loud praises of the fruit.

"*C'est le premier melon de la saison!*" Madame Guillet cried dramatically.

"*C'est pas mûr,*" Victoire said indifferently. She replaced the melon in its bin, and Mme. Guillet immediately snatched it up, shaking it, prodding it, smelling it and shrieking.

"*Pas mûr! Oui, c'est mûr! C'est parfait, le petit melon; c'est doux! Et c'est pas cher, c'est pas du tout cher—*"

She made as if to thrust the melon upon Victoire, who took it skeptically, eyeing it with apparent distaste. She asked, scornfully,

"*A quel prix, c'est pas cher, Madame?*"

Mme. Guillet glanced dramatically from right to left; she thrust her face close to Victoire's and whispered rapidly and at once straightened, beaming proudly.

"*Incroyable!*" said Victoire with finality and put the melon firmly back in its bin.

But in the end she bought it, as Traynor had known all along she intended to do; she then bade Guillet and Mme. Guillet a gravely polite formal farewell, giving her hand graciously to the grocer and embracing his wife, who kissed both the child's thin cheeks noisily and promptly burst into tears. Traynor shook hands firmly with Guillet and then with Madame, smiling and nodding to the impassioned flood of words he did not understand, and at last they escaped.

We'll have it all to go through again after dinner tonight, too, he thought ruefully, *and worse! When she tells old Aristide she's leaving France forever, and he yells for all his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren—!*

But he was a little saddened himself at the thought of parting, of leaving this sunny spot and these simple people and the primitive comfort of the Villa Lou Cigaloun, even though he strongly suspected that, had it not been for his daughter, he would have found the place less comfortable and the people considerably less simple.

Victoire gave him a sidelong glance and murmured, smiling, "They are very emotional sometimes, the French; do you not find them so, Papa?"

"They are fond of you," he answered sternly, not wanting her to depreciate the Guillets' quite genuine feeling; dropping an arm over her slender shoulders he squeezed quickly, hard, and let go, adding softly, "and I am, too!"

The thick lashes came down to hide her eyes and she turned her face away, but there was a faint flush of color in her cheek. She was not, apparently, a demonstrative child, and Traynor had never been a demonstrative man; that was about as far as they had managed to get in the way of openly avowing affection for each other. . . .

They strolled down to the pier in the waning sunshine of late afternoon, following their own thin elongated shadows along the narrow concrete strip to *La Sirène's* mooring. And then, while Traynor stood rather uncomfortably in the cockpit exchanging banal farewells and empty promises to keep in touch and vague plans to meet again with Joe and Peggy Skinner, the three girls vanished into the yacht's cabin and did not reappear.

"You have our address in Stamford," Joe Skinner said for the third time, "and we have yours in Washington. Now, I mean seriously, you find time to fire us a note just as soon as you get home and get settled, and when we get back, we'll. . . ."

"Al," Peggy said suddenly, raising her voice a little, "the very first thing you do when you get back, you take that child to an orthodontist, d'you hear? She's—"

"To a who?" Traynor echoed, and Joe said at once, relieved, "To an orthodontist. It's an expensive word for a dentist, one of the things you'll be learning next. She'll have to have those front teeth straightened, you know; she'll be wearing braces on 'em for the next two years. I know, we just got 'em off Julie's. And Victoire's thirteen, she—"

"Her teeth aren't very crooked!" Traynor protested, but not, he realized, with the strong defensive feeling he would have felt a few weeks ago, "I don't see why there's such a—"

"There is, though," Peggy said firmly, "Orthodontia is *very* important, Al. Even a little malocclusion can make a lot of trouble—and—you don't want her to lose all her teeth before she's thirty, do you?"

Traynor stared at her, bewildered, and Joe grinned broadly and slapped his shoulder hard.

"Never mind the big words, boy, you'll learn 'em soon enough!" he said cheerfully. "You'll be a walking compendium of medical terminology before you're five years older. And this is going to *cost* you, too! Did I ever tell you parenthood is an expensive business?"

"You've hinted at it," Traynor said slowly, "but—"

He glanced from one to the other; they were serious. He thought with a small pang of alarm of his dwindling bank balance; he had saved about eight thousand dollars, primarily because he had never needed to spend as much as he earned to support the way of life that had been his up to now. But with this trip, and soon now the purchase of furniture and establishment of a home, and the expenses of school and of supporting a household of two, that comfortable little cushion was going to disappear pretty rapidly.

He had never had to worry much about budgeting his income, but it dawned on him all at once that that was one more thing that was going to change in his life henceforth. . . .

"Orthodontist," he repeated, memorizing the word, "right. Well, we'd better be getting on our way, I guess . . . *Victoire!*"

He heard her voice, muffled in the distance, answering his call, and then a stifled wail of grief—Julie's.

"Floods of tears," Peggy Skinner said, and grimaced. "I guess we'll have that to put up with for days. And I swear I could c-cry m-myself. . . . G'by, Al. Take care of yourself. And her."

They hadn't had much packing to do, actually, and in the middle of the evening it was all done and the Villa Lou Cigaloun was somehow an empty and alien house, waiting in cold impassivity for the morning to come. Traynor carried his big bag downstairs and set it carefully just inside the front door; he went back up and carried Victoire's two gladstones down and arranged them very carefully alongside. That left the one small club bag upstairs in which to put their toilet articles and pajamas in the morning, and he knew it; nevertheless he made another unnecessary trip upstairs and puttered about aimlessly making sure nothing had been overlooked in the bathroom, in his bedroom, in hers. . . .

Reluctantly, at last, he descended the stairs again; he could not define the vague unhappiness he felt, but it was a thoroughly desolate feeling. He had not, he thought, ever been really sorry to leave a place before, nor troubled about going to another; perhaps that was it. . . .

He stopped at the foot of the stairs and moved one of Victoire's gladstones an inch to bring it exactly into line with the other bags, then he turned and strolled casually into the small salon. The child was curled in a chair with her head bent over a book; he took the lumpy overstuffed chair himself and reached for the Paris Edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. He could feel her eyes watching him and knew she was not reading; nevertheless, he started violently when she spoke: "Papa. You will regret this little villa, will you not?"

He found her eyes on him, somber and unwinking; he made a small depreciating gesture and said as casually as he could. "Well, yes, of course. We've had a good time here, haven't we?"

She nodded gravely; she said softly. "And I, also. I shall regret it. . . . Tell me more about Washington, Papa; tell me more about the place we shall live in after tomorrow."

"You know as much about the house as I do," Traynor said irritably and at once modified his voice, adding more reasonably, "You know I've never seen the house, Victoire; you read Mrs. Morrissey's letter. And as for Washington, I don't know what else I can tell you: we've been over it street by street and building by building already, and you'll be there tomorrow night."

She said softly, "I know, Papa. You have told me much about how it will be to live in America. And Denny and Julie have told me much about it, too. But still I was wondering—"

"I should think their point of view would be a good deal more instructive than mine," Traynor said dryly, and Victoire agreed demurely, "In some ways, perhaps, Papa. . . . But I cannot stop thinking, and wondering; I cannot wait, now. I am sure I shall not sleep tonight, and that is why I ask so many foolish questions. Tell me about your Club, where you always lived until—until I came along. Will you regret that, too, Papa?"

"Of course not," Traynor said and paused and continued slowly, "There really isn't anything to tell." It came to him suddenly that there wasn't anything to tell, and the thought surprised him greatly; after a moment he said, "It's a club for men. You'll see it; I'll take you there for dinner. It has—"

"Are there, then, ladies as well as men?" the child asked, arching an eyebrow, and Traynor explained patiently, "Lady guests are permitted in the dining room, and there is a ladies' cocktail lounge as well, but you're too young for that. . . . And there's a bar, and a reading room, and a billiard room, and four floors of bedrooms. And downstairs there's a swimming pool and some squash courts and bowling alleys, and that's all. Men who are members and have homes in Washington come for meals or exercise or companionship in the evenings sometimes, and men who are members and live far away come and stay for a few days at a time when they have business in Washington. And there are a few men who live there all the time, but not very many. . . ." *(And a dreary little group of pathetic old loners they are, too,* he added to himself, *and why didn't that ever occur to me before?)* ". . . And it's—that's about all there is to it."

"How did you live there?" the child persisted. "What did you do every day, Papa?"

"Nothing," Traynor answered and thought and added, "I'd get up in the morning and go down and have a swim.

to wake me up and keep fit. Then I'd go back to my room and get dressed and come down for breakfast, and then I'd go to work. Sometimes in the evening I'd play bridge or bowl if there was someone there I wanted to play with; sometimes I'd go out; sometimes I'd just read awhile and go to bed. . . . There isn't anything to tell, really."

"But what a nice simple uncomplicated way to live!" the child exclaimed, and her eyes were veiled beneath the long sooty lashes, "with everything provided you, and your friends at hand, and no one to bother you. . . . Surely you will regret your Club, Papa!"

"Well, I won't!" Traynor contradicted her and was surprised at his own vehemence and at the sincerity with which he said, "I wouldn't go back to that—that stupid, purposeless, sterile existence for a million dollars!"

The thick lashes came up, and the radiance in the child's face was blinding; laughter bubbled in him at the realization that she had got the reassurance for which he had not even known she was deviously fishing, but he could not laugh for the lump in his throat.

"Then tell me, Papa," she said at once, coaxing, "tell me about your friend, the lady who has arranged for us the new apartment you have not yet seen. She must be very agreeable, this Mrs. Morrissey; her letter to you was so amusing, and it was kind of her to write one to me as well. . . . Tell me about her, Papa!"

A tiny alarm tingled deep in Traynor's subconscious, and then he glanced at the child's guileless eager face and wondered why. Claire had written to the kid, an informal note that was friendly without being presumptuous; Victoire had been impressed and, he thought, touched. And Claire had found the fully-furnished housekeeping hotel apartment, with hotel service as desired, which was to be their home for the time being. . . .

It was, surely, only natural that Victoire should be curious about Claire.

"Well, Mrs. Morrissey is a widow," he began, and through his half-closed eyes he could almost see Claire, cool and serene and lovely in her Georgetown garden, "and she lives in a very beautiful old house in Georgetown. That's a part of Washington. I've known her for a long time; I used to know her husband. He—"

"Is she old?" the child demanded, and Traynor repeated, with the vision of Claire fresh in his mind,

"Old? No. What in the world put—? Oh. Well, yes. Yes, I guess she is old, at that; she's almost as old as I am."

"Oh, but you're not old, Papa!" Victoire protested, but without conviction.

"Oh, yes, I am," Traynor corrected her wryly, "I didn't realize it until fairly recently, but I am. A man can go on almost indefinitely thinking of himself as a young man, and then suddenly he runs up against a young point of view for the first time, and *wham!* he's old. . . . What were we talking about? Anything that ought to keep us out of bed any longer? We do have to get up awfully early, you know; the taxi will be coming at six-thirty."

"Mrs. Morrissey, Papa," Victoire said firmly, brushing aside any such trivialities as bedtime and taxis. "What is she like? And how did you meet her? And how did you know her husband? And how long ago? And—?"

"One at a time!" Traynor begged, laughing, holding up his hand. "Mrs. Morrissey is very beautiful. For an old lady, that is. She is very blonde, although I daresay that isn't entirely natural; I wouldn't know about that. And she is—beautiful. Very poised, and gracious. And she is very much a lady. She's nice, too. She—"

"I knew that, from her letters," Victoire interrupted, and Traynor said, "Um. Yes, I suppose you did. Well, I knew her husband slightly, really; he was a member of my club, and I used to play bridge with him sometimes. He was killed in an automobile accident about seven years ago; I was with him at the time. He was driving, and he hit a bridge abutment and was killed instantly; I got some broken ribs, and Mrs. Morrissey came to see me in the hospital. We've been friends ever since. And I guess that's all."

It wasn't quite all, but there didn't seem to be any point in telling the child that Chris Morrissey had been drunk at the time and Claire had known he must have been because he usually was, or that Claire had come every day to the hospital, concealing her own grief and penitently wanting to do something to atone for the hurt Chris had inflicted on a stranger to her. And there was no way to tell her how the deep and lasting friendship had grown between them afterward, without constraint. . . .

"Is she . . .?" Victoire began shyly and hesitated and suddenly got up and came to sit on the arm of his chair, asking, "Is she . . . at all like—like—Miss Barlow, Papa?"

"Good Lord, no!" Traynor ejaculated, startled, and suddenly understood what she meant and added, "No, Victoire, she is not in the least like Miss Barlow. She's older, and she's very much different. And—and our relationship is entirely different. . . ." It came to him, suddenly, to wonder why that was, but he had no time to examine the thought then; he simply repeated firmly, "No, Mrs. Morrissey is not in the least like Miss Barlow."

The child slipped down suddenly into his lap; she put her arms gently, shyly around his neck and rested her head beneath his chin. Her hair tickled him, but he did not move nor want to move; she clung close to him and murmured almost inaudibly, sorrowfully, "You—you regret Miss Barlow, don't you, Papa?"

And Traynor put his arms around the warm slender little body and held her close, rocking her gently against him; it came to him all at once and with absolute certainty that he did not regret Barley nor anything else that might have been in his life and was not now, for the sake of this that was his own. He bent his head and put his lips gently to the shining fragrance of the child's hair and murmured gently, reassuringly, "No, darling. No, I don't regret anything, not even Miss Barlow. I really don't. And now let's go to bed, shall we?"

CHAPTER 7

The Steuben was a white-laced tower of mellowed brick set back from Connecticut Avenue at the end of a deep, looping drive and surrounded by carefully-tended lawns and shrubbery. There was a garage underneath the building, and Claire had remarked casually that his car was in it, ready for him; downstairs there was also a small opulently-furnished lobby, a newsstand and a dining room.

The apartment was on the eighth floor, facing south

over the leafy green canyons of Rock Creek Park; the treetops below rippled in rustling movement, and a grateful breeze stirred the curtains at the open windows. The humid heat of Washington had lain over National Airport like an oppressive weight. And yet Claire Morrissey, in crisp cornflower-blue linen that made her clear gray eyes seem almost violet, managed to look as cool and unruffled and fresh as though she had not been at the airport at all.

"It's kind of—impersonal, I'm afraid," Claire murmured depreciatingly. "There isn't much one can do to make a hotel apartment look as though people were living in it among their own possessions."

But there were fresh flowers skilfully arranged in each of the two pleasant bedrooms and on the table in the dinette, and an array of brand-new magazines on the coffee table before the long living-room couch. And the pleasanter of the two bedrooms was furnished with a mirrored dressing-table and a frilly feminine bedspread and curtains that did not look quite like ordinary hotel furnishings, and the kitchenette, including the formidable refrigerator that had made Victoire's eyes round with wonder, appeared to be well-stocked with staples.

Victoire had missed none of this, Traynor knew; the child had said little during the drive out from the airport in Claire's open convertible beyond a shy polite greeting, but her dark-blue eyes were thoughtful and appreciative.

"It is most luxurious and very nice indeed," she murmured now and looked momentarily troubled, and Traynor thought, amused, *And as soon as we're alone she'll want to know if we can afford it. . . . Well, it's a little more elaborate than the Villa Lou Cigaloun, at that!*

"I thought you'd want to come here first and start unpacking and freshen up a little after your trip," Claire said casually, drawing on her gloves, "and then I hope you'll come to my house for lunch. There's nothing that'll spoil if you'd rather not, on your first day, but Hattie May—"

Her lovely mouth twitched in amusement, and she said solemnly to Victoire, "My cook is a colored lady of absolutely unshakable convictions, and she informs me that the French eat nothing but snails and bugs and frog's legs and —and I quote—'such heathen truck.' All of which is, of course, no fit fare for a young lady. So you must pretend that you have never seen a turkey before. . . . I don't suppose Hattie May is right about your usual diet?"

"Not entirely, perhaps," Victoire said gravely and stifled a giggle and added with a look of round-eyed innocence, "And what is it, a turkey, Mrs. Morrissey?"

And then they were giggling together as though they had been two mischievous and rather naughty little girls of the same age, and Traynor thought with vast relief, *She likes Claire, anyway. Thank God for that!*

"Well," Claire said easily, "come any time you're ready. And prepare to be scolded if you aren't hungry enough to eat everything in sight, because Hattie May is going to wean you away from snails and bugs and frog's legs if it's the last thing she does!"

"But you must stay, please!" Victoire said quickly, still giggling a little, "and I will make coffee, since you have been so very kind, and we can talk while Papa is changing. Please!"

Claire's gray-violet eyes flicked at Traynor, widening almost imperceptibly in startled amusement at the word *Papá;* her voice was quite normal, however, as she answered courteously, "Thank you very much, but I really must go; I have some errands to do on the way home. *Mais—*" she hesitated, and a faint pink flushed her face, and her eyes sparkled, and she said, smiling, *"Mais nous pouvons converser tout l'après-midi, si cela vous conviens!"*

"Mais vous parlez français!" Victoire cried, delighted, and Claire answered, blushing and laughing, *"Non, vraiment—je n'ai plus maintenant l'habitude; je n'ai visité la France il y a douze ans . . . A tout à l'heure, donc!"*

"A tout à l'heure, Madame!" Victoire said, her face radiant, and Traynor thought with a blinding rush of gratitude and affection for them both, *What a wonderful break, what a wonderful way for the kid to start off in a strange country!*

And what a perfect peach Claire is!

He saw Claire to the door and thanked her haltingly, promising to arrive for lunch before Hattie May's turkey could cook dry, and went into his bedroom to throw clothes out of his bag. He would, he decided, leave the rest of his things at the club until tomorrow, but he could take Victoire to the club for dinner tomorrow night and collect everything then. . . .

She came into his room while he was hanging up his suits, skipping and dancing and bubbling with enthusiasm; she flung herself upon him and hugged him hard and cried, "Oh, Papa, she is so charming and so kind! Oh, Papa, I like her so much! And I am going to love it here; it is so beautiful, our new apartment . . . But is it not dreadfully expensive, Papa?"

"No," Traynor told her, laughing, and hugged her back, "it is not so expensive. Now, don't worry about that. And I'm glad you like Mrs. Morrissey, and now tell me: what is your first impression of America?"

She wriggled, and he let her go; she went to the window and drew the curtain aside, craning for a look at the Bridge and the traffic on Connecticut Avenue.

She said thoughtfully, "My first impression, Papa . . . It is that the cars are so big! I have seen American cars in France, of course, but in Europe they look rather—vulgar. Here they do not, because everything is so big, the roads, the houses—and so new. But there are so many of them; there is so much of everything here, and everything so big and so new . . . It is almost frightening, Papa, but I am not frightened."

"Good," he said quietly, "I hope you will never be frightened. And I hope you will always like it here. . . ."

Norman Rice, lounging comfortably in a sagging canvas deck chair in the cool shade of the wide weatherbeaten porch, was as fat and sleepy-looking as ever. Somehow, though, in his short-sleeved shirt and rumpled slacks, Rice looked merely relaxed and comfortable; the air of stupidity that was his careful affectation during business hours was lacking. And the sprawling Victorian house in Silver Spring seemed to be Rice's natural habitat, as the steel-furnished office in the Pentagon did not.

"So you had a good holiday, did you, Al?" Rice drawled lazily, "baskin' on the French Riviera like a maharajah, while we poor peasants slaved all through the heat of July. . . . Well, it'll be good to have you back in the office. Going to run you ragged, starting tomorrow. . . . She's an awfully nice little girl, Al."

"She's adorable!" his wife said emphatically. She was a tiny wren of a woman with brown coronet braids, dwarfed by her husband's bulk; when she smiled, her worn face was transformed, filled with warmth and genuine beauty.

"Thanks," Traynor said, "I like her, too. . . . But it'll be good to be back at work, believe me, Norman. Vacation's a wonderful thing, but you can take just so much of it. And this last week's been pretty strenuous; no matter what goes on at the office, it'll seem like a rest."

"This week since you got back?" Rice drawled and raised a lazy eyebrow.

Traynor nodded and sighed.

"Norman, in this last week I've seen more of Washington than I ever knew existed. In this appalling heat I have visited museums and art galleries and every monument between here and Monticello, inclusive, and the White House and the Senate and the Navy Yard. I have sneaked off to bed every night carrying an armload of guidebooks with which to read myself to sleep so that I might not be looked upon with complete contempt for being unable to answer questions that would stump a television panel during the next day's tour. . . . Norman, this kid knows more about everything than I do!"

Adrienne Rice chuckled warmly, and her husband murmured, "They can give you that impression, all right. But she doesn't really, Al; you'll be all right."

"She knows all the Presidents of the United States and their dates," Traynor said stubbornly, "*and* their Vice-Presidents, *and* their Cabinets. She can name the forty-eight states, locate 'em and give their capitals and the dates they joined the Union. She knows exactly how Congress operates and who's senator from where and what he stands for, and she can recite the political history of the United States without pausing for breath. . . . Can *you* do all that, Norman?"

"Sure," Rice said drowsily and waved a pudgy hand. "we've got five of 'em, remember, ranging from ten to sixteen; there hasn't been a day in the last decade that we've been entirely free of homework in one phase or another. You're just learning a little late in life to live with an inquiring mind, Al, an expanding mind. You've forgotten more than she's learned yet; trouble is you've lived too long without kids, or you wouldn't've been allowed to forget. . . . Nothing like 'em, to keep a man's mind from becoming stale!"

The screen door opened noisily and shut with a bang, and one of the fourteen-year-old twins skidded to a stop beside his father's chair.

"Dad," the boy demanded peremptorily, "what's a seismograph?"

"Go look it up in the dictionary," Rice ordered. "Or better still, the encyclopedia. That's what they're there for, so you can have access to knowledge."

"You don't know!" the boy said accusingly, with a scowl of disappointment; as he turned and dragged one foot after the other back toward the screen door, Rice drawled lazily, "Sure I know. It's an instrument for locating an earthquake and measuring the extent of it. And I know how it works, too, but I want you to look it up for yourself so *you'll* know. Understand?"

"Sure, Dad," the boy said brightly, and his step quickened; the screen door slammed again, and Rice winked broadly at Traynor and said, chuckling, "Always start with that look-it-up-in-the-encyclopedia-so-you'll-know-yourself business, Al; that's a good ploy. When you don't know the answer yourself, you can stick to it stubbornly; when you do, you can let 'em needle it out of you! But it's surprising how much miscellaneous information you can keep on hand with kids in the house, especially if you sneak out to the encyclopedia and look things up yourself once in a while when they're not looking. Any man who can get five kids through high school ought to be able to make a good living on television, if he could get on enough quiz shows!"

"I believe you!" Traynor said with feeling and added, "Norman, I notice a couple of your boys have braces on their teeth. Can you recommend a good orthodontist for Victoire?"

"The twins, yes," Rice said and raised both eyebrows and glanced at his wife, "so you're stuck with that already, are you? Have to see if I can't get you a raise, Al; you're going to need it. . . . What *is* that damn' dentist's name, Adrienne?"

"Dr. Forsbach," Adrienne Rice said, "and he's *very* good. If you have trouble getting an appointment, use our name; he's had three out of us and has his eye on the other two coming up. . . ."

"Ugh!" Rice grunted, and sighed, "A car a year, I buy that guy! But I guess he's worth it—you ought to see the choppers on Norm Junior. You will, end of the month. Right now he's a camp councilor, earning the price of his first car. One thing you won't have to cope with, Al, raising a girl—cars."

"He'll have other problems just as bad," Adrienne Rice said ominously and added wistfully, "Just the same I wish we had a girl, Mr. Traynor. So does Norman. We've always wanted one."

"Not now," Rice said hastily, "we've got enough! Maybe Al will bring his around once in a while and let you practice on her, but this family is now complete. . . . You know, Al, you've changed. You're a lot easier to know than you used to be."

Traynor stared, surprised; he had just been thinking that Norman Rice wasn't so hard to know after all. Rice said thoughtfully, "You never wanted any advice from anybody, or anything else; always wanted to plow in and do everything your own way, without interference. I hope you don't mind my saying this—you were always a good man to turn something over to and know it would get done, all right. But it's nicer to feel a man'll listen to a suggestion now and then without jumping down your throat."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Traynor said, startled. "I never knew anybody thought of me that way; *I* never did. . . ."

He paused and frowned thoughtfully and after a moment said slowly, "I guess, if I did have that attitude, Norman, it was because I never had any problems of my own, you know? If a man hasn't got anybody to look after but himself, he'd have to be a pretty sorry sort of a man if he couldn't do that without asking help from somebody else. But, boy, since I got myself a child to live with, I haven't done anything *but* beg for help and advice from everybody in sight! The old lady who ran Victoire's school in France. A family of Americans we met over there. A—a girl I know here. You. And I still humbly don't know what's coming next, or what to do about it."

"You never will," Rice grunted sleepily, "and that's all to the good. Keep you alert and flexible. A little self-sufficiency is all very well, but as much of it as you used to have can make a man hard to sympathize with. *And* deprive him of the pleasures of interdependence. . . . What're you going to do about a school for your young lady, Al?"

Traynor shifted uneasily in his seat; he said dubiously, "That's something that hasn't been decided yet, Norman, or even discussed. I guess it ought to be a boarding school, because she's used to that, and I can't provide a really proper home life for her; I'd like it to be near enough so I could see her every weekend, though. I—I'm getting kind of used to having her around. But I don't know one damned thing about girls' schools. Do you?"

He glanced from Rice to Mrs. Rice, and she said thoughtfully,

"I went to school in New England and loved it. But that would be too far away. . . . There are simply scores of good girls' schools scattered around nearby Virginia and Maryland, though; I can easily get a rundown on several of 'em from various mothers at the Country Club. Which reminds me; our Country Club is a Godsend to parents during the summer months; there's acres of tennis courts

and two pools, all with lifeguards and attendants, and the place is packed with kids of all ages from dawn to dusk. Tomorrow's my day to haul our horde and half a dozen others out and deposit 'em—including Martha Rivers, that's the chubby little girl Victoire is sticking with this afternoon in defense against all these boys. Couldn't I just pick Victoire up and take her along? Does she have anything to do during the day while you're at work?"

"Not really, no," Traynor said, frowning, "and it's one of the things that've been worrying me. She says she's perfectly happy alone and there are thousands of paintings she wants to see at the Mellon Gallery and I don't know what else at the Smithsonian, but I don't want her running around alone all day. Claire Morrissey—a friend of mine—is rallying around with shopping tours and various excursions, but . . . I wish she could meet a lot of kids, without waiting for school to start. Could I join this Country Club of yours, d'you think?"

"Of course," Adrienne said promptly, "but let's see if she likes it first. I'll take her out tomorrow, if she'd like to go."

"Easiest thing in the world," Norman Rice grunted and flapped a hand at his wife, "she'll fix you up with memberships in more things than *I* could afford. . . . It's a good thing you've taken on this new malleable personality, Al, because I think we'd better start trying to mold you into a more important job before the good life completely bankrupts you!"

The Country Club proved to be all that Adrienne Rice had said, and Traynor promptly joined it, writing his four-hundred-dollar check with something like real enthusiasm because Victoire had said shyly that perhaps Papa would take golf lessons with her later on when he was not so busy. And there were hordes of children there, and Victoire seemed to know them all in a bewilderingly short time; there were also hordes of parents who fell upon him as one of themselves and talked endlessly about children: their children and his child and children in general. He met more people in three weeks than he seemed to have met in his entire life before.

And they were all interesting people; he had something in common with them.

In addition, there was chubby little Martha Rivers, who had instantly become Victoire's bosom friend and seemed to be around the apartment a good deal of the time although she lived in Silver Spring, a good half hour's bus ride away.

He got quite accustomed to coming home to find the two girls sprawled on the floor listening to records, and later to the muffled sound of talking and giggling from behind the firmly closed door of Victoire's bedroom, to which they retired discreetly as soon as there were adults present. He could not imagine what they found to talk so much about, but he felt, apprehensively, that Martha might cause him trouble; Martha had a painfully self-conscious smile, because her teeth were encased in particularly formidable-looking braces which she hated passionately, and she complained about her lot constantly. Traynor half-expected opposition from Victoire when he told her about the appointment he had made with Dr. Forsbach and was prepared to be firm; to his pleased surprise, however, she made no objection at all.

"Martha does not like her braces because they make her ugly," Victoire explained, "and Martha is in love, so of course she does not wish to be ugly. It is very sad. . . . But Papa, Martha says that her Papa complains that it is terribly expensive, this orthodontia; do you really think I must have it done to me? It is not considered so important in France."

"It is here," Traynor said firmly, "and you'll have it, and no nonsense."

"But I cost you so much!" she said mournfully. "All the beautiful clothes you have bought me, and the little radio for my room, and the Country Club that you joined for me. . . . And here I do not even keep the house; it is all done by the hotel, and most of the time we eat in the dining room. What do I do for you, Papa?"

"More," Traynor said from his heart, "more than I can possibly begin to explain to you. . . ."

CHAPTER 8

Traynor did not see Claire Morrissey alone until the Friday of Labor Day weekend, although he and Victoire saw a good deal of her together and he knew that Claire frequently called for the child to take her shopping or to Georgetown for the afternoon on the days when she was not at the Country Club. They went to dinner at Claire's Georgetown house frequently:

"Hattie May insists," Claire explained wryly, "it isn't that I wouldn't invite you anyway, but I could lose my cook if you don't come. Really. Victoire is Hattie May's *cause;* she grumbles and fumes most nights. But give her Victoire coming for dinner, and she prances around the live-long day."

And it was true that the child and the old colored woman spent a good deal of time happily together in Hattie May's kitchen, where anyone else entered only at the peril of his life.

Traynor had done his best to return Claire's hospitality. He had taken her and Victoire to dinner at the Winston Club and at the Country Club, and once Victoire had insisted on preparing and serving dinner in the apartment. And it had been a splendid dinner, too, although Victoire had visibly regretted being unable to display her prowess to Hattie May, a really critical audience.

But until the Labor Day weekend he had not seen Claire alone. Norman Rice had been as good as his word; Traynor's work load and responsibility had been virtually doubled, and he was driving himself to carry it; when he left the office, it was to go straight home, with a sense of profound relief and gratitude, to Victoire. If they were going out to dine, well and good, so long as they went together, but his free time belonged to Victoire, his child: his family.

On the Friday of Labor Day weekend, however, the Country Club held a Junior Dinner Dance, of which event he was apprised several days in advance by his daughter and Martha Rivers.

"There aren't to be any adults, Papa!" Victoire crowed, jiggling a little in her excitement, "Only Juniors! And there's to be the regular orchestra, the same one that plays for the adult dances. And dinner. And it's formal!—But I don't need a new dress, Papa; Martha has one I can wear. Oh, can I go? Papa, please can I go?"

The bottom seemed to fall out of his stomach, and he thought with a thrill of alarm and then a feeling of sick dis-

may, *Oh, no! Is she old enough for this already? Tearing around at night with some crazy boy driving? No—I've got to tell her no, she isn't old enough! But how?*

"My father," Martha bubbled excitedly, "my father says he'll take us, Mr. Traynor, if you'll come and get us at eleven and bring us home. Or, if you'll take us at seven he'll come and get us after, only he'd rather you got stuck with the late duty because he has to get up early to drive to Alexandria. Will you, Mr. Traynor? *Please?*"

Traynor let his breath out in relief; he glanced at Martha's chubby figure and then at Victoire's taller, slender one and said, "Sure. Sure. I'll come and get you. And I guess we can swing a party dress, too, for your first formal. . . ."

"Oh, Papa!" Victoire sighed and hugged him ecstatically and murmured in his ear, "and I thought perhaps you might want to take Mrs. Morrissey to dinner? Because you'll be all alone. . . ."

"Well, thanks," Traynor said dryly, "but don't worry about me; you just have a good time."

But his martyrdom hadn't lasted long; he'd called Claire and asked her to dine with him at the Winston Club, and she had accepted at once.

So they lounged in the green-leather and wicker chairs of the dimly-lighted cocktail porch of the club after dinner and sipped their drinks and talked comfortably. And gradually it began to seem to him that Claire was different, or he was, that he had somehow never realized how well he knew her, or how much he liked her, or how much, in a way he hadn't thought of before, she meant to him. And he found himself looking at her furtively, as though he had never really seen her before. It made him a little self-conscious, and he stumbled and forgot what he had been about to say.

"You look kind of beat, Al," Claire said softly and looked at him curiously, and he said, relieved, "I am kind of beat, I guess. Rice has really been piling it on, these last couple of weeks. Not that I mind; he's grooming me for a lot better job than I've had up to now, and I think I'm going to be able to handle it, too, with a little help. . . . But it's been rough. And then Victoire and I have been running all over the country weekends, looking at schools; I don't know; she doesn't seem to be enthusiastic about any of 'em. She's polite and kind of submissive, but I can tell she hasn't seen anything yet she likes. . . . We're going out Sunday to Woodrow, to have a look at her bosom buddy's school. Martha's. Maybe that'll do it. How about coming with us, and we'll make a day of it?"

"Al, I can't," Claire said regretfully. "I'm going away for the weekend in the morning."

"Oh," he said, and the unreasoning unhappiness he felt showed in his voice; his own misery surprised him, and he wondered at it as he mumbled, "Oh, well . . . never mind. Just an idea. It wouldn't amount to much of a day anyway; just prowling around some campus and clacking with some old gorgon of a headmistress and then finding a place to eat on the way home. . . ."

"Al," Claire said gently, and laid a warm, slender hand on his, "I'd love it. But it's Labor Day weekend, Al. I promised to go sailing; I promised 'way back before you even went to France, before I knew you, really. I mean, after seven years, I'm really just beginning to know you now. . . . Do you want me to get out of it, Al? I could try."

"No," he said, hoping she wouldn't take her hand away; it felt gentle and soothing and good. "No, really, Claire. I—it's all right. I'm sorry if I sounded like a spoiled, disappointed brat. I don't know why I. . . ."

"Well, you did!" she told him, and giggled. "You sounded like a little boy who wanted something badly and had been told he couldn't have it and was sulking! And I like you like that, Al; I don't think I ever felt before that you ever wanted anything very much. You've changed, Al; you've changed a lot. I always liked you as a friend, but you know you always were a—a cold fish. You never seemed to feel anything, any real emotion."

She moved her hand away, and impulsively he reached for it quickly and caught it; she pulled away instinctively and then relaxed, watching him curiously. He dropped his eyes and examined her hand, stroking the long slim fingers gently; presently he said, "That's about what Norman Rice said, you know. That I was just too damned self-sufficient to work with until Victoire came along and knocked a little humility into me. And it looks as though she's knocked me into a better job in the process. And maybe you're right, Claire; maybe I never did want anything very much, or feel any very deep affection for anybody until she came along and taught me how. I never thought about it much until lately; now I think it might have started a long time ago. . . . Did I ever tell you how I was brought up?"

"No, Al," she said very softly, "you never did. Please tell me now."

"Well, stop me if the story of my life gets too tiresome," he said selfconsciously, "but I was brought up by three bachelor uncles and three maiden aunts. My grandfather and my parents all died the summer I was eleven. My three uncles ran my grandfather's contracting business in Pennsylvania; they built houses and laid sidewalks and did everything that could be done with concrete, and they had a ramshackle old plant where they manufactured building blocks and burial vaults. They worked from can-see until can't-see, which is a Pennsylvania saying, and they worked hard; they were gruff, tough, taciturn men, and in their lexicon a man who kept his mouth shut and got more work done than the next man was a *man*, and a man who exhibited any emotion, whether he felt it or not, was a sissy.

"My aunts were the same way: their job was to run the house and feed the men and put up preserves and what-not, and they worked just as hard and kept just as close-mouthed. They were good people, you understand; they were admirable people. And I knew that. I wanted them to respect me, and I wanted them to like me, so I tried to be like them. And I made it. By the time I was fifteen, I could work alongside any of my uncles all day, and I never said much to anybody. Only, being a kid, I hadn't just taught myself to pretend not to care about anybody else; I guess I really didn't care much. And I never suspected any of them cared anything about me, until they sent me to college. Not that anybody cracked the old surly façade then, either, but it cost a lot of money, and they were close with money. . . ."

"Oh, Al!" Claire gasped, and squeezed his hand.

"Well," he said, and shrugged, "I guess that's probably where I learned I didn't need anything, or anybody, besides myself. I learned wrong, of course, because that simply isn't true, but I learned well. The only time in my life I ever didn't believe that preposterous nonsense was when I met Marjorie; I was lost and scared and confused then, and it seemed to me everybody else in the world was, too, and I thought maybe I did need something, and I married her. But it turned out it wasn't Marjorie I needed, or me she needed, so I decided I'd been right before and I didn't need anybody after all. . . . I'm thirty-five years old, Claire; I've wasted more than half my life getting around to

learning the first thing any normal person is practically born knowing!"

He reached for his drink with his free hand, and his eye fell on his watch; he set the drink down quickly, untasted, and exclaimed, "My gosh, Claire, it's practically ten-thirty, and this bacchanalian orgy is supposed to be over at eleven. . . . Come on with me, and I'll take you home afterward?"

"You couldn't beat me off with a club!" she said promptly, getting up, "We'll drop little Miss Rivers and go make cocoa at my house. Victoire will need an appreciative feminine audience for her party dress and her party anecdotes. There are times in a girl's life when a father can be terribly unsatisfactory—even a doting Papa like you, Al Traynor!"

The Woodrow School was, Traynor thought, the nicest of the lot so far. It had once been a vast plantation, and the magnificent porticoed mansion was beautifully preserved. And there were stables, as meticulously kept as the plantation house itself; sleek shining horses grazed in the white-fenced green of lush paddocks, and Victoire's sombre eyes had lighted briefly at the sight of them. And the headmistress was no gorgon, but a charming, if rather vague, lady of elegant bearing and Southern charm and the mildly entertaining habit of ending most of her statements with a rising inflection like a surprised question.

"And of co'se all the classes are informal," she murmured in her soft drawl, waving a graceful hand at the high-ceilinged music room, "but ouah academic standards are very high. And we have such a charmin' group of young ladies. Now if you would care to see some of the young ladies' rooms . . . ?"

"My daughter has a friend who comes here," Traynor said, and the headmistress turned a polite inquiring glance on him, and he said, "Martha Rivers."

"Oh-h?" the lady murmured, arching her eyebrows, "Well, now, that might be very nice. Because Martha Rivers hasn't been assigned a roommate yet for this year. And if they wanted to, the young ladies could room together. Martha's room is just this way . . ."

It was a beautiful room, too; big enough for four girls, rather than two, and opulently furnished with chaise longues and dressing tables as well as study tables and two four-poster beds.

Surely, Traynor thought with relieved satisfaction, surely *this* place *and* the prospect of rooming with Martha Rivers would bring her around!

But a glance at the child's face showed otherwise; she wore the same patient, submissive expression she had worn at all the other schools, and he knew exactly what she would answer if he asked her. And he didn't want her simply to accept the school he chose for her; he wanted her to choose one for herself and to like it.

"Thank you very much," he said to the headmistress, "and I'll—I'll telephone. Tomorrow. I—our plans aren't quite certain yet, there's a possibility of—uh—"

But the languid lady's expression said clearly that he needn't bother; she quite understood that he would not telephone, and it really didn't matter. . . .

Victoire slipped silently into the car and closed her door quietly; Traynor slammed his with a satisfying bang. He drove in seething troubled silence for a dozen miles, while the child beside him stared straight ahead, her face blank, telling him nothing.

Finally he cleared his throat and spoke, trying to keep the exasperation out of his voice.

"You don't like that school, either, do you, honey?"

"It is a very nice school, Papa," she said lifelessly.

"It's Martha's school," he said mildly, urgently, "I thought you might. . . ." In spite of himself his voice rose querulously; he said, "Look, dear—term starts in all these schools the end of this month; the public schools open day after tomorrow. We have to find you a school, and quickly! If you could just give me some idea of what you want. . . . If it can be found, I want to find it for you; I want you to have what you want, to be in a school you like. But we've looked at every school within a hundred miles of Washington. Victoire, what is wrong with them all these fine schools?"

"N-nothing, Papa," she answered shakily, and he glanced at her quickly and saw that she was biting a soft quivering lip, and instinctively slowed the car, looking for a place to draw off the road and stop. "There is n-nothing wrong with any of them. It is only that—that I—I—"

Tears spilled suddenly out of her eyes and her face was wet with them; Traynor wrenched the car frantically to the side of the road and yanked up the handbrake and reached for her, and she turned to bury her face in his chest and sob while he helplessly patted her thin shaking shoulders and murmured vague distraught soothing sounds.

"I do not wish to go away to school at all!" she choked, "J-Julie doesn't, and D-Denny doesn't, and most of the g-girls at the Country Club d-don't have to; they all j-just g-go to school every day and c-c-come home—" her voice was a wail of agony, "come *home* every night! And *I* want to come home every night, Papa; I know it is not convenient for you, but I d-don't want to go away from you to s-school!"

Traynor was badly shaken. He squeezed the thin fragile shoulders and said unsteadily, with a kind of incredulous joy, "Whoa, there; take it easy, now, let's be reasonable about this! I don't know what you mean by saying it wouldn't be convenient for me, but the reason we're looking for a boarding school for you is so that you'll have some kind of proper supervision and diet and—and home life during the week, as well as a study routine. Weekends you come home; that's why we're hunting for a school nearby. But you have to realize, honey, that you haven't *got* a normal home to come home to every night, with a complete set of parents and everything. Denny and Julie have a mother, and a real home; so have all the other kids you've met around here. You've got only a father, and a thoroughly inexpert one at that, and a furnished hotel apartment. It isn't—"

"I don't *need* a mother!" Victoire wailed, "and I don't *need* any other kind of a home! I want only to stay with you always, Papa, and not go away any more, ever again! I do not care where we live, or how, but I do not want to be sent away again, alone!"

Traynor swallowed hard and still could not trust himself to speak; he swallowed again and finally managed to croak, "You aren't being sent away, you know; that wasn't the idea at all. And I don't want you to go away to school; I never wanted you to. Why do you think I—?" he swallowed again, and his throat cleared, and he cried, "Why do you think I wanted a school close by, except that I couldn't bear the thought of not having you with me weekends, at least? Of *course* I'd rather have you in day-school, and at home every night, but it didn't seem fair to you. . . ."

He took a deep breath and said clearly, firmly, "But if that's the way you feel, honey, public school it is! We'll work it out somehow."

She sat up, her thin face swollen a little, her eyes still wet and reddened with weeping, the long lashes soaked and stuck together in little points. She sniffled, and he gave her

his handkerchief: she snuggled into it, and he ordered sternly, "Come on. *blow!*"

She blew her small nose. blushing; with her eyes averted and her face still buried in the handkerchief, she said indistinctly. shakily, "I th-thought you d-didn't want me, Papa. Because I am so useless here. . . . It is not like in France, where I could do things for you. where at least I could speak French and you could not, and so I could be helpful. And I have felt alone because everything is so impersonal; I like everybody here and I adore Mrs. Morrissey and Hattie May. If I had a *Maman*, I would want her to be like Mrs. Morrissey, but I do not really need a *Maman*. . . .

"But when Mrs. Morrissey takes me out shopping, it is—it is not like in France, where Madame Guillet will pretend to bargain with me and I with her, and so we pass a morning's pleasant visit! Here we take what we want and put it in a little cart, and a machine tells us what to pay and we pay it—I do not like supermarkets, Papa! But most of all I cannot stand to think that you do not need me for anything!"

"You'll never know how much I need you, darling," Traynor said huskily and managed a weak grin and a feeble jest.

"Supermarkets you'll just have to adjust to somehow, but don't ever think I don't need you. I couldn't get along without you now. and I mean that with all my heart."

"Oh, Papa!" she said, and threw herself into his arms again, hugging him hard, and blurted, "Oh, Papa, I love you so!"

"And I love you." Traynor whispered tenderly, holding her; staring off over her head through the windshield into blind infinity, he added softly, more to himself than to her, "You're the very first person I've ever really loved, and if it hadn't been for you I'd never have known how. . . ."

Norman and Adrienne Rice gave a barbecue party Labor Day afternoon, to welcome Norm Junior home from his summer camp. When Traynor and Victoire arrived, the place was swarming with kids and a sprinkling of adults; Victoire seemed to know all the younger set aged ten or twelve to sixteen or seventeen. Except for Norm Junior, a surly-looking muscular young lout who conversed entirely in a series of grunts with varying but generally unpleasant inflections. and who impressed Traynor as being in some way defective, or at least retarded. He looked sympathetically at Norman and Adrienne Rice from time to time as the barbecue progressed and was puzzled to see that apparently they were entirely unaware of Norm Junior's churlish manners. although the other four Rice boys were a mannerly and delightful lot of kids.

But Norm Junior carelessly slopped barbecue sauce all over Victoire's crisp linen frock and snickered, "Watch where y'goin', Frenchy!" and Traynor longed to slap him; Norm Junior shouldered his way roughly past chubby little Martha Rivers, almost knocking her down, and Martha simpered sickeningly after him. Norm Junior was, it seemed to Traynor. the most repulsive adolescent he had ever seen in his life, and he could not understand how the boy could be the son of people like Norman and Adrienne Rice.

On Tuesday he took Victoire and the transcripts of her school records to Rock Creek Junior High and enrolled her as a freshman and left her; she was at home when he got home from his office, and she had brought a friend home from school with her, a skinny, nearsighted child named Wanda Calhoun who peered at him through thick spectacles, but proved to be a quick-witted little comedienne. Victoire loved Rock Creek: she was deliriously happy. And it appeared that Wanda was going to replace Martha Rivers, once Martha had gone off to Woodrow.

The week passed quickly and fairly uneventfully; he was busier than he had ever been at work, and although it seemed to him that Victoire was quieter than usual and more subdued and that she retired to her room earlier than had been her wont. he put that down to the fact that she was settling down to school work again and adjusting herself to a new *milieu*. She said she was doing homework when she retired to her room shortly after dinner. leaving him to read alone while the faint strains of music drifted from behind her closed door; she also said whenever he inquired, mildly troubled. that she most emphatically adored the school and everybody there, and could in effect do the work standing on her head. So he decided there was nothing wrong with her. that she was just inclined to be more serious and thoughtful during the school term when she had things to occupy her mind.

At eleven o'clock Saturday morning he delivered a silent and uncommunicative child to the Professional Building for the long-awaited appointment with Dr. Forsbach. He thought she looked a little nervous and apprehensive as she went into the dentist's office. but he saw no cause for alarm about that. The antiseptic smell of the waiting room made him feel a little uneasy himself; dentists' offices always did.

So he waited. and eventually she emerged, her eyes huge and tragic in the thin ashen face. And he talked briefly and pleasantly with Dr. Forsbach and made an appointment to bring her back in two weeks for the first fitting of her braces to the mold Dr. Forsbach had taken of her mouth.

"Where would you like to go for lunch?" he asked when they reached the sunny street, "around to the Club? Or shall we drive out to the Country Club and have a swim before lunch? Or—?"

"No!" she said with an explosive violence that startled him, "I want to go home! Please, Papa—you go to your Club and have your lunch; I will take the bus and go home. I—I want to go home. now; I will go alone!"

Now he knew there was something wrong; he also knew, from the tension in the child's taut body, that this was no time nor place to inquire what. So he put her into the car without a word and drove her home in silence. She said not a word until they were back in the apartment, and then she whirled on him and stamped her small foot and cried, "I will not have braces on my teeth, Papa! I *cannot*! I will do anything, *anything* for you, but I will not do that! I do not wish to look like—like Martha; oh, Papa, don't make me!"

Bewildered. he said placatingly, "Now, now, dear—go a little slowly, will you? It won't be so bad as all that, you know; you won't have to wear them forever. And you need them. you know, it's only for the—"

"I don't!" she cried, "I *don't* need them! My teeth are not so ugly, they are only a very little bit crooked! I don't have to have them straightened; I don't want them straightened!"

"Of course they're not ugly," he said reasonably, "nobody ever said they were. But they have to straightened because, if they aren't it—it weakens them, in time. They—" he remembered Peggy Skinner's words, and demanded triumphantly, "—you don't want to lose all your teeth by the time you're thirty, do you?"

"*Thirty*?" Victoire cried tragically, "What do I care what happens when I am thirty, Papa? What does it

matter what happens to my teeth when I am *old*? But I don't want to be ugly *now*!"

"That's nonsense!" he said sharply, stung, "thirty's not so old as you think it is, and you'll feel different about it then. . . . But we're not going to argue about this. We're not even going to discuss it because it doesn't merit discussion. Two weeks from today you're going back to have those braces fitted, and you're going to wear them from that time on until Dr. Forsbach says you can take 'em off. D'you understand?"

She glared at him, and he had never seen such fury in her before; his own blood was up, and he glared right back. And Victoire said between her teeth, spacing the words out in italics, "*I . . . will . . . not*!"

Before he could speak or move, she ran. Not to her room this time; the hall door opened and slammed shut again, and she was gone.

Instinctively he started to follow; then he checked himself. He could catch her at the elevator, perhaps, but then he would have to drag her back, and he shrank from the thought of what might follow. She had never done anything like this before; there had never been any violent disagreement between them, nor any such open rupture of the proper-parent to proper-child relationship. And some flickering wisdom burned through the furious anger in him and cautioned: *Not now. Cool down first, don't go after her while you're mad. There must be some explanation.* . . .

So he sat down to wait for her to come back, and his anger burned high. And an hour passed, and it burned a little lower, and he began to search his troubled mind for some explanation of this sudden rebellion where no hint of resentment had been given. She hadn't raised any objection of any kind before, had she? She had not.

Another hour passed, and he began to feel hungry. An idea came to him, and he rang downstairs on the house telephone and asked if his daughter had been in the dining room. She had not. He went into the kitchenette and made a sandwich and chewed interminably on the first dry tasteless bite and could not swallow it; he poured a glass of milk and managed to get the first bite down with a swallow.

He threw the rest of the sandwich away and poured the milk down the sink and went back to sit scowling on the couch, worrying.

At quarter past three he decided that she was not coming back right away. She had probably gone by bus to the Country Club. He flirted with the temptation to go after her and bring her back and decided dubiously that that would probably be the wrong way to handle it. It would be better to go out himself, and come back just in time for dinner; she would be here then, waiting for him, and his position would be somewhat improved.

He went to his old club and had a swim in the pool, and it calmed him a little. He wandered up to the card room and kibitzed a bridge game from one of the high referee's chairs, with frequent glances at his watch. A man he had known for years, one of the residents of the club, a bachelor in his forties, came up and whispered so as not to disturb the players, "Miss you around here, Al. Bet you miss the old bachelor life, too, sometimes?"

Traynor glanced down at the man and for a moment could not remember his name. He was about to state, emphatically and with heartfelt sincerity, that there wasn't any such thing as a bachelor life, only an empty and purposeless existence. And then he saw the wistful envy not quite concealed in the other man's eyes, and said gently, "Sure, Henry. Sure I miss it. You know how it is."

He got home at six-thirty, and she wasn't there. He waited until nine, until ten, and she hadn't come back. By that time he was physically sick; he had eaten nothing since breakfast, and his empty stomach shuddered up and wedged itself in his throat at the thought. He cringed away from the thought of what he had to do now, but the time had come to do it; he could no longer escape letting the whole world know his child had run away from home —from him.

He eyed the telephone with aversion, and thought: she had probably gone to Wanda Calhoun, her present closest friend; he did not know where Wanda lived, and that would mean going through the directory and calling any Calhouns in this part of Washington. No point in calling the Country Club—Juniors were not encouraged to remain on the premises after nine o'clock. She *might* have gone to Martha Rivers'. Nothing for it but to call every kid whose name he could remember, and if that didn't do it—

He could not make his mind frame the word.

Police.

He stretched out his hand for the telephone, and it rang.

He knocked it off the end table, grabbing for it; the base fell heavily to the floor and the cord stretched tight and yanked the telephone itself out of his hand. It rolled under the edge of the couch, and he dived to the floor and scrambled after it, yelling,

"Hello, hello! Hello. I'm here! Just a minute . . . *Hello!*"

"Al," Claire's cool crisp voice said in his ear, "You can come over now; we're ready to see you. The crisis is past. But, Al—*don't you come mad, or I won't let you in!* I mean it. She's all right now, and she's sorry, and she's suffering; don't you *dare* not be sweet to her!"

"Mad!" he echoed in an incredulous croak, and all the strength drained out of his body like sawdust, "*Mad!* I'm not mad, I haven't been—*I'm on my way!*"

CHAPTER 9

"Where is she?" he croaked, and Claire barred the way firmly, urging him into her drawing room.

"She's in the kitchen with Hattie May," Claire told him, "I sent her there. I have to talk to you first, Buster, and get you squared away. Now you come in here and sit down and listen!"

"You listen!" Traynor cried, distraught, "Get her in here; I want to see her! Now! I want to tell her she doesn't have to wear the damn' braces, she doesn't have to do anything she doesn't want to, if it means that much to her! I'll buy her store teeth when her own fall out; she can have 'em now if she wants 'em! Only get her in here and tell her I don't understand and I don't care what the trouble is; all I want is to tell her I'm sorry and I—"

"Take it easy, Al!" Claire said peremptorily and pushed him down into a chair. Her eyes were sympathetic;

she said softly, "She'll wear her braces. Al. That's all settled. She's going to be wearing her broken heart on her sleeve for a while, too, but she'll wear the braces. All *you* have to do is understand."

"But I don't understand!" he cried. "Claire, she never made a peep about the braces until this morning, had no objection to 'em at all! And then all of a sudden all hell broke loose, just this morning, without a word of warning—Claire, what's got into her? What's happened?"

"All hell broke loose." Claire said quietly. "but not just this morning. Al. All hell broke loose about five days ago; you just didn't notice it until this morning."

He stared at her, bewildered and uncomprehending, and Claire smiled faintly and said very gently,

"You poor fool, she's in love. That's why she doesn't want to wear braces, doesn't want to be ugly. For five days she's been suffering in the throes of her very first crush, and it's tragic, Al, and it's beautiful!"

"In love?" he repeated foolishly, incredulous, "Crush? Five days?" —but his mind was racing back now; all this week she *had* been quiet and subdued and strange; he had thought it was just because of school . . . in love!

"With a boy named Norm Junior," Claire murmured, nodding, "I gather he's Norman Rice's son. He's—"

"Norm *Junior!*" Traynor wanted to scream it; he barely managed to throttle himself down. He repeated in a hoarse whisper, "Norm Junior! That—that ugly, sullen, uncouth, ill-mannered young lout—it isn't possible!"

"He's sixteen," Claire said.

"Claire," Traynor cried, "You're kidding! You have to be kidding. Of all the completely loathesome boys in the world, this—you haven't seen Norm Junior, Claire!"

"He's sixteen," Claire repeated and smiled mysteriously.

"But she's a young *lady!*" Traynor persisted, striving to make her understand. "She has exquisite manners herself; she admires breeding in others. She admires *you*. This—this disgusting young oaf hasn't any manners!"

"He's sixteen."

"He's rude to her!" Traynor said between his teeth, "By God, I wanted to smack him for it! He—"

"He's sixteen."

"Damn it!" Traynor cried, maddened beyond endurance, "Stop *saying* that! She must know a hundred sixteen-year-old boys; the Country Club's crawling with them! If she had to get a crush on one, why pick this—this—this—?"

He could not find a word to express his feeling, and Claire shook her head slowly, reprovingly.

"Oh, Al," she said helplessly, "you just don't understand girls, that's all. That's why she had to come to me."

He stared at her, defeated; presently he sighed deeply and said resignedly, "All right. What do we do now?"

"Let it run its course," Claire said calmly. "That's all there is to do. It's only a hopeless passion, you know; he has nothing but the most profound contempt for her. For all little thirteen-year-old girls, with or without braces on their teeth. He's sixteen; he's above all that. He won't even—"

"I'll kill him!" Traynor said between his teeth. "So help me, I'll—she's worth a thousand callow little curs like that! I'll—"

Claire chuckled, and he looked at her sharply and then muttered sheepishly,

"Dammit, Claire, she's unhappy!"

"Of course she's unhappy," Claire said mildly. "Girls have to be unhappy. They have to be tragic figures. They feel incomplete without unhappiness."

He stared at her suspiciously; she was not, however, pulling his leg.

He said uncertainly, "You mean it?"

"Certainly I mean it!" Claire said emphatically. "You should've seen *me* at thirteen. And just wait'll she's seventeen. Or nineteen!"

Traynor closed his eyes and groaned. He whispered. "And how—how long do I have to live with this—this dramatic suffering?"

"It could go on all winter." Claire said offhandedly, "It usually did in my case. Say, six months. . . ."

He groaned again; another emotion was stirring him, however, shouldering all others aside before it. He demanded. "What do you mean, in your case? Don't tell me *you* ever did anything as foolish as this?"

"So you doubt that I used to be a girl, huh?" Claire sniffed. "Well, I was, and you should see the one *I* picked to languish after! . . .

"And what's more, Al Traynor, do you know you sounded downright *jealous* just then? Of my schoolgirl past, of all things?"

She caught her breath in a little gasp, and Traynor felt the slow flush spreading up the back of his neck; he *was* jealous, and the revelation and all its ramifications exploding like fireworks in his mind left him tongue-tied, staring at her wordless.

"I—" Claire said faintly, and high color touched her cheeks delicately, "I—I'll go get Victoire. I—"

"Wait!" Traynor said quickly, "Wait a minute. You come here a minute, Claire—"

He was on his feet, but she was too quick for him; she turned and half-ran out of the room, leaving him to rub his chin absently, staring thoughtfully after her while all kinds of things seemed to fall into place in his mind like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. And then Victoire was standing in the curtained archway into the hall, looking taller and somehow older, the dark-blue eyes enormous and tragic in the drawn pale face.

"I'm—sorry, Papa!" she whispered, her lips barely moving.

"Nothing to be sorry about!" Traynor said huskily and took a step toward her, and she came into his arms. But not with a childish, impetuous rush this time, not with the helter-skelter headlong dive she usually made into his arms.

Rather, she stepped into his embrace with vast and lofty dignity and allowed him to hold her lightly for a moment, and then said steadily, unsmiling, "I'm sorry I ran away, Papa. I knew you didn't understand, and it wasn't your fault at all, but I didn't know how to make you understand. . . . Oh, Papa!"

"It's all right," he said, and patted her shoulder lightly, "Really, it's all right. I do understand, now. And you were quite right, I wouldn't have, then. . . ."

He hesitated, trying to recall what it was Claire had said at the Club, the night of the Junior Dinner Dance; he could not recall her exact words, and he said awkwardly, "Sometimes fathers are so—inadequate. I'm glad you had somebody to run to, that's all."

She gave him a blinding dark-blue look of gratitude and buried her face in his chest.

He held her close for a moment and patted her and let her go.

"Now," he suggested gently, "it's pretty late. Do you feel like going home?"

"All right, Papa," she murmured submissively, and

sighed, and he thought wryly, *This isn't going to be easy to live with. But with a little help from Claire from time to time I guess I can get used to it. . . .*

The poor kid!

And then Claire came in quietly, and Victoire freed herself from his arms and went to her, and Claire put an arm lightly over the child's shoulders and looked at him over the top of the dark head, smiling.

"Al Traynor," Claire said crisply, "have you had anything to eat this evening? Or all day?"

Traynor shook his head sheepishly. He said, laughing, "No. Come to think of it, I haven't. But I'll have something when we get home; it's after eleven, and we'd better get—"

"I thought as much," Claire said, with weary tolerance for the frailty of men. "Well, you just sit yourself down there right now, while I go consult with Hattie May. There's nothing she'd rather do than cope with a man who's been too stupid to eat all day!"

"Oh, no, *please*!" Victoire said quickly, and pulled free. "Let me, please! I know just what Papa could have —I'll go see Hattie May!"

She fled, without waiting for an answer; Traynor turned to Claire and was pleased to see the slow faint flush rise to her cheeks again.

He said firmly, "As I was saying . . . Come here, Claire!"

She backed away quickly, putting her hands behind her back; her eyes were alarmed.

She protested, "Now, Al . . . Al Traynor, have you lost your mind?"

"Nope," he said tersely, "found it! It's only very recently occurred to me that there might be an ulterior motive behind these frequent flights of Victoire's to the sanctuary of Hattie May's kitchen when you and I are in here. D'you know what I'm talking about?"

She watched him without answering, her eyes bright; he stared her down mercilessly, and at last she answered with a nervous little laugh, "Well, of course she's—she's been leaving us alone, poor darling! Anybody but a man would have seen *that* long ago. But—"

"That's enough," Traynor said, and held up his hand and curled down one finger into the palm, "for Point One. Point Two is, what do you think of my daughter?"

"Oh, Al!" Claire said and sighed, "I adore her, you know that! I'd give anything if she were mine!"

"Point Three," Traynor said, and curled down another finger, "would you—would you settle for half? You'd have to take me with her, you understand, because we go together. But we'd share with you. We—we don't seem to have it completely made, the two of us, and we agree on what we need—"

He took one long swift step and caught her as she tried to elude him; he held her lightly by her arms, and the fragrance of her perfume came to him in a dizzying cloud; he looked into her wide gray eyes and felt that he was losing his balance and would fall into them and drown any minute. There was a roaring in his ears, and through it he could hear his own voice saying,

"Claire, we need you. *I* need you. And I love you. I don't know how it took me so long to find it out, but I do. . . ."

"Some men are slower than others," Claire said and giggled, "in some ways. Al, you're hurting me. Al!"

"I love you," he said again, "and I need you. And you needn't remind me of the other time in my life I thought I needed somebody, because this is different. This time I'm grown up, and I *know*!"

"So do I," Claire said softly, "and I wasn't going to remind you of any other time, Al, because there wasn't any other time. Not for you. That was a different person entirely that happened to, a man I used to know very slightly. But I wouldn't have loved a shallow, superficial, self-sufficient man like that. . . . Al, you *are* hurting! Let *go*!"

"You said you wouldn't have loved—" Traynor said, "You said you—Claire, will you marry me? Us? Will you—?"

He broke off sharply and snapped his head around; he was certain he had heard a faint muffled giggle. And the curtains at the archway were stirring; he growled, "That little imp, she's eavesdropping! *Victoire*!"

The curtains gave a gasp and another giggle, and footsteps scampered off in the direction of Hattie May's kitchen.

And then Claire came into his arms in one fluid step and rested her bright head on his shoulder and sighed and murmured, "She might as well come back and hear the end, Al; she started it. She made you what you are today, and I love you, Al. . . . Why don't you just run through that little old proposal once more, so I can accept you properly? And then we'll go out in the kitchen and see what the rest of the family has whipped up for Papa to eat!"

. . . THE END

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- 1½ cups water
- ¼ lb. uncooked spaghetti (half an 8-oz. package)
- Grated cheese

Heat oil in saucepan or skillet. Add onion and cook until soft. Crumble in the beef. Stir and fry until meat loses red color. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour in Hunt's Tomato Sauce and water, bring to a boil. Break spaghetti in half; sprinkle in a little at a time, stirring it into the sauce and keeping it separated. Cover tightly. Simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Stir once toward end of cooking time. Serve with cheese. Makes 3 to 4 servings. Double the recipe for a larger family.

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