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Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

The Ordeal of INGRID BERGMAN

For the first time, her side of the story

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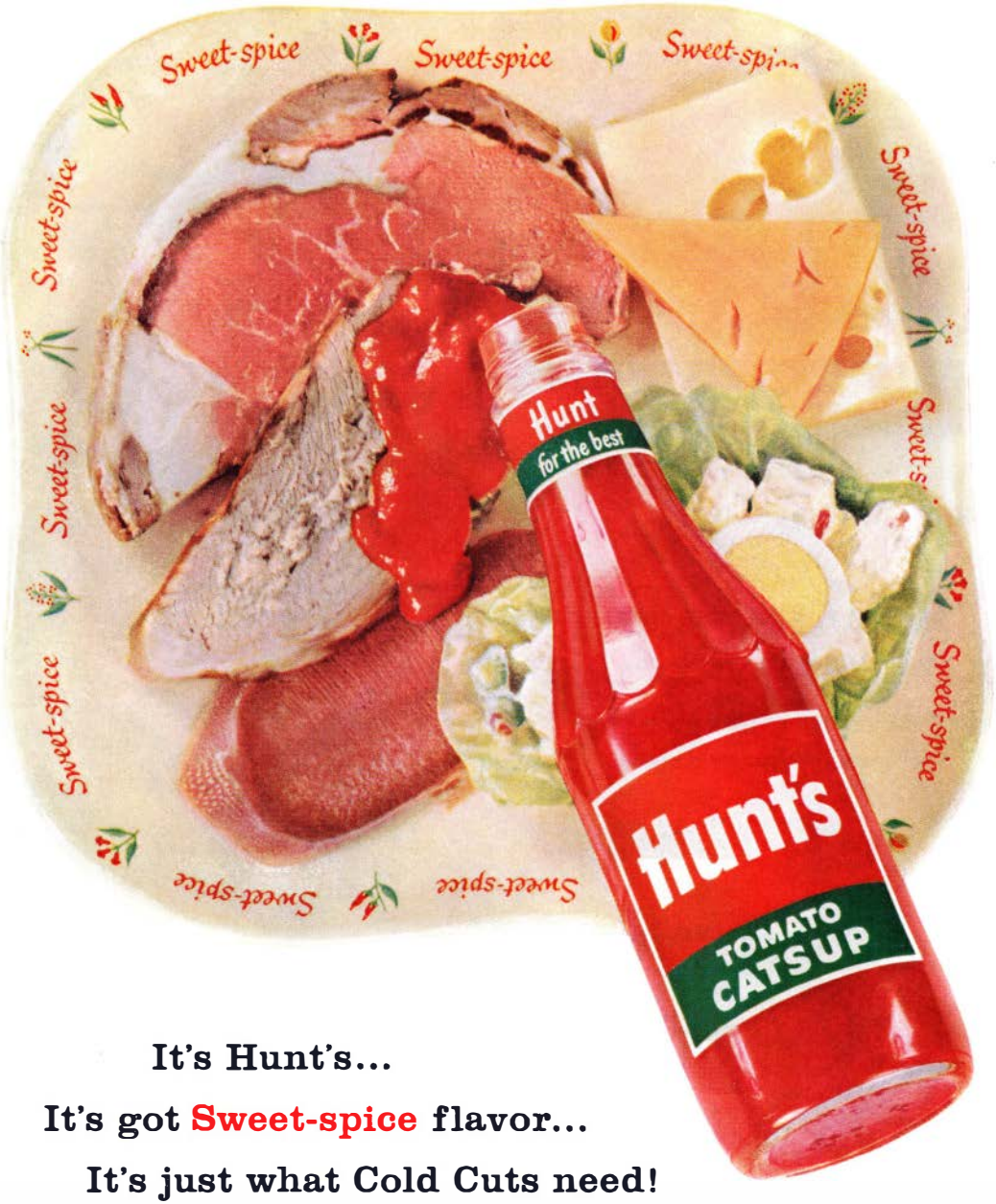

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PICTURE of the Month

It's a milestone in movies when you get a dream-team composed of Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, with the dynamite addition of Louis Armstrong and his Band. They're all in M-G-M's release "High Society" a standout stunner in VistaVision and Technicolor.

It's the entertainment rarity, a wonderful love story, explosive with uproarious comedy, sparked with Cole Porter's new score, nine great songs.

Included in this lively story of swank Newport, Rhode Island, during its Jazz Festival are Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern and Sidney Blackmer.

Newport's lawns, pools and mansions are a perfect setting for the romantic pyrotechnics that start the day before the very glamorous Tracy Lord (Grace Kelly) is supposed to marry a local stuffed shirt. "Her happy-go-lucky "ex" (Bing Crosby) arrives about the same time that an eye-roving reporter (Frank Sinatra) appears to cover the gala wedding.

It's a Rolls-Royce romp with Bing and Frank, together for the first time, reaching a new hilarity high. You'll want to be there at the midnight Thawing Out Party when Miss Kelly, the girl they both think of as "Miss Frigid Air," lets down her lovely golden hair with devastating effects, as in the saucy swimming pool episode, for example.

Cole Porter has come up with a score tailored to each talent involved... The Bing-and-Frank "Well, did you evah?" duet is de most, but so are their solos and Satchmo's "High Society Calypso." The music was supervised and adapted by Johnny Green and Saul Chaplin.

This is a Sol C. Siegel production and as if the combination of Crosby & Kelly & Sinatra (each an Academy Awardee) were not dream-team enough, producer Siegel had Pulitzer Prizer John Patrick write the funny script, based on a play by Philip Barry. And director Charles Walters kept it jumping for joy.

You'll be high on "High Society," the hilarious low-down on high life.

P.S. Something to watch for: M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy" is on the way. It will be talked about as was the stage play, a long-run hit on Broadway and across the nation. Deborah Kerr, John Kerr and Leif Erickson play the roles they created in the original stage success.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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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.

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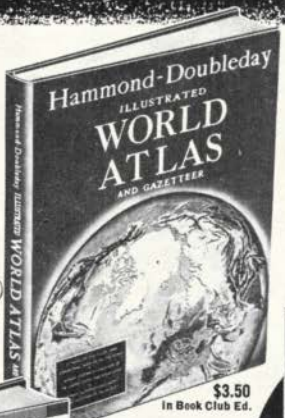

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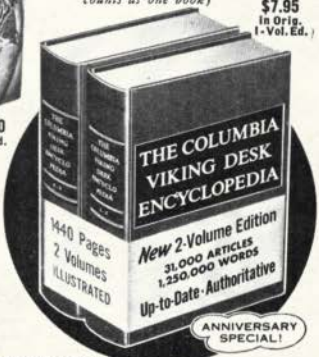

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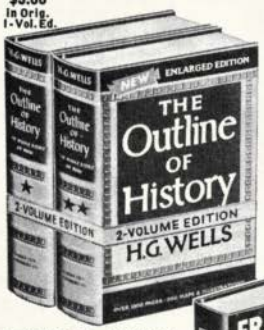

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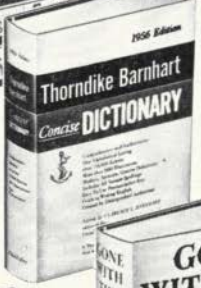

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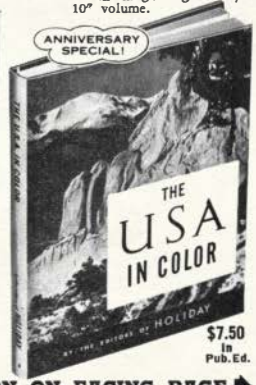

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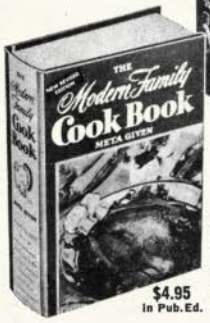

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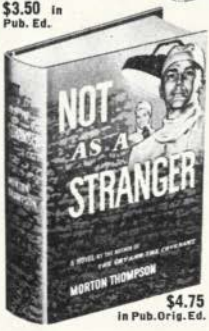

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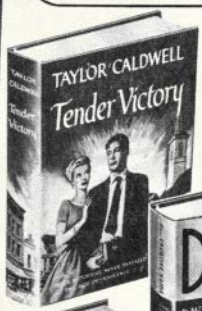

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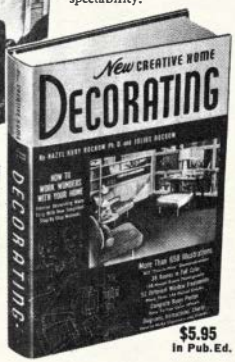

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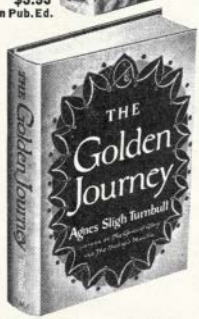

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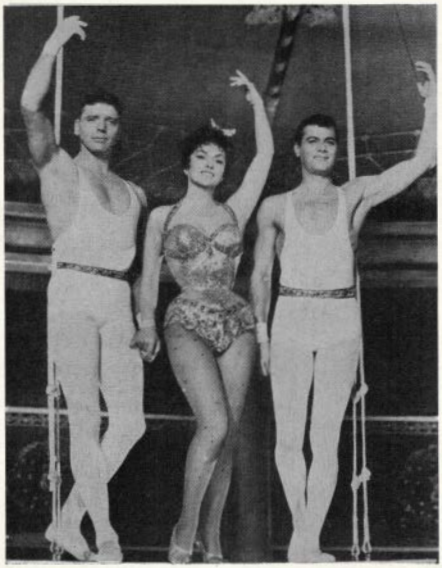


Teammates (Burt Lancaster, left, and Tony Curtis) become bitter rivals for Lola *(Gina Lollobrigida).*

"TRAPEZE"

Love plays a big role in the finest of all circus pictures

● **The excitement** of circus life has never been as well shown on the screen as it is in this film, expertly directed by Carol Reed. Most of the picture was made in one of the famous circuses of Paris and the photography of the high flying acts is magnificent, with a great deal of it being shot from the top of the arena, looking down on the flyers.

The story of "Trapeze" centers around *Mike Ribble* (Burt Lancaster), *Tino Orsini* (Tony Curtis) and *Lola* (Gina Lollobrigida). *Mike* had been a great aerialist until he was crippled by a fall while doing a triple somersault. *Tino*, the son of *Mike's* former partner, has come to learn the triple somersault from *Mike*. And *Lola* is a member of an acrobatic troupe who maneuvers her way into the act when *Mike* and *Tino* team up. She plays each man against the other and, like her namesake, ends by getting what she wants. *(United Artists)*

Redbook's Pictures of the Month • *Selected by Florence Somers*

Observing royal protocol, Anna *(Deborah Kerr) sprawls as the* King *(Yul Brynner) dictates.*

"THE KING AND I"

An unusual romance enlivened by a fine Rodgers and Hammerstein score

● **The true experiences** of the attractive young widow who went to the Court of Siam in the middle of the nineteenth century to tutor the court children have been charmingly recounted in books, a dramatic movie and the hit stage musical, but never has "The King and I" been given such an opulent production as in this version. The settings and costumes are as rich and beautiful as royal ones could ever be.

Yul Brynner, who became an overnight sensation as the proud and winsome king, repeats his role. And Deborah Kerr is humorous and captivating as the young widow. There is great poignancy in the relationship of these two and their effect on the rest of the court.

The lilting songs such as "Whistle a Happy Tune," "Hello, Young Lovers," "Getting to Know You" and "Shall We Dance?" are beautifully presented, and the unique ballet of "The Small House of Uncle Thomas" is delightful. An exceptionally fine musical has been given the production it deserves. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

Here's a good way to start a good day!

NUTRITION authorities say that both adults and children miss many healthful benefits if they fail to eat a good breakfast.

Without breakfast, mid-morning fatigue sometimes occurs . . . along with irritability and difficulty in concentrating on work or studies. So a good breakfast is the best way to begin the day.

What is a good breakfast? It should supply 25 to 33 percent of the vital nutrients needed for the day. It should include fruit in some form; bread made from whole-grain or enriched flour; cereal or eggs, meat or fish; and milk either to drink or use on cereal or in a cooked dish.

A breakfast planned around these foods, adding other things you like, provides the "pickup power" you need after having fasted some 12 hours from the meal the night before until breakfast the next day.

Moreover, every item on a wholesome breakfast menu supplies important nutrients. Citrus fruit or fruit juice helps fill your need for vitamin C. Whole-grain or enriched bread and cereals yield energy, B vitamins, iron and other minerals. Milk is important for both its calcium and its proteins, and eggs and meat for their high-grade proteins, vitamins and minerals.

A breakfast that gives you these food elements may help you escape mid-morning fatigue . . . *and helps you to avoid overeating at lunch or dinner.* This is why overweight people need well-balanced breakfasts.

If you or members of your family seldom feel hungry for breakfast, you might get into a good breakfast habit if you try some of the following suggestions:

1. Start the day at least 15 minutes earlier. This will allow more time for the family to eat unhurriedly without risking tardiness at school or lateness at the office.

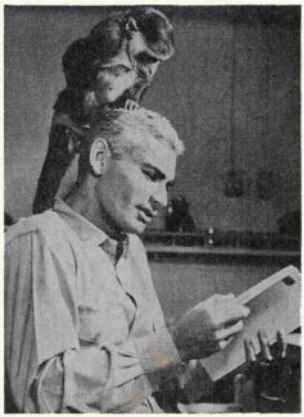
2. Try to take a bit of light exercise before breakfast, preferably in the fresh air.

3. Vary breakfast menus as much as possible. New flavors, new ways of cooking and serving can make breakfast a looked-forward-to meal.

If the leisurely, well-balanced breakfast habit is followed, every member of your family may be helped to feel better, think more clearly and work more effectively.

Many recipes which you will find easy to follow . . . including nutritious dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner . . . are given in Metropolitan's 56-page *Cook Book*. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

3 OTHER FINE



"AWAY ALL BOATS"

KENNETH DODSON, a veteran seaman who served on an attack transport in the Pacific during World War II, decided that, if he ever survived the war, he'd write the story of his ship. "Away All Boats," which became a best-seller, is his novel and the most ambitious picture Universal-International ever made. Because the studio was allowed to photograph and take part in the naval maneuvers of 200 ships and 10,000 Marines in the Caribbean, a great deal of the film was shot in and around the Virgin Islands area.

Essentially this is the story of the *U.S.S. Belinda* and her captain. *Jebediah Hawks* (Jeff Chandler). He is determined to make his untried ship and inexperienced officers and crew into the best possible fighting unit. The *Belinda's* task is to land assault troops on the beaches and, in doing so, she suffers all sorts of disasters, but her men develop into an heroic fighting team.

"A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS"

CAROL REED, who directed both "The Fallen Idol" and "The Third Man," is not only one of Britain's finest directors but he is exceptionally skilled at working with child actors. The hero of this film is six-year-old *Joe* (Jonathan Ashmore), who has been told that rubbing a unicorn's horn will make wishes come true. When he finds a kid with just a single horn in the center of its head, *Joe* is convinced that it's a unicorn and buys it. Surprisingly enough, nice things do begin to happen to *Joe's* friends.

Out of this simple fantasy, Carol Reed has made a charming and amusing film. The locale is the picturesque Petticoat Lane section of London, photographed in beautiful color. In the very fine cast is Celia Johnson, the heroine of "Brief Encounter," Diana Dors, hailed as the English Marilyn Monroe and even Primo Carnera who takes part in some tough wrestling matches. *(Lopert Films)*

AUGUST BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Bhowani Junction—A colorful, romantic story of modern India with Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger. * July

The Catered Affair—Another realistic, family TV drama brought to the screen. Bette Davis, Debbie Reynolds, Ernest Borgnine. * July

The Eddy Duchin Story—Life of the popular pianist who married into society. Kim Novak, Tyrone Power. * July

The Great Locomotive Chase—A famous locomotive race based on an actual incident of the Civil War. * July

Helen Keller in Her Story—This film of the actual life of Miss Keller won an Academy Award. Her courage and self-reliance and the patience of her teachers are inspiring to everyone.

Invitation to the Dance—Three ballets danced by Gene Kelly, Igor Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Carol Haney.

FILMS

"SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME"

STILL A YOUNG MAN, Rocky Graziano is one of the few champion boxers to quit when be was ahead of the game. "Somebody Up There Likes Me" is based on the life story of Rocky, former middleweight champion of the world. It's not a pretty story, but it does prove that two people who love each other enough can overcome almost insurmountable obstacles.

Born on the lower East side of New York, *Rocky* (played by Paul Newman) did everything short of murder. His home life was unhappy, he lived in squalor and stole to eat. He belonged to a law-breaking gang; he was sent to reform schools and broke out. He went AWOL from the Army and served a term in a penitentiary for striking an officer. But he could fight, and he started his boxing career in the Army. It was the quiet, appealing *Norma* (Pier Angeli) who had enough faith in him to beg him to marry her. *(MGM)*

Moby Dick—John Huston has captured the feeling of the classic novel in his superb screen version. Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart. * July

That Certain Feeling—A very funny film in which Eva Marie Saint proves to be quite a comedienne. Bob Hope.

Toy Tiger—Tim Hovey, tiny star of "The Private War of Major Benson," in a marital comedy. Jeff Chandler.

23 Paces to Baker Street—Good suspense in this mystery solved by a blind man. Van Johnson, Vera Miles.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

Helpful Modern Points of View

Sand Fun!

Some timely tips on Sand boxes, Sand and Sand toys

From the time your toddler experiences that first delightful sensation of wiggling his toes in clean, warm sand and trailing handfuls of this interesting stuff through his little fingers until old enough to dig and tunnel, shape and build—playing in the sand is fun. Every child can't have a beach but most can have a sand box.

Even a small box will do—as little as 28x34" for a child who will be playing solo most of the time. A standard box 36x38" can easily accommodate up to four and yet requires a minimum play area.

Smooth edges and sturdy construction, proof against rusty nails are important. And, it is desirable to have built-in-ledge to sit on or little corner seats.

Wood or metal box? Metal can get blistering in the hot sun. Wood on the other hand may need more maintenance to watch for splinters and nails.

Most well designed sand boxes at department and toy stores have awnings which shade child and after play time slide down and can be drawn closely over sand to protect it from leaves and little uninvited animals.

Sand can be had from beach, dunes, a construction company, etc. Not too fine white sand that can blow in eyes and hard to see to get out. Lake sand can be washed in gunny sack, with hose.

Sand Toys:—Soft plastic won't lurk in sand to cut small feet. Avoid shovels and sieves with sharp edges; glass bottles and cans that break, cut; old dishes that rust, chip, have sharp points.

ROBERT J. LEVIN

BETWEEN THE LINES

To get Ingrid Bergman to talk frankly about the heartbreak she suffered and the abuse she endured as a result of her involvement with Rossellini (see page 36) Robert J. Levin, at REDBOOK's request, did a startling thing. He asked her to tell him about it! As often happens with the direct approach, Mr. Levin's lack of guile succeeded journalistically where many a stratagem had failed. Miss Bergman talked to him as she has to no other reporter since problems came to her seven years ago along with an unconventional but overpowering love.

She asked only that she be able to see the finished article before publication. It's to her credit that she did not decide that she'd been too frank and scrap much of what she'd said. "It's not really surprising though," Bob Levin said, "because candor and honesty are as natural as breathing to her." The author is a free-lance writer who has been living in Europe with his wife and two children for the past year and a half. He spent a number of days interviewing the Rossellinis and their friends in Paris.

John D. MacDonald, author of "Hurricane," the rip-roaring novel on page 103, is surely the only alumnus of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration who keeps solvent by writing fiction. He's been doing it for ten years, too. How it came about is hazy, even to him, but this odd switch has netted him a frolicsome life, envied by many of his classmates, and substantial capital gains in the form of stories, novels, movies, monies and prestige. He recently received the 1955 Benjamin Franklin Award for the "Best Short Story."

If a hurricane like the furious "Hilda" of his novel swept away his beguiling home on a spit near Sarasota, Florida, the MacDonalds still could be roofed over by fleeing to their Adirondack retreat where they spend the summertime. John tries to work regular hours (the old business training, doubtless), but he says the world is teeming with things like golf, chess, music, fishing, collecting dueling pistols and striving to make an ever better Martini, which take his mind off the job. Don't you believe it! He is one of our leading merchants in the literary market place.

W.B.H.

JOHN D. MacDONALD

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The full story of James Dean—
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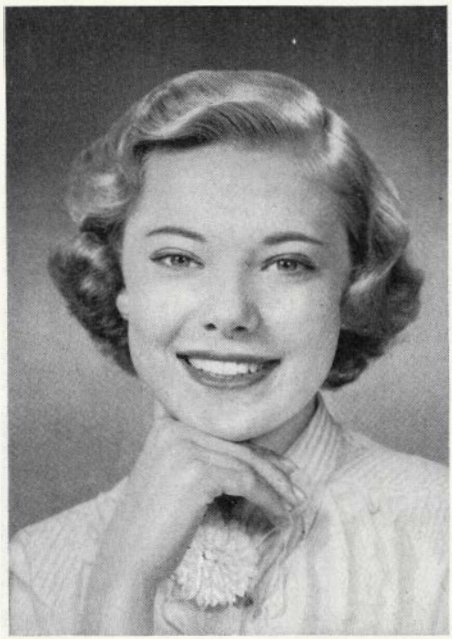
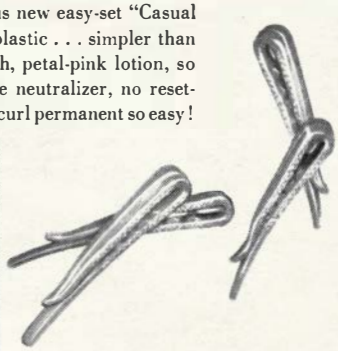


See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets." Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set "Casual Curlets". . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!

Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets" . . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!



New "Casual Curlets" are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
3. Can't rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.

All-new BOBBI in a bright *blue box*
Each package complete with 55 "Casual Curlets" and 6 neckline curlers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PUNISHING PARENTS

I read with interest your article. "Should We Punish Parents of Delinquent Children?" When I was 15. I ran away from home and was later put into the custody of the Juvenile Court in my home town.

Punishing my mother and father would only have made matters worse, since my mother needed psychiatric help. As a general rule a penalty to the parents cannot do much to help if the child feels it relieves him of the responsibility for what he has done. and. as your article pointed out, the child feels that he can "get even" with his parents.

A child will respond to a feeling of love, confidence and being wanted much more than he will to punishment of him or his parents. After all, isn't delinquency in many cases simply a child's way of showing his need for these things?

NAME WITHHELD
Glendale, Calif.

I'm just an ordinary mother trying to do an ordinary job—keeping house and rearing children. What I want to know is, where is the respect due to parents today? Parents are all too often just "the old folks" who are good for a ten and the car keys. Respect has been killed or severely maimed by blaming parents if they correct their children or use a cross word. If children were capable of rearing themselves, I'm sure God would have dispensed with parents.

MRS. A. M. GRAEBER
Belleville, Ill.

Your article implies that parents who physically cannot outweigh their children are not really so responsible for them. As a mother I feel that training a child begins at the moment the child is born, not when he is five feet tall.

HARRIET L. MANGO
Bronx, N. Y.

Your article said "Laws for fining and/or jailing parents of delinquents will wipe out most of the gains that have been made in the past 25 years." What gains? Twenty-five years ago parents believed in punishing children when they got out of line. Father shaved with a razor that required a strop, and he didn't hesitate to use it in the woodshed.

Certainly there were delinquents then. We had them in the small town in which I grew up. They were a problem in many ways, but they weren't idolized by other youngsters. They went to "reform school," were graduated to the county jail and did postgraduate work in the penitentiaries.

We others had no desire to follow the path they laid out. We had been trained to respect authority, whether parental or civil. I'm afraid the only gains made in the past 25 years that I can see are hardly worth saving. Maybe the "back to the woodshed" idea is too drastic, but I'm quite sure a "back to authority" movement is in order.

ROGER W. CARTER
Fillmore, Calif.

BAUBLES, BANGLES AND BEADS

Knowing me to be a keen observer of current events and trends. a friend directed my attention to REDBOOK's outspoken exposé in the May issue. "Have Bathing Suits Gone Crazy?" Ever since the Bikini arrived on the scene, I have been hopefully asking myself just that question.

Imagine my shock. then. to learn from Mr. Hargrove's thoroughly documented report that bathing suits have crazily veered into just the opposite direction to what I had in mind and are now becoming so cluttered up with baubles, bangles and beads that the lady beneath may soon be once again quite hidden from view.

The sociological significance of this frightening trend has yet to be explored. I trust this has not been REDBOOK's last word (or picture) on the subject.

MORRIS ANDREWS
New York. N. Y.

■ *After carefully comparing the bestockinged bather of yesteryear* (left) *to today's swimsuited miss—baubled and beaded though she be—we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Andrews has little justification for such dire prophecies of gloom. ED.*

"A POWERFUL IMPRESSION"

Arthur Gordon, writer of "The Deepest Faith," which appeared in the May REDBOOK, *shared with us a letter he received from a reader:*

After a lifetime of reading and studying short stories, I sometimes come across a story so beautiful and outstanding that I feel I must write to the author and tell him so. Yours in the May REDBOOK is one of those stories. You chose a wonderful theme and used such restraint in developing it that it makes a powerful impression.

I would like to quote to you the superb last paragraph of your story: "He watched the younger man stride down the corridor. Not with pity. With a little envy, perhaps. So many things to learn, so many people to help, so infinitely much to do . . . And so much time."

(MRS. GAYLORD) ALICE V. HANCOCK
Moravian Falls, N. C.

KINSEY CRITICIZED

"What Kinsey Is Doing Now" (May) is an insult to any mother. Rather than start a drive to ease up on our sex offenders, it seems that the country is all too late in putting teeth into those sex laws now on the books. Must we wait for murder to put sex offenders away (as has happened several times in recent years)?

(MRS. CLARK T.) EILEEN JENNINGS
Columbus, Ohio

■ *Neither Dr. Kinsey nor the American Law Institute Council, which recommends sweeping changes in our sex laws, would ease up on those laws which regulate sexual practices involving the use of force, such as rape; those involving corruption of minors by adults and those involving offenses to public dignity. The Institute's model code would exclude from the jurisdiction of the law only those sexual relations engaged in by adults in privacy with mutual consent. They feel that such practices properly fall within the realm of morals and religion rather than law. ED.*

THE FEAR CAMPAIGN

I would like to congratulate you on your article, "The Fear Campaign Against the Polio Vaccine" (April). Your efforts should be appreciated by every believer in the American way of life.

NELSON F. STAMLER
Chairman of the Board
Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith
New Jersey Regional Office

WHO GETS RICH QUICK?

Your article, "The Newest Way to 'Get Rich Quick'" (May) is a very good one because I have some friends who want to buy *something* and whom we have tried to talk out of "penny" stocks. These schemes *are* get-rich-quick schemes, and they work out that way—for the promoter, not you!

LENNIE ROSS
Tujunga, Calif.

■ *Ten-year-old Lennie Ross recently won $100,000 on a quiz show for answering correctly questions about stocks and bonds. ED.*

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

Will you pay the tax on my new fur coat?

Strange request? Not so strange as it sounds. Almost every day you actually do pay taxes for other people. Whenever you pay your income tax, or buy anything that is federally taxed, you're paying taxes for customers of federal government electric systems.

Your taxes go to build the federal plants that *serve* these people. Then, because customers of federal power systems don't pay their share of taxes in their electric bills, you have to be taxed *more* to make up the difference.

This kind of tax inequality isn't fair to you or any other taxpayer—and it isn't necessary. The more than 400 independent electric companies are ready and willing to provide the additional electricity the nation needs without depending on tax money to build new power plants. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

**Names on request from this magazine*

YOU AND YOUR HEALTH

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

WHAT TO DO ABOUT

● Between 5,000,000 and 20,000,000 Americans have some degree of anemia, which is often the cause of that familiar feeling of being tired and run-down.

Anemia hits people of all ages, but is most prevalent among infants, children and young women. The condition often comes from a lack of iron to make hemoglobin, the oxygen-carrier in red blood cells. Studies by the American National Red Cross indicate that perhaps one out of every eight women has less than optimum amounts of hemoglobin.

Common signs of anemia include a general feeling of weakness and fatigue, a pale look, shortness of breath, heart palpitations and lack of normal color in lips, insides of eyelids, tongue, mouth lining and under fingernails. But these symptoms are far from infallible. Not all pale-looking youngsters, for example, have anemia, and many persons who feel all right are anemic to some extent.

Low-iron anemia is most likely to be a problem during infancy, childhood, pregnancy and menstruation. But it may occur in anyone who has poor eating habits, who has lost blood, or who has had a serious illness.

According to Dr. Robert L. Jackson of the University of Missouri School of Medicine, lack of iron is the most common dietary deficiency in babies. The deficiency usually shows up during the last half of the first year, when babies have used up their inherited stock of iron and aren't getting enough solid foods containing iron. Egg yolks, green vegetables, sieved meats and some iron-reinforced cereals are good sources of supply. Some infants need medically prescribed iron supplements.

Extra need for iron can result in anemia during pregnancy, and so doctors prescribe iron-rich foods and iron salts or other supplements to prevent it. Drs. John R. Wolff and Marvin A. Rosner, University of Illinois College of Medicine, report that one out of every five women has some degree of anemia after childbirth, largely from blood loss. Diets high in protein and supplements of iron usually correct the condition, but some women need blood transfusions.

As a rule, the human body loses very little iron. When old red cells die, about 90 per cent of the iron in them is conserved to go into new cells. We don't need much new iron from food, for most of us store enough for ordinary use. However, loss of blood, certain diseases and periods of rapid growth can exhaust the stockpiles and bring on anemia. Anemia is thus frequent in women during their menstrual life; it also shows up quite often in growing children who aren't getting enough iron in their diets.

Dr. J. J. Kirschenfeld and H. H.

● EYEBROW SHAVING

There's a not uncommon belief that eyebrows will not grow back again once they have been shaved. It just isn't so, says a consultant writing in the AMA *Journal*. In one hospital exclusively for treatment of eye diseases, there is no hesitancy in shaving eyebrows, since they do regrow.

● WHEN SICK CHILDREN WON'T EAT

Trying to force a sick child to eat is a mistake, usually doomed to failure. The best plan is to offer him small drinks and small amounts of tempting food, at frequent intervals. At first the greatest need is for fluids, especially if the child has much fever or diarrhea. The sick child usually will drink fresh fruit juice or fruit squash, or cold barley water with glucose (a less sweet form of sugar than cane sugar). Jellies, ice cream and egg beaten in skimmed milk are often useful parts of his diet.—Dr. K. H. Tallerman, in *The Practitioner*.

● DOUBLE TREATMENT

A combination of the hormone cortisone and the antibiotic polycycline apparently brings quick relief of serious

ANEMIA

Tew of Fort Deposit, Alabama, found that 18 per cent of 500 persons in a southern community had anemia. More than 20 per cent of the cases were due to inadequate diet, and about equal percentages to excessive blood loss and to pregnancy. Acute and chronic diseases accounted for most other cases.

Meats (especially liver), fresh and dried fruits and leafy vegetables are relatively rich in iron and so prevent or help overcome iron-lack anemia. Protein-rich foods such as milk, eggs and cheese are also helpful.

There are other, less common forms of anemia. One is pernicious anemia, which occurs when the body is unable to absorb vitamin B_{12} from food. Once an often-fatal disease, pernicious anemia can now be corrected by injections of B_{12} or oral doses of the vitamin along with a substance called intrinsic factor, which enables the B_{12} to be absorbed by the body.

Simple tests can show a physician whether you have anemia, and better choice of food plus iron supplements can correct the condition. But doctors caution against trying to diagnose anemia in oneself. It's not enough to discover that a person is anemic; it is even more important to find out *why* he is anemic. Self-prescribed supplements might help temporarily, but they might also serve to mask the underlying, serious causes of the anemia.

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symptoms in infectious mononucleosis, or glandular fever. This is a common disease among young adults. The double treatment relieved some patients who were suffering from pain and acute difficulty in breathing and swallowing. But neither drug alone had any apparent effect, write Drs. G. A. Cronk and D. E. Naumann, Syracuse University, in *Lancet*. Infectious mononucleosis is marked by fever, swelling and tenderness of the lymph nodes and sometimes inflammation of the tonsils and the throat.

●

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned

REDBOOK'S

Family Scrapbook

Our son, Gregory, was given a little Mexican sombrero and a jar containing pennies. He couldn't quite understand how he could get his hand into the jar so easily and take the money that was so temptingly within his reach. However, when he tried to grasp a fistful and his hand refused to come out, his expression of surprise and chagrin was most amusing.

MRS. D. F. HOLLAND
1130 N. Maple
Burbank, Calif.

REDBOOK will pay $50 for the best black and white snapshot used, featuring a child or children under 12, accompanied by the best letter telling in not more than 100 words how the picture came to be taken.

Pictures must be sent by the parents of the child to Dept. F-A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and cannot be returned or acknowledged. All published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of REDBOOK.

Vacation Fiction Bonus

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ENTERTAINING SHORT SHORT STORIES

Alone Together

by Harriet Shiek

illustrated by John Fernie

"What kind of heel am I? We've got to stop seeing each other." But they couldn't stop.

Nervously she filled the picnic basket while her parents ate their Sunday morning waffles at the kitchen table.

Her mother said, "You should eat something."

"No, thanks, Mother." She'd had coffee and a cigarette, but was too excited to eat. "I'm late. I . . ." She wasn't used to lying and couldn't meet her mother's eyes. "I told the other teachers I'd be there at ten-thirty."

Her father said, "This is a funny time of year for you girls to picnic at the lake. It's getting cold!"

She looked out the window—a slender, brown-haired girl, twenty-two, wearing a blue cashmere sweater that deepened the blue of her eyes. "We'll get a fire going in the cottage right away, Dad. And it's a sunny day." The sun seemed a good omen, a blessing on this day they would have alone together.

She slipped into her coat, blew a kiss to her parents and went outside into the cold air—glad, glad, glad to be away from their eyes.

Her car seemed air-borne on the highway. She

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY

wished they could have made the half-hour drive together. But he couldn't come to get her in broad daylight nor could she stop for him.

Either way was impossible.

It's all impossible, she thought guiltily and eased up on the gas.

Driving slowly, she told herself, *I've been too darned good all my life; that's the trouble.* She could chalk that up to her parents. Always trusting her, expecting her to do what was right and honest. It wouldn't even occur to them that she could do anything wrong.

At first it had been so innocent, so harmless. . . .

They both happened to enroll in the same evening class in child psychology at the university; otherwise they would probably never have met because they taught in grade schools at opposite ends of town. The first night she found herself sitting beside him, and as they looked at each other, something clicked, and they were friends before they spoke a word. He had an appealing grin: his hair was short and dark, his eyes a friendly brown. During the ten-minute break it was natural to exchange information about each other.

She learned that he was married and had two small children, a boy and girl; as soon as his wife sold their house in another town, she would join him; he'd had to come ahead to his new job and was living with friends temporarily.

The next night, as they walked out of class with a group of other teachers, someone suggested coffee at the corner drugstore. There were seven of them, all quite young, and the coffee hour became a gay ritual with lots of shop talk and other stimulating discussions. Everyone liked him, liked to hear his ideas. No one could help liking him.

One night she had to take the bus to class because her car was being repaired. He drove her home. As he stopped the car, their hands happened to touch. The next moment she was in his arms.

It stunned them both.

He said soberly, frankly, "I don't know how that happened, and I'd be lying if I said it meant nothing to me. But . . . my wife and I . . . we . . . we have our troubles, like any couple. She hates living on a teacher's salary and probably always will. But we have the children. I'd never . . . give them up."

"I know, I understand," she answered. His children —all children—were his very life. But she went into the house to lie awake with the knowledge that she loved him.

From then on, each fought it out with his own conscience. But whenever he thought he had won, the longing in the other's eyes proved he hadn't won at all.

They began to linger over their coffee after the others left. She took the bus to class again . . . and again. In his car—there was no other place to go—their murmured words and stolen kisses were interrupted, always, by the people walking by and the headlights of passing cars.

"Oh, to be alone," she whispered, "to have the *right* to be alone somewhere."

"I know, darling." Then, he said miserably. "What kind of heel am I? I've never gone off the beam like this before. It's not fair to you . . . to anybody. We've got to stop seeing each other."

But they couldn't stop.

Sometimes, in her classroom of third-graders, she would look at a little pigtailed girl, a little grubby-knuckled boy and think, *What if those were his children? Could I look them in the face, or meet their eyes?*

And now his house in that other town had been sold. He was going to get his family next weekend. And the course at the university would end next week, too. There would be no more talks over coffee, no more rides home . . . nothing.

She was the one who had suggested this day at her parents' lake cottage. "One day," she'd said. "Alone. Together. We've never been alone. One day. Is that so much for us to ask? Please."

She had felt the silent fight that went on inside him before he had answered.

"All right."

Now, on her way to him, she thought defiantly, *If guilt has to be part of it, all right. I love him. And this is all we'll ever have. . . .*

She stepped on the gas.

Turning off the highway, she drove down a road canopied by pine trees. Ahead, through the clearing, was the lake, blue and sparkling in the sun. And there was the log cottage—silent, empty, waiting—with the sunlit beach in front and tall shadowy pines in the back.

He was sitting on the steps.

She stopped the car, cut the motor. He rose. In the stillness, they looked at each other as he came toward her—tall, dark-haired, wearing corduroy slacks, a leather jacket.

When he reached the car, he didn't speak and she couldn't. He opened the door for her, and she could see his hand was shaking. She slipped out, his arms reached for her and they held each other hungrily, silently. Then his lips sought hers, and she tipped her head back.

But . . . something was wrong.

Above her, beyond the cottage, two shafts of sunlight streamed down through the pines and shone on her face. She blinked, turned away from it . . . and him.

He asked, "What is it, darling?"

"I . . . I don't know," she said helplessly. She searched his face as though to find the answer in the brown eyes, the clean line of his chin, the lips that she wanted to kiss, but couldn't. "We . . ." she said slowly, frowning, "we're all alone, just the way I wanted to be, but . . . I don't *feel* alone. . . ."

She looked upward. The sun. She had thought of it as a blessing on this day. But those two shafts shining down on her were like eyes, watching. The eyes of his children, maybe. Or her parents. She wasn't sure whose eyes they were.

Suddenly tears streamed down her cheeks. "I . . . I love you," she said, "but I can't kiss you with the . . . the sun shining on us. We're not alone here. We'd never be alone . . . wherever we tried to go. . . ."

He cradled her tenderly, let her cry. When she was quiet, he held her face in his hands and said gently. "Don't ever cry about us again. Some day, somewhere, you'll meet the man who's . . . right for you. Good-by, darling."

After he left, she went into the cottage and built a fire in the fireplace. She sat there, staring into the flames until three o'clock when it started to rain. After scattering the picnic lunch around outside for the birds and squirrels, she drove home.

Her mother and father were at the kitchen table, having tea and cinnamon toast instead of waffles.

Her mother said, "I was getting worried. Have a nice time?"

"Yes. Fine, Mother."

Her father said, "Don't try to tell me it wasn't cold."

She looked out the window, at the falling rain. "We had the sun when we needed it, Dad." And she knew it had been a blessing, after all. Already, even while she stood there remembering him, she was thinking, *Some day, somewhere, I will meet the man who's right for me. The man I can kiss in the sun.* . . . THE END

COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES ★

The Extra Passenger

by Charles Einstein

illustrated by Herbert Saslow

From the airport in Los Angeles, Donald Harris had just enough time to put in a long distance call to his New York home, to tell his wife and his seven-year-old daughter Nancy that he had been able to get space on an earlier flight home. The news was sheer delight to all of them, for Donald had been gone on his business trip nearly three weeks, and home and family could come none too soon.

"Daddy," his daughter Nancy said into the telephone, "are you bringing me a present?"

"You bet your sweet life," Donald said happily. "The biggest Teddy bear you ever saw."

"What's his name?"

Donald cursed himself for not realizing in advance that to his daughter, who was at an age when she led a fabulous double life of ethereal imagination and scientific realism, all stuffed animals had names. He thought rapidly. Then he said, "His name's Marvin."

"That's a nice name," Nancy said. "Put him on."

"What?"

"I want to talk to Marvin."

Donald looked out of the telephone booth at the busy arcade of the air terminal and at his luggage, which consisted of two suitcases and a huge brown Teddy bear. He cleared his throat. Then, in a piping falsetto, he said into the phone, "Hello, Nancy. This is Marvin." He knew that his wife was listening on the extension line in their home.

"Hello, Marvin," Nancy said. "Mommy, say hello to Marvin."

"Hello, Marvin," Mrs. Harris said.

"Hello, Mommy," Donald-Marvin said.

"Daddy," Nancy said, in an abrupt switch, "is your plane a non-stop?"

"I'll call Daddy for you," Donald-Marvin squeaked warily. "Oh, Daddy!" He shifted his voice to normal. "Hi, Nan."

"Is your plane a non-stop?"

"No," Donald said. "It stops at Chicago."

"Why?"

"To get gas."

"Nowadays planes can get gas from other planes while they're flying."

"Not this plane," Donald said. "I have to say goodby now. See you in the morning."

He rang off, took his luggage to the counter and checked it, looked hopelessly at the Teddy bear and boarded the plane with two magazines under one arm and Marvin under the other.

A trim stewardess welcomed him aboard. She smiled when she saw the Teddy bear.

"You have your children with you, sir?"

"No," Donald said. "I'm alone."

"I see," the stewardess said, a little doubtfully.

Donald made his way to a window seat by the wing. He had planned to put Marvin on the overhead coat rack. Then he saw that there was no rack, the cabin being convertible to sleeper space, and one look told him it would be impossible to fit the bear into the envelope containing the flight information packet in the seat-back in front of him. Donald sighed and placed Marvin on his lap.

After a short time. an elderly gentleman came and sat down next to Donald. "Maloney's my name," he said, sticking out his hand.

"I am Donald Harris," Donald said.

"Is that a Teddy bear you have on your lap?"

"Yes."

"You live long enough, you see everything," Maloney said. "Wake me up at Newark, will you?"

Night closed fast once the flight was air-borne, and the passengers settled themselves for sleep. The stewardess brought Donald Harris a blanket, and the pilot, copilot and flight engineer all took turns coming back into the cabin to get a look at the man with the Teddy bear.

Dozing fitfully to the steady drumming of the motors, Donald became aware some time during the night of someone staring at him steadily. He opened his eyes. Peeking over the seat in front of him was the face of a small boy. In the darkness, Donald could not make out his features, but he was conscious of the yearning in the eyes. *Why not?* he said to himself. *It's the Teddy bear. Maybe he'd like to hold him for a while.* (The influence of Donald's daughter Nancy was that great—already Donald was thinking of the bear as "he".) *Why not?* he said to himself again. *He can sleep with the bear, and I'll sleep without one. It'll be the first thing so far that's made any sense.* He grinned and thrust Marvin the Teddy bear forward and upward, and a pair of small, willing, hungry arms took over from there.

When he awoke, to the accompaniment of the dawn and the droning of the engines, Donald crept past the form of Mr. Maloney, his sleeping seat-mate, and made his way back to the lounge for a cigar. The stewardess was there.

"Hello," she said, and smiled. "You're Mr. Harris. You're a nice man."

"Why, thank you," Donald said. "I believe I may fly this airline more often. Do you mind cigar smoke?"

"If you could see that little boy sleeping with his Teddy bear," the stewardess said fondly. "His mother woke up during the night, and I told her you'd let the little boy hold the bear. I suppose I shouldn't tell you, but she cried a little."

"She cried?"

The stewardess nodded. "You didn't see them when they boarded the plane?"

Donald shook his head. "I was too busy trying to find a place to put Mar. . . ."

"She's Japanese," the stewardess broke in. "Married an American while he was stationed over there, and he

The look that passed between the seven-year-old American girl and the three-year-old Japanese-American boy was instant and complete.

sent for her and their son. Ten thousand miles. That's quite a trip. Especially when you don't know what kind of reception you might get. There are nice people and there are . . . well, the other kind."

Donald thought for a time. Then he said, "How old is the little boy?"

"Three."

"He hasn't made a sound," Donald said. "Hasn't bothered anybody, hasn't said a word, the whole trip. He was just looking at the bear. That's all." He fell silent again. "Look," he said at last, "we'll be getting in before too long, and if I just stayed back here for a while, maybe you could . . . well, I'm . . . I make a lousy speech. Especially while my violin's out being fixed. But maybe you could tell the lady that the bear is. . . ." He gestured with his hand. "Well, it's a present. Something to say hello, and . . ." he gestured again . . . "and we're glad you're here with us in this country. I don't know. Will that be all right?"

The stewardess looked at him, and her voice dropped to a whisper. "I think," she said, "that will be all right."

Nancy Harris was waiting for her father as he came down the steps from the plane. He swept her into his arms for an exhilarating hug. "Well!" he said. "Where's Mommy?"

"Just finishing parking the car," Nancy said. "We just got here. We. . . ." Her voice trailed off, and Donald turned and saw her looking at the little boy now coming off the plane with the big Teddy bear in his arms. The look that passed between them, the seven-year-old American girl and the three-year-old Japanese-American boy, was instant and yet complete, swift and yet absolute.

Nancy turned in her father's arms and looked at him.

"The bear," he said. "Marvin. I know. I—uh—"

"You gave him to that little baby boy," Nancy said, almost matter-of-factly.

"Yes," Donald said. "He's new in this country, and he's come a long way. . . ."

"And he doesn't have toys, probably," Nancy said. "I have lots of other toys."

"This is some daughter I've got right here," Donald said, and they went inside and found Mrs. Harris coming toward them. Donald set his daughter down and hugged his wife, and the three of them set off for the baggage room.

It was not until the luggage had been collected that his wife remembered. "The Teddy bear! Where is it?"

"Not *it*, Mommy," Nancy said. "*Him*. His name's Marvin."

Donald cleared his throat. His wife said to him, "All right. Where's Marvin?"

Nancy looked up at her parents and smiled. "Never mind, Mommy. Next time Daddy's going to fly in a non-stop plane."

"What," her mother said, "has that got to do with anything?"

Nancy shrugged. "Marvin got off at Chicago."

. . . THE END

COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES ★

Anniversary Moonlight

by Rebecca Shallit

illustrated by Dirk Siegel

Once upon a time they had talked in rapture of their hopes and dreams while the hours passed like a heartbeat....

On **Lois Tate's** seventh wedding anniversary the twins were in the playpen, Pamela was in kindergarten, the drill press Lois had bought Ben was in its wooden crate with a red ribbon around it, there was a gift-wrapped box in Ben's closet which Lois hoped was an electric mixer—and all was well with her world. Until her mother telephoned.

"I'm offering two doting grandparents as baby sitters tonight," Lois's mother said. "You and Ben are due for a gala dinner and a festive evening downtown. Our treat. Unless you have other plans?"

"We do," Lois said firmly. "A simple dinner. Right here. Followed by a quiet evening, shoes off, watching television."

"Nonsense! Where's your sense of romance? Anyway, who wants to wash dishes on an anniversary night? So we'll consider it settled, dear," Lois's mother said. And hung up.

"Parents!" Lois said, forgetting that she was one herself. Now she'd have to break the news to Ben that willy-nilly they were being given a night on the town—

She stopped short. *Once upon a time,* Lois recalled, *there had been a young man and a young girl and another night on the town. They had gone to the Blue Grotto to*

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY

celebrate falling in love and to drink a toast to their future together. Their table had faced the lake and, as the moon rose over the water, they had looked into each other's eyes and talked in low-voiced raptures of their hopes and dreams and aspirations while the hours passed like a heartbeat. . . .

"Mmh." Lois said. She and Ben had a fine, solid, down-to-earth marriage. She was positive about that. But what had happened to all that—moonlight? She picked up the telephone and called Ben. It was high time indeed for the Tates to keep a nostalgic date with their past!

"The Blue Grotto?" Ben said. "You expect me to drive all the way out there tonight, bucking traffic the whole distance, merely because your mother insists we celebrate with hoopla and festivity?"

It was not an auspicious start toward renewing an old romance.

But the Blue Grotto was still the Blue Grotto. The pale imitation stalactites still hung in icy glitter from the ceiling—and the service was just as slow as ever. Although, once upon a time, that hadn't mattered at all. Lois cupped her chin in her hands and looked at Ben, trying to recapture that long-ago night. But it remained as unreal as a pressed flower in a memory book. *This is just —us,* she thought. *Ben and Lois Tate, parents of three children, owners of a small house with a gradually decreasing mortgage. I wonder what ever became of that boy and girl who once looked into each other's eyes here at the Blue Grotto?*

She sighed. She hoped her mother would remember that Pamela could never fall asleep without her Raggedy Ann doll beside her.

The drinks came, finally—just as the moon rose high above the water. Ben raised his glass to hers.

"To our future. Together," he said, his voice unexpectedly husky as he repeated their toast of that long ago night.

Lois's breath caught in her throat. They drank, looking into each other's eyes while the moonlight cast its shining benediction upon them and time stood still. . . .

It also dragged. They dined. They even danced. But, after all, a married couple can spend only so much time gazing into each other's eyes without feeling silly. Since they do have a home to go to. If they want to.

"Did your mother set any deadline on how long we were expected to play captive audience to this celebration?" Ben said, stifling a yawn.

Lois sighed. "In the Romance Event the Tates certainly take the booby prize! But do we *dare* show up at home this early?"

"It's our home, isn't it?" Ben said. "So who has a better right to show up there than we do? At any hour we please?"

The lights were dimmed in the living room. Lois's parents were sitting bolt upright on the sofa, fast asleep. They were holding hands as though they had been having an unabashed sentimental time remembering anniversary nights of their own. They awoke, blinking.

"Back so early?" Lois's mother said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Wonderful!" Lois tried to register stars in her eyes. "But after we celebrated, we—well, we just wanted to come home!"

She said it defiantly. But her parents were smiling at each other.

"Of course, dear," Lois's mother said. "Naturally, after that, you wanted to come home."

They have something—wonderful, together, Lois thought, waving them good-by from the front porch. *I used to be certain that Ben and I had it, too. But now I don't know—*

When she came back into the house, Ben was whistling and uncrating the drill press. "Just because a man looks at a drill press in a catalogue once in a while, does that mean you have to buy it for him?" he said. He was trying to sound angry, but not succeeding. "Your present is on the hall table."

It was an electric mixer. Lois left it on the hall table. She saw that Pamela's Raggedy Ann doll was on the floor. She didn't pick it up. She walked into the dark quiet of their bedroom and pressed her forehead against the window pane. The whole backyard was flooded with moonlight, but she couldn't have cared less. She heard Ben's footsteps behind her. She didn't turn around. Not even when he circled her waist with his hands.

"Listen, you did want an electric mixer, didn't you?" he said.

"Uh huh." Lois blinked back tears. "But maybe what I should have wanted was something to—to keep the moonlight in our marriage! Like—well, like a black chiffon nightie—"

Ben hooted and kissed the nape of her neck. "Leave black chiffon to the jaded," he advised. "Personally, I like you better plain."

"Honestly!" Lois said and blushed in the darkness.

"Incidentally, I picked up something else for you today. Nothing much, really," Ben said. He handed Lois a small square box, wrapped in plain paper. Inside was a brooch made of some strange wood, carved and dark and delicate. "It comes from Sumatra," Ben said. And there was wistfulness in his voice. "There's a shop near the office, run by a guy who's sort of a beachcomber. Every so often he just locks up and wanders around the world, picking up things here and there."

She had almost forgotten that time, just before they became engaged, when Ben had talked of taking a job on a tramp steamer for a year or two of adventure. She looked at the tiny carving in the palm of her hand. A present to his love from a man who had chosen a small house with a gradually decreasing mortgage instead of wandering free. . . .

"Oh, Ben!" she whispered. Then she was in his arms, and he was holding her as tightly as when they had first fallen in love and could not bear to let go of a moment.

After a while she said, "Some day, darling! We'll go to all those places. Together. When the children are grown."

"Sure," Ben said comfortably. He rubbed his chin against her hair. "That drill press is a honey. Want some new kitchen cabinets?"

"Mmh," Lois said. Smiling, she leaned against his shoulder. *You fall in love along a path of moonlight,* she thought. *And you build a marriage and nail it down tight with kids and quarrels and kitchen cabinets. But the moonlight is still there.*

There was a sleepy wail from the twins' room. And before they could even turn around, Pamela showed up, clutching her nightgown. "I had a great big scary dream!" Pamela said, her eyes enormous. Then she saw her Raggedy Ann doll on the floor. "Oh, *there* you are!" she said and held it tight.

Ben and Lois grinned crookedly at each other. The wail from the twins' room deepened. "Happy anniversary!" Lois said. "And here we go again!"

"What else?" Ben said. He hoisted Pamela on his shoulder and crooked his arm to Lois. "Hup!" Ben said. "Hup! Hup!"

Arm in arm, the Tates marched down the hall together. . . . THE END

COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES ★

Fifty-Cent Guess

by Jean C. Clark

You could tell just to look at her that she wasn't going to work in an office forever. Maybe it was the gentle curve of her cheek or the soft look in her brown eyes or maybe—well, Sandy Jordan wasn't sure, but he knew. And he knew that, when Joan did stop working some day, permanently, he wanted it to be because he had asked her to. And he also knew that it was a wild, foolish dream.

Ralph, the fellow who sat across from him in the Purchasing Department, had caught him looking at her the week Sandy started working there. "It's no use, pal. She's all sewed up."

"With you?"

"Heck, no. I don't know who the guy is, but I've asked her twice for dates, and she always says she's sorry, but she doesn't believe in mixing business with pleasure."

Sandy studied Ralph. There were two kinds of men in the world, Sandy had decided back five years before when he had turned seventeen. There were the kind like Ralph who have that sure knowledge that they are attractive to women and act accordingly. And then there were the nondescript kind like himself who wouldn't dare ask for a date until a woman had given him some sign that she might say yes.

"Thanks," Sandy said. "I was just window-shopping, I guess." But he knew he was lying.

They worked together in a pleasantly impersonal way. Once they bent together over a catalog and her silky brown hair brushed his cheek. Chaos broke out inside him and came out in dampness on his forehead.

She smiled at him. "You're not worrying about your job, are you?" she asked. "You're doing so well, you know. When Mr. Conley retires, I bet they'll pick you to be Purchasing Agent."

Right after that, he thought that he would come right out and ask her for a date. But always he'd remember that, once she was asked and once he was refused, all his dreams would be over.

They had just one thing to talk about that didn't have anything to do with business. It was the office pool which Ralph had originated. Whenever Mr. Conley went to lunch, he always told them when he would be back. If he said one o'clock, he might return any time from twelve-thirty to two-thirty.

"Say," Ralph said one day, "what do you say the three of us start a pool? Every day each of us will put fifty cents in the pool along with a slip of paper with our guess on what time Mr. Conley is going to come back from lunch. Whoever makes the closest guess gets the buck and a half."

"Sounds like fun," Joan said, and Sandy agreed.

For two weeks they operated their pool and during that time Joan won once and Ralph won the other nine times. Sandy didn't win at all.

On the following Monday, Joan said, "Look, fellows, I'm going to be frank with you. I don't make a fortune here and I really can't afford this fifty cents a day."

"Sure," Ralph said smoothly. "But I have an idea. Sandy and I will each contribute fifty cents. If you win, you get the money. But"—his face took on a rakish look—"if either of us wins, he gets to take you out."

Her cheeks flushed slightly. "Is that such an incentive?"

"It sure is. How about it, Sandy?"

"Sure," said Sandy. His voice came out gruff and funny.

"All right," she said with a slow smile. "I haven't been very lucky. Isn't there an old saying about a gambler's luck changing?"

It came to Sandy that, if anyone's luck was due for a change, it was his. So far, he hadn't won at all.

That day Mr. Conley went out at one-fifteen after everyone else had returned. Joan said she thought he'd be back at two o'clock. Ralph picked three o'clock and Sandy, because Mr. Conley had during the past week taken an average of an hour and a quarter a day, picked two-thirty.

The next hour was a tense one. At two-fifteen Ralph said, "Well, Beautiful, you've lost. Better reconcile yourself to a date with me."

"Sandy hasn't lost yet," she said.

"But he will. He just isn't lucky."

Sandy didn't dare say out loud that the time comes in every gambler's life when his luck changes for fear of altering the course his luck would surely take. He knew he was going to win.

But Mr. Conley didn't come; the hands of the clock crept forward, and Sandy felt the sureness fall away from him. The minute hand stood suspended at two fifty-nine and then clicked to three o'clock just as the office door opened and Mr. Conley appeared.

"I won!" said Ralph. "Not that I want to gloat or anything. I was just born lucky, I guess." He rubbed his hands together. "All morning I've been planning the kind of evening we're going to—"

"Not *evening*," Joan said. "Nothing was ever said about an evening date. You may take me to lunch any day this week."

"*Lunch!*" exploded Ralph. "Now, wait a minute. . . ."

Her face was calm. "I'm sorry there was a misunderstanding, Ralph. If you had meant an evening date, you should have said so."

Ralph muttered something, got up and went out of the office.

In spite of the disappointment that he still felt, Sandy couldn't help being amused. He knew why Ralph was angry—a wolf can't get very far on a luncheon date.

"Kind of put one over on him, didn't you?" he said.

Joan nodded. "But he deserved it. He knew I didn't want to go out with him. I told him so a long time ago."

Sandy stared at her. There was an answer here somewhere, but the way she was looking at him made it almost impossible for him to think clearly.

And then it came to him. If she had consented to playing the pool today and had not wanted to go out with Ralph, then perhaps it was because she was hoping that he—Sandy—would win. Maybe she even knew that he lacked the courage to ask her for a date. It was just the sign he had been waiting for.

"There's a place near where I live where the food's awfully good and I was wondering if you—" He lost his voice, cleared his throat and found it again. "On Friday night they have a special—"

"Friday night?" she said. "I'd love to."

She smiled and Sandy thought he had never seen anyone so beautiful. You could tell just to look at her that she wasn't going to work in an office forever. . . . THE END

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ★

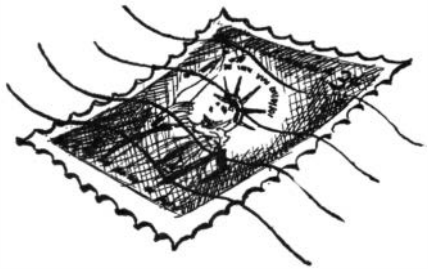
MORE HONORS FOR JULIE

● **In 1952, Julie Harris** won one of REDBOOK's Motion Picture Awards as the best actress of the year for her performance in "Member of the Wedding," her first screen role. Julie, who is still in her twenties, has continued to win prizes ever since. That same year she won the Donaldson Award as the best actress on the stage, for her portrayal in the leading role of "I Am a Camera." This year she won the "Tony" Award, the theater's highest honor, for her performance as Joan of Arc in "The Lark." She has also been given the Barter Theater Award for the best performance of the season. Established by the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, sixteen years ago, this prize makes Julie a landowner, since an acre of Virginia countryside goes with the award.

Her portrayal of Joan, which won raves from all the critics, is a simple and humane one. Her deep understanding of the character makes the Maid of Orleans a dedicated young girl, plausible and convincing.

Julie's career as an actress is an inspiring one. After studying dramatics for several years, she finally hit Broadway and appeared in eleven plays, none of which ran as much as ten weeks, and some expired in a week. Her big break came when, at 24, she played the 12-year-old tomboy in "Member of the Wedding." Three major roles have established her as the best actress of her era.

Plain and childlike, Julie comes from a wealthy Detroit family. With her second husband, Manning Gurian, and young son, Peter, she lives a quiet life in mid-Manhattan. Last year she was seen on the screen in "East of Eden" and in the film version of "I Am a Camera."



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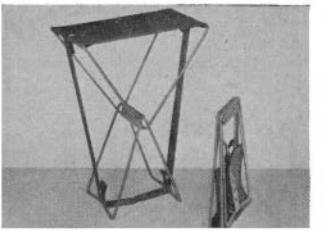

A sporting idea! Fold-up seat fits into your pocket. Sturdy steel frame, covered with canvas, can hold a 300-lb. man. Imported from England, it's high on our list of gift ideas for a camper or fisherman. Opens to 14" high x 10½" x 5¾". $2.75 ppd. Edward H. Ziff, Dept. R-8, Box 3072, Mdse. Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Ill.

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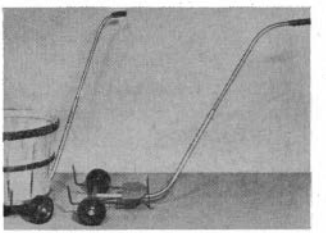
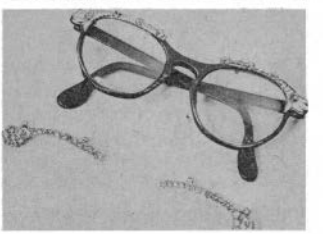
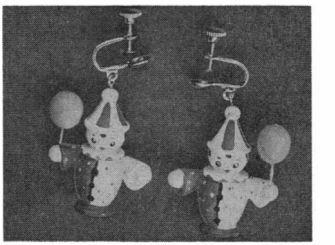


A Karry Kart is the most versatile pair of wheels we've seen for hauling groceries, laundry or trash cans. Of lightweight steel and aluminum, it rolls easily on rubber tires and will support over 100 lbs. Kart, with bushel basket and plastic liner, $6.98 ppd. Kart alone, $5.98. Order from Herman Opt, 203-R Market St., Newark 2, N. J.



Girls who wear glasses will garner lots of passes with dazzling Spec-Glamorizers. Snap-on jeweled rims, with adjustable clips, fit any eyeglass frames. Your choice of "diamonds," sapphire blue stones on silver, or rhinestones and pearls on gold. Each pair, $1 ppd. From Ruth Brawer, Box 4035, Dept. R-8, Tucson, Ariz.



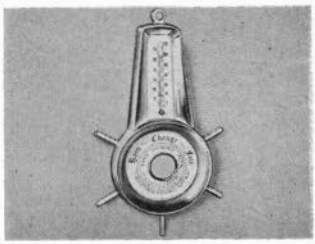
Step right up and see the gayest earrings on earth! Tiny wooden clowns, imported from Italy, are hand-painted in colorful circus costumes that are perfectly detailed to the last ruffle. You'll love wearing these funny fellows with summer cottons. $1 ppd.; 3 prs., $2.75. Tartaglia Imports, Dept. R2, Laguna Beach, Calif.

Fresh, cold juice on a hot day—mmm good! Your guests will be refreshed by the very sight of this frosty, colorful juice set. Of white glazed ceramic, 9"-tall pitcher and 6 matching tumblers are decorated with luscious fruits in raised designs. Set, $2.95 plus 25¢ postage. The Added Touch, Dept. R-8, Wynnewood, Pa.

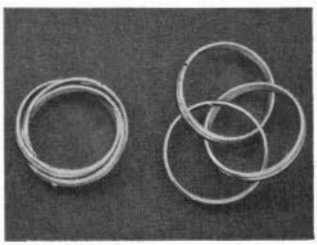
• Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No COD's please.) Unless personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering.

Tops In The Shops

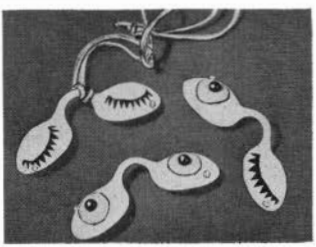
Travel Bingo keeps kids occupied for hours on long trips. Youngsters spot familiar highway objects and mark them off on cards which are patterned on both sides. The lucky lad or lass who's first to get 5 across wins. 8 reusable cards and 4 special crayons, $1 ppd. Miles Kimball, 22 Algoma Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis.



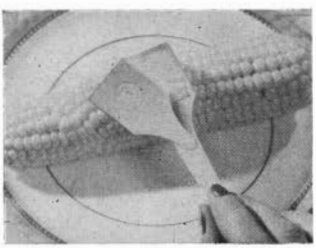
Weather forecaster gives you the temperature and tomorrow's weather at one glance. Colors change to indicate fair, rainy or changing weather. 9½" tall, of tarnishproof plastic that looks like highly polished ship's brass, it's a handsome wall decoration. $1 ppd. Order from Matina Co., 175 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



Love rings the finger of your beloved when he or she wears interwoven rings that are a romantic Old World custom. Handmade of solid sterling silver, 3 intertwining circlets form a new design every time the ring is twisted. For men or women, $3.95 ppd. 2 for $7.50. Old Pueblo Traders, Box 4035, Dept. RI, Tucson, Ariz.

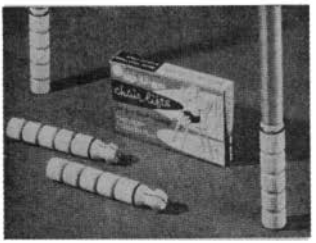


Snoozles fit over your eyes and block out the sun so your face can tan evenly. Hand-painted to simulate a wide-awake look, a flirting wink or restful repose, they permit you to snooze undisturbed. Of plastic with a gold cord to hang around your neck, $1.25 ppd. 2 for $2.35. Red Oaks, Dept. R-8, Prairie View, Ill.

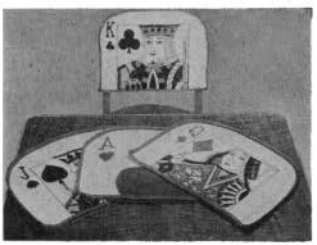


A bit of butter is better on the corn than on the plate or on your fingers. Place a pat of butter in the ingenious yellow polyethylene spreader. As you slide it across the ear of corn, just the right amount melts through. Set of 4, $1 ppd. 2 sets, $1.90; 3, $2.75. Alan Sales Corp., 75-10 Rockaway Blvd., Woodhaven 21, N. Y.

Glitter-flies to clip in your hair create a twinkling, fanciful effect. Star-dusted metal butterflies, in assorted misty pastels, clip on—and *stay* on—tresses, dresses or any soft fabric. Or scatter a few on a sheer stole, wool cardigan or tiny clutch purse. Set of 8 assorted, $1 ppd. Rajah Enterprises, Box 261-R, Englewood, N. J.



Give a lift to young 'uns who are still too small to reach the top of the dining table. Up-U-Go's convert any chrome or aluminum tubular chair into a youth chair. Merely drive hardwood lifts into the legs. Adjustable in height and as secure as your chair, set of 4 is just $1.25 ppd. Order from Up-U-Go, Box 736-R, Laramie, Wyo.



High honors go to gay chair covers cushioned with foam. Of washable white cotton blazoned with giant card designs, they're trimmed with red. 16" x 12" high, they slip over standard bridge chairs for an added splash of color and comfort. Set of 4, $4.95 plus 25¢ postage. Helen Gallagher, 413-R Fulton St., Peoria 2. Ill.

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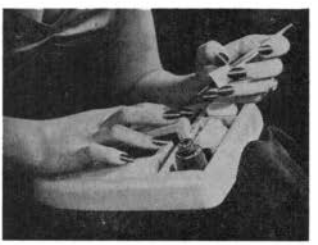

A good manicure begins with a convenient handrest that raises one finger at a time and fits on your lap, the arm of a chair or any flat surface. Spillproof wells hold polish, cotton, remover and files. Manicur-ette, in ivory or chartreuse plastic, $1 ppd. Cal-Del Co., P.O. Box S688, Crenshaw Sta., Los Angeles 8, Calif.

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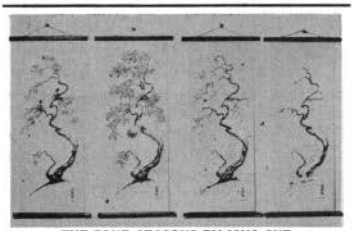

THE FOUR SEASONS BY ISYA SUE

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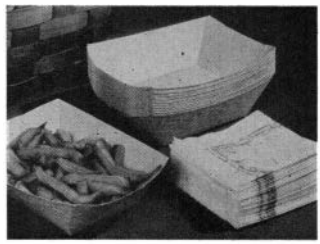
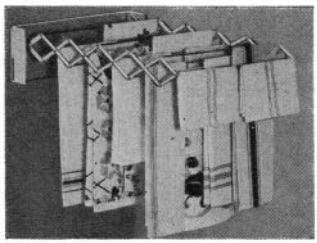
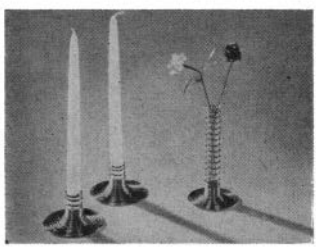


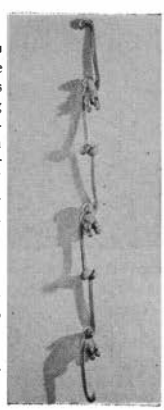
Folding wall dryer extends to give you 15' of indoor drying space. Perfect as an extra towel rack in the kitchen or for drip-drying over the tub in the bathroom, accordion metal dryer measures 18" x 16" x 3" when closed. Finished in ivory, $3.95 ppd. From Dunkel & Sons, 1415-R Foster Ave., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

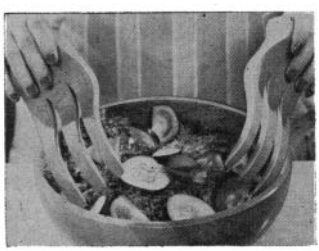


Wired for compliments! Original in design, modern trio for a buffet supper is made of spiraling wire and finished in copper, nickel, black oxide or brass. 6"-tall bud vase with unbreakable vial insert or matching pair of candlesticks, $1.98 ppd. Complete 3-piece set, $3.69. H. Guernsey, Dept. R, Box 418, Van Nuys, Calif.



Monkeyshines are amusing little cast-iron monkeys that are fun to hang anywhere. Originally used in Japan to suspend pots over fireplaces, each is 8" tall and has oversized paws that hook over any edge. Set of 3, to hang separately or to join together to form a whopping 24" chain, $1.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Dept. R-8, Orange, N. J.





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JUST FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE . . .

Page 26 of this issue offers a number of good reasons why you might enjoy TOPS IN THE SHOPS. But the best reasons of all start on page 27, where TOPS begins. Why not sit down and go shopping!

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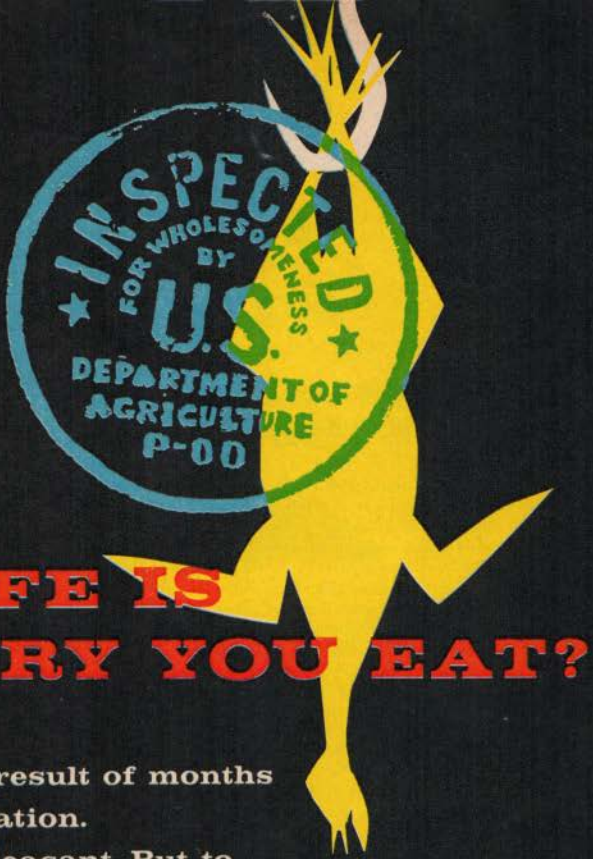
BY RUTH AND EDWARD BRECHER



HOW SAFE IS THE POULTRY YOU EAT?

This article is the result of months of painstaking investigation. The facts are not pleasant. But to protect your family's health, you must know them—and what to do about them

● IT HAPPENS IN many families. No doubt it happens occasionally in yours.

For company dinner you serve roast chicken complete with stuffing, and everyone remarks how delicious it tastes. But a few hours later, one of the children complains of feeling sick at his stomach. He runs a fever, develops stomach cramps and suffers from diarrhea – perhaps also headache and vomiting. Soon another member of your family falls ill, and then another.

According to reports forwarded each week by state health officials to the U.S. Public Health Service: Somewhere between one-fourth and one-third of all foodborne disease outbreaks investigated in the United States during the past few years have been associated with poultry or poultry dishes!

Sworn affidavits from poultry-plant employees – members of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, an AFL-CIO union – have been collected as part of the union's drive to clean up poultry processing throughout the country. They describe conditions so revolting

"The average housewife has less than one

that we wouldn't ask you to read about them if your own health did not depend on learning the facts and if your support were not needed for local, state and federal cleanup efforts. Here is a typical affidavit:

"My name is Ruth V———and I am a resident of ———. A large percentage of the chickens processed at this plant during the past year were sick. . . . I also processed many chickens that were full of worms. . . . They were very much alive. . . . When I asked the supervisors what to do about these chickens, I was told to scrape them out and send them on down the line."

Another affidavit describes chickens with scabs or sores on their bodies and then adds: "After taking the skin off or cutting the sores off, I would pack them in boxes and see them loaded on trucks to be taken to market. Others would have different parts that had turned green and would have the green parts cut off and the rest of the carcass would be packed and loaded for market."

Perhaps you think that this doesn't concern you, since the poultry you buy is obviously in fine condition. But don't be too sure. Even a chicken or turkey in the prime of health at the moment of slaughter may be seriously—and invisibly—contaminated by the time it leaves the slaughtering plant.

"In far too many plants," says Dr. Oscar Sussman, chief veterinarian of the New Jersey State Department of Public Health, "sick poultry and well poultry are handled by the same employees, scalded in the same pots, cut open on the same tables and chilled in the same vats, so that even though only one chicken in a hundred is infected to begin with, the whole hundred may be shipped to market carrying any one of some 26 diseases which are shared by man and bird."

Modern methods do not insure sound poultry

The story behind this national poultry scandal should interest all housewives—but particularly the younger generation. Older women can still remember, of course, the days when they purchased poultry alive, or at least with the head and insides still intact. Housewives in those days used to examine a bird carefully before buying it and knew how to make their selection on the basis of external good health. Later, at home, they inspected the liver, gizzard and other internal organs. If they saw signs of disease, the bird went back to the butcher. But the young housewife today has no such safeguard. Most of the poultry she buys is "ready to cook." Although this is an excellent way of buying if the poultry is healthy originally and is processed under sanitary conditions, it permits and even encourages the marketing of infected carcasses.

Fortunately, there are methods by which you can protect your family from poultry-borne infections—simple methods which you can apply in your own kitchen, but which are known to few young housewives today. We want to tell you about these methods and also about proposals for assuring that poultry is clean and safe to eat *before* it reaches your kitchen.

For fifty years now it has been illegal to ship beef, pork, lamb or other red-meat products in interstate commerce unless they have been slaughtered under sanitary conditions and inspected by Government veterinarians. Many states also have compulsory meat-inspection laws. The results have been excellent; housewives throughout the country buy meat with confidence.

But when the meat-inspection laws were being passed, the poultry business was still relatively small, and poultry was not included under the laws.

True, there is a Government inspection service. But this inspection is voluntary rather than compulsory, and must be paid for by the poultry processor. Only those conscientious companies that are willing to pay the costs have Government inspectors on duty.

The result is that reliable companies use the voluntary inspection service, but the unscrupulous and unsanitary companies—the ones most in need of inspection—ship their poultry uninspected. *Less than one-fourth of the poultry marketed in the United States today has been subjected to Federal inspection!*

Even 20 years ago the problem was not too serious since poultry was for the most part slaughtered and processed on a relatively small scale. Then, during World War II, shortages of beef and pork tremendously expanded the market for ready-to-cook poultry. As compared with 143,000,000 broilers marketed in 1940, more than 1,000,000,000 were marketed last year. We now eat nearly 7,000,000,000 pounds of poultry a year for which we pay about $4,000,000,000.

For a closer look at the conditions under which some of our poultry is processed today, consider this description of one large poultry plant visited in 1955 by inspectors from the Veterinary Meat Inspection Division of the City of Newark, New Jersey:

"Receiving platform—accumulation of manure and dead chickens . . . weighing scales unsanitary with accumulation of rust and cobwebs. . . . Wooden feeding troughs have accumulation of dirt, cobwebs and rusted pipes. . . . Sewer gutters contain an accumulation of stagnant waters and waste materials. . . . Accumulation of feathers strewn over floor. . . . Undigested food from chicken crops allowed to contaminate poultry. . . . Poultry not cleaned and washed prior to chilling. . . . No sterlizing facilities. . . . No suitable outer garments worn by most employees." Into such plants as these

chance in four of getting an inspected bird prepared in a sanitary way"

come sick chickens as well as healthy ones—and these are the very plants that lack Government inspection services.

The plants of reputable poultry processors, on the other hand, are marvels of efficiency, as well as sanitation. A farmer knows better than to ship sick poultry to these well-managed plants, for visibly unhealthy birds may be rejected at the doors. Each step in the processing is carried out under scrupulously sanitary conditions designed to prevent cross-contamination from one bird to another.

Before plucking, for example, the birds are scalded in a tank through which flows an adequate supply of fresh hot water. Better yet, hot water is sprayed on each bird individually. The birds are not cut open and drawn on a common table, but rather each bird is drawn on an individual tray which is cleaned and disinfected before re-use; or else the birds are hung on hooks and opened while hanging. A vacuum cleaner may be used to clean out the abdominal cavity, and the birds are washed inside and out with clean running water after evisceration. The final chilling, too, is performed by individual spraying rather than by immersion in a common vat.

Most important of all, a trained U. S. Department of Agriculture inspector stands over the processing line to inspect each bird and its internal organs as it passes by. Guided by Federal inspection standards, he occasionally reaches down and confiscates a bird whose liver looks suspicious or whose lungs show signs of disease. When the processing is completed, the birds that have passed inspection are packed in a sanitary manner, stamped with an emblem reading "INSPECTED FOR WHOLESOMENESS—U.S." and safely transported to your butcher shop.

"At its best," says New Jersey's Dr. Sussman, "this system of preparing ready-to-cook poultry and canned poultry products is as safe as human ingenuity can devise. Poultry is a wonderful food. I eat lots of it myself. The only problem is that the average housewife, shopping in the average butcher shop, has less than one chance in four of getting an inspected bird prepared in this sanitary way."

The safest products of all, health officials agree, are canned poultry, canned poultry soups and other canned products generally. The large canners exercise many precautions to maintain the safety and quality of their products and, if one infected chicken should slip through their safeguards, the canning process assures that no harm will result. Safe also are various precooked "chicken dinner" products sold in frozen form. With these, too, the heat used in processing before the food reaches you assures safety when you buy. Fresh or frozen poultry, if healthy in the first place and if processed, stored and transported under sanitary conditions, is an excellent foodstuff and one which need cause no concern. In contrast to all such *(Continued on page 94)*

How to Make Sure the Poultry You Eat Is Safe

RULE 1

If possible, buy only poultry that bears the "Inspected, U. S." label.

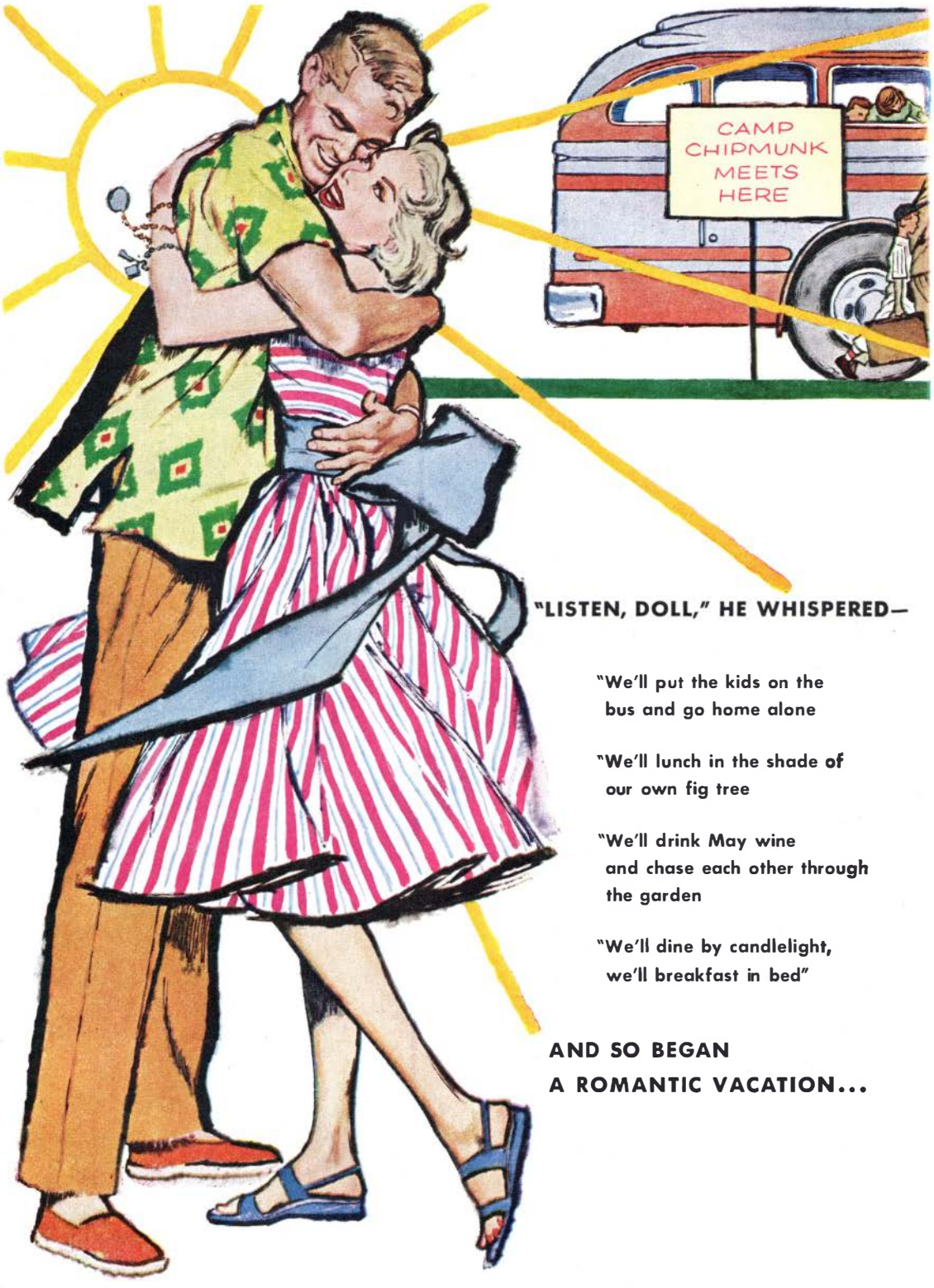
RULE 2

Take common-sense precautions when handling poultry. Spread waxed paper on your cutting board before you put poultry on it, or else scrub the board well with soap and water afterward. *Don't* just mop the board with a sponge or dishcloth. Wash the poultry under running water. And wash your hands thoroughly after handling poultry, so that no germs from the bird will be transferred to other dishes.

RULE 3

Cook all poultry, especially large roasting birds, thoroughly. This usually raises no problem with small broilers, fryers and stewing chickens, since temperatures that make the birds tender enough to eat are high enough to sterilize them. But with large roasting birds, especially turkeys, an amount of cooking sufficient to make the bird tender may only warm the stuffing to a temperature at which germs multiply. For complete safety, the interior of the stuffing should be raised to 180° F.—a point you can check with your meat thermometer.

It's also wise to delay stuffing a bird until just before cooking. Even when refrigerated, the interior of a stuffed bird often remains warm enough to incubate germs. Always remove stuffing before refrigerating or freezing leftover poultry.



"LISTEN, DOLL," HE WHISPERED—

"We'll put the kids on the bus and go home alone

"We'll lunch in the shade of our own fig tree

"We'll drink May wine and chase each other through the garden

"We'll dine by candlelight, we'll breakfast in bed"

AND SO BEGAN A ROMANTIC VACATION...

...IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

BY HARRIET FRANK, JR.
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

"Four sets of denim shorts labeled Susie, aged six; four sets of denim shorts labeled Sandra, aged seven. Two pairs of pajamas labeled Susie; two, Sandra. Two washable sweaters for Susie, two for Sandra. Six white cotton blouses tagged Susie; ditto, Sandra. Toothbrushes, underwear, plastic bandages, mercurochrome, bathing suits, comic books, candy bars, washrags, hankies, stamped envelopes, tennis shoes and their mother's last ounce of strength." So saying, my wife Janie closed two bulging suitcases and sagged into the nearest chair, staring at me blankly.

"Where are you sending the kids?" I asked. "The Antarctic? Look, it's just for two weeks at a summer camp."

"You can joke," she said in a hollow tone, "you can make light of it. You haven't embroidered billions of name tags on billions of small garments."

"I know it's rough," I offered tenderly, "but tomorrow we put them on the bus, we look after them misty-eyed and we come home . . . alone. Alone, doll, as we used to be eight years ago. Alone, with dry martinis and a houseful of double beds."

"Listen, *bon vivant*," she said with a faint smile, "tomorrow I come home, having said farewell to my children, pack a large carpetbag with a few trifles of yours and mine and we're off on what I achingly refer to as my vacation."

"I've been thinking about that," I said slowly.

"So have I. For one solid year."

"I know," I answered tentatively, "but what does it all add up to? We hop in the car; we drive till we're beat. We get to a resort. They stick us in a room next door to a high-liver who keeps late hours with low company. You unpack. There are not enough clothes hangers. You announce you don't have the right kind of clothes and you'll look like a frump. I deny it. So we're both unhappy already. Then we go for a swim. There are seventeen children in the pool with us. We dry out. I get sunburned. From then on in I'm on the golf course all day, and you're getting your ear bent by the *hausfraus* around the pool. At night my back aches, the drinks are watered and we can either dance to a crumby combo or see two old western movies on television. So what?"

"So what?" said Janie startled. "What do you mean, *so what?* After eleven months of *kinder* and *kuchen* I regard that as a bacchanal. I come out of my shell. I paint my toenails. I dress for dinner. I turn into John's Other Wife."

"It *sounds* good." I said depreciatingly, "but I don't know. If you ask me, it's just a restful rat race instead of the regular rat race; that's all."

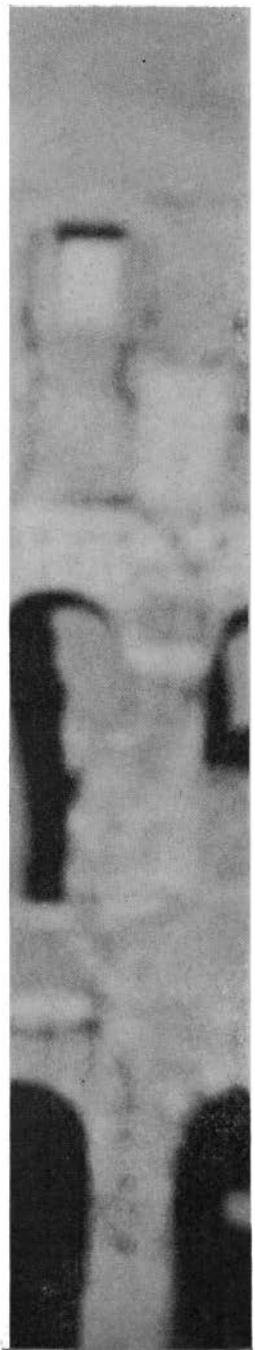
"One moment, Alan Stewart. Are you by any chance suggesting

(Continued on page 74)

THE ORDEAL OF Ingrid Bergman

Seven years ago her love affair created an international scandal. Now, for the first time, she tells her story—with surprising frankness

BY ROBERT J. LEVIN



In March, 1949, Ingrid Bergman left her husband and child in America and went to Italy to make a picture. By the end of May, newspapers were printing rumors of her romance with the Italian director, Roberto Rossellini. And in December, 1949, a Hollywood gossip columnist reported that Bergman was expecting a baby in three months. The subsequent storm of publicity and public disapproval brought Ingrid Bergman to the brink of a nervous breakdown. She has not been back to this country since.

Now, almost seven years later, her long trial by public opinion seems to be over. Her dignity and courage during these past years have been impressive. The American public will soon see her first picture for a major American studio since she divorced her husband and married Rossellini—"Anastasia," produced by 20th Century-Fox. And she herself is now able to discuss calmly and without bitterness why she did what she did, what happened to her as a result and how she feels about it.

We talked in the drawing room of her hotel suite in Paris. She was wearing a simple blouse, plain skirt and flat-heeled shoes, with no jewelry except her wedding ring. As usual, she was without make-up. At the age of 39, she still needs none.

"I don't know where it all began," she said. "Who knows where anything *really* begins? I'd been restless in Hollywood for a long time. It's not that I disliked Hollywood. I don't. It gave me a wonderful career and lots of money, and I'm grateful.

"But all they ever talked about, out there, was this producer or that one, or how taxes were killing them, or what picture this person was doing. It was so *dull!* Often, after I'd finished a movie and had stayed around the house for a while, I'd want to see some plays and hear a few concerts, and I'd sort of run away to New York. I like that city. It's alive.

"My restlessness in Hollywood kept getting stronger. I was tired of making the same kind of pictures. I wanted to be in a

The happiness of the Rossellini family refutes critics who predicted the marriage wouldn't last a year.

"They thought I was a saint. I'm not. I'm just a human being . . . and human beings make mistakes"

movie about real people in a real world. But in Hollywood they all said that, when the housewife is through washing dishes, she doesn't go to the movies to see someone else washing dishes. I thought maybe they were right."

Her own successes would have given her reason to think so. She made three films in 1946, and they were tremendous hits. As half-breed *Clio Dulaine*, in "Saratoga Trunk," she sat at the piano singing French-Creole songs to Gary Cooper, and her projection of sex electrified audiences everywhere. Her versatility could scarcely have been more strikingly illustrated than by the fact that, in the same year, her performance as a nun in "The Bells of St. Mary's," and as a psychiatrist in "Spellbound," earned her the N. Y. Film Critics Acting Award.

In 1947, she turned eagerly to a new challenge: the Broadway theater. Again she triumphed, this time in Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," and the Drama League of N. Y. singled out her portrayal as the season's "most distinguished performance." In 1948, with "Arch of Triumph" and "Joan of Arc" on U. S. screens, the Women's National Press Club named Ingrid Bergman as the Number One actress of the nation.

She was also the highest paid actress, and she was adored by the American public. Her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, had turned from dentistry to medicine and was establishing a reputation as a surgeon. Together with their nine-year-old daughter, Pia, they lived quietly and, it seemed, tranquilly in Beverly Hills. Ingrid Bergman's cup seemed to be brimming over.

But "Arch of Triumph" was an artistic and financial failure. "Joan of Arc" proved to be a better film but, paradoxically, a greater failure because so much more was expected of it.

Here Ingrid Bergman's own nature set into motion a fateful series of events. If she had been able to ignore the two disappointing productions, consoling herself by adding up her bank balance and by polishing the Academy Award Oscar she had won in 1944 for "Gaslight," her career would probably have continued as smoothly as it had proceeded from the day David Selznick brought her from Sweden to America, in 1939.

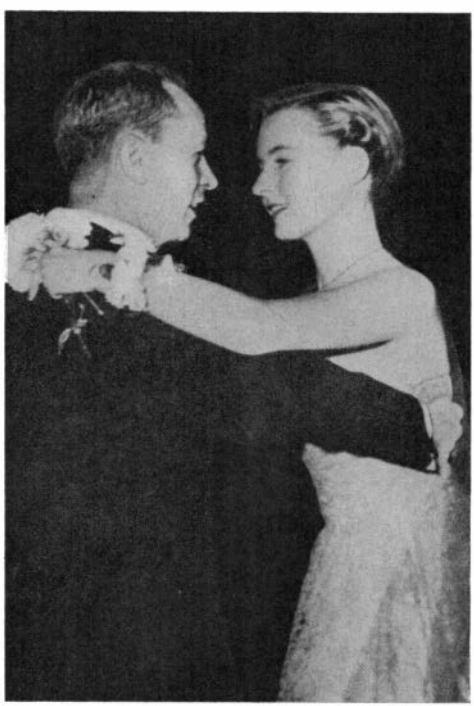
Her sharp critical instincts, however, gave her no peace. Her vague feeling of restlessness now found something to focus on—the two films that had turned out poorly. Hollywood offered her nothing but "more of the same, only more so." She wanted a greater challenge.

"People asked me why I ran away from America," she remarked quietly. "I didn't run away. I loved being on Broadway. If there had been another play for me, I would have stayed. But there wasn't a thing. I had to look somewhere else."

It wasn't by chance that she looked toward Italy. A year earlier, she had seen a film that had moved her deeply—Roberto Rossellini's "Open City." With its dramatic force and overwhelming quality of being rooted in this world and this time, and the powerful, seemingly spontaneous performance of the players, this picture was in striking contrast to Hollywood's polished and often innocuous productions.

His next film was "Paisan," which was played in New York during one of Ingrid Bergman's visits.

"When I saw it," she explained, "I thought, 'One terrific movie can be luck—*(Continued on page 82)*



Ingrid's daughter, Pia, lives with her father, Peter Lindstrom. She has changed her name to Jenny Ann.

For three summers Joe Ferris had had the job as lifeguard at Windmar, a small, mildly fashionable summer colony along the northern shore. It had a shallow beach, gently sloping, not hard to police. Joe knew it well; he lived there.

He came on duty every morning at ten o'clock, walking from his mother's house five blocks away, in the unfashionable section, where the permanent residents lived. He wore a striped bathrobe and rubber sandals, and the lunch his mother had packed swung from his hand.

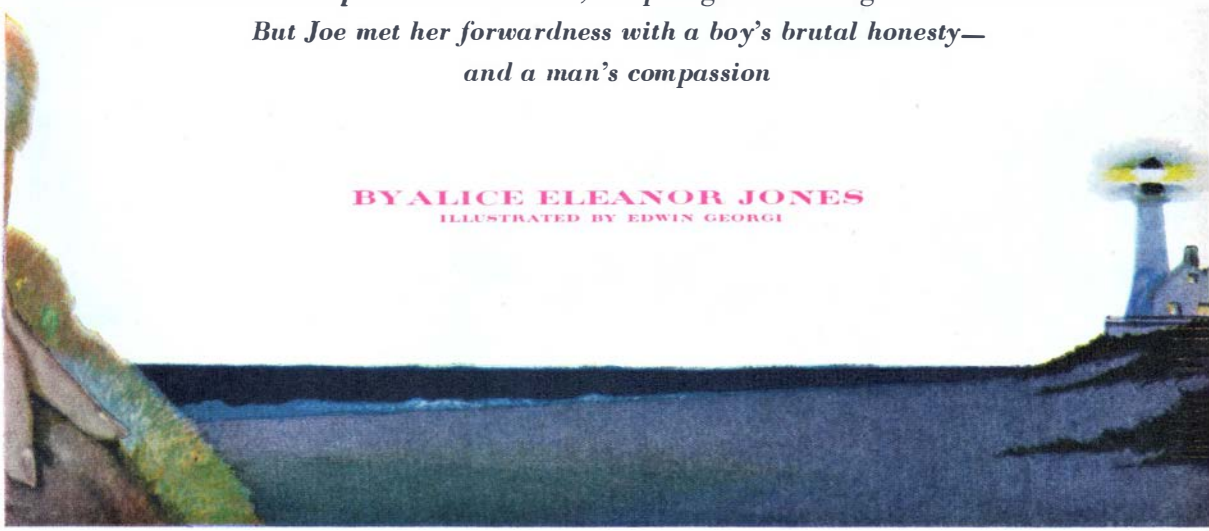
He walked unhurriedly, his face calm. He was not a handsome young man, although he had fine eyes, and he was not tall and had no spectacular muscles. When he took off his robe, however, it was evident that he was very well put together. He had grown as much as he ever would; he had a man's body, even to the frill of hair on his chest; and his face was a man's face. He was nineteen years old.

He had never had to make a rescue—blowing his whistle had been enough—until the morning Dorrie Hauser, aged eighteen, disregarded the whistle and kept on swimming out. When he reached her, her lips were blue, her teeth chattered and she had begun

ENCOUNTER ON THE BEACH

Spoiled and reckless, she plunged into danger. But Joe met her forwardness with a boy's brutal honesty— and a man's compassion

BY ALICE ELEANOR JONES
ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI



to panic. She gasped, "Stomach—hurts," and doubled over.

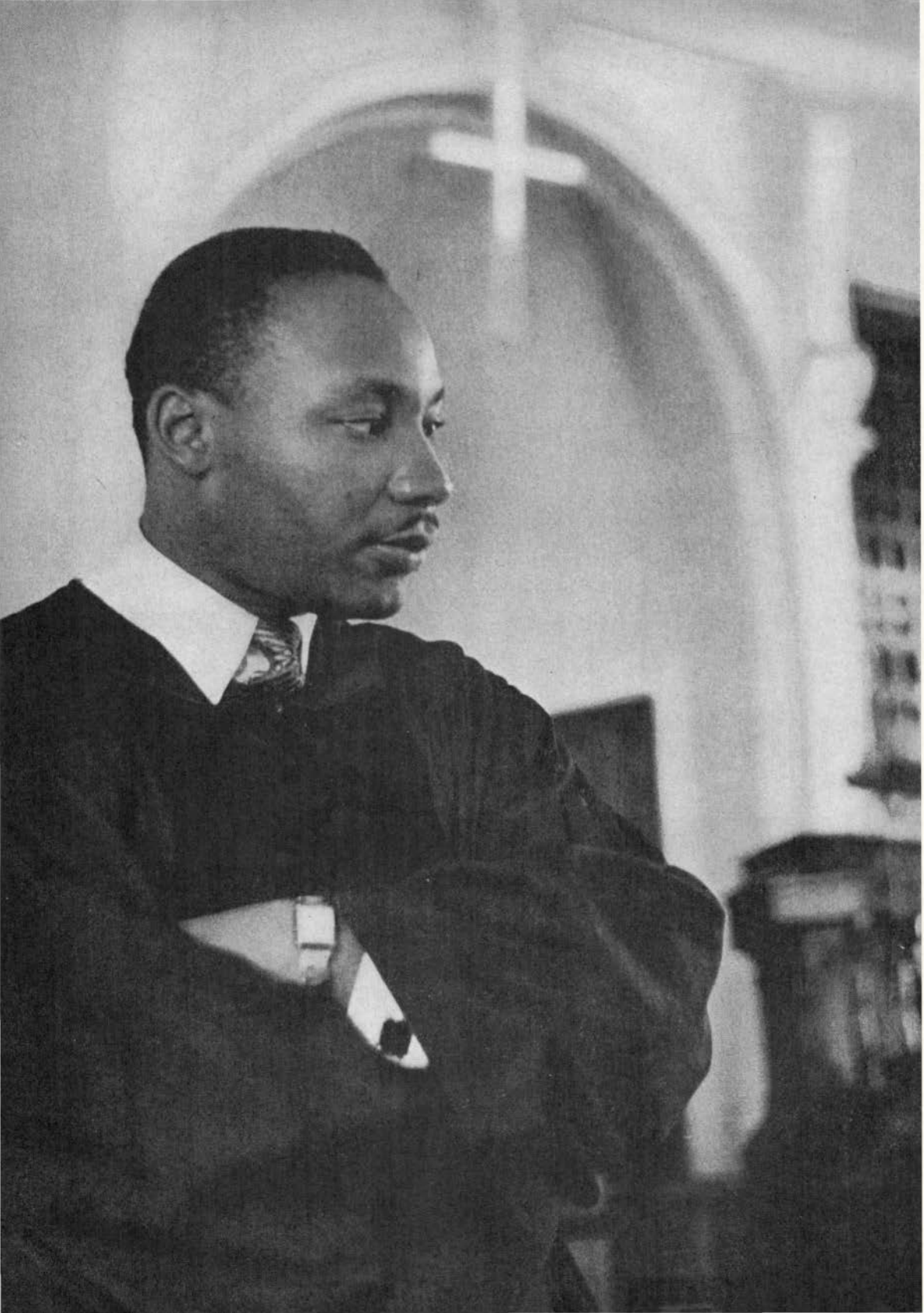
He brought her in, revived her at the Aid Station and held her head while she vomited into a basin supplied by the elderly practical nurse who was his only staff. Then he surrendered her to her parents, who had been called from the beach hotel, acknowledged their incoherent thanks and returned to his place on the platform chair with the torn canopy over it, shaken but not showing it.

When her father called at his house and wanted to give him money, Joe said merely, "No, thanks," and at last Adolf Hauser had left, shaking his head.

Two afternoons later Dorrie Hauser stood beside the platform and asked, "Can I talk to you?"

Joe looked down at her. She was a blonde girl, moderately tall and maturely developed, as the strapless blue bathing suit made clear. She had large light eyes, a sensual mouth and beautiful pale hair, long and slightly curling. She appeared to have recovered fully. He said, "If you want."

She gave him a slanting, upward look under her long eyelashes, which was no less charming because she knew it was, and said, *(Continued on page 86)*



Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was chosen to lead the Negroes of Montgomery, Alabama, in their boycott of the local bus company in order to protest racial segregation. In the ensuing turmoil, he has been threatened and arrested. While he was speaking at a meeting one night, his home was bombed. Mrs. King and their daughter Yolanda were at home. But Dr. King continued his activities, which included organizing daily car pools for Negro riders.

A young minister, leading his people in one of the South's most explosive struggles, preaches a new and striking message . . .

"OUR WEAPON IS LOVE"

BY WILLIAM PETERS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT SIMMONS-PIX

● **Ten to twenty times a day,** the telephone brought curses, obscenities and threats against his life. Over the months, he suffered continuous harassment, arrest and, finally, conviction in court of leading an illegal conspiracy. One night, a bomb—thrown from a passing car—exploded on the front porch of the modest frame house in which he, his young wife and infant daughter live.

He is the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., 27-year-old pastor of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church of Montgomery, Alabama, and leader of the highly effective Negro boycott of the city's buses. His response to the campaign against him has been clear and consistent:

"If we are arrested every day," he told Montgomery's Negroes, "if we are exploited every day, if we are trampled over every day, don't ever let anyone pull you so low as to hate him.

"We must use the weapon of love," he said. This is a new and striking doctrine to preach in the explosive atmosphere prevailing in the South since the U. S. Supreme Court's decision against public-school segregation. The man who preaches it is a new and striking kind of Negro leader. Recognition of these facts has catapulted King to national prominence and has given Southern prosegregationist whites a new and, to many, perplexing view of the Southern Negro.

For Martin Luther King injected a new element into the Negro's struggle for equality—passive resistance. Its success has demonstrated clearly the powerful uniting force of a movement rooted in religious conviction, based on the principle of love for all people and grounded in a sense of the righteousness and justice of its cause. Suddenly, as though shedding an ancient burden, Montgomery's Negroes lost their fear.

The meaning of the Montgomery bus protest will long be argued. For the first time a large Negro community in the *(Continued on page 71)*

What kind of car can you reasonably expect to be driving five years from now? Or ten? What will it look like? How will it run? What equipment will it have?

These questions *can* be answered with a fair amount of accuracy. Recent trips to Detroit, where I talked with automotive designers and engineers, and years of reporting on foreign and American automobiles have convinced me that the development of the American motor car is likely to follow definite paths and, therefore, can be forecast.

It is easier to predict how 1961 cars will perform than it is to imagine how they will look, for mechanical evolution proceeds in an orderly way. The American public is inclined to believe that mechanical wonders, such as automatic transmissions, are fully original concepts that appear suddenly in the minds of inspired technicians, but it almost never happens that way. Almost every "new" mechanical device represents an improvement on a time-worn idea, and its appearance in the United States usually follows its introduction in Europe by five or ten years.

For example, the next two innovations being prepared for U. S. car buyers are fuel injection and independent suspension of the rear wheels, both of which will appear on some cars in 1957. Gasoline fuel injection was first used on an automobile in the Mercedes-Benz 300SL in 1954, and independent rear suspension is a feature of the Porsche, Volkswagen, Lancia, Citroën, Fiat, Lagonda and others. Characteristically, the American versions of these advanced devices will certainly be cheaper than the European and very probably better, too.

STYLING

Let's consider styling first, though, because as a nation we are probably more interested in how our cars look than we are in what makes them go.

The cars of the near future will be more subdued in color. The three-tone, four-tone craze will have passed. New forms of finish will be used. Perhaps permanently dirt-repellent acrylic resin finishes will be available.

There will be much less exterior ornamentation and chromium trim, and fewer outside gadgets.

Five years from now, cars will be lower, smaller—and more lavishly equipped. The over-all line of styling will be toward smooth, flowing curves.

There are only two distinct schools of body design today, the Italian and the American. Most of the really beautiful automobile bodies produced since World War II have been Italian either in actual design or obvious inspiration. The Italians have produced bodies which are pure of line, almost devoid of chromium ornamentation, low and by our standards quite small. Italian influence has been strong in Europe and America. For instance, the tail-fins that are now on so many U. S. cars were first seen, in their present cycle, in a small Italian car, the Cisitalia, in 1947.

In general, U. S. stylists have been slow to leave the

YOUR FAMILY CAR:

What's Coming in the Next Five Years?

- Will your next car be smaller?
- Will the engine be in the rear?
- Will you have a choice of TV?
- An automobile expert reports on the changes Detroit is planning, but not talking about—yet

BY KEN W. PURDY
PHOTO BY IKE VERN

classic box form, probably brought near perfection by Lincoln's new Continental Mark II. They have also been reluctant to give up chromium "flash," not because they really believe it makes a car look better, but because it "sells" cars, whether new or used, and because it offers a cheap and easy method of changing the appearance of a model from one year to the next.

American designers copy each other, naturally. There are two kinds of copying—legitimate and the other kind. If a company successfully springs something brand-new on the industry—the Nash station-wagon's wind-up rear window and the Studebaker "Golden Hawk's" flat stern are examples—the innovation will be copied if it's worthwhile, as both of the above definitely are, but the imitator will have to wait a year or longer to get it into his own product. He'll be better off if he can find out about it while it's still a secret. This may not be ethical, but it's practical.

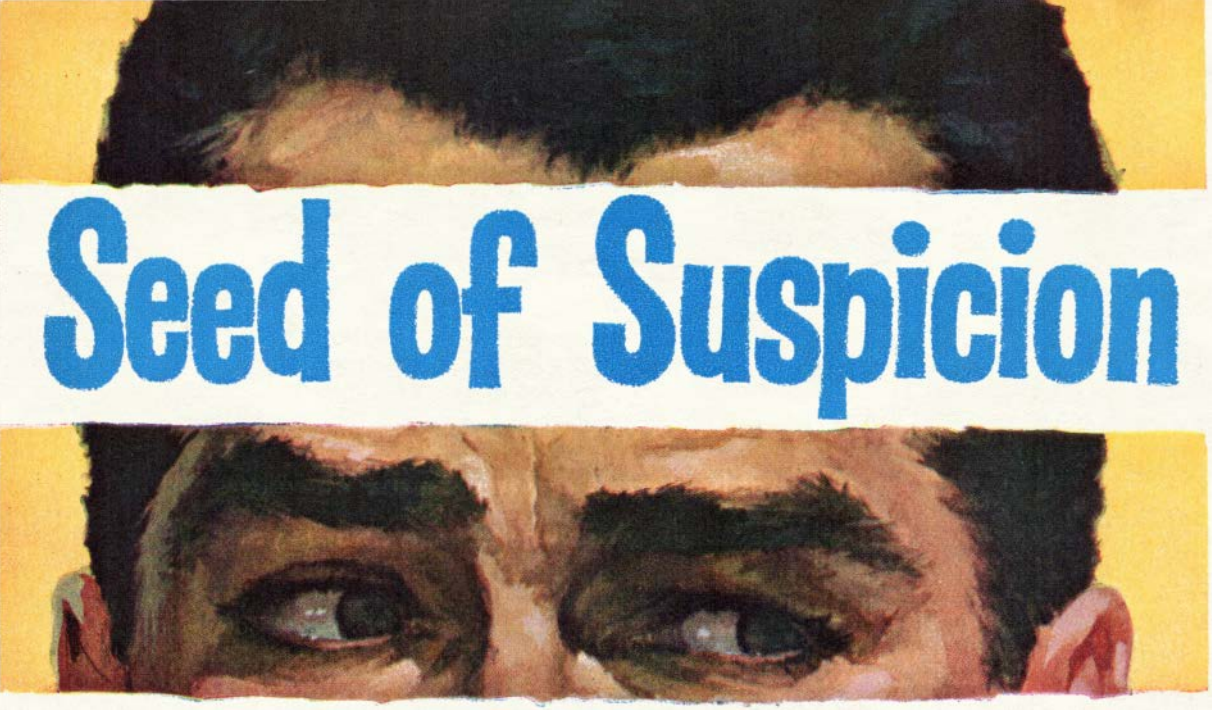
When a design studio evolves something new, even if it's an insignificant-looking hub-cap, strict security regulations are enforced. Instant dismissal can be the penalty for an employee's unauthorized entry into an off-limits design area. While the new feature is within the plant walls, it is fairly safe, excluding such hazards as a designer who resigns and takes a job with another company. (He may not actually spill the beans to his new employers, but he may honestly develop something very like the new item he saw in the plant he left.) But when the car has to be taken outdoors for testing, the espionage begins.

Cloak-and-dagger operations involving bribery, strong drink, beautiful women and long-range cameras are probably more common in Detroit than they are in Washington, D. C. After all, the penalties are lighter, and the chance of profit, at least in terms of money, greater. Spies have successfully sneaked into heavily-guarded proving grounds, only to be caught as they tried to disguise themselves as tree branches.

INTERIORS

Inside the 1961 automobiles, multi-speaker FM radios will be standard. Television sets will be available although probably at fairly high cost. TV sets have already been installed in automobiles both here and abroad, but there are still some difficult problems to be overcome. The present very long picture tube is impractical, for instance, and must be replaced by the flat "picture-frame" tube now in use in the laboratories. Some states already have legislation forbidding TV installation in automobiles, but car TV will ultimately be permitted for rear-seat passengers. Front-seat installations will be permitted if the set is so arranged that it cannot be turned on when the engine is running.

Air conditioning as standard equipment will not be available in 1961. Of course, it can be installed now on almost any automobile, but the cost is high and will remain so. As a rule an optional accessory is included in the base price of a car when its installation rate reaches 85 to 90 per cent of all cars sold. Most authorities believe that air *(Continued on page 77)*



Seed of Suspicion

Jealously he eyed his wife. Then came innocent betrayal—not because she loved him too little, but too much

The job's sewed up," Roger said. "I've got it—or practically."

"Oh, darling!" His wife leaned across the dinner table, as though reaching through the words to the bright center of his happiness.

"It's odd." A faint hesitation crossed his face. "It's so perfect it makes me superstitious. Afraid. It's what I've always wanted."

He said it as if he had just begun to grasp the full reality. Their eyes met, brimming up with love, and for a minute the little golden room seemed to enclose them more tightly. Then Ellen rose and put her hands on his shoulders, a tall girl with a curved, gentle face, made brilliant and fired by excitement.

She could feel her pleasure flowing down through her fingertips to his shoulders. "I knew some evening you'd come home and say exactly this."

And she had known it. Through the weeks that Roger had been holding one exacting, tiresome job and looking for another, she had been certain. He had put into the search the same forceful intensity he gave to his work or his marriage or any friendship that mattered. Failure was not in him, she thought; only now and then a little fear of failure that seemed to prod him harder than it did other men.

He said. "We should celebrate. What would you like most?"

For you to trust me. The thought flashed swift and unwanted to her mind. *For us to be always as we are now.*

But those were the words that could never be said aloud.

He leaned back against her waist, saying comfortably. "You'll like this guy I'm going to work for, Brandon Miller. I thought we might have him to dinner next week."

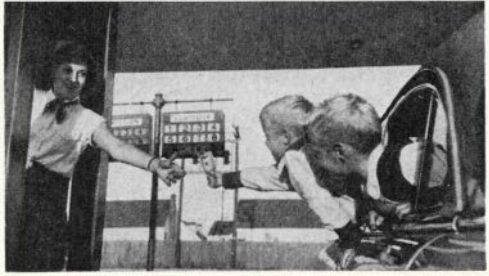
"Fine. What's he like?"

"Well, intelligent. And a little hard, but in a way I admire. Very handsome." Roger hesitated as though a thought had just occurred to him. "He's the sort of man, I should imagine, who would be very attractive to women."

"He will be to this one," she said lightly. "And his charm is that he's brought you luck."

She said it smiling. She bent down and picked up his dinner plate and *(Continued on page 90)*

BY CAROL VANCE
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR



A Night

BY ROBERT V.R. BROWN
PHOTOS BY MARTHA HOLMES

1. *Fun begins at the admission gate. Timmy enjoys paying, and because children under 12 get in free, Pop enjoys it, too.*

2. *We arrive before dark to allow the kids to romp around the playground. Sometimes they get so tired they can't do anything but watch the picture.*

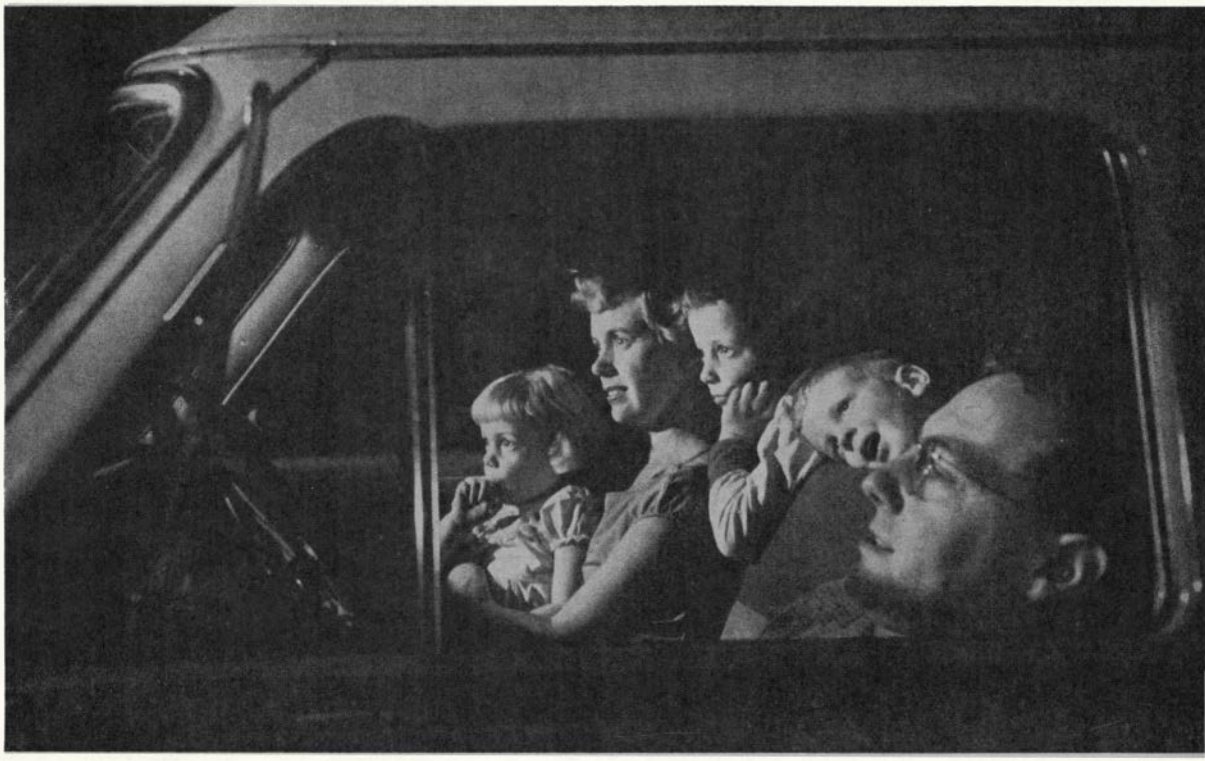
3. *Trouble is, the exercise also spurs the appetite. We must now stock up on popcorn, pizza pie, ice cream and soft drinks with which to keep the youngsters refueled.*

5. *When the movie doesn't have enough action for Tim and Terry, they find ways to entertain themselves.*

6. *Most cars look alike in the dark, Barbara (carrying Ellen) discovers as she tries to find us while returning from a side trip.*

Out at the Drive-In

To attract young couples who can't afford baby sitters, drive-in theaters have become family playgrounds. The movies are the same, but some of the best entertainment doesn't show on the screen



4. *All of us—Ellen; my wife, Barbara; Terry; Timmy and me—watch the picture. The children settle down quickly, especially on Friday night when the program starts off with five cartoons.*

7. *The cowboys on the screen and the Indians in the car fade out at about the same time—Timmy and Ellen in the back and Terry in front. During the second picture, Barbara and I watch while the children sleep.*


She fell backward into my arms.
I kissed her. "Well, well!" I said.
I kissed her again.
A

If a girl watches all the angles,

she can rout a jinx, as well as a rival,

and land

Lucky Catch

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA

● **From the window** of the office that I shared with Miss Karen Winfield, I could see a group of students gathered at the edge of the water dome. "K.W.," I said, "what is taking place in our million-dollar birdbath?"

She looked up from the papers she was grading. "Fly and Bait Casting. Physical Education 121."

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"Orange College," Karen said, "is a modern institution, Edward. We have classes in water skiing, horseback riding, golf—the things that help youth adjust itself to the vicissitudes of life in the atomic age. Now we have a class in fishing."

"Ha!" I said.

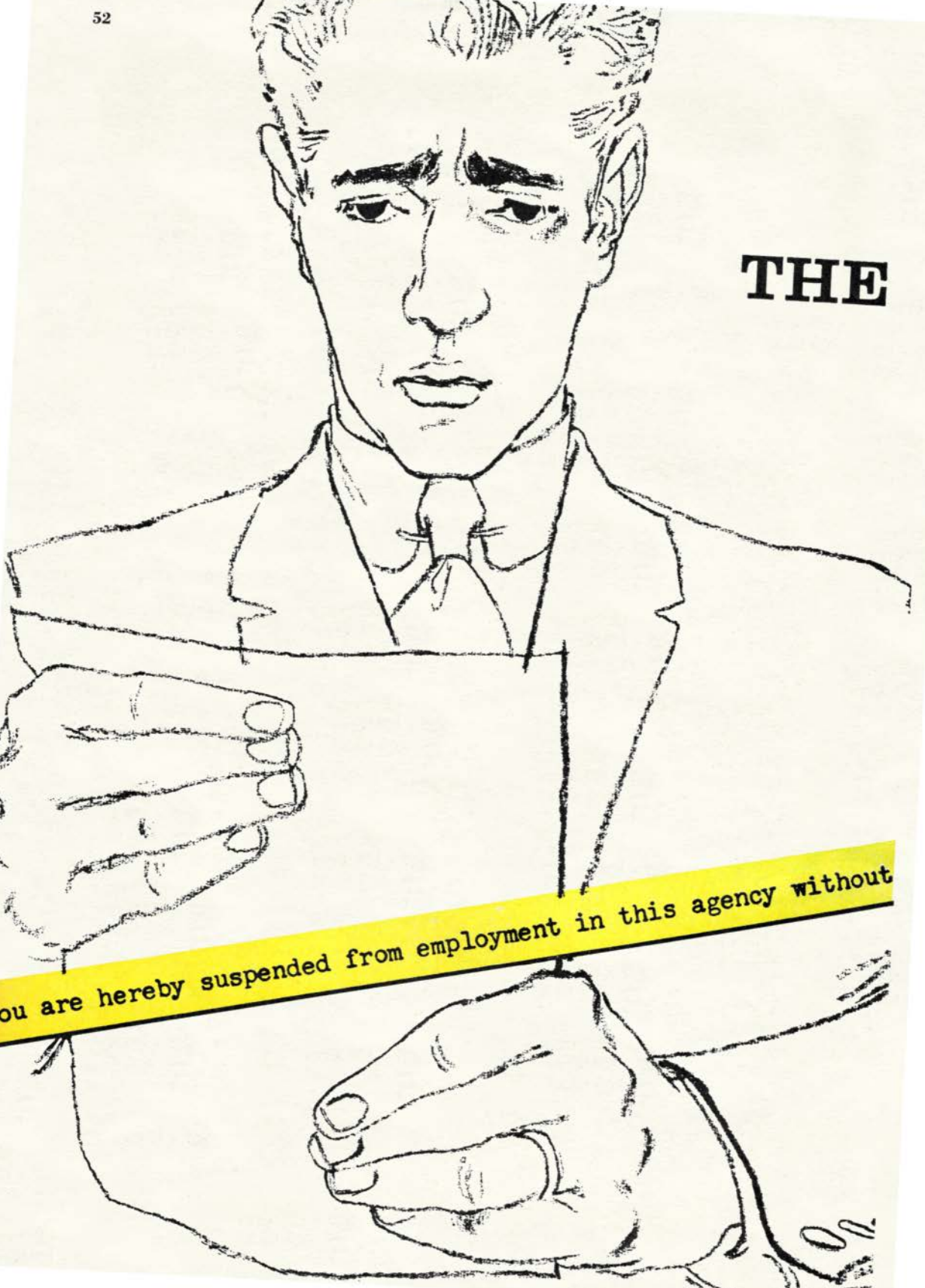
"Don't be bitter merely because we have chosen the wrong profession," Karen said, moving her glasses higher onto her nose. "By the time you and I have our doctorates the written word may be obsolete. English professors will be replaced by movie projectors. Fishing—"

I shuddered at the word. "Fishing," I said, "is for fools. The lazy man's—" and stopped. There was a movement among the students at the edge of the water dome; it was the way it is in the movies when the mob parts and the camera glides right into the heart of the crowd. I saw the person demonstrating the use of a fly rod.

It was a girl. Absolutely. She wore white shorts and a sweater. Her arms and legs were deeply tanned. Her hair was blonde.

"That's the instructor," Karen said. "I can tell by the way your neck is stretching. And you don't need to ask. Her name is Helen Howell."

"Ah. . . ." I said. *(Continued on page 96)*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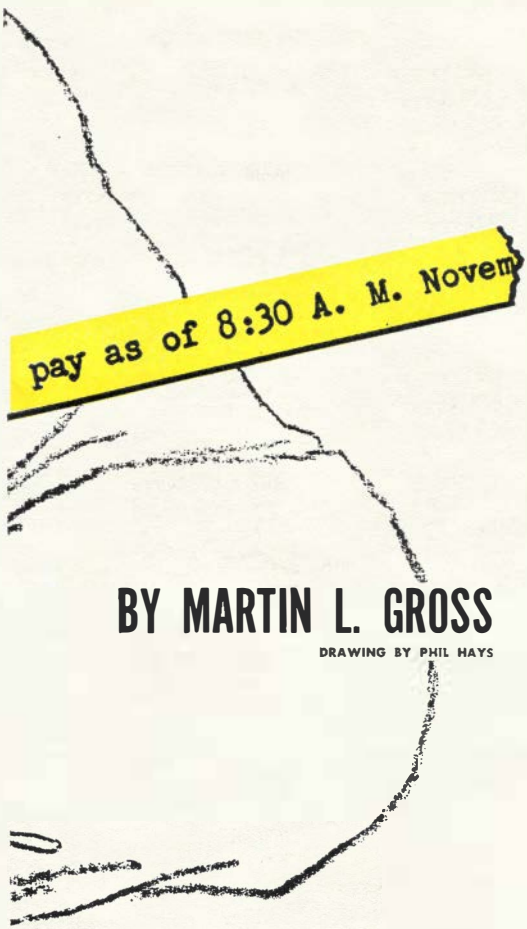
ou are hereby suspended from employment in this agency without

FIGHT FOR INNOCENT MEN'S REPUTATIONS

A man who is branded a security risk loses his job and also his good name. Now a group of young lawyers is showing—often without fee—how to protect the falsely accused from ruin



BY MARTIN L. GROSS

DRAWING BY PHIL HAYS

■ **When a government employee** is accused of being a "security risk," he often stands tragically alone no matter how innocent he is. During the past few years a handful of loyal Federal workers who had been falsely charged were cleared—but only after indignant and loud public protests. For every headlined case, however, there are many patriotic government employees who have been suspended from their jobs without warning and without publicity of any kind. These men and women must *prove they are innocent* or else lose their jobs and their good names and face the certain prospect of ruined careers.

The unjustly accused person is usually so frightened and uncertain that he cannot defend himself. To win back his reputation and his job he must have highly-skilled, aggressive help. But who is going to provide it? Ever since the present security program was established in 1953, this question of help for the unfairly accused has been debated.

But while the nation has been debating and investigating the security program, one small group of dedicated men has gone into action. Some 35 young, specially-trained attorneys who comprise the Security Risk Committee of the District of Columbia Bar Association, have for the past year and a half been providing the kind of help that is needed—legal and investigative help which is saving jobs and reputations.

Since its formation on January 12, 1955, this unique committee has very quietly, but successfully, defended and exonerated 24 patriotic Americans who had been branded "security risks."

"As soon as we made our first announcement, we were flooded with phone calls and visits from people who wanted our help," says James M. McInerney, chairman of the Security Risk Committee and former Assistant Attorney General of the United States in charge of the Justice Department's Criminal Division.

"The first five months, an associate, Mr. Nicholas Lopes, and I worked until 10 o'clock almost every night interviewing suspended employees. Each person was screened for as long as 10 hours, then assigned a panel mem- *(Continued on page 78)*

How to Save Money—and

Don't ever explain the family budget to the kids. This is the hilarious story of a father who tried

I'd have said that my neighbor, Harry Pendleton, is a genius where financial affairs are concerned. Still well on the sunny side of 40, he has a good job, a charming wife and three vigorous young children who seem to lack for nothing.

But the other morning when I sat down next to Harry on the commuters' train, I could tell something was amiss. Instead of plunging into his paper, he sat staring ahead and muttering. Finally I made out the words "Drinking myself into bankruptcy."

I had always known Pendleton as a temperate man.

"What's that?" I asked. "Demon Rum got you?"

Pendleton gave a start. "Excuse me," he said. "I was talking to myself. It's what happened last night."

"You—ah—had a bit too much?"

"Too much *water*," he said. "We're headed for the poorhouse."

"I may be dumb," I said, "but—"

It seems that his youngsters—Ted, who is 12, Carol, 11, and young Ross, 9—couldn't understand why, on his salary, they couldn't have a maid and more vacation trips.

He had always dismissed these proposals by saying he couldn't afford them, but the point had never seemed to sink in. So, last night, he and his wife, Alicia, decided to go over the family budget, item by item, to convince their young skeptics that he wasn't holding back on them.

"How did it work out?" I asked.

"Terrible," he said. Then he told me this story:

After dinner we gathered our fledglings around the table. I announced that our food bill runs about $2400 per year.

"Wow!" exclaimed Carol. "That's $200 a month!"

I nodded. "But don't forget there are five of us. It comes to only a bit over $1.33 per person per day . . ."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Ted. "We kids aren't always here for our meals. Yesterday I had dinner at Sam Caldwell's. You have to subtract that."

Alicia smiled. "That's right," she said. "And last Friday Sam and *three* of his friends ate *here*. Just let's say that in the long run the meals you kids eat out even up for the ones your friends have here."

"Yeah," said Ted, "but *$2400!* I don't see how we could spend *that* much on food."

"We're also including the milk bill, which runs around $260 a year," I said.

"*That's* where we could save," chimed in young Ross, shuddering. "We could do without milk."

"Not according to what the dentist says," remarked Alicia. "Remember that milk contains calcium, which is essential for good teeth."

"Couldn't we just buy plain calcium?" inquired Ross.

"We could not," I said. "and I don't intend to discuss our food budget further. Your mother gives us a varied menu, lets nothing go to waste, and maintains us in A-1 health. We now turn to shelter."

"We haven't even *got* a shelter!" exclaimed Ross. "If an atom bomb happened to land—"

"Shelter," cut in Alicia, "means housing, which, in our case, means the rent we pay—$1800 per year."

Ted gasped. "You mean we pay all that—when we don't even own the house? You could *buy* one for a little more than that if you were smart, couldn't you, Dad?"

Ignoring this, I replied. "We're getting one of the finest bargains in town. Not only have we bedrooms for the entire family, but a guest room besides."

"But we hardly ever have guests," objected Ted. "You ought to get the landlord to deduct from the rent when the room isn't being used."

"Remind me to speak to him about it," I said. "But in the meantime we're paying $1800. In addition we're paying $350 more for fuel to heat the house."

"We could move to Florida," suggested Carol.

"A slight hitch there," I pointed out, "is that my job happens to be in New York."

"You could commute," said Ross.

"There are a number of objections to that," I replied as calmly as I could, "but I shall merely cite the expense. It's expensive enough commuting from here."

"Don't tell me the company you work for doesn't pay for your commutation ticket!" exclaimed Ted.

To which I replied, "The subject is hereby closed. I am also paying bills for electricity, telephone and water. Of course, we could have the phone disconnected—"

What's a necessity?

There were outraged gasps from all three youngsters. "You couldn't do *that*," they protested. "The *telephone's* a necessity."

"We could cut out electricity instead," I suggested.

"Never!" said Ross, who is a bright little shaver with a scientific bent. "Then the television set wouldn't work."

"Did you say we actually have to pay for water?" demanded Carol. "I think *that's* ridiculous, when there's so much water in the world! But we could economize by drinking less water, couldn't we?"

"Undoubtedly," I agreed. "Our water bill runs around $35 a year, most of it for bathing, washing clothes and dishes and watering the lawn. But I'd say that if we all pitched in and sacrificed—going without that swallow of water when it wasn't necessary—we could save—"

Lose Your Mind

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

DRAWING BY DINK SIEGEL

"How much?" asked Ted eagerly.

"About 22 cents a year," I said.

"He's always joking," said Carol.

Ignoring this with some effort, I said, "We shall now turn to medical expenses."

"I've got you there!" shouted Ted triumphantly. "You said Mother keeps us in A-1 health—remember?"

"And I stand by that statement," I replied firmly. "This family has had a far better than average run of luck in that respect but nevertheless, last year we dished out over $400 in doctors' bills plus medicines."

"Over $400!" gasped Ted.

"These bills," I continued, "include the dentist as well as my eye doctor."

"Couldn't we save if you went without glasses?" asked Ross.

Shaking my head grimly, I went on: "There's medicine, too. We spent $25 on terramycin alone."

"Why should it cost all that," demanded Carol, "when you can get a bottle of aspirin for only 40 cents?"

"Why does caviar cost more than spinach?" I countered.

"Have you been spending money on caviar?" asked Ross. "How much did you spend?"

"I have *not* been spending money on caviar," I retorted, raising my voice, "nor on spinach, either, because none of you will eat it. I was merely drawing a parallel."

"Now," I went on, "we come to a way of guarding against possible emergency. Annually I pay somewhat over $80 for insurance on our car—in case we should get in an accident for which we might be sued."

"Over $80 for just one year!" exclaimed Carol. "How long have you been doing *that?*"

"Ever since I've been married," I said. "Fourteen years. Except that formerly the rates were somewhat lower. Let's say I've averaged around $70 a year."

"Fourteen times $70—that means you've spent $980 on auto insurance. How many accidents have you had?"

"None," I retorted proudly. "I've always maintained that if a driver obeys the laws, is alert and courteous—"

"You've spent all that insurance money—without getting a cent back!"

"If you want to put it that way," I conceded.

"I should think you'd at least get in a *little* accident once in a while, to get *some* of your money's worth," said Carol. "Dad! What's the matter?"

"I'll be all right in a minute. If you'll excuse me I think I'll go get a drink of water."

"Remember you promised not to drink any more than you have to," said Ross, "because it's so expensive."

But I did, adding a few drops of flavoring from a brown bottle I keep for special occasions, which I definitely felt this had become by now. Thus bolstered, I returned to the conference table and resumed: "We shall now consider life insurance. Annually I pay a considerable sum so that, in case of my death, the proceeds will be turned over to your mother. Doubtless you consider this a foolishly large amount, but—"

"Oh, no," cut in Ted. "We think you should pay more so we can get more when—"

When I spend it, it's extravagance

"For once," I said, trying not to wince too hard, "it's a pleasure not to be accused of extravagance. But there's clothing, which last year set me back more than $1000—"

"You could have bought Mother a fur coat for that," interrupted Carol.

"Correct," I admitted, "and omitted dresses, slacks, socks, underwear, sweaters, et cetera for the rest of you. Not to speak of a new suit I bought for myself."

"Did you *have* to buy that suit?" demanded Ted.

"No," I said. "I could have worn dungarees to the office—and tested my employer's reaction. However, this might have terminated our relationship, and since we all depend on my salary—"

"That's what I can't understand," cut in Carol. "You make scads of money, and yet you keep saying we can't afford all sorts of things."

"The time is getting late," I resorted, "and I should now like to cite a final item—income tax. What you refer to as scads of money is further depleted by this tribute to our Government—about $1500 worth."

"What would happen if you refused to pay it?" inquired Ted.

"The results would be unfavorable," I told him. "And now," I continued, "I trust I have made it clear why I am unable to afford the various items you've been periodically clamoring for. Am I correct?"

"Yes, Dad," said Carol, "but it does seem to us that if you'd just learn to manage better and cut out all those unnecessary expenses, everything would be all right."

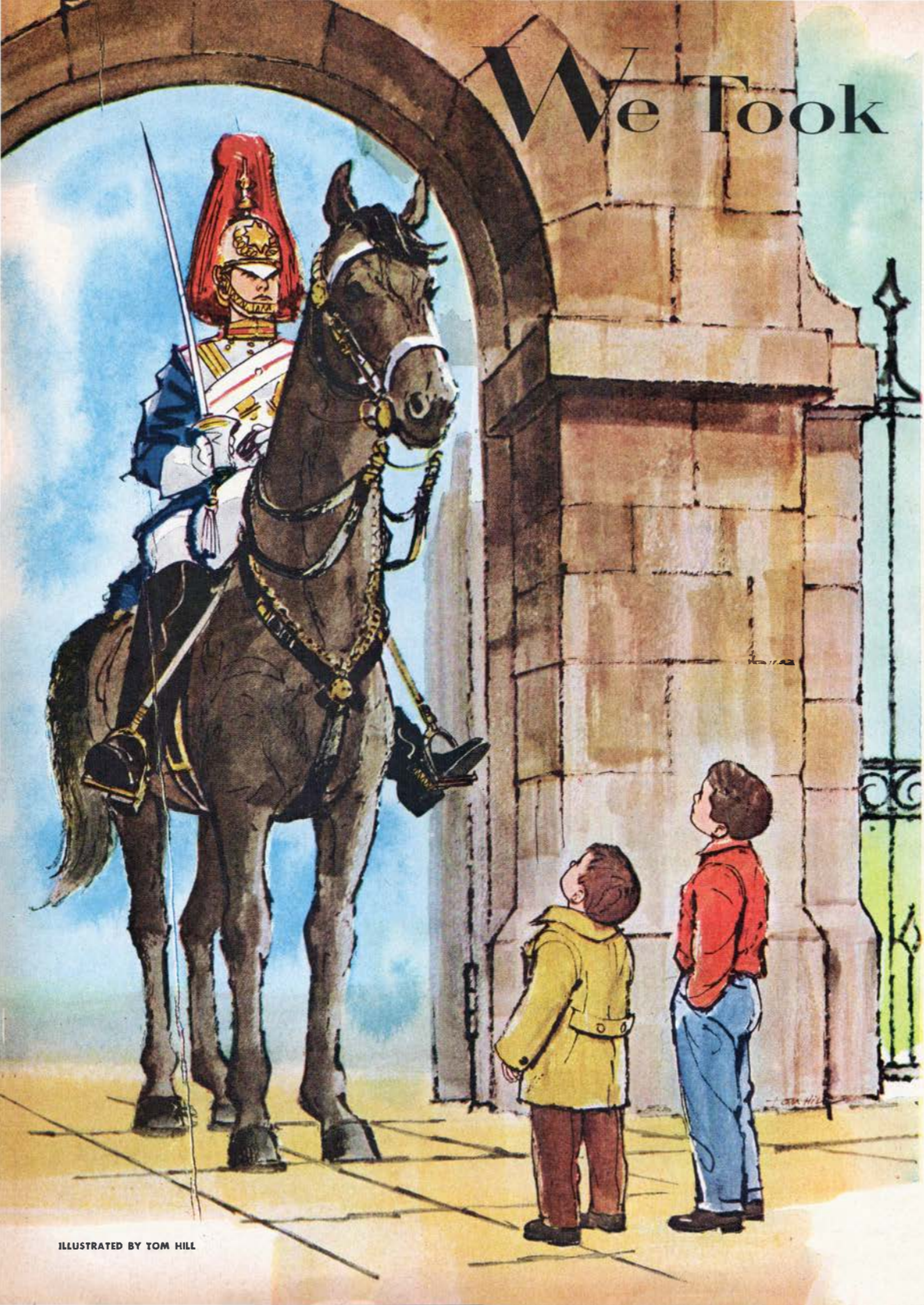
I waited for Pendleton to continue, but he didn't. Finally I remarked, "I gather that this terminated the discussion, and that your children went to bed."

"I don't know about the kids," sighed Pendleton, "but I did—with a headache."

Pendleton then got up from the seat beside me and walked down to the water cooler. Presently he came back, smacking his lips. "I've got a clear conscience," he said. "That water was included in the cost of my commutation ticket."

. . . THE END

We Took



ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HILL

Our Kids to Europe

BY RUTH STERN ZESERSON
AS TOLD TO LLEWELLYN MILLER

Too much trouble to take two small boys on a whirlwind foreign tour? No! Ours didn't get bored or tie us down—and because they were along *we* had more fun

You're not going to take the *children!*" said all of our friends in horror when they heard that Kenny, not quite eight, and Alan, under four, were going with us on our first trip to Europe. "Won't they tie you down? Won't they be bored? All that hotel food—won't they get sick? Isn't it an absurd expense when they're so little?"

Fred and I had asked ourselves the same questions and, of course, we did not have the answers. All we knew was that we did not want to be separated from the boys for any length of time. We were prepared to forego a number of pleasures in order to have them with us. What we did not dream was that they would be an asset.

Now, after a wonderful autumn trip, during which we visited eight countries, we know that the most rewarding way for young parents to see Europe is to take their small children with them—provided they know in advance some of the things we learned the hard way.

The very first night we were aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* on our way to France I was afraid we had made a mistake. Our boys are lively, but usually are well behaved in restaurants, which they consider a great treat. Quite unwarned, we ushered them into the big, dignified, quiet dining salon. They had had a long day and were naturally somewhat over-stimulated by the farewells and the drama of gliding past the Statue of Liberty and out toward the open ocean. Suddenly they exploded. Too excited to eat, they squirmed, clowned, showed off madly, got the shouting giggles and even threw breadballs—things they had never dreamed of doing before.

If there had been a helicopter handy, I would have fled for home. Instead, we fled to our cabin. Breakfast was another nightmare. We had lunch sent to our cabin, gloomily imagining an entire holiday shut away from mankind. We ventured into dinner with awful misgivings, after playing "waiter" as a form of rehearsal. And the

Pigeons fluttered fearlessly to the children for bread crumbs in front of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice. In London (opposite page), *the two small boys gazed in awe at the dazzling Horse Guard on duty at St. James Palace.*

We rode up Monte Lema in Switzerland on a chair lift with our feet dangling in air. "Like a magic carpet," according to Kenny.

In France, with a beret on his head and a yard-long loaf of bread slung over his shoulder like a rifle, Alan felt right at home.

boys sailed through the meal like characters out of Emily Post!

That taught us what is perhaps the single most important rule for happy traveling with small children. If you brief them just a little in advance of any challenging change, they usually get through without any trouble.

The rest of the voyage was a delight. Most big ships have fine playrooms. The boys enjoyed games there for part of each day. It was a pleasure to take them with us to the pool. Right away we developed the "split duty trick." One of us took them to the movies or to play shuffleboard while the other stretched out in a deck chair. Fred and I danced every night. The steward on duty in our corridor was happy to look in on the sleeping children every 20 minutes.

The ship produced only one problem. Alan decided he had found a way of life that suited him exactly. He refused to budge down the gangplank at Cherbourg, dimly suspecting that we were back where we started. Kenny solved the problem by carrying his little brother into France. "Now you're in Yarrop!" he said, and Alan cheered up because he knew that somewhere in Europe he was going to see a statue of the love of his life, Peter Pan.

The boat train to Paris taught us the second most important lesson. The compartment accommodated eight people on two long seats. There was no place for Alan to stretch out when he wanted a nap. We could not get at our luggage for books and games to amuse Kenny, and they were uncomfortable and restless. The delay in getting our possessions off the train, through the station and into a taxi was wearying. By the time we reached our hotel, we knew we had been right in planning to travel by car.

The first thing we did the next morning was to pick up the new little Simca sedan which we had reserved before sailing at a cost far less than car rentals here, since charges are based on time with no extra charge for mileage. It rewarded us daily thereafter.

Sometimes Fred took the children off in it to something like the wonderful Paris Aquarium while I went shopping. At other times, after some sight-seeing, we parked it and one of us would watch the children play in the Tuileries Gardens while the other wandered through the Louvre. But much of the time we moved as a family. It is astonishing how much of what parents want to see is absorbing to small children, too, if you explain in advance where you are going and what you expect to see that is new and different.

We went together to the Palace at Versailles, to the Bird Market, and to Notre Dame.

We were surprised and pleased with their behavior in all cathedrals. Instead of being bored, they responded quite simply with interest and awe to the impressive size of those great buildings and the beautiful color of the stained glass windows. Even little Alan kept his voice low and resisted the *(Continued on page 98)*

YOUNG ADULTS *at home*

- **Ready-for-School Fashions**
- A Child's Own Beauty Care
- Busy-Day Meals to Freeze
- Bread Desserts Made Glamorous

Would you believe that each of the wonderful-looking desserts in this picture had as its beginning plain white baker's bread? Elegant they are, but they're also easy to make and economical. Whether you choose to make our custardy bread pudding or the best imitation of crêpes you've ever come across, be sure to select enriched bread when you shop.

Photo by George Lazarnick

RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

Bread Desserts

DATE-NUT SQUARES

(pictured top left)

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup soft bread crumbs, packed tightly
1 cup chopped dates
½ cup chopped walnut meats

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate oven)*.

Beat eggs until very thick and light. Gradually beat in sugar; then add bread crumbs, chopped dates and nuts. Spread in a shallow 9-inch square, or 10 x 7-inch greased pan. Bake for 1 hour. Cut, while warm, into squares. Cool. Serve in squares or break into small pieces, place in sherbet glasses and top with whipped cream or pudding sauce. Makes about 20 squares or 8 large desserts.

QUICK CRÊPES

(pictured on white platter)

12 slices thin-sliced bread
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup butter
½ cup strawberry jam or apricot jam
2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar

Trim crusts from bread and roll each slice with a rolling pin to flatten it. Beat eggs, milk, salt and sugar together. Heat half of butter in a large skillet. Dip rolled bread slices in milk mixture; fry 3 or 4 at a time, turning to brown on both sides. Add remaining butter to pan as needed. Remove fried bread slices to a platter. Place 1 tablespoon of jam down the center of each slice. Roll slices jelly-roll fashion and dust with sugar. Makes 6 dessert servings of 2 crêpes each.

SPICED BERRY CUPS

(pictured at left)

6 slices bread, trimmed
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
1 pint strawberries
2 tablespoons sugar

Heat oven to 400° F. *(moderately hot)*.

Trim bread and press slices into greased 2-inch muffin pans. Brush bread cups with butter, sprinkle with mixed sugar and cinnamon. Bake about 5 minutes until cups are lightly browned. Wash and hull berries. Sprinkle with sugar. Fill bread cups with strawberries and top, if desired, with whipped cream. Makes 6 berry cup desserts.

LEMON-PRUNE PUDDING

(pictured in sherbet glass)

1 package lemon pudding mix
⅓ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup lemon juice
2 eggs, separated
1½ cups water
3 cups soft bread cubes
1 7¾-ounce jar junior prunes
¼ cup chopped pecans
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate oven)*.

Combine lemon pudding, the ⅓ cup sugar, salt and lemon juice in a saucepan. Separate eggs. Add yolks to pudding and beat smooth. Add water and cook and stir over medium heat until thick. Fold bread into pudding and pour mixture into a greased 1½-quart casserole. Combine prunes and pecans and spread over top of pudding. Beat egg whites until foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Continue beating until meringue holds stiff peaks. Fold in lemon rind. Spread meringue over prunes. Bake at 350° F. for 15 minutes until meringue is golden. Makes 6 servings.

PEANUT BRITTLE PUDDING

4 cups ½-inch soft bread cubes
½ cup peanut brittle, crushed
1 egg
½ cup milk
½ cup brown sugar, packed
¼ cup melted butter or margarine

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate oven)*.

Place 2 cups soft bread cubes in a greased 1-quart casserole. Sprinkle ¼ cup of the peanut brittle over. Layer remaining bread cubes and brittle. Beat egg and combine with milk, sugar and butter. Pour over bread and peanut brittle. Set casserole in a pan of hot water and bake for 40 minutes. Serve warm, with or without cream. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

APPLE BETTY

4 cups sliced, pared cooking apples
(4 medium apples)
4 cups ½-inch soft bread cubes
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
½ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup brown sugar, packed

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate oven)*.

Combine apples and bread cubes in a greased 1½-quart casserole. Mix butter, sugar, cinnamon and lemon juice. Pour mixture over apples. Bake 1 hour and 15 minutes. Remove from oven; sprinkle with brown sugar. Serves 6.

CUSTARD BREAD PUDDING

3 cups milk
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
4 cups ½-inch soft bread cubes
3 eggs, beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate oven)*.

Grease a 1½-quart baking dish. Heat milk until little bubbles form at pan edge. Remove from heat. Add butter, sugar and bread cubes. Let stand 5 minutes. Beat eggs. Add salt, vanilla and nutmeg. Slowly stir milk mixture into egg mixture. Pour into greased dish. Set dish in a pan of hot water. Bake for 55 minutes until set. Makes 6 servings.

MARSHMALLOW BREAD PUDDING: Turn oven heat to 450° F. (hot). Cut 3 marshmallows in half. Arrange on baked pudding. Bake 3 to 5 minutes.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING: Melt 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate with the milk.

QUEEN OF BREAD PUDDINGS

3 slices bread
2 cups milk
¼ cup brown sugar, packed
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 eggs, separated
2 cups seedless raisins
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup canned cranberry jelly

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate oven)*.

Cut bread into ¼-inch cubes and place in mixing bowl. Add milk, brown sugar, salt, butter and vanilla. Separate eggs: place whites in a separate bowl; add yolks to bread mixture and beat until blended. Stir in raisins. Pour into a greased 8-inch square baking pan. Set in a pan of hot water and bake 50 minutes. Remove pudding from oven. Beat egg whites until foamy. Slowly add sugar; beat until meringue is stiff. Spread cranberry over pudding and spread meringue evenly over cranberry layer. Return pudding to the oven and continue baking until meringue is golden brown *(about 25 minutes)*. Serves 6.

YOUNG ADULTS • FASHION

RUTH DRAKE
FASHION & BEAUTY EDITOR

"Ready— Get Set For Fall"

Send them back to school in dresses that have "the extra something" that children love—bloomers, button-on aprons, ruffled petticoats

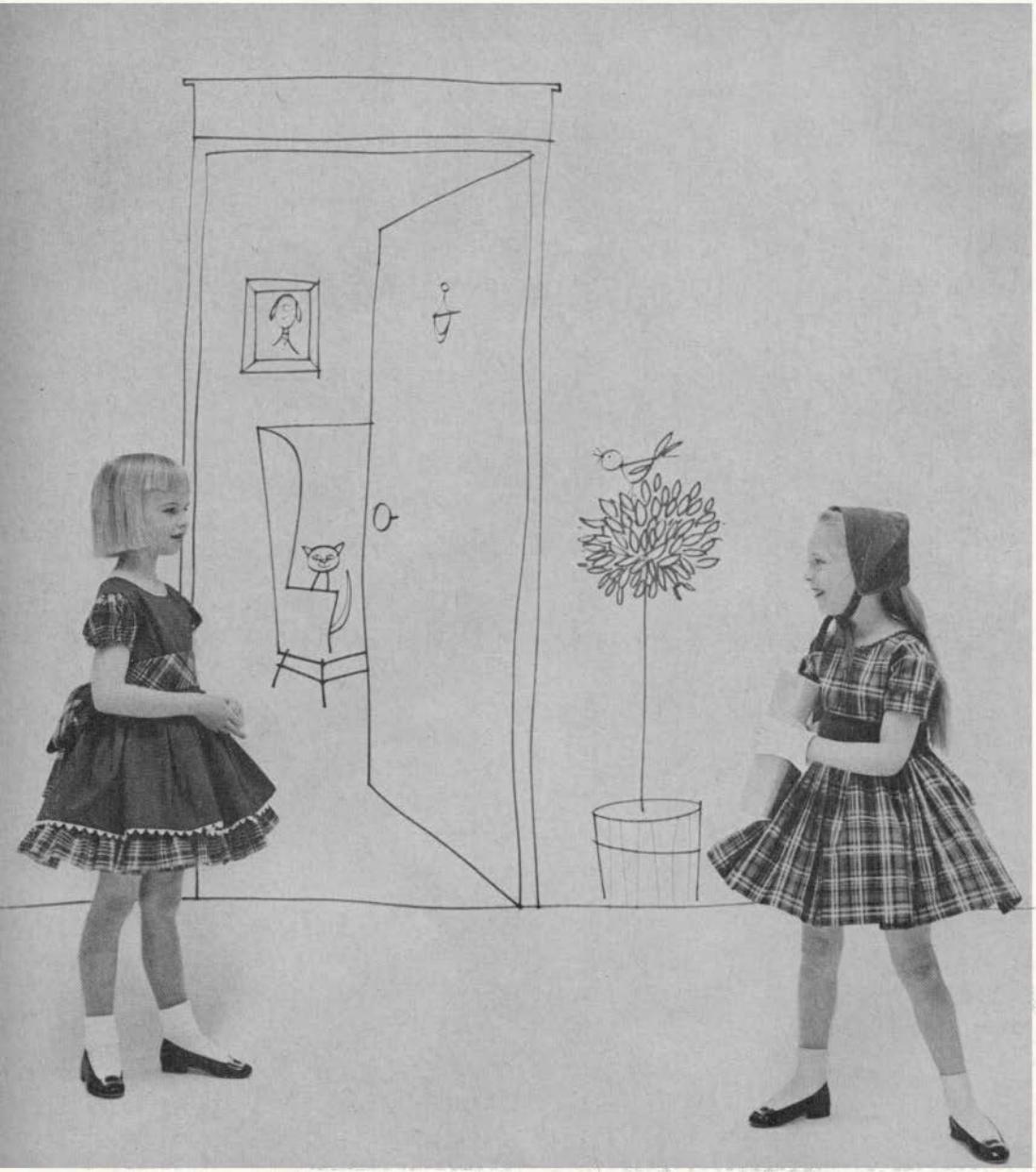
Designed by Helen Lee for Youngland, in Dan River Wrinkl-Shed cotton.

Photos by Eleanor Murray • Backgrounds by Denny Hampson

Off to school *(opposite page)* in a navy blue cotton dress with a button-on striped apron. In 3 to 6x, about $8; 7 to 14, about $9. Bright blue cotton jumper with pleated skirt and little jacket in washable Acrilan jersey, lined in blue and green striped cotton. In 3 to 6x, about $9; 7 to 14, about $11.

Sister dresses *(above)* that look alike but really aren't. The "littlest" wears a plaid bloomer-dress (wonderful to play in) with a red button-on apron. In 3 to 6x, about $9. Big sister's dress has its own ruffled plaid petticoat. In 7 to 12, about $11. All wear Youngland shoes designed by Helen Lee.

● *All fashions on pages 62 to 64 are at B. Altman, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va. For other stores* *see page 88*



Party pretties. The little hostess *(left)* wears a dark gray dress, accented with white rick-rack: attached ruffled petticoat in bright red plaid. In 3 to 6x, about $9; 7 to 14, about $11. Her first guest arrives in a red, black and white plaid dress, with red lace at the neck and sleeves, sashed in red velvet—underneath, an attached red organdy petticoat. In 3 to 6x, about $9; in 7 to 14, about $11.

The above fashions are at Halle Brothers, Cleveland; Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, Md. and the stores listed on pages 63 and 88

The A-B-C's of Grooming

Your school-age daughter can easily learn the simple habits of neatness and cleanliness with a little direction from you. Her interest in good grooming will be greater if you give her her very own beauty accessories — some of them "just like Mommy uses."

You might make an easy little check-chart for her to use the first week to help her remember. Include these five duties:

1. Brush teeth 2 or 3 times daily

After meals is best. And give her a tooth paste with a flavor she really likes. Get her used to a firm toothbrush and teach her to brush her gums, too.

2. Wash face and hands before meals

The face washing may turn out to be a "lick and a promise," but don't be too critical; she'll do better in time. When the weather is blustery, give her a lip pomade stick and a hand lotion. Her own nail brush for scrubbing and an orange stick to scoop out playdirt will also help. Next time you give yourself a manicure, you might invite her to join you. Have a buffer and some colorless nail polish for her, or a manicure kit especially made for little girls. She will learn to take pride in her nails. A wonderful way, too, to discourage nail-biters and cuticle-chewers.

3. Brush and comb hair

Most little girls do this without much urging, but seldom often enough. If your daughter's hair is thick, thinning will make it easier for her to keep neat. If it flies all over, a hair spray made especially for children will be a great help in making it more manageable and lustrous. It discourages dryness, too.

4. Bathe at least three times a week

You can make bath-time fun-time. Bubble baths are a treat; cakes of soap with funny faces that have a hang-up cord attached are amusing (good idea to keep the soap out of the water — handy in the shower, too). Give your daughter a cologne of her own — and she will be less likely to dip into yours.

5. Wash hair once a week

Some children can shampoo their own hair at an earlier age than others. The younger ones appreciate a liquid shampoo that does not sting their eyes. There is a hair-care kit for little girls that also contains an appointment book for playing "beauty shop."

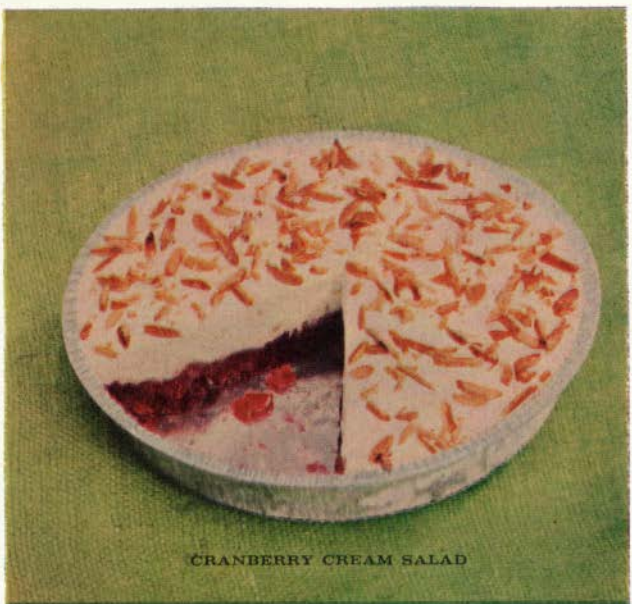
Photo by Eleanor Murray

ASSORTED CANAPE TRAY

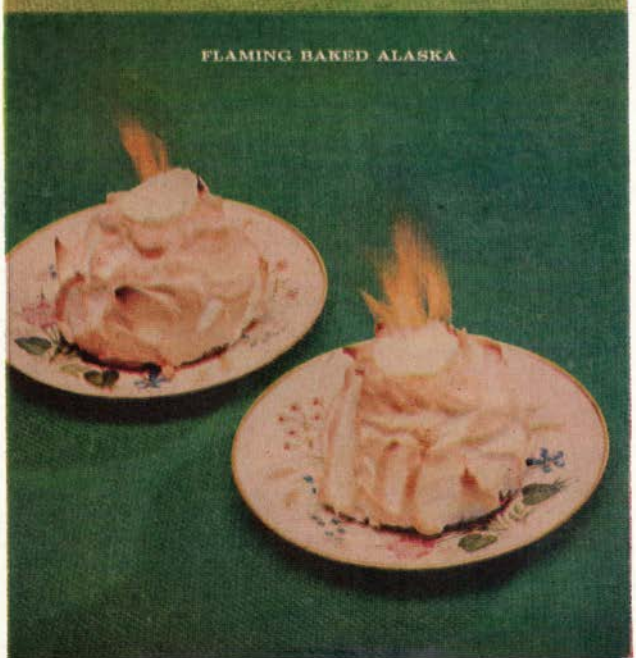
KIDNEY PIE AND SHEPHERD'S PIE

RIBBON MEAT LOAF DINNER

SPAGHETTI SUPREME



CRANBERRY CREAM SALAD



FLAMING BAKED ALASKA

Ready-to-Heat Foods from Your Freezer

A minature cookbook of easy-to-freeze foods made up in family-sized servings . . . ever so convenient to have ready for a busy day.

You already know how wonderfully convenient the ready-to-heat frozen foods are to use. To the growing assortment of prepared dishes you find in the frozen food cabinet of your food market, you can add a few specialties of your own . . . appetizers, elegant salads or handsome desserts for a last minute party; hearty meat pies, platter dinners and stand-by casseroles for family meals. All of our recipes are made in family-sized portions; the freezer section of your refrigerator, provided it's a true freezer, *(see page 70)* will be ample room to freeze and store two or more recipes.

Our idea of the easiest way to accomplish this backlog of convenient frozen foods is to share the job with a neighbor or friend, as our girls are doing in these pictures. You double the recipe, cut the work in half and you both have much to show for a morning's work, with plenty of time for a social cup of coffee, too. Turn the page for recipes of the foods pictured here and other dishes that are easy to freeze. →

Stainless steel, Queen Anne, Jenifer House
Tole tray, Plummer Ltd., N.Y.C.
Freezer aluminum, Ekco Products Co.

Photos by Paul Weller

APPETIZERS TO FREEZE:

Assorted Canape Tray

(photographed on page 66)

VIENNA KABOBS

1 4-ounce can Vienna sausages
14 stuffed olives *(medium size)*
1 6-ounce can whole buttered mushrooms

Assemble half a sausage, a mushroom and an olive on each of 14 toothpicks. Put 7 on each of 2 10-inch foil bake trays.

BREAD ROLL-UPS

9 slices thin-sliced bread
½ cup grated sharp cheddar cheese
1 tablespoon sweet-pickle relish
½ teaspoon grated onion
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon melted butter

Trim crusts from bread and cut each slice in half. Mix cheese, relish, onion and mustard. Spread on bread, roll up and fasten with toothpicks. Brush with butter. Put 9 on each tray with kabobs.

ANCHOVY PUFFS

1 package piecrust mix
½ 3-ounce package cream cheese
About 3 tablespoons anchovy paste

Combine crust mix and cheese. Add water as package directs and roll on floured board to 1/16-inch thickness. Cut into 2-inch rounds. Place a dab on anchovy paste in the center of each pastry round. Moisten the edge of the circle with water and press edges together with a fork to form a turnover. Arrange half of filled pastry in each foil tray. Wrap trays in foil or saran, label and freeze. Store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat oven to 450° F. (hot) and heat trays, uncovered, 15 minutes or until pastry and bread are golden. Each tray serves 4 people amply.

SALADS TO FREEZE:

Cranberry-Cream Salad

(photographed on page 67)

1 1-pound can whole cranberry sauce
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
¼ cup confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ cup chopped almonds

Blend cranberry sauce and lemon juice. Pour into a 9-inch-deep foil cake dish. Spread evenly over the bottom of the pan. Whip cream and blend in sugar and vanilla. Add nut meats. Spoon over cranberry layer. Wrap in foil or saran, label and freeze. Store up to 6 weeks. To serve: Cut into 8 wedges and serve on a lettuce leaf. Makes 8 servings. Can be eaten as soon as served. This sweet salad may also be cut in smaller wedges to serve as a relish with cold sliced poultry or ham.

MACARONI HAM LOAF

2 cups uncooked macaroni
1 pound ground ham *(ready to eat)*
1 tablespoon grated onion
⅓ cup sweet-pickle relish
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup grated sharp cheese
1 recipe undiluted boiled dressing *(recipe below)*
3 tablespoons light cream

Cook macaroni as package directs. Drain and add all remaining ingredients. Blend. Pack into two 1-quart foil loaf pans. Wrap in foil or saran, label and freeze. Store up to 6 weeks. To serve: Cut each ham and macaroni loaf into 8 slices. Let slices defrost 1 to 1½ hours. Serve 2 slices per serving. Two loaves make 8 servings; one serves 4.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING

1 teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ cup cold water
2 egg yolks beaten
¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons butter
Sweet or sour cream

Blend mustard, sugar, salt, flour and paprika in the top of a double boiler. Stir in water. Add beaten yolks and vinegar. Cook over boiling water until smooth and thick. Add butter. Chill. To use this dressing for other salads, dilute with sweet or sour cream as needed. Use dressing undiluted for Macaroni Ham Loaf. Recipe makes ¾ cup undiluted dressing.

MEAT PIES TO FREEZE:

Beef and Kidney Pie

(photographed on page 66)

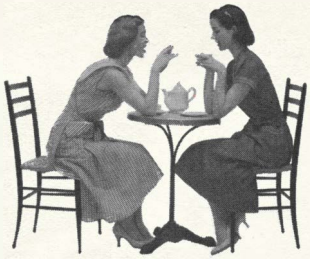
1½ cups cooked, cubed potatoes
1 piece beef suet size of a walnut
¼ cup chopped onion
2 pounds beef round, in 2-inch chunks
1½ pounds lamb kidney, cut in eighths
1 10½-ounce can beef bouillon
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1½ teaspoons flour
1 package piecrust mix
2 tablespoons melted butter

Cook potatoes in salted water; cut in cubes. Cook the suet in a saucepan over low heat until it is crackly. Remove suet and cook onion in the fat until it is soft. Add the beef and kidneys and brown well; stir frequently. Stir in bouillon, salt, pepper, cayenne and Worcestershire. Cover pan and simmer over very low heat 1 hour. Dust flour over meat and stir to blend with stock. Remove from heat. Add potatoes. Make piecrust as package directs. Roll out; cut into 6 circles using the top of a 6-inch foil pan as guide. Prick top of each pastry with a fork. Ladle stew into each of six 6-inch foil casserole dishes. Cover with crusts. Brush crusts with butter. Cool. Wrap in foil or saran, label and freeze. Store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat oven to 425° F. *(moderately hot)*. Unwrap and bake 40 minutes. Serves 6.

Rice-Crust Meat Pie

¾ cup converted rice
1 tablespoon fat
¼-pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 cups cooked pork, veal or beef
2 cups diced celery
1½ cups leftover or canned gravy
2 No. 2-cans bean sprouts

Cook rice as package directs. Drain and press evenly into each of four 6-inch foil casserole dishes to make crusts. Heat fat in skillet. Add mushrooms and brown well. Add meat, celery, gravy. Cover; cook slowly 30 minutes; then pour into crusts. Cover with foil, label and freeze. Store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat oven to 425° F. *(moderately hot)*. Heat covered 50 minutes. Makes 4 pies.



Shepherd's Pie

(photographed on page 66)

6 medium potatoes, to be mashed
1 cup cubed, cooked carrots
2 cups coarsely chopped, cooked lamb
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter or fat from meat
2 cups meat stock, or 2 cups gravy
1½ tablespoons flour if using stock
½ cup hot milk
1¼ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon melted butter

Cook potatoes. Cook carrots and lamb, unless leftover meat is used. Heat lamb, parsley and onion in fat in a large saucepan. Add the stock or gravy. If stock is used, stir in the flour mixed to a thin paste with 2 tablespoons of cold water. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, for 15 minutes. Pour into each of six 6-inch foil casserole dishes. Add carrots to each. Mash potatoes with the hot milk. Season potatoes with salt and pepper: spoon a border of potatoes around each dish. Brush with butter. Cool. Place casserole dishes on a cookie sheet and freeze until potatoes are firm. Wrap each in foil, label and freeze. Store up to 6 weeks. To serve: Heat oven to 425°F. *(moderately hot)*. Heat covered 20 minutes. Uncover and continue to heat another 30 minutes. Makes 6 pies.

PLATTER DINNERS TO FREEZE:

Ribbon Meat Loaf Dinner

(photographed on page 66)

2½ cups soft bread cubes
2 cups grated cheddar cheese
1 cup chopped green pepper
½ cup grated onion
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons salt
¾ cup catsup
1 egg, beaten
2 pounds ground beef

Heat oven to 325° F. (moderate oven). Combine first six ingredients with half the catsup. Mix well. Blend rest of catsup, egg and beef. Pat meat and bread mixtures alternately in half-inch layers in each of two 1-quart foil loaf pans, beginning and ending with a meat layer. Bake at 325° F. for 45 minutes. Cool. Cut each loaf in 8 slices.

Creamed Potatoes

8 medium-sized potatoes
¼ cup grated onion
2 cups light cream or rich milk
1 teaspoon salt

Peel and cube potatoes. Put in skillet with remaining ingredients. Bring to boiling on high heat. Cover, cook slowly 15 minutes. Cool.

Buttered Carrots

8 large carrots, cut in strips
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup melted butter

Cook carrots in salted water to cover until tender. Drain. Add butter.

To make 8 dinners, arrange 2 slices of meat loaf, creamed potatoes and carrots on each of 8 divided foil plates. Wrap plates with foil, label and freeze. Store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat oven to 450° F. (hot). Heat covered 35 minutes.

Baked Ham Dinner

SWEET POTATO PUFFS

3 cups cooked mashed sweet potatoes
1 egg
¾ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons melted butter
8 marshmallows, halved
3 cups crushed cereal flakes
⅓ cup melted butter or margarine

Cook and mash potatoes: combine with egg, salt and 3 tablespoons butter. Mix well. Divide into 16 flat cakes. Place a half marshmallow in center of each potato cake. Mold potato around the marshmallow. Mix cereal and the ⅓ cup butter. Roll balls in buttered flakes.

GREEN BEANS WITH SOUR CREAM

2 packages frozen green beans
1 6-ounce can sliced mushrooms
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon salt

Cook beans 4 minutes. Drain, mix beans, mushrooms, cream and salt. Cool.

Arrange 2 slices of baked, canned or ready-to-eat ham on each of 8 divided foil plates. Place 2 potato balls and a portion of beans on each. Wrap in foil, label and freeze. Store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat oven to 450° F. (hot). Heat covered 20 minutes. Uncover potatoes only and heat another 15 minutes. Serves 8.

CASSEROLES TO FREEZE:

Spaghetti Supreme

(photographed on page 66)

⅓ cup diced onion
2 tablespoons bacon fat
½ cup diced celery
1 10½-ounce can tomato puree
1 8-ounce can spaghetti sauce
½ teaspoon salt
4 ounces spaghetti
1 egg, beaten
1 cup grated American cheese
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted butter
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
1 teaspoon salt

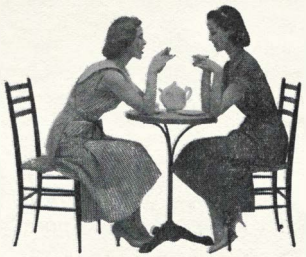
Cook onion in fat until yellow. Add celery, puree, spaghetti sauce and salt. Cook over low heat 20 minutes. Break spaghetti into 3-inch lengths and cook as package directs. Drain. Beat egg and combine with remaining ingredients. Add tomato mixture and spaghetti. Pour into two 10-inch baking trays. Cool. Wrap in foil, label and freeze. Store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat, covered 45 minutes in 400° F oven. A tray serves 4.

Chicken Casserole

3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup flour
1 teaspoon grated onion
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 6-ounce can sliced mushrooms
milk to make 2 cups liquid when added to mushroom liquid
2 cups cooked rice
2 cups cooked chicken, diced
1 package frozen, cut asparagus
½ cup grated cheddar cheese

Heat butter in skillet. Add flour and stir until lightly browned. Add onion, salt, pepper and the liquid. Cook and stir constantly until thick. Add mushrooms. Layer half of rice, chicken and asparagus in a 9-inch deep foil cake dish. Pour in half of sauce. Repeat. Top with cheese. Cool. Wrap with foil, label and freeze: store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat oven to 425° F. *(hot)*. Heat covered, 1 hour. Uncover, heat 15 more minutes. Serves 6.

Turn to page 70 for more freezer food recipes ➡



Chili-Frank Casserole

8 slices bacon
1 large onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
½ pound frankfurters, sliced
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
1 1-pound can kidney beans
½ package crushed corn chips
¼ cup grated sharp cheese

Fry bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towel. Pour off all but two tablespoons of the bacon fat. Cook onion and garlic slowly in fat until soft but not brown. Add the crumbled bacon and all remaining ingredients except corn chips and cheese. Heat thoroughly. Pour into a 10-inch foil baking tray. Let cool. Top with corn chips and grated cheese. Wrap with foil, label and freeze. Store up to 2 months. To serve: Heat oven to 400°F. *(moderately hot).* Heat covered 50 minutes. Uncover and continue to heat 10 minutes until corn chips are crisp. Serves 4.

DESSERTS TO FREEZE:

Flaming Baked Alaskas

(photographed on page 67)

4 baker's sponge cups
1 pint ice cream, any flavor
3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
brandy or lemon extract

Prepare four 8-inch squares of saran or foil. Set a sponge cap on each square. Divide ice cream into four scoops or mounds and fill cups with them. Wrap each cup individually, being sure to seal securely. Label. Freeze up to 2 months. At serving time, preheat oven to 450°F. (hot). Remove wrapping, put cups on a cookie sheet. Break eggs and carefully save four shell halves. Beat egg whites until they form soft peaks; gradually beat in sugar and vanilla. Spread this meringue over entire outer surface of ice cream and cake cups. Make depression in top of each meringue. Bake in a 450°F. oven *(hot)* about 6 minutes. Press egg shells into hollows. Fill shells with a little brandy or lemon extract or with a lump of sugar soaked in brandy. Flame to serve.

Butternut Cake

1 package butterscotch cake mix
1 package vanilla pudding
1 cup milk
½ cup light cream
1 cup heavy cream
½ cup coarsely chopped nuts

Bake cake in 8-inch round cake pans as package directs. Remove from pans and let cool. Split each layer through to make 4 layers in all. Prepare pudding, using 1 cup milk and ½ cup light cream for liquid called for in package directions. Cool. Spread pudding between layers. Whip cream. Spread over top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with nuts. Freeze on a cookie sheet until cream is firm. Cut cake in quarters. Wrap each quarter in foil or saran, label and freeze. Store up to 6 months. To serve: Cut each quarter in 4 wedges and let thaw 45 minutes.

Frozen Chocolate Roll

3 squares unsweetened chocolate
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
¾ cup sifted sugar
½ cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon soda
3 tablespoons cold water
1 pint ice cream, softened

Preheat oven to 375°R. *(moderately hot.)*

Line a 10-x-15-inch jelly-roll pan with waxed paper; grease paper well. Melt chocolate over hot water; then cool. Put baking powder, salt and eggs in large bowl. Beat until foamy; add the ¾ cup sifted sugar gradually and beat until mixture is light colored and thick. Carefully fold in flour and vanilla. Stir the 2 tablespoons of sugar, soda and water into cooled chocolate; quickly fold it into batter. Turn into lined pan. Make 18 to 20 minutes. Sprinkle a clean tea towel with confectioner's sugar. Turn cake onto sugared cloth. Carefully peel off paper; cut off crisp edges of cake. Roll cake with cloth inside. Let cool 30 minutes.

Unroll cake; spread ice cream over it. Reroll. Wrap tightly in foil or saran, label and freeze. Store up to 6 months. To serve, slice and serve within 10 minutes.

Illustrations by Denny Hampson ▶

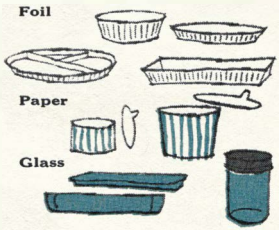
Before You Freeze Food

Check list the five points in this column to be sure you have everything you need for a successful job.

The Freezer:

Be sure to use a *true* freezer to freeze food. Some refrigerator-freezers store frozen foods only. To freeze, the cabinet should operate at 0° F. All home freezers, chest or upright, are for freezing foods.

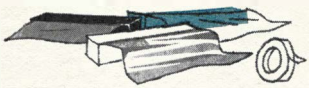
The Containers:



Rigid aluminum

Choose the freezer container best suited to the food. Foil dishes are many sizes and shapes and may be used for reheating and serving. Paper is excellent for cold foods: glass jars are good for soups; rigid aluminum is handy for leftovers.

The Wrappings:



Heavy-duty foil, see-through saran wrap, pliable polyethylene or numerous plastic-coated papers may be used for wrapping precooked foods. The important thing is to wrap or tape-seal out all of the air.

Labeling and Inventory:

Make it a rule: Never put anything in the freezer without a label and date. And an inventory list on the freezer lid will keep foods from getting buried or lost.

Don't Fail:

to take a quiet time to ***read through*** the instruction book that comes with your freezer. It's your insurance for success.

"Our Weapon Is Love"

(Continued from page 43)

United States has closed ranks behind a single objective and remained united against heavy opposition. The effect on Negroes everywhere has been pronounced. The protest has given them proof that it can be done.

Among the most astonishing features of the Negro protest has been the ability of its leaders—and particularly Dr. King—to retain, in the face of every kind of retaliation, the quiet, calm conviction that love returned for hatred cannot fail to win. King's faith in this principle remains unshaken, and he has managed to impart it to Montgomery's Negroes. The tranquil, yet efficient, spirit in which they organized their protest has shaken the common assumption of Southern whites that they understood their Negroes.

The twice-weekly meetings of the Montgomery Improvement Association, the Negro group which has directed the protest, have been models of dignity and decorum. Again and again, overflow audiences have heard Dr. King and other Negro leaders speak of the use of love as a weapon, of returning violence with nonviolence, of turning the other cheek. At one meeting, Dr. King talked about the need of understanding the white man and of teaching him to understand the Negro.

"You've heard of the father who mistreats his son," he said. "One day that father raises his hand to strike his son, and the son is taller than the father. The father is suddenly afraid, fearful that his son will now repay him for all the blows of the past.

"That is like the white man's fear of the Negro. The Negro has grown up, and the white man fears retaliation. Our job is to show him that he has nothing to fear, that we don't want to retaliate. We must make him understand that we seek only one thing—justice—for him and for ourselves."

The protest began on December 1, 1955, when a city bus made a regular stop near the center of town. All 36 seats were occupied, the 24 at the rear by Negroes, the 12 in front by whites. There were also standees, both white and Negro. At the stop, a number of white passengers waited. The driver, in accordance with general practice, asked the four Negroes seated nearest the front to give up their seats, a procedure known in Montgomery as "equalizing facilities." Three of them rose and moved toward the rear. The fourth, Mrs. Rosa Parks, a 43-year-old seamstress, refused.

The driver called a policeman, and Mrs. Parks was arrested. Booked on a charge of violating the city's segregation law, she was released on bond. It was not the first such arrest.

Mrs. Parks' trial was set for Monday, December 5th. On the preceding Saturday, mimeographed leaflets were circulated calling for Negroes to stay off the buses the day of the trial. The leaflets were unsigned, and the secret of who prepared them has been well kept. It is doubtful, though, that they alone could have informed the entire Negro community. But on Sunday, the *Montgomery Advertiser* carried a news story about the planned protest, and everybody knew.

Montgomery's 50,000 Negroes make up about 40 per cent of the city's population; they used to account for more than 75 per cent of the bus company's passengers. On Monday, December 5th, nearly all of them stayed off the buses. Few stayed home from work; instead, they drove, shared rides, took taxis or walked, some of them for miles. Many buses on normally busy Negro routes made their trips empty.

Meanwhile, a group of Negro ministers had called a mass meeting for that night at the Holt Street Baptist Church. During the day, the Interdenominational Ministerial Alliance, an association of Montgomery's Negro ministers, met to discuss ways of guiding the protest. Negro business and professional leaders were invited. At the meeting, the Montgomery Improvement Association was formed. Dr. King was elected president.

During the day, Mrs. Parks was tried on a new charge of violating a state law giving bus drivers authority to assign passengers to seats in accordance with segregation practices. She was fined $10 and court costs. That night, more than 5,000 Negroes packed the mass meeting and overflowed the church into the streets where loud-speakers had been set up. They learned of the new association, its officers and board. And they aired their grievances against the bus company.

They told of abusive language from drivers, of being called "black apes" and of being forced to stand when the ten seats reserved for whites on predominantly Negro routes were empty. They spoke of paying fares at the front of crowded buses and then being made to get off and walk to the back door rather than squeeze by standing whites. Often, they said, the driver drove off before they could reboard the bus.

They wholeheartedly approved the new organization and endorsed its officers. They voted to continue the protest and to present to the city commissioners and the bus company three demands: 1, more courtesy from bus drivers; 2, seating on a first come, first served basis, with Negroes loading from the rear and whites from the front; 3, the hiring of Negro drivers for predominantly Negro routes.

The choice of Dr. King to lead the protest was a fortunate one for both Negro and white citizens of Montgomery. For the Negroes, it meant a new sense of unity and purpose. For the whites, it meant a strict curtailment of violence on the part of Negroes. Circuit Court Judge Eugene W. Carter, in passing sentence on Dr. King for leading a conspiracy to boycott the local bus company without "just cause or legal excuse," made clear his appreciation of this fact by imposing a fine of $500—half the maximum—because of King's repeated urging of nonviolence.

Martin Luther King, Jr. was born in a large, comfortable, two-story frame house in a Negro section of Atlanta, Georgia, on January 15, 1929. The house belonged to his maternal grandfather, the Rev. A. D. Williams, then, and for 34 years previously, pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist Church. Martin's father, also a minister, served as assistant pastor of the church until Martin was three; then he became pastor, a position he still holds.

"We were better off than most Negro families," King says today, "although I never had any feeling of being different."

For three or four years, until he was six, Martin's inseparable playmates were two white boys whose parents ran a store across the street from his grandfather's house. "But then," King recalls, "something began to happen. I'd go over to get them, and their parents would say they couldn't play. I began to realize that they weren't being allowed to play with me. Their parents weren't hostile; they just made excuses. Eventually, I asked my mother about it."

King's mother then faced the age-old problem of the Negro parent in America—how to explain discrimination and segregation to a small child. Holding him in her arms, she told him about slavery and how it ended with the Civil War. She tried to explain the divided system of the South—segregated schools, restaurants, theaters, housing; the WHITE and COLORED signs on drinking fountains, lavatories, waiting rooms—as a social condition rather than a natural order. She let him know that she opposed this system and that he must never let it make him think he was inferior because he was a Negro. "You are just as good as anyone," she said. "You can become as fine a person as anyone."

"My parents never accepted segregation," King says. "Once, when I was seven or eight, my father took me into town to buy me some shoes. He sat down in one of the chairs at the store, and a salesman came over. 'If you'll just step over here,' the salesman said, pointing to a separate section of chairs at the back, 'I'll be glad to help you.'

"My father said he was quite comfortable. The salesman said the section at the rear was for colored. My father said, if he couldn't sit where he was, he wouldn't buy shoes at that store. And we left."

There were other incidents of that kind as the young boy grew up. He attended Negro public schools through the sixth grade, but when he was ready to enter junior high school at the overcrowded Negro public high school, his parents sent him instead to a private Negro school where the academic standards were higher. Two years later that school closed, and he entered the public school, skipping ninth grade.

He was an excellent student, active in intramural sports, student government, oratorical contests and the glee club. Though younger than most of his classmates, his closest friends were in the class ahead, and when they were graduated, he decided to apply for college from the eleventh grade. He passed the

entrance examinations for Morehouse College. an outstanding Negro school in Atlanta. in 1944 at the age of 15.

If there was a major difference between Martin King as a young boy and most of his associates. it was that he hated to fight. "I don't know why," he says now. "but at that age it certainly wasn't because of religious scruples. And I don't think it was fear. either. I just didn't like fighting. My younger brother. Alfred. used to beat me up occasionally, and I rarely fought back. When I was in seventh grade. the local bully decided one day to kick me down the school steps. I didn't do anything about it. On the rare occasions that I was pushed to the absolute limit and did defend myself. I was always sorry."

At Morehouse, he majored in sociology. hoping to go on into law. He had always had an interest in the ministry. but he had serious doubts about it, too. "I was doubtful that religion was intellectually respectable." he says now. "My studies had made me skeptical. and I couldn't see how many of the facts of science could be squared with religion. And there was another thing. too. I had seen that most Negro ministers were unlettered. not trained in seminaries. and that gave me pause.

"I revolted. too. against the emotionalism of much Negro religion, the shouting and stamping. I didn't understand it. and it embarrassed me. But then. during my junior year. I changed my mind. Two men. Dr. Benjamin Mays. president of Morehouse. and Dr. George Kelsey. professor of philosophy and religion. made me stop and think. Both were ministers. both deeply religious. and yet both were learned men. aware of all the trends of modern thinking. I could see in their lives the ideal of what I wanted a minister to be."

He began. also. to understand the emotionalism of Negro religion. "I think now that it stems from the tragic and deep oppression the Negro has undergone." King says. "All week long. at his job. traveling. shopping. eating. in almost everything he does. the Negro represses his emotions: puts up with discrimination; sees himself segregated and shunted into inferior housing. schools. jobs; closes his ears to the names he is called. On Sunday. when he goes to church, all these emotions burst forth. He shouts 'Amen.' He sings and stamps his feet. partly from joy at his freedom in his own church. partly from the sorrow of his experiences. For many Negroes. religion has probably provided a safety valve against insanity or rebellion.

"But there's a danger in this emotionalism. too." he continues. "It can become as empty a form as any other. I often say to my people that if we. as a people. had as much religion in our hearts and souls as we have in our legs and feet, we could change the world."

So. in his junior year in college. Martin Luther King decided to become a minister. Being graduated from Morehouse in June. 1948. at the age of 19. he applied and was accepted at Crozer Theological Seminary. in Chester. Pennsylvania.

While he had worked in many interracial organizations. attended meetings and worked with whites. Crozer was his first experience of being in a completely interracial atmosphere. King was understandably nervous at first.

"I was well aware of the typical white stereotype of the Negro." he says. "that he is always late. that he's loud and always laughing. that he's dirty and messy. and for a while I was terribly conscious of trying to avoid identification with it. If I were a minute late to class. I was almost morbidly conscious of it and sure that everyone else noticed it. Rather than be thought of as always laughing. I'm afraid I was grimly serious for a time. I had a tendency to overdress. to keep my room spotless. my shoes perfectly shined and my clothes immaculately pressed.

"And I remember once at an outing how worried I was when I found they were serving watermelon. I didn't want to be seen eating it because of the association in many peoples' minds between Negroes and watermelon. It was silly. I know. but it shows how white prejudices can affect a Negro."

In time King felt his hyperconsciousness of being a Negro drop away. And it was while at Crozer that he lost his last trace of doubt about Negro inferiority. His own record was overwhelming proof —elected president of the student body his senior year. he was graduated at the head of his class. winning an award as its outstanding student. In addition. he received the J. Louis Crozer Fellowship. giving him an opportunity to work toward a Ph. D. at the university of his choice.

But one of the most significant experiences of his years at Crozer came almost by chance. He had always been fascinated by those doctrines of Christianity which taught one to love his neighbor. to return evil with good. to offer the other cheek. And then. one night. he heard Dr. Mordecai Johnson. president of Washington's Howard University. give a lecture about a recent trip to India. He told of Mahatma Gandhi. the Hindu nationalist leader. and his movement of passive resistance. his development of techniques for accomplishing social and political goals from the teachings of Jesus.

"I had heard of Gandhi and read about his opposition to British rule in India." King says. "but Dr. Johnson's talk so inspired me that I went out and bought a half-dozen books about him. I am still reading about him and his movement. and during this protest in Montgomery, I have found myself going back to those original books, rereading them and finding in them the same tremendous inspiration I found before. The spirit of passive resistance came to me from the Bible. from the teachings of Jesus. The techniques came from Gandhi."

King had been appointed assistant pastor to his father after graduation from Morehouse in 1948. In 1950. while still in theological school. he was made co-pastor of his father's church. During the summers. he took complete charge of the church. and on three or four Sundays each winter he came back to Atlanta to preach. He continued this practice during the three years that he studied. after graduation from Crozer. at Boston University. the school he chose for his work toward a Ph.D. in systematic theology.

It was in Boston. in 1951, that he met Coretta Scott. a lovely young Negro student at the New England Conservatory of Music. whom he married in June. 1953. in her home town of Marion. Alabama. They lived in Boston while King completed his work at the university. Early in 1954. when the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church of Montgomery needed a pastor. King was invited to come to Montgomery to preach. In April, the church extended him a call. and he accepted. specifying that he could not come to them permanently until September. when his formal work at the university would be finished.

"My first months in Montgomery were busy ones." he says. "getting to know my parishioners and my church. working to finish my doctor's thesis. I wasn't aware of any special problems in race relations. although I noticed almost at once that. unlike Atlanta. Montgomery had almost no channels of communication or points of contact between the Negro and white communities. There were no strong interracial groups. no cultural events attended by both whites and Negroes. There wasn't even contact between Negro and white ministers. And beyond that. the Negro community was almost hopelessly divided. But I joined the local chapters of the NAACP and the Alabama Council on Human Relations. an interracial group."

Dr. King found Montgomery a relatively poor community. without major industries. The vast majority of its employed Negroes were domestic workers: maids. housemen. gardeners. earning from $12 to $20 a week. To many. it might have seemed a poor place for a man with his education and obvious opportunities to begin a career. "I went back to the South." King says. "because I felt I could render the greatest service there."

That the Negro leaders of Montgomery chose Dr. King's leadership and his ideas for the bus protest is testimony to his eloquence in expounding his beliefs. That he and they were able to pass on to the majority of Montgomery's Negro citizens the idea that this was a religious

movement rather than an economic boycott—a fact which most reports of the protest have missed—is even more persuasive of Dr. King's abilities as an educator. For, while there was evidence of possible Negro violence during the early days of the protest—several buses were stoned and even fired upon in Negro sections of Montgomery—all such acts ceased as the struggle went on.

Perhaps the thing which has astonished Montgomery's white community most of all is the efficiency with which the protest was organized. Almost overnight a transportation system utilizing Negro-owned taxicabs was set up. When city authorities threatened the drivers with loss of licenses for carrying passengers for less than a minimum of 45 cents a ride, a free motor pool of more than 300 private automobiles was organized with over 80 dispatch and pick-up points throughout the city, its initial expenses of more than $2,000 a week financed by contributions at the semiweekly mass meetings.

Within the first week there were two attempts at settlement of the controversy. The first, between the leaders of the protest and city and bus-company officials, ended without concession on either side. To the second, Mayor W. A. Gayle invited eight white citizens representing various community groups. Luther Ingalls, head of Montgomery's White Citizens' Council, the most vocal prosegregation organization in the city, was one of the eight. The sole agreement reached was that more courtesy on the part of bus drivers was in order.

Soon afterward, Mayor W. A. Gayle announced a "get-tough" policy. "We have pussyfooted around on this boycott long enough," he stated, in part, "and it is time to be frank and honest. . . . The white people are firm in their convictions that they do not care whether the Negroes ever ride on a city bus again if it means that the social fabric of our community is destroyed. . . ." He called on white women to stop driving their colored maids to and from work—a widespread practice during the protest—saying that their maids were laughing at them and calling them chauffeurs.

The "get-tough" policy took the form of arrests of Negro car-pool drivers charged with minor traffic violations. Soon after it was announced, Dr. King, himself, was arrested. "I had seen the two motorcycle policemen when I stopped my car to pick up some Negroes at a regular pick-up point," King says. "I even heard one of them mention my name. When I started out, they followed, and, of course, I was particularly careful to drive well within the speed limit. After about ten blocks, they stopped me, asked for my license and said I was under arrest. They called a patrol car and took me to jail. They refused to let me call either my wife or lawyer, but the people in the car notified both. In half an hour there were many Negroes at the jail. The police, who at first had said they wouldn't even let me out on bail, suddenly decided to let me go without bail. I was later fined $10 for driving 35 miles an hour in a 25 mile zone."

Then came violence. Dr. King was attending a mass meeting that night. His wife and two-month-old daughter, Yolanda, were at home. Mrs. King was entertaining a friend. At about 9:15 that evening they heard something hit the concrete porch, and they ran from the front room toward the back of the house. A bomb exploded seconds later, shattering all the front windows and spraying glass into the room in which they had been sitting. No one was hurt. Friends and neighbors gathered almost immediately. Mayor Gayle and Police Commissioner Sellers arrived in about ten minutes.

Dr. King was informed of the attack at the mass meeting. Before leaving, he notified the audience, urging them to go home and remain calm. At his own home, he found the mayor and police commissioner. Both assured him the bomb-thrower would be caught and punished. When they left, King spoke to the Negroes who had gathered at the house, asking them not to become panicky.

Two days later, a dynamite cap exploded in the front yard of Mr. E. D. Nixon, the Negro treasurer of the Montgomery Improvement Association. Neither crime has been solved.

Since then Dr. King has taken precautions; his house is now floodlighted from dusk to dawn; 24-hour guards are on duty inside; he goes nowhere alone. "For a while after the attack I felt that I was in some personal danger," he says. "A day never passed without ten to twenty telephone threats. But having taken what precautions we could, my wife and I have put our worries aside in the knowledge that God will take care of us."

Mrs. King, according to her husband, has been more calm than he has. "She has really kept me going," he says. "The night of the bombing, her father came to take her and the baby home for a few days. She refused to go, saying she wouldn't leave me. And she hasn't."

On February 1st, five Montgomery Negroes filed suit in the U. S. District Court, asking that state and local segregation laws applying to public transportation be declared unconstitutional. One of the Negro lawyers filing the suit, Fred Gray, was also a minister and leader of the bus protest. As a minister, he had been automatically classified 4D by his draft board. Soon after the suit was filed, he was reclassified 1A on grounds that he was only a part-time minister and not subject to deferment. He was also indicted by a grand jury for false representation when one of the five plaintiffs in the suit charged she had not understood what she was being asked to do. This case was later dismissed.

Later, the same grand jury indicted more than 100 Negro leaders of the bus protest on charges of conspiring to boycott a legal business, under a little-used state law. The list of defendants was narrowed later to 90, and Dr. King was tried first and convicted. The other cases await a ruling on King's appeal.

On June 6th, a three-judge panel in Federal Court ruled that segregation on Montgomery's buses violated the Constitution. Pending enforcement of this decision and a possible appeal by city and state officials to the U. S. Supreme Court, the boycott was continued.

Police Commissioner Sellers, denouncing a previous decision of April 23rd, had warned that persons failing to observe bus segregation or bus drivers permitting mixed seating would be arrested.

Estimates of the bus company's losses vary from $3,000 to $3,500 per day. Forty to 50 buses have been idle for months, some 30 drivers have been laid off and fares have been raised. There are indications, too, that other businesses in the downtown area have suffered as transportation for Negroes has become difficult. Neighborhood Negro shops and stores have boomed.

But the emphasis which most reports have laid on the economic aspects of the protest, according to Dr. King, have tended to obscure the real forces behind it.

"We have never called it a boycott," he says, "because the word has the wrong connotations. We're not trying to put a company out of business but to put justice in business.

"The truth is that the protest began spontaneously. I think its success is partly due to the Supreme Court's decision on the schools, which gave the Southern Negro a new sense of dignity and destiny. He lacks the fear which once paralyzed him. He has the feeling now that the law is on his side, that his day is finally dawning. But the chief reason for our success is that the whole philosophy of this protest is grounded in religious principle. It is a spiritual—not an economic—movement."

There is good evidence that Dr. King is right. Negro church attendance in Montgomery is up. Many of the movement's leaders are ministers, and their stature in the Negro community has never been greater. As for Dr. King himself, he is today the acknowledged leader of a Negro community never before united on a single issue. And it has been the successful application of his philosophy of love, of understanding, of nonviolence and of passive resistance which has given hope to Negroes everywhere that their rights may be attained without violence and in a true spirit of Christianity.

It is a paradox, but quite possibly true, that Dr. King's ability to face harassment, threats, violence and legal entanglements stems partly from the fact that he has never suffered the worst that the South has to offer a Negro. As an educated minister and the son and grandson of respected Negro ministers, he has probably escaped the worst indignities of a segregated society and hence, possibly, the corroding anger which often accompanies them.

He admitted, during his trial for conspiracy, that he had only once ridden in a Montgomery bus and that thus he had little personal knowledge of the conditions that were being protested. But when this fact is cited as proof that he is really interested only in agitation, he has a ready answer. *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*

. . . THE END

Good Old Summertime

(Continued from page 35)

that we do *not* take any vacation this year?"

"Now wait a second," I replied hastily, "wait *one* second."

Janie held her breath. She always holds her breath in times of crisis.

"Such as? . . ."

"Now this might not strike you the moment you hear it, you understand, but I want you to give it some thought. I mean, don't just fluff it off."

"I'm listening."

She was, too, but her face was taking on a blue tinge. I took a deep breath.

"We stay right here."

"Sweet singing birds," cried Janie. "Now I've heard everything!"

"Okay. You're flipping. You haven't heard a word. You have no idea of the master plan, but you're blowing." I allowed myself to look a trifle miffed.

Janie's mouth set. "All right. Give it to me."

"No. Forget it. You're not receiving me. I'm not going to *squander* the idea. I've been giving it a lot of thought lately."

"Have you, dear?" she asked through clenched teeth.

"Never mind," I said, piqued. "I'm bucking a closed mind."

"Okay," she said with resignation. "Let us assume I lose my mind and accept your offer. What's in it for me?"

"Ah," I breathed mysteriously.

"We can do that at a resort," she said shortly.

"Please." I held up a detaining hand. "Hear me out. First. We get rid of the kids tomorrow morning. Second. We lay in a stock of food and drink. Third. We take the telephone off the hook—and *voilà* . . . we're lost in Shangri-La. Picture it. Time is our slave. You take up long-forgotten hobbies . . . finger painting, sculpture. I dig in the good earth. We lunch *al fresco* in the shade of our own fig tree. We drink May wine. We chase each other through the garden. We dine at ten in the evening by candlelight. We breakfast in bed."

"Who cooks it?" demanded Janie in a peculiarly flat tone of voice.

"I wait on you hand and foot. I give you back rubs. For two weeks you are the moon of my delight."

"Hmph," snorted Janie, but at last she was looking thoughtful.

"What do you say?"

"No golf?"

"Nary a divot."

"No bridge?"

"Not a trump."

"Well . . ." she drawled.

"Whatever happened to that old bearskin rug I had in my bachelor digs?" I asked grinning.

"Now don't get carried away. I haven't said yes."

I put my arms around her and kissed her in the hollow below her collar bone.

"Yes," she said abruptly. "But it had better be all you say."

"The most," I promised fervently.

The next morning at six-ten my two children came in to announce that they were all ready to leave for camp. They had their hats and coats on to prove it.

"Look, trolls," I said, crawling out from under my electric blanket, "the bus does not leave until ten in the morning."

"Yes," said Susie, "but we have to be there real early because I have to sit up in front or I get sick to my stomach."

"We want you to get the car out anyway because we have things to put into it," demanded Sandra. "I'm taking my bowl of guppies, and Susie's taking her turtle in a box, and we want the cat to ride to the station. Just to the station, that's all."

"Nothing doing," I said, "that cat is a domestic animal. He stays put."

"But we're going to be gone *two whole weeks*," wailed Susie.

"It hardly seems enough," I murmured.

"Aren't you going to give us our money *now?*" asked Sandra, switching the attack.

"I had thought I might brush my teeth first," I said, stumbling toward the bathroom.

"We each have to have money," they chorused.

"How well I know."

"Daddy? How much money are you going to give us?"

"A princely sum. Now will you take off your coats and go downstairs?"

"Yes, but *can't* we put the cat in the car? Can't we, Daddy?"

I shrugged. The cat had never done anything for me. "Stow it away. And beat it."

They ran happily from the room.

At eight forty-five, at the hysterical insistence of my offspring, we arrived at the station. We took up the slack by convoying them to the restroom, counting out their money and whispering admonitions concerning their table manners, quarreling and having themselves a ball. Presently they were off without a backward glance. At that precise moment our vacation began.

For a moment we stood in the burly-burly of the bus depot and looked at each other with melting intensity. "Hi." I said ardently.

Janie smiled at me the way she used to before she knew what I looked like without a shave.

"The world's our oyster," I whispered. "Where shall we start? A morning movie? The darkened corner of a pub?"

Janie flushed becomingly. "Al, honey," she said shyly, "don't hate me. . . ." Her voice trailed off. "But I have to pick up the laundry," she finished lamely.

"Laundry?" I cried, "what do you mean, *laundry?*"

"I thought we were going out of town so I left a slew of sheets and towels and stuff at the laundromat. We'll have to have them if we aren't going to close the bouse."

"Okay," I agreed, "but from here on in we are creatures of air and fire. No more everyday routine. I mean, we're either going to do this thing or we aren't."

"Yes, doll," said Janie and took my hand. I began to relax. I dropped Janie off and told her I'd circle around the block. I made plans. We'd go home. We'd climb into something comfortable (Janie used to have some very interesting short shorts) and we'd have a long cold glass of beer on the patio. Then lunch, a snooze, a long cocktail hour, dinner and a fine undisturbed, intimate evening . . . I went around the block a few times, crooning happily. Then I went back to the laundromat. Janie was standing outside, shading her eyes.

"Where've you been?" she asked.

"Circling," I said amiably.

"Well, go around some more. The stuff's in the drying cycle."

"Look, Janie," I said urgently, "I'm trying to get this show on the road."

"I know, angel," she answered soothingly. "Here's an idea. You go pick us up something glamorous for lunch. You know, like you said—May wine under the fig tree."

"Okay," I said.

"Butter, milk, eggs and toothpaste too," Janie added rapidly.

"You mean you want me to do the *marketing?*" I said in a controlled tone.

"Just butter, milk, eggs and toothpaste. What's so terrible about that?"

"It's off-key. It's mundane," I said with strained dignity.

"We can't drink May wine for breakfast, can we?" asked Janie.

"Why not?"

"Don't be silly. You know how you get when there's no cream for your coffee."

"Very well," I said stiffly. "I'm trying to keep this thing on a certain level, but if you have to have butter, milk and eggs. . . ."

"There's a store on the corner. Pick me up in five minutes." She blew me a kiss and vanished into the laundromat.

As it turned out the store had a very interesting delicatessen. I got some wine, some goat's cheese, a bottle of stuffed olives and some liverwurst. The bill came to six dollars and seventy-two cents. I paid the man and found I had just three cents left for butter, milk, eggs and toothpaste. I spoke confidingly to the clerk. "We can't live by butter alone, can we?"

"Butter's on counter F, sir."

"Skip it," I said and went out whistling jauntily.

I picked up Janie, stowed the laundry in the back of the car, climbed in beside her and kissed her passionately on the mouth. "Let me take you away from all this," I murmured into her ear.

She laughed girlishly. "Honestly, Al, you'd think we were kids. . . ."

"I am younger than springtime," I announced, "and I'm prepared to prove it." I gunned the car skillfully and we roared away. I heard the siren in the middle of the second block.

"This will cost ten dollars, hot rod," said Janie disconsolately and scrounged down in the seat.

The cop said good morning to Janie, took my license and handed me a ticket before I could even clear my throat. My

mood went from manic to depressive. We rode in silence.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked Janie, sliding over close to me. "You're awfully glum."

"It's nothing." I said bitterly. "I've just been up since six o'clock. run ragged. tagged by a cop . . . trifles."

"All right," said Janie in a soothing syrup voice, "all the bad things are over." She kissed me on the tip of my ear. "We'll go home and have a nice lunch, and you can seduce me."

"You think all this is pretty funny, don't you?"

"I think it's pretty wonderful," she said seriously. "I mean, that you could be so romantic after we've been married eight years. I love you for it. I really do. You're the only man in our entire crowd who would have thought it up. Honestly."

"Well," I said modestly, "it was just a notion."

"It's not a notion," cooed Janie, "it's a beautiful concept."

I drove the rest of the way home with my arm around her.

The mercury was crowding ninety when we got home and Janie thought we ought to have lunch in the dining room.

"Leave it to me," I said. "You go climb into something pastoral."

"You mean *you're* going to fix lunch?" She looked doubtful.

"In the manner of the Cordon Bleu," I said grandly. "Beat it."

I set up a card table under the avocado tree (we don't happen to have a fig tree) in the back yard. The flies got a little troublesome when they spotted the goat cheese but a liberal spraying of DDT fixed that. It just so happened that the liverwurst was downwind of the spray but I wiped most of it off with a paper napkin. I packed some ice cubes around the wine and put the olives in a dish. It looked a little skimpy. I decided on some cream of tomato soup as a starter and headed for the kitchen. It took me a little while to get going. A few pans got burned and some stuff boiled over. but the end result was terrific. I was thinking about stopping for a beer when I saw Janie outside. She was wearing a blue sundress and she had a ribbon in her hair.

"Hey," she called, "I'm starving."

"Don't hustle me," I said, "this is gourmet cooking." At this point I burned myself on a pot handle.

"Something smells funny," she said, edging toward the door.

"Keep your seat, madam," I said, pouring the soup into cereal bowls, "you are about to be served."

I kicked open the screen door and emerged with the steaming plates. I set them down and pulled Janie's chair with a flourish.

She stared at the table. "Is this it?" she asked in a small voice.

"Simple but succulent," I said.

"What's that?" She pointed to the goat's cheese.

"What does it look like?" I asked.

"I don't think I'd better say."

"It happens to be a very superior bit of cheese. Allow me to pour the wine." It was a little tepid. Janie sipped it tentatively. "What's the matter?" I demanded.

"Nothing."

"Why is your face all screwed up?"

"Is it?"

"You don't like the wine."

"It's really too hot to eat," said Janie with a friendly smile.

She was one hundred per cent right, but I wasn't going to admit it. I shrugged and dug in.

"I think I'll just get myself a nice cold glass of milk," said Janie, after watching me with a slight shiver of distaste.

I looked up from my lumpy soup. "No milk," I announced.

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

If you were marooned with strangers, and life was measured by minutes, could you be heroic?
Please turn to page 105

"But I told you. . . ."

"I blew the milk money on these goodies." I replied tightly.

"Ice water will be all right," she answered calmly. That's what I love about Janie. She's a switch hitter. You expect a storm: you get sunshine.

She disappeared into the kitchen. There was a moment of silence and then a cry of anguish. When she reappeared in the doorway she was pale. "What happened to the kitchen?" she asked hoarsely. "There's soup on the ceiling."

"A lucky shot." I said modestly.

". . . It's on the floor. too. And the stove is covered with it and burned to a crisp!"

"I had a little trouble getting my bearings." I said. "but I'll clean it up."

"Just stay out of here," said Janie grimly. "Just sit there and drink your May wine and leave me alone."

She closed the door and I heard the clank of a pail and the sound of a scrubbing brush. By this time the flies had got their range and the sun had shifted so I got it full in the face. I wanted to go inside but I could hear Janie muttering to herself. I decided to let the flies have me. Two hours and fifteen minutes later Janie staggered outside. Her hair hung in sticky tendrils around her face. Her arms were red to the elbow and she smelled of ammonia and naphtha soap. She groaned and sank into a chair, her eyes closed. Right about then I discovered I was sunburned to the navel but I sensed it was no time to complain.

"Look, baby," I said in a conciliatory way, "you just relax and I'll fix us a nice cold drink. Then I'll take you out to dinner. We'll drive up the coast and have a fish dinner. Maybe we'll have a stroll on the beach. Maybe we'll take a blanket. Janie? Are you listening?"

"There was even soup in the oven," she said in a dull voice.

"I know, baby. and I'm sorry. How about this dinner thing?"

She opened her eyes. "Yes, dinner out . . . by all means."

I got up. The skin down my back cracked like a roasted turkey. I stifled a groan and kissed her.

"I think I'll have a long bath full of bubbles," she mused reflectively. "And then I'll spray myself with perfume and then I'll drift downstairs and drink your drinks. Make them strong."

I was happily engaged in squeezing limes when the phone rang. In all the hugger-mugger we had forgotten to take it off the hook.

"Al, boy," boomed a familiar voice, "you mean you're in town?"

It was Bill Williams, a golf and bridge crony.

"Yeah," I said cautiously.

"Well. whadaya know. My frau and the kids are up at Big Bear. I was supposed to get up there but my boss called an agency meeting. Boy, this is a ghost town. I've been on the phone an hour trying to hear a human voice."

"Yeah." I said.

"So you're in town. Janie, too?"

"Yeah." I said.

"Great. You folks staying right at home. huh?"

I didn't say anything.

"Man. old solitude got me. You folks doing anything tonight?"

"Well. . ." I said.

"I'll bring my own bottle," he said wistfully. He sounded like he was on the ropes. After all we'd been in the Navy together. We'd played poker together.

"Listen, Bill," I said, "come on over for dinner."

"Now?" he asked, his voice cracking emotionally.

I thought about Janie in the bubble bath. "Make it forty-five minutes," I said.

I hung up. Upstairs I could hear Janie singing "April in Paris." A faint sweat broke out on my brow.

"Hey." she called suddenly, "was that the phone?"

"Mmmm."

"I can't hear you. Come on up."

I climbed the stairs as if they were Annapurna. Janie was in her slip, brushing her hair. "Who was that?"

I sat down on the bed. "Old Bill Williams." I said cheerfully.

"How did he know we were in town?" she asked.

"Just took a chance. Trudy and the kids are up in Big Bear. The poor guy's losing his marbles. He's been all alone for a week."

"Mmm." said Janie, putting on her lipstick. "Shall I break out my new white pique for this occasion? Are you really going to do me proud?"

"Janie." I said softly.

"Why shouldn't I wear a new dress for you?" she said suddenly. "Who am I trying to impress if it isn't you?"

"Janie." I said plunging. "I asked him over here for dinner."

The hairbrush she was holding halted in mid-air. I took the offensive. "Maybe we can just open a can. The guy doesn't care what he eats. He just wants a little company. I wouldn't have done it for anybody but old Bill Williams . . ."

"What makes old Bill Williams so special?" Janie turned to face me. Her eyes were as frosty as a deep freeze.

"We fought together." I announced in a ringing martial tone.

"That was years ago." said Janie. "And you never got out of San Diego."

"Listen." I countered with dignity. "Bill Williams has been a good solid friend. There've been a lot of times when I couldn't have got up a foursome without him."

"I don't know how he is on foursomes." replied Janie icily. "but he is certainly queering this twosome."

"I'll make it up to you honey." I said. "Starting tomorrow we're in the clear; we're alone at last."

"I've heard those lyrics." sniffed Janie, "and we're having *canned* tuna for supper." With that she rose and snatched down an old green cotton she wears for gardening. I made a strategic retreat.

Everything might have worked out if Bill hadn't acted as though he were permanently based in our living room. At midnight he was giving our naval experiences the full "Caine Mutiny" treatment. Janie looked as if she were about to abandon ship any moment. I decided to put in an oar.

"Well, Billy Budd." I said, "one for the road?"

He looked at us dreamily. "You know, this has been great. You guys have it made. You hole in here like two love-birds and let the world go by."

Janie smiled wanly. "Oh, we're foxy. When I think of poor Trudy stuck up in those gorgeous green mountains . . ."

"Well." said Bill depreciatingly. "she really needed the change. She's pretty much of a softie." he admitted.

"I'm not exactly old ironsides myself," said Janie, staring at me.

"Speaking of old ironsides," said Bill happily, "remember that Lieutenant Commander . . ."

"That's a long story." I countered nervously. "We've had a pretty full day. Got the kids off. You know."

"Yeah. It's time I was upping anchor, anyway. Well, as I said, this has been great. Everybody's out of town. You're the last of the Mohicans, you two." He beamed at us happily. "We'll stay in touch. We'll do this again."

"Sure," I said weakly. "we'll do that." I moved over to Janie and draped my arm around her. Bill shook his head in admiring approval and went out into the night.

Janie turned back into the living room. It smelled of beer and full ashtrays. Bill had rearranged the furniture during a naval maneuver. She closed her eyes against the sight. "I'll think about that tomorrow." she said a trifle grimly.

"You go on up to bed, doll." I said. "I'll give the joint a clean sweepdown fore and aft. Strictly shipshape."

She looked at me gratefully. "Just dump the ash trays." she said, yawning, and went up the stairs.

By the time I got the beerstain out of the rug and all it was close to two-thirty. My sunburn was killing me and my mouth felt like the inside of a pair of tennis shoes. I staggered upstairs. Janie was already asleep. I paused to kiss her on the forehead; then I hit the sack. My last thoughts were "no kids, no office, Roman Holiday." I died.

When the horn began to blow at seven-thirty I thought my car had short-circuited, but then the doorbell rang. Janie sat up in bed and groped wildly for her bathrobe. "Somebody at door," she muttered.

She crawled out of bed and went to the window and lifted the blind. "It's Harry Short," she whispered. "and his wife and his children—and it's seven-thirty."

"Impossible." I said, burrowing under the pillow.

The bell-ringing continued.

I got up and pulled on my pants. "Must be an emergency," I said. "Harry's supposed to be in Carmel." I stumbled down the stairs and threw open the front door.

"We just took a chance." said Harry, beaming on me. "I told Ethel they won't be in town and she said just stop by and see. It won't hurt to stop and see. We're on our way to Carmel. Only Judy here got carsick and Jerry needs attention, and I said why not see if we can get a drink and so forth from Al Stewart." He grinned widely. "Thought for sure you people would be out of town. Lucky for us you aren't."

"Come in." I said. I mean. Harry Short just happens to do twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of business a year with my company. "I'll go call Janie."

But Janie emerged at the top of the stairs. She was dressed. Her hair was combed. She was even smiling. "Hi." she said.

"Hello, sweetie," Ethel said. "Aren't we terrible barging in on you like this, but my kids . . . Have you got the teeniest bit of baking soda in the house?"

"I think so. Were you on your way out of town?"

"Three beautiful weeks in Carmel . . . if we can *get* there."

"Lovely." murmured Janie. "Have you had breakfast?"

Harry and Ethel exchanged delighted looks. "No, dear," said Ethel. "as a matter of fact, we haven't."

"Have it with us then," she said. I could have kissed her on both cheeks. That was my Janie. A real sport. A real helpmeet. A man could get on in the world with a woman like that.

"Just make yourselves comfortable." she said and disappeared into the kitchen. She had breakfast on the table in nothing flat. Harry's kids wouldn't eat anything. They just wanted to throw toast at each other. Ethel sighed.

"If you knew how I needed this vacation." she said. "My cook quit last week and the nursemaid won't stay where there's no cook, so I've had this crew on my hands for a whole week."

"More coffee?" asked Janie brightly. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to look at her.

"Not another bite. Jerry, we do *not* put our butter on the tablecloth. She glanced at her diamond wristwatch. "We should help you with this mess," she said listlessly.

"I'm here." I said, forcing a smile. "I'll knock these off in no time."

"Aren't you people getting away this season?" asked Ethel, putting on her lipstick.

"No." said Janie quietly, "we're fighting it out on the home front."

"You look as if you could do with a change." Ethel said, appraising Janie with a critical eye.

"I always look this way," said Janie, "it's occupational."

Ethel looked puzzled.

"We have a bad night." I explained.

"Harry." said Ethel firmly. "let's run and leave these darling people to their plans." And then she suddenly gave a little cry and wagged her finger at us. "I've just figured it out." she said. "You two are playing dead dog. You're pretending to be out of town and all the time you're right here."

"Right here," echoed Janie bitterly.

"Isn't that cute? Harry, isn't that the cutest thing you ever heard of?"

Harry smiled paternally. "It sure is. We'll have to try that dodge sometime. It looks like fun."

"Doesn't it?" cooed Ethel. "Isn't it an adorable idea?" She patted her hair into place. "Well, we have to be moving along. Bring on that sunshine," she said exultantly and followed her brood out.

I turned to Janie but she had already gone into the kitchen and closed the door. I followed her and found her scrubbing the eggy frying pan with a kind of silent despair.

"Janie . . ." I began, making a helpless gesture.

"Al." she said in a quiet voice, "I think you'd just better leave me alone with my thoughts for a while. Go dig around the geraniums or something, will you?"

I know this mood of Janie's. I'd seen it once when I dropped fifty-five bucks of our grocery money in a poker game and once when I recited some Naval limericks at a cocktail party. I made for the geranium bed. I gave her about an hour to work it off and then I went back into the house carrying a few geraniums in my hands as a peace offering. The kitchen was clean and empty. I figured she might be flung across the bed staring at the ceiling or something. (This I have seen in the movies.) I took the stairs two at a time and burst into the bedroom. It was

empty, but I saw the note pasted up on the mirror with scotch tape. It was brief but telling:

Dear Al,

I am not doing this in anger. I merely want to be where the beds are made for me, meals are served and the bathtub is totally unfamiliar. I want to put my clothes in empty closets and use new cakes of soap. I want to hang "do not disturb" signs on the doors. I know I'm going to have a wonderful time. Glad you aren't here.

I love you,
Janie

For one moment I felt as if I had swallowed prussic acid. I envisioned Janie alone in some swank resort. She would wear that white pique number. She would take off her wedding ring. Men would buy her martinis, tan men, muscular men. The crumby beach bums—who did they think they were, moving in on my wife! I had to find her. We were married, weren't we? Okay. If anyone was going to wine, woo and dine her, it was going to be *me*, old dog Tray.

I ran through the possibilities and then it hit me. There was a hotel just north of Malibu where we had gone after Sandra was born. We'd left the kids with her mother and lost a weekend. I smiled over the memory as I dumped a toothbrush and some pajamas in an overnight kit. She'd be there all right. She *had* to be there.

I found her by the swimming pool. She was wearing a bright pink bathing suit with lipstick to match. There was a glass of lemonade with a cherry in it by her side. I noted with a faint sense of shock that she had legs. Her eyes were closed but she was smiling. I came up and knelt down beside her.

"Don't I know you?" I murmured fervently. "In fact, aren't you the mother of my two children?"

She opened her eyes and sat up with a gasp. "Al," she said.

"I didn't know you had a pink bathing suit," I said, kissing her on the ear.

"Al," she breathed, "are you furious?"

"Do I act furious?" I said.

"The cabana faces the ocean," she said, taking my hand. "It's got fluorescent lights in the bathroom and ice water in the tap. It's got sterilized drinking glasses . . . and a double bed."

I pulled her to her feet and we started around the kidney-shaped swimming pool. "Who says," I demanded, putting my arm around her, "that there's no place like home?" . . . THE END

Your Family Car

(Continued from page 45)

conditioning will be a long time reaching this level. They point to heaters as an example. Even today and in cold climate areas of America the heater is not accepted by all customers as standard.

Interior safety devices will be prominent on every car sold five years from now. Passenger-side dashboards will be completely covered with a thick layer of shock-absorbent material: virtually all sharp metal and plastic interior forms will have disappeared; the steering wheel universally used will be an adaptation and improvement on the one Ford has in its 1956 models.

Some form of seat belt which can provide restraint at the chest and shoulder level of driver and passengers will be offered. The lap-belt now coming into use does not give complete protection. It does, however, do these things: (1) it prevents the rider's whole body from being hurled forward; (2) it keeps him in the car, should the doors be forced open; (3) it holds the driver at the wheel, helping him to maintain control of the car. But it does little to prevent the terribly dangerous "jackknifing" of the rider forward from his hips and consequent severe injuries to his head.

Jackknifing can be controlled only by a belt or harness around the chest or shoulders. Wearing such harness, drivers have come unhurt out of cars that had almost literally been rolled into balls of sheet metal. The alternative is backward-facing seats for passengers. Most experts cannot believe that turned-around seats will ever be acceptable, because many people become nervous if they travel backward, particularly at high speeds. Nevertheless, a 1956 Chrysler station wagon has a backward-facing rear seat.

SIZE

Automobile manufacturers believe that the American customer does not want a small car and won't buy one. Oddly, it costs almost as much to make a "small" car by Detroit standards—say one the size of the Nash Rambler—as it does to make a bigger one. The manufacture of cars smaller than the Rambler has been attempted and has not been very successful. The answer to the bruising problems of city traffic and highway congestion lies not in smaller automobiles. Detroit authorities maintain, but in better parking facilities and more highways. (At the moment we have one car for every 700 feet of roadway in the United States.)

Supporters of the no-small-car argument say that American automobiles are built the way the customer wants them. This is not entirely the case because the American car buyer until recently has had no standard of comparison. The independent rear suspension and fuel injection features mentioned above are examples. The average American does not know what these devices are. It is, therefore, hard to see how he could be asking for them. It may be argued that the customer wants what these new features will provide—a better ride and more power—but even this is doubtful. Most of us can't use the power we have available today, and most of us are convinced that our automobiles furnish a near-perfect ride now.

The fact of the matter is that the automobile manfacturers first *create* the demand and then *satisfy* it.

The customers' choice among American automobiles is small compared with the variety elsewhere in the world market. We make no V-4 or V-6 or V-12 engines. We make no air-cooled engines. We make no Diesels. Until recently we made no hemispherical-combustion-chamber engines. We have no front-wheel drive cars, no rear-engine cars. We have no independent-rear-suspension automobiles as yet and no hydraulically-suspended cars. And we make no really small car.

The first really good small automobile most Americans ever saw was the Volkswagen, and although it has had almost no advertising save word-of-mouth, it is today much sought-after, particularly as a second car, and this despite its output of only 36 horsepower. Sales rose 500 per cent last year. The Nash Metropolitan, made in England for American Motors, is still the biggest seller of all imported automobiles.

ENGINES

Before our automobiles become smaller, there are going to be some notable changes in the power plants. Fuel injection will be the first innovation, and it will be standard on medium- and high-priced cars within five years. Fuel injection eliminates the carburetor, a rather clumsy device that has always been a source of trouble. A fuel injection system delivers the raw gasoline directly into the firing chamber, instead of mixing it with air some distance from the chamber and then piping it in, as the carburetor does.

Fuel injection will increase the power of the average engine by 25 per cent and sometimes by more. It produces incredible acceleration because, when the driver opens the throttle, the car jumps—instantly. In even the best carburetor-fed engines there is a lag while the airstream through the pipes builds up momentum. In fuel injection systems the gasoline is delivered by tiny pumps and there is no delay whatever in answering throttle demand. A fuel injection engine starts instantly in cold weather since, in effect, it is on full choke.

A dozen variants of the fuel injection principle are under test in Detroit now, including the American Hilborn continuous-flow system used in our racing cars. Detroit engineers will certainly do with fuel injection what they have done with so many other imported ideas: they'll make it cheaper and they'll make it more reliable.

Obviously, as soon as fuel injection appears, we are going to see the horsepower race take another really big jump—to 400, much more than Grand Prix racing cars use to produce 200-plus miles per hour. Because taking the carburetor and its big air-cleaner off the top of the engine will permit lowering the hood at least six inches, fuel injection will make the whole car lower, and to stay in proportion, it must get smaller at the same time.

Fuel injection will probably take the standard reciprocating engine to its ulti-

mate point of efficiency. After that the piston engine will join the paddle-wheel steamer and the hydraulic elevator in the limbo of obsolescence. It will be pointless to develop it further because the gas turbine will power our automobiles until that distant point in the steamy future when atomic energy takes over—if it ever does.

The gas turbine will supersede the gasoline engine, which is one of the worst imaginable sources of power for small vehicles.

The gas turbine delivers a smooth, steady flow of power. It does not deliver power, as the gasoline engine does, in a series of violent explosions which must be harnessed by a fly-wheel, clutch, and gears. (The automatic transmission is an attempt to produce, at the cost of great complexity, the smooth power-flow of a turbine.)

No jet, the gas turbine is simply a kind of water wheel turned by the expansive force of burning fuel, any kind of fuel, but usually kerosene. It derives in a straight line from the jet engine invented by the English flier Whittle before World War II. Every major automotive company has a gas turbine in the works today.

The turbine engine is small and, compared with an internal-combustion engine, simple. In its original form it suffered three major faults: (1) it produced such terrific amounts of waste heat that its exhaust blast was dangerous; (2) it used too much fuel; (3) its turbine wheel turned at such high speeds (30,000 to 50,000 revolutions per minute) that it was liable to structural failure.

The first two have been partially eliminated. Both General Motors and Chrysler have produced turbines with exhausts no hotter than the bare hand can tolerate. This has been done, in effect, by piping off exhaust heat and using it to warm up the incoming air. This cools the exhaust and at the same time increases fuel efficiency but not, as yet, enough to get mileage comparable to a gasoline engine's.

Before the gas turbine appears in automobiles there must be a successful end to the search for a strong enough turbine wheel—for a reasonably cheap metal that will be as tough when it's at cherry-red heat as the best steel known today is at room temperature. Maybe it won't be a metal at all. The wheel blades may finally be made of ceramic material.

When the gas turbine engine is ready it will be mounted in the rear of the car where some designers contend the engine should always have been. Rear-engined cars put the noise, heat and exhaust fumes behind the passengers, where they belong.

Another possibility is the free-piston engine. General Motors recently showed a car powered by a version of this engine, first run by the Spanish designer Pescara in 1938. The pistons do not transmit rotary motion to a crankshaft. There are two pistons in each cylinder, and the fuel is exploded between them. As they rush apart, they compress air at the ends of the cylinders. This aircushion bangs the pistons back to the center of the cylinder, and they send the exhaust gasses rushing into a turbine, which conveys the power to the road-wheels. A free-piston engine can burn almost any fuel.

In five years, then, you'll be driving a smaller, much lower car, more restrained in color than today's, running a fuel injection engine and having independent rear suspension. Unless Congress enacts a national speed limit, this car may have 400 horsepower and a top speed of about 150 miles an hour. You'll be able to buy four-passenger models of today's U. S. sports cars—cousins to the Old Packard and Duesenberg double-cowl phaetons—within two or three years. Today's fabric-lined brakes, which are difficult to cool in passenger-car service, will have been replaced, perhaps by disk-brakes operating in the full blast of the airstream.

The new smaller wheels tomorrow's cars are sure to have may complicate the braking problem. Fourteen-inch wheels will be offered very soon, and 13-inchers will come along ultimately. It's one way of lowering the cars. Of course, small wheels are hard on tires, since a 13-inch circle will revolve more times in a mile than a 16-inch circle, but the manufacturers will take care of this by putting an equivalent amount of extra life into the tires.

Eventually the absurdity of the present headlight system will force a change in it. Night driving is partially blind driving now, since for 20 feet or more, every time he passes an oncoming car, a driver is almost totally sightless—unless he uses the European trick of an extra single light pointing to the road shoulder. The answer lies in Polaroid headlights, which can be 10 times as brilliant as the present best and at the same time completely non-offensive to oncoming drivers. Polaroid headlights appear only as dim purple disks. But the change will have to be made simultaneously in all cars because only drivers behind Polaroid windshields could tolerate the brilliance of Polaroid headlights.

In 10 or 15 years the first of the gas-turbine automobiles will have appeared in this country. (European authorities suspect that Mercedes-Benz may be selling one sooner.) The engine will be in the rear and the car will be smaller still. Glass as strong as steel may form the roof, giving protection from the sun by changing from clear to colored by molecular activation. Electronic sound-destroyers may make the car utterly silent. Television will be commonplace. The interior of the car will be so completely padded and the passengers so securely seated that they will have a good chance of survival in a 50-mile-per-hour collision.

And after 1966? A good long time after 1966 you may indeed expect the radar-braked, automatically-controlled vehicle, feeling its way at some incredible speed over a metallic strip buried in the concrete of a superhighway. The thing probably won't even have wheels. Everybody in Detroit has heard of Dr. Alexander Lippisch's "Aerodyne," an aircraft that supports itself by blasting air downward through louvers set in its floor. At least one Detroit firm has a working model, the theory being that it would operate about three feet off the ground. Wonderful. No friction, no blowouts, no tire replacement, no skidding on ice—and also, no automobile. Because you won't be driving this contraption—you'll be flying it! ... THE END

Innocent Men's Reputations

(Continued from page 53)

ber as his defense attorney. Only a few of the suspended workers had no possible defense. No one has ever been turned away for lack of funds. If a person is reinstated, he can pay his attorney a modest fee, or as in many cases, nothing at all."

The Security Risk Committee tackles any case where there has been a possible error in the Government's facts or judgment, no matter how incriminating the charges may appear to be. In one recent case, the Bar Association panel successfully defended a Government employee accused of conduct akin to espionage.

On the morning of November 18, 1954, Lawrence B., a Government employee for five years, walked into his office in a Washington federal building to start another day at his $5500-a-year job as a master electrician.

Only a few seconds after Mr. B. had taken off his coat, a fellow employee called: "Larry, the supervisor wants to see you." Larry walked to the supervisor's office, knocked and entered.

The supervisor had company, the agency's personnel officer. Their faces seemed solemn. The three men exchanged "hellos," then without asking Larry to sit down, the supervisor handed him a typewritten sheet of paper.

Larry read it on his feet. His eyes took in a sentence at a time, then unbelievingly returned and traced each word again. Incredible phrases flashed up:

"Information which reflects upon your suitability as a Government employee from a security viewpoint has come to the attention of this office. Investigative reports indicate that you have maintained a close, sympathetic and continuous association with individuals whose interests are inimical to those of the United States.

"This has resulted in a determination that your continued employment is not clearly consistent with the best interests of the United States Government, and pursuant to Public Law 733, Executive Order 10450, you are hereby advised that it is proposed to effect your removal from duty.

"You have the right to answer these charges in writing within 30 days from date and have the right to a hearing at

which you may appear personally. Meanwhile you are hereby suspended from employment in this agency without pay as of 8:30 A.M., November 18, 1954."

Larry looked up for some sign that the men didn't believe what was on the paper. But the personnel officer told him curtly: "Turn in your badge. You can answer the charges if you want."

During the next few days Larry and his wife isolated themselves in their suburban Washington home and tried to make sense of the madness that had forced its way into their lives.

The two specific Government charges grew more ominous each time Larry read them aloud to himself:

1. You and your wife have attended social functions at the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

2. In 1951 you proposed to another person that he arrange to have certain services performed for the Soviet Embassy, for which he would be paid a fee.

"That second charge is an outright lie." Larry told his wife. "And that first one is something the Government should know all about. We went to that party as part of a business deal suggested by the Government."

After the initial shock wore off, Lawrence B. moved to defend his good name. His American Legion commander made a direct appeal to the agency, staunchly defending Lawrence's patriotism and loyalty. An attorney friend pointed out that in a sense he was "guilty" unless he could prove himself "innocent." instead of the other way around. According to the Government's interpretation of President Eisenhower's Executive Order 10450, the burden of proof rests with the employee rather than with the Government agency making the charge.

Larry managed to get a number of postponements, but he still had no idea of how to fight the charges. Days, weeks passed, until on the morning of January 12, 1955, he noticed a newspaper story that was to alter his life. It told of the formation of the Bar Association's Security Risk Committee. He called Jim McInerney immediately.

Within a few days Lawrence B. had been thoroughly interviewed by McInerney and members of his staff and, without any discussion about fees, had been assigned to one of the 35 attorneys on the panel. The attorney was 40-year-old Grant Stetter (one of the oldest panel members). Like most of his colleagues on the Security Risk Committee, Stetter has had much experience in investigative work. While a student he had worked as an FBI clerk and had been named a special agent on his admission to the bar. Stetter later served as an FBI supervisor handling internal security investigations during World War II. In 1952, he left the Bureau for private law practice.

"When Lawrence B. first came to me," Grant Stetter said, "his story was surprisingly simple. After his discharge from service in 1946, he had gone to work for a respectable Washington firm that did various construction and service jobs for the Soviet Embassy. The firm had agreed to the contract in 1944, at the request of the War Labor Board, as a courtesy to our "ally." Before long, Lawrence had been promoted to foreman. In 1946, his company's department heads and their wives were invited to the annual celebration of the October Revolution, a formal affair at the Soviet Embassy. Larry and his wife attended, as did a large member of prominent government officials.

But the second allegation stymied Stetter. "Larry had left the firm in 1950, before the date of the second charge," he explained. "All I could think of was that someone was trying to use the security program to settle a grievance with my client and had invented a story. I petitioned the agency for the name of the informant. The agency refused."

Stetter drew heavily on his FBI training. He questioned Larry, hammering away at every year of his life, hoping Larry could find a lead to the informer. After two 12-hour sessions, Larry told Stetter he was confident that the informer was a former neighbor who had once worked in the Government agency in which Larry was employed. He had helped Larry get his job and seemed to expect perpetual hospitality in return. He would drop in at Larry's home at any hour, unannounced, and help himself to the family liquor stock. When Larry finally resisted his "sociability," the neighbor became enraged and the two men had an open break.

"Our suspected informant had moved to a Virginia suburb." Stetter explained. "I found the new address, but he wasn't there. His relatives were strangely silent about his whereabouts. A few days later we found out why. He was in the mental ward of a Virginia hospital."

From what Larry and Stetter could reconstruct, the informant had taken information to an acquaintance in a senator's office. When the FBI investigated, they apparently interviewed the informant and, not knowing that he was the original source, considered his testimony as corroboration of the report.

Stetter dialed the agency's security officer and asked him whether the informant in the Lawrence B. case wasn't in the mental ward of a Virginia hospital.

There was no direct answer. But a month later, the security officer telephoned Stetter's office: "Mr. Stetter, I believe we can settle this case without a hearing."

On April 3, 1955, Lawrence B. was completely cleared of all charges, reinstated in his job and presented with a $2,400 government check for back pay.

Lawrence B. is but one of the beneficiaries of this unusual organization of attorneys. Thus far 21 persons have been cleared after hearings, and three have been reinstated after informal consultations between the defense attorneys and the Government agencies.

Chairman McInerney is proud of the committee. "We'd like to have helped even more people," he says, "but it was too late for some. Many men and women who would otherwise have been cleared tried to defend themselves without counsel and lost. Some forfeited their rights by not answering in 30 days, others resigned because they thought it would be the best way to save embarrassment. Now these cases are permanently closed.

"I'm afraid," McInerney continued, "that early in the program people didn't realize the gravity of the situation. Now most of them can never again get jobs in reputable firms. The flimsiest check of their background—possibly even a credit check—will now reveal the security charges. We're doing what we can to see that this doesn't happen to other innocent Americans."

Surprisingly, the bar association's committee was first suggested by a Government administrator involved in administering the security program. During the week of September 1, 1954, the case of Abraham Chasanow, the Navy Hydrographic Office employee who had been unjustly accused of being a security risk, came to the attention of F. Trowbridge vom Baur, the General Counsel of the U. S. Navy.

Vom Baur had been mulling over some basic inequities in the security program, and the Chasanow case crystallized them in his mind. Vom Baur recalled the events that led to the formation of the Security Risk Committee.

"On a trip to the west coast to observe our industrial security program, I noticed that 40 per cent of the workers accused of being security risks were not represented by lawyers." says vom Baur. "Either they couldn't afford it, or they couldn't find reputable men.

"Security cases today are complex. Public opinion regarding them is strong. I came to the conclusion that competent legal representation was essential if we were to avoid miscarriages of justice. I contacted James H. Smith, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and told him that I thought the organized bar would volunteer its services. Mr. Smith gave his personal approval. I also contacted Loyd Wright, then President of the American Bar Association, and Charles Murray, then President of the District of Columbia Bar. Each pledged the support of his organization.

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

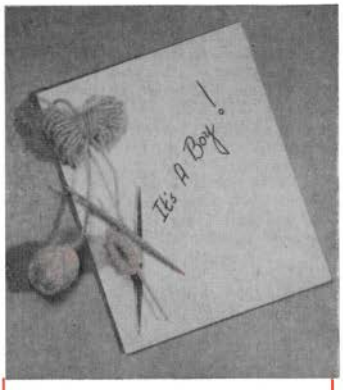
Page 12, Letters to the Editor—photo on left-Culver, photo on right-Howard Zeiff; Pages 26-30, Tops In the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Page 36-39, The Ordeal of Ingrid Bergman—page 37-Lennart Nilsson-Black Star, page 38-Lo Hertzman-Ericsson of Pix, page 39-Wide World; page 59, Young Adults at Home (title page)—Eleanor Murray.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Pages 14 & 15, You and Your Health — drawing by Sanford Kossin; page 17, Vacation Fiction Bonus (title page)—Drawing by Richard Davis; pages 31-33, How Safe Is the Poultry You Eat—drawings by Denny Hampson; pages 50 & 51, A Lucky Catch—shorts and top designed by Mary Blair for Cabana.

COVER CREDITS:

Shorts and top designed by Mary Blair for Cabana.



We are Proud to Announce

My friends wondered what sized baby I was expecting when they saw me knitting these tiny "bootees." The mystery was solved when Jeffrey was born and they received these announcements.

MRS. RONALD H. ALLEN
New York, N. Y.

● REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used. Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged.

Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. All published entries become the property of the McCall Corporation, the publishers of REDBOOK.

"Several meetings were held in Washington. Out of them came a plan for a committee of attorneys who would aid 'security risks,' the first committee of its kind. On December 31st. Secretary Smith informed me that the White House had given its approval of the plan."

A few weeks later the District of Columbia Bar Association set up its Security Risk Committee and the American Bar Association approved the plan in principle for all its member bar associations. Immediately, 35 Washington attorneys (average age, 35; six men under 30)—mostly former FBI agents and Department of Justice prosecutors (Republicans. Democrats, and Independents)—volunteered their time, talent and out-of-pocket expenses to serve on the panel.

Frank J. Delany, former Solicitor of the Post Office, donated the use of his office and staff at 1317 F. Street, N.W., to serve as committee headquarters. The committee has given some 3.000 hours of legal time and defended cases not only in Washington, but also before the Eastern Industrial Personnel Security Board in New York, which oversees defense workers' security.

One of the most active members of the bar association panel is 34-year-old Martin J. McNamara Jr., who has worked on some of the committee's toughest cases. A World War II veteran with an attractive wife and five children, McNamara attended the Georgetown Foreign Service School and Georgetown University Law School on the GI Bill of Rights. He got a job as an attorney in the Justice Department after graduation, and in 1948, at the age of 28, was appointed an Assistant U. S. Attorney for the Washington area. In 1953, he opened his private law practice.

Tall, soft-spoken McNamara has successfully defended three accused Government employees. Many government cases seem to be based on hearsay evidence, but in one recent case, McNamara had to combat evidence which seemed to include a Communist Party card.

"A suspended employee of a legislative agency was sent to me by Mr. McInerney's office," McNamara recalled. "He had been a waiter and bus boy in a Washington cafeteria and then a shop steward in his cafeteria union. In 1942 he had left for a Government job. and after serving in World War II, had returned to Government work in 1945."

The charges against McNamara's client, John R., included: 1. Your name has appeared on a list of the Cafeteria Branch of the Communist Party. 2. In 1941, the Citizens Committee Against Police Brutality had a parade preceding a demonstration at which known Communists spoke. The license number of your car was noted in that parade. 3. In 1948 your name was on a list of contacts in the possession of known Communists. 4. In 1941 your name was on a list believed to be a mailing list of the *Daily Worker*.

"I suggest you resign now," the security officer told John. "If you're not a security risk, then your wife surely is."

The charges against Mrs. R., who wasn't a Government worker, related to alleged Communist activities including attendance at a picnic sponsored by a Red-front group and the ultimate proof of disloyalty—her Communist Party membership card for 1944-45. A photostatic copy was sent to McNamara.

"I called in John R. and his wife," McNamara explained, "and we went over his life history.

"John denied membership or even known participation of any kind with Reds. He denied subscribing to or receiving the *Daily Worker*. He admitted knowing some of the people he was accused of associating with, but he knew them from union activities—not as Reds. Others he didn't know at all. He swore he had never belonged to any subversive group."

The charge that his license plate number had been noted in a "Communist" demonstration surprised John. "I remember reading about the shooting of two boys by Washington Police," he told McNamara, "and that there was to be a big funeral at a local church. But it was some time ago, and I don't remember if I was there. I don't know anything about a Communist demonstration."

Mrs. R. also denied all the charges against her. When confronted by McNamara with the photostat of her alleged Communist Party card, she denied that it was hers. In fact. she asserted that what supposedly was her signature on the card wasn't even in her handwriting. Mrs. R. remembered attending the picnic some 12 years ago. An acquaintance had given her two free tickets, but she hadn't known any one there.

"I pointed out to both of them that there was a severe jail penalty for perjury," McNamara continued. "At the hearing they would be risking perjury, while the people who supplied the information wouldn't even have to appear.

"I contacted Charles A. Appel, a former FBI agent with 25 years experience as one of the top document and handwriting experts in America. He had testified for the Government in the Lindbergh kidnapping case. He examined known specimens of Mrs. R's handwriting and compared it with 'her signature' on the Communist Party card. He determined that the signature wasn't hers."

"Regarding the false Communist membership card," McNamara continued, "I theorized that Mrs. R. was the victim of an incidental acquaintance who, unknown to her was an overzealous Communist recruiter who had signed her up without her permission, knowledge, or signature. John's appearance on alleged lists. if true, was probably similarly the result of inadvertent contact with a few pro-Communists in the cafeteria movement years ago."

John R.'s security hearing was held in March 1955. McNamara submitted his affidavits, Mr. Appel's testimony about the handwriting on the Communist membership card and a number of witnesses on behalf of the Rs. including the pastors of both their churches.

The government had notified McNamara that there would be a witness against his client (quite unusual in security bearings). They produced an agent who had secretly worked for our Government in the Communist movement. She

testified that she had seen Mrs. R. at the picnic 12 years ago, and although she could not specifically identify her as a Communist, she had heard her name mentioned by another woman.

"I immediately checked the city directory and found this woman," McNamara said. "She stated that never before had she met or heard of my client's wife, Mrs. R."

Shortly after the hearing ended, the board returned with its decision: "The continued employment of John R. is clearly consistent with the best interests of national security." He was reinstated and given all his back pay.

Counsel McNamara points out that relations between the Government agencies and the defense panel have been exceptionally cordial. "I suppose that, because we are former FBI men and Government prosecutors working on an official bar association project, the Government feels it can trust us."

Many of the panel members who have spent the past year in intimate contact with security cases have developed strong opinions about the conduct of the program. Frederick T. M. Crowley, 35-year-old former FBI agent and cofounder of the "Ike and Dick Clubs of America" during the 1952 presidential campaign, is among the most vocal.

"I don't believe a person should be dismissed from Government service unless the Government has specific allegations which it can prove with specific facts," says Crowley. "The Government contends a hearing is not a court; nevertheless, a man loses his career and reputation if he is not cleared."

The Security Risk Committee has no intention of becoming embroiled in the political controversy over the security program. "Just recently we turned down an invitation to appear before the Senate's Johnston Committee, which is looking into the program," says McInerney. "We have, however, spoken to Government officials informally and have suggested changes in procedure that will add safeguards for accused Government employees. I believe it has helped."

The judiciary, bar and Government administrators have been unanimous in their praise of the committee's work. The Navy Department now includes in all suspension notices a statement that defense is available from the Security Risk Committee. But no one, perhaps, has heralded committee members more eloquently than a Department of Interior employee who owes his good name to their skill and hard work. On May 5, 1955, he wrote to Charles Murray, then president of the District of Columbia Bar Association:

"I am writing to express my everlasting gratitude to your association for coming to the aid of persons such as myself, who suddenly find themselves in circumstances entirely beyond individual control.

"It is certain that the activities of your committee will bring great credit to the legal profession for it surely represents the highest ethics of human relations."

. . . THE END

REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

for Young Adults at home

Frozen Sandwiches

for last-minute freshness with no last-minute fuss

To save time: When you've mixed a bowl of filling or sliced the leftover roast, line up the slices of bread and assemble the sandwiches with the neat efficiency of a skilled counterman. Wrap them in foil, freezer cellophane, polyethylene bags or saran. Don't forget to use a drugstore fold and make them airtight. Label the sandwiches with the kind and date; then tuck them in the freezer, where they'll keep their freshly-made flavor for three to four weeks.

For best results: Butter the bread well, so fillings won't soak in. Meat, fish, poultry, peanut butter, hard cheeses and egg yolks make excellent fillings. Chop egg whites very fine. You can use mayonnaise if you mix it into the filling. Avoid soft cheeses and jellies for sandwiches that are to be frozen.

To thaw: The frozen sandwiches will thaw at room temperature in about an hour. They'll be fine if you pack a lunch in the morning to be eaten at noon. Let them thaw in their wrappings.

For extra zip: Add lettuce, onion rings, green pepper, sliced tomato or extra mayonnaise just before serving.

Illustrated by Denny Hampson

Ingrid Bergman

(Continued from page 39)

but not two. I *must* do a picture with this man!' And I sat down and wrote to him that, if he ever had a part for an actress who couldn't say anything in Italian except 'Io ti amo,' I'd be happy to work for him."

She met Rossellini in 1948. She had gone to London to make "Under Capricorn" for Alfred Hitchcock, and her husband was with her. Together they flew to Paris, and Rossellini came up from Rome to confer with them. He was ready to do a movie in which Ingrid Bergman would star.

Since he spoke Italian and she spoke English, they conversed through an interpreter. In a few sentences, Rossellini outlined the plot he had in mind. He had no script. All he ever needed, he explained, was an idea for a picture. Then he made it as a spider does a web, spinning the thread as he went—casting on the spot, writing scenes a few days before they were to be filmed, improvising all the way.

"I'll have to fit the picture into my other commitments," she told him. "Can you give me some idea of how long the shooting will take? Ten weeks? Fifteen?"

"I'll try to do it in ten weeks," he said reluctantly, "if that's what you want. But what can I possibly do with all that time?"

Next the actress wanted to know whether Rossellini expected to make many retakes. He asked, "What are retakes?"

Astonished, Ingrid Bergman explained that she was referring to those scenes that have to be filmed a second time, after the director had seen the first version in the projecting room and has found them unsatisfactory.

Rossellini shrugged. "Before I do a scene," he said, "I know what I want, and that's what I get. Why should I have to do it a second time?"

The boldness of his approach appealed to her enormously. She was accustomed to the conventional Hollywood technique, which requires a script, complete with camera angles, and a shooting schedule that is planned as precisely as a military operation. Rossellini's methods promised the opportunity to participate in shaping the picture, to work more freely with the emotions of the story. Although her friends thought she was, to quote her, "off my nut" she was determined to make a picture with Rossellini. RKO eventually negotiated to finance the film.

Early in 1949, Rossellini flew to New York to accept the Film Critics' award for "Paisan" and then continued out to California, where he was the Lindstroms' guest. Final arrangements were made for the filming of "Stromboli" to begin in March.

Even among Hollywood gossips there wasn't any talk at this time of difficulties between the Lindstroms. Yet there was evidence of impending trouble. Both in their careers and their outside interests, Ingrid Bergman and Peter Lindstrom had steadily been moving in opposite directions.

Both were temperamentally well suited to their professions. Lindstrom was cool, clinical and self-contained—excellent traits for a surgeon. They also served him well as his wife's business manager. She, on the other hand, was impetuous, emotional and anything but self-contained. Without warmth and companionship, Ingrid Bergman, like most women, was bound to grow increasingly unhappy, without necessarily being aware of why she was unhappy.

For a while, her career filled the gap. Once that failed to satisfy her emotional needs, however, the problem grew critical. Her husband, deeply involved in his own profession, had little in common with her. When occasionally she went east, seeking relaxation, he didn't join her because he was too busy.

The marriage bond, as psychologists point out, is the bond of shared experiences that hold a family together. For Peter and Ingrid Lindstrom, the bond had already been stretched to the breaking point. As for their daughter, Pia, the Lindstroms had made a well-intentioned effort to keep her life orderly and unaffected by her mother's fame. What Ingrid Bergman had not foreseen, however, was that in so doing she would be cut off from her daughter. They, too, had shared too few experiences.

When Ingrid Bergman left the United States by plane that day in March, 1949, her husband and her daughter were removed from her by more than miles. None of them knew it yet.

In three months, the whole world would know.

At the airport in Rome, Rossellini was waiting. Until that moment neither had been conscious of any stronger attraction than would naturally exist between a beautiful woman, who was married and a mother, and an appreciative man. And when they faced one another for the third time in their lives, it would be an exaggeration to say that they knew they were in love. She was 31; he was 40, and both were far too mature for an idea so superficially romantic. Yet their very maturity warned them that they were much too intensely aware of each other's presence.

"It's hard to untangle what you think now from what you thought in the past," said Ingrid Bergman with quiet earnestness, "but it's true that for a long time, longer perhaps than I've ever admitted to myself, something had been dead inside me. I never knew what it was exactly. Something was missing from my work, my life at home—from my *life*. Yet whatever was wrong, it wasn't wrong enough to force a change. Until Roberto."

The words came more quickly. "I probably loved him from the time that I first saw his pictures. Oh, it wasn't the kind of thing that comes on you suddenly. I never thought, 'God, I'm in love!' Nothing like that. I just felt as though I had known Roberto for years. He was easy

to talk to and interesting to listen to. Most of all, he was alive, and he made me feel alive!"

To make their picture, they went to Stromboli, the grim black island 30 miles off the north coast of Sicily. On the slopes of this dying volcano, Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini were almost immediately engulfed by their own emotions. Throughout the month of April they were inseparable, and the love between them became the single, most profound thing in their lives. Respecting it, cherishing it, they refused to turn it into a furtive affair. They walked everywhere on the island, hand in hand.

"But a decision had to be made at that time," Ingrid Bergman said, "and I alone had to make it. I knew then that I was in love with Roberto. Should I have given him up and given up my life for my daughter's sake? Because that's what it came down to. What would my sacrifice have meant to her? In my heart I knew that, even if I struggled not to. I'd still always think of it that way—as the sacrifice I'd made for Pia.

"I don't want to avoid the main point, though. My decision was a selfish one. I made it for my own sake. I put my happiness first. But I never dreamed it would end up as it did—never! I thought sensible people could get divorced and be reasonable about everything. It never entered my head that I'd encounter such bitterness and that I'd lose Pia. I thought she'd be with me some of the time and her father the rest of the time. I thought he and I could remain friends.

"Was I wrong to believe it would be that way? Aren't lots of people divorced, and don't they behave decently to one another?" In that spirit, Ingrid Bergman wrote a painful letter to her husband, asking for a divorce.

At first, Peter Lindstrom refused to discuss the subject or grant a divorce. When she made clear that she would not accept his answer, he flew to Sicily. It was by then the first week in May. In the city of Messina's Hotel Reale, Peter Lindstrom, Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini talked through the night, trying to resolve their conflict. But Dr. Lindstrom would not yield.

At his departure, 24 hours later, nothing was decided. Dr. Lindstrom still insisted that his wife "come to her senses," finish the picture and return home.

For both Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini, this was by now an emotional impossibility. No matter what else happened from then on, one thing they knew for certain—they could not be separated.

She herself might not be able to explain her subsequent actions. She knew only how she felt. But how she acted was completely consistent with her character.

As her friend, Jean Renoir, the famous film director, has observed, "Ingrid is the most completely honest woman I have ever met. Her thinking is absolutely straight. She won't hedge or pretend or lie. She won't even make things more pleasant than they are. If I come on the set and she thinks I look like the wrath of God and that I need a bath, she says so. Just like that.

"Now, it's certainly no secret that many girls in Hollywood have lovers. But it's kept hushed up, and that's considered all right. This kind of hypocrisy simply doesn't exist for Ingrid. If she loves someone, she would no more try to hide it than she would try to keep the sun from coming up.

"All that counts for Ingrid," concluded Renoir, "is her feeling that something is right. If she feels that it's right, then even before she knows it to be right, she acts." Although many people would question the wisdom and the morality of such behavior, it is difficult not to admire Ingrid Bergman's courage in facing the consequences of her actions. By the end of May, the "Bergman-Rossellini romance," as the newspapers phrased it, was being served up, piping hot, to the public. Movie columnists happily fed it to their readers, and reporters, seeking new quotes as added spice, plagued her persistently but futilely.

A more enterprising pair of newsmen used all their cleverness and guile to worm a comment from another member of the Lindstrom family. Dressed as broom sellers, they went to a Minnesota farm and tried to coax a statement from bewildered young Pia.

When Ingrid Bergman learned of this, she was furious. "That was inhuman," she protested and then, commenting on her lack of privacy, she said, "A movie star is a ridiculous commercial product; the public tells you what to do. One women's group wrote to me that I had once been a perfect example for mothers and now I was a horrible example. They saw me in 'Joan of Arc' and thought I was a saint. I'm not. I'm just a human being."

She had uttered those words in August, 1949. In 1956, sitting in her hotel suite and remembering the painful past, she spoke again of people who had thought she was a saint, and again she remarked that she wasn't, that she was just a human being. Then she added one sentence.

"And human beings," she said quietly, "make mistakes."

On December 12, 1949, columnist Louella Parsons reported the rumor that Ingrid Bergman was expecting a baby in three months.

Discussing this, the actress's face darkened. It was the only moment, during many hours of conversation that constantly touched on sensitive subjects, in which she revealed any resentment. And it wasn't directed at the columnist.

"I don't know how she found out," she said in a low, emotionally charged voice. "I don't know who would have told her. And I don't *ever* want to know."

The published rumor of Ingrid Bergman's pregnancy destroyed the last hope of privacy that she and Rossellini had had. In the months that followed, the couple found themselves locked in the public pillory of the press, subjected to incredible vilification. The day the rumor was printed, photographers converged on the house on Via Bruno Buozzi, where she was living in Rossellini's apartment. They patrolled the front of the house, day and night.

They might just as well have padlocked Ingrid Bergman inside the apartment. For two solid months, she remained their prisoner. She dared not leave. Once she tried it, on a mild sunny day in January, when no photographers were in sight. Rossellini went to get the car to drive her to the country, and she came downstairs to wait.

A cameraman, concealed behind a wall, snapped a few pictures and then rushed at her for close-ups. She fled, and he pursued her to the corner where he managed to take another picture. He left her, then, sobbing with humiliation and helplessness.

This important contribution to photojournalism was sent around the world. In one American tabloid, the picture was printed under a five-word question: "Is she or isn't she?"

As unpleasant as the photographers' apartment-house vigil had been, it was nothing compared to the degrading spectacle that followed in February. A factual account of the attempted exploitation of the birth of Ingrid Bergman's child sounds not quite sane.

On February 2, 1950, the actress was driven by her physician to the Villa Margherita Clinic, and there she had a son. Renato Roberto Justus Giuseppe—afterward called Robertino. By some odd chance the photographers had not been in front of the house when she left and, when they learned where she was, they launched a full-scale attack upon the hospital. By midnight, they were massed at the gate, shouting to be admitted. A few tried to scale the stone wall. Rome's riot squad raced over in jeeps to restore law and order.

Ingrid Bergman is a strong, healthy woman. She had to be. Just a few hours after giving birth, she heard the clamor at the front gate as the hospital's nuns kept the photographers at bay. The next day she heard noise and angry voices within the hospital itself. Later she learned that the Villa Margherita's director had admitted the cameramen in the mistaken hope that they might be satisfied with a few photos of the hospital's facilities. Instead they had dashed off through the corridors, chased by indignant nuns and attendants. One man had been collared right at the door to the Rossellini suite. After that, the recuperating mother had her rooms guarded by armed *carabinieri*.

During the next 12 days, she lived in gloom. Electric lights burned constantly. She could not open the blinds because, mounted in windows across the street, cameras with telescopic lenses were trained like artillery on the Villa Margherita.

Nuns told her of being offered bribes of a million lire to let pictures be taken of the newborn child. And from reporters and photographers, she received letters begging for pictures and statements.

She never had her radio on, but if she had, she might have heard the program on which her obstetrician discussed her childbirth in considerable detail.

"I thought it might be over when I left the hospital," she recalled ruefully, "but I was wrong. So wrong! No sooner was I back in our apartment than those men parked outside the door again. A month went by, two, three—and still they hounded us. I couldn't even take my baby out for a walk!

"I didn't know how much more of it I could take. If they had been deliberately trying to drive me crazy, they

REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

for Young Adults at home

An Accurate Measure
of a tested recipe
for perfect results

The only way to copy a recipe in your own kitchen is to use the same standard measures that were used in the test kitchen that developed it.

For flour: Use standard dry measures that come in one-cup, half-, third-, and quarter-cup sizes. Sift flour first: spoon it lightly into the right-sized cup. Do NOT shake or tap it. Level it off with a spatula or the back of a case knife.

For liquids: Use a lipped glass cup with standard measures marked on it for ounces and parts of a cup. Place it on a firm surface *at eye level* to gauge the amount of liquid you poured. The pint-sized cup is useful for many recipes.

For shortening: *Either* pack the shortening into the right-sized dry-measure cup and level it off; *or* use the water displacement method. For example, to measure ⅔ cup shortening, put ⅓ cup water in a glass measuring cup, and add shortening until the water level reaches the 1 cup mark. Drain all of the water from the shortening.

"Teaspoon" and "tablespoon" in a recipe mean standard measuring spoons, not the ones used on the table. A small difference in the amounts of certain ingredients makes a big difference in a tested recipe. Always level the measure.

Illustrated by Denny Hampson

couldn't have done a better job. And Roberto—poor Roberto! They left him with a souvenir of this ugly period in our lives—ulcers."

During the terrible months from December, 1949, through June, 1950, both the actress and the director had been excoriated in the American press. Religious, political and civic leaders were freely quoted in condemnation of the couple's conduct. A U. S. Senator in the halls of Congress, raked Rossellini and—after magnanimously conceding that Ingrid Bergman was "one of my favorite actresses"—denounced her as well.

"'Out of Ingrid Bergman's ashes, perhaps a better Hollywood will come,'" she quoted him, her voice calm and slightly amused. "Well, I hope so. What he said about me doesn't matter. I haven't been to Hollywood in a long time now, but it would be nice to think that it's a better place today than it was then."

Her voice grew more urgent. "I've never been able to understand all the fuss. All right, I had a baby before I was married. It's not the first time that ever happened to a woman, and it's not the last. You hear about it every week. It's too bad, but there it is. And if the two people love one another and marry, and if they have a happy family, isn't that what counts? Anyone can make a mistake. It's how they act *after* the mistake that should be judged, if you ask me."

Reflecting over her long ordeal, Ingrid Bergman didn't find it difficult to single out the most painful experience of all. What hurt most was not what others had done to her. It was what she had had to do to someone else.

"The worst part," she revealed, "was in having to hurt my daughter. To do that to her, knowing it wasn't her fault—I was sick over it. Nothing that has ever happened in my whole life has made me feel half so rotten."

She made no mention of the unsuccessful court battle with her former husband to keep partial custody of her daughter. And she did not speak of the heartbreaking arguments that had been used against her.

In talking about her daughter, Ingrid Bergman's voice remained firm, but she spoke more slowly. "She doesn't call herself Pia any more. We made up that name, my husband and I. We didn't know there was any such Italian name. We just took the initials of his first two names, P and A, and I for Ingrid, and made Pia.

"She never liked it. Her friends made fun of the name—you know how kids are. So she's Jenny Ann now. Her best friend was called Jenny Ann, so she picked that to be her name, too!"

She shook her head and frowned. "I've written and promised her that I won't discuss her for papers or anything. I must stop."

Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini were married on May 30, 1950, in Juarez, Mexico. They weren't there for the ceremony. They were in Rome, where they had first gone to church and then returned to their apartment to await word that they had been legally wedded by proxy. A long-distance telephone call notified them of the fact.

It was, as the actress herself conceded, "a strange sort of marriage," but the couple had had no alternative. When Dr. Lindstrom persisted in refusing the divorce she requested, she had obtained a Mexican decree. Italy would not authorize a wedding, however, unless Sweden certified that Ingrid Bergman was free to marry. Since Sweden doesn't recognize Mexican divorces and hadn't acted on her application for a Swedish divorce, she was still considered her first husband's wife. The only recourse had been a marriage by proxy in Mexico.

Few people in love have had to overcome more obstacles in their struggle for the right to live together and rear a family.

This year, Ingrid and Roberto Rossellini celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary, together with their children, six-year-old Robertino and the four-year-old twins, Isotta Ingrid Frieda Giuliana and Isabella Fiorella Electra Giovanna.

Robertino is a graceful, extremely handsome boy. His sisters are cute and cheerful, two little sunbeams who look nothing like each other. One of the twins is the image of her mother.

The Rossellinis are a closely-knit family. Their unity springs from two sources—Ingrid's determination not to let her profession separate her from those she loves, as had happened in America, and Roberto's strong sense of family solidarity.

"We've taken the children with us everywhere," their mother explained. During the past 18 months, we've had to travel all over Europe, and the kids have loved it. You should see them when they get into a new hotel, pushing the buttons, opening doors, exploring the place from top to bottom!

"I remember once, after we'd been on the road for almost a year, when we returned to our home in Rome for a rest. The children went into their room and found the toys they hadn't seen in so long, and they were as happy as if they'd been turned loose in a toy shop. I wondered, then, whether we were being unfair in taking them along with us, and I was glad they would be settled for a while.

"That night I mentioned to them at supper that I had a short engagement in Naples and would be away for a few days. That was all I said. Later, when I went into their room, I found them stuffing things into their suitcases. I asked what they were doing.

"'We're packing,' Robertino explained. 'We're going to Naples, too!'

"People told us not to take the children on tour. They said we shouldn't make the kids suffer because of our profession. Well, I'd heard that before. I never took Pia anywhere with me. This time I wanted my children with me—and it's the right way.

"Moving from place to place doesn't give kids a feeling of insecurity, because security isn't a place—it's a person. If you love your kids and keep them under your wing, you can travel anywhere. The truth is, children adjust faster, better and more happily to new surroundings than grownups do."

In the Rossellini suite in Paris, there was evidence that the children were on hand. The sitting room, ornately furnished by the hotel, had childish pencil

drawings plastered with Scotch tape to a huge wall mirror.

"Robertino put those up there," his mother said, and she laughed. "They are his works of art. The other day Marc Chagall visited us and gave us one of his recent sketches—you know how fanciful *he* is! Robertino decided he could do as well, and he's been hard at work ever since. He calls himself Robertino Chagall!"

One reason why the Rossellini children are perfectly content to roam the Continent with their parents is that they are three in number and thus form their own play group. They also share in their parents' careers. They have seen a few of their mother's movies and have been taken several times to watch her perform as Joan of Arc, a non-singing role, in the opera their father directed, "Joan at the Stake."

"Let someone at home light a cigarette lighter," Ingrid Bergman commented, "and one of the children will begin reciting my part at the point where Joan is about to be burned at the stake! I think Robertino, though, is more impressed by the conductor. We keep finding him off in a corner, leading an orchestra!

"Seriously, though, I think it's a good idea for them to see me on the stage. I've shown them people in front of the box office, and I've explained that Mommy is paid with the money these people use to buy tickets, and that's how she's able to get them new shoes. I think the children should understand what it means to work for a living."

Ingrid and Roberto Rossellini have been working hard and earnestly for a living—and for the sake of the theatrical arts to which they are devoted. Since their marriage, they have teamed up to produce four films: "Europe '51" (released in the U.S. as "The Greatest Love"), "A Trip to Italy," "Joan at the Stake" (filmed exactly as it is performed on the stage), and "Fear" (based on a story by Stefan Zweig).

They do not plan to make any movies together for a while. The fusion of their careers had posed problems. "When people who love each other work together in pictures," Roberto Rossellini said recently, "it can kill the love. I'd rather have my love."

His wife, in her characteristic self-critical way, said it differently. "Perhaps I'm not right for his pictures. Perhaps there's something about me that doesn't fit into Roberto's films. And if he has to try to fit me into his movies, that's no good for him."

There were no such problems in their production of "Joan at the Stake." Theatre-goers in Naples, Rome, Milan, Barcelona, Paris and London cheered it enthusiastically.

At the request of the management of the Swedish Opera House, they decided to perform the opera in Stockholm as well. It had been 16 years since Ingrid Bergman had been in her native country, and she welcomed the opportunity to return.

She arrived in Sweden the last week in February, 1955, with her husband and three children. Friends who met her described her as being "radiantly excited" and "happy beyond words" about her return.

One week later, shortly after the opening of the opera, Ingrid Bergman wept as she told her friend, Edvin Adolphson, a Swedish actor, that never again would she set foot in Sweden. An Associated Press dispatch reported that the actress had not slept for several nights and was in a state of "complete breakdown."

The experience for Ingrid Bergman was like a nightmare. What made it even more terrible was that she felt as though she were enduring it a second time. After five years of marriage, she had returned "home" only to discover her fellow countrymen raking up the past.

"It started with the newspapers," she recalled. "Even before the opera opened, they were criticizing me for everything—my low-heeled shoes, my Rolls Royce, my divorce, my remarriage. They said my husband and I were nothing but gypsies and that the only reason we had our children along was to get free publicity!

"I have no objections to critics' saying anything they want about me if I've performed on stage. They can say I'm terrible, couldn't be worse—whatever they want. But to say the mean, rotten things they did about me personally, that wasn't fair!

"Then a woman photographer broke into the house where we were staying. She had orders to get a picture of me in bed. How low can you get? But she made a mistake and went into the children's room, and the nurse grabbed her. Roberto and I were furious, and the next day we filed a suit against the newspaper. Then the papers really exploded, calling us everything under the sun! It wasn't just the press, either. On the radio they were singing nasty songs, too.

"After the opera was performed, the critics naturally ripped me to shreds. But I guess a lot of people don't read the critics. We were supposed to give ten performances—we gave 22."

"In that sense," she concluded, "our trip was a success. If only the papers had left us alone!"

Ironically, one of the city's leading dailies approached her to ask a favor. There was to be a Sunday benefit at which celebrities would appear to help raise polio funds for Sweden. Would Miss Bergman attend?

She willingly agreed. Sunday morning, however, while having breakfast, Ingrid Bergman read still another scathingly personal attack upon herself. It

was printed in the very newspaper that had requested her to appear at the benefit!

That night she went to the concert hall, as she had promised. She spoke to the master of ceremonies, an old friend, and asked him, when introducing her, to help her get started by inquiring what it felt like to return home after 16 years.

"I felt sorry for him," she said sympathetically. "He had no idea of what I was about to say, and there he was, standing at my side, smiling pleasantly as I started to speak. And then! He was *so* shocked. He stuck it out as long as he could, but when he couldn't hold back the tears, he walked off the stage."

Ingrid Bergman, standing alone before her countrymen, for the first time was unburdening her heart in public. The reporters who were present, no less than the audience, were stunned.

"Nothing I say or do," she told the hushed audience, "can be right. I bring my children with me; they say I'm doing it to get publicity. If I'd left them at home, I'd have been accused of ignoring them. If I encourage newspaper photographers to take pictures, that's proof that I'm publicity mad. If I try to protect our privacy, I'm accused of being uncooperative.

"They tell lies, and I can't answer them. Why do they do that? Why do they hate me? Maybe Hans Christian Andersen was telling the truth in his fairy tale where everybody whose head is a bit above the others must be cut down to size.

"This is my only chance to talk straight to you people, who have been such wonderful audiences at our opera, and I wanted you to know how I feel, how much I appreciate all you have done. And no matter what you read about me, I beg you to believe what I tell you now.

"For the past six years, other people have constantly been slandering me, condemning me, passing judgment without knowing anything of my life. They've hurt me, hurt me badly. But they can't get me down! Some day I'll be judged by Somebody who knows better.

"It is the only judgment that matters."

Although newspapers, the next day, cheered her courage and rallied to her side, and although the personal attacks ceased completely, for Ingrid Bergman something had withered away and, when she left Sweden, she knew she would never return. She still feels that way.

But in some inexplicable fashion, the fact that she has psychologically severed herself from the land of her birth has liberated her from the last bond of the unpleasant past.

"That chapter is over," she said happily, "and a new one has begun."

The new chapter has opened hopefully and promisingly. Her career is booming again. She has completed a film for Jean Renoir, "Red Carnation," which was written by the director with her in mind. Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox signed her for the leading role in "Anastasia."

And in October she will star in the French adaptation of the Broadway hit, "Tea and Sympathy."

Despite all these demands on her time and attention, her family remains her first concern. Her greatest problem, at present, has nothing to do with scripts or shooting schedules. It has to do with school.

"In the fall," she explained. "Robertino must start school. Where should I enroll him? My husband thinks that private tutors would teach him what he has to know, but I don't agree. They could teach him his lessons, of course, how to read and write and things like that.

"But I think it's important for children to learn in school something they don't get from the teacher. They get it from one another. They learn how to live with other people."

Ingrid Bergman spoke gravely. "It's the most important lesson of all," she said. "and it's the hardest. This much I know." . . . THE END

Encounter On the Beach

(Continued from page 41)

"Please come down."

Joe scanned the water momentarily, half nodded as if conceding that all went well and came down. They sat together on the sand.

"I would have come before, but the doctor just let me up," she said. "I didn't thank you."

"That's okay."

She shook her head. "I should have thanked you."

"You were in no shape to thank anybody." His eyes continued to search the water. It was a cool, cloudy day; there were few swimmers.

She began to make patterns in the sand with her thumb. Her voice sounded wistful, almost shy. "It was an awfully dumb thing for me to do."

He said calmly, "Yes, it was. You should have come in when I whistled."

She said, "I know. But I didn't think you meant me. I'm always doing silly things because I don't think." Her smile invited him to join her in appreciating what a delightful trait that was.

Instead he frowned. "Three other people went out after you, trying to help. They might have been drowned."

She said softly, "I'm glad they weren't. You were awfully brave."

He said, sounding neither pompous nor too modest, "I only did my job."

Dorrie said earnestly, "None of the boys I know could have done what you did."

"They could if they were trained for it." He stood up. "I'd better get back. Mr. Dillon's out too far." He blew his whistle and waved his arm, and the farthest bobbing head turned obediently and started toward shore.

Joe climbed back to the chair and picked up his binoculars, but Dorrie did not go away. She sat on the platform, swinging her legs, and said, "You know everybody here, don't you?"

"The people that come every year I do." It was all right; Mr. Dillon was coming in without trouble.

"The reason we came," Dorrie said, as if he had asked her, "this girl at school said it was so nice. Lisette Pannier. Do you know Lisette?"

"Yes, I know her."

"So we made the reservations and everything, and then she couldn't come because she got the measles."

He said absently, "Tough."

Dorrie confided, "So now I don't know anybody, except you. We're only here for a week anyway, but I thought I'd have *some* fun in a week."

He asked idly, "Why only a week?"

She said with pride, "We're going to Europe. Only I wanted to see Lisette first. Lisette's my best friend. And instead I nearly drowned and got dumped in bed." She added, "The maid was telling me, the maid at the hotel, they have dances every Friday and Saturday."

"That's right."

She gave him the slanting look again, but it was lost on him; he was watching Mr. Dillon. "Do you go?"

"Sometimes."

"Are you going tonight?"

"I might."

"I'll be there." She paused, but he did not answer or look at her. Petulantly she swung down from the platform. "Well, good-by."

His voice was absent. "Good-by."

She walked off, swinging her hips a little. If she had intended to go swimming, she appeared to have forgotten it.

When Joe came off duty at six o'clock, his mother had dinner ready and a letter beside his plate. She said unnecessarily, "From Mary," and smiled at him. She was a dark, good-looking woman of forty, neat and quick.

Joe opened the letter before he touched his dinner. Lucy Ferris watched his face unguarded; it looked softer and younger, and yet it was still a man's face and not a boy's. When he came to the end of the letter and started over, she laughed and ruffled his hair. "Your dinner'll be cold."

He said, "Okay," but he finished the second reading before he put the letter away. Lucy asked gravely, "Mary's all right?"

"Fine. She likes camp."

"That's good." Lucy's eyes began to twinkle. "I don't suppose there was room for a message for me?"

He said, "She sends her love," and unexpectedly twinkled back. "To both of us."

"I'll bet. Eat your dinner now."

Over dessert she said, "You going to the dance, Joey?"

"I might. I don't care."

"Well, if you go, your tan jacket's back from the cleaner's."

"Okay." He decided suddenly, "I might as well."

Dorrie sought him out, eluding three boys to do it. For a girl who knew nobody, she was doing well. She wore a blue dress, not an ingenue's dress, and it became her. She looked exactly as she wanted to, five years older than her age. She came and stood before him during the first intermission, gave him the smile and the slanting look and said. "You even look nice with clothes on."

He might have said the obvious. "So do you," or, if had fancied himself a wit, "So would you," or he might have blushed. He merely smiled and said nothing.

She glanced at the chairs along the wall and laughed. "You're lucky my mother and father only stayed a minute. If they saw you, they'd simply eat you up."

He said, "You gave them a scare."

Her mouth drooped becomingly, and she lowered her eyes. "I know. I promised them I'd never do such a silly thing again. Don't scold me, Joe; dance with me."

As they danced, she pressed closer to him than necessary and returned to the subject of clothes almost at once. "Did you ever notice how some boys look perfectly marvelous on the beach, and then you put them in a suit and they're simply nothing? Or the other way around?"

He drew slightly away from her. "No."

"Of course, girls, too." She giggled and closed the distance between them. "Only with girls there's not so much difference between a bathing suit and a dress; is there?"

Joe said calmly, "Stop that."

She widened her eyes at him. "Stop what?"

"Talking like a kid. And get away from me; I can't lead you like that."

She said furiously, "You can't lead at all; you can't even dance! I ought to simply walk off the floor."

He said, "I'll dance you over. It's less conspicuous." His eyes twinkled, and for a moment he looked very like his mother.

Dorrie smiled unwillingly. "Well—" Suddenly she laughed. "Don't dance me over; I'll give you room to lead. You're the funniest boy!"

Just then someone cut in, and Joe did not cut back. He had a pleasant time for a while dancing with girls he knew. Around the middle of the evening the dancers bored him, and he went out, down to the beach.

The weather had cleared toward sundown and grown much warmer. The sky now was cloudless, the moon almost full, too bright for many stars. Joe walked along the beach, away from the hotel, till the sound of the music faded and the surf sounded clearer. He liked to hear it.

It was calm that night; the tide was running in softly, the waves hissing on the wet sand, each a little farther up, the shells and pebbles tumbling and dragging up and back. He walked to the Aid Station, changed into the spare trunks he kept there, took a towel and left it on the sand and went into the water.

He swam strongly out past the breakers and floated for a while, letting the

tide take him toward shore. The water was cold, but he did not mind it. He lay quiet, sometimes looking up at the sky and sometimes sidewise at a curl of phosphorescence in the water. He did not look at the lights of the beach hotel.

He often came out at night; he liked the feeling it gave him. He thought no profound thoughts, though sometimes, looking giddily up when there were many stars, it seemed to him that he could feel the earth turning.

When he went in, Dorrie was standing on the beach waiting for him. She wore the blue bathing suit; in the moonlight it looked silver, and her hair looked almost white, and her eyes glittered. She said, "I thought you'd never come in. I was ready to call the lifeguard to rescue the lifeguard." The slight tremor of her voice betrayed her nervousness.

Joe began to rub himself dry with the towel. "Why'd you come down here?"

"I followed you. I saw you go, and I went out on the porch and watched. So then I changed my clothes and came down."

He said again, "Why?"

"I want to swim, too. I never did at night."

"You can't. It's not safe."

"You did. Joe, are you mad at me because I came down?"

He said, rubbing his hair hard, "It's a public beach."

She watched him. "You *are* mad; I can tell by the way you're scrubbing yourself. Don't be mad! Joe, will you take me swimming?"

He said immediately, "No."

She yielded at once. "All right." She seemed less nervous, as if making him angry had satisfied her. "If you won't swim with me, will you talk to me? We could sit on the sand and just talk."

He flung the towel around his shoulders. "You know what's the matter with you? You're a spoiled, reckless kid. You haven't got the sense you were born with. Go on home and go to bed."

She said willfully, "If you won't talk to me, I'll go swimming by myself."

"You will not."

"Yes, I will. You said it was a public beach. The minute you walk away from me I'll go swimming."

They stood glaring at each other a moment, and then Joe laughed. "Sit down. I'll talk to you."

She sat down meekly. "You're not mad at me any more?"

"No." He sat down beside her, and they were quiet a little while, looking at the water. Then he said, "Do your parents know you're out here?"

She laughed. "They wouldn't care, not if it's with you. And don't be such an old man, Joe!"

He said agreeably, "Okay. What do you want to talk about?"

She said, flinging her head back, hugging her knees, "You. I think it's so funny you don't have a girl."

He smiled with one corner of his mouth. "What makes you think I don't?"

"Well, on Wednesday—" she gave him the slanting look—"I noticed you on Wednesday. I mean before."

"You did. I didn't notice you."

She let that pass. "I noticed there was no special girl around you. They'd say hello and smile, and that would be it. And tonight you came to the dance alone, and you didn't dance with any particular girl."

He was amused. "You kept tabs."

"Of course I did. I watched you a lot when you didn't know I was looking. And then you came out here—all by yourself on a night like this! So I know you don't have a girl."

He said, "My girl's away," and Dorrie said in a small voice, "Oh."

Joe lifted his arm and pointed. "Look at the light out there. She's a tanker; they pass close."

Dorrie looked without interest. She asked, "Where is she? Your girl."

"At camp. I bet that's the *Delaware Queen.*"

Dorrie said, "Is she a counselor?"

"That's right."

"That sounds so *useful.* Is she pretty?"

"Stop that."

She asked innocently, "What?"

"You know what."

She complained, "You're always stopping me from things. You're such an *old man,* Joe!"

He said tranquilly, "Sure. I'll give you a tip. Men don't like catty girls."

She opened her eyes wide. "But I wasn't being catty; I really wanted to know. Is she pretty?"

"Yes."

She moved closer and put her hand lightly on his arm. "Prettier than me?"

He moved away six inches and took her hand down. "Stop it again. Now call me an old man. She isn't anything like you; she's dark."

Dorrie ran her fingers through her pale hair, fluffing it over her shoulders. "And you're so dark, too. I always like dark men, for contrast." She giggled demurely. "Now stay, 'Stop it.' "

Joe laughed. "You're a funny kid."

She said, "I wish you'd stop calling me that. I'm nearly as old as you. Daddy told me how old you are." She hunched forward, resting her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands. "Daddy told me a lot of things. Joe, why wouldn't you let him—"

"Pay me? I do get paid. By the town."

"That's what he said you said. Hauser's Golden Brew—" She added quaintly, "Daddy has plenty of money, you know. He's what they call a beer baron."

Joe said gravely, "I know."

"All that money, and you wouldn't even take any." She seemed amazed.

Joe said, "I don't need it."

She said wisely, "Everybody needs money. But if you wouldn't take that, you could have any job you wanted with my father."

He said, "In the fall I'll have a job."

"What kind of a job?"

"I'm going on the boats."

"You mean you're going in the navy?"

He shook his head. "On the boats. The tankers."

"Doing what?"

"Able-bodied seaman."

"Do you think you'll like it?"

"I know I will. My father took me on a cruise once, when I was fourteen,

the year before he died. I liked it." He stared out at the water, as if searching for the vanished lights of the *Delaware Queen*. "My father was a master."

Dorrie began to sift sand through her fingers. "But everybody goes to college, Joe. Even I'm going. You could go; Daddy'd help you."

He smiled. "He wouldn't have to. I've got enough saved to start, and I could work my way."

"Then why don't you?"

He hesitated. "It would be a waste of time," he said finally. "I know what I want to do."

She put her hand on his arm again. "Joe, you're so—" She stopped and began over. "When I called you 'old man,' I guess I just meant grown-up. You're not anything like the boys I know."

"I bet I'm not!"

She was serious. "I'm paying you a compliment. They're as old as you, or even older, but they're all like you said I am. Kids."

He said reasonably. "They don't have to grow up so fast. They've got time."

She said, "Well, whatever it is." She seemed to study him. "You even look older than they do. You've got a beautiful body, Joe."

He laughed at her. "Even with clothes on."

"Yes, but better without. Don't you think I'm better without?" She did not wait to hear what he thought. "I wish I were your girl. I could be your girl for a week—half a week."

Joe said firmly, "No, you couldn't."

She moved closer. "Why couldn't I? I think it would be fun."

"I don't."

She moved closer still. "Why not? Most boys think I'm pretty. Don't you think I'm pretty?"

Her long pale hair brushed his shoulder, her fingers moved on his arm and her heavy lashes drooped over her eyes. She was breathing a little fast, the sensual lips parted. He put his arms around her and brought his mouth down hard on hers. She gasped and shivered and clung to him. He drew back and said brutally, "That's all."

She leaned passively against him. "Joe—"

He said, "That's as far as we go. End of the line."

Dorrie began to tremble. "Joe—"

He said savagely, "That 'From Here to Eternity' pitch—who do you think you're kidding?" He pushed her away from him, and she sat up by herself, drooping forward. He said, "You want to watch out who you go out with. Who you talk about clothes to. Who you press your body against. You're out of your league, Dorrie; you're only a kid."

She said on a short, sobbing breath, "You called me Dorrie. You never called me anything before."

He said with fury, "I said you want to watch out. You hear me?"

She began to cry softly, bent far over as if in pain. "Yes."

He asked more quietly, "Do you throw yourself at everybody like that?"

She said with brief spirit, "I don't have to! And besides I can handle men."

He said, angry again, "You don't know what you're talking about. You don't *know* any men."

The crying was getting louder. "I do so. I know l-lots of—"

"No, you don't. You said it yourself. Kids."

She turned on him furiously. "You know so much! You know so *d-damn* much! Get away from me, I hate you!"

Joe moved over a little and sat quietly until she had stopped crying. Gradually his anger left him, and he began to feel deeply sorry for her. When she sat up straight, sniffling miserably, he handed her his towel silently, and she wiped her eyes, blew her nose and set the towel on the sand. She looked wretched, and, even in the moonlight, paler than he had yet seen her. She spoke with a tired sort of dignity. "I didn't want what you thought. I just wanted you to kiss me because you liked me."

Whatever her body had wanted a while ago, he knew that she now believed what she said. A kid. He said, "Dorrie—"

She stood up. "I'm sorry for the whole thing. I'll go in."

Joe stood up quickly and took her wrist. "Wait, Dorrie. Don't go while you feel like that."

She said, "How should I feel? You were right; I do throw myself at everybody, and it's not that I can handle m— boys; it's just that so far I've been lucky."

"All right, Dorrie." It was good that she should know that, but painful to hear her say it.

She said, "The first man I ever met I couldn't handle at all." Her attempted smile was pitiful. "I was lucky again. You didn't even like me. I wanted to make you like me, but I didn't know how."

She turned away from him, but he kept hold of her wrist. "That wasn't how, Dorrie." He spoke slowly, out of the natural chivalry he did not know he had, searching for the words that would be right, even if not all of them were true. "I do like you. I think you're pretty. I'm sorry I hurt you."

Her eyes searched his, wanting to believe it. "You do like me? You mean it?" He nodded.

She said sorrowfully, "But I try to do things and say things, and they come out wrong."

He was silent a minute, seeking to blend honesty with kindness. "But when you *don't* try—" he grinned at her and swung her hand a little—"you're kind of cute."

"I am?"

"Sure you are."

She was reviving a little; he could see the look coming back, almost the slanting look. "Maybe if you didn't have a girl—"

He had been wrong; it was not the slanting look. There was fear in it, a sick dread of humiliation. He said, "Yes, if I didn't have a girl."

Her smile was almost natural. "You're going to marry her, aren't you?"

"In the fall."

There was wonder in her face. "A job and a wife." Suddenly she winced. "Joe—"

"What?"

"I have to tell you about Wednesday."

"I know about Wednesday."

"No." She bowed her head. "I went out too far on purpose. I wanted you to come after me, so you would have to notice me." She said hopelessly, "You won't like me now."

"Yes, I will." She had told him what she need never have told. He had never liked her better. He said roughly, "You might have drowned yourself."

"I didn't think of that. Then when I got the cramp, I was so scared."

"Don't think about it. And don't pull it again anywhere!"

"You think I *would?*" She shivered and began to walk toward the hotel. He walked beside her, holding her hand. She spoke softly, as if to herself. "I'll remember. I'll watch myself, and I won't try."

They walked the rest of the way in silence. She appeared to have forgotten that his clothes were at the Aid Station, and he did not remind her. At the door of the hotel bathhouse she said, "Will I see you tomorrow, Joe, on the beach?"

"Yes, I'll be there."

A gleam in her eye suggested that, though chastened, she was resilient. She said, "Sunday, too, and Monday and Tuesday. You can always say, 'Stop that.' Or you can say, 'That isn't how.' Good night, Joe."

"Wait a minute." He bent over and kissed her gently, to make up for something.

Walking back to the Station he seemed to hear the echo of her voice and his own: *"You do like me?"* . . . *"I do like you."* . . . *"Maybe if you didn't have a girl—"* . . . *"Yes, if I didn't—"* . . .

He shivered, wondering briefly how much of what he had said was a lie. Then, looking up at the night sky and out at the moving water, he thought only of Mary. . . . THE END

Seed of Suspicion

(Continued from page 46)

carried it to the kitchen. Then for a minute she did not move. Had she caught the faintest flicker of warning in his voice? Could he actually imagine that she might be drawn to this unknown person, no more than a symbol for good fortune?

No, it was absurd. But she sighed at the inconsistency of an attractive man who could not be sure of a wife who loved him, and sighed for her own failure to make him sure. *But he can't help it,* she told herself quickly. *And he tries so hard to hide it.* Then she thought of his jealousy that ran like a shadowy underside of love, breaking now and then to the surface in quick, white-lipped quarrels. *Why can't I cure it? What is it that I do wrong?*

In a year of marriage she had found no answer. But as she watched the water stream across a plate, a memory broke in her mind. It was the night before their wedding. Roger had waived the protests of her family and taken her for a long drive up the Hudson. For a while they had talked lightly but he had fallen into absent-minded silences that made her uneasy, till at last she had said, "What is it? Tell me, darling."

"I'm not sure I can. Yes, I've *got* to be sure." He parked the car and turned toward her. She saw a flash of unhappiness on his mouth and the lips slowly tighten. He said, "This thing . . . if it troubles you or frightens you, it's not too late. You can still draw back, you know."

Then he had begun to tell her of his jealousy, which had started during the first weeks of their engagement. Hating it in himself, he had managed to hide it. But it rose whenever he saw her talking too long or dancing with another man—once when she had held an unknown letter in her hand.

It was so strange. He had never imagined he could feel it. Perhaps it was in him because, until they had met, he had not truly believed in love. Now he was afraid it might deepen with marriage . . . hurt her, tear at her. She had to be warned.

But she would *not* be warned, not at so slight, so human a fault. She had put her arms about him, searching for words to ease him, thinking that as the only child of a bitter, wrangling couple he had never learned to trust. Then she said with an anger for the buried griefs in his childhood, "I'll teach you to be sure of me. I'll persuade you . . . over and over."

The light altered in his eyes. "Can you?"

"Watch me," she whispered.

It was a promise. Through this year, little by little, she had removed every cause for suspicion. She had spread out her letters casually for him to read and never lingered too long with one person at a party. Even across the room, with eyes, lips, thoughts, she was somehow reassuring him.

But the jealousy came, now and then exploding into brief, bitter scenes that left after them a trail of guilt. Somewhere she had failed; Roger had failed.

In the kitchen she deliberately willed the thought from her. She smiled at him through the doorway. How young, how happy he looked, freed from the weeks of pressure. She felt a tiny quiver of superstitious doubt. She asked, "How sure is this job?"

"Practically certain. There's a board meeting in a month. But I understand it's a technicality. My chances were dependent on this Brandon Miller."

"Oh, I won't have that!" She came up close. "It was dependent on *you,* on what you are."

They invited Miller for the following Wednesday. Meanwhile the days passed in a luxury of daydreaming.

On Wednesday she felt the excitement that precedes an important event. She dressed carefully, choosing a dark cotton, a dress she somehow imagined would please the sort of man Roger had described.

By five she was ready, waiting, eager for the evening to begin. But she gave a start as the bell rang. It was unlike Roger to leave work so early, and surely it could not be their guest. Then she was opening the door to a tall man with a streak of white in his hair, a voice saying quickly, "I'm Brandon Miller and I'm outrageously early. I just noticed in the elevator. Is it inconvenient?"

It was not, and ushering him in, she felt a burst of gratitude for her own unaccustomed punctuality.

"This is a charming apartment."

"Thank you." She followed his glance, which seemed to miss nothing. "We found it in a hurry. I'd always lived on Long Island."

There was the discovery then that they came from nearby towns, with here and there a common friend. Listening, she began to understand why Roger supposed Miller was attractive to women. It was not so much his looks, although the strong set of his features was pleasing; it was an air about him of perception—of seeing into you, she thought, and being alert and interested in what he saw.

From time to time she glanced at the clock above his head. "I'm afraid Roger's late."

Brandon smiled. "He works hard at that job, even though he's going to leave it. Stability . . ." his eyes fastened on her for a minute. "I think I admire it more than any quality. Do you?"

She nodded lightly. But her marriage, with its joys and brief hidden strains, slipped across her mind. Not a marriage that this man would consider balanced. *But it's mine and I love it,* she thought. And wished suddenly that Roger were at home.

Time moved swiftly. The smoke rose in the room and the ash tray by Mr. Miller's chair became filled. She felt a quiver of restlessness. If Roger came in at this minute, he would see the ash tray and know that Miller had been here for an hour, alone with her. He would say nothing; it was too foolish, but his pleaure in the evening would be subtly dimmed.

She tried to forget it, but the restlessness deepened, and her voice lifted suddenly over Miller's. "Here, let me take care of that for you."

She made a motion toward the empty fireplace and checked it. She carried the ash tray to the kitchen and emptied it into a receptacle. For a second she hesitated, then she bent and folded a paper across the stubs to hide them.

She glanced up to meet Miller's eyes through the open doorway. She felt a flicker of that obscure annoyance that comes from being watched and called out. "Let's have a drink and not wait for our recalcitrant host."

"Fine."

A little later Brandon Miller lifted his glass. "Here's to you and Roger—I approve your choice in husbands."

"Thank you. I approve it myself." She smiled, but the small discomfort grew. *He watches too much. I don't know . . . I'm not sure I'm going to like this man.*

This faded when Roger came home, and a little instinct told her how the two men liked each other. A third drink was fixed, and Roger carried it to the fireplace.

"Sorry as the devil to be late. Hope Ellen's been entertaining you."

"Very well indeed." Brandon smiled at her. "We've even discovered some common friends."

"Good." Roger's glance moved around the room. He took a sip of his drink. "Been here long?"

Brandon laughed. "Well, as a matter of fact . . ."

Then she heard her own voice rising over his and heard in it a tiny thread of anxiety and haste. "Oh, no. He's just been here a little while."

There was a small pause. From the corner of her eye she caught Brandon's flash of surprise and a measuring look in her direction. She felt a maddening flush spread across her cheeks. How could she have told the little stupid, senseless lie that seemed to have slipped out unbidden?

She sat silently while the conversation rolled on past her. Would he add the incident of the cigarettes to this . . . and find some meaning in the two? He had made no effort to contradict, and suddenly that in itself had significance.

No, surely she was overly sensitive. In the future, though, she must watch these things, lest the shadow in her marriage be revealed. She knew very well what had happened. The words had sprung without thought, a habit formed out of the warnings of a year; Roger must not be hurt.

But the evening passed with such good will that she forgot it. Only as they said good-by did the memory flicker back. Brandon had invited them for the weekend to meet a few members of the firm. Shaking her hand he said, "It's more than a business relationship. I like really to know the people I work with."

It was so innocent, so pleasant a remark. Why, then, did he seem to be measuring her?

But Roger was delighted. Alone, he caught her in his arms. "You made it a good evening. You liked him, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I liked him. Only . . ."

"Only . . .?" He held her off, looking at her curiously.

"It's foolish." She gave a small, troubled laugh. "But I'm a little afraid of him, I think."

She was told she was indeed foolish, and as the days passed, she began to believe it. By Friday she was actually looking forward to the weekend. She packed their still elegant wedding-present bags, and Roger stowed them in the rickety car. Leaving the city, they drove through towns folded softly into little hills, with summer beckoning around each curve in the road.

They were met by Brandon, looking handsome in his brown tweeds and younger, as though the country became him. Tea was served, and afterwards he showed them about his small, almost perfect farm. All of it was a delight—the distant flash of lake, the farm kittens rolling on a path, a colt in the field, immobile yet ardent with life.

"I love it," she whispered, and the two men turned to smile at her.

"I had a hunch you would." Brandon took her arm. "Now let me tell you about the weekend."

There was to be a dinner party that night. A Peter Stine was coming, who was vice-president of the firm, and several lesser members. She listened, thinking that she liked him better as a host, and believing now that all would go well.

How, then, did disaster begin?

Did it start—later she would wonder—from her very excess of good spirits? There were so many pleasures that evening—the knowledge of the men's interest in Roger, the release from her own faint tension, even her gray taffeta dress flowing into points of light.

Perhaps it was that very pleasure that made Peter Stine, a shy man, say without shyness, "I've been watching you. You seem just to have heard a happy secret," while down the table Roger turned his head and glanced at him briefly.

Perhaps disaster rose from a coincidence in the party's grouping. When dinner was over, the group broke apart with three of the women gathered on the sofa and Brandon sitting by Roger. There was a second when she was alone, and Peter Stine left the men to join her.

He stood, smiling down at her, a reserved man who needed to be drawn out, with an air of confidence that she could do it.

"I'll tell you that happy secret," she said. "It's being on a farm for the first time in years."

"Really? Well, they're my hobby too."

He began talking of his place, which was next to Brandon's. She leaned back, murmuring responses, indulging now and then in little absent-minded daydreams. Then, conscious that she was negligent to her partner, she seized the conversation and ran off with it till she had provoked and stimulated him into interested laughter.

"You're a marvelous girl. I must see you some more. You're doing me good."

It was one of those remarks said with innocent loudness and dropped into a pool of sudden silence. From the sofa his wife turned and smiled at Ellen. "That's fine," she said. "Keep up the good work."

Ellen imagined she heard the intake of Roger's breath. She watched his head go back and that deepening in his eyes that only she in all the world could see and interpret. She glanced away, resenting his mood and telling herself not to give in to it. But she could feel his unhappiness twisting inside of her as her own. A second passed. Then the habit of easing him drew her to her feet and, murmuring some excuse, she crossed the room.

She had been too abrupt to Mr. Stine. Standing alone and drawing a cigarette from a glass box, she knew it, disliking her rudeness. And the trouble was that now all the groups seemed fixed in happy conversation. There was no one she could join.

Still hesitating, she heard Brandon come up behind her. "Here. Let me light that for you. How do you like my party?"

"Very much."

"That's good." His glance came down into her eyes. "For a minute I had the impression something was troubling you."

"Why, no. Why should there be?"

"No reason. But I usually trust my impressions." His voice was even, polite. The words could mean nothing. But, looking into those measuring eyes, she had that sudden communication of thought vivid as a spoken word. *He heard Stine's remark and saw me leave him. He is guessing of Roger's jealousy, and from now on he will be watching me.*

For a second she could not move. There was the outrageous sense of being trapped. Then a healthy anger filled her. The position was humiliating. She would not be watched. Nor would she be forced even by Roger into a rudeness that was unlike her.

"Just as I thought! It's the mainspring!"

REDBOOK

She said softly. "Nothing bothers me. I'm enjoying it all, as you can see."

With the anger still tapping in her veins, she crossed back to Mr. Stine. His admiration was so innocent. But Roger, who saw only in black and white where she was concerned, would not believe it.

Carefully avoiding her husband's eyes, she went on talking softly and steadily to the man beside her. But her hands were a little tense, and she foresaw with dread a scene forced into low-voiced whispers in the guest room of another person's home.

At eleven the party broke up. Brandon escorted them upstairs and left them to the chilly neatness of a guest room. Very conscious of Roger's silence, she stepped past him to the window. She stood still, watching moon shadows flowing like tide across lawn and trees. She felt a thrust of anger at the situation—then an obscure softening. Surely, in so gentle and tender a place, only love could exist! She whispered. "Come and see. I'm pretending it's ours."

There was no answer. She turned and caught the guarded look which was the beginning of his anger. "What's the matter?"

"Never mind. Skip it, Ellen." He turned his head, and she knew with a little pang of pity that he was forcing down the jealousy, trying to hide it from her. Undressing, turning back the bed, she could feel the unnatural silence going on between them. But it was not so bad, she thought gratefully. They would not have to have their scene after all.

Then in the darkness it came—a long pause and Roger's whisper sharp through the mask of control. "I suppose Stine told you he was coming over here tomorrow morning."

She stiffened, knowing she was in for it now. She said coolly, "No, he did not."

"That's odd, when surely you must be the reason for his coming."

"If I'm the reason, it's not my fault."

"Isn't it?" His voice was clear and flat. "I had the general impression you were doing your best to attract him."

"I was being polite."

He laughed. "Your politeness seemed a little excessive."

"And so is your rudeness to me now." Anger swung her up. Oh, damn this quarrel fought in whispers and darkness—futile, hateful, absurd.

She snapped on the light. She saw his eyes dark in anger and under the darkness, brushing her senses, the imprisoned, shining love. His hand thrust suddenly across the space between them, and she looked down wondering if it were a plea for peace. She said thickly, "Oh, don't let's do this! Don't, don't!"

He started to answer and stopped. Then she leaned toward him as if to the true center of his nature, whispering. "There's a part of you that doesn't believe it. Even when you're angry, somewhere inside you believe the best."

It was true. With a kind of triumph she knew it. But she held her breath, feeling him on a hairline edge between faith and jealousy, between anger at himself or at her.

"You're right," he whispered at last. "There's a part of me that trusts you forever."

"Then why . . ."

"I don't know." His voice was slow and uncertain. "But tonight . . . you see, you hardly ever talk so long to one man . . . and you seemed so terribly interested. Then I heard he was coming over, and my temper got away from me." He swung away. "Oh, I know how I hurt you; I'm sorry, Ellen." Then he took her hand, holding it as though it were a talisman to protect them both against the quality within him.

In the darkness she breathed out her relief. But she lay awake a long time after Roger slept. She had won. Once again he had conquered it. But nothing more must happen. And she sighed, wishing the weekend with its strains were over. She wished they were safely home, alone.

Then she slept till the bright dazzle of morning stung her eyes. An odor of coffee came to her and Roger's voice from the window, saying, "Come and look at this day. Do you know, I wish it were our farm, too!"

They breakfasted in the garden. Roger was in a fine mood. Brandon, reading the Sunday papers, glanced up once or twice, she thought, to note it.

At eleven the Stines joined them from their nearby farm. Swimming was suggested, and the party made their way through the woods to the lake. Walking, she clung a little self-consciously to Mrs. Stine's side—though it was unnecessary, for if Roger felt the faintest annoyance in the husband's presence, he did not betray it.

There was a string of bathhouses at the edge of the lake. Inside theirs, Roger pointed with a smile at the careful fittings—padded hangers, a dressing table with comb, mirror, brush. "That guy thinks of everything, doesn't he?"

"He certainly does."

He looked at her with amusement. "Whatever made you think you were afraid of him?"

"I don't know." But there flashed into her mind that moment in the evening when she had known Brandon was watching.

"You phoned for a tree surgeon? . . ."

REDBOOK

Outside the others were gathered on the warm boards of the dock. Fifteen minutes passed, and in the soft insistent heat Ellen tiptoed to the edge. She dived, enjoying the flash of cold. Swimming, her head rose and dipped. Just ahead was a huge, pale rock, and she swam toward it and clambered up.

She lay back. Through her eyelashes she could see the others on the dock, and now and then a voice reached across. Lazily she watched Brandon dive and his clean, neat strokes directed toward her.

"I came to warn you not to dive from the other end. It's a bit dangerous." He climbed up beside her, shaking his head at his own panting. "Tomorrow I'll put up a sign."

She smiled as Roger's words came back to her. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"No. . . ." He glanced at her briefly. "Only those things that could cause trouble."

Then they fell into a comfortable silence. The heat of the sun was a delicious pressure which lured her half to sleep. She dreamed, awoke, glanced at the man beside her while her antipathy for him faded and rose again to touch her.

She turned her head to the dock where the frieze of bodies was motionless as her own. She saw one sit up and caught from a motion of the shoulders that it was Roger. Then he shielded his eyes, and she knew he was staring toward them.

She closed her own from the sight. But in her mind ran the faint thread of anxiety—the little knowledge pushing up that he did not like her to talk too long to another man.

Cautiously she rolled toward the edge of the rock.

"What's the matter?" Brandon had risen to an elbow and was looking at her.

"I'm going back."

"I see." His glance followed her across the water, and she imagined his eyes had hardened. Fumbling for some light excuse, she stiffened her body for the dive.

But Brandon was saying slowly, "Do you remember what I told you about admiring balance above all other qualities?"

"Yes." For no reason her heart had begun to beat uncomfortably.

"I dislike an emotion that seems to indicate instability."

She longed then for the dive, but the voice behind her had an odd compulsion. "Do you mind very much if I ask you why you must go at this minute?"

"I'm cold." The foolish excuse broke out without thought. He was too polite to deny it, too polite to smile. But he drew one hand across the burning surface of the rock. "And even if you were not cold, you would still leave, wouldn't you?"

It was out. He knew of Roger's jealousy. Last night he had implied it. Today his words were sweeping away even the barrier of reserve. But she said, frowning, "I don't know what you mean."

"Let me put it this way. Suppose I told you that it was quite important that you linger a while. Would you still leave?"

His glance came up, a little cruel in

its knowledge. It was a trap. He was testing her. She had only to linger—twenty minutes, a half hour—and she would prove him wrong. Only to linger . . . and to watch Roger's restlessness.

A few hours ago he had conquered it. She could not bear him to be uncertain so soon again.

She felt a ripple of outrage for the man beside her. Hard and secure, what did he know of the struggles within love? How dared he judge them?

She stood stone still while her whole body tensed and tightened. She believed she would wait. But she saw the quiver of his smile, and in a flash she dived, half from love, half in escape from this man who knew them too well.

But it was not escape for she could hear his last words echoing in her ears, "You're making a mistake, my dear."

Then she was swimming with a kind of passionate haste toward the dock, toward Roger's arms which drew her panting and shivering beside him. She could feel his protection flowing over her. But she could not look at him. What had she done? She had a sense of treachery as though she had dragged out his secret for his enemy to see.

In a few minutes she rose and went to the bathhouse. For the first time in her marriage she needed to be away from Roger. When she came out, she saw them all together. But she only waved and started for the house.

An hour passed before she saw Brandon and Roger on the garden path. The Stines must have left, for they were alone and she had the sense of something oppressive between them. The feeling continued during lunch, as if they had ceased to talk easily and were making conversation for her sake. Afterward in the living room she saw her husband glance at the clock. "It's a shame to leave so soon, but there's quite a drive ahead."

She rose, murmuring something about looking forward to seeing Brandon soon, and unaccountably saw him faintly redden.

There was a pause. The two men's eyes flashed together, and Roger reached for a cigarette. "Afraid there's some bad news, darling. Brandon's discovered there won't be a position open in his firm after all."

Her heart gave a quick lurch—then a pang, an ache to ease the disappointment. But how quietly, how charmingly he took it. He could stand there smiling, though surely he did not believe the thin excuse. And through her pain, despite it, she could feel a sharp lift of pride.

Unwillingly her eyes rose to the other man's. The words, "You're making a mistake," echoed in her mind. In that second . . . in so many seconds . . . he had warned her. Then all the incidents began streaming through her mind. Little by little she had betrayed the secret of Roger's jealousy . . . given it to this man who admired stability above all other qualities.

It is I who threw away the job.

She heard Brandon say with cold formality, "I'm sorry it had to turn out this way."

Was he sorry, or was he congratulating himself that the weekend had been a wise precaution? She put her arm through Roger's with a flicker of bitter relief that at least they need not be watched by this man.

Roger said lightly, "Don't look so concerned, Brandon. We're all right, you know."

But they were not all right. They could pretend it, saying good-by and thanking him for the weekend. They could pretend for each other's sake on the way home. But Roger's driving was fast, and from time to time he fell into silences in which she could feel his bitterness like a physical presence.

"Do slow down, darling."

"Oh, I'll be careful." He gave her a brief smile. "I guess after this weekend I'll always be a little careful."

"Is it so bad?"

He shook his head. "There'll be other jobs. No, it isn't that."

Just ahead was a curve in the road, and he slid the car into it. He said slowly, "It's the mystery that's frightening. That job was sewed up. Those men approved of me; even Brandon was my friend. Then somewhere in the weekend I lost his trust. But how, Ellen . . . over a swim, a friendly dinner? It's the feeling that, if I don't know, I could do it again."

In the light from the dashboard she saw a little line by his mouth that had not been there before. She looked away. "Sometimes it hurts to know."

"Let it. The only thing worth having is the truth."

He said it with all the force and tension of his nature. He wanted it; he must have it. Then, quickly, before he could break in, she blurted out the painful, futile story, beginning with the lie and ending with the moment on the rock.

What was there on his face . . . anger, bewilderment, disbelief? She caught his shoulders. "You asked for it. You've got to accept it. Oh, don't you see that my giving in to your jealousy is as dangerous, as weakening to us as jealousy itself?"

And in a flash she knew it was so. The yielding to him had been the flaw in *her* character. Somehow in their love each had deepened the other's failing.

In the silence and darkness they seemed alone as never before. She had a sense of a gamble too bleak and terrible to take. Then she gathered up her courage to face it. "You must have me as I am, Roger, as a natural, open, truthful person . . . or I'm afraid not have me at all."

He did not answer, and she waited for his anger, for an end of love that might be close. But he said slowly. "Why are you giving me this choice now?"

"Because it was you who said it first . . . that nothing but the truth is worth having."

He stared at her. She held her breath, lest word or motion stir the dangerous minute. Then, as he drew her to him, she saw the light in his eyes alter. "I believed it. I still believe it."

Somehow she had reached down into the furthest place of his integrity. He would change. It would take strength. But they would change together.

. . . THE END

$ COULD YOU USE AN EXTRA $50? $

If your baby is the most beautiful, the most clever, the most outstanding child in the whole world (and whose child isn't), take his or her picture in one of those priceless poses they strike a dozen times a day, and send it into Redbook's FAMILY SCRAPBOOK.

This picture, with an accompanying 100 word letter, can win you $50. See Page 4, and this month's winner, for further details.

Here's hoping *your* child is the next $50 winner!

How Safe Is Poultry?

(Continued from page 33)

properly processed chickens are the so-called "New-York-dressed" chickens, a type of poultry which most public health officials agree should long ago have been banned. To "New-York-dress" a bird, you simply slit its throat and pluck the feathers. There is no way of telling whether the internal organs of the bird are healthy or not, since the carcass remains unopened. In this unsanitary condition the birds may be stored for considerable periods, or shipped from place to place, at varying temperatures, until they reach your meat market.

It's true that New-York-dressed chickens are often chilled or frozen before transportation, but cooling procedures may actually add to the hazard.

"Perhaps the most objectionable of these procedures," says Dr. Joe W. Atkinson of the U. S. Public Health Service, "is that of cooling a large number of uneviscerated carcasses together in a tank or vat of water or ice-water slush. So far no satisfactory means have been devised for preventing leakage of fecal matter [bowel contents] from the vents of the carcasses during cooling, which usually requires from two to six hours. The water thus becomes contaminated by any diseased birds which are in the tank."

Don't assume you can avoid this hazard merely by refusing to buy poultry which is obviously New-York-dressed when you see it at your butcher's. Some butchers buy New-York-dressed birds, process them in the back room and then display them as "ready to cook." Worse yet, many chickens are New-York-dressed initially and are then shipped to another processing plant where they are thawed, eviscerated, inspected, awarded the "INSPECTED FOR WHOLESOMENESS—U.S." label and sent on to your butcher.

Several reputable poultry firms refuse to handle New-York-dressed birds. The top-level Conference of State and Territorial Health Officers recommended last November that the interstate shipment of New-York-dressed poultry be banned.

Would such a law be practical? The answer is clearly yes. Some 70 per cent of our chickens are eviscerated immediately after slaughter today; there is no good reason why the remaining 30 per cent should not be similarly processed.

What are the diseases most likely to be transmitted from infected poultry to man?

A form of intestinal infection called salmonellosis is by far the most common. The American Public Health Association describes salmonellosis as "an acute diarrheal disorder with abdominal cramps a familiar symptom. Fever, nausea and vomiting are frequently present. . . . *Epidemics are usually traced to improperly prepared foodstuffs, particularly roast fowl. . . .*"

Food poisoning caused by two kinds of germs known as staphylococci and streptococci comes next in frequency. Food poisoning often occurs even though no germs enter the human body alive, for these germs can produce a highly potent toxin which remains in the food. When you eat the food, you suffer symptoms which the American Public Health Association describes as "sometimes violent, with severe nausea, vomiting and prostration; severe diarrhea in some cases." Even cooking the food thoroughly does not always prevent this type of food poisoning, for unlike the germs themselves, the toxins produced by the germs are very resistant to heat.

In addition to salmonellosis and food poisoning, some two dozen other diseases are shared in common by man and poultry. Several of these constitute a considerable risk for the workers who slaughter, process and handle poultry. Fortunately, however, these diseases are *not* ordinarily carried to the consumer who buys eviscerated poultry.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has two programs designed to improve the poultry situation—a sanitation program and an inspection program. Both are "voluntary," which means that only companies wanting the services and willing to pay for them are covered. The sanitation program involves the placement in a processing plant of a so-called "sanitarian," who is in theory a representative of the Government.

The sanitation program was not established, however, under laws designed to protect the consumer. Rather, this is a service to aid the *marketing* of farm products. Public health officials cite many reasons why the presence of a sanitarian in a plant is no substitute for actual poultry inspection.

In the first place, the sanitarian is concerned only with the cleanliness of the plant in which the birds are slaughtered. The birds themselves may have been dying of any one of a number of diseases at the time of slaughter; that is no business of his.

Moreover, although the sanitarians are in theory representatives of the United States Government, many of them are not Government officials at all, but rather employees of the company they are supposed to regulate. Worse yet, the "Government sanitarian" responsible for policing a plant may actually be one of the owners of that plant!

"Don't tell me I'm the first one here!"

REDBOOK

The shortcomings of the Department of Agriculture sanitation program are well illustrated by the case of a large New Jersey poultry company we'll call X Company, which is equipped to slaughter as many as 13,000 chickens daily.

On May 2, 1955, X Company and the two brothers who owned it pleaded guilty to a charge of shipping unfit poultry from New Jersey to Pennsylvania. Before the court passed sentence on them, a Government official informed the judge of the company's past record.

Back in June, 1952, three crates of poultry shipped by the company into New York City had been seized. "That shipment," the Government official declared, "contained a considerable number of birds decomposed and diseased, so much so that the shipment was classed as garbage."

Three months later, there was "another instance of unfit poultry having left the defendants' plant. . . ."

On September 29, 1953, moreover, two inspectors visited the X Company plant, "and there again they found poultry in the defendants' plant that was unfit for use, for human consumption."

Yet another 866 pounds of X Company poultry was seized in June, 1954, and on June 10 the company plant was once again inspected. "At the time of that inspection," the official testified, both brothers "were present and were warned again, and evidence of sick and diseased birds was found on the premises.

"At that time it was suggested that they not accept into their plant birds obviously sick and unfit . . . but they indicated their desire to secure a greater amount of poundage in their killing operation through allowing many such birds to go through."

Yet throughout this period X Company was supposedly operating under the U.S. Department of Agriculture sanitation program, with a government sanitarian on duty. Who was he? None other than the vice-president of the company—one of the brothers who pleaded guilty on May 2, 1955 to the charge of shipping unfit poultry!

The X Company case was initiated by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, which might be called our last line of defense against unfit poultry. The FDA has a general responsibility for policing food, drug and cosmetic products in interstate commerce, and its field staff checks poultry along with thousands of other items. This agency is seriously undermanned; the total time it can devote to poultry policing from coast to coast is approximately the equivalent of six full-time inspectors. Just to visit each poultry plant in the country once, the FDA estimates, would take the available staff three or four years.

The understaffing of the Food and Drug Administration makes another poultry hazard more prevalent. Many farmers in recent years have been "caponizing" their male chickens, turkeys and ducks by

implanting a pellet of a sex hormone called stilbestrol in the necks of the birds while they are still young. This hormone temporarily converts the male birds into eunuchs, so that they put on weight more rapidly and reach the market in a plumper condition.

The hazards of this process were first publicized when the owners of a mink farm reported that their mink had stopped producing young mink as expected. Investigation showed that the male mink on the farm had become sterile after eating poultry heads and necks in which stilbestrol tablets had been implanted. Stilbestrol is a highly potent hormone which causes sex changes in humans as well as animals and birds.

The Food and Drug Administration, after studying the problem, concluded that poultry caponized by stilbestrol pellets is safe for human consumption *if* the pellet is placed high up on the bird's neck so that it will be cut off with the head. Unfortunately, however, farmers are not veterinarians. It's easy to slip the pellet into some other part of the bird.

To minimize the danger of stilbestrol in the poultry we eat, FDA inspectors examined poultry shipments and seized birds that were improperly caponized. These seizures were publicized in an effort to warn farmers of the risks. No human illness traceable to stilbestrol in poultry has yet been reported. Even so, it is unfortunate, to say the least, that the Government agency responsible for safeguarding the public from this hazard is so seriously handicapped.

Your most reliable guide to safe poultry today, unquestionably, is the "INSPECTED FOR WHOLESOMENESS—U. S." label on each bird you buy. Much of the poultry bearing this label is as clean and safe as any housewife could expect. Even so, the standards used in inspecting this poultry fall considerably short of what public health officials recommend.

In the first place, under current standards the U. S. Department of Agriculture inspector seldom gets to see the birds until after they have been slaughtered, scalded and plucked. By then any infection brought in by sick birds may have contaminated the processing line. Moreover, there are some sick birds that can be easily spotted while they are still alive, but whose carcasses may look normal after slaughtering. A reliable inspection system must provide for examination of the birds before as well as after death.

Next, the present standards do not take sufficient account of possible cross-contamination of healthy birds by infected birds. Companies that fail to take adequate precautions may still get the "INSPECTED FOR WHOLESOMENESS—U.S." label.

Equally dangerous is the willingness of the Department of Agriculture to permit a plant to operate under inspection on some days or during certain hours, but to operate without inspection at other times. Thus unfit poultry can be killed, processed and shipped during the hours when the inspector is not on duty.

In the past, Government inspectors have been expected to check as many as 1,200 birds per hour, or one every three seconds. That seems like a rapid enough rate for inspecting a bird and its internal organs. Yet, within the past few years, Department of Agriculture procedures have been changed to permit an even more rapid flow of birds past the inspector.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs has been concerned with pure food and drug legislation since 1906 and is currently supporting legislation to provide a system of compulsory Federal poultry inspection. REDBOOK is to be congratulated on its courage and public spirit in bringing the startling facts concerning unsanitary poultry to the attention of the public at this time.

—Mrs. Stephen Nicholas
Executive Director
General Federation of Women's Clubs

Despite such glaring faults, there is no doubt that the present inspection system does some good and that you're wise to insist on poultry bearing the "INSPECTED FOR WHOLESOMENESS—U.S." stamp. During a recent year for example, Federal inspectors condemned almost 2,000,000 birds weighing almost 7,000,000 pounds.

Eliminating these birds was obviously a worth-while effort. But, remember, less than one-quarter of the poultry actually marketed is inspected at all. The unfit chickens processed each year by uninspected plants may well add up to tens of millions of pounds.

What must be done to clean up this poultry mess?

Four major reforms are currently under consideration.

First of all, it is proposed that *all poultry shipped in interstate commerce must be inspected.* In other words, poultry should be raised to the status of other meat products.

Compulsory inspection is supported by representatives of the reputable poultry processors themselves, such as the Institute of American Poultry Industries. It is also supported by such consumer-minded organizations as the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the American Association of University Women. The principle of compulsory inspection has recently been accepted also by such farmer groups as the American Farm Bureau Federation and the Farmer's Union. Indeed, during Senate committee hearings held in May 1956, compulsory inspection was even approved by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Compulsory poultry inspection may be described as the *minimum* reform on which almost everybody is agreed except the less reputable poultry processors.

The Amalgamated Meat Cutters union and many public health officials believe, however, that compulsory inspection alone is not enough. These groups are urging three additional changes:

(1) *Transferring the inspection service from the Department of Agriculture to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.* The Department of Agriculture is —and should be—the farmer's and marketer's friend, not the consumer's watchdog. The FDA, in contrast, is there to safeguard the public's health.

(2) *Requiring ante-mortem as well as post-mortem inspection of all poultry.*

(3) *Charging the cost of inspection to the Government rather than to the individual processing plants.* This is simple justice as well as good sense. When the company pays for the inspector, it may well expect a voice in the way his services are performed. Many of the current flaws can be traced to the fact that if an inspector really "gets tough," the company can discontinue the service.

Several bills designed to make inspection compulsory, both ante-mortem and post-mortem, and to place poultry inspection under the Food and Drug Administration, have come up recently before Congress. These bills are supported by the AFL-CIO, the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers, the Association of Food and Drug Officials and the General Federation of Women's Clubs. If you agree that these changes are essential to safeguard the public health, write your senators and congressman in support of this legislation.

The Federal Government, of course, can regulate only poultry that crosses state lines, and approximately half of all poultry is eaten within the state in which it is raised and slaughtered. Yet compulsory Federal inspection, most authorities agree, is the most important step in solving the problem, for two reasons.

In the first place, Federal inspection can be made applicable to *all* poultry processed in a plant that ships *any* of its poultry from state to state. Thus, much intrastate poultry would benefit from compulsory Federal inspection.

Second, regulation of the purely intrastate plants by state action would be relatively simple once the big problem of interstate poultry plants was solved. Today, a state health department is greatly handicapped in efforts to clean up its small intrastate plants because plants in neighboring states continue to ship uninspected poultry into the state in competition with local poultry.

A few states and cities have already established inspection services. To help others, the U. S. Public Health Service has recently published a "model ordinance" describing poultry sanitation standards that can be enforced by any state or city, and it is currently working on a similar model poultry inspection ordinance. If you want this kind of protection for your community, urge your state and city officials to adopt these two ordinances.

Poultry is a nutritious food that deserves a frequent place on your family menu. For that very reason, it is especially important that all poultry reaching the market be processed under sanitary conditions and competently inspected for wholesomeness and safety.

Although the poultry situation is shockingly bad today, there are ways of protecting yourself and your family from the conditions we have described. You can press for better inspection and control of poultry on the national, state and local levels. And, by following the rules outlined on page 33, you can play safe in your kitchen even while unsafe poultry is being sold in the stores.

. . . THE END

A Lucky Catch

(Continued from page 51)

The chimes which mark the hours at Orange College began to ring. The group about the water dome broke up. Miss Howell went out of sight, and I turned slowly from the window. Later I heard Karen said, "What's wrong with you, Eddie?" but I did not answer. In a period of trauma a man's mind works slowly, if at all.

I met Miss Howell that day at lunch at the Faculty Club. She was somewhat more decorously dressed than in the morning, but just as beautiful. With her was Bob Fletcher, the head of our Physical Education Department and a man I have never liked. He was too large and too handsome. In such quantities the combination is repulsive. He introduced us. "Helen," he said, "is probably the greatest fisherwoman in the country. How many records is it you hold, darling?"

"Twelve, for women. I have only three world records." She lowered her eyes modestly, then raised them to look at me. "Do you fish, Mr. Stevens?"

Fletcher gave a kind of donkey bray. "I asked Eddie to go with me once. You'd have thought I'd asked him to burn the local orphanage."

"Really?" Her eyes were very wide and very blue. "I would have thought you were an excellent fisherman." She looked at Fletcher then. "You know, I have a theory about fishing. I have always believed I could judge a man by the way he fishes—the skill, the patience he shows, the ability to learn—"

" 'The occupation of idiots,' Eddie calls it," Fletcher said, smirking.

"Only in some cases," I said. Fletcher and Miss Howell were going fishing that afternoon, and there was a tackle box and two casting rods on the floor beside the table. Before I could stop myself I bent and picked up one of the rods. I flippped the plug underhanded. It went thirty feet down the aisle, between the feet of a student, and hooked a table leg.

Fletcher's jaw fell open. Miss Howell's eyes opened wide. "Oh!" she said. "You'll have to come with us this afternoon."

I looked into her eyes. And looked away. "I can't," I said. "I—I have some papers to grade."

So they went fishing, and I went back across the campus, alone and palely loitering. The curse under which I had lived for years had played its last and meanest joke upon me. I went to my office and sat down and put my head in my hands.

"Tell teacher," Karen said. I hadn't heard her come in, but now she was sitting on the edge of my desk. "After the complaints I hear from freshmen I can stand anything."

"Not this." It was something I had never told anyone. But now it seemed more than I could bear. And though Karen did not look particularly sympathetic at the moment, I knew her to be kind and understanding. Her eyes, slightly myopic back of the horn-rimmed glasses, were the large dark kind that invite confidences.

So I told her how I felt about Helen Howell. "K. W.," I said, "this may seem impossible, but it was like that from the moment I saw her out there at the water dome."

"Those shorts," Karen said, "should be barred from the campus, even of a progressive school. Any red-blooded American boy might have been impressed."

I told her I was in no mood for joking.

I told her that Helen Howell was the country's most ardent fisherwoman and that she had a theory she could judge men by the way they fished. "She said she could never really care for a man who was not a fisherman," I said.

"Very well," Karen said. "Buy her a corsage of worms and get going."

"I can't fish."

"So what? It's not fish you are after anyway."

"You don't understand," I said. "I don't understand myself. I just know it's true. When I was a kid, I liked to fish like anybody else. I caught as many as other people. And then all at once I couldn't catch any more. I couldn't get a strike. Worse than that—" I turned away from her in my shame—"no one anywhere near me could get a strike. It took me a long time to admit it, for other people to realize it. Then I began to lose friends."

I told her of my youth on the South Carolina coast where people took their fishing seriously. "There were folks who wouldn't pass my house on the way fishing," I said. "People began to refer to me as Evil Eye Edward."

I told her of my efforts to thwart the curse by science, of how I had studied everything I could get my hands on about fish and fishing. I read outdoor magazines and government bulletins and scientific papers. I became an expert at casting, plug and fly. I could do anything with fishing, except catch fish.

"Finally," I said, "I gave up. I moved away from South Carolina. I considered changing my name. I haven't touched a fishing rod in three years."

"And now you go mush-brained over a creature who can be courted only in the presence of a flounder."

"You saw her," I said. "Can you blame me?"

"I can. But it would do no good." She moved her glasses up and down her nose, thoughtfully. "Luck," she said, "is variable. You haven't fished in three years. You might go now and have nothing but good luck."

"It's not luck. It's a curse."

"Bunk!"

"All right," I said. "Folks are catching crappie on Lake Parker by the thousand. When they are biting anybody can catch them, except me. I'll show you."

We went out to Lake Parker. While I rented poles and a boat and got bait, Karen stood on the dock, watching other people fish. "Everybody's catching them!" she called. "Everywhere you look!"

"I hate to do this to them," I said.

"Don't be silly."

I rowed a little piece down the lake and dropped the anchor near some bonnets. We started to fish. "Well?" I said.

"We haven't had time," Karen said.

"You see anybody else catching them?"

She looked around. We could see a half dozen boats but nobody was catching anything. "Wait," Karen said.

We waited. It began to get late. The other boats went in one by one, and nobody had caught a fish after we got on the water. "That's strange," Karen said. "Just as soon as we started—"

"Keep your voice down," I said. "There are people who would be inclined to lynch both of us if they knew what I had done."

I pass briefly over the next few weeks. During this time I saw Miss Helen Howell whenever it was possible to do so. I took her to three movies and a dance. Always she wanted me to take her fishing and always I had to think of an excuse. She began to look at me strangely when she looked at me at all, which was with decreasing frequency since she spent more and more time with Bob Fletcher. Fletcher, she told me, was a skillful fisherman though somewhat lacking in patience.

Then one morning I arrived at my office to find Karen back of a desk piled high with books. She adjusted her glasses and regarded me coldly. "I have a theory about you, Edward."

"Please," I said. "Life is already more than I bear."

She ignored me. "Let's begin," she said, as though addressing one of her freshman classes, "by forgetting this nonsense about a curse. However, I have been doing some research—" she indicated the piled books—"and I find there are a number of well authenticated cases of persons who have abnormally bad luck in fishing. My theory is that in all such cases, as in yours, it is the result of the mental attitude. You are convinced you can't catch fish and therefore you do, unconsciously, all the things that keep you from catching them. Now when did you

first become convinced you couldn't catch fish?"

"About six months after the fish quit biting."

"When was that?"

"Years ago."

"Your unconscious has built a wall around the thing that happened to you," Karen said. "You need to talk it out, to analyze yourself, to dig back to this occurrence, whatever it was, and understand it. Once you have done that, you will understand your attitude and correct it."

She made that gesture of moving her glasses thoughtfully up and down her nose. "I refuse to believe your attitude can affect other persons fishing near you. What happened yesterday was coincidence. Nevertheless," she said, "it might be best for us to conduct our experiment on some more private lake."

"What experiment?"

"You and I," Karen said, "are going fishing. While we fish you are going to talk about yourself. You are going to dig back in your memory and find what has fixed this idea of a curse in your unconscious."

"That's silly," I said. But I was looking out the window at the water dome and thinking of Helen in her shorts and sweater. I could imagine being in a boat with her, under the cypress, drifting into the sunset together, maybe a big string of bass pulling along after us.

"What have I got to lose?" I said.

"That," Karen said, "remains to be seen."

I **called** for her early that afternoon. She came out carrying a tackle box in one hand and a rod in the other. She wore a man's shirt open at the throat, a wide bottomed skirt and no glasses. I had never before seen her without the glasses. "Well well," I said. "K. W., without the spectacles you are not unattractive."

"Thank you," Karen said. "No, I don't need any help with the tackle box."

We drove out to Heron Lake, which was reputed to have nothing in it but mudfish and stinkshad, and nobody fished there. But it was a pretty little lake with an orange grove around it and now, in mid-February, the trees were in bloom. "Smell the orange blossoms," I said. "Oh, to be in Florida, now that February's here. And whoever wakes in Florida—"

"I've read several more books on fishing," Karen said. "I find there is nothing unusual about all the fish in one area ceasing to feed at approximately the same time. Some experts believe the time for feeding can be determined by the lunar calendar."

"And the time they stop feeding can be determined by the location of Ed Stevens." I had rented a boat from a farmer who lived nearby and we were rowing out toward the reed beds. "On a day like this it doesn't seem to matter too much any more. K. W.," I said, "the wind is blowing your hair."

"Let it," Karen said. "Apparently the theory that the feeding time of wild animals is connected with the stages of the moon has scientific backing. So I looked up the lunar tables. South moon under today is at exactly three twenty-five."

"Which is unimportant." I said. "since there are no game fish here anyway." She was casting toward the reed beds. "K. W.," I said, "you have fished before."

"It was your fishing we came to discuss," Karen said. "Now tell me, when was the last time you caught one?"

"I don't remember."

"About when? How old were you?"

"Fifteen or sixteen. I'm not sure."

"Think about when you were fifteen. Where did you live in the summer? What were you doing?"

"We used to spend our vacations on a little island in Hannock's Bay. There was a long dock and you could always catch something off it, even if it was nothing but catfish. And sometimes the channel bass or the mackerel would come in, and everybody on the island would rush down to fish." I could almost visualize it—the way the sun beat down and the feel of the hot boards under your bare feet and a kid named Paul Duncan I used to fish with. "We had some swell times," I said. "We—"

Whatever I was going to say, I didn't.

I was looking at Karen. She had put down her rod and started to unbutton her shirt. She started at the top button and went straight down to the bottom one. Then she began to take it off. "Go ahead," she said, not looking at me. "I'm listening."

"K. W.," I said. "What—?"

She took the shirt off. She stood up and unbuttoned the skirt and took that off. She was wearing a playsuit underneath. It was modest enough, though like all playsuits, it was cut a little low here and a little high there. "Thought I'd get some sunburn," Karen said. "Go on with your story."

"K. W.," I said. "Karen. . . ." My heart felt like a frog; it felt cold and, instead of beating, it had taken to jumping. "You look—different." I said.

"It's not the costume I teach school in." Karen said. "But it's the same teacher. Could this Paul Duncan catch fish?"

"Who?"

"The boy you were talking about—the one you used to fish with."

"I don't know. I can't remember."

"Try."

"You mean," I said, "that for one whole semester I have spent my time looking at freshman composition papers when—"

"If I bother you," Karen said, "I can put the shirt and skirt back on."

"No!"

"Then get back to your story. What was the biggest fish you caught that summer?"

I **tried** to think. It was difficult. But I tried. "I don't remember the biggest fish I caught. But I know the biggest one I ever saw hooked. In fact—" and all at once I could remember the whole thing—"that was the last fish I ever saw hooked."

Karen leaned toward me. "The last one? You're sure?"

"Mrs. Van Doren hooked it. Celia Van Doren."

"Who was she?"

"An actress. She and her husband spent that summer on the island. I fell in love with her."

"Go on." Karen said.

"I was madly in love with her—until I made her lose the fish she'd hooked. It was a shark; must have been seven feet long. And I was afraid she might be hurt. I wanted to help. I suppose I got in her way—and she lost it."

"Then what?"

"She called me names, which at the tender age of fifteen I had never heard. It was quite a shock."

"That's it!" Karen said. In her excitement she stood up. "That's what gave you the complex, Eddie. That—"

The boat rocked. Karen waved her arms. I grabbed at her. The boat rocked the other way. She fell backward into my arms.

"K. W.." I said. The way we were now situated, her face was only a few inches from mine. Her eyes were large and dark. Her mouth looked soft and warm. "Karen." I said. I kissed her. "Well, well!" I said. I kissed her again.

"I must have been blind." I said somewhat later. "I sat in that office for months and never really saw you."

"Eddie." Karen said. "there is something I've got to confess. I've cheated you, Eddie."

"Already?" I said.

"I mean. I never believed that stuff about complexes and why you can't catch fish. I don't care if you never catch a fish. But I had to do something to make you look at me."

"You mean the analysis won't help? The curse is still on me?"

Over her shoulder I could see my plug still floating near the reeds. I saw it suddenly leap into the air with a bass on it. The bass jumped again. It thrashed at the water.

Karen started to move, but I held her. "What's that noise, Eddie?"

"A bass."

"Where?"

"On my line."

"Is it a big one?"

"It'll go ten or twelve pounds," I said. "I'll pull it in later and see."

... THE END

Kids in Europe

(Continued from page 30)

temptation to slide on the marble floors.

All over Paris are delightful small playgrounds where children, whose feet never seem to get tired, can race around while parents rest. Although the boys could not speak French, they picked up many little friends in these stops. One of their little playmates led us to an adventure few tourists have. His parents came over to talk with us and, on leaving, asked us to dinner, and we saw the inside of a French home. Kenny was scandalized there when he was offered a glass of watered wine.

"Do children drink *whiskey* here?" he whispered.

One of the unexpected rewards of the trip was what happened to the children's manners. About the only words they knew when we entered each new country were those for "please," "hello," "thank you" and "good-by." They were aching to use them, and that fearful struggle, known to all parents, over courteous answers became suddenly a thing of the past. Kenny was apt to say "bon jour, madame," when he meant "adieu." Alan worked "messy" which was his version of "merci" for all occasions, but got full credit for a brave try at social graces. This habit of easy good manners has not worn off since our return. Not yet, anyway.

In Paris, as in the other places we visited, we had no difficulty in obtaining good baby sitters. Fred and I would take off to the Opera, the Folies Bergère, dinner at Maxim's or the night clubs of Montmartre, quite as free as if the boys were at home.

Food was no problem anywhere in Europe after a few false starts. Kenny is a gourmet. He will try anything. He loved snails, mussels and bouillabaisse in France; gnocchi in Italy; Yorkshire pudding in London; Indonesian rijstafel in Amsterdam and almost anything else that Fred and I ordered. There was never any trouble in getting simple broiled meats, buttered noodles and plain vegetables for Alan. The boys are accustomed to big American breakfasts, and the café au lait and croissants, brought so luxuriously to our rooms each morning, were not enough. Dry cereals were available everywhere. We bought a little Meta stove for boiling eggs. Fuel for these comes in compact tablets and we often had hot soup when we wanted to picnic along the road.

Standard equipment in European hotel rooms is a small breakfast table. This made it simple to eat "at home" after a long day. Fred and I welcomed this, too. We found it very pleasant not to dress up and rush out every evening. Many tourists wear themselves out because of an impulse to make every minute count for sight-seeing. The boys held us down just enough so that we started each new day with real zest instead of with tourists' fatigue.

We made a point of the children's participation; they were never idle and bored with waiting. Alan came marching back to the hotel with a yard-long loaf over his shoulder like a rifle. Kenny was making a knife collection, and his French waiter's knife was his joy. Since it had a corkscrew, he was the official wine opener. Each boy put away his own clothes and spread out his special books and collections at each stop. Once a beloved Teddy bear and a large, useless treasure of what they fondly hoped was dinosaur bones were in place, they felt they had their roots down again.

Fred and I felt about American Express much the way Alan felt about his Teddy bear. Months before we boarded the *Elizabeth*, Fred had haunted the American Express Advisory Service for information about passports, visas, reservations, routes and car rentals and had come home each night laden with their brochures, travel folders and the rate cards which had made us aware of the family discounts available for those anxious to take their children with them. Now, it was our firm link with home. In each new town it was always our first stop for mail, tickets for special events and one of their illustrated maps. We taught the boys to give American Express as their address, if lost, and stopped worrying about their remembering names of hotels.

If you are beginning to think all of this is too easy to be true, you are quite right. There were setbacks. Once in a while the boys cut up, just as they would have at home. We remember with mingled pain and pleasure a 50-mile detour for dinner at Alexandre Dumaine's restaurant in Saulieu.

This was a great pilgrimage to what we had heard was the best restaurant in the whole world. We arrived in the very late afternoon, were fortunate enough to find rooms under the same roof and went down eagerly for early dinner. The dining room is formal, awesomely quiet and elegant, and you are served with a hushed air of reverence for the food that is chosen only after lengthy consultation with Madame Dumaine, the waiter and the wine steward.

They looked at us with shocked and unbelieving eyes when we entered with the children.

"Would it dislocate *monsieur* and *madame* severely if *les petits* are served in your rooms?" they asked in anguish.

This was all right with us. We fed the boys, got them into their little sleeping garments, made arrangements with the maid to look in on them every little while and left Kenny reading a story to

Alan who was already nodding. Dressed in some grandeur, we went down again for the big culinary event.

We had finished a divine lobster bisque, and three waiters were hovering over the ritualistic serving of our *poularde à la zapeur de pot-au-feu* (a chicken cooked in a sealed pot that is opened only after it is brought to the table) when two little figures in blazing red Dr. Dentons bounced down the stairs. Kenny, the gourmet, had decided that he wanted to sample this wondrous chicken. Alan had a ringing announcement of a highly personal nature about the need for being unbuttoned. The latter, fortunately, was voiced in our family code, but the chicken had to go back under its lid while we went upstairs to establish a firmer understanding with the maid.

Hotel accommodations and service during this off-season time seemed to us a great bargain. In Locarno, Switzerland, we had a whole house, complete with two balconies, a flagged dining terrace overlooking Lake Maggiore, a garden spilling with flowers, grapes, figs and chestnut trees for $5 a night. We made this our base for swimming, sailing and sight-seeing trips in the area.

All of us loved this country and the Alps, blazing white against a deep blue sky. We stopped at Alpine lodges and went over towering passes into real Heidi country. When we stopped to buy milk, we were entertained at a real Alpine farm where the cows wandered right into the living room.

In Locarno we had a baby sitter we remember with mixed feelings. He was a gay young newspaper man, brother of some friends. We wanted to hear "The Messiah" sung by the famous visiting Freiburg choir. He kindly offered to stay with the boys. Less kindly, he amused himself by teaching them to yodel with hideous carrying power. With this unfortunate something added, we entered romantic Italy.

Venice is a city of sheer enchantment for a child. Having the boys with us gave us double delight in the gondolas, the spell-binding glass factories and the pigeons in the great square in front of St. Mark's Cathedral. We did not climb the leaning tower of Pisa. Alan advised that it was "too tippy," and I was inclined to agree with him.

Once again, what was most memorable and impressive in Rome were the sights we could share best with the boys—the walk back into antiquity along the Appian Way, the tumbled columns of the Forum, and many parts of the great museums. Every museum has certain rooms that act like magic spells on children. The hours whipped by in the Vatican Museum as they hung over exhibits of Egyptian mummies with one of us while the other explored the Sistine Chapel and the great galleries of famous paintings. They were wide-eyed in the Colosseum over tales of gladiators.

The boys played on catapults in ancient fortifications, saw stones that Caesar had laid and became "Horatius at the Bridge" over the Tiber. They were sobered every time they came on one of the innumerable statues of Romulus and Remus and the noble wolf who reared them. "Poor kids—no mother and father," they mourned.

Alan developed a real confusion on this point. Between Florence and Rome we saw people living in caves. "Do they have wolves for mommies?" he asked and was shocked when he grasped a completely new concept—poverty. "Poor people! No roofs, or windows, or swings, or sandpiles."

Heidelberg was the most exciting city in Germany for the children. They had been reading about knights and went wild over the fabulous old story-book castle, the medieval dining hall, the battlements, drawbridge and slits for arrows. German sausages won entire approval as the nearest thing to the much-missed hot dog. Eating venison was a moment of intense drama. "Real *Indian* food!" Alan, who is a Hiawatha fan, breathed in awe.

(Continued on page 104)

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DIRECTORY

OF REDBOOK MAGAZINE

ETHEL F. BEBB, DIRECTOR

SOUTHERN SCHOOLS

Boys

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study used in Upper School, has increased Honor Roll students 50%. Develops concentration. Strengthens foundation for college. Fully accredited. ROTC Highest Rating. 16 Modern Bldgs., 2 beautiful gyms, pool. Upper School, Grades 9-12. Junior School 4-8. Separate bldgs. Housemothers. 39th year. *For One Subject Plan and Catalog, write*

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In the Ky. Bluegrass. Junior Division—(Separate campus) —grades 7-7. Senior Division—grades 8-12. College preparatory. All athletics. Summer School grades 8-12. Highest rating. 64th year. For Catalog, "Activities Record," write Col. Leslie R. Blankinship, Box 346, Millersburg, Ky.

FARRAGUT

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Admiral Farragut Academy
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Boys

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H. R. Wick, D. M. Ashley, Dirs., Scottsdale, Arizona.

Texas Military Institute

Distinguished Texas military school. Traditions of manliness, honor, courage, devotion to duty. College preparatory, grades 8-12. Study techniques emphasized. Guidance. Small classes. Est. 1886. ROTC. All sports. Episcopal. Catalog. A. B. Craig, Box 46, 800 College Blvd., San Antonio 9, Texas

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Coed school with military training for boys. Accredited. Grades 1-12. College preparation & general course. Music. Art. Dance. Outdoor sports year around. Large stable. English and Western riding, swimming and tennis featured. Catalog. Herbert E. Graybeal, Dir.; Marjorie W. Sallie, Headmistress, Dept. R, Phoenix, Ariz.

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Founded 1860

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Modified military school; kindergarten through 8th grade. Family life and affectionate care. Food from our 200-acre farm. 12 months' enrollment includes summer camp. Enter any time. Moderate rate. 34th year. Catalog. Maj. Roy Lesserry, Box R, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

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Accredited Junior College, High School grades 8-12. 77th year. Modern equipment. Personal guidance. Sports. Quarterly registration. Designated Senior R.O.T.C. Honor School. Moderate cost. Fall term begins Sept. 10th. Write for catalog. Col. R. H. Thorne, Box R, Milledgeville, Ga.

Girls

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Girls. Fully accredited Jr. College. Transfer, terminal courses. Liberal Arts. Pre-professional. Merchandising, home ec.; secretarial, med. sec'l. Piano, organ, voice. Art, drama, speech. Individual attention; small classes. Sports, pool, gym. Social program. Endowed. 97th yr. Catalog.
Curtis Bishop, Pres., 406 W. Main St., Danville, Va.

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For young women. Accredited Jr. Coll. Liberal Arts & Career Courses. Music, Speech, Art, Sec'l., Med. Sec'l., Mds'g., Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Ballet, Equitation. Outstanding social program. All sports. Lake. Pool. Golf. Sailing. Riding. Est. 1870. *Catalog.*
William T. Martin, Pres., Box R-8, Bristol, Virginia

Fairfax Hall

An old Virginia school for girls in the famous Shenandoah Valley. Accredited 4 years high school. College prep., 4 yrs. courses. Secretarial, music, art, dramatics, home ec., int. dec. Spacious grounds. Sports, gym, indoor pool. Private stable. Catalog—mention grade and interests. Wm. B. Gates, Pres., Box R-568, Park Station, Waynesboro, Virginia

Coeducational

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Co-educational. Trains for useful trades with college preparatory or terminal courses. A-1 scholastic rating. Accred. by So. Assoc. Athletic, cultural, social activities. Farm. Moderate cost. Write for "Courses" and Bulletin.
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Gen. Sandy Beaver, Pres., Box 408R, Gainesville 4, Ga.

Gordon Military College

Accredited. Grades 8-12. Also two years college. ROTC trains for military or civilian leadership. Supervised studs. Stimulating activities program. 350 acres. Golf, all sports, pool. $895 inclusive rate. Founded 1852. Write for catalog.
Col. C. R. Harris, President, Barnesville, Georgia

Meaningful Education

Education in the elementary and high school years should be more than "just going to school." In the proper school environment it can mean the development of high scholastic standards, of personal responsibility and learning how to live pleasantly with others.

Many Redbook readers depend on this department for help in choosing a school or college. Many educators refer parents to this department for such help for they know of the broad knowledge behind the recommendations and the sincerity of the staff. Yes! Members of the staff of this department have been visiting independent boarding schools, junior colleges and colleges for many years and are glad to give parents the benefit of their experience without charge or obligation. They know through personal visits to them the majority of schools listed in these pages and are glad to answer questions about these and other schools.

More and more, with the overcrowded condition in public schools, thoughtful parents are giving serious consideration to the independent boarding school, both for children of elementary and high school years. It is unwise to delay consideration of a change of school until failure appears, wise to prevent failure with its accompanying lack of self-confidence and other undesirable traits by changing schools when the evidence of difficulty first appears.

Following is a typical letter (actual) from a parent: June 17, 1955

"We are interested in a boarding school for our 15-year-old daughter Margaret, who is a sophomore in a day school here. We feel that Margaret should repeat her sophomore year. Although she is not failing, she is not doing as well as tests prove she should.

"May we make an appointment in the near future to come to New York and to your office and discuss suitable schools with you? We will make this appointment at your convenience."

Mr. J..... E.....
January 10, 1956

"We have thought of you so often this year and blessed you, for your help in choosing Margaret's school. She is *so* happy, earning good marks and gaining self-confidence. Thank you more than we can say!"

Mrs. J..... E.....
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Address: Ethel F. Bebb
Director of School Advisory Service
REDBOOK MAGAZINE
230 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC SCHOOLS

Boys

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY
THE SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION

Develops today's Youth for tomorrow's world by building mind, body, character, leadership. Accredited. Member Military Schools Div. R.O.T.C., Dept. of Army. Graduates in all colleges. All sports. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery. Band scholarships. Grades 1-12. Catalog.

16 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Manlius Founded 1860. For boys. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Complete college preparation. ROTC. Highest U.S. Army rating for over 50 years. 126-acre campus. Remedial reading. Sports. New gymnasium. Band. Summer Session. Tutorial assistance. Catalog.
Robert R. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

Nyack Boys School
Grades 1 through 8. On beautiful estate overlooking Hudson River. 19 miles from New York City. Atmosphere of well-appointed home. Limited enrollment. Capable staff assures sympathetic care. Summer School. Catalog.
Headmaster, Box R, Nyack, N. Y. Tel. Nyack 7-2072.

Malcolm Gordon School
A small school for boys 8 to 14 in a homelike atmosphere. Prepares for leading Eastern secondary schools. Supervised study. Skiing, ice-hockey, team sports. New gym. 50 acres overlooking West Point, 50 miles N.Y.C. Founded 1927.
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Specialized programs for retarded children. Small groups. Excellent facilities. Experienced staff. Established 1881.
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Year 'round training for the mentally retarded or emotionally unstable child. 9 mos. Haddonfield, N. J.; 3 mos. on Maine Coast. Individual educational programs. Psychiatric and medical supervision. Modern Speech Dept. 73rd year.
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Educate Your Child at Home 51st year. Kindergarten—9th grade. Accredited. Easy-to-follow teaching manual; lessons, books, supplies. No experience needed. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Often used to enrich learning programs of superior pupils. Start any time. Catalog.
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EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS
Individualized Plan—
Each Student a Class

For boys with educational problems—successful college preparation and general education. Our tests discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.
Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 50 years' experience
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FARRAGUT
College Preparatory—Naval Training

Fully accredited. Preparation for all colleges, government academies. Testing, guidance for college and career. College Board center. Separate Junior School. Sports, boats, bands. Approved summer camp and school. *Catalog.*
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Episcopal school for boys, grades 7-12, stressing college preparation. Accredited. 330-acre campus. 40 miles from New York City. Small classes. Work and farm program. Supervised study. Riding, riflery, team sports, clubs.
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Oakwood A Quaker coeducational school. International. Grades 9 to 12.
Good counseling program. Fully accredited college preparatory course. Music, clubs, shop. Broad sports program on 90-acre campus overlooking Hudson. 75 miles from New York. Moderate rates. 160th yr. Catalog on request.
William R. Clark, Prin., Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

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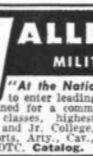

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Graduates attend leading colleges, universities. Homelike atmosphere. Grades 7-12. Noted for excellence in teaching reading techniques. Sports, activities for all. Modern dorms. Near N.Y.C., Phila. 82nd year. Summer School. Catalog.
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Warren School
Where boys over 13 with educational problems can learn how to concentrate, gain confidence and make up lost time. College preparation. Individual programs. Acceleration. Remedial programs. Accredited. Near Washington, D.C.
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Superior academic program under inspiring faculty. Fully accredited; 90% enter college. Small classes. Grades 4-12. Honor ROTC. Cavalry. Band. Art, music, drama. Shop. Sports; teams for all. 84th year. Write for catalog.
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Ann Arbor School For children 7-14 who are overly sensitive, emotionally immature, blocked academically, or withdrawing from normal social life. Education with therapy. Coed, grades 1-8. Small classes. Individual tutoring; remedial reading. Arts, crafts, sports. Brochure. A. H. Kambly, M.D., Director, 1704 Broadway, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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Kemper Military School
Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Century-old tradition; modern methods. Accredited. Small classes; personal guidance. 8th Grade, HS and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, flying, horsemanship. 112th yr. *Catalog.* Dir. of Adm., 686 Third St., Boonville, Missouri.

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Saint Mary's Hall Episcopal, Fully accredited.
College preparatory, general courses. Grades 9-12. Music, art, crafts, dramatics. Religious education. Secretarial. Physical education; sports, riding. Spacious campus. Beautiful modern buildings. 91st year. Write for catalog.
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Outstanding boarding school for girls, grades 9-12, near Chicago. Successful experience preparing for best colleges & universities since 1869. Art & Music. Classes average 12. Fully accredited. New dormitories. Pool, sports. Catalog.
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These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

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Thorough grounding in subjects anticipating advanced college preparatory study on same campus. Emphasis on all fundamentals. Flexible program for each boy developing good habits of concentration. Separate classes, dormitories, school activities in stimulating background. Remedial instruction. Summer session.

A. R. SHERIFF, Headmaster — Cheshire, Conn.

Rumsey Hall Junior School for Boys. 50 miles from N.Y.C.

Grades 1 thru 8. Small classes. Boys learn to study. Country environment. Well coached team sports. Fishing, Skiing, Skating. Riflery. Mention age & grade. *For booklet address:*

Mr. David R. Barr, Headmaster, Washington 4, Conn.

Milford College Preparatory School for boys. Famous for its teaching since 1918.

Grades 8-12. Notable record of achievement. Very small classes develop good study habits. Optional acceleration for mature students completes 12½ years' in 12 months. Spacious campus. Athletics. Fall term starts Sept. 26th.

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Timesaving program since 1926. Classes of 1 to 4 boys enable the individual to overcome the inertia of mass education. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year.

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Tilton School Thorough college preparation for boys, grades 7-12. Builds character, responsibility, leadership. Small classes, understanding masters, stimulating instruction. New gymnasium. Extensive sports program for all. Outing Club, Glee Club, Debating. Moderate tuition. Established 1845. Catalog.

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A country boarding school 30 miles from Boston. 8 buildings. Limited enrollment. Average class 8. Men teachers. Homelike family group. Remedial reading. All sports. Graduates in top secondary schools & colleges. *Summer Session.*

Ralph W. Turner, Headmaster, Box 911, Exeter, N. H.

Coeducational

St. JOHNSBURY

Preparing boys and girls for college since 1842. Individual consideration by able faculty. Unique advantages of Vermont life. Home Ec., Music, Art, Secretarial. Team sports. Fine equipment, campus. All-inclusive fee $1150.

ELWIN R. TWOMBLY, Headmaster

St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vermont

Lyndon Institute In a scenic Vermont valley. Grades 9-12. Coed. Accredited college preparatory; business, home ec., agriculture, auto mechanics, building trades. Art, music. Excellent faculty; personal guidance. All winter sports; football, basketball, track, mountain trips. Est. 1867. Full rate only $1000. Catalog. W. F. True, Box E, Lyndon Center, Vermont.

Cherry Lawn School

For academic distinction and personality development. Coed. Accredited. Grades 3-12. College preparatory. Small classes. Individual guidance. Study Aids. Dramatics, music, art, Riding, sports.

Christina Staal, Ph.D., Dir., Box 21, Darlan, Conn.

The Bement School Boys & Girls 6-14

Delightful country boarding school. Thorough academic training. Preparation for secondary schools. Small classes. Art and music. Excellent supervision. Personal care. Also Summer Camp in N. H. Katharine F. Bartlett and Mary Harriman Drexler, Directors. Box R, Deerfield, Mass.

Girls

Vermont Junior College On hilltop campus in Vermont's capital city. Terminal, transfer courses. Liberal arts. Pre-professional, nursery training, journalism, art, secretarial, med. sec'l, med. technology, home ec. Music, speech, dramatics. Excellent social and sports program. Ski tow, skating, tennis. Catalog. R. R. Noble, Pres., Montpelier, Vt.

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(Continued from page 99)

Holland was a joy. The boys had read Peterkin's "Dutch Twins." and here it was for real, complete with windmills and canals. A boatman showed us what he said was the very dike where the brave boy thrust a finger to stop the flood. All of us loved Spakenburg's people in yellow wooden shoes. wide skirts. starched headdresses and Hans Brinker pants.

The channel crossing from Ostend was a big deal for both. Kenny knew the song, "The White Cliffs of Dover." and Alan was ecstatic because at last we were nearing the land of Peter Pan. It is dreadful to have to report that. when he finally did see the graceful bronze figure in Kensington Gardens. he was so outraged and disappointed that he flew at it and kicked it. "That's not *my* Peter Pan!" he wept. We had failed to outguess him miserably. not knowing until too late that he was dreaming of a combination of Mary Martin and Walt Disney—in color.

In London. Fred and I went to the theater at night. but. again. the things we remember with greatest pleasure were sights we could share with the children—Westminster Abbey. the incredible exhibit of crown jewels in the Tower of London and. of course. the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. Both boys were madly curious about little Prince Charles.

Be Sure to Come to See Us Sometime

We're friendly folk, without a doubt,
Yet keep our privacy.
Our welcome mat is always out,
And so, you'll find, are we.
—*Richard Armour*

"Is he ever bad? Does he ever get spanked? Can he order up all the candy he wants?" After mature thought. Alan decided that he was going to be a prince when he grew up. This will give us high connections since Kenny. after seeing Ali Khan's yacht at anchor. decided to marry Yasmin so he could be captain of her father's boat.

We took the boys with us because they are the most interesting things in our lives. and we did not want to be separated from them for any great length of time. We did not think that the trip would have any special educational value for them. but it is astonishing how much they learned and how much they retain. They now know that the world is much. much bigger than their own neighborhood. Geography is no longer a baffling, dull list of meaningless terms and names. They have seen mountains and glaciers and dikes and canals. They have some idea of how vast an ocean Columbus crossed. History has come alive for them in palaces and castles. on Caesar's road, under the Arc de Triomphe and in Westminster Abbey.

When they hear the dateline, "London." on the radio. they are all ears, "That's where we drive on the left." One day. shortly after we left Paris. Kenny put a new idea into words after a considerable silence. "When I'm here. I'm a *foreigner*," he said. We were pleased. At home we live near many United Nations families. Kenny had been inclined to some impatience with new playmates whose English was halting. There has been none of that since our return. Instead he came roaring in with big news. "The new boy is *lucky*! He can speak Italian!"

One of the greatest rewards was what the trip did to us as a family. Instead of moving with their separate age groups. the boys got to know and depend on each other. Best of all, they had long weeks with their father. They became very much more attached to him. It was a big blow to them when he spent several entire days away from us on business in Paris before we sailed for home.

"Do you have to work like in the olden days?" they said. dismayed.

Fred came up with the perfect answer for all of us.

"Sure—so we can all go to Japan." he said.

We can't wait. . . . THE END

HURRICANE

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

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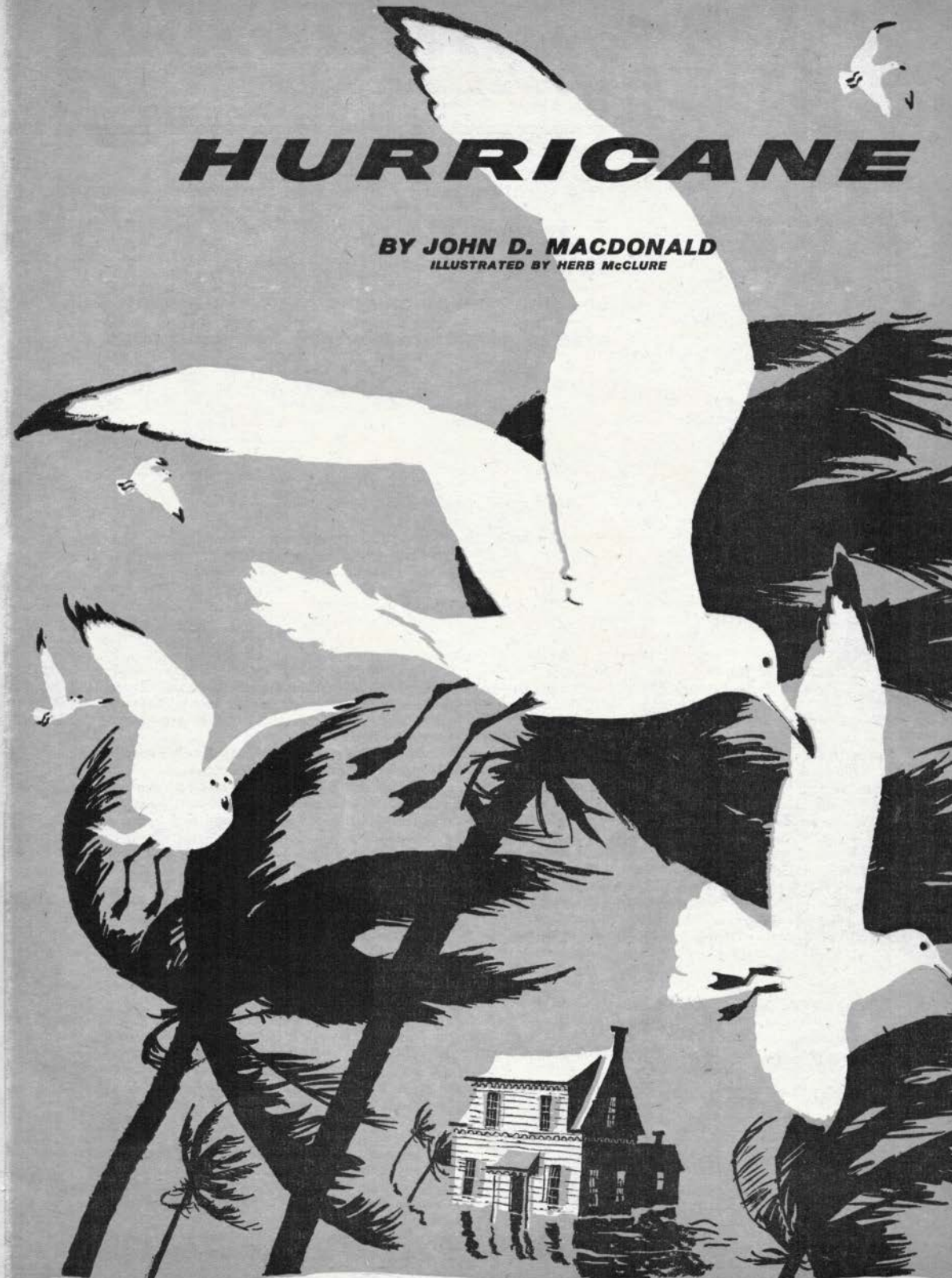

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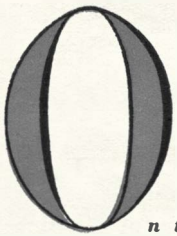


On the morning of Sunday, October fourth, the Caribbean Sea lay oily and still under a hot white sun. The water temperature was unusually high. The barometric pressure was low. There was an odd mistiness that merged sea and sky at the horizon line. This flat hot sea was the womb of hurricane.

The sun climbed higher. The heated air rose as a great column. Shortly after midday, in a fifty-square-mile area about two hundred nautical miles north of Barranquilla, the ascending heated air began an ominous spiraling movement, a counter-clockwise twisting. The sky in that area began to darken, and the first winds began.

Ships closest to the area made the first radio reports. Streamers of high cirrus clouds gave warning. Great, slow swells began to radiate from the area, moving with a surprising speed, traveling to the islands of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, breaking on island shores in a cadence of five or six a minute as against the tropic norm of eight.

The Miami Weather Station collated the data from the ships at sea and from commercial airline flights. By Sunday evening it was labeled a tropical disturbance. On Monday morning it was termed an area of suspicion. A search aircraft emerged from the immature cone at 5:20 on Monday evening and radioed a report to Miami. And on the six o'clock news broadcasts the hemisphere was informed that the eighth hurricane of the season was gaining in strength and had been given the designation "Hilda."

The hurricane gained in force and momentum. As it moved in the long curved path that would carry it in a northwesterly direction, it pushed hot moist air ahead of it, and the moisture of that air, cooled by great height, fell as heavy, drenching rains.

By Monday night, the wind velocities near the center were measured at eighty miles an hour. At fifteen to eighteen miles an hour the hurricane moved north-northwest toward the long island of Cuba. Miami began to prepare. Large windows were boarded up, and extra guy-wires were fastened to television aerials. Gasoline stoves were taken out of storage. Drinking water was stored. Radio batteries sold briskly. There was a flavor of excitement in the city.

On Tuesday, the sixth of October, Hilda changed direction, moving further west than had been predicted. Billions of tons of warm rain fell on Cuba, but the gusts which struck Havana reached a measured peak of only 55 miles an hour. The winds were stronger in Valladolid in Yucatan, as Hilda picked up her great gray skirts and edged through the hundred and fifty mile gap of the Yucatan Channel. Had she continued on that new line, she was aimed at the Texas Gulf Coast, at Galveston and Corpus Christi. But the storm turned due north and then began to curve slightly east. In Key West there was heavy rain and not much wind. Precautions were relaxed in Miami. The cities of the Florida West Coast began to prepare as Miami had prepared.

By midnight the sky over Cuba was still and the stars were clear and bright. It was then that the sky over Key West began to clear. In Naples it was raining heavily, as in Fort Myers. The rain had just begun in Boca Grande. The rain did not begin in Clearwater until three in the morning. . . .

Jean Dorn had been awakened by the rain at three o'clock. When the alarm awakened her again at seven, it was still raining. She turned off the alarm before it could awaken Hal. He should get as much sleep as possible; he would be driving all day. She pushed the single sheet back and got quietly out of bed, a tall blonde woman with a sturdy body which was just beginning to show the heaviness of pregnancy. Before she went into the bathroom she looked in at the children. Five-year-old Stevie slept on his back, arms outflung. Three-year-old Jan, still in a crib, stirred as she looked in, but her eyes were closed. In the gray light of the drab morning both children looked very brown from the long summer on the gulf beaches.

Yes, the children were brown and healthy and full of a vast surplus of energy, and the three days of keeping them cooped up in the car were going to be less than a joy.

In the morning stillness, while the others slept, she walked in and looked at the living room. There was nothing personal left in the room. They had shipped the few things they couldn't bear to part with. The rest of the furniture would go with the house. Into the hands and the lives of strangers.

Jean Dorn tried to look at the room with complete impartiality, to see it as a stranger would see it. Yet she could not. Hopes had been too high. This room had become too much a part of her life, and a part of love. She tried to tell herself that she was too much obsessed with things, with possessions. A room and a house should not be this important.

She wished—and sensed the childishness of the wish—that even at this last bitter hour something would happen, something would change, and they could keep it. But there was no golden wand, no one to wield it. There had been other losses, other changes, but this was the first one that had about it the sour flavor of defeat.

She had not let Hal know how deep was her sense of loss at leaving this place. Yet she knew that he sensed it. No matter how she tried to conceal it, he would sense it because theirs was a marriage that was good and close. It had been close. And she thought of the effect this was having on him and she was frightened.

She wished that there could have been some way they could have known. Known way ahead, and with that knowledge they could have been wiser. They would have rented a smaller house rather than bought this one. They would have saved in many little ways and perhaps thus managed to hold on until the turning point came.

Yet neither of them, and particularly Hal, had anticipated defeat. They took for granted the permanence of fortune's warm bright smile. She remembered before they had left the north the way Hal had grinned at Bob Darmon when Bob had said. "You know it could be rough down there. It might be tough to make a buck. You're giving up a hell of a good job, boy. You might take a real drop in your standard of living."

Hal had grinned. "Don't stress yourself, Robert. Dorn lands on his feet. It's a survival instinct. It's a substitute for the silver spoon I wasn't born with."

"If I were doing it," Bob said gloomily, "I'd keep the job up here and send Stevie on down somehow for a year and see if the climate really helps him."

"He's too *little* to be away from home," Jean had said indignantly. "I'd never send him away. Bob, we know Hal won't make as much money. But we're going to live more simply than we have here."

And Hal had put his arm around her and looked down into her eyes and whispered, "We'll make out, honey. Don't let him get you down."

"I'm not scared."

Should have been scared, she thought. *Should have had enough sense to be scared. Not on account of me. I can get over leaving the house. I can say good-by to this room right now and good-by to that chair I brought home that day in the station wagon and couldn't wait for Hal to come home and help me, and I lugged it in and put it right there and stepped back, and it looked just the way I knew it would look.*

For sale, furnished house. With a few bits and pieces of heart swept under the rug.

Not afraid for me. Afraid because of what it has done to him.

She turned resolutely away from the threatened sting of tears and left the room. They would have to put this place behind them. She hoped Bob Darmon would never learn how right he had been. Hal's job in the north had been a good job—an intermediate consultant with Jason and Rawls, one of the larger industrial management firms in New York City. Though he had often complained that his work was a rat-race, Jean knew he enjoyed responding to the challenge of it. He objected to the prolonged out-of-town trips that kept him away from his family, but he took pride in the knowledge that the contracts they assigned him to were the tough ones.

He was an intense man, dark, lean-faced, quick-moving—with ready intelligence. He was impatient with inefficiency, and when he had a problem, he would work doggedly at it until he had it licked. She was, she knew, a good foil for that dark intensity. She was calm and blonde and placid, with a sense of fun and a quick eye for the ridiculous. Their marriage was seven years old and she knew from observation of other couples that it was better than most.

Had it not been for Stevie, the pattern of their life would have been clear. Hal would have remained with Jason and Rawls. In time he would have become a senior consultant and perhaps later a junior partner. After Stevie had been born, they had moved from the tiny uptown apartment to a small house in Pleasantville. In time, there would have been a bigger house with wider lawns.

But it had all changed in the office of Doctor Gaylin a

little over two years before. They had rushed Stevie there. It had been the worst asthma attack he had ever had. Jean had been in panic as she listened to the boy fighting for breath. The doctor had eased the struggle, with medication. They left Stevie with the nurse and went into Doctor Gaylin's private office.

Jean remembered how pale and upset Hal had been. "Isn't there anything you can *do* about this sort of thing, Doctor?" he had demanded.

"I want to talk to both of you. I don't think we're going to be able to do much with medication. He may eventually grow out of it. Or it may get worse. I'd like to recommend a different climate, a warmer place. Florida. Arizona. Southern California. These winters up here are more than he can take. But I know how difficult it is to pull up stakes. I was wondering if you have any relatives you can send him to."

They had talked it over later. Doctor Gaylin had made it clear that the next few years were crucial.

Hal said, that night, "I don't see why we even have to talk it over very much. We've got to do it. There's no one we can send him to even if we felt we could. We've got to go. Good Lord, Jean, this job I have is just that. A job. It isn't a dedication. I'm thirty-one. Stevie's health isn't the sort of thing you can take a chance on; a job is."

They had planned as carefully as they could. Hal had taken a quick exploratory trip, had seen the opportunities on the Florida west coast and had decided on Clearwater. They had received less for the Pleasantville house than they had hoped. The firm had been sorry to lose him, but Mr. Rawls had been very understanding when Hal told him about Stevie.

Once they had sold themselves on the idea of change they began the new life with optimism and excitement. Hal had been a specialist in accounting procedures, and so, in downtown Clearwater, he had opened a small office. Harold Dorn, Consultant. Jean had found the house, for a little more than they had expected to pay. A nice home in the Bellaire section where there were other small children.

It had all started out so perfectly. Hal was confident and full of tireless energy. He acquired some small accounts. Neighborhood stores, a gas station, a small boat company, a few bars. He told Jean it wouldn't take too long to get over the hump. His reputation would spread. He was selling a service they could use. Sometimes he was able to get to the beach with them, but not often. He spent the days soliciting new accounts, and the evenings working on the accounts he had acquired.

And then he told her that it was foolish to maintain an office and a secretary. It was delaying the break-even point. Better to rent desk space in an office. The phone would be answered. It would cut expenses. He'd found he could make a deal on the office lease. It was then that she had first detected something uncertain, perhaps even a bit frightened, behind his smile. And she began to worry.

Later he gave up the rented desk and used his home phone as his business phone. He told her they nearly had it made. Another month or two and income would be ahead of their living expenses and his business expenses. She had long since inaugurated stricter economy measures, studying the papers for bargains in food, repairing children's clothing she would previously have discarded.

She watched Hal more carefully and was shocked at the change in him. He was leaner, and the lines bracketing his mouth had deepened, and his eyes seemed to be set more deeply in his head. The grin of confidence became a grimace. She knew their meager reserve was dwindling.

"I've lined up a job," he told her. "It will start Monday. Not much of a job. Warehouse work. I'm sort of a stores clerk. The pay isn't much, but it will help. And I can work on the accounts at night."

But she learned it was more—or less—than a clerk's job. He came home dulled by weariness. His hands became calloused. That was the worst part, watching him tear himself apart, watching him fight and use every reserve—often falling asleep at his desk at night as he worked on his clients' accounts. He became thinner, more silent, and he was irritable with the children. She tried to find a job, but could find nothing that would leave her any surplus after paying a sitter.

Two weeks before, they had come to the end of the line. The children were in bed. Hal came out into the living room.

"Finished with the books?" she asked.

He sat on the couch, hands clenched between his knees, looking at the floor. "With our books," he said in a dead voice. "We're finished, baby. We're licked. We can't make it. We've got to go back while we can still afford to go back or I don't know what's going to become of us. We've got to get our money out of this house and go back. And hope the two years here have fixed Stevie up for good. I . . . I'm so damn sorry, Jean, I . . ."

And he had looked up at her for a long lost moment and then had looked down again and begun to cry. She knew they were tears of exhaustion, of defeat.

Today was the day of departure, when defeat would be certified by the act of leaving. She could see the loaded station wagon in the carport, the same car they had driven down. It was packed to the roof. The luggage carrier on top was full, the tarp roped tightly. There was a small nest for Stevie and Jan just behind the front seat. And room for the crib and the bedding and the final suitcase.

With all my worldly goods . . .

She wondered why she had thought of that phrase. There was no ceremony to this parting. Not like the parties and silly parting gifts when they had left Pleasantville—people saying, "Going to live in *Florida*? Wish *I* had it so good!"

When you're licked, you sneak out. The Dorns? Oh, they couldn't make it. Had to go back north. Too bad. Nice folks. But you know how it is. Too many people down here trying to scratch out a living. If you got a retirement income, or a big wad of dough for a tourist trap, you can make it.

So you don't say good-by. You write letters later, from the north. Full of ersatz confidence. See you again one of these years. The way Hal said we'd try again later. But you can see in his eyes the knowledge that we won't. Because it has taken something out of him. Some essential spirit. He'll never have that sure confidence again. And others will sense that lack of certainty, and so the bright and golden future is forever lost. It could not change her love. But she felt sick when she thought of what it was doing to him and to his pride in himself.

She woke Hal and then went in and got the kids up and dressed. Stevie woke in a sour mood. He did not want to leave. He could not understand why they had to leave. He liked it here. Jan sang her placid little morning song and ignored the querulousness of her brother.

When Jean went back to the bedroom, Hal was still sitting on the side of the bed, staring out at the morning. "Dandy day for a trip," he said.

"It can't keep on raining *this* hard," she said. "Rise and shine, mister. I've got to fold those sheets you're sitting on."

He stood up slowly. "Very efficient this morning, aren't you?" The way he said it made it sound unpleasant.

"I'm a demon packer," she said lightly.

He looked at her and looked away. He rarely looked into her eyes of late. "At least the old bucket won't overheat on us. It feels sticky though."

"I guess it's the tail end of the hurricane."

"We'll be out of it soon enough."

"And be back into autumn in the north. Leaves burn-

ing. Football weather. All that. I'm kind of looking forward to it."

"How extremely obliging of you."

"Please, darling. Don't."

"Then please stop being a Pollyanna and trying to make everything come out nice and cozy and perfect. It isn't cozy and perfect, so why not admit it?"

She felt unexpected anger. "And go around wringing my hands and moaning?"

"Like I do? Is that what you mean?"

"I didn't mean that, and you know it. We ought to try to be a little bit cheery. Even if it's false."

He clapped his hands and said sourly, "Oh, goody! We're going on a trip, on a trip, on a trip." He looked at her almost with contempt.

"Hal!"

His expression softened, changed. He took a half step toward her. "Damn it. I'm sorry. I know what it means to you, Jeanie. I know what it's costing us."

They put their arms around each other and stood quietly for a time. "I'm sorry," he said softly.

"It's all right. It isn't your fault."

He trudged to the bathroom, his shoulders listless, his pajamas baggy on his body.

She hoped it would be different in New York. He didn't think Jason and Rawls would take him back. It wouldn't be good policy. But Brainerd might take him on. Or Romason and Twill. Then maybe a measure of confidence would return.

She put on her dacron skirt and a light-weight blouse, folded the bedding and put it in the kitchen. She packed the last bag. They left the house at eight o'clock, dropped off the house keys at the real estate agent's office and breakfasted at the diner. Jean kept remembering that, when they had driven away from the house, she had not looked back. Stevie had wept, but the hard sound of the rain had muffled it.

They turned north on Route 19. The heavy rain restricted visibility. All cars had their lights on. The wipers swept solid water from the windshield. She touched Hal's arm lightly and was pleased when he gave her a quick absent-minded smile.

A few miles from Clearwater he turned on the car radio ". . . to give you the latest word on Hurricane Hilda. Hilda is now reported to be in the Gulf about a hundred miles west and a little north of the Tampa Bay area. The central west coast is experiencing heavy rains as far north as Cedar Keys. Though the experts predicted that Hilda would begin to lose force during the night, it is reported that wind velocities near the center have actually increased and are now as high as a hundred and fifteen miles an hour. After moving on a predictable course for many hours, the northward movement has slowed and it is less easy to predict the direction the storm will take. The Louisiana and Texas coasts have been alerted. We now return you to the program already in progress." Hal clicked off the radio after two bars of hillbilly anguish.

"Could it come back in toward the land ahead of us?" Jean asked.

"Could what come?" Stevie demanded, leaning over the front seat. "Could what come, huh?"

"The hurricane, dear," Jean said, knowing it might take his mind off the woes of leaving Clearwater.

"Wow!" Stevie said, awed.

"This rain, Stevie," Hal said, "always comes ahead of a hurricane, but we're sort of on the edge of it. It's going up the Gulf and I don't think it will cut back this way."

"I hope it does," Stevie said firmly.

"And I most fervently hope it doesn't," Jean said.

"It would be sort of improbable," Hal said. Ahead of the car, in the gloom, he saw the running lights of a truck. He eased up behind it, moved out to check the road ahead, accelerated smoothly, dropped back into his lane ahead of the truck.

Here's something I can do, he thought. *I can drive just fine. I can boil right along in this old wagon without endangering my three . . . my four hostages to fortune. And I can shave neatly and tie my own shoes and make standard small talk. And I can, or at least I used to, make a living in a very narrow and highly specialized profession. A pleasant living in an area where my son could not exist.*

We went down there with seven thousand dollars and now we have sixteen hundred and the car and what is in the car. So that is a fifty-four hundred dollar loss in twenty-six months which averages out to . . . just about fifty dollars a week.

It had taken him a long time to realize that he had failed. Harold Dorn had failed in something he wanted badly to accomplish. He had wanted it more than any other thing in his life. And it was the first failure.

He hadn't failed the other times. Not the first time in that Pennsylvania coal-town which in all its history had known so few years of prosperity. His father, as a company clerk, had had none of the benefits the union had acquired for the miners. The old car had skidded on a wintry hill, a long skid into a post and it had rebounded from the post and tipped over onto the company clerk who had been thrown free at impact. And you saw how few of the kids went on to college and got away from the town. You saw there was only one way to do it, and two years left to do it in. So there were two years of straight A's and the scholarship and that was the first victory.

The second victory happened on a hillside in a German forest in the snow. In a deep hole you shared with a dead man who had been your close friend for thirteen months. The barrage was over, and you could not control your trembling. You heard the lieutenant and the platoon sergeant, and you knew nothing could ever get you up out of that hole into the naked air where whining things sought your flesh. But you climbed out for the blundering run on half-frozen feet, running crouched, seeking cover and concealment, stiff hands clumsy on the trigger, running where you were told to run and doing what you had to do.

Then there was the victory of the girl. The blonde girl named Jean. Seeing her on campus, and knowing that she had no time for a student who had to work long hours.

But you won the scholarship and the degree, and you found your own courage, and you found the job you wanted with Jason and Rawls, and you won the tall, calm, blonde and lovely bride named Jean.

These were victories, and you were marked by victory. Marked with confidence and a sort of arrogance. You knew none of it had been luck. You went after things. And got what you wanted.

And so this defeat became a shocking thing. He wondered how and why he had failed. If only they'd been more careful, at first. Then he wouldn't have to be a jobless man heading north with an old car, a pregnant wife, two small kids. He wondered if he'd be able to get a job as easily as he hoped. It might be a long time. The money could run out. There wasn't much of it. The trip would make a hole in it. The wagon needed a new set of tires. Maybe they would last.

He drove through the heavy rain and there was a grayness inside of him as bleak as the color of the day. And he felt ashamed.

A quick burst of rain and wind slapped hard against the side of the station wagon. The wagon swayed and he brought it back into the lane. Palm tops, dimmed by the rain curtain, swayed in the wind.

"It's getting a lot windier," Jean said, and he detected the slight tremor in her voice.

"Is it a *real* hurricane?" Stevie asked. He had a small and grimly logical mind. He wanted no substitutes.

CHAPTER 2

Bunny Hollis awoke before nine in a motel on Route 19 and lay there listening to the hard roar of the rain that seemed to be increasing in force from minute to minute. He wondered what morning it was. He counted back and decided that it had to be Wednesday, October seventh. He stretched until his shoulders creaked, knuckled his eyes and sat up. There was a faint pulse of liquor behind his eyes, a sleazy taste in his mouth. He sat naked on the edge of the bed and took his pulse. Seventy-six. And no suggestion of a premature beat. Lately when he smoked too much and drank too much the premature beat would start. He had been told by a very good man that it was nothing to worry about. Just ease off when it started.

He turned and looked at his bride in the other bed. She lay sprawled as if dropped from a height, a sheaf of brown hair across her eyes. She had kicked off the single sheet in her sleep. The narrow band of white across her buttocks was ludicrous against the dark tan of her.

Betty did look better with a tan, he decided. And he had chided her into losing ten pounds. But neither tan nor weight loss was going to do very much for pale eyes that were set a little too close together, for teeth too prominent or a chin too indistinct. She was young though, and she could be amusing . . . and at twenty-one she was worth close to three million dollars.

He went quietly into the bathroom, closed the door and turned on the light. He examined his face in the mirror with great care, as he did every morning. He thought the face looked about twenty-six, nine years younger than its actual age. And, as always, he wondered if he was kidding himself. It was a face in the almost traditional mold of the American athlete. Brown and blunt, with broad brow, square jaw, nose slightly flat at the bridge, gray wide-set eyes with weather wrinkles at the corner. A very short brush cut helped mask the encroaching baldness. It was a face made for grinning, for victory, for locker-room gags, for Olympic posters.

He cupped cold water in his hands and drenched his face and rubbed it vigorously, massaging it with strong fingers, paying special attention to the area under the eyes, at the corner of the mouth and under the chin. He massaged his scalp and dried his face and head and then turned and studied his body in the full-length mirror on the inside of the bathroom door. Athlete body to match the face. Waist still reasonably lean, though not what it once had been. Deep chest and slanting shoulders. Brown body with the crisp body hair on the legs and arms burned white by the sun. Long slim legs with the slant of power. Muscle knots in the shoulders, square strong wrists.

At least the product she was getting was adequate, he thought. Cared for. Somewhat used, but not enough to show. Years of wear left in it; enough, at least, for him to be able to fake adequately the various intensities of a honeymoon.

Three zero zero zero zero zero zero.

And heah, ladies and gentlemen, we have a little girl who represents thu-ree million dollars. Who will be the lucky man?

Bunny Hollis, of course.

Bunny, who always ran out of luck every time but the last time. Like the good old Limeys. Never win a battle and never lose a war.

A long long way from the skinny, sullen kid out in southern California who practically lived at the public courts. The skinny kid had owned a second-hand racket and an amazingly powerful forehand stroke for a twelve-year-old.

Cutler, one of the great coaches, had spotted the skinny kid, made him work at the game, made him learn the fundamentals. Cutler had talked to his family about Bunny's future in tennis. The family hadn't cared much one way or the other. There were six other kids. They were glad to have somebody take the responsibility for Bunny. When he was fifteen, Cutler got him a job and moved him into a room at his own club, the Carranak Club. And Bunny started to win tournaments. He learned how to hide the sullenness behind a quick, artificial smile. He was skinny and brown, tough and tireless as leather. He knocked the other kids off, and the scrapbook grew. It was a good feeling, to be treated as though you were important. Those were the best years. Fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. That was when the will to win had not been weakened—when it was stronger than the will to live.

He learned how to handle himself off the court. And he grew bigger and the smile grew more natural and the sun-bleached crew cut was pale against his tan skin. He went to the big tournaments and he began to climb higher in the national ratings. Cutler went along. Then Cutler was ill with that heart business and couldn't go along. And something happened to the will to win. It became diluted. It was diluted by too many parties and too many young girls. And by the older women and their presents of bill clips and cameras, sports jackets and theatre tickets and plane rides. And once, just once, a convertible. A yellow one.

Some of the other boys kept the will to win. And kept climbing. And somewhere along the line the papers stopped talking about Bunny Hollis as "promising." They called him an erratic contender, with flashes of brilliance. Cutler died and there was no one to chew him out any more. On his best days he could take some of the top ones. But long sets were poison. Liquor had undermined the tireless stamina.

During the war, he was in Special Services. He gave tennis instruction to field-grade officers in a big camp in the southwest. But there was the incident involving the wife of a full colonel, and then he was sent to Assam, in north India. There he went back into serious training at a small planters' club. He took the All-India tournament and was sent on an exhibition tour, and then it all started all over again and the regained edge was lost.

During the next two years after the war, his twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh years, his game sagged badly, his charm wore thin, and tournament invitations became more rare. He hunted around for the right slot and found it, through a friend of a female friend, and by handling himself properly during interviews, he became a pro, the tennis professional at the Oswando Club in Westchester. There were six fine indoor courts, so that it was a year-round job. He found that he liked working with kids.

His personal problems were solved when Betty Oldbern came to him to be "brushed up" on her tennis. She was nineteen and he was then thirty-three. She was heavy, shy and unattractive. She knew how to play tennis because she had been given lessons ever since she was very small. Lessons in tennis, swimming, golf, riding, dancing, fencing, conversational French, painting, sculpture, creative writing. She was the product of private schools in France and Switzerland, and Philadelphia. There had been many tutors. She did nearly everything competently, yet did nothing with either grace or style, nor pleasure. She had few friends

and a great many relatives, most of them elderly. And the name was Oldbern, as in Oldbern Shipping Lines and Oldbern Chemicals and Oldbern Natural Gas.

She came to him shyly at nineteen for lessons. She was living on a generous allowance, and in two more years she would be twenty-one and on that birthday she would receive something like three millions. She had had the most sophisticated education available, yet she was almost entirely naïve. She still wore her baby fat and blushed like a sunset. Within a month she was deeply and helplessly in love with him. It had not been hard to manage.

Four days after her twenty-first birthday, after two years of her devotion, Bunny made an appointment with Harrison Oldbern, Betty's father. He did not state his business. Harrison Oldbern was on the Board of Governors of the Oswando Club—a thin, alert, tanned man—sportsman, deep water sailor, shrewd businessman.

"Sit down, Bunny. What's on your mind? Drink? I'm afraid I can give you only about ten minutes. This is one of those days."

"I'd like a scotch and water, thanks."

As Oldbern mixed the drinks he said, "What's on your mind, Bunny? Contract for next year? I think I can personally reassure you that the membership wants you to stay. You're doing a marvelous job with the kids. In fact, we're going to raise the ante a little. We don't want to lose you."

He handed Bunny his drink. Bunny looked up and smiled and said, "It isn't anything like that. It's just that Betty and I want to get married."

Oldbern stared down at him incredulously. "What! Betty? She's just a kid."

"She's over twenty-one, sir."

"How old are you, Hollis?"

"Thirty-five, sir."

Oldbern went behind his desk and sat down slowly. "What kind of nonsense are you trying to pull? What the hell is going on?"

"The usual thing, I guess. Love."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Nearly two years. But we thought it was wiser to wait until we were both sure."

"You mean to wait until she was twenty-one."

"It happened to come out that way."

"Yes, it happened to come out that way. Hollis, you're a dirty, back-stabbing thief."

Bunny looked down at his drink. "Sorry to have you take this attitude, sir. Betty and I have been hoping there wouldn't be too much friction."

"You're a tennis bum. I knew your reputation back when we hired you. I was dubious about you. I had a hunch. I guess I should have blocked it. Well, I'll never permit this marriage."

Bunny took long calm swallows of his drink. He shrugged. "Betty says we're going to get married no matter what. Being twenty-one, I guess she's her own boss on that. You can certainly try to change her mind. But if she doesn't change it, I don't know how you'd go about stopping it, sir."

Oldbern waited long moments. He leaned back in his chair. "Betty is not a pretty girl. She isn't even close to being pretty. She happens to have three million dollars."

"She knows I won't marry her for her money. She knows I have ideals."

"You have as many ideals as a mink."

"We hoped there wouldn't be friction."

"How do you like this? I'm going to put a firm of investigators on you. I'll get a report on you that'll make Betty's eyes stand out on stalks."

"I guess you can do that. But it won't surprise her any. I haven't been near another woman in two years. And I haven't touched Betty. I've told her everything I can remember. I guess you couldn't shock her much. She knows why I've changed. And she's helped me work with the kids out at the club."

"You've had two years to work on her, haven't you?"

"Love can change a man."

"How much, Hollis? How big a check do I write?"

"That wouldn't work. It wouldn't be a gift. It would be income. And it would all fall in this year, no matter how big a check. Then there wouldn't be much left after taxes, and I'd be out of a job. Anyway, I'm not interested in money. I'm in love with your daughter. As they say, I'm asking for her hand. She knows I'm here. That's putting it pretty straight." Bunny finished his drink and stood up.

Oldbern had begun to look older. "Sit down, Hollis. I want to think."

Bunny shrugged. "I'm not a bad guy. You got to know me."

"There isn't anything anybody can do, is there?"

Bunny permitted himself his likable grin. "If there is, sir, I haven't been able to think of it, and neither has my lawyer."

"She should have done a lot better."

"Maybe you could think about this. Maybe she's doing as well as she can do. We'd like a small quiet wedding. Just the family."

"When do you want it?"

"One month from tomorrow, sir."

The capitulation was easier than Bunny had expected. He stuck his hand across the desk. Oldbern looked at it. "You did a neat job, Hollis. But I don't have to shake your hand. There's nothing to make me do that."

"Suit yourself, Mr. Oldbern."

And it had been a quiet wedding, with even the gift of the Mercedes from the bride's father as a concession to the normal courtesies. They had driven down to Miami, with stops at Nags Head and Myrtle Beach. They had taken a boat to Havana, had flown to Nassau and then back to Miami where they had left the car. . . .

He walked back into the bedroom. She slept in the

same position as before. He looked at her with fondness. He had expected to be bored by the honeymoon, by the constant aura of adoration, by her emotional vulnerability. And he had expected to feel somewhat apologetic about her appearance when they walked into strange hotel lobbies and restaurants.

But, ever since she had become assured of his love, months before the marriage, she had made strenuous efforts to reduce. Her skin was marvelously clear and unblemished and fragrant. She was tidy as a cat. In a dark room, her brown hair would crackle, and there would be faint bluish sparks when he ran his fingers through it. During the last week at odd moments he would happen to notice her with half his mind when she moved, when she turned away from him, when she walked toward him, when she pulled herself onto a swimming float or dived into a breaking wave—and he would find her desirable. And he learned that under the shyness was a perceptive sensitivity, intelligence and ardor.

He knew he did not love her. Yet he was becoming surprisingly fond of her, of her own special quiet sense of fun. She was sure in her conviction of being loved, and she had begun to blossom for him. He knew how easily he could change all that with an angry or contemptuous word. He enjoyed the quiet feeling of power that gave him. This was a structure he had built, and one he could collapse at will.

He sat on the bed and put his hand on her waist and shook her gently. "Come on, fat lamb."

She came blurred and drowsy from sleep and found him with her eyes and smiled and said, "Not so daggone fat. And good morning."

"Good morning."

Her eyes were a pale gray. He had talked her into using dark pencil on her colorless brows, into touching up the eyelashes that were like fine gold wire. Now her washed face was defenseless and too vulnerable, yet after she used make-up she would look confident and all-of-a-piece.

"In exactly two months," she said, "according to my master plan, I shall be down to one-fifteen and I shall be wondering why I wasted all this unearthly beauty on such a weary old type."

"Not too weary," he said. . . .

They got into the car and headed north in the dusky gloom of the constant rain. The sports car was built like a low, fleet, expensive boat. It squatted low on the road, thrillingly responsive. The hard wind out of the west did not make it sway. But Bunny saw the tilt and dip of the pines and palms and wondered about the hurricane. They had felt disappointed in Miami when it had veered away to the west below Cuba.

When they stopped in a roadside restaurant for a late breakfast, the few customers were all talking about the storm. An old man with the long sallow knotted face and pale narrow deep-set eyes of the cracker was saying, "They *say* they know where it is. I ain't fixin' to listen too hard to them, with their planes and charts and all. You get this here rain, and it comes right at you like you had the bar'l of a gun aimed down your gullet. Nobody knows where it is. Where do you think all them birds went? I got me all boarded up and ready, by gosh. Try to breathe thishyeer air. There ain't enough goodness to it. You got to keep a-fillin' your chest. That's one *sure* sign."

When they were back in the car, Betty said, "He sounded awful certain, that old man in there."

"So let's add a few knots and get out of here. It would have been fun in Miami, but I wouldn't want to have to sit it out in a car."

The gray car, gray as the rain, sped through the moist heavy air. It threw up a great spume of spray behind it. It traveled fast on Route 19. When the winds became strong enough to make the car swerve, Bunny had to slow down.

CHAPTER 3

Johnny Flagan stood shaving in the light of cold fluorescence in his bathroom. He was a suety man in his fifties, with gingery gray hair surrounding a bald spot the size of a coaster. He had once been a strong man, but the years had run through the puffy body; the years of the cigars and the bourbon and the hotel room parties. There were brown blemishes on his lard-white shoulders and back, a matronly cast to his hips. But all the drive was still there, the hint of harshness.

He was an amiable looking man. Sun and whisky kept his soft face red. He smiled easily and had the knack of kidding people. He wore round glasses with steel rims, and the glasses were always slipping a little way down his blunt nose, and Johnny Flagan would look over his glasses at you and grin wryly about his morning hangover, and you would never notice that the grin did nothing to change the eyes. The eyes were small and brown and watchful.

If you walked down the street with him, you would soon come to believe that he knew more than half the people in Sarasota.

—But what does he do?

—You mean Johnny Flagan? What does he *do?* Well, he's got a lot of interests, you might say. He was in on some pretty good land development stuff on the keys. He's got a fellow runs a ranch for him down near Venice. Santa Gertrudis stock, it is. He's got a piece of a juice plant over near Winter Haven. Then he's director on this and that. And he's got some kind of interest in savings and loan stuff. Hell, Old Johnny keeps humping.

—Successful and honest, I suppose.

—Successful, sure. You understand, I'm not a fellow to talk about anybody. Gossip. That kind of thing. But you go throwing around that word honest, and there's a lot of people got different ideas of what it means. Johnny's a sharp one. I don't think he ever in his whole life done anything he could get hisself jailed for, but you get on the other end of a deal from him, and you got to play it close. Like that time, it was seven, eight years ago, there was this old fellow down Nokomis way didn't want to let loose of some land Johnny wanted to pick up. Both Johnny and the old man were pretty sure the State Road Department was going to put the new road right through his land. Well, sir, one day these young fellows come to the old man's house, and they're hot, and they want a drink of water. They got transits and so on, all that surveying stuff, and the old man gives them the water, and they get to talking, and it turns out they're surveying for the road and it just doesn't come nowheres *near* the old man's land. Very next day the old man unloads his land on Johnny, trying to keep a straight face. Inside fourteen months the new road cuts right across the land and Johnny has himself a bunch of prime commercial lots. That old man just about drove them nuts up there in Tallahassee, but he never could find out just who those surveyors were. Sure, Johnny's *honest*, but he's, well—*sharp*.

—He lives right here, does he?

—Near all his life. Married one of the Leafer girls. They never had any kids. She stood him as long as she could, I guess about eleven years, and then they got di-

vorced. He's one to, like they say, play the field. He talked her into taking a settlement, and it wasn't much of a one they say. Johnny is almost a native. His daddy, Stitch Flagan, come down here from Georgia forty years ago and went broke in celery and went into commercial fishing and got drownded out in the Gulf with Johnny's two brothers way back thirty years ago. Johnny would have got the same medicine but he didn't go along night-netting the macks that time on account of a girl down around Osprey he was chasing. Now he lives alone out there on St. Armands Key, has him a woman that comes in to clean up three, four times a week. Couple of times a year he gives a hell of a big party. Most nights you find him around town someplace. The Plaza or the Colony or Holiday House or the Hofbrau. Everybody knows him. And I guess he tips pretty good. . . .

Johnny Flagan blew the sandy stubble out of the razor, coiled the cord, put the razor in the toilet-article case he used on trips. He padded out to the phone and called the airline office again to ask about flights. "Not a chance, eh?" he said disgustedly. He hung up and cursed with considerable feeling. He looked up Charlie Himbermark's home phone number and called him.

"Charlie? Johnny Flagan."

"Yes, Mr. Flagan."

"They've grounded the flights. We got to drive up there. Pick you up in about forty-five minutes."

"Isn't it raining pretty hard to . . ."

"Charlie, I got to go up there. You be ready."

"Yes, Mr. Flagan."

He hung up. Charlie was going to be great company on this kind of a trip. Cold little fish. All he knew was accounting, but he certainly knew that.

Johnny wondered what Charlie would say and do if he knew the real reason for the trip. Charlie believed in following all the rules, cutting no corners. That was why he made such a good assistant. The books were always in apple-pie shape.

Johnny Flagan dressed quickly and finished packing. He went into the bedroom closet and opened the wall safe and took out the thick manila envelope. He took it out into the pale gray light and opened it and ran his thumb across the thick pad of currency.

He stood there for a moment and thought of all the things that could happen if for any reason he couldn't get this cash up to Danboro, Georgia, before tomorrow noon. It made him feel weak and sick to think of the consequences. He and Stevenson and Ricardo would all be in the soup for sure.

It had been a calculated risk. Flagan knew he was worth somewhere around a half-million. But it wasn't cash. It was tied up in land that was increasing in value day by day. He and Stevenson and Ricardo owned the majority shares in the little savings and loan company in Danboro, and they had been in on speculative land ventures together in the Sarasota area. Then a few weeks ago a new opportunity had opened up. Flagan couldn't swing it alone. He couldn't handle any part of it without selling off land he wanted to keep. So he'd flown up and explained the deal to Stevenson and Ricardo. They were in the same spot he was in. Temporarily overextended. So they had decided to take the calculated risk of taking the cash out of the cash reserves of the savings and loan company without making any ledger entry. Flagan had used the cash to buy in. Ricardo had a connection whereby he would learn in advance of any sneak audit. The deal didn't move as fast as Flagan had expected. Yesterday Stevenson had called up, more upset than Flagan had ever heard him, and told him about the audit due tomorrow. Johnny couldn't get the money back out of the new venture. Stevenson told him how much they would need to cover. So Johnny Flagan had spent a busy afternoon, and he had sold some choice land parcels he had meant to hold on to, and now had the money in cash.

There was no point in thinking of what might happen if the money didn't get up there. It would get there, and it would go in the vault, and it would be counted, and the audit would give them a clean bill. There were some other things that had to be done up there sooner or later, and so it would kill two birds to take Charlie along this time.

But if Charlie learned what was going on, he would fall over in a dead faint. Charlie was a dry, pallid, emotionless little man in his early sixties. He was a wizard with figures. He had been with the trust department of a big New York City bank until his wife died, and Charlie's health had broken, and he had come to Florida with too small a pension. He had worked for Johnny Flagan for twelve years. Johnny didn't pay him generously, but every once in a while he had a chance to deal Charlie in on something, and it all added up.

Johnny drove cautiously across the rickety Ringling Bridges through the heavy rain in the big, dark-blue Cadillac. He had a quick breakfast in town and picked Charlie up at his rooming house over behind the Post Office. The envelope of money made a bulge in the inside pocket of Johnny's rayon cord suit-jacket. It was comforting to feel it there. Little Charlie Himbermark scampered out through the rain and put his suitcase over in the back seat beside Johnny's. They got out of town at seven, and Johnny Flagan pushed the big car hard as they headed north on 301 toward the Sunshine Skyway which would put them on Route 19.

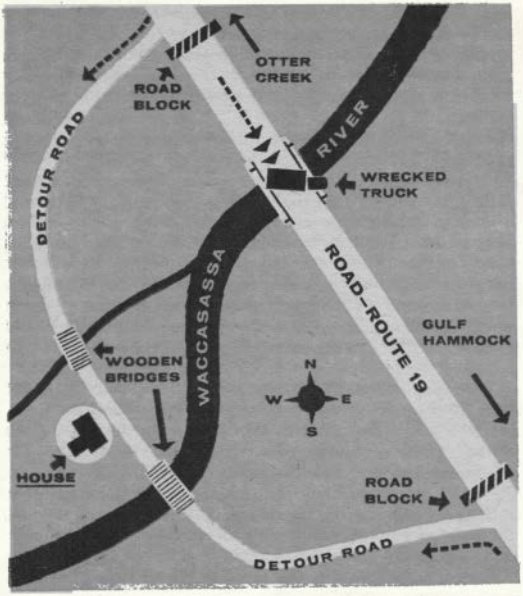
About eleven miles north of the town of Crystal River on Route 19, on Florida's West Coast, State Route 40 crosses 19 at a village called Inglis. Forty does not continue far to the west after it crosses; just three miles, to a place called Yankeetown on Withlacoochee Bay. The Gulf of Mexico is that close to 19 at that point.

As Route 19 continues north, it swings inland through Lebanon, Lebanon Station, Gulf Hammock. When it reaches Otter Creek, six miles north of Gulf Hammock, it is twenty-two miles from the Gulf. Cedar Key, on the Gulf, is twenty-two miles due west on Route 24 from Otter Creek.

In the relatively straight six miles of Route 19 between Gulf Hammock and Otter Creek, the highway crosses the Waccasassa River. Not much of a river. Not much of a bridge across it.

Ten miles west of the bridge the Waccasassa River empties into Waccasassa Bay, an almost triangular indentation of the Gulf of Mexico into the flank of the state. The shores of this bay are dreary and uninhabited. Thick mangrove grows down to the salt flats. Behind the mangrove the land is sodden, marshy, flat. High tides overflow into the flats, obscuring the slow curling course of the Waccasassa River. In the Gulf Hammock area Route 19 is barely six feet above the level of these tidal flats.

The bridge over the Waccasassa is a relatively modern concrete highway bridge, two lanes wide, not over a hundred feet long. It was built some years ago to replace a rickety wooden lane-and-a-half structure with timbers that flapped and rumbled under the wheels of the vehicles. At the time the bridge was being replaced, through traffic was detoured around it on an obscure road, four miles long, that roughly paralleled the highway and ran to the west of it. If headed north, you had to turn west off Route 19 about a mile before you came to the bridge. It was a narrow sand road, and it angled sharply away from Route 19 for over a mile. It turned north then and crossed a narrow wooden bridge over a vagrant loop of the sleepy Waccasassa, and about three hundred yards further, crossed a second bridge over the main river. Two and a half miles further on, after bearing almost imperceptibly east, the sand road rejoined Route 19.



When the new bridge was built, construction lasted well into the tourist season, despite State Road Department assurances that it would be done by Christmas. As a consequence, many southbound tourists went over the detour down the narrow sand road that wound through sparse stands of pine and then cut through the heavy brush near the river. Many of the tourists had cameras and a few of them, more aware of pictorial values than most, stopped on the stretch between the two wooden bridges to take a picture of a strange old deserted house quite near the sand road. It was a ponderous and ugly old house built of cypress, decorated with the crudest of scroll saw work. It was weathered to a pale silvery gray. The shuttered windows were like blinded eyes. The house sat solidly there and you thought that once upon a time someone had taken pride in it and had ornamented it with the scroll work.

Then the bridge was opened, and there was no one to take pictures of the house; no one even to see it except for the infrequent local fishermen who knew the times when snook came up the Waccasassa from the Gulf and could be caught from the larger of the two wooden bridges.

It was almost noon on Wednesday, the seventh of October, when the concrete highway bridge became blocked.

Dix Marshall had picked up the load in New Orleans, and it was consigned to Tampa. He knew from the way the rig handled that they had loaded it as close to the limit as they dared. The inside rubber on the two rear duals was bald and it felt to him as though the whole frame of the tractor was a little sprung. It had an uneasy sideways motion on long curves to the left. But the diesel was a good one; new and with a rough sound, but with a lot of heart. That was a break. It was six hundred and sixty-five miles from New Orleans to Tampa, and he hadn't got a very good start out of New Orleans. He'd felt so upset after the scrap with Grace that he'd almost asked the dispatcher if he could have a helper on the run. There was the usual bunk behind the cab seat. But the company didn't like to pay double wages for a run this short if it could be helped.

He wanted this one to be a short trip because he wanted to get back and work out some kind of a better understanding with Grace.

Dix Marshall was a small man in his early thirties with thick shoulders and husky tatooed arms. He had been driving a rig since '46 when he got out of the army, and he had been married to Grace for the past seven years.

He drove toward the dawn thinking about Grace, feeling sick about the whole mess and wondering what a guy was supposed to do. He felt that, if he could talk to her again, he could make her understand.

She was still cute. Heavier than when he'd married her, but dark and built real good. Everything had seemed to be going along fine until this last year when she had started to work on him to get off the rigs and get a steady job. She wanted him at home more. But she couldn't get it through her head that he had some seniority, and the pay was good, and his record was good and, anyway, he *liked* the work. They'd started to fight. And kept it up. If he got off the trucks, what was there? An apprentice mechanic, maybe.

Then, just lately, he'd begun to hear things he didn't like. She was hitting the neighborhood bars while he was on the road. Some of his friends gave him the word. They were apologetic about it, but they thought he ought to know. He'd seen it before. There was always somebody around to offer to buy the drinks and sooner or later she'd take on a reckless load and bring one of them home. He'd seen it happen.

So this last fight had been rugged. She, screaming about the life she had to live. "Why shouldn't I go where I can talk to people?" she said. "You want me to sit in the house with the kids every night of my life?" And he had yelled back at her and they had hammered and jabbed words at each other for hours. He seemed unable to make her understand.

When he thought of how he hit her once, the first time he had ever hit her, he wanted to cut his right hand off. There was a tiny nick on his middle knuckle—she had tried to cry out just as he had struck her, and her tooth had nicked him. He wanted the trip to be over. He wanted to hurry back, and this time they'd talk quietly, and he would make her understand.

He ran into the rain south of Tallahassee. It was a hard rain. He started the wipers, turned on his running lights and cursed the rain. It would slow him down. But not as much as it would slow down a less experienced driver, or one with slower reflexes. He pushed the big rig along as fast as he dared—thundering south through the rain, throwing up spume from the big duals, staring ahead through the murkiness and worrying about Grace.

South of Otter Creek he came up on the car, came up on it too fast. It was a sedan of a gray color that blended too well with the rain. It did not have lights on.

The big blue and yellow rig was traveling at fifty-five miles an hour when Dix Marshall saw the faint bulk of the slow-moving sedan. Within a fractional part of a second, he had known that he could not hope to slow down in time. He had to make his choice instantaneously: Cut to the right and take his chances on the sloppy shoulder; cut to the left and risk a head-on with something coming the other way, or put on all the brakes he had and hope to hit the sedan lightly enough not to kill whoever was in it.

During the three quarters of a second it took, Marshall to make his decision, the big rig traveled nearly sixty feet. He jammed his foot down on the gas and gave a blast with the big air horns and swung left, risking the head-on. At the speed he was traveling he would not be in the left lane more than two long seconds.

He leaned forward and stared ahead, looking for the twin glow of oncoming dim lights. He plunged past the gray sedan. He saw something ahead of him and he snapped the big rig back into the right lane, cutting dangerously close to the sedan. As he cut back he saw that the

object he had seen was the thick concrete railing of a bridge. It was the bridge over the Waccasassa, but he did not know that. He felt the skid of the two sets of duals on the rear of the trailer. He saw the thick rain-wet railing on the right side, saw the rain bouncing from it, haloing it. The trailer kept skidding, and he felt it slam against the concrete. It did not seem to be a hard impact. But in the next moment the cab was angled toward the concrete on the left side and he felt the dizzy sense of the whole rig tipping. As it went over he suddenly seemed to get the words right in his mind, the exact way he could tell Grace and make her understand.

The heavy cab smashed into the thick railing, burst through it, and pieces of reinforced concrete as big as bushel baskets fell into the river. By then cab and trailer lay on their right side, sliding with a raw noise of ripping metal, sliding, wedging the big trailer crosswise across the bridge, jamming it solidly between the two bridge railings. The tractor, having punched its hole through the east railing, was nipped off by the continuing motion of the trailer and fell into the shallow river, making one further quarter-turn as it fell, landing with the four heavy wheels in the air, then settling, sighing, suckling against the mud of the bottom, air bubbles bursting against the rain-lashed surface.

A few minutes later a car of the Florida State Highway Patrol, traveling north, braked sharply as the young driver saw the curious obstruction across the road. The driver put on the red flashing dome light and got out and inspected the barrier. It took him a moment to figure out that it was the roof of a big cargo trailer. He climbed onto the bridge railing and eased his way past, and he saw how forcibly the trailer had wedged itself into that position. It would be a long difficult job getting it free and out of the way.

Three cars were piled up on the other side. The elderly and indignant couple in the gray car that was the first in line said it had just happened. The patrolman went down onto the river bank, stripped down to his underwear and went into the river. On the second try he got the door open and brought the driver out of the cab and towed him ashore. The left temple area and the whole left frontal lobe was crushed, and the driver was dead.

He dressed, hurried back to his car and radioed in and told of the situation. After a short delay, he was told that he should check the old detour and see if it was still passable. Truck traffic would be rerouted at Otter Creek on the north and Inglis on the south. Other cars would be dispatched at once and, if he reported the detour passable, passenger cars should be routed over it. Wreckers were being dispatched to the scene.

The patrolman drove over the route and radioed in that it was okay for one way traffic. By then cars were beginning to pile up at both ends. The other trooper arrived. They set up their routing system, sending the cars through from each end in alternate batches, telling them not to straggle, but take it slow on the sand road, and on the wooden bridges.

And so passenger traffic rolled cautiously over the old detour, over the two wooden bridges, by the grim old house between the bridges, back out onto the highway. They felt their way through a half-world of gray driving rain. They inched across the old timbers of the bridges. The big pines swayed. The wind sound increased. The two patrolmen, parked four miles apart, blocked the highway and the red dome lights flashed in the murk. They were glad traffic was thin.

Virginia Sherrel drove north through the Wednesday rain in the blue-and-white Dodge convertible that she and her husband, David, had picked out together for the vacation they were to take—the vacation that David had finally taken alone. She drove north alone, the way David had driven south.

She had not liked the idea of an urn. The very word had the sound of a funeral bell. Bell? Fragment of an old pun: the New Hampshire farmhouse, on honeymoon. They had walked too far, and it had begun to rain, and they had run back. And David had knelt and taken the hem of her tweed skirt and twisted the water out of it and, smiling up at her, said, "Wring out wild belle."

Not the sound of "urn." And the urn itself had made a sound when the undertaker, with an almost grotesque callousness, had taken one down from a shelf and opened the screw top with a shrill grating sound and then held it out to her—and she, caught up in the wicked pantomime, had leaned forward a bit and stared inanely down into it and said, "No, I don't think so." Not for David.

So it was a box. A flat bronze box, not quite as long or as deep as a cigar box. With a discreet border design, a small catch. The undertaker had snapped the catch three times.

It was in the trunk compartment of the car, and she knew how it was wrapped. Back in the hotel in Sarasota she had closed the room door behind her and made certain it was locked, and then she had untied the cord, unwrapped the cardboard box.

Inside the cardboard box, the bronze box lay wrapped in tissue, resting on a nest of tissue. As she unwrapped it she thought of the presents they had given each other. David had once said, "I think I really like to see you unwrap presents. Such intense absorption! And all the sensuous little delays, such as untieing knots instead of cutting them."

And this is your final present, David.

She lifted the bronze box and looked wonderingly at the fine grayish ash. She touched it lightly with her finger. It was soft and a few flakes adhered to the moisture of her finger tip, and she brushed them off. Here is all of you, my love. She closed the lid and it snapped as it had in the undertaker's showroom. She wrapped it in the tissue, closed the cardboard box and wrapped it in the brown paper. She went over and stretched out on the bed. Gift from David. Gift of himself.

Now, as she drove north through gray rain, the bronze box was in the luggage compartment of the car. His death was something she could not comprehend. She sensed that she would never understand why it happened. But she knew her grief was soiled by the manner of his death. As she drove cautiously, automatically, her mind turned back to that morning twenty days ago, that ten o'clock morning in the small east-side apartment when she learned how it had all ended.

She had gone down after breakfast to get the mail. No letter from David. Then she had gone back up to the apartment and poured her second cup of coffee. She sat and looked at the bills and the circulars and read one letter from an old dear friend who now lived in Burlington and who wrote, "I suppose it is a sort of modern wisdom to take a vacation from each other, but damned if I like the sound of it. To have you and David indulge in such a thing is to me like the teeter and fall of great idols. Forgive me if I am too blunt, Ginny, but I can't help thinking David needs, more than anything else, a sound spanking."

She was annoyed as she read the letter. In her attempt to be light when writing to Helen, she had given Helen a distorted picture. It was not a "marital vacation." It was a sudden queerness in David, a hint of breakdown.

It was then that the phone rang.

"Mrs. David Sherrel, please."

"This is she."

"I have a long distance call for you from Sarasota, Florida. Go ahead, please."

Dim male voice blurred by miles, distorted by a jangling hum. "David?" she said eagerly. "David, is that you?" And as she asked, she could remember the last few lines of the letter she had written him. Lines she had worked over very carefully: "Please know that I try to understand to the extent that it is within my capacity to understand. I know that you feel this is important to you. If it is important to you, it is also important to me, darling. But please write to me. I think I deserve that much. I think you owe me that much, David. You have always had imagination. Think of what it would be like to be me and to be here and not know."

"David!" she cried to the blurred phone. "I can't *hear* you!"

"Please hang up," the operator said, "and I will try to get a better connection."

She hung up and sat by the phone and waited. She wanted to hear him say he was coming home, that this frightening thing that had separated them was over.

When it rang again she snatched it quickly. "David?"

"No m'am. My name is . . . Police Department . . . phone number in his wallet."

"Police? What's wrong? Is my husband in trouble?"

"Sorry to have to tell you this, Miz Sherrel, but your husband is dead. We got to get a legal identification on him, and I guess you ought to come down here. Hello. Hello? Miz Sherrel? Operator! Operator! We've been cut . . ."

"I'm still here," Virginia said in a voice that sounded not at all like her own. It sounded cool and formal and controlled. "I'll fly down. I'll be there as soon as I can." The man started to say something but she heard only the first few words before she hung up.

In the first few moments there was the shock, and then there was the sense of inevitability, so strong and sure that she wondered that she had not known at once when the phone had rung—she wondered that she had been so naïve as to expect to hear David's voice.

She phoned the airline and made a reservation on a flight leaving at five minutes of two. She rinsed the breakfast things, packed, closed the apartment, cashed a check, picked up her ticket and, after a short wait at Tampa International, she was in Sarasota at a little after eight in the evening. It was a still night, very hot. People walked slowly in the heat.

The man she talked to was large, soft-voiced, gentle. He had her sit down, and he told her what happened. "Your husband had been staying at a place called the Taine Motor Lodge, out on the North Trail. He hadn't been making any trouble or anything, but he was acting kind of peculiar and Mrs. Strickie, she's the manager out there, she was sort of keeping an eye on him. She's got efficiencies out there. She noticed his car was in front of his place yesterday, and he didn't go out in the evening, and this morning she got thinking about it and knocked on his door about eight and, when she didn't get any answer, she used her key and went in and backed right out again, the gas was so thick, and called us right away. We got it aired out and he was on the kitchen floor, and this note here was on the table."

She took the note and read it: "Ginny—It just wasn't any use. It just didn't do any good. I'm sorry." It wasn't signed.

"Is that his handwriting?" The questioning voice came from far away, echoing through a long metal pipe. She swayed on the chair, didn't answer. The man went away and came back with a paper cup. She took it, lifted it, smelled the raw whiskey, drank it down.

She gave the cup back to him. "That's his writing."

"It checks out that he did it about midnight. Was his health bad?"

"No. He was in good health."

"Money trouble?"

"No. He had a good job. He was on a leave of absence."

"What kind of work did he do?"

"He was in the radio and television department of a large advertising agency."

"Any children?"

"No. No children."

"You know of any reason why he did it, Miz Sherrel?"

"Not . . . exactly. I think it was some kind of a breakdown. His work was very demanding. He felt that he had to get away for a little while. He thought that would help."

"If you feel up to it, we can go over and take a look at him now and get that part over with. If you don't feel like it, it can wait until morning."

"I'm all right. We can do it now."

And so it was done. David was gone. The body seemed to be the body of a stranger. It was familiar to her in contour, in the shape of each feature, but no longer known to her. They went back, and the man gave her the keys to the car. David's things were packed in the car. She found a place to stay. The next morning she made the arrangements about cremation. Then she placed a call to Jim Dillon in New York, their lawyer, a classmate of David.

"Jim? This is Ginny. I'm calling from Sarasota."

"That's what the operator said. What are you doing down there, girl? How's Dave?"

"David killed himself, Jim. They found the body yesterday morning. I flew down."

"He *what?* Ginny! My God, why? Why did he do that?"

"I don't think we'll ever know. Jim, I need your help."

"Anything, Ginny. You know that. I think I could even come down there if . . ."

"No. No, thanks, Jim. I just don't feel like coming right back and facing . . . everything. I suppose there are legal things that have to be taken care of. There's the deposit box and things like that. There's a will in it."

"How big will the estate be?"

"Maybe thirty thousand. Somewhere around there. Then there's the insurance. The policies are in the box."

"Have you got money now? If you had a joint checking account, you won't be able to write checks against it."

"I have my own checking account. There's enough in it for now, Jim. I just want to stay down here for a while. I don't know how long."

"How about the funeral?"

"I . . . I don't think there'll be any. He wanted to be cremated. I'm having that done. I'm going to phone his sister in Seattle and phone my parents. Maybe when I come back, I can arrange some sort of memorial service, but I don't know about that yet. Can you do everything that has to be done?"

"Of course. Give me your address there. I'll send stuff for your signature."

She told him where she was staying. He told her how shocked and sorry he was, questioned her as to whether it was wise for her to be alone just at this time. He said he would inform the agency and let their friends know. She said she would write a note to some of the people. After they finished talking, she made the other two phone calls. They were both bad calls to make. When she talked to her parents, she was barely able to dissuade her mother from coming down.

"But what are you going to *do*, Virginia? Why are you staying there?"

"I have some thinking to do, Mother."

"You can think *anywhere*. You can come here and stay with us and think here. This seems so *insane*."

But in the end she won out, won reluctant acceptance. She drove around the city and decided she would rather live at the beach. She found a tiny apartment in a blue and white motel on Siesta Key. Her door opened onto the beach. It was September, and it was hot, and there were few tourists. In the mornings she would see the high white cloud banks against the blue sky, and on many days the hard rain would come down in the afternoon, dimpling and washing the sand and ending with the same abruptness that it had come.

She had wired Jim Dillon her new address. Legal papers came, and she signed them and sent them back. Sympathy notes arrived. The most careful and intricate one came from the advertising firm.

She spent her days in a quiet pattern. In the early morning, she walked on the beach. Later she lay under the sun, walking gingerly down to swim in the warm water when the heat became too great. The sun blunted her energies, softening the edges of her grief. She was a tall woman with a strong, well-made, youthful body, with black crisp hair, unplucked black brows, eyes of a clear light blue. The sun tanned her deeply and the continual swimming tightened the tissues of her body. She would come in from the dazzle of the beach and take off her suit in the relative gloom of the small apartment and, catching a glimpse of herself in a mirror, be startled by the vivid contrast of deep tan and the white protected bands of flesh.

The bronze box was in the back of her closet.

It was time to think, to wonder how she had failed. And to wonder what would become of her.

The marriage had lasted seven years. They had met in New York. She was from upstate New York, from Rochester. She was working in the fiction department of a fashion magazine when she met him. David had done two short pieces for them. Virginia had read them and thought them quite strange, but she had liked them. A third story, according to the judgment of the fiction editor, needed reworking. The fiction editor had made a luncheon date with David Sherrel and had been unable to keep it. Virginia was sent along to the midtown restaurant to meet him, armed with the manuscript, the fiction editor's notes, and some money from the petty cash fund.

They had been awkward and earnest with each other during lunch. David turned out to be tall, slim, blond and —in spite of Madison Avenue manners and clothing—rather shy. He had curious moments of intensity, after which he would slip behind his façade.

She had been dating several men, but after lunch with David the others all seemed very predictable and tasteless. The second time she saw him, he was very drunk. The third time she saw him it became evident to both of them that they would be married.

It had seemed to be a good marriage. She felt needed and wanted. She learned to accept his moods of black, hopeless depression, accepting them as the evil to be balanced against a gift of gaiety, of high wild fun, of laughter that pinched your side and brought you to helplessness. There was the deep stripe of the erratic in him. He seemed to be always on the verge of losing his job, only to regain favor by some exercise of imagination that not only re-established him as a valuable man, but usually brought a pay raise. Though he sneered at his job and his work and could talk at length about the artificial wonderland of the advertising agencies, when he was in ill repute, he could not then keep food on his stomach, nor could he sleep without sedatives.

He had a gift for the savage phrase. He could use words that hurt her. But out of her strength and her understanding, she forgave him. His apologies were abject. His affection was as cyclical as his moods. There would be weeks when he would be warm, loving. Then would come the coolness, and he would withdraw physically to the point where, should she touch him inadvertently, she could feel the contraction of his muscles. And that hurt as badly as did the words.

David always had very good friends, very dear and close friends who would adore him for two months or three before, out of some compulsion, he would drive them off. No friend remained loyal very long.

In spite of their private difficulties, they maintained a united front. He never spoke harshly to her when there was anyone around to hear him. She was grateful for that, as she knew her pride was very strong. She loved him with all her heart. She wanted his life to be wonderful. She did everything she could to make him happy.

It all began to go wrong right after the beginning of the current year. He slipped, day by day, further into a mood of depression. Yet this depression was not like the others. The others had been like the black clouds of brief violent storms. This was like a series of endless gray days, unmarked by any threat of violence. It seemed to her to be more apathy than depression. He went through his days like an automatic device designed to simulate a man. There seemed to be no restlessness in him—just a dulled acceptance. Although he had always been very fastidious, he began to shave and dress carelessly, and to keep himself not quite clean. She tried in all the ways she could think of to stir him out of it. She changed scenes, set stages, planned little plots, but none of them worked. When, in unguarded moments, she would wonder if he was getting tired of her, fright would pinch her heart.

One day, out of desperation, she set a scene so crude that in prior years it would have been unthinkable. While he was at the agency she went into the small study where he had used to work during the evening. She found and laid out the incomplete manuscript of the book. She laid out fresh paper and carbon and second sheets in the way he had

liked to have them before he had given up work on the book.

That evening she had taken his wrist and smiled at him and tugged and said, "Come on."

He came along without protest. She turned on the desk lamp and showed him what she had done. He stood and looked at the desk and then he turned and looked at her with an absolute emptiness in his eyes. An emptiness that shocked her. "God, Ginny!" he said tonelessly. "Good God, what are you trying to do to me?"

"I thought that if you . . ."

But he had walked out of the room. He walked out of the apartment. By the time she got her coat on and got down to the street, he was gone. He came back within an hour, and he was back down in the grayness of apathy, unreachable, untouchable. She apologized for what she had done. He shrugged and said it didn't matter.

In June there was one day of gaiety. One day when he was like himself. Yet not like himself. There was an ersatz quality to his gaiety, as though it were the result of enormous effort—even as though this were a stranger, an actor, who tried expertly to become David Sherrel. That was the day they ordered the car and planned a vacation trip. By the time the car was delivered he had no interest in it, and she could not get him to talk about the trip again. She felt wasted. The empty days and the empty nights went by and she smothered her resentment and refused to admit to herself that she was thoroughly, miserably bored.

On an evening in late July he was quiet at dinner—it had been months since they had been out together or had anyone in—and finally, as though saying something he had memorized, he said, "I know that I've been a mess lately, Ginny. I don't know exactly what's wrong. I feel as if, somewhere, I've lost all motivation. I want to try to get it back."

"I want to help you."

"I don't want help. I talked to Lusker this morning. They're giving me a six month's leave of absence without pay. Lusker suggested psychiatry. I don't think that's the answer. I want to get away for a while."

"I think it's a wonderful idea, darling. We could go back up to . . ."

"I don't think you understand. I have to get away by myself. I don't know why. But that's what I have to do."

She looked at him, and her face felt stiff, tight, as though covered with a fine porcelain glaze. "You have to do that?"

"Yes."

All the angry words were close to the surface. She suppressed them. She stood up slowly and began to clear the table.

"It's all right, then?" he asked.

"It looks as though it will have to be, David."

He left two days later. She packed for him. She kissed him and told him to write. She went down to the car with him. He stood and looked at her, and he looked shy and lost, and she thought it was like sending a child to camp, or to war. He opened his lips as though to say something, then turned abruptly and got into the car. It was a Sunday morning in Manhattan. The streets were empty. She stood and watched the blue and white car turn the corner. She went back upstairs. She prepared carefully for tears. She put on a robe, stretched out on her bed with a big box of tissues at hand. She lay and waited for the tears. They did not come. She thought of the sweet little things and the sad little things, and tried, through pathos, to force tears. But they did not come. She realized she was trying to pump up tears the way some women seek out sad movies. She got up quickly, and on that day she gave the apartment the most thorough cleaning it had ever had.

He sent a card from Augusta and one from Jacksonville and a third and final card from Sarasota saying that he would stay there for a time and let her know should he move on. There was an address she could write to. She wrote often, not knowing if he even bothered to read her letters.

Now the marriage was quite over. It had ended.

She lay on the still hot beach, plastic cups over her eyes, feeling the sun grind into her body. And she tried to understand.

There were two things that had happened to her, long before David, that seemed to point out the direction of understanding.

One had happened in high school, during the first week of a course in Natural History. She could not remember the name of the instructor. He had been a small, wide, balding man with a sharp penetrating voice and a sarcastic manner. He had pictures of prehistoric animals and lizards and birds, cleverly faked.

In essence he said, "These creatures no longer exist. They died out. Their own development brought them to a dead end. They had some fatal flaw which finally made it impossible for them to survive in a changing environment. They could not adapt. It is an oversimplification to call them nature's mistakes. They were just dead ends in nature's endless experimentation."

And so it could be possible to say that David had within himself the flaw which made survival impossible. The flaw did not have to be isolated and described. It could be enough to know that it was there.

The second incident had happened when, in college, she had had a date with a young instructor, a man named Val Jerrenson. As he was not permitted to date students, they had to be secretive about it. It had been a warm Saturday in May and they had gone down to an amusement park on the shore. They had been standing talking near a shooting gallery, and Virginia, looking over Val's shoulder, saw the head of Val's department walking toward them, frowning slightly.

Virginia had put her hand out quickly, and Val had taken it instinctively. Raising her voice a little, she had said, "Well, I have to run along, Mr. Jerrenson. Nice to run into you like this. I'll have to catch up with the other girls." She then looked directly at the head of the department and said, "Oh, Hello, Dr. Thall! I didn't know Mr. Jerrenson was with you. I really have to run."

When Val finally came back to the car, she was sitting there waiting for him, giggling.

After they had driven far enough to be safe, Val had looked at her with an odd expression and said, "You know, Virginia, you frighten me a little. You have such a perfect instinct for survival. Such a gift for living. You are an organism designed to function perfectly in its environment. Such strength is a little disturbing."

So add the two together. The flawed organism. And the survival organism. Living together, making a life together. She sensed that the marriage had made her stronger, because it had called on her strength; it had demanded it. Yet she had not wished to be strong. She had wanted a man who could dominate her. In the very beginning she had thought David such a man.

Thus, if it had added to her strength, had it not also added to his weakness? Would not David have been better with a silly girl, a gay careless erratic clinging little thing? Or was the flaw too deep?

There was one thing that she learned during the long days on the beach. She learned that her love was not as great as she had thought it. It made her ashamed to realize that. Yet in all honesty, it was an admission she had to make. And it was the final act which had cut love down to a manageable stature. It had been such a childish and insulting death. It was as though, out of petulance, he had flung something at her, had struck her in the face with sticky unpleasantness. She had cared for herself, keeping herself as handsome as she could, as fresh and alive and

sweet-smelling, ready and waiting for him. Through marriage his need of her had been sporadic. His withdrawn periods seemed a denial of her. And now he had consummated the final denial.

She could feel grief, a sense of loss, a sense of inadequacy—yet it was not a sharpness that pierced her heart. It was more like thinking of a death that had happened long ago. David had died long ago, and he moved through the eternity of memory, blond, slim, tall, with soft sensitive mouth, dulled eyes, a look of rejection. The ashes were soft and gray in the bronze box. And ashes had no life, no history. They were always old.

She knew at last when it was time to go back. When she awakened on Tuesday morning, she knew that she had spent enough time in this place. A healing process had finished. She could go back and face friends and dispose of his personal possessions and give up the apartment and find something to do.

She looked at herself with utmost clarity and knew that any job she could find would not be enough. She knew that she would look for a man. A strong man. A man with courage and integrity and a sure sense of his own place. She knew that, at thirty, she had never been more attractive. With this man she would find herself. He would not need strength to lean on. He would exude strength, and that strength would make her feel like a woman, rather than a mother or a guardian. There would be children, as many as she could have. And all this would not be a rebound from David. It would, instead, be an acceptance of the years lost, and a desire to do, with those that were left, what she had been meant to do from the very beginning.

When she left in the rain on Wednesday morning, she was more than a little amused at her careful planning, at her incredible certainty that the future would be just as she desired it.

Steve Malden drove steadily north on Route 19 in a dark green Plymouth sedan. He was a big man, big in every dimension, big in hand and wrist and shoulder—slow-moving, with a look of competence and power. His hair was black and thick and cropped short, and black brows nearly met over the bridge of his nose. His cheekbones were high and solid, his nose just enough hooked to give him an Indian look.

It was the first time in five years that Malden had driven anywhere without a specific mission, a clear idea of where he would go and whom he would see. This was supposed to be a vacation. That was what they had called it. But vacation was a word that was supposed to give you a lift, a feeling of anticipation and excitement—not this dulled restlessness. He had a vague idea of heading west, maybe swinging down into Mexico.

There had been no vacation in five years. He had not wanted a vacation, and he had not wanted this one. It had been forced on him. Bellinger, chairman of the committee had said, "Take a break, Steve. You can't keep going on the way you are. You're like a mechanical man. Take a break now or the job will break you."

But time off was time in which to think and remember. And remembering was no good. It couldn't bring her back.

In World War II, Malden had been a young sergeant assigned to the Counter-Intelligence Corps. He had liked the C.I.C. work and had done well at it. After his discharge he took police courses at Northwestern University, under the GI Bill. After he was graduated he spent a year on a big-city police force, then obtained a job with a national detective agency. Shortly after he went with them he married Dorothy Blackson, a stenographer in the home office. He did so well with the agency that, when the Florida Protection Committee asked for a fulltime operative, Malden was given an indefinite leave of absence to work for the Committee.

The Florida Protection Committee, even though financed and operated by private citizens, carried considerable weight in Tallahassee, and with the city governments of large cities in the state. It was formed by hotel owners, real estate operators and the owners and operators of legitimate tourist attractions. These men knew that too often the criminal element made deals with local enforcement agencies. Should that situation get out of control, Florida would be overrun by an element which could readily destroy the reputation the state was trying to establish and drive away the sound and respectable people who were contemplating retirement in Florida. Gambling, prostitution, dope peddling and the resultant theft and violence could never be completely eliminated. But, with proper investigative procedures and pressure applied at the right places, it could be held to a reasonable minimum.

Steve Malden's job was to establish sources of information, pay for information, protect informants, shadow suspects, observe illegal operations whenever possible and turn over thoroughly documented reports to the Committee for action on the state or municipal level.

The first year was a good year. Steve and Dorothy took a small house in Winter Haven. It was a central location for him. They were very much in love. She was a thin, blonde, luminous girl who gave an entirely erroneous impression of fragility. He knew she worried about him during his trips. He took her along whenever he could. The work was demanding and quite often exciting. The pay was good, and he knew the Committee was well satisfied with him. When he could steal a day, they would drive over to the beaches and swim and soak up the sunshine, then eat a dinner of the stone crabs she loved and find a motel. It often seemed to him that it was a honeymoon that would not end. They were suited to each other, enjoying the same things, laughing at the same things.

During that first year, he managed to obtain information on a new bolita ring operating in Tampa. Bolita is a variant of the numbers racket. The information Malden

supplied was accurate; the ring was broken up and the court was unusually harsh with the offenders.

It was during his second year, five years before, that Steve Malden decided he could safely steal another day with Dorothy. They decided to drive over to Reddington Beach near St. Petersburg. It was a hot July day with thunderheads in the east. The rain held off until three in the afternoon. They stayed on the beach in the drenching rain, enjoying the coolness of it. Dorothy had taken on a lovely honey-tan in the hot months. After they ate, instead of finding a place to stay, Steve decided to check with an informant in Ybor City, a suburb of Tampa. He didn't want to combine business with pleasure, but it was a very simple matter he wanted to check. The informant was a clerk in a cigar store, an elderly man with the thumb of his right hand missing. The man seemed very nervous. He refused to impart the information he had promised. Steve had left Dorothy in the car a block and a half away. It was a dark night, with thunder in the air and the threat of rain.

He walked back, puzzled and disappointed. Just as he reached the car he heard the scuff of a footstep close behind him. He had opened the car door. He whirled just as the shotgun blast tore a red hole in the night. The impact knocked him down and half stunned him. The pain in his arm was enormous. He tried to get up twice and fainted.

When he awakened in the hospital, he knew that he had been heavily drugged. His thoughts were blurred, his body heavy. When he thought of Dorothy there was a quick shrillness of panic, like a flash of light in a darkened room. But each time the light would fade because the drugged mind could not hold to any thought consistently.

Later, after he had slept and awakened again, they told him Dorothy had been hurt. They told him about his arm. The biceps had been torn, the bone splintered. On the operating table they had pinned the bone and sewn the muscle tissues. He would eventually regain full use of it.

There were police interviews, and they told him Dorothy had been seriously hurt, that she was on another floor of the hospital. He told the police that he had not seen the man behind the gun. He told them nothing else. On the third day, he got out of bed and refused to get back in until he had seen his wife. The doctor came and had him sit down and told him that the portion of the charge which had missed his arm had torn the throat of his wife, and she had died before the ambulance had reached the scene.

It was as though his life had stopped. The mechanics of living went on, but the essential substance was gone. His arm mended. The Committee offered him leave. He said he preferred to work. He disposed of Dorothy's things. He moved heavily, stolidly, through the days that seemed to stretch out endlessly in front of him. He lost the gift of lightness, banter, casual conversation. For a time he drank heavily when he was off duty. He drank without pleasure, with a dogged desire to drug himself so that sleep without dreams would become possible. Then he found that he had somehow dulled his mind and his memories so that sleep could come, a dark animal sleep. He was without friends. For a time there were those who tried to bring him out of it, but they soon tired of thankless effort.

He ate and slept and worked. And he was able to accomplish a great deal. He moved through the state like a nemesis, always growing more crafty in blending with the background. His disguises were simple and effective. Tourist, sailor, fisherman, salesman. His reports were detailed, explicit, and the Committee translated them into action.

But the work was without joy. He spent uncounted hours in trying to find out who had fired the shot. The body of the informant was found in Tampa Bay a month after the shooting. And that was finally the end of the trail.

Five years had passed. Now you were thirty-two instead of twenty-seven. You would become forty-two and fifty-two, and she would stay back there in the past, still twenty-four, forever slim, clean-limbed, fragrant. Forever three months pregnant.

Malden knew that he would never have consented to this vacation had not something been slowly changing within him of late. It was as though some part of him was trying to lift the dark burdens he had carried so long. Some rebellious part that wanted to see the light again. This unexpressed yearning to come alive again was painful. It was like blood returning to a numbed limb. He preferred to move in the half-light of his chosen world. Her face was not clear to him any more. Time had begun to blur it. And it was less and less often that his heart gave its hard and sorrowful thrust when he saw a girl on a city street who moved like her, walked proudly as she had walked.

This then was the time of reassessment. This was vacation. He drove north on Route 19 through the hurricane rains, so accustomed to driving that it required but the slightest fraction of his attention. And because he was—or had been—a sensitive and perceptive man, he fought with a new demon on this day—one that he had at last faced squarely. The demon stated its case in the form of a question: Steven Malden, has this five years of darkness been the result of a legitimate grief, or has it been a time of self-indulgence? Have you been standing apart and admiring the dark and monstrous picture of your own heartbreak—indulging yourself in bathos and thinking it pathos? Have you fallen in love with the dreary picture of your own withdrawal from life, thinking it dramatic, a thing of splendor? Are you ready to raise your head a little and start to live again in any emotional dimension? Or are you so pleased with your own strength that for the rest of your life you shall refuse to share it with anyone?

The green Plymouth moved steadily north and the big silent man at the wheel remembered that he had not wept. Not once. He had felt something akin to pride that his grief had been beyond tears. But pride seemed to be turning to shame. Had it been the other way about, *she* would have cried.

And, by now, she could have mended herself and could have been able to give of her own warmth to some second love.

Hilda moved up, through the Gulf of Mexico, ever more erratic, unpredictable. The rain soaked into the earth. It softened the black earth around the shallow root structure of tall Australian pines. Rain precedes the hurikan, *and, when the wind comes, the tall pines topple readily. The runoff fattens the streams that run to the Gulf, raising the level, stretching the stem structure of the ubiquitous water hyacinth.*

Hilda slowed and made a long gentle curve to the northeast, moving closer to the coast. She moved to within fifty miles of the mouth of the Suwanee River, and there all forward motion ceased. She remained in place, the whirling winds churning the Gulf. Once she had covered vast areas. Now the area was small. Even so she was large enough to flay the coast with hard gusts of wind.

The tide had been rising in the Gulf throughout the morning. High tide along the Cedar Key area was predicted for three in the afternoon. It was determined later that it must have been at about one o'clock when the hurricane, smaller and yet more violent than before, made a totally unexpected change of direction and began to move due east toward the Florida coast, moving at an estimated eighteen miles an hour, with the winds nearest the eye reaching a velocity that could not be measured. This was the dread combination of hurricane and tide that had long been anticipated by the pessimists of the low-lying coastland.

CHAPTER 5

Slow traffic bypassed the Waccasassa Bridge where technicians worked to free the jammed truck-trailer. Heavy rain and traffic had made the detour more difficult. There was a policeman at each end of the detour. The last car in each small group that went through carried a sodden red rag on a stick to be given to the officer at the far end. They were able to pass alternate batches of passenger cars through at approximately twenty-minute intervals. It was dull, unpleasant duty.

The policeman on the south end of the detour was named Stark. He was bored, yet apprehensive of the increasing force of the wind. The rain was ceasing. But the gusts of wind were so strong that he often had to fight for balance. The radio in his car was turned high and the car was parked where he could hear it. At one-thirty he sent a batch of seven cars through and began to accumulate another group. The group of seven was large. The smallest group had been two. The storm was emptying the highways.

He prepared himself for the same repetitious questions when the first car pulled up, a dark-blue Cadillac, a new one. He flagged it down and went over to it. The driver rolled the window down. He was a balding, ginger-headed man with a red-faced look of importance.

"What goes on?" he demanded, raising his voice to carry over the wind sound. Stark recognized a local accent.

Stark repeated what he had said so many times. Detour. Bridge blocked by an accident. Shouldn't be too long a wait. The detour was four miles long, sand and shell. Two wooden bridges. Have to take it slow.

The second car was a heavily loaded station wagon with a youngish couple and two kids. They asked the expected questions, got the same answers. He noticed as he stood next to the car on the righthand side, talking across the blonde woman, talking to her tired-looking husband, that the wind was making the halted car sway.

The next car was a welcome break in the monotony. Stark recognized it as a Mercedes-Benz, but he had never had a chance to get close to one. There was a couple in it, a good-looking athletic sort of guy and a girl who was not so good-looking, but looked like money.

After Stark had explained the delay, they talked about the car and then about the hurricane. Stark said, "They keep telling me it's headed for Texas, but it feels like it's coming here." The gusts were beginning to seem solid enough to lean on. Now that the rain had practically stopped, the sky was a peculiar yellowish color.

The fourth car was a dark-green Plymouth with a husky hard-faced man traveling alone. He had fewer questions than the others. He did not seem to resent the delay. But he looked as if he was the type who would. Stark was wondering whether it would be smart to get a look at the driver's license when the fifth car came up, a blue-and-white Dodge convertible with one woman in it. She was the best-looking woman of the day. Stark had been keeping a mental box score. She was pleasant to him, and it was almost a pleasure to answer the same tired old questions.

The next time he glanced toward the detour he saw the first of the group of southbound cars come lumbering and laboring up out of it onto the highway, straighten out and begin to pick up speed. There were six cars and the last one had the flag. He could see nothing coming along the windswept highway, so he gave the good-looking woman the flag and told her to take it slow.

He watched the cars disappear cautiously down the detour. A truly massive gust of wind came along. It slammed against him and drove him back. He had to turn and take several running steps to catch his balance. He cursed, more in awe than anger. He heard the sound of his radio over the wind noise and pushed through the wind toward his car.

"Stark? The hurricane has changed direction. It's moving in on the coast and pushing one hell of a high tide in front of it. Don't send any more cars through. Head south slowly and stop anything you find coming at you and turn 'em back. Tell them to find shelter. This could be a bad one. Block the road at Lebanon Station and keep in touch. I think we're all going to be kept busy."

Stark headed slowly south, dome light flashing, wind swaying the sedan. On impulse he pushed the siren and kept it on. The sound seemed frail and lost in the new high wail of the great wind.

The Australian pine was a huge one, very near the end of its life span and beginning to die. It stood on the north bank of the Waccasassa River, thirty feet west of the wooden bridge over the main part of the river.

The same gust that had driven Stark across the road struck the old tree moments before reaching Stark. There was a faint ripping, crackling sound, and the flat root structure was pulled slowly up on the west side of the tree. The tree fell slowly at first and then more quickly. It brought up square yards of black, soaked soil with it. It fell thickly, heavily, onto the north end of the wooden bridge. The great weight of it in free fall smashed the tough old timbers. The bridge folded and sagged, supported the weight for a few seconds, and then with small harsh noises as old spikes were pulled from weathered wood, bridge and tree sank into the swollen Waccasassa.

The caravan of six cars came nosing cautiously down the detour. The caravan crossed the first bridge, the blue Cadillac leading. The cars jounced over limbs that had fallen into the road. They passed the ugly deserted old house. The road turned slightly. The lead car came to the bridge and stopped.

"Damn!" Johnny Flagan said explosively.

"That tree came down right across the bridge," Charlie Himbermark said excitedly.

"You can sure figure things out, Charlie."

"Don't take it out on me."

"We got to get out of here." He pushed his door open and got out and looked back. The cars were piled up behind him. He looked at the soft deep ditches on either side of the road. Johnny was thankful that nobody started leaning on the horn. He made his decision quickly. He walked back to the last car in line. A pretty woman was at the wheel. She looked nervous.

"We got to get turned around," he yelled. "The bridge is out up there. Can you back this to that house back there and get it turned around?"

The woman nodded. Johnny went to each car in turn and got them started backing cautiously. It might be all right after all. Get out of here and go back south to the fork and cut over to 41 and head north again. Not too much delay. Not enough to be critical. He directed the traffic, keeping his heavy body braced against the wind, keeping the other cars from backing too close to the rudimentary driveway at the house until, one by one, they got turned around. He went back to his own car at a heavy-footed panting run. He backed up with fast reckless precision, spun the big car and headed south for not over

thirty feet before he came upon the station wagon halted ahead of him.

"Now what?" he demanded and got out again. Some of the others had got out, too. They stood by the convertible and looked at the bridge they had just crossed.

Johnny Flagan saw the trouble and for the first time he felt a light brush of panic. He calmed himself with an effort. The lesser branch of the Waccasassa curved at the point where the bridge was placed. The water was very high and it was moving swiftly. Debris bumped against the bridge. On the far side the water had dug into the bank and the far end of the forty foot bridge had dropped nearly a foot and a half. It must have been ready to drop when they came over it. Flagan noted that, in spite of the heavy rain, the water was coming upriver rather than flowing toward the gulf. The tide must be coming in faster than the runoff.

He opened the car door and said to the woman, "Think you could make it? Get a little start and you maybe could plow up that little bitty hump over there."

The woman's face was white, her lips pressed tightly together. She shook her head.

Flagan made another decision. "Get out then and let me try. If it works you can come over in another car."

Again she shook her head. He felt outraged. The fool woman would keep him from that life and death appointment in Georgia. He took her roughly by the arm and hauled her out of the car. He'd make the far side and holler back that he was going for help. He'd send help back and head for Georgia. It wasn't like stealing. She could have the Cadillac if he messed up her car. There wasn't time to explain that to her.

She pulled at him as he got into her car. He pushed her back and the combination of the push and the force of the wind knocked her down. A man was coming toward the car, a big husky man with a look of anger. Johnny Flagan pulled the door shut. The motor was running. He put the automatic transmission into low and headed across the bridge, picking up speed as he went. The far end was under water. Water sprayed up from the tires and was whipped away by the wind. He hit the far bank with an impact that drove him forward against the wheel. The front end bounced up high, came down with front wheels above the edge. He gunned it and felt the back wheels spin. He felt the bridge settle under the car. Now the hood was pointed up at such an angle he could not see the road. Still he raced the motor.

The bridge shuddered and dropped further. Water got a broader grip on the side of the car. The back end began to swing. Johnny Flagan yelled shrilly and got the door open as the car toppled off the bridge, breaking through the cracker-brittle railing. Something caught at him and pulled him under. He fought and ripped free as he sucked brackish water into his lungs. The great fear of his whole life was filling him like an unending scream. The other men of his family had drowned in the Gulf. He would have drowned had he been along. In his secret heart he knew that the fates had meant him to drown. He could not swim. He had never been in a boat since that drowning of long ago. He tried to scream under water. Then he broke through the surface. The current had spun him. He could not tell which bank he had tried to climb. He flapped at the water, coughing and choking. Something caught hold of him and he turned, reaching for it. There was an explosion against his chin. From then on it was like a gray dream. He was aware of being towed to the bank, of being dragged up onto the shore like some exhausted fish, but he could not move.

He was rolled over and hard hands pressed against his thick waist. He coughed the brackish water from his lungs. He twisted away from the punishing hands. After a time they left him alone. He lay with his cheek against the soaked ground, breathing heavily, recovering his strength.

And then he remembered. His right hand, half curled, was close to his eyes—a thick white hand with the curled reddish hair growing thickly on the back and between the knuckles of the fingers. He moved his hand cautiously. He moved it down and turned slightly onto his side so that he could reach into the left inside breast pocket of his suit coat. The envelope was there. It was sodden, but it was there. The ultimate disaster could yet be staved off.

He got laboriously to his feet, weaving under the impact of the wind. They had moved the cars close to the deserted house. The door was open; being in the front of the house, it was shielded from the wind. They were carrying things in from the cars, all of them working. A small boy appeared in the doorway of the house, staring out at the storm. He was quickly snatched back out of sight.

Flagan felt sick at his stomach. If he'd had any sense, he thought, he would have crossed the bridge on foot. He looked at the stream. Bridge and blue and white convertible were utterly gone. He plodded toward the house. He saw Charlie Himbermark come out and look toward him and then start walking toward him. *Better come look out for me. Where has he been? He'd better remember who puts the butter on his bread.*

Flagan decided to stand and wait for him. They'd go together. Go down the shoreline. Had to be a place to get across somewhere. When Himbermark got beyond the protection of the house, the wind caught at him, hastening him along in a ridiculous trot. Flagan saw some of the other people watching Himbermark, the couple from the foreign car, the big, dark sullen looking guy, the thin man from the station wagon.

And Flagan saw the tree that stood in the side yard of the house. He saw it start to fall. He knew in that moment where and how it would fall, and knew he could do nothing about it. He yelled, but the wind tore the words and flung them behind him. He saw Charlie Himbermark, warned in some unknown way, look back up over his shoulder and stare at the black wet trunk and try to turn and scramble out of the way. But his feet slid on the wet ground and the wind pushed against him and, in the slowest of motion, Flagan saw the black trunk touch the small frail man and, continuing, crush him down against the wet soil and then, shifting slightly, settle more inevitably, irrevocably against the earth.

Flagan turned and pressed his back against the wind and was ill. When he turned back a whirring palm frond struck his face, stem first, cutting him below the eye. He looked at the blood on his fingers and plodded toward the house. He had to clamber over the trunk of the tree. He did not look toward the place where it rested on the crushed body of Himbermark.

The highway patrolman at the north end of the detour had received the same orders as Stark. He was heading north, turning back traffic. The attempt to clear the bridge was suspended. The coastal power and phone lines had begun to go. Driven by hurricane winds, the tides began to hammer the beach resorts. There were last-minute evacuations of exposed keys. Radio stations switched to private generators.

Yet the main force of the hurricane had not yet reached the coast. The great property damage thus far was water damage. The huge tides smashed sea walls, sucking filled land out through the gaps in the shattered concrete, and the shore houses collapsed as fill was sucked out from under them.

Tidal water came up over beaches, across shore roads, moving into houses set hundreds of feet back from the normal high-tide mark. Thousands of sand bags were being filled as people fought to save their homes.

—Emergency Warning Service. All coastal facilities. 2:12 P.M. It now appears that the eye of the hurricane, Hilda, will intersect the coast line in the vicinity of Cedar Key and Waccasassa Bay. Unless there is a change in speed or direction, this intersection should take place at approximately 4:30. Evacuation of all exposed properties from Dead Man's Bay to Tarpon Springs is recommended.

When Hal Dorn came back into the house, Jean looked up at him, half-smiling, hoping to show him by her expression that she could control her own fear. But when she saw the odd sick expression on his face, her half-smile faded and she got quickly to her feet and went to him.

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?" She was afraid he was slipping back into resignation and defeat after showing such decisiveness when faced by this emergency.

Hal motioned for Mrs. Sherrel to join them. He sent Stevie back to the corner, to the blankets, out of earshot.

"It was the old fellow. Now I can't even remember his name."

"Himbermark," Mrs. Sherrel said. "He told me it was Himbermark."

"He was going to help his friend, Flagan. The one who took your car. Tree just came down on him. That big one at the side of the house. He didn't have a chance."

Jean gave a little cry of shock, and Virginia Sherrel closed her eyes for a long moment. Hal took his wife by the arm and said, "Stevie may ask about him. If he does, tell him that the old man went after help or something. Understand?"

"Yes, dear," she said. She saw that the look of shock was gone from his face, saw that once again he seemed to be well in control of himself and the situation. It gave her a curious attitude toward this emergency, this entrapment—a feeling almost of gratitude.

When they had been driving north before it had happened, he had been so very different—remote, uncommunicative—driving along with his thin strong hands on the wheel, knuckles whitened by the strength of his grip. She had seen the odd color of the sky, gray, luminous, faintly yellowed. The look of the sky had made her sense how small they were and how very vulnerable.

All her life she had been vulnerable to the moods of the weather. A bright warm day meant holiday. Heavy winter snows made her feel hushed and secretive. On days of rain she wanted to weep. On this day she had been unable to keep her mind from returning constantly, gingerly, to the thought that they were moving swiftly toward some unimaginable catastrophe, some great disaster.

She remembered reading that, when the barometer was low, it induced an atavistic nervousness and tension in people. It seemed a primitive warning. And she told herself that, with a hurricane in the area, her sense of foreboding had its logical explanation—it was not strange she should feel alarm without any real basis for it. Also, there was another accountable factor. During the early months of pregnancy with both Stevie and Jan she had been moody, depressed. Only in the later months had she achieved a warm, deep sense of waiting and growing and flourishing.

Yet despite all rationalization she could not avoid the recurrent moments of something akin to panic. Once when the car had swayed with a new violence she had gasped. Then she had tried to tell Hal of her fears, but he had been curt with her, so curt and unpleasant she had turned away from him to look out the side window where the landscape was blurred by the warm sting of the tears in her eyes.

Then he had said, after a time, "I'm sorry."

"It's all right."

"Yes, I suppose it's all right. The magic forgiveness. The automatic forbearance. No, I don't mean that either. Don't pay any attention to me, Jeanie. I'm in foul mood. And now, for God's sake, don't say 'That's all right' again."

It had been easier to say nothing. He was too full of his own defeat. Too far into the blindness of self-pity. She wondered how and why he had lost his resilience, the core of his courage. Or had he been without it from the beginning—and she had simply not known it because this was the first time it had been tested?

She had felt shocked and ashamed of her own disloyalty. Hal had certainly not given up readily. He had maintained his spirits for a long time, even after he had undertaken the exhausting manual labor in the warehouse. Yet when he *had* given up, when he had wept, he had given up all the way, unlocking all the gates and surrendering all the turrets. She sensed that the collapse was related to his family, to his background. Defeat, to Hal, was the unthinkable thing—the thing that could not have happened.

As they had neared the blocked road, she had been wondering how much better it would have been for him had he not had the burden of wife, two children, and new child to come. Perhaps in his curtness and irritability there was a flavoring of resentment.

The policeman had explained about the detour when they had stopped behind the blue Cadillac. Stevie and Jan had begun to get a whining note in their voices during the boring wait, and she knew they were getting hungry. She had given them the box of fig newtons from the glove compartment with severe injunction to share fairly.

At last they were permitted to go ahead in cautious convoy. It was a primitive road that moved in aimless curves across scrub flats and then dipped toward heavier trees, crossed a precarious wooden bridge, passed a house set in a grove of big trees, a house that looked gloomy and brooding in the strange light. Hal had stopped when the Cadillac stopped, and they had looked ahead and seen the big tree down and the ruin of the second bridge.

During the next fifteen minutes, during the time they had backed and turned around, and found the other bridge impassable—during the episode of the car's going into the

river, the rescue, the moving of the remaining cars close to the house—Jean Dorn had lost her own fears as she had witnessed the transformation of Hal.

At first he had seemed annoyed, bleak, passive—as though he considered this as just another black weight added to the scales that had tilted so radically against him. And then the change had come. She had seen it come, and it had made her heart glad. She knew that he had forgotten himself and his own private problems. With forgetfulness had returned the habit of decision and command. His expression was changed. More alert, more intent. His posture was different. He moved and walked with a briskness. During that time he was not a defeated man.

It was Hal who moved quickly to help get the half-drowned man out of the river, beckoning to the husky blond man to help him. It was Hal who calmly surveyed the swollen river and turned and looked at the house and then, over the wind sound, called to all of them to get the cars close to the house. The others had accepted his decision without question, willing in emergency to respond to orders that made sense and were given in the proper tone by someone who worked hard along with them. Hal had organized the carrying-in of the luggage from the cars and had requested that all blankets, robes, heavy coats be brought into the house. And, somehow, while the work was going on, while they were settling in, he had not only managed to make them all known to each other, but he had created among them the feeling of being a group working wisely and well toward a common end.

It made Jean's heart full to see this re-creation of the man he had been before he had learned about defeat. His was not an ersatz confidence, but rather the quiet control of a man used to accepting authority and responsibility. The group responded to him, and she was proud of him. Because of his efforts they had, in a short time, accepted the old house as refuge. Hal and the blond man, Bunny Hollis, had broken the lock of the old door. The inside floor was reasonably sound. All the windows were shuttered, but the shutters fit poorly and had cracked and spread in the weather so that pale light came into the rooms.

When Hal had introduced her to Virginia Sherrel, he had said, "Mrs. Sherrel lost all her luggage in that car, honey. Falling in the mud didn't do her any good. Don't you have something that would fit her?"

"This," said Mrs. Sherrel, "seems to be dungaree weather, if you have some."

Jean reached for a suitcase. "I have some, and a blue work shirt. They should fit, I think."

Jean and Virginia and the kids were the only ones in the house when Jean had looked up and seen Hal come back in and had seen in the faint light the strange expression on his face. For several bad moments she thought he had reverted to his previous mood of passive resignation. Then he took the two of them aside from the kids and told them what had happened. Jean saw, with both relief and gratitude, that he had not changed back. He was still in charge, still able and alert. Virginia went back to find a place where she could change.

Hal Dorn turned and watched Flagan come into the room. Malden pulled the door shut. Flagan didn't look at any of them. He walked over and sat down with his back against a wall. His wet clothes dripped water on the floor. He lowered his face against upraised knees. Hal ended the short, curious silence by saying to Malden, "Let's take a look around and see what we've got here."

Malden nodded. Hal realized how glad he felt about the interruption to the trip. This was better than driving and thinking the long bitter thoughts of discouragement. He knew that later it would be the same again, but for now it was good to have something to do, plans to make. With intelligence, and some luck, they should come out of this all right.

Hal Dorn and Malden inspected the house. The main room, the room they were in, was a long room on the northeast corner of the house. It had a low ceiling and was paneled in a dark, rough wood. The room was completely bare and there was a smell of wet rot. The wooden floor had heaved and buckled, and, near one wall, there were holes where the floorboards had rotted away. There was a small brick fireplace set into the south wall and, to the right of the fireplace a stairway to the second floor. The walls of the stairway had been plastered, and the plaster had fallen away from the lath and lay like dirty snow on the stairs. There was a door to the left of the fireplace that led to another room, and another doorway in the west wall that led to what had been the kitchen.

The impression of relative silence disappeared quickly. Hal could hear all the tones of the wind. The wind pressed against the rear of the house. It found small cracks where it could enter. As it came in the small cracks and as it twisted around the cornices, it made small wild sounds, full of a supersonic shrillness. The shrill sounds ebbed and pulsed with the changes of the wind. Hal thought that, if he had to listen to that sound too long, he would begin to howl like a dog.

Thin gray bands of light, diffused by dust, shafted into the house through the cracks in the ancient shutters. He could feel the stir of the bones of the old house when the wind swerved and smote it. Over the wind-sound there were other sounds from the wild world outside—remote and inexplicable thuddings, rattlings, crashings. Heads lifted when something cracked sharply against the back of the house.

Hal and Malden went up the stairs. There was a narrow central hallway, four small square bedrooms, no bath. The wind sounded stronger up there. The two men stood and listened to it. "What do you think?" Hal asked.

Malden merely shrugged. Hal looked at him closely and had the strange impression that the man was bored. "Got any ideas?" Malden asked.

Hal forced himself to consider the eventualities. "We must be four or five feet lower than the level of the highway here. My car radio conked out. I don't know if it's going to get worse than this. That water was coming up fast."

"The hurricane is headed this way. I heard that much."

"Then it's going to blow a hell of a lot harder. I don't know if this place will take it." He paused. "We ought to do two things. Put somebody on a car radio and get what dope we can. And have somebody go out and see if they can find a good way back to the highway. I've got two little kids to think about."

"So you won't go."

"I didn't mean that," Hal said. "I meant it has to be a way out of here where we can take the kids. But we have to find out which is more important—higher ground or shelter. I don't remember much of anything along the highway—a gas station way back, too far back."

They went back down the stairs. Jean had made a blanket nest in the corner for the children. She sat with them. Virginia Sherrel, in one of Jean's blue work shirts

and a pair of her dungarees, sat near her, and the two women talked. Flagan sat alone, his head still resting on his knees. Bunny and Betty Hollis stood close together looking out a horizontal crack in one of the blinds. His arm was around her.

Hal gave Jean what he hoped was a reassuring smile and said, loudly, "A snug house. Not exactly split level." As he said the last few words the wind-sound unaccountably ceased, and his voice was too loud and strong in the room. Flagan raised his head. They all listened to the momentary silence, and then the wind came down upon them again, stronger than before. They felt the uneasy shift and creak of the old house. Stevie began to cry. Jan, who had been almost asleep, stared at him for a moment and then, as was her habit, joined in. Jean began to comfort Stevie, and Virginia Sherrel picked up Jan and held her closely, rocking her.

The couple at the window had turned around. Hal beckoned to Bunny and nodded at Malden and went with the two of them into the adjoining room. They stood close together to make talking easier. Hal felt frail standing with the two of them and thought that it was fine that there were some muscles in this group. They could just as easily have been stranded with three or four middle-aged couples.

Bunny said in a tense voice, "Man, you ought to see that water coming up! It's about halfway to the house right now."

"Then we shouldn't wait too long," Hal said. "Somebody had better go find out if we can walk out of here."

"Every once in a while those trees go over," Bunny said nervously.

"Two of us would be better than one," Malden said. "Hollis, let's us go take a look. If we find a good way to higher ground, I can go on ahead and get help, and you can come back here and lead them on out to the highway."

"Doesn't it make more sense to wait it out right here?" Hollis asked.

"The water is coming up," Hal said. "Suppose it gets to be six feet deep here, with a current from the Gulf. The sills under this place are rotten. If it shifts off the foundation it's going to roll, and if it rolls, it's going to collapse like a house of cards."

"Okay, okay," Hollis said without enthusiasm. "So we duck the trees."

"I'll get on a car radio and see what I can find out," Hal said.

They went into the larger room and explained to the three women what they were going to do. Betty Hollis was alarmed. She objected to Bunny's going. He quieted her.

When they went outside, Hal was awed by the new ferocity of the wind. The Cadillac was closer than the Plymouth. He saw it had a radio aerial. And he remembered leaving the keys in it. He caught the door handle as the wind tried to push him away. He got in and shut the door. The water was coming up the road from both directions. It was no longer possible to tell where the bridges had been. He watched Malden and Hollis. They moved slowly with the wind, heading due east toward where the highway should be. They were soon out of sight in the brush. Hal turned on the radio and waited for it to warm up.

Betty Hollis stared at the closed door after Bunny had left with the other two men. She hurried to the window, but she could not see them. The direction was wrong.

She felt that somehow the magic was being taken away from her. If only there had been more time, just the two of them together. Then perhaps she could have learned all the ways to bind him to her so he would never leave.

She knew that she could never have or keep the things she most wanted. Even from the very beginning, when all of childhood and young girlhood seemed to be compressed into one unending scene—where she walked alone down a street while all the others watched from steps and porches, scornfully amused by the soft awkward body, the rhythmless stride. There goes the Oldbern girl.

She had known from as early as she could remember that she was not the sort of girl Daddy wanted. Not the kind of girl he had hoped for. The brown, sunny, laughing ones. The girls who could do things and talk to anyone in the bright, pert way she had never been able to manage. When she had tried to imitate those girls, people had looked at her so peculiarly that she had wanted to run and hide from all the world.

That was why Daddy had sent her away, of course. To all those far-away schools. It was something you had to accept. You weren't what was wanted, what had been expected, and so you had to go away. And she had sent back the very best marks she could—and the medals she earned with those marks. It was a small gift, but the only one she could give.

Eating was a part of it, too. Only lately had she begun to understand how that was so much a part of it. Eating had been the only fun. Pastries and chocolate and fudge and starches, with the soft pounds adding higher and higher, and then you knew you didn't have to worry about men or marriage because, in the intense pleasure of eating, you had made yourself so gross. And the slim girl you were in your heart was hidden and safe, underneath the wabbling pounds.

But you had never expected to fall in love. Certainly not in love with anyone as magical and unattainable as Bunny. And you could never understand how you acquired the courage to start taking the tennis lessons from him.

It had happened all of a sudden.

It was a still, hot day, and she was at the club under an umbrella eating a sundae and watching Bunny teach two brown boys of thirteen. She noticed absently that day that he seemed like a nice man. So patient and anxious to have the kids learn. She was aware of him, but not specifically aware. Then he sent both boys to the far court and volleyed with them. And she saw how he moved like a big blond cat, saw the line of his back and the shape of his shoulders and the way his head was set on the round strong column of his neck.

She looked at him and felt the rising of a strange warmth within her, a slow stirring that she had never felt before. She had had crushes, but they were not like this. And then she saw the absurdity of her position. Fat girl in the umbrella shade going all sticky over the tennis instructor at the club. He was so old. He must be nearly thirty.

Making the appointment for lessons later on was by far the bravest and boldest thing she had ever done. He had played a few games with her to find out how well she could play. And then he had called her, panting, up to the net. His smile took the sting out of his words. "I think I can help your game, but I have to be rude to you, Miss Oldbern. The first exercise I am going to give you is pushing yourself away from the table before dessert. That will help your game more than anything."

He could have said anything to her without offending her. She was in the first stage of worship.

She took many lessons. She worked on her weight. Sometimes they talked. It was a long time before she overcame her painful shyness of him. Then she could talk almost naturally, telling him about herself and her nineteen years. He seemed gentle and thoughtful. He told her how he had lived for his thirty-three years. Fourteen years' difference in age didn't seem so much if you said it quickly. When she was fifty he would be only sixty-four; they would *both* be old, then.

When it turned cold, the lessons were given on the indoor courts. Her days were filled by him. There was

nothing else worth thinking about. She adored him. She could not tell him of her love. It was too ridiculous. He would laugh. This was another of the things in life she would never have. But it was good to dream about for a little time.

On one gray November day after a lesson, he turned out the court lights, and they walked toward the door. The building was empty. She clumsily dropped her racket. They both bent to pick it up. They straightened up, close together. She was without breath or will when he put his hands on her shoulders and pulled her close and kissed her. From far away she heard the racket fall to the floor again.

Within the next month they began to talk cautiously of marriage. She was not a fool. There had been all the usual family warnings about fortune hunters. She knew the need of caution. She would not have the right of decision until she was twenty-one. She knew the world was full of men who would pretend love in order to win that much money. And she knew Bunny was one of those. But she did not care. If that was the price, it was a price she would gladly pay.

She appraised herself dispassionately. Lumpy figure, still too heavy after all the reducing. Nondescript face. A quick, clear intelligence that was somehow always defeated when it came to putting thoughts into words. Nothing there for Bunny. Except the money. And all the money could not buy a return of the love she felt for him. And even all the money did not add up to a fair exchange. She felt grateful to him for providing this oblique chance at life. And, of course, it was the only way the money would ever be of any use to her.

They waited until she had passed twenty-one. The family blunted all weapons against her passive determination. On her wedding day she was down to one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. The softness was gone, but the remaining excess was firm, durable, discouraging.

She had made her bargain and accepted a marriage where the love was only on one side. But she had not known about the magic. She had not known that the magic could transform her until she could almost believe herself worthy of love. And he seemed to be in love with her. She flowered in that warm light and could almost come to believe herself beautiful. She pushed the cool skepticism back into a remote corner of her mind. That skepticism which said Bunny was earning a great deal of money and was at least honorable enough to play the part of husband with as much sincerity as he could muster. As she came to believe that he could love her as a person, as the Betty he had married, there came a new confidence. She knew the confidence had an effect on her walk, her talk, the way she carried herself. And for the first time the quick mind grasped the awkward handles of speech, and she could be wry and funny and make him laugh.

She was becoming Betty Hollis, and Betty Oldbern was someone unpleasant who had existed in a faraway, unpleasant world, someone dead and not worthy of grief. A fat, stupid, awkward one, wolfing pastries, talking dully, winning tiny gold medals for excellence in French composition.

And she had forgotten what she had originally known: Bunny would stay with her for just so long and then there would be some sort of "arrangement"—some amicable separation and an allowance for him which, out of gratitude, she would make generous. And then she could settle back into the lethargy of the soft thickening flesh.

There should have been more time to be alone with him. More time to make him in some small way dependent on her. Now the closeness was fading. Her claim was losing its strength. He had no need of her, no real need. The money, yes. But not her. Ever since it had become clear to them that they were trapped here, he had been distracted from her, absent-minded with her. When they had seen the dreadful fall of the tree that had smashed the little man, she had cried out and drawn close to him and taken his hand. But there had been no answering pressure in his hand. And when he had looked at her, he had seemed a stranger to her. Later when they had stood by the window, she had drawn his arm around her waist, but it had merely rested there, weight without closeness or emotion.

She looked across the dim room at Virginia Sherrel. As the woman talked to the child called Jan, her face was tilted so that it caught the yellow-gray light, and her face was luminous and lovely. Betty looked at the woman without envy, with a feeling of hopelessness. Here was a woman who in body, face and poise was a far better match for Bunny. They were both of that alien race of the highly endowed. The other women Bunny had known had been like that, Betty imagined. And that was the sort of woman he would go back to, one day. The day after she inevitably lost him. And the long painful process of losing him seemed to have started on this day. . . .

Flagan gathered himself and stood up slowly. He looked around dully, as though awakening from sleep. The three women and the children looked at him. He looked at the three women in turn and chose Virginia Sherrel to address himself to. "Where'd they go, honey?"

"The other men? They went to find a way back to the road."

He pursed his lips, nodded judiciously. "Good idea. Sorry about your car, honey. What's your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Sherrel. And being sorry isn't going to be quite enough, Mr. Flagan."

"Who told you my name?"

Virginia Sherrel stood up and took a step toward him. "Mr. Himbermark told us your name."

Flagan looked at her appraisingly, approvingly. "Charlie zigged when he shoulda zagged. Don't worry about your car, honey."

"What do you plan to do about it? I lost my clothes, everything."

He shrugged. "You got comprehensive, haven't you? Let the insurance take care of the car. I'll pay for the other stuff."

Virginia Sherrel lifted her chin and spoke clearly above the wind whine. "I don't think you understand, Mr. Flagan. You assaulted me physically in front of witnesses. You dragged me out of my car, knocked me down and drove my car into the river."

He grinned at her. "And Johnny Flagan has to pay for that, too? You got a lot of spirit. I like that. Honey, I did what I had to do. And I got set back a little. Johnny Flagan always gets these little setbacks, and he always comes out of it. Now I'm going to be on my way because I've got places to go and things to do."

Betty Hollis watched the man curiously. There was too much bluster. And his eyes didn't match the smile and the confident voice. His eyes were afraid.

Virginia Sherrel said, "I want your address. I'll want to give it to my lawyers."

Johnny Flagan checked again on the money in his pocket. "Lady, you just copy down the license number on my Cad. Give that to your lawyers. They can trace me. It's my car. That way they earn their money."

Betty Hollis watched Virginia's face, and she saw that the woman was furiously angry. It was as though emotions had been constrained for a long time and were now breaking free.

"How do I know that's your car? Who do you think you are?"

"Just simple old Johnny Flagan," he said and turned toward the door. Virginia Sherrel took quick long strides and caught at his arm. He wrenched free, his red face almost purple. As the door opened behind him, he flicked the back of his hand across her face. She staggered back, her eyes wide with shock.

Hal Dorn came in just as Flagan struck the woman. He grabbed the heavy man's shoulder and wrenched him around. "What's going on here?" he yelled.

Flagan in his youth had been a brawler, a squat bull of a man. The softened muscles were still heavy, and as quick as they needed to be. Quick enough to club Dorn solidly in the ribs and follow it up with a heavy fist against the side of the neck. Dorn fell and both children began to scream with fear. As Dorn struggled to get up, Flagan moved quickly around him to get out the door, but met Malden coming in, Bunny Hollis right behind him. Flagan tried to shove by him. Malden saw Dorn trying to get up. He thrust Flagan violently back into the room. Flagan made the mistake of trying to hit him.

Dorn got to his feet just in time to see Flagan swing a ponderous fist at Steve Malden. Hal Dorn felt dazed, slightly ill and enormously angry. He couldn't remember a time when he had been as angry. His lean muscles had been toughened by the warehouse labor. His hands were hard, and he wanted to feel the impact of his fists against the red face of Flagan.

It seemed to him the final indignity that he should be knocked down so readily in front of Jean and the kids by a man twenty years older, a man with a big belly. The incident seemed to underline and italicize the final months of defeat. He stumbled forward, ignoring the great ache in his left side, intent on helping Malden sudue the man.

But Malden needed no help. Malden didn't fight the man. It was not at all like a fight. Malden merely walked Flagan back against the wall, punishing the man deftly, coldly, mercilessly, as he moved him back, hurting him with hands, elbows, knees, roughing him up in a quiet and highly professional manner that ended when Flagan stood against the wall whimpering with each exhalation, the thin sound nearly lost in an increased roar of wind.

Malden looked at the others. "What's it about?" Mrs. Dorn stood by her husband, talking to him in a low tone. Bunny Hollis was standing by his bride, holding her hand.

Virginia Sherrel told him.

Malden turned back to Flagan, patted his pockets lightly, deftly lifted a thick manila envelope out of the inside jacket pocket. Flagan made a wild grab for the envelope. Malden put a hand against his chest and pushed him forcibly back against the wall.

"Hold it!"

"That's mine. You can't take that."

"Shut up, Flagan." He opened the envelope, looked at the thick pad of soaked bills. He did not change expression. He folded the packet once, compressed it between his hands, put it in his hip pocket.

"You got to give that back! I got to have it back. I've got to go now, and I got to take that along."

"You're not going anyplace."

Flagan gathered himself with an effort. His manner changed. He was no longer frantic. There was something almost pleasant about his smile. He spoke loudly enough to include all of them in the conversation. "Okay. I know I've got some explanations to make. I've been a damn fool. I guess this storm is getting me down. Here. Here's my wallet. Open it and take a look at some of the identification, friend. Among other things, I'm a banker. I'm on my way to Georgia. There's a . . . a deadline in getting that cash up there. It's important to me and a lot of other people. I got off on the wrong foot. I didn't mean to be so rough on the lady, but I thought I could get across before that bridge sagged any more, and there just wasn't time to explain to her. You can see that, can't you? When she grabbed me, I lost my head, I guess. I've always had a bad temper. It's a terrible burden to me. I do things I'm ashamed of. Now give it back like a good fella, and I'll be on my way. You can look at those cards. They'll tell you who I am."

Malden handed the wallet back. "They tell who John Flagan is. You're not going anywhere."

"You can't take it. That's theft!"

"I'll keep it until we can get this straightened out. Listen, Flagan. We're on an island. It's getting smaller by the minute. This house is on the highest point of land. You can't tell anymore where the old river channels were. Unless you can swim like an otter and duck trees and branches, you're staying right here."

Flagan's voice became more shrill. "But I got to get out of here. I'm John Flagan."

"A respectable banker. You try to steal cars and knock women down, and you carry all the bank's funds in your pocket."

"But just ask Charl . . ."

Flagan stopped abruptly and closed his eyes and seemed to dwindle. His mouth worked. He pushed himself away from the wall and walked to the doorway that opened into the next room. His face was set in an odd expression, the corners of his mouth pulled down. Hal Dorn suddenly realized he had seen the same expression on Stevie's face when Stevie was trying with all his might not to cry.

The children had quieted down. Jean said to him, "Come on, darling. Come and sit down."

"I'm all right," he said irritably. But he let her lead him over to the corner. He sat on the blankets near the children. Jean sat beside him. The children stared at him.

"I bet, after you got up, you could have hit him maybe a hundred million times," Stevie said. "I bet you were going to beat him to a pulp."

Hal looked at the tear tracks on his son's face and saw the tremor of the underlip. "To a bloody pulp," he agreed wearily.

"Hush, honey," Jean said to Stevie.

"I bet he was going to," Stevie said loyally.

"That man hit your Daddy when your Daddy didn't expect it, that's all. He's a bad man."

Hal moved his head gingerly. His neck was beginning

to stiffen. The time of command was over. It had been short. Now Malden was in charge. Hal was willing to accept that. His own brief moments of decision had been like the last touch of flame in a dying fire. Even Stevie had sensed the defeat, the resignation. And was trying to fight against it with loyalty and love. When the loss of faith came to a man, sharp and unexpected and bitter, it permeated to every part of him. And Hal sat gray and sour with self-loathing, knowing that he had deliberately taken longer than necessary to get back onto his feet. It had been self-doubt that had kept him down and a fear of the pain those heavy fists could inflict. Yet pride had insisted that he make the struggle to stand up.

Stevie said, "I bet you could have just hit that old . . ."

"Shut up!" Hal yelled at him. He saw the tears come and stand on the long lashes, and he looked away.

Malden and Virginia Sherrel came over. The Hollis couple moved closer. Malden squatted on his heels and said, "Get anything on the radio?"

Hal nodded. "It's bad. Local stations are using emergency power. Long lists of places that should be evacuated. The hurricane is pushing flood tides ahead of it. It is going to hit this part of the coast about four o'clock they think."

"Hollis and I didn't get very far," Malden said. "It's rough out there. Water is spread all over the flats. No telling how far it is to the highway. Wind knocked us down I don't know how many times. Big branches sailing by. Hollis nearly got one on the head." He paused as though waiting for Hal to make a suggestion, then said, "I guess we ought to cart the stuff upstairs. And get any flashlights out of the cars. Put what food we got in a pool. Try to do something about drinking water. There's some kind of a big tank out back."

Hal nodded. Malden stood up.

Jean Dorn sat on the blankets with her husband and her children and listened to the sound of the wind. It was a rhythm that could not be predicted. There were moments when it seemed to die, only to return stronger than before. The hard gusts came more frequently, and now there were times when it blew steadily for long seconds. The bolted shutters on the rear of the house shuddered and banged.

She wanted to touch Hal, to give him some kind of comfort. During the first hour they had been trapped in this place he had come out of his apathy and had seemed to her to be more alive than at any time during the past year. As in the days when his had been the strength she had leaned upon. Now the demand was upon her strength, and yet she could not give of herself to him. She knew she had to wait and hope and love him.

Far back in the misty simple beginnings of mankind, man killed meat with lusty swing of stone axe. With club and spear he fed himself and his family, and he built the fire that filled the mouth of the cave and kept the night creatures away. The weak ones and the fearful ones could not and did not survive.

Jean sensed that Hal's defeat was as elemental as though it had happened a million years ago. She traced the analogy. He had been a good hunter in his own country. Then he had trekked to another land and found the game more scarce. He had hunted tirelessly, with all possible concentration of cunning. They had brought food with them, but, overconfident of success, they had eaten their supplies too rapidly. So the new land had defeated him before he had had time to learn the game paths, the new hunter's tricks essential in this new place. So now they must trek back to the land they knew.

But the hunter felt that hand and eye had lost their cunning. He could resent these other mouths he must feed. He would equate them with his own survival.

On the way back they ran into trouble. And the hunter forgot for a time his uncertainty about himself, and responded instinctively with manliness and decision. Until an older man felled him too easily. Then he related this defeat to the defeat in the new land. He felt small and unworthy and inept.

Unless he could regain his pride and his confidence, the return home would do them little good, because the animals in the familiar region were also dangerous.

She shook her head to clear it of the odd dream, half amused at herself, and half depressed to tears. She looked at Hal's thin, strong hands and slumped shoulders and wanted to touch him, to impart some of her own useless strength. These were not the years of club and fang, but the basic desires and emotions were the same. He had been unable to conceal his defeat from her. She had watched it. So this, too, could be a part of his resentment, because he felt shame.

He looked at her, his expression wooden. He patted Stevie clumsily on the shoulder. "Sorry I yelled at you."

"Okay," Stevie said with rigid dignity.

Hal stood up. "I got to help with the stuff."

She smiled at him and nodded. He went to help Malden and Hollis carry the luggage upstairs.

Virginia Sherrel went over to the window while the three men were carrying the luggage upstairs. She looked out at the storm through a crack in the heavy old blind. She could not see much—a tumult of waving branches, a scud of low dark cloud. She looked out at the storm and thought about Steve Malden. So intently was she thinking of him that she was utterly unprepared for the sound of his voice close behind her. The storm sounds had smothered his footsteps.

"How does your face feel?" he asked.

She turned, startled. "I . . . He didn't hit me very hard, really."

"The corner of your mouth looks swollen."

"I think there's a little cut inside. But just a little one."

"If he's what he claims to be . . ." He glanced around and then moved closer to her in order to be able to speak more quietly. ". . . you'll be paid for your car. I think he may be what he says he is, but I also think there's something funny going on. Maybe he was taking off with bank money. If he was, he got a bad break."

She frowned. "But that little man—Mr. Himbermark—he didn't look like a partner in crime."

"Sometimes they don't."

She tilted her head to one side and looked up at him. "You handled Mr. Flagan very easily. I suppose you're a policeman."

"I was once. I suppose I still am, in a way."

"I didn't guess that until I watched you with him. Usually I'm good at guessing about people. I suppose policemen have to have that knack too.

She was handling the conversation as carefully as she could. She did not care to sound as inane as she had when she had talked to him previously.

She had been aware of him since the moment when, picking herself up from the mud of the road, she had seen

him go without hesitation into the swollen river to rescue the man who had taken her car. At that time her awareness had been overshadowed by the numbing sense of loss she had felt when she had seen the convertible topple so slowly into the water. She had never felt very strongly about possessions. There was within her no need to have things and tightly hold them. It was not that she was careless with the things she owned. She merely felt that the attitude which places a high value on possessions is in itself a sort of trap.

And so she had not been prepared for her own reaction to the shock of seeing the car go. It was—surprisingly—like a second bereavement. After analyzing her own feelings she knew that she was not as healed of the loss of David as she had supposed. The car had been purchased on their last happy day together, and that was important even though David's cheer had been forced, almost manic. He had touched it, had driven it down here. In a curious way it seemed an extension of him, more symbolically important than even his ashes in the box in the trunk compartment. By now the trunk would be filled with water, and the cardboard would be melted, the tissue paper sodden. Yet the bronze box itself was tightly made, close fitting. It would be dry inside the box.

After that shock came an anger stronger than any she had ever felt before. She had stood braced against the wind and had watched Malden—she had not known his name then—bring the man ashore. Anger made her legs weak and her hands tremble. She had clenched her teeth so tightly her ears rang. She had wanted to scream and kick. She knew that it was more than anger. . . . It was the release from the withdrawn silence, the sick loneliness of the past few weeks, and the heartbreak of the past year. Tensions had built up a pressure that required all her strength of will to restrain.

As she had watched the near-drowning, the artificial respiration, she had become more aware of Malden. The other two men seemed excited. There had been no excitement on the still face of the big man who had performed the actual rescue, and she had stared at him intently, almost rudely, her anger fading as curiosity grew. She thought it might be the childish pose of a self-styled stoic, but there had been no revealing glint of excitement in the somber eyes. He had acted as though the incident were of little importance, yet in crisis he had been the one who had moved quickly and correctly.

It was not the same look of deadness David had worn before taking his lonely and inexplicable trip. David had withdrawn. This expression had a certain dignity about it. The body could comply while the mind was untouched, the emotions sealed away.

In his stillness she felt a challenge to her which heightened her own awareness of him, her curiosity about him. He was big and strong and dark and too self-composed. Her awareness was unfamiliar to her. She told herself wryly that this reaction was more suitable to a teen-ager.

Later, after she had changed, she had made a very clumsy attempt to talk to him. Usually she was poised and glib when she tried to talk to strangers. But his very somberness seemed to make her awkward.

They stood just inside the open door of the house. "I . . . I guess you must have seen the tree fall on that man."

"Yes. I saw it." He took a ruined pack of cigarettes out of the pocket of his soaked sport shirt and threw them out the doorway.

"Have one of mine. They stayed dry for some reason."

"Thanks." He took a cigarette and her lighter, lit both their cigarettes and handed the lighter back. His voice was deep and as mechanical as his expression, barely audible above the wind.

"I'm Mrs. Sherrel. Virginia Sherrel."

"Steve Malden."

"That must have been a horrible thing to see. And you say you saw it."

"Yes."

She had not felt during the first conversation that he was being deliberately difficult. He just didn't seem to care to make the effort to carry on a conversation with her. Few men had ever reacted to her that way.

She kept trying. "I thought at first this could be . . . well, sort of exciting. You know. Marooned here and waiting out the storm. Then that man took my car, and then that tree . . . It changes the whole thing. It makes it more . . . grim."

She realized that she was babbling . . . babbling in a strained overanxious fashion and, what was worse, talking inanely. She stopped abruptly.

"See what you mean," he had said and nodded and gone over to talk to Dorn, leaving her with heated cheeks and a feeling of inadequacy. She had told herself then that the man was not worth talking to. He probably had an I.Q. of seventy to go with those muscles. It would be better to stop being so ridiculously girlish and go help Mrs. Dorn with the kids.

Now, after the violent episode with Flagan, here was a chance to talk to him again, and it was a conversation that he had started. That, in itself, was a minor advantage, and she intended to maintain it and definitely refrain from babbling. She did not want him to think her a fool.

He considered her question about whether the police had to be good at making correct guesses about people.

"It isn't essential. But it's a help. The best help is to have a very good memory for faces and then spend a lot of time with the mug shots."

She looked at his shirt. It was still soaked. Nothing would dry in this humid, ominous air. She said, "Aren't you going to change? You must be uncomfortable."

"I'm going back out in a few minutes."

"Why?"

For the first time he looked slightly vulnerable, a very little bit uncomfortable. "I've never seen one of these before. It used to be . . . a hobby. That was a long time ago. Meteorology. Usual gadgets. Wind velocity, rainfall, aneroid barometer."

"Could I come with you?" she heard herself say. She flushed. She thought, how can I be so ridiculous? Such a forward, obnoxious female!

He shrugged again. "Come along."

When he opened the door, so much wind was moving through the house that it almost pulled the knob out of his hand. Outside, the force of the wind was more violent than before. When they passed the corner of the house, the wind staggered her. He caught her strongly by the upper arm and hurried her over to the protection of the Cadillac. They stood beside it, looking west through a wide gap in the trees. All the sky was a strange, dark, coppery color. Long cloud banks moved swiftly toward them. Her eyelashes were pushed back against her eyelids, and her black hair snapped against the nape of her neck. When she parted her lips, the wind blew into her mouth, puffing her cheeks. The very violence of it was somehow exhilarating. She wanted to laugh aloud.

He bent a trifle and put his mouth close to her ear and half shouted: "See the highest clouds? Alto-stratus and alto-cumulus, with clear spaces between. Moving east. They radiate out from the eye. Now see the low stuff? It's moving northeast. That puts us in the bad quadrant, where you get the worst turbulence. This is a small one. But rough. The eye won't be more than four or five miles wide and it ought to be off about that direction." He pointed slightly northwest. "And not too far off the coast. Those cloud ridges will go up seven or eight miles. And here comes another rain squall. Better get in the car."

The first wind-driven drops stung her face. They got

in, and she slid over under the wheel. The rain struck so violently it sounded like hail against the side of the car. The car rocked with the push of the wind. With the windows rolled up, they did not have to shout so loudly.

"Is this the worst?" she asked.

He half smiled. It was the first smile she had seen. It changed the rugged face and made him, for a moment, look almost boyish.

"You'll know when the worst comes."

"Don't scare me. I didn't know wind could blow this hard."

"These gusts are around sixty miles an hour. Some of them go up to seventy. We can get them over a hundred. And we probably will."

"How about the house? Will it . . ."

"I don't know. I don't think so. I checked it a little. The beams are big and they're cypress. That stuff never rots. The frame looks okay. I don't know how well the roof is tied down. We might lose part of it or all of it."

It suddenly became much darker. A blue-white flash startled her. The crack of thunder was loud.

She forced a smile. "Is it . . . supposed to do that too?"

"Sure. It has everything. Electrical disturbances, tornadoes. I wish we were going to see the eye. In the eye it's flat calm with a blue sky overhead. There'll probably be a lot of birds trapped in the eye. Terns, gulls, ospreys—the good fliers."

The windows began to steam and Malden opened a rear window a crack on the windward side, turning the key and using the control buttons. The wind whistled into the car and the mistiness faded away. He took a fresh pack of cigarettes from the pocket of the damp shirt, gave her one.

"Could you have got out of here when you went off with Hollis?" she asked.

"I guess so. Maybe a little swimming."

"Why didn't you? And send help back."

"No help is going to try to get in here until after this thing is over."

"But you could have got to higher ground."

"I guess so. But I had to stay with Hollis."

"Why?"

"He was all right for a while. Then a big limb nearly got him. It threw water twenty feet in the air before the wind blew the water away. He tried to move off to the side and went into a hole. Then a tree went over, not anywhere near as close as the limb was, and then a granddaddy rattler came swimming along and . . . well, he blew up. You can't blame people for that. Some can take one kind of thing, and some can take another. He's okay. It just wasn't his day. I had to slap him some, and he came out of it and was so damned ashamed of himself he wouldn't even look at me. He was okay from then on, but I didn't want to send him back alone, just in case. To make up for blowing up the way he did, he was starting to get crazy reckless."

"He looked odd when he came back."

"It makes you stop and think about yourself."

"Did you ever . . . blow up at anything?"

He stared at her. "Sure. Who hasn't? When I was a rookie cop. I had to check a warehouse. We were on patrol, and we thought we saw a light. My partner took one door. I went in the other. Black as pitch in there. I kept hearing things. No matter where I'd put the light I kept hearing them behind me. I tightened up. When I heard a sort of a click, I took off. Went back down the stairs in the dark at a full run. Fell and got up running. Lost my gun, banged my nose up. They rode me for a month or so and then eased up. Everybody has a bad day."

He turned on the car radio. The voices of the eager professional newscasters were gone from the air; these were different, the slow, strained tones of quiet men doing a civic job, with faulty diction and plenty of mispronunciations: ". . . says for the cars not to go any farther than Citrus Avenue. We got a report it's deep down there below Citrus. Anybody that's willing, we want a house-to-house check along Peru and Lychee. Get those folks out of there, any that's still left, and herd them on up to the cars at Davis Square above Citrus. Anybody that's hurt, we're getting a setup working at the high-school gym. Any doctors and nurses and first-aid people not already busy, go on over there, too. If you can, take along any drugs and bandages and stuff you figure you'll need. Now I got a report on Shelter Key. . . ."

Malden turned from station to station. There was no news, only the tired, quiet voices of men working to save lives in their own communities. The small violent electrical disturbances in the area blocked out the more distant stations.

Malden turned off the radio.

"It makes it . . . too real," Virginia said.

"It's real," he said. "They're catching hell along the coast. This was the one they didn't want."

"My mother is going to be absolutely frantic," she said. "Is somebody going to be worrying about you?"

He shook his head and looked uncomfortable. She wished the question hadn't sounded so obvious. She hadn't meant it that way. It seemed to be impossible to talk to this man without putting her foot in her mouth. To cover up the error, she began to talk quickly, changing the subject, and realized to her chagrin that she was babbling again. "I was so dull about guessing about you, being a police officer and all, I wonder what you'd guess about me. I mean just to sort of see how you go about adding people up. Professionally."

He looked directly at her. The animation with which he had told her about the storm was gone. He looked at her without friendliness and without interest.

"All right. You've got enough money. You don't work. You've been lying on a beach, working on your tan. You introduced yourself as Mrs. Sherrel. You talked about your mother worrying, not your husband. Your car had New York plates. You don't wear a wedding ring. So I add it up. You came down here to shuck a husband. Get a nice tan and a divorce and some fun, all in one package."

She looked down at her hands locked in her lap. "I asked for that."

"What? I didn't hear you."

"I asked for that."

"I . . . I guess I'm sorry I made it so blunt, Mrs. Sherrel. I was rude."

She looked at him and tried to smile. "You were rude. And you were wrong. But I've been acting like the sort of article that would fit your snappy little word-picture."

"Wrong?"

"I have been working. On a marriage. It needed work, but I guess I wasn't skilled enough. I'm going back and get a job. He came down here alone, in that car. Now I can't say this without sounding too terribly dramatic, and I don't even know if I can say it without crying. He came down here and killed himself, for no reason that anybody will ever be able to find out. I had him cremated. The ashes are in that car. The rings are in that car, in my purse. A very nice diamond engagement ring and a plain platinum band. See how dramatic it sounds? Everything I try to say to you comes out all wrong."

He seemed to look at her, look at her directly and see her for the first time. "I guess I was a damn' fool, Mrs. Sherrel. I see so many. . . ."

"Of those women? I was giving a good imitation. So I can't blame you. I think I'll go back in the house."

She turned and worked the latch and tried to open the car door. She thought at first it was locked. Then she realized it was held closed by the force of the wind. She tried again and gave up and turned quickly back to him

and said, "I can't even work up a good exit line. Darn it, Steve, I'm not really this stupid. I'm not!"

He looked at her, and she looked so angry that it amused him. He grinned and then he laughed. She joined him. The storm gave their laughter a thin edge of nervousness, but it felt good to laugh. He could not remember the last time he had laughed this way.

"I guess we'd both better go back in, Virginia. Ginny?"

"It used to be Ginny, long ago. I used to despise the name. Now it sounds sort of good. But probably too young for me. Oh, there I go again. That sounds like I was fishing. I wasn't."

He opened the car door and stepped out into water that came over his shoe tops. He looked and saw that the water, unnoticed, had crept to the bottom of the three steps to the door of the house.

He leaned close and shouted, "Better take off your sandals and roll up those dungarees. Water's coming up faster. I'd carry you, but I couldn't be sure of my balance in the wind."

She slipped off her sandals and rolled up the dungarees. He held her by the arm and hurried her to the shelter of the house. She stepped heavily on a sharp stone and winced. In the relative shelter of the house, he put his lips close to her ear and said, "It's going to get a lot rougher. When it does, I'll be near. Stay close to those kids. I'm going to stay out here a minute and see if I can measure how fast this water is coming in." He dipped some up and tasted it, spat it out. "Brine. This is coming right up from the Gulf."

She turned to go in, and he caught her arm. "Can you swim well?" She hesitated, nodded. "Good. See that stand of trees there? If . . . if the house should go, and the water was six feet deep, think you could swim over to there with one of the kids? The little girl? Those trees won't go over and they look easy to climb."

He watched her closely. She moistened her lips and looked carefully at the distance. She didn't panic. "I could do that."

"You probably won't have to."

"I can do it if I have to."

She went in. The water had reached the piling at the corner of the house. He estimated and made three marks with a stone, about an inch apart. He leaned his back against the house and waited. He could feel the trembling of the house as the wind pawed it. He thought about the Sherrel woman. Damned bad guess. Thought her as empty as all the others. Good-looking woman. Strong shoulders and good hips and legs. Carries herself well. Dorothy used to walk with that look of proudness. Looks right at you. So did Dorothy. Thought it was an affectation, but maybe that's the way she really is. It's a good look. It closes out the rest of the world.

He waited and thought about her, and he knew it had been a very long time since he had thought about a woman in that way. He wondered how bad the storm would get and wondered how she would react. He worried about her. He hoped she'd come through it okay.

And then a slow expression of wonder spread itself across his face. In some odd way in the last few minutes they had talked, she had become important to him. He wanted to see her after this was all over. He wanted to be in some quiet place with her where they could talk of many things and not have to shout over the wind—a quiet place with a soft light on her face.

He applied the test he had used on others. Would Dorothy have had her for a friend? This one—yes.

Virginia Sherrel passed that test quickly and easily.

The marks were obscured. He checked the time on his waterproof watch and was shocked to see how quickly it had happened. One and a half steps were under water.

CHAPTER 8

A half hour later the water was two feet deep in the first floor of the house and rising rapidly. They had all moved upstairs. It was much darker. And noisier. Only three of the four small bedrooms could be used. The wind had ripped the shutters away from the single window in one bedroom. An instant later, the dusty glass had been exploded into the room. Malden had shut the door to the hall against the thrust of the wind. It creaked and protested, and the latch chattered.

The Dorns, Virginia and Malden were in one tiny room. The Hollis couple were in another. Flagan sat alone in the third.

Jean Dorn listened to the wind. It had changed in character. It was steadier, less intermittent and the sound had moved up the scale another half-octave. Within the constant screaming, she could hear various soft, lost sounds—thumpings and crashings and flappings, as though there was some great sad tethered animal outside which fought dully for release. The tumult of the hurricane had quieted the children. They stayed very close to her. Stevie's eyes were wide and round, and his body was tense within her encircling arm. Conversation was impossible.

Jean watched Hal. He sat with lowered head, a silhouette against the faint light that came through the window. He had not spoken since they had come upstairs. He waited with a dull patience that was not at all like him. She watched him and was sick at heart.

Malden got up and left the room. Jean guessed that he was going down the stairway to check the water level. Hal did not seem to notice his departure. Jean felt a twinge of exasperation. In that moment Hal's withdrawal seemed not so much dramatic and understandable as childish. He seemed to her to be sulking. And she found that she resented the unfairness of it. She was left to comfort the children alone, and his strange manner added to the children's fear and complicated her own task. She felt for the first time that Hal was indulging himself in this passive mood of defeat.

Bunny and Betty Hollis sat closely, side by side in the small bedroom. It was becoming incredibly noisy. A puff of wind inside the house had blown their door shut, and it had not seemed necessary to open it again. The shutters were a better fit in this room, and it was so dark that Betty could barely make out the paler area of his face when she turned inside his arm to look up at him.

Ever since Bunny had come back in from the exploratory hike with Malden, he had acted strangely. Betty could not adjust to his new mood. She could not decide whether she liked it or not. It did not make her more insecure, but it puzzled her. There was a solemnity about him. He did not want to talk. At first she thought her heart would break, because it seemed this was the first step she had anticipated, the first move toward his inevitable denial of her. But he seemed to want to be close to her, to touch her, to hold her hand, to have his arm around her.

The solemnity baffled her. He had never been like this. He had been gay, bantering, never completely serious. Sometimes she had resented his lightness of mood because it

seemed to place a lower value on her love. But she had learned to play their game on his terms, and when she needed the indulgence of tears, she turned them away with a joke in his pattern.

The next prolonged push of the wind was so strong that the house seemed to move, to shift slightly and to take on a barely perceptible but ominous tilt. She felt his arm tighten around her and then slowly, cautiously, relax.

He put his lips close to her ear.

". . . tell you something."

"What?"

". . . fair not to. And it's hard to tell you. I don't know what will happen. Stay close to me. I want to help if things get bad. I . . . might not be able to."

"What's wrong?" she cried. "What's wrong, darling?"

His lips touched her ear when he spoke. "Never been very good about storms. Scared when I was a kid. Ashamed of it. Used to hide it. Figured I was over it. All over it. Then when I went out with him . . . Malden . . . I went all to pieces. Scared out of my wits. He had to cuff me out of it. No damn good to him or anybody. Glad it's dark here, or I couldn't even tell you. I want you to think I'm the greatest guy in the world. But I guess I'm not. You married a stinker, honey." In his last words there was a quavering attempt to regain the tone of banter.

She turned her face up and kissed the corner of his mouth and did not answer him.

". . . have to tell you a lot of things. Maybe to start cleaner. It was the money. You know that."

She nodded, knowing that if he could not see in the gloom, he could feel the motion of her head. She could not trust herself to speak.

"It was the money. Now it isn't the money. That's why I'm so scared. Nothing must happen to you."

Again the breathless nod, trying to tell him that she understood. She felt tremulous, poised on the very edge of happiness. And the great fury of the storm had no meaning to her.

She waited as long as she could and then, as he still tried to talk, to explain, she turned her whole body into his arms, her own arms lifting to hold him, hold him tightly, and she heard the single broken word . . . *love* . . . as she did so. She held him, and the tears ran unchecked, and she knew that in some miraculous way she had been permitted to find her place. At last she was important to one other human being. Important and needed, for herself alone. They were locked together in that embrace and in that awareness when the storm wrenched the roof off.

Steve Malden turned and looked up the stairs as the flashlight beam illuminated him, casting his shadow on the dark water in front of him. He sat halfway up the staircase, the water reaching the stair below where his feet rested, and nearly five feet deep in the downstairs room.

When he saw that it was Virginia, he moved over, and she picked her way down and sat on the stair beside him. In the narrow stairway they were partially sealed away from the storm sound and conversation was easier than in the upstairs rooms.

"How is it now?" she asked.

"Not coming up as fast. It has more land to spread over. But listen to something. Listen for a kind of deep regular beat, like a pulse, under the other sounds."

"I heard that. What is it?"

"It's getting stronger. It's beginning to shake the house. It's the waves. The wind builds them up in that clear space behind the house, and they are breaking against it."

"Can they get very big?"

"The wind keeps them flat. But if they get too big, they're going to nudge this place right off the foundations."

"You're such a cheerful man. What then?"

"I don't know." He reached over and took her hand. She turned off the flashlight. "I don't know," he repeated. "What we want now is the heart of it. The bar cloud. Then we'll get a wind shift."

"The bar cloud? That sounds . . . scary."

"That's when we get peak wind velocity."

"It feels good to have my hand held, Steve. I have had my hand held in a hurricane, and I can assure everyone that it was very comforting. Now I had better get back up there."

"I'll come up when either the house starts to shift or the peak winds hit. We'll stick to the Dorn family. And get the Hollis couple in there. We'll do better if we stay close, I think. How is Dorn acting?"

"As if he were doped. I've tried to figure him out. Before it got too noisy to talk up there, I found out a few things from Jean Dorn. They moved to Florida because the little boy had asthma. They couldn't make out. So they have to go back. I guess it took the spirit out of Mr. Dorn. He had a pretty good job in the north."

"He was okay in the beginning. He seemed like a good one to have around."

"He acts stunned."

"Maybe Flagan tagged him harder than it looked."

She touched him lightly on the shoulder as she went up the stairs. Malden sat in the darkness. Every half minute he turned on his own light and looked at the water level. It seemed to be remaining almost constant. He thought of the drowned cars outside. All would be under water, with just the radio aerials showing, the dark water swirling around them.

He tilted his head and listened. He thought he could hear a distant screaming, hissing, rumbling that was drawing closer. The implication of force froze him for a moment. He got up hurriedly and went up the stairs, to the lesser gloom of the hallway. As he turned toward the room where the Dorns and Virginia were, something exploded against the back of his head, made a great white flash behind his eyes, and plummeted him into darkness.

Johnny Flagan knew that something had gone wrong inside his head. All his life, except during the bursts of crazy rage, there had been a compact machine in there, with oiled bearings, clever gears. He had once seen a picture of an electronic brain, and from that time on he had liked to believe that he had a smaller and more acute version hidden behind the bland façade of his reddened face. It was reliable and lightning-quick, weighing all of the factors involved in any problem and translating them into action so quickly that the decision in each case seemed to be the result of instinct.

The marvelous little machine made him a great deal of money, and he had grown to depend upon it, accepting instinctive judgments as the result of an instantaneous but judicious weighing of all factors.

Yet on this day something had happened to the clever machine. Some cog or gear had slipped out of alignment, and the machine had made bad decisions. He had acted on those decisions and, unlike all the other times, his position had been made worse rather than improved.

Take that business with the car. He ached to be able to go back in time and change his action. Better to have run across the sagging bridge, reached the far shore, plodded back to the highway and found the cop—and then bought a little co-operation from him. That was where the marvelous machine had started to go wrong. That was its first failure.

Then, after his recovery, with the help of the bourbon, from the shock of nearly drowning, and the lesser shock of seeing Charlie crushed to death, the machine had told him it was time to leave. Get out and find something to cling to and float across that water and get to high land.

But that time the decision had been blocked. It couldn't be blamed on the machine. It was his own temper that had

spoiled things, letting the woman get him mad, and then hitting that lean man who had spun him around. The big one had really roughed him up. There were dull aches all over his body where the muscles had been bruised. That wasn't important. It was important that the big one had taken the money, and thus destroyed the importance of getting out of this storm trap. The big man was going to make a fuss about the money, if they could get out of here. And he had held onto the money until the water became too high to make escape possible.

Faced with this problem, the clever machine, after the two bad decisions, became absolutely dead, inoperable. Johnny Flagan had moved in dulled obedience when he was told to go upstairs when the water began to come up through the holes in the rotted floor and spread across the downstairs rooms.

He could not face what would happen if the money was not replaced in time. It would be something too big to cover. He wouldn't be able to buy his way out; this would lead to investigation, disgrace and, almost certainly, a jail term. He could not permit himself to think of a jail term. That could not happen to Johnny Flagan.

The machine had died. It could give him no answers. So he sat alone and tried not to be afraid of the storm sounds and tried to use logic on the situation. He found it hard to keep his mind on the problem. It kept wandering off into faraway memories. He did not feel like himself. His confidence had gone.

Logic led him to the only possible course of action. He had to assume he would survive. And he also had to assume that he would reach some place where he could get a plane that would get him to the place where he had to be by noon tomorrow. Thus any action had to be taken on the basis of those two assumptions. The necessary action was to recover the money and, in so doing, take the big man out of the picture. And he did not quite see how the big man could be stopped this side of death. Murder was a frightening word. Yet if nobody survived, the murder would be meaningless. Even if they all survived, murder might be difficult to prove if murder could be made to look like the result of the storm. And if any small percentage of the group survived, proof would be increasingly more difficult.

He went over it again and again. The first step, the only possible step, was to regain the money that had been taken from him. Stolen from him, if you wanted to look at it that way.

The next problem was a weapon. The big man was too hard to handle without an effective weapon. Flagan began a slow and thoughtful search, and in the end he found a weapon far better than he had expected to find. There was a very tiny closet in the room. It had a clothes bar made of one-inch pipe. The pipe fitted into slots and lifted out easily. It was three feet long, too unwieldy if held at the end, but by holding it near the middle he found he could swing it quickly and powerfully.

After he had the weapon, he thought about the problem of survival. The closet door was sturdy. It looked as if it would float well. It would not, of course, support his weight, but he decided that by clinging to it, he could keep his head above water. His single window was on the south side of the house. He broke the hinge pins loose with the length of pipe and took the door off and put it near the window. He poked the glass out of the window and pried the shutters open just enough so that he could look down and see the surface of the water. It was about a nine-foot drop to the water. The current seemed to be moving very swiftly. He shuddered as he looked at it. He knew that when the moment came, if he hesitated, he would be unable to drop. It would have to be done quickly.

He opened the room door and went in search of Malden, the length of pipe held behind him in concealment, moving cautiously and on tiptoe like a fat greedy child playing an intricate game, oblivious to the storm sounds that would have covered his footsteps even had he walked heavily.

The stairway was directly ahead of him. He stopped as Malden came up out of the stairway, moving quickly. Malden turned in the other direction, not noticing him. Flagan took two quick steps and brought the pipe down on the back of the man's skull, striking heavily so that the pipe seemed to ring in his hands. Malden took a heavy step forward and pitched onto his face. Flagan knelt and dropped the pipe and worked the folded envelope out of Malden's hip pocket. He put it back in his own pocket and stood up, picking up the pipe. This time he grasped it by the end. He straddled the unconscious man. He raised the pipe.

Virginia Sherrel heard the new sound far off, an incredible sound half masked by the tumult of the winds. She had known that the air pressure had dropped. Now she felt the physical change as it dropped even further. She could not breathe deeply enough. The far-off sound grew in strength. It was a noise she could not have imagined. It sounded like a hundred low-flying jet planes, coming toward the house in formation. She could not believe that mere wind could make that sound. She saw Hal Dorn slowly lift his head and the glint of Jean Dorn's wide eyes in the fading light. She knew that when that horrid noise struck, she had to be with Steve Malden, close to the strength and bulk of him. She hurried to the door and turned toward the stairway. And she saw in the bright beam of her flashlight Malden stretched out on the floor, Flagan standing over him, club lifting to strike again.

Virginia screamed, but in that moment the scream was utterly lost as the violence of the winds of the bar cloud struck the house. The roof was wrenched away as though by an explosion, and in truth it had the characteristics of an explosion. The air inside the house exerted sudden pressure on the roof and the walls as the outside pressure dropped almost to tornado level. The roof was wrenched away, and the winds drove in upon them. Virginia and Flagan were thrown against the hallway wall. Shutters on the west side were blown inward as those on the east were exploded outward. She was forced against the wall, half kneeling, and the wind was a hand that held her there. She felt the house turn and shift, move and tilt dangerously and hold steady.

She slid down the wall until she lay near Steve. Then she worked her way over to him and half lay across him as if to shield him from the storm. She put her arm around him, and her fingertips touched his throat. She felt, under her fingertips, the slow, strong beat of his pulse.

She turned her head and saw Flagan moving down the hallway on his hands and knees, moving slowly. A part of the west wall was torn away as she watched, and the thick timber slammed into the plaster wall directly above Flagan and wedged there. He continued to crawl slowly, laboriously, back toward the room he had been in, across the hall from the Hollises.

Hal Dorn was on his feet when the roof was torn away. He was lifted by the wind and slammed against the wall two feet from the shuttered window. It blew out, shutters and all, in almost the same moment, and he knew that if he had been standing in a slightly different spot, he would have been carried through the window. He fell to the floor, stunned both by the shock of hitting the wall and by the very violence of the wind. The wind held his eyes shut, and when he opened his mouth, it was as though the wind would force his throat open. He sensed that he would have to reach the shelter of the opposite wall and wormed his way over to Jean. He knew that, no matter how loudly he yelled at her, she could not hear him. He pushed at her, motioning toward the far corner and catching Jan in the curve of his arm. Her mouth was wide open, eyes squeezed shut.

She was screaming in terror, but he could not hear her. Slowly, laboriously, in the odd saffron light, they worked their way across the small room to the single sheltering wall, and he tried not to think of what would happen if that wall, now unbraced by the roof, should be blown over. One of the blankets moved straight up, caught by a trick of the wind, made a slow uncanny loop, and then was flung out of sight over the east wall so quickly he could not follow it with his eye.

He pushed at Jean until he saw that she and the two children were in the safest part of the room. He crawled then to the doorway and wormed his way out into the hall. Malden was there, face down, the Sherrel woman shielding him. He pushed at her shoulder, caught hold of Malden's thick wrist, motioned to her. With great difficulty they rolled him onto his back. Virginia took one wrist and he took the other and, bit by bit, they tugged him along the five feet of hall to the doorway and through it, and placed him along the wall, his head near Jean and the children. Virginia crawled by Malden, sat near Jean, took Malden's head in her lap.

Hal looked at them and saw that he could do no more for them. Nothing could be done while the insane screaming of the peak winds lasted. He went back to the hallway. He realized he was getting very tired. Each movement required great effort. When he rested and looked up, he saw that the air over the house was not empty. Solid objects whirled by, too rapidly for him to make out what they were. At the far end of the hallway the west wall leaned inward, almost touching the east wall, making a sort of crude tent of the hallway. He crawled into the tent and felt the wind's strength lessen. The door of the Hollises' room was blown away. He worked his way through. And he saw that it was no longer a room. The roof was gone and the entire east wall of the room had been blown away. From the center of the room the floor sagged toward the drop. He saw the couple. They lay together, arms around each other, in the northwest corner of the room, the same relative place that, in the room Dorn had left, provided the greatest protection. They were huddled back in the corner and Hal could see the grim set of Hollis's jaw, the bloodless lips, the tautness of his arm around the girl. When Hollis turned his head slightly and saw Hal, his eyes widened. It was impossible to make them hear in the fury of the wind. Hal beckoned to them and pointed down the hall, trying to convey the idea to them that the other room was safer.

Bunny Hollis' young wife had turned so that Hal could see her face too, her expression. She looked calm, incongruously at peace, almost happy.

Hollis shook his head. The sagging floor looked dangerous. Even as Hall looked at it, it sagged further. The couple could not stay there. Yet Hal felt he did not want the responsibility of trying to help them. He was so wearied by the efforts he had already made that he wanted to close his eyes. And he wanted to go back, to be with Jean and the children.

In the very beginning, he had felt resolute, decisive. The blows from the fists of Flagan had thrown him back into an apathy greater than before. Now, stung into reluctant action by the appalling climax of the hurricane, he had crawled about like some slow disabled insect, thinking only of gathering all the others together so that each of them might have a greater chance. It had not been a calculated decision. It had been almost as instinctive as the way the frenzied ants gather the eggs from the shattered hill.

Yet now there was time to stop and time to think. He moved cautiously, trusting his weight to the sagging floor. He had no desire to move toward the trapped couple, yet he knew he would. He would move toward them, help them, get them out of this room.

Hollis made frantic motions for him to stay back, but Dorn ignored him. And as he moved so carefully, he felt within himself the rebirth of pride. Perhaps it was both trite and egocentric to think of it as manhood. Yet now he was doing a difficult and dangerous thing with no feeling of gratification of self. And it pleased him. It showed him that even defeat had its limitations. It could not destroy a man utterly.

By stretching as far as he could, and keeping his left hand on the door frame, he was able to reach the girl's ankle with his right hand. He tugged hard. Hollis resisted for a moment, and then began to help him. The girl turned carefully. They stopped as the floor sagged another foot.

She held his arm, and he worked his way back until she could reach the relative safety of the hallway. Dorn wormed his way back into the room to help Hollis. Still holding the door frame, he reached his right hand out. Hollis caught it. Just as Hal Dorn began to believe that they had made it, the floor sagged suddenly. It sagged to the level of the black moving water. Hollis slid down the incline, still holding Hal's hand and wrist in his two hands. The full strain came on Hal and he felt the creak of shoulder muscles, felt the strain in his left hand. He could see Hollis' strained face, see the flavor of panic in the man's eyes.

Hollis would not let go. He would take both of them. Then, as Hal's fingers began to slip, he felt the girl take his left wrist with surprising strength and he knew, without looking back, that she had somehow braced herself in the hallway. It gave Hollis enough time to get his toes against the slant of the wet flooring. With some of the strain taken off, and with Hollis helping as much as he could, they slowly brought him up to the doorway.

The three of them crawled back down the hallway. In the open space the wind buffeted them. The situation in the first room was unchanged. The children were all right. Malden was still unconscious. Virginia Sherrel seemed unaware of anyone else, unaware of the storm, aware only of the unconscious man. The Hollis couple sat side by side near Jean Dorn. Hal, sitting near Malden's legs looked at the small group and thought of how, under this direct and almost unbelievable onslaught of the elements, mankind reacted with something of the patient passiveness of cattle in a windswept field—finding what meager shelter there was and enduring as best they could.

It was at that moment that Hal remembered Flagan. He had not seemed to be a part of the group at any time. Yet Hal could not understand how he could have gone down that hallway after the Hollises and forgotten that Flagan was alone in the small room across from theirs.

Hal knew that, should he stay where he was and wait out the peak winds, no one would blame him. He could not be accused of anything. Yet there was a debt to be paid. The debt had been incurred when he had not got up from the floor as quickly as he was able, when he had felt the fear of more punishment from Flagan's heavy fists.

If this was to be rebirth, it could not be partial. If this was to be a reaffirmation of self, there could be no half-measures, no self-deceit. The responsibility could not be passed on to Malden. He moved quickly while the urge was fresh, and once again he fought against the dangerous strength of the wind until he reached the place where the half-collapsed wall gave partial protection. His progress was slower than before because he was nearing the limit of his physical endurance.

The door of Flagan's room was in the slanted section of hallway wall. He could not force it open until he lay on his back and braced his feet against the door and pushed with all the strength of his legs. The door broke free suddenly, was caught by the wind, vibrated, and then was torn from the hinges and whirled away, like a leaf torn from a tree.

He turned and looked into the ceilingless room, his eyes squinted against the hammering of the big winds. He looked and saw Flagan, just inside the door and slightly to his left. He could have reached out and touched Flagan's hand. He looked until he was certain, and then he turned away and began the laborious, torturous crawl back to the others. When the house moved slightly, he paused, as though listening. He tried not to think about Flagan. The two-by-four could have come from this house, but more probably it had come from afar, from some shack much nearer the water, much nearer the unimpeded sweep of the winds. It had been moving fast. It would have had to be traveling at high speed to drive the splintered end entirely through a man so heavy.

He crawled on. And as he crawled he tried to think of the next thing to do. Should the house go over, it would break up. If it broke up there would be pieces, maybe whole walls. Those would float. With enough strength, enough determination, he might make certain that his family stayed together, that his family survived.

He knew he was near the end of his strength, yet he was miraculously certain that, if more strength, if more endurance should be required, he would find some reserve. He would be able to do what had to be done.

His life in the past year had made him feel limited, inadequate, unable to compete. His life in the past forty minutes had taught him that there was more left than he had ever believed. In a crisis he could survive. In a crisis he could do more than survive. He hoped that there would be some way he could tell Jean of this so-important thing he had learned.

"This is Station WAKJ transmitting on stand-by power. The time is now 6:18. Hurricane Hilda intersected the West Coast of Florida at six o'clock at the mouth of the Suwanee River, moving in an east-northeast direction at approximately eight miles per hour . . .

"Up around Stephensville, Steinhatchee, Horseshoe, Cedar Key and Yankeetown the water is coming far inland. That is flat land up there. The water is many feet deep over Route 19 in places. As soon as the wind dies in that area, planes will be going in there to drop emergency supplies and effect helicopter rescues. The Red Cross will be standing by to go in there as soon as possible. . . .

"And here's a new report. A navy plane has bucked the heavy winds and followed the coastline all the way up. Visibility is good in the wake of the storm. The pilot reports that the water is so high and has come so far inland that he can't pick up the familiar landmarks. The whole coastline looks altered to him. Soon the tide will drop and we will start getting a runoff of all that water. . . ."

The great roaring, screaming winds faltered, changed. The scream dropped one octave, another. A sudden driving rain came. It came at first at a slant, but in the moments of heaviest rain, the wind died, and the rain came solidly down. It did not last long. Not over ten minutes. But it seemed to be the final unspeakable indignity as it drenched the occupants of the roofless bedroom. Then the rain left them, hurrying eastward, northward.

The silence was somehow as shocking to them as the noise of the storm. They sat huddled, drenched, miserable, exhausted by the buffeting of the winds, the great screaming sounds, the nervous strain and the emotional tensions. In the sudden incredible silence, they lifted their heads. The evening was growing brighter. They looked up. The last clouds scurried by and the sky changed to an evening blue. The placidity of the sky was like a taunt. They could hear nothing but the sound of the water that moved around the house, bubbling as cozily as the bow wave of a placid boat. Hal Dorn got to his feet as carefully, as tentatively as though he were convalescent from a long illness. He felt that when he spoke he should whisper. He looked at the children and at his wife. In the sudden release of tension the children's eyes were quite suddenly heavy with sleep.

Jean spoke and her voice sounded rusty and strange. "Maybe some of their things stayed dry in the bags. If I can find dry things, they can sleep."

Hal nodded and looked down at Virginia Sherrel's upturned face. "How is he?"

"He seems to be . . . stirring a little. But I think he's badly hurt. Flagan hit him with something. I saw him."

"Flagan?"

"I saw him do it. He should be arrested."

Hal looked down at her and shook his head. "He won't be. He's dead. I saw him."

Virginia closed her eyes, squeezed them tightly shut, and then opened them. "I . . . I tried to feel glad, but I can't. I certainly have no reason to wish him well . . . but . . . it's a horrible thing, no matter who it is, no matter what they've done. I. . . ."

"Who's dead, Dad?" Stevie demanded.

"Never mind, son. Don't think about it."

"The thing to think about," Bunny said, "is how soon we can get out of here. I think we're lucky." He stood up and looked squarely at Hal. "And I think Betty and I owe you for some of the luck. That was something, Mr. Dorn. Getting us out of there. I want to . . ."

"He's waking up!" Virginia said.

They looked at Malden. He opened unfocused eyes. He tried to sit up, and Virginia tried to restrain him. He looked at her and gave her a self-conscious grin and sat up. He fingered the back of his head and winced. He felt for the thick pad of money and found it gone.

Malden looked up at Dorn and Hollis. "Flagan?"

"Yes. She saw him."

"I came up the stairs when I heard the worst of it coming. The lights went out. It was a good one. My vision doesn't track right." He suddenly seemed to be listening. "Where did it all go?"

"It went fast," Hal said.

Malden got laboriously to his feet, put one hand against the wall in a moment of apparent dizziness. "And I miss the best part of it," he said.

"The *best* part?" Jean Dorn said. She had found dry clothing and was changing the almost-asleep Jan.

"Let me help," Betty Hollis said.

"Where is Flagan?" Malden demanded.

Hal told him, taking him aside, lowering his voice so that Stevie, who was still fighting sleep, could not hear. Malden pursed his lips, nodded and said he'd better go and try to get the money back anyway. Virginia remonstrated with him, telling Malden he was too badly hurt to be walking around. Hal saw the smile Malden gave her. It was an expression of affection, of reassurance.

Hal and Bunny Hollis walked into the hallway and across to the opposite room. They looked out where the window had been. Far to the west, through the trees still standing, they could see the deep evening blue of the Gulf. The lazy sun, smug as a pumpkin, slid down the western sky.

Hal looked down at the water. It moved placidly toward the Gulf. Twigs were carried westward. Current boiled behind the trees.

"Running off," Bunny said. "It had better not run too fast. This house is on quite a tilt—what's left of it."

"It should stay put now."

"What do we do next?"

Hal glanced at him and realized that Bunny was asking for orders, asking for the reassurance of being put to work. Hal waited for the familiar reluctance in his own mind, for the desire to avoid responsibility. It did not come. He felt both glad and humble.

"We don't know how badly hurt Malden is. We'll have to think of some way to signal to any search planes that may come by. I don't know how long the runoff will take to bring it down to where we can walk out. With some timbers from this house we may be able to figure a way to get us across the smaller branch of the river."

They talked together, and plans were devised. They went back to talk to the others.

It was almost noon on the following day when the truck dropped the weary, muddy and bedraggled group off at the emergency Red Cross installation at the main corners at Otter Creek. They had reached the highway at about eleven. The blocked bridge had been cleared. Work crews with chain saws had removed fallen trees from the highway. The group had walked out, with Hal carrying Jan, and Bunny carrying Stevie despite the small boy's indignant protests.

They were drugged by weariness. Hal had watched Jean in the truck that picked them up, had seen her eyes close and her head nod time after time. Each time she would awaken with a start and give him a tired apologetic smile. Malden sat stonily during the short trip, his forehead furrowed with the marks of pain from his blinding headache. And Hal saw that he held Virginia Sherrel's hand. They had not been far apart ever since the storm had ended.

Bunny and Betty Hollis sat closely together, and when the truck had stopped, and they had climbed down, and the driver had pointed out the tent where they should go and check in, Hal saw that Bunny and Betty walked hand-in-hand toward the tent.

The emergency area was crowded. There were people who walked endlessly back and forth across the area, their faces pale and strained as they searched endlessly, hopelessly for the lost ones. Hal detected the delicious scent of fresh coffee. There were nurses in gleaming white and doctors with a look of chronic exhaustion.

They were efficiently checked in. Hal spoke for the group and explained where they had been, where the cars were, and told of the two fatalities. Malden was taken away for medical attention.

Later, after the children had been fed and had gone willingly to sleep on army cots in the small tent assigned to the Dorns, Hal and Jean sat side by side on one of the other cots. The sun shining through the canvas filled the tent with soft golden light.

"I'm almost too tired to sleep," Jean said.

"You'll sleep, honey. You'll go off like falling down a well." They kept their voices low.

"We were so lucky, Hal. So terribly lucky. It . . . it makes all the other things seem so small."

He looked at her quickly, looked down again at his hands. "Maybe I'm too tired to say this right, Jeanie. But I think this is the time to say it. I . . . I acted like a whipped kid. And then I got myself into perspective. And something mended. Something healed."

She touched his hand almost shyly. "I know."

"The wrong things had got too important to me. You know, honey, it's a funny thing. I know right now, with perfect confidence, that I can go back up there and handle the job, whatever it may be. This shambles down here was just the result of a bad guess and some bad planning."

"Yes?" she said.

He looked at her and grinned. "You say that like a question. You always know when there's something else coming, don't you?"

"Long practice."

"Then here it is." He turned toward her with a quick, vibrant, boyish enthusiasm that touched her heart. "Let's dig in right here, in this area. There's no reason why we can't live in a trailer, is there, if it's big enough? There's going to be a lot of work down here. I felt too important for that warehouse deal. Now I don't feel that way any more. There's going to be a lot of rebuilding down here, a lot of people starting from scratch, and we can start right with them. I *know* it will work out. But I have to have you say that you think it's the right thing to do. If you think it would be better for us to go on back up . . ."

"Hal! Please, darling. It will be a lovely trailer. And all that . . . that other is over. As though you were just sick for a little while."

"And cured by a hurricane? There's a tired old expression about an ill wind. . . ." He stopped as she surrendered to a truly massive yawn. Long after she was asleep he stayed awake, thinking and planning. And reveling in the feeling of confidence that had been lost for so long.

. . . THE END

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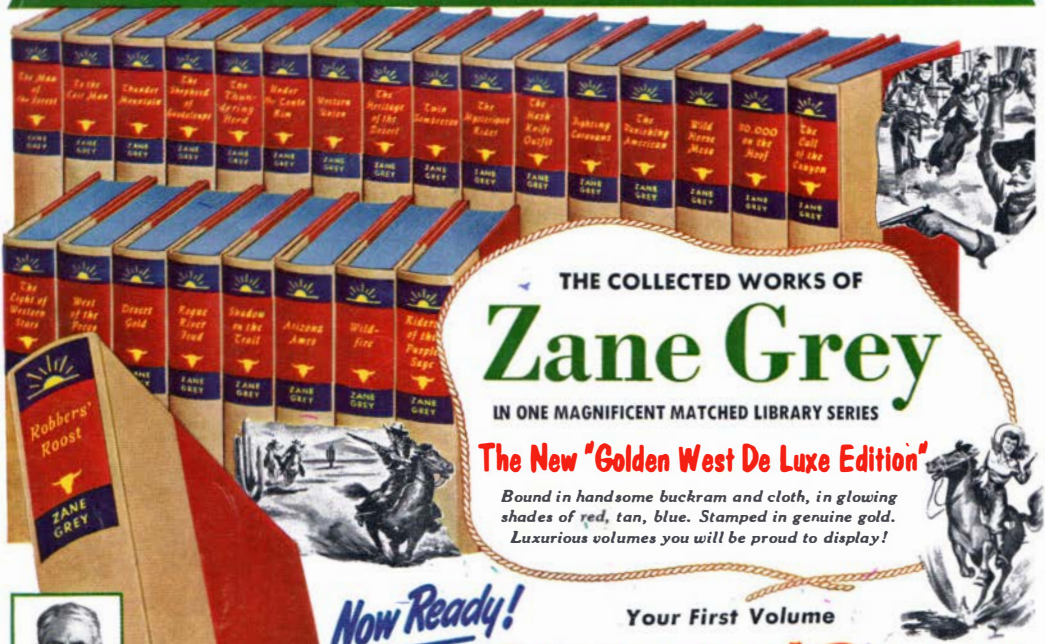

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