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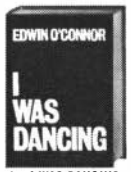

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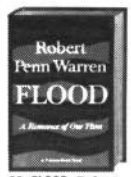

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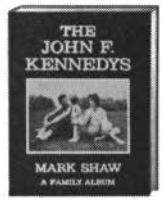

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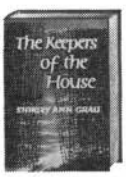

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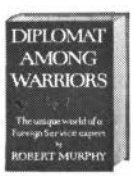

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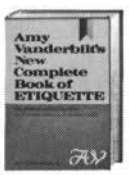

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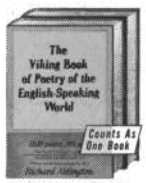

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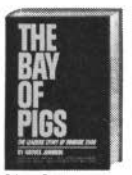

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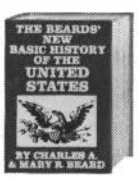

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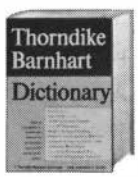

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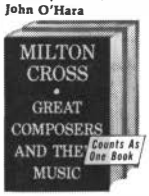

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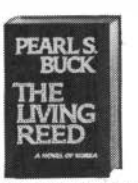

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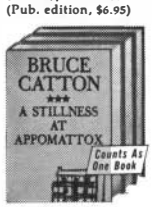

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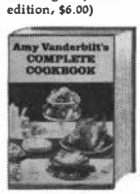

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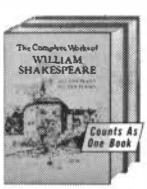

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REDBOOK

AUGUST 1964 • THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS • VOL. 123 NO. 4

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THE SHORT STORIES AND NOVELS 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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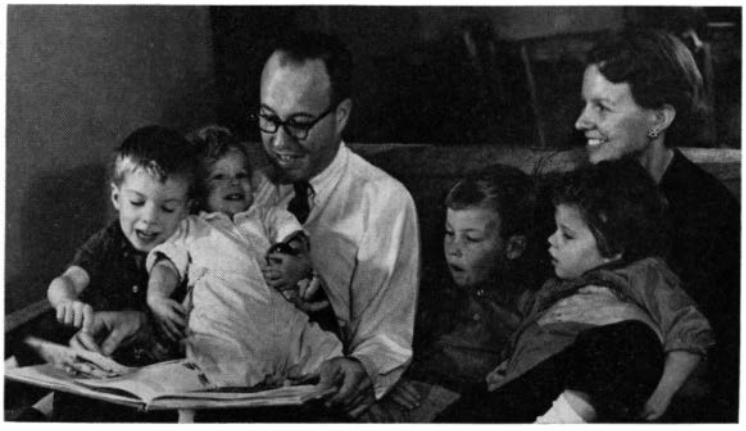
BETWEEN THE LINES

When Jean Todd Freeman *(below)* went off to camp at the age of 13, her mother's final warning was: "Look out for mosquitoes." In the curious way of creative people, she stashed that odd little nugget until recently, when she finished a story. Then she drew it out, fondled it and adapted it for her title. The story is not about a girls' camp. It's about a young woman who has made a habit of ducking the untried, and the author's point is that it is deadening to go through life trying to avoid new things, even mosquitoes. We should add there are no mosquitoes in the story either. Perhaps if you run through this paragraph again *after* reading "Look Out for Sharks" (page 48), our explanation of her creative process will be less confusing. Anyway, it's a fine story.

Miss Freeman always wanted to be a writer and didn't wait around just hoping. As a preschool child she organized story-writing contests among the neighborhood kids so she could win them. She sold her first story when she was in college (Mount Holyoke), and after graduation went to work for the magazine that bought it. This is the third story from her we've published since she started free-lancing just a little more than a year ago. She was born in Mississippi and it's still her emotional home, although she now lives in New York's Greenwich Village. She is an ardent horseback rider, has owned five horses, and would have one still except that where she lives horses are even more expensive to support than people.

One day Alvin Schwartz looked at all those little faces around him *(see below)* and thought: How do we keep them entertained? Who's going to teach them games and all the things we've forgotten? Although no one in the entire history of the world has ever *forgotten* how to ride a bicycle, even there (what with angelbars and banana seats) Mr. Schwartz felt a little insecure. Thus from anxiety came the idea for his article beginning on page 75—"A Parent's Guide to Childhood Pleasures." He did a lot of research among his own fond memories and elsewhere. The result will be helpful to anyone who admits to not knowing as much as he once did about the things children like to do. The book he has written, dealing more fully with the subject, will be published in January by Macmillan. Even if there were no money in this kind of work—and there is—all the Schwartzes would feel handsomely rewarded. In their house in Princeton, New Jersey, nobody ever sits around moping about what to do. Right now, in fact, the whole family is on a cross-country tour gathering material for another book—about sight-seeing with children.

—W.B.H.



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NO TRAPPED HOUSEWIVES HERE

A neighborhood baby-sitting exchange with a set of rules that really work has enriched our pocketbooks and our lives

A few years ago my husband Bob and I settled in an area we like to think of as one of the most interesting and scenic spots in America. The Tiburon Peninsula is a tiny finger of land that points out into San Francisco Bay from behind the Golden Gate Bridge. The land falls away into deep water, where white sails curtsy. There's a European flavor about the shops and houses clinging to the hills. And at night the lights of San Francisco wink across the water. A world of culture and fashion is only ten miles away.

But if you're the parents of small children and can't locate a baby sitter, those beckoning lights may as well be the lights of Bangkok or Istanbul—your possibility of enjoying an evening away from home is just as remote.

"We just *have* to do something about this baby-sitting problem," a few of my neighbors and I agreed over coffee one morning. We had made an accounting and found that nine families on our street alone used the two young teen-agers who were sometimes available for sitting.

"Linda Christopher is under contract to the Ramseys." A neighbor offered this information about the one college girl in the vicinity.

"Under contract?" We hooted. "What on earth does *that* mean?"

Because of the scarcity of sitters, the desperate Ramseys had agreed to pay the girl for every Saturday night whether or not they needed her.

Obtaining daytime care for children was less difficult. If I had a morning or afternoon date, I asked a neighbor to keep my children. My neighbors asked the same of me. But we were beginning to be embarrassed about relying on one another. "Please say no if you don't feel like it . . ." was my standard opening gambit when I phoned to beg a baby-sitter favor. And often, rather than bother anyone, we took our children on tiring and inappropriate expeditions. Or we stayed home.

"Let's hire a woman full time. We can all contribute to her salary." I made the suggestion in jest, but it was seriously considered.

"What would happen on weekends when we all had dates?"

"We could start one of those co-op baby-sitting clubs." (Later we couldn't remember who suggested this.)

"They don't work," someone stated flatly. "I had a friend who joined one, and instead of cooperating, the members ended up not even speaking."

"My cousin is in one and she raves about it," another neighbor countered. "She always has a sitter when she needs one."

"I read an article about a baby-sitting club in a fairly recent magazine," I volunteered. "I'll dig it out."

"I could look up sitting clubs in the library."

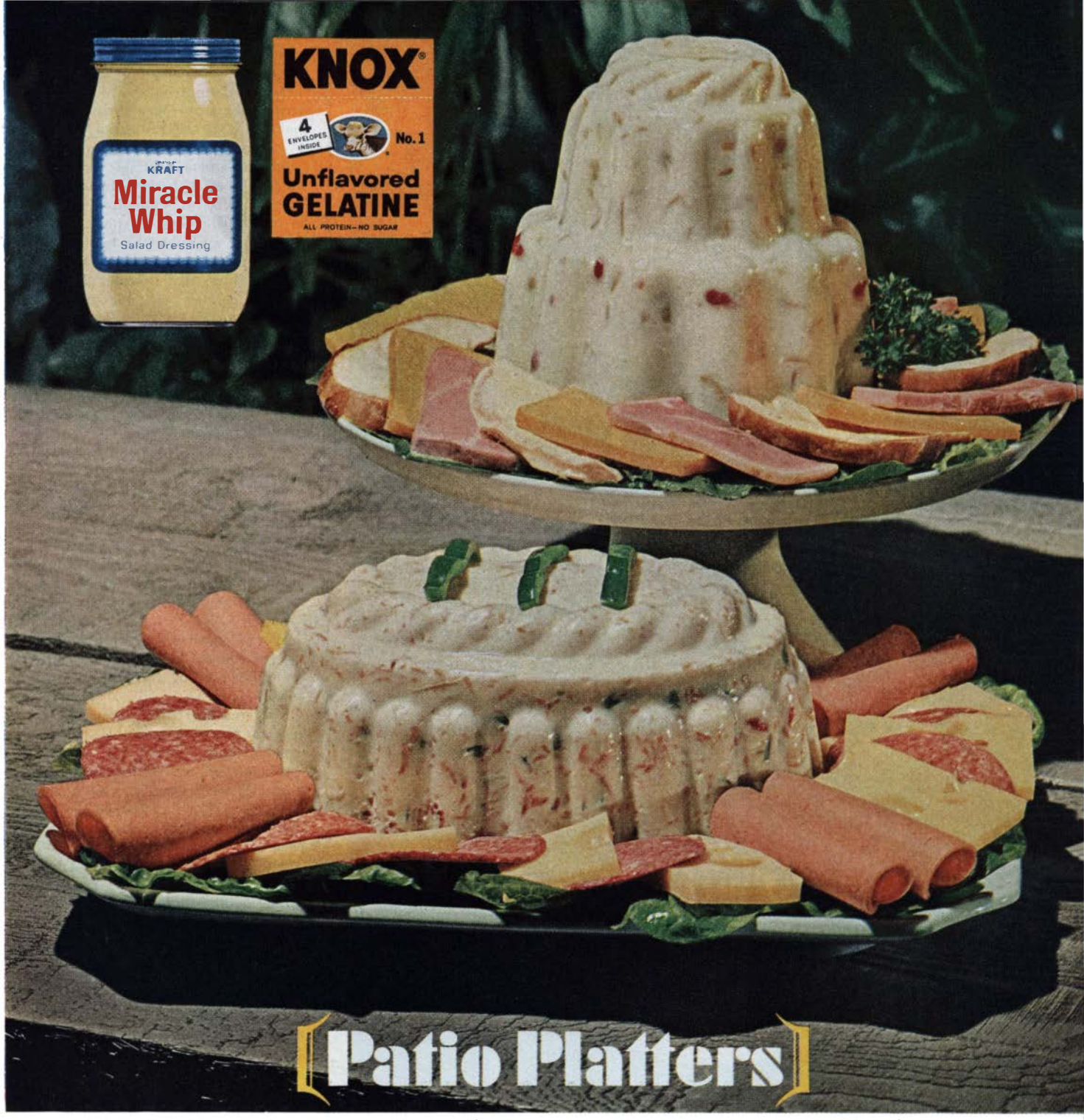
"I'll ask my cousin for a copy of the rules of her club."

"How do you start one?"

Two weeks later we were in business. Each of the nine members had been able to interest one other person in the idea. A more workable number of 25 families was easily obtained after the club got under way.

(Continued on page 8)

by Joann Rossio, Skokie, Illinois



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2 env. Knox Unflavored Gelatine
1 c. cold water
1 can (6 oz.) frozen lemonade concentrate
1 can (1 lb., 14 oz.) fruit cocktail
1 c. Miracle Whip

Sprinkle gelatine on water in saucepan. Stir constantly over low heat, about 3 min., till gelatine dissolves. Remove from heat. Add unthawed concentrate; stir till melted. Gradually blend fruit cocktail syrup into creamy-smooth Miracle Whip Salad Dressing; blend in lemonade mixture. Chill till mixture mounds when dropped from spoon. Fold in fruit; turn into 6-cup mold. Chill firm. Unmold. Garnish platter with salad greens. Serve with sliced ham, chicken or turkey and Kraft DeLuxe Slices. The unique flavor of these recipes is the result of Miracle Whip's gentle blend of spices—Knox Gelatine brings that true taste thru to you. Serves 6.

VEGETABLE PATIO PLATTER

3 env. Knox Unflavored Gelatine
1½ c. cold water
½ c. sugar
1 tsp. salt
½ c. ice water
⅓ c. vinegar
2 tbsps. lemon juice
1 c. Miracle Whip
1½ c. finely shredded cabbage
1½ c. chopped celery
1 c. grated carrot
½ c. diced green pepper
2 diced pimientos

Sprinkle gelatine on water in saucepan. Stir constantly over low heat, about 3 min., till gelatine dissolves. Remove from heat. Stir in sugar and salt. Add ice water; stir. Blend vinegar, lemon juice into Miracle Whip; blend in gelatine mixture. Chill till mixture mounds when dropped from spoon. Add remaining ingredients; turn into 6-cup mold. Chill firm. Unmold onto large serving platter, and serve with bologna, liverwurst and Kraft Natural Swiss. Serves 6.

At our first meeting we discussed the materials we had gathered on these clubs and decided which practices we'd adopt. We firmly agreed that the club—we preferred to call it an exchange—was not to be a social organization. At no time would any of us be indebted to any individual. Our obligation would be to contribute to the pool of sitting hours available for each member. Gone forever would be the guilt feeling that usually accompanied asking a long-suffering neighbor to sit!

We elected a membership chairman and a secretary. The secretary's bookkeeping job is the most important one in a sitting exchange, and for her work each month she receives one free hour of sitting from each member. The secretary's time-consuming job is passed on to a different member each month.

From the beginning the exchange operated in a businesslike manner. All sitting time was reckoned in points—four points for each hour, or one point paid for every 15 minutes the "gadder" was away from home.

When I needed a sitter I phoned the secretary. "I need a sitter for Thursday evening from seven until ten," I might say.

The secretary then phoned members of the exchange until she located a mother who could come to my home and sit for me that evening. When I arrived home at ten o'clock on Thursday I owed the sitting exchange 12 points. (I had been away three hours.)

The next morning my sitter phoned the secretary and reported the 12 points she had earned sitting for me. In a ledger the secretary credited my sitter with 12 points and subtracted 12 points from my balance.

During the day, the "gadder" took her children to the sitter's home to play with the sitter's children. The points paid—four for each hour—were the same.

Each member received a mimeographed copy of the following rules:

A. The membership chairman
   1. Shall be elected once a year for the specific purpose of interviewing prospective members in their homes.
   2. Will approve or disapprove prospective members.
   3. Will take care of all complaints.
   4. Will conduct all meetings.

B. The secretary
   1. Will hold office for one month according to the alphabetical order of members.
   2. Has charge of all records and calls members for sitting.

Continued on page 10

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3. Balances the books before turning them over to the new secretary.
4. Will receive for her trouble four points a month from each member.
5. Will send out post cards at the end of the month notifying members of their hours of debit or credit. She will place on this card the name and phone number of the new secretary.

C. The gadder

1. Shall leave by the telephone a card giving vital information about the children, the doctor's phone number and the phone number at her destination, if possible.
2. Will have the children in night clothes ready for, or in, bed.
3. Will provide the sitter with a blanket, pillow, beverage and snack.
4. Can have no more than a 60-point debit.
5. Can use the exchange no more than two Saturday nights in a row without sitting a Saturday night.
6. Will ask husband to walk sitter to her car when she leaves.

D. The sitter

1. Will call in hours of credit to the secretary the day after the "sit."
2. Must find her own replacement if she cannot keep a scheduled date. (Contact the secretary to find out which sitters are most in need of points and most probably available.)
3. Must get permission from gadder if she wishes her husband to sit in her stead.

It sounds like an uncomplicated operation when set down in concise rules. That is exactly what we strove for. Our purpose was to obtain for ourselves a reliable source of baby sitting, and we accomplished it.

Of course, there are always a few pitfalls in any cooperative venture. I remember a discussion at one of our general meetings of the use of another person's home. Someone was upset because her sitter had cut out a dress pattern on the surface of her highly prized dining-room table. This problem was straightened out by our agreeing that the sitter should request permission for any unusual activity and should obtain clear instructions about where the activity was to be performed.

Gadders who don't come home on time can be bothersome. A teenager can usually sleep late in the morning after a late job, but a sitting mother must set to for her own family no matter how late she was out. We all feel free to sleep on the job when the gadder will be

Pour in Hunt'sauce and you pour in a pound of whole, ripe tomatoes simmered to a thick, smooth sauce —spiced just right. It's the modern way to cook with tomato!

STUFFED ROUND STEAK

4 slices bacon, diced
1 onion, chopped
1½ cups toasted bread cubes
2 Tablesp. minced parsley
½ teasp. celery salt ¼ teasp. sage
2 to 2½ lbs. thin round steak, cut into 5 portions
½ teasp. salt ⅛ teasp. pepper
1 cup bouillon
1 (8-oz.) can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
Minced parsley for garnish

To make stuffing, sauté bacon with onions. Mix in bread cubes, parsley, celery salt and sage. Sprinkle steak with salt and pepper. Spread each portion of steak with stuffing and roll up. Hold together with toothpicks. Place in large skillet. Pour bouillon over; cover and simmer for 1 hour. Pour on Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Replace cover and simmer another 45 minutes or until done. If gravy is too thin, cook uncovered until of desired consistency. Garnish with minced parsley. 5 servings.

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SUGGESTIONS
we hope prove helpful.
By Mrs. Stuart King

A few tips how to travel in peace with a family of children

Traveling in a car with a toddler and ages 5 and 7 isn't a problem to these parents since they worked out some family rules and plans to keep the children from getting over-tired and bored.

As comfort, while riding, is a key to lessen young travelers' fidgeting, we never dress our children for a trip in stiff, new clothes but in easy-fitting play clothes. And in the car, it adds to their comfort to let them take off their shoes.

▪ To keep short legs from dangling and getting restless, we use luggage to fill the back seat floor up to seat level and pad to give a flat surface station wagon effect. We take small pillows and blankets for nap time; picture books, crayons, big puzzles for amusement; cookies for that inevitable hungry-along-the-highway feeling.

▪ We let each child bring along his current "special favorite" toy which seems to vary each trip—none with sharp edges or points.

▪ The children generally play by themselves with little interest in each other. If they get bored, they may grab each other's things, start to "poke" and argue which can lead to tears and quarreling. But here we divert them with something from a sack of inexpensive surprises we carry in the front seat—always in 3-of-a-kind.

▪ As you know, children can sit still for just so long. So, we don't drive on until a child "can't wait any longer" but stop at least every two hours for rest-and-stretch. If it's where it's safe to run and play, maybe Daddy will open the car trunk and take out a ball, a jump rope or pull toy for Toddler.

▪ Spacing mealtimes before children get too hungry is also a way that helps all of you to travel in peace.

late. If she phones and says she will be still later, it can be irritating. Most of us come home when we say we will, but occasionally you'll hear a grumble about how terribly late So-and-so was the night before.

What could be the main difficulty with an exchange—personality problems with children—we simply try to avoid. If you find you cannot tolerate the behavior of a certain child, you simply do not sit for that family again. Our policy is that you do not have to give any reason if you do not choose to sit.

In the several years our club has been in existence we have had only one "problem mother"—a mother who managed to get herself 60 points in debt and then never seemed to be available for sitting herself. The chairman warned her several times, and finally she worked off her points.

On the whole, though, the system has worked wonderfully. Not only has it provided us with an efficient baby-sitting arrangement; but there are fringe benefits as well.

I became aware of one of these extra advantages the first time I used an exchange sitter. My four-year-old was recovering from measles and we were scheduled for an important dinner engagement with my husband's boss. My sitter urged us to keep the date despite my concern. After all, the sitter had twice as much measles experience as I—she was the mother of four! I spent a worry-free evening because of the wealth of experience my sitter brought to the job.

Other members of the group testify to this same feeling of confidence when out for an evening. There's no need to worry if the baby wakes up demanding a bottle. Each sitter has warmed more bottles than we care to count.

Not having to pay a sitter encourages us to go many places we might pass by if there were going to be a big hill at the end of the evening. With an exchange mother available, a night at the movies came back within the limits of our budget.

Solitary library trips devoted to browsing in the adult books rather than searching out the latest Dr. Seuss have become possible. The glorious freedom of grocery shopping without two little ones poking at the tomatoes in a shopping cart is now my usual procedure. A leisurely lunch at Fisherman's Wharf need not be ruled out for lack of a sitter.

After organizing the exchange, several mothers enrolled in adult-education classes. One member is taking piano lessons and a would-be painter in the group has picked up

her brushes and oils again. She simply takes her two tots to a member's house and returns home to enjoy painting for an hour or two. This mother, like all of us, is willing to pay for this privilege with her own sitting time, and by so doing she has pushed her horizons beyond the nursery walls.

What about the children? They're as enthusiastic as we are! I find that when I am caring for other children I am consciously more pleasant and attentive. And I plan the afternoon's activities better. One mother in the group often takes visiting children and her own to a playground. My children beg to go to the "park mother."

And the husbands are getting in the act too. Some fathers sit quite regularly, while others choose to stay aloof from such activity. Recently I overheard my husband relating his sitting experience to a friend.

"You leave the confusion of bathtime in your own house and walk into a house where the children are usually in bed. Your hostess points out the fresh pot of coffee and the dessert. There's a blanket and pillow laid out, a pile of unread magazines and a darkened TV screen. Peace—it's wonderful! I look forward to sitting every so often so I can get my monthly reports done!" Judging from our friend's expression, the idea may really catch on.

There's no doubt about it; participating in a cooperative baby-sitting exchange has changed our lives. The welfare of our children is still of paramount importance to us, but now there is also time and a way for us to fulfill some of our adult needs. There isn't one "trapped housewife" in 25 around here. We've found out we don't have to be.

My husband has been transferred to the Midwest since I began this article. His assignment is temporary and we leased our house in California for a short while. Even so, I am considering organizing a sitting exchange here. We can hardly get along without it.

THE END

HOW TO SUBMIT YOUR STORY

REDBOOK will pay $500 for each young mother's story accepted for publication. Please send your manuscript (1,000 to 2,000 words), accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to: "Young Mother's Story," REDBOOK Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

BY MARGARET MEAD

Time to Reflect, Time to Feel

Is it the lack of time, or the abuse of it, that robs so many lives of dimension and meaning?

What are people going to do with so much leisure time—when it comes? This is a question thoughtful Americans ask as they read about the shortened workday, the shortened workweek, the shortened work year, earlier retirement. Granted, they themselves may know exactly what they would like to do with an extra ten hours a week. It is other people they are thinking about. But the question still expresses a doubt. Don't most people lack the resources to use more leisure time? Isn't it better, safer, for their hours to be filled with pressing, necessary tasks?

Most people will agree that there is little leisure now. They don't ever have time to do the things they want to do. This is particularly true of busy mothers. But it is also true of the men who spend tiring hours driving to work and home again on a crowded highway, the men who work long into the evening on a second job to support their families. It is true of high-school students who are trying to study and keep up with extracurricular activities and of married college students who are trying to combine studying with family life and, often, paid work besides. People complain about having no time. People want more leisure. But is it leisure to *do* more things that we really want?

There is a perpetual sense of crowding in our daily lives. Events involving millions of people are reported in the headlines of newspapers or they are accorded two minutes on a television roundup of news from Washington, Rome, New Delhi. And the next day they are replaced by other headlines, other news reports. And personal life is crowded. Events follow upon one another so fast that there is little time to reflect on what has just happened or to daydream about events we are waiting for—a summer vacation, the day a child returns home from college, the day when the house will hold only two because the children will be away for a whole month. Yet life is meager if it is lived only by the moment. Events caught on the fly and cast away lose their meaning. Experience becomes flat and two-dimensional—like the snapshots that catch a baby's step but not his stumbling progress across the room, or the slides fixing forever the views seen in the ten European countries visited in one six-week holiday, or the picture of the bride smiling in her wedding dress, untouched and unsoftened by the memories that retrospectively give that moment its poignancy.

There are two expressions—"Give yourself time to . . ." and "Take time to . . ."—which suggest that people have a private store of time or a fund of time, like money in a savings bank, on which they can draw if they want to, which they can use in an emergency. And these expressions, like the folk wisdom lying back of the warnings people give one another—"Take it easy," "Keep your shirt on"—point to a need in American life, to a lack we dimly feel when we complain about the lack of leisure.

For what we lack is not so much leisure to *do* as time to reflect and time to feel. What we seldom "take" is time to experience the things that have happened, the things that are happening, the things that are still ahead of us: going away from home for the first time, moving, starting the first child off to school, working into a new job, having a baby, having another baby, living through an accident or an operation, going on a long journey, getting married, helping to plan a brother's or a

sister's marriage, deciding to retire, taking a foreign student to live in the house, taking in the child of a sick friend or neighbor, recovering from a fire or a flood or a bereavement, resolving a quarrel, coming into an unexpected inheritance. These are the events out of which poetry is made and fiction is written, but even in fiction and in poetry they become meaningful to us to the extent that we ourselves have experienced some of them and have had a chance to absorb what we have experienced.

There are several areas of our personal lives today in which we fail to "take time." One of these is marriage. Increasingly, young people are marrying over a weekend and returning on Monday to school or work, with the promise of a "nice long trip" sometime—next summer or next year. There are many reasons for these hurried weddings, but the central fact is that honeymoons—trips away from the familiar, where the newly married pair can be relatively alone—are going out. Yet getting married is an extraordinarily important moment in life, a time to be savored, prolonged, deeply experienced. Honeymoons are not always blissful—but then, neither is marriage. And no matter how casual or intimate the premarital relation has been, the experience of sitting down to a first meal face to face with the man or woman with whom one's life is to be shared, the experience of arranging one's personal belongings side by side with a husband's or a wife's, the decision as to which bed—or which side of the bed—belongs to each, is dazzlingly new. Putting all these experiences together requires time, time that can be shared fully by the two who are living through all that is new.

Another set of occasions to which we give too little time clusters around the birth of a baby. Very often today the mother prides herself on working right up to the last day, giving herself no time to live with the image of what the awaited baby will be like. Then in just a few days she comes home from the hospital to plunge into life as usual—plus the baby—instead of growing slowly into a world that now includes three people, not two. Even more important are the succeeding births, each of which is different from the one before because each involves a different family group that waits for and then discovers and begins to live with the new baby.

By taking slowly and savoring fully the days before the arrival

of the newcomer, mothers—and fathers too—help the older children to absorb the whole experience. And when the newest baby is brought home, if life is not immediately bounced back to normal but instead moves a little more slowly around the new mother and the new baby—a fascinating combination for the older children—this gives the older children a chance to discover and play at their new places in the family—no longer "the baby" but the middle one, no longer "the older" but the oldest one. It gives the whole family a chance to discover how *this* baby moves, and the children time to discover the unpleasing facts that a new baby has no teeth and can't talk and to watch how its small fingers and toes curl and uncurl. Too often even the mother who has taken time to enjoy the prospect and the reality of a first baby later just fits the others into a niche that is stretched to hold them, forgetting that the experience is new to the older child, that each arrival is different and deserving of as much time for daydreaming and feeling and reflecting.

Mourning is another area of our lives in which today we do not take time. Mourning has become unfashionable in the United States. The bereaved are supposed to pull themselves together as quickly as possible and to reweave the torn fabric of life. The reasons for this attitude are not hard to trace. We have lived through wars in which our young men went away hale and hearty and smart in their new uniforms; if they died, they died far away, and relatives and friends were cut off from the familiar, traditional rites of mourning. The age of death is constantly rising and few young children learn about death gradually, as an event that affects now one home and now another, closer at hand and farther away. And above all, with our general sense of optimism we prefer those who keep their chins up and do not burden others with their loss and grief. So we do not allow for quiet in the hours immediately following a bereavement, when time is needed to absorb the shock, free from the pressures of the world; nor do we allow for the weeks and months during which a loss is realized—a beautiful word that suggests the transmutation of the strange into something that is one's own.

The slow pace of national participation in President Kennedy's funeral rites moved and helped Americans partly because the cer-

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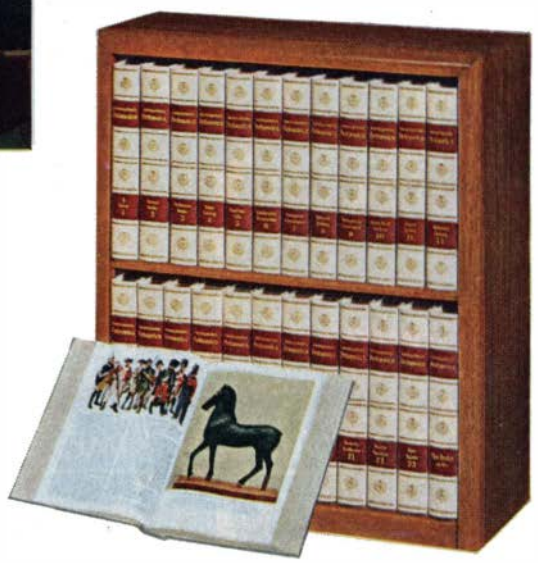

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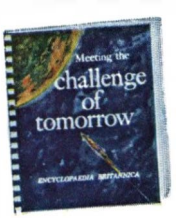

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emonies of parting did take time. Television viewers were taken step by step, literally, as they followed the solemn cortege to Arlington. And when that long weekend was over, people had moved in their grief as the events themselves had moved—slowly, with time on their side.

Snapshots and slides hastily made and hastily glanced at tend to overcondense experience. Home movies—like the television replication of a real event—come closer to pacing participation in life. A film of a child's first steps, rerun intermittently after the same child can walk and run and roller-skate and dance, keeps feeling alive. Parents watching these first steps again with a stalwart, seven-year-old, two-wheeler rider beside them feel differently from the way they did when the baby, crowing with delight, stumbled and fell with a thud and got to his feet again. And the child himself re-experiences in tranquillity what he was too young to assimilate as he tumbled and got up again a long six years ago. In home movies we do have one device to hold old experience close and to relive it in a new setting.

But while a film can keep the past alive, it cannot help us take time to think and dream and fantasy about events that have not yet happened. Nor can film give us a way of experiencing more fully events as they happen or of stretching out moments until feeling and action match. In old Russia, when people were going on a journey those who were ready to go, cloaked and booted, and those who were remaining behind sat together for a long, precious, silent and apprehending moment before they separated. And in the days when people crossed oceans only on ships, there was the long moment when the passengers on deck and their friends ashore were still linked by bright paper streamers until at last, with a slow movement out of its dockside berth, the ship swung away and the streamers snapped.

Leisure opens the door to many things. Most often Americans think of what they would *do* with freer hours, days or weeks. If we gave ourselves and our children and our friends more time to feel and reflect, we would worry less about how people will use their leisure. For part of that leisure would be filled with anticipating, part with experiencing, part with remembering the things we do.

THE END

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

There's been a romping big change at our house. We were blessed with a darling baby boy. We named him Patrick Glenn Harvey. He was born on April 20, 1964, at 3:23 P.M. He weighed 7 pounds, 10 ounces and measured 20 inches. And to spoil him in the years to come, his proud parents, Paul and Susan Harvey

While sewing fancy rompers for my baby's layette I thought of making miniature rompers as announcements. My newspaperman husband printed the announcements on Pellon, which is sewed between blue denim and clear plastic. The rompers are complete with handkerchief pocket in the back, elasticized back, snap fasteners and gun.

Mrs. Susan Ann Harvey
Ventura, California

Redbook will pay $50 for each baby announcement used. The announcements must be original and must be submitted by parents or adoptive parents within six months of the date of birth or the date of adoption. (Adopted children may not be more than one year old.) The announcements must have been actually used to announce the birth or the adoption of the baby, and cannot be returned or acknowledged.

Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Published announcements become the property of McCall Corporation, the publishers of Redbook.

NEW MOVIES

"Robin and the 7 Hoods." This film is perfect lighthearted entertainment for relief from warm weather—and cold weather too. It is the funniest picture made by Frank Sinatra and his pals Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Bing Crosby. Based on the old Robin Hood legend, the action takes place during prohibition days in Chicago, and its comedy and songs make it reminiscent of the brilliant *Guys and Dolls* musical. There is gang warfare, with victims buried in cornerstones of new buildings.

Robbo *(Frank Sinatra)* inadvertently becomes the benefactor of an orphans' home of which Allen A. Dale *(Bing Crosby)* is the secretary. In one of the funniest scenes, Robbo's place is instantly converted from a gambling house to a revival hall, with the gangsters piously singing as the cops arrive. *(Warners)*

"633 Squadron." Cliff Robertson and George Chakiris are the stars of this unpretentious but excellently made film about an incident in World War II. Robertson, as Roy Grant, is leader of an R.A.F. squadron, and Chakiris is Erik Bergman, a member of "Linge," the Norwegian underground. The only factory making fuel for the new German rockets is located at the end of a narrow fiord in Norway, and Grant's squadron is assigned to destroy it. Bergman is to advise them, but the time is desperately short and they have to practice on a Scottish mountain valley simulating the fiord conditions. The photography throughout the picture is magnificent and the supporting cast are most convincing as members of a vital unit. *(UA)*

"Marnie." Even though Sean Connery is not playing his usual role of James Bond in this latest Alfred Hitchcock film, he still has a mystery to solve. As Mark Rutland, a wealthy publisher, he falls in love with Marnie *(Tippi Hedren)*, knowing she has stolen money from a business associate. Marnie resents his advances but has to marry him or be exposed and sent to jail. Rutland is genuinely in love with her and wants to find out the reason for her compulsive stealing and her abnormal behavior—her violent reactions to anything red and to thunderstorms, and her fear of men. *(Universal)*

——FLORENCE SOMERS

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Vacation by the sea

"Once you get sand in your shoes, you'll always come back" is an old Atlantic City saying. Those who keep returning find the Atlantic Ocean is still there in all its moods; and there's still the wide, gently sloping beach, one of the finest in this hemisphere. But old and new visitors are amazed to find the New Jersey island full of new motels, motor inns and even a boatel (you dock your boat instead of parking your car). There are motels with swimming pools next to ice-skating rinks, swimming pools in the sky, pools under glass or plastic bubbles, and even a pool (outdoor) on top of a pool (indoor). Needless to say, since there are some 30,000 rooms and 400 restaurants, there are accommodations in every price range.

Incorporated in 1854 when the railroad service started, Atlantic City is on Absecon Island, originally used for cattle grazing. It can be reached by train, plane (Bader Field was the first commercial airport in the country), boat and by excellent highways and parkways. The 125-mile trip from New York takes about two and a half hours (toll for autos, $1.25; excellent bus service, about $6 round trip), and it will soon be possible to drive from Chicago to the resort without encountering a traffic light or intersection. A new ferry service from Cape May, New Jersey, to Lewes, Delaware, will connect the New Jersey Parkway with highways to the South; and an expressway, in addition to the Black Horse and White Horse pikes, is being built to handle traffic from the Philadelphia area.

Known as the World's Playground, Atlantic City offers opportunities for almost every kind of sports. A prime favorite of the visitors is the eight-mile beach, all of it free, on which 10 million played and bathed last summer. The boardwalk, which originally ran the length of the island but has been somewhat shortened by weather damage, is lined with shops, hotels, amusement piers and other entertainment. You can bicycle on it until 10 A.M., roll leisurely along it in a rolling chair, stroll along it while others watch you, and when you get tired, sit in a pavilion and watch the world go by. The first boardwalk was built to keep the tourists from tracking sand into the hotels; it was narrow and flexible and was rolled up in winter and stored in a barn. The famous salt-water taffy sold along the walk is supposed to be the result of sea water flooding a candy store and flavoring the taffy. It's a slightly romantic myth, but the taffy does have salt and water in its recipe.

There are 13 golf courses in the area and golf is played all year long. If fishing is your sport, there are deep-sea, surf-casting and plain hook-and-line, and all kinds of fishing tournaments. There's horseback riding on the beach in the winter, on wooded trails in the summer. The area provides all kinds of boating, with an excellent marina for private-boat owners, as well as water-skiing and skin diving. The Atlantic City Race Track season is in August and September, and for the more athletically inclined there are tennis, bowling and trapshooting. If this sounds too energetic, there are loads of opportunities to sit and relax in the sun.

The eyes of the nation will be focused on Atlantic City in August when the Democratic convention meets in the Auditorium, already familiar to those who have watched the Miss America contests on television. Built without pillars, it covers seven acres and is the largest building of its kind in the world. It can hold 61,000 people and is a place where you can watch a football game in comfort no matter how bad the weather and where kickers don't have to worry about the wind. The Liberty Bowl game, formerly played in Philadelphia, will take place here this winter. The Auditorium is used for all sorts of events, from title prize fights to hole-in-one golf tournaments, from polo games to ice shows, and for conventions exhibiting everything from railroad cars to salt cellars.

While Atlantic City is an all-year-round resort, it has special attractions at various times of the year. June brides and bridegrooms are invited during that month to come and see if two can live as cheaply as one—at least on a honeymoon. Hotels and motels offer special rates. There are discounts at restaurants and stores and for sightseeing and other attractions, and the happy couple are given a photograph of themselves as a memento. In the same month there's Children's Week, with special rates for families, a baby parade, a sand castle–building contest and other entertainment aimed at the small fry. In the summer season many hotels maintain staffs to entertain the children so parents can be free to enjoy themselves.

At holidaytime there are "package" deals for a two- or three-day stay, including room, some meals, rolling-chair ride and other entertainment, at special rates. There are weekends for those interested in golf, with club privileges included; weekends with special inducements for Christmas shoppers; and this year—to mark New Jersey's tercentenary—weekends of special interest to historians, featuring trips to famous sites in the area. Several hotels have "cruise weekends" during the winter, when the hotel puts on a simulated trip to Paris or the South Seas with appropriate decorations, food and entertainment.

The amusement piers, hotels and nightclubs offer everything from diving horses to Frank Sinatra. Big-name bands play on the piers, first-run movies fill the boardwalk theaters and in summer there are musical productions and free band concerts.

Whatever your pleasure—a helicopter ride over the bounding main, a sail on the deep blue sea or just a chance to bask in the sun—it's all there in the city by the sea.

For information about hotels, motels and special attractions, write Department RB, Atlantic City Visitors Bureau, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, New Jersey 08401.

—FLORENCE SOMERS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DAVIS / PHOTOGRAPH BY CORRY

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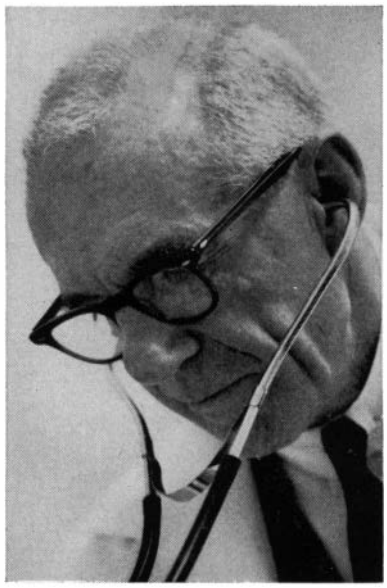
BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

Learning to Live in a Troubled World



People ask me why a children's doctor is working for peace. I think it's no longer sufficient to protect children from just the familiar physical diseases and the usual emotional stresses. Now the greatest danger to life—by far—is from nuclear disaster. And the tensions of the cold war, if allowed to continue, will increasingly distort our children's outlook on life and impair their ability to cope with it.

I'm concerned first with how we can guard our children while they are young. Just as important is how we can imbue them with a constructive point of view about solutions of the world's problems so that they can do their part as they grow up. Both these jobs depend mainly on parents.

Many people assume that because we've survived 19 years of the nuclear age, our chances of continuing to do so are good. This leaves out of account two trends. As the nuclear weapons keep multiplying—bombs on planes, missiles on submarines, land-based missiles—the risk of war through mistake or insanity will increase in proportion. And if we and the Soviet Union and the rest of the world do not agree on general disarmament soon, nuclear arms will be produced by some of the bitterer or more impulsive nations, beginning with China; then all the rest of us—Americans, Europeans, Russians—will be at their mercy.

There is another physical danger—much smaller in degree—from fallout. Though we are fortunate that we now have a test ban agreement, parents should remember that there are still several loopholes. Underground tests still need to be banned, to eliminate the risk of "venting" of radioactive materials from them. And our Federal Radiation Council still has not decided on danger levels or on methods for protecting the public. The main problem here is that the council contains, among others, the Secretary of Defense and the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; their paramount responsibility is to create an unbeatable military system and this obligation conflicts with the protection of the public from test fallout. The responsibility for protecting the public, I believe, should be transferred to the Public Health Service, so that if atmospheric testing is ever resumed, we will have a program to provide some degree of safety.

Several recent studies have shown how much our children have become troubled by cold-war anxieties. Between 25 and 50 per cent of them, in different grades in different schools, believe there will be nuclear war. Young children worry most about being separated from their parents in a disaster and about the death or maiming of their parents or themselves. Adolescents speak with bitterness about the possibility of having no future or of giving birth to deformed children. More disturbing to me are the evidences of an unwholesome, passive fear of the malevolence of Communists. A fifth-grade class, for instance, was looking at pictures of the Russian countryside, one of which showed a tree-lined road. One child asked what the trees were for and two children made prompt suggestions. One said, "So that the people can't see what's going on on the other side of the road." The other said, "To make work for the prisoners." These are sickly attitudes for children to be acquiring.

We have brought up past generations of American children believing that they could cope with whatever life offered; as a result they have been able to cope. We've brought them up with a natural confidence in their ability to deal with all kinds of people, and they've impressed the

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BY MRS. DAN GERBER,
MOTHER OF FIVE

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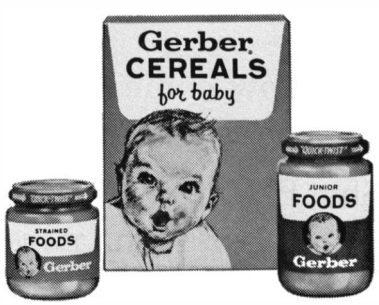

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world with their assurance and their friendliness. If now significant numbers of them are going to reach adulthood believing that Communists are supernaturally clever and evil people who are likely to outwit us and destroy us, they will end up with distinctly impaired personalities compared to Americans of the past. Instead of thinking positively about what they and other Americans should be doing, they will be worrying passively about what may be done to us. They'll be less effective at their jobs. An unstable leader will find it easy to lead them into war. They will be ready to be stirred up to a wholesale suspiciousness of fellow Americans far worse than that displayed in the McCarthy period.

I certainly believe that as our children are growing up they should be given a realistic view of the different dangers in the world situation, including the dangers from Communist nations, so that they will be better able to do their part as adult citizens or members of government in dealing with them. But if we exaggerate the external dangers and minimize our strengths, we defeat our purpose by creating only anxiety and hate.

Another disservice to our children, I think, is the tendency of many Americans to see only our side in the disputes and conflicts that arise between us and the Communist nations. In one sense it's touchingly loyal for a person to believe that his country is always right and that its adversaries are always wrong. But in these days when blindness about the effect of our own actions or a misreading of our opponents' intentions could easily lead not just to war but to the annihilation of all civilization, we owe it to ourselves and our children to take a more balanced view. Specifically I think that parents, in discussing cold-war issues with their children, should interpret the Communists' motives and actions on as sensible a basis as is possible, and also stop to mention how our actions often threaten the Communists. This is not for the sake of being fair to the Communists. It is so that our children will be used to thinking realistically. I would avoid a phrase like "world-wide plot to destroy us," which is intended to frighten and which implies that there is much more unity, ferocity and readiness to go to war among Communist nations than really exists.

I would tell older children, for instance, that Communists still believe capitalism is doomed because they

think it impoverishes the workers and leads to imperialist wars. They believe that their system is so superior that workers everywhere will eventually revolt to adopt it. But we don't believe this will happen as long as capitalism continues to provide goods and hope, as it has in the past. Most of the Communist leaders in the past have been aggressive individuals imbued with a deep suspicion of capitalist governments. They will shift policies without hesitation if they think the end justifies it. They respect strength. They are ready to take advantage of weakness when this is important to them. But I would also let children know, when the subject comes up, that plenty of leaders of non-Communist nations have been equally aggressive and opportunistic. Many governments in capitalist countries in the past have been hostile enough in their attitude toward Communist nations to keep alive the latters' fear of them. (For example, America, with her World War I allies, intervened on the White Russian side before the revolution was over, and refused to recognize the new government for a decade and a half.) I'd let children see that our missiles in Turkey have seemed just as hostile to the Soviet Union as their missiles in Cuba seemed to us.

Children should know about all the factors that work for us and for peace. The Berlin Wall, Soviet aggression in Hungary, Chinese aggression on the Indian border, have alienated millions and millions of previous supporters of Communism around the world. America is stronger than her opponents, industrially and militarily. She has powerful allies. The UN has worked fairly effectively since its founding to keep the peace.

It is more important still that our children should understand that despite the Soviet government's aggressiveness when it feels insecure, it has a peace-seeking side. The Russians lost 20 million soldiers and citizens during the last war and they have a horror of another. Their government in recent years has split the Communist world down the middle because of their insistence to the Chinese that major war must be avoided. (They still would support wars of liberation in colonies.) All the Americans I've known who have visited the Soviet Union have been moved by the basic friendliness toward them of most Russians in the street and at professional meetings, despite decades of anti-American propaganda. Profes-

sionally trained people are gradually taking the places of leadership formerly held by tough revolutionaries and conspirators.

Of course, the main purpose in understanding and communicating with the Communist nations is to try to find ways to build mutual trust and to make progress in such life-and-death matters as universal disarmament and the easing of political tension. But many people balk at the idea of making any kind of agreement, feeling that it would only be appeasement. I think there is often a deep misunderstanding in these matters about the difference between appeasement and cooperation, the difference between belligerence and firmness. We can see these distinctions in rehabilitation work with an aggressive delinquent. If the professional worker is timid and submissive toward him, gives in to his *unreasonable* demands, the boy will become more of a bully. The real job of the worker is to offer him friendship, to show him appreciation on every occasion when he deserves it, to help him to satisfy his *legitimate* needs. No individual, no matter how hostile, can help but respond with a little more warmth and trust to such an approach. Then further mutual trust can be built slowly, step by step. But if the professional worker lacks confidence in his ability to deal with his patient, if he easily becomes antagonistic, he stirs up new hostility in the aggressive individual.

Belligerence always evokes belligerence. Justified firmness has a calming effect. Friendliness invites friendliness. Trust builds trust. Children can be taught these facts of human nature every day of their lives, on the basis of their actual experiences with others. Parents can point out that these truths apply to international affairs just as well.

In attempting to translate these views for *young* children, I myself would use words something like the following: Communists think they have the best government and we think we have the best government and we've had lots of arguments with them. We've got to find out how to be friends so we won't get into a fight with them. Russian people are very friendly to us when we go to visit them. They don't want to have a war. Their bombs and missiles scare us and our bombs and missiles scare them. We hope we both can find a way to get rid of the bombs and missiles. We are always talking

with the Russians to see if we can find a way to do it but we haven't found it yet.

The governments of both the Soviet Union and the United States have committed themselves to the quest for universal disarmament and peace. Our government will not be able to go far in overcoming the enormous obstacles, external and internal, unless it feels the active support of millions of our people. Parents, who have been concerned with saving their children and with saving a world for their children to inherit, have been the hardest workers in this cause. They will have to continue. But I believe they should also be preparing their children to take over this work by continually keeping its importance in the forefront of their minds. Children can do a little in their early school years and more in adolescence.

We can present to them the vision not only of an end to the threat of destruction but also of all the positive good that could be brought to a troubled world if the hundred billion dollars it spends yearly for arms could be used for human beings. There are literally more hungry and miserable people in the world today than there have ever been before. Even in our own prosperous country we have grave deficiencies in employment, education and housing, which must be coped with before they do greater harm.

What can children themselves do to work for peace? By being informed, they can contribute constructively to discussions at school. They can get in the habit of writing their opinions to their senators and the President, something that many adults find very difficult. (A year ago, when all the peace organizations in the country pleaded with their combined membership of 100,000 to write in favor of a test ban treaty, only 15,000 did so—a pathetic dribble compared to the avalanche that can be stimulated by hate groups and anti-tax organizations.) Children can join organizations such as the American Association for the United Nations, the United World Federalists, the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, the Student Peace Union, and contribute their dimes and dollars. (It gives them great pride to belong to real organizations.) When children dedicate themselves to a great cause like peace for the world, they will also find fulfillment for their own spiritual aspirations. THE END

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally.

THE EXPECTANT MOTHER

Prepared in cooperation with The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists

THE UNBORN BABY'S MOVEMENTS

by C. Lee Buxton, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Yale University Medical School

One of the great thrills of a woman's pregnancy occurs when she first feels her unborn baby move within her body. This is called quickening, and it usually occurs just about the mid-point of gestation. At first merely a faint flutter, the sensation gradually increases in intensity as the baby grows until there is no mistaking the kick of a tiny heel or the thrust of a bony elbow.

To some theologians of the Middle Ages there was solemn significance when a woman became quick with child. It marked the moment when the baby became an independent being, possessing a soul. Today doctors know that fetal movement starts early in uterine life, long before the mother can detect it. Recognition of quickening varies tremendously from woman to woman and from pregnancy to pregnancy. Occasionally a mother feels the fluttering motion of her tiny baby's limbs as early as ten weeks after conception. Most women recognize the sensation sometime during the fifth month. Some do not feel life until six months or later; and in rare cases a woman may never feel it at all, even though her baby is developing normally.

Because of this spread in time, women are likely to worry about quickening. They worry if they do not feel motion, if it starts and then seems to cease, if the baby's kick is vigorous, if it is gentle or if the pattern seems to change. Understanding just what the sensation is and why it varies in time and intensity should help to calm these worries.

When the fetus first starts to move within the mother's uterus it is too tiny and the activity is too feeble to be noticeable. Even when quickening is usually first felt, the fetus is only about ten inches long and weighs hardly more than half a pound. Moreover, it is separated from the mother by the amniotic fluid in which it floats, a double thickness of membrane that encases it, the one-inch-thick wall of the uterine muscle and the mother's own abdominal wall. It is small wonder that at this time many women are not sure whether the sensation they feel is the squirming of the baby or merely a touch of indigestion.

Soon, however, fetal activity becomes unmistakable. As the baby grows—at an astonishing rate—it bounces around more vigorously. At 28 weeks the fetus weighs about two and a half pounds. A month before birth it is likely to weigh five pounds or better. Meanwhile the muscular wall of the uterus, which has insulated the baby from its mother, stretches and thins.

By the sixth or seventh month of pregnancy the baby seems to be in perpetual motion. This is probably the most active period. The fetus lies with head up or down and changes position at random. It moves from its right to left side and back again. The arms and legs flail. Sometimes it assumes a bizarre position, legs extended over its head. The mother not only feels the pokes from its knees and feet but can watch her abdomen undulate as a tiny limb stretches outward. Her husband will enjoy sharing this unique sensation. If he presses both hands firmly on his wife's abdomen and waits, he will soon feel a counterpressure from his unborn child.

Some women worry because the baby seems less active during the last weeks of pregnancy. Now the fetus has ceased performing somersaults and is usually in the birth position, head downward facing the birth canal. Although its feet, high up under the mother's ribs, may poke so sharply that they knock her breath away, the activity actually has lessened. The reason is simple—the baby now fills the uterus

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snugly and has little room to wiggle around.

Women often observe that their first-born seemed to have been less active in the uterus than later babies. This is probably true. When a woman is pregnant with her second or third child her uterus is larger, giving the baby more scope for squirming around. For the same reason an unusually small baby within a uterus of average size is likely to be more active. A thin woman without layers of abdominal fat to insulate her from the pressure of a heel or a shoulder will feel fetal movement more frequently. A fat woman may feel fetal movement only occasionally or not at all.

We observed this to our embarrassment a few years ago at the Yale University Medical School. In the infertility clinic we were treating an extremely obese woman who had not menstruated or ovulated for years and hence was not able to become pregnant. Despite our treatment we observed no signs of success, nor did our 300-pound patient, until one day, to our surprise, she went into labor and was delivered of a full-term baby.

This, of course, is rare. Through his stethoscope the doctor first hears a fetal heartbeat at about four or four and a half months after conception. In a few more weeks he recognizes fetal movement by noticing a slight jiggle to the stethoscope as he presses it on the abdomen. Later the sensitive stethoscope even records the sound of the baby's activity. If you think you have experienced quickening but are not sure, ask the doctor to confirm it through his own observation.

Many mothers complain that the fetus seems to squirm most just when they lie down to take a nap. Actually the baby's periods of rest and activity have no particular pattern. The movement is merely more apparent when a woman is resting than when she is active. In addition, when she lies down her abdominal muscles relax, giving the infant more room to flex and unflex his limbs. Although your unborn baby may not be ready for sleep when you become drowsy, he too will quiet if you take a sedative or tranquilizer, because the drug passing through the placental barrier will affect his nervous system. When you do not feel him moving for several hours he is probably taking his own siesta.

Does the amount of fetal activity give a clue to a baby's sex? There's no proof at all, no matter what the old wives say, that the baby who kicks the most is likely to be a boy. We don't know why one unborn baby is more active than another. All we know is that there may be wide variation between any two healthy babies.

When the fetus seems unusually active, when arms and legs seem to be poking every which way at the same time, a woman may suspect that she is carrying twins. Her diagnosis may well be accurate. If the doctor also detects perpetual motion, he will listen carefully with his stethoscope for two heartbeats and press his hands over her abdomen to see if he can feel two bony little heads. For firm confirmation he may order fetal x-rays.

Under one unhappy circumstance a woman's observation of her baby's movement may have real diagnostic significance. Babies rarely die before they are born. But when it does happen a mother is often the first to notice the cessation of fetal activity. There is no cause for worry during the first six months of pregnancy if movement seems to stop even for a few days at a time. But in the last three months if a woman does not feel the baby move for 48 hours, she should notify her doctor promptly; they have learned to treat such reports with respect. Some women can even tell the hour at which fetal life stopped.

Most babies will keep on kicking until the moment they are born. Once labor starts, a mother will not be able to feel her infant move during a contraction; but during the minutes of relaxation in between, the fetus, now almost a baby, will keep on poking its heels into her ribs and its elbows into her abdomen. In just a short time the mother will see the tiny, wiggling creature whose movements have become so warmly familiar during the past four months. THE END

SUMMER FICTION BONUS: FOUR OUTSTANDING SHORT SHORT STORIES

MEMORY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

BY LEO DAMORE

By the time he reached the hotel Joel Hammond was tense with a growing anger. How can she ask such a thing of me! he thought in outrage, making his way through the carpeted lobby to the dining room, his mind already in angry rehearsal, designing the words he would answer her with.

"Hello, Joel." Martha smiled up at him from the table. Her wedding ring glittered in the candlelight.

She had changed during the four years they had been divorced, Joel thought, taking the seat opposite her. The coldness had gone out of her eyes. Her face was fuller, more womanly.

He drew the letter from his pocket and laid it carefully on the table. There were to be no preliminaries.

"My answer," he said—and despite his best efforts, his voice shook a little —"is no."

Martha flicked him a warning look. "Here's the waiter," she said quietly, and bent to her menu.

"Nothing you can say will change my mind," Joel said when they had given their order. He had already anticipated the arguments that would come. He had gone over them with Lyn last night during their quarrel—their last one unless he called her again, unless he answered finally her ultimatum.

"Joel," Martha began, "I only want a chance to explain."

"That won't be necessary," he said shortly.

He saw her set her jaw in a determined line, and in that moment he was surprised at her resemblance to Lyn at the time a month ago when, during another quarrel, Lyn had said, looking him squarely in the eye, "I love you, Joel, but I'm not going to allow you to take advantage of that indefinitely."

"There are some things I haven't told you," Martha began again, indicating the letter. "Things you should know before you refuse——"

"Martha, please," he interrupted again. "I can't do it. I can't give up the kids."

After a silence Martha said, "Joel, listen to me." Her voice was gently insistent. "I don't want to hurt you, but——"

"Then stop trying to persuade me! I'll never agree to it."

He thought he saw her eyes fill with tears, but she turned her head quickly away from him. "You know Bob loves the children as if they were his own," she said.

At first he had bitterly resented Bob Bramwell, a tall man with a beefy heartiness about him. "I know that," Joel said. "I have nothing against Bob."

"He's been offered a new job," Martha said. "It's a wonderful opportunity for him. . . ." She stopped as if she were waiting for him to say something.

"That's fine," Joel said slowly, sensing something menacing in the way Martha was hesitating.

"It would mean"—she paused for a moment—"moving. To California."

So that was it! "You want to take them away from me," Joel said angrily.

"No, Joel. You don't——"

"I can stop you, you know," he said, his voice crisp now. "There are laws that can stop you."

Her face went pale. "I know," she said softly. "We—we've looked into the legal part of it, and it could get messy and terribly expensive and take a long time." She gave him a short, sad smile. "We . . . I'd hoped that it wouldn't come to that."

When he said nothing, Martha went on: "Bob wants to adopt the children legally, Joel." Her voice had grown small, barely audible. "It's really the only fair way. And the children——"

"What do *they* think?" Joel cut in.

Dean was almost seven now, a sturdy, towheaded boy who had whispered in his ear during the last visit that what he *really* wanted for Christmas was a bike. Melissa was five, ponytailed, brown-eyed, with a mind of her own.

"Joel, I . . ."

"What do they say?" he persisted. She was, he noticed, obviously unprepared for the question. "Tell me the truth."

"They *want* Bob to be their father," Martha said. "You know how children are," she rushed on. "They . . . don't realize. We've tried to explain to them, both of us, every time after you've come, but it doesn't do much good. Bob is there all the time. Your coming four or five times a year isn't enough to overcome that." After a long pause she added, "They like you, of course. You've been good to them and they appreciate your generosity. But they think of Bob as their father. . . ."

He sat very quietly in his chair, looking at the smoke spiraling from his cigarette.

"I hate doing this," Martha said gently. "I'm sorry."

"That's all right," he said.

It was true, Joel thought suddenly, remembering the visits. He hadn't enjoyed them very much himself, and he had begun putting them off. Long moments of awkwardness and anxiety always sprang up between him and the children, and for some time he had had the feeling that he was intruding, in a way.

And the children always looked so damned dutiful, he thought, coming toward him in subdued greeting, allowing him to inflict a fatherly kiss on their cheeks.

He had tried. Yet despite his lavishness at Christmas and on their birthdays, and the letters he took special care to write regularly, a perceptible breach had grown between them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUG CORRY

"You see, Joel—" Martha began, but she caught a glimpse of his face and that stopped her.

A sudden weariness had overtaken him, his anger and outrage spent. In its place was a kind of tired bafflement he was unable to ward off. He did not seem to be able to steer his mind past this obstacle, and no glib answer came to him.

He was tired of quarrels, he thought. Quarrels with Lyn—she wanted him to marry her; he loved her and yet he could not bring himself to do it. And now quarreling again with Martha.

"Martha," he said finally, not looking at her, "I never told you that when I walked out on you four years ago I didn't—really mean it."

They had married too young. The apartment was a dismal place—certainly unfit for two small children. He had only begun his career. They had had very little money, and so many bills and pressures that sometimes he felt the very walls of the apartment were closing in on him.

"It wasn't that I . . . didn't love you," he said.

"Joel," Martha said, touching his arm, "look at me!" When his eyes unwillingly met hers, she said, "What a sweet and decent thing to say! Especially now, when I've had to—to be so . . ."

"Everything happened so fast afterward," Joel said. "And I guess I was stubborn and hurt too, when I came home and found *you'd* gone." He hesitated for a brief moment. "Then when you asked me for a divorce . . . Pride stopped me from saying anything."

"Oh, Joel," Martha said, blinking her eyes rapidly. "What a mess we make of things when we're young!" She smiled gently at him. "Maybe it's a good thing that kind of youth happens to us only once."

"I kept hoping it would all work out somehow." After a rueful grimace he added, "Until you married Bob."

"You don't know how your telling me this makes me feel," Martha said. "It's like—well, a burden rolling off my shoulders." She looked away. "All these years I haven't ever wanted to remember the past, so I just blotted it out. I ran away from it. I wanted to forget it and live for the future."

"Funny," Joel said. "I've done just the opposite. I've lived in the past and tried to avoid the future."

A bell of recognition tolled in his consciousness. What was it that Lyn had said to him? *"What are you so afraid of?"*

"What's wrong?" Martha asked, seeing his face.

"Nothing. I just realized what I said."

"You've done wonders with my past today," she said. "I wish I could work the same kind of magic on your future."

He regarded her from across the table—a good person, wanting to help him. Like Lyn. "It can't be done," he said with a stiff grin. "I've got to be true to my memories."

"Oh, *don't!*" Martha exclaimed. "Don't joke about it. It's too important. Those memories aren't real, you know."

"They are to me," he said stubbornly.

"No, they're not. We're different people now from what we remember ourselves as being. And those memories are untrustworthy. Look how badly *I* remembered everything. I couldn't even face up to the past, until today."

"Your pride was involved," he said. "You thought I'd deserted you."

"Your pride was involved too," she answered. "That's the kind of memories we have, Joel—memories based on old hurts and failures and wounded pride. Pride's memory isn't very reliable." . . .

"I'm glad you told me about Lyn," Martha said a half hour later. They were walking together through the lobby. "You don't have to see me to the station," she added, laughing, when he helped her down the wide marble steps into a cab. "I'd much rather you called Lyn. . . ."

"Martha," he said, hesitating a moment. "About the children—they'll understand about me, won't they?"

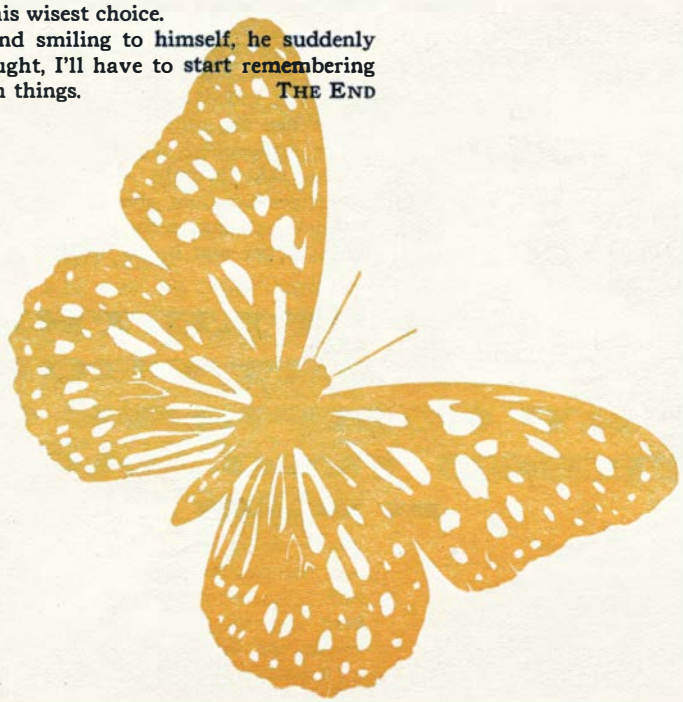
"I'll tell them," Martha said gently. Her eyes were misty. "They'll know," she added, waving as the cab pulled away from the curb, finally disappearing around the corner.

Joel crossed the street, walking with brisk resolve toward the florist shop farther up the block, trying to remember what flowers Lyn liked.

Roses, he decided. But red or white? He tried to think, but he could not remember. Perhaps an assortment would be his wisest choice.

And smiling to himself, he suddenly thought, I'll have to start remembering such things.

THE END



THE APPLE TREE
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

BY EILEEN ALDERTON

Through the first warm days of summer the child was always there, near to her, as if he knew she needed comfort. They grew very close and rather silent, with little need for words. He followed her through the house and helped her make the beds and wash the dishes. He answered the doorbell each time it rang.

He would call out, "It's a Person."

"Yes, of course. But what is it they want?"

The caller would insist on seeing her because of some survey his company was doing, but he always got her out of that.

"I shouldn't come in if I were you," he would say, and lean close to the Person through the open door. "I have a mump—on one side only, but I've given it to everyone who comes inside." So the Person would go away.

He said to her one morning, "Do you like being here with me? Do I cheer you up?"

"Always," Anna said with absolute sincerity.

"Are you sad again?"

"No. Not really."

"It's no use being sad," he said. "You said. You said Grandfather wouldn't like it. You said, Just be glad we had him with us for all those years."

Her own words thrown back at her startled her. She stopped in her tracks, teapot in hand, in the kitchen doorway, and she wondered: Who am I to tell him if he may be sad or not? Who am I to tell anybody anything—and where do I find the wisdom to teach and guide another human being?

He rushed at her and shook her arm.

"Oh, be careful," she said.

"You're sad!"

"No, but I'm awfully tired."

"Look," he said, "I love you fifty million. Better than anything in the world except the dogs."

"Oh, thank you, Simon!"

"People must love animals."

"Yes, indeed."

When the other children came home the atmosphere went back to normal. The cake crumbs and the milk, the refrigerator door slamming, the homework spilling across the table, balanced her and broke the fragile strand between her and her youngest child that bound them close together when they were alone. With them, he too went back to normal.

"How's the mump?" they asked, and picked him up. They tossed him about the garden while he kicked and laughed.

In the mornings, when they were at school, the garden was cool and full of sunlight, and the old apple tree spread a puddle of shadow where the deck chairs always were. She took out coffee for herself and chocolate milk for Simon. They sat together in the shade and he sucked noisily through his straw, knowing that in this queer, calm inertia she would hardly notice.

One particular morning Simon sprawled at her feet, long-legged in his brother's castoff shorts and very brown and only a very little lopsided about the jaw. He rolled on his back and screwed his eyes up.

"Did you know there isn't any marriages in heaven?" he said.

"Who told you that?"

"In church. A long time ago. Before the mump. What do people *do* up there?"

"Nobody knows that, Simon."

He sat up and looked at her and his eyes were trusting, so trusting that she was frightened by the responsibility of answering truthfully some unanswerable question she sensed was forming in his mind.

"Suppose Grandfather is bored up there?"

"He wasn't the sort of person to be bored."

"But he left his books behind, and his reading glasses."

In the long, warm silence Simon pulled up clumps of grass and shredded them, peppering his legs with green.

"Mum, with no marriages up there, there wouldn't be any children, and no one to pester him because he didn't mind. He'll be fed up, like when Mrs. Hodges used to call."

"Poor Mrs. Hodges," Anna said, and smelled immediately a papery, powdery cheek that inevitably was brushed against her own, and remembered intense, tedious, involved conversation about the church bazaar.

"She had elastic legs. . . ."

"Stockings."

"And the brung-kite-us. He used to say to you, 'Anna, here's old Wheeze Bags and I'm going inside, and if she hasn't gone by six, bring me up my whisky. . . ."

And then the garden was full of him. He used to come each June to stay and sit under the apple tree, and he would look at the rosebush with the huge blooms, and each year he'd say, "Magnificent. Never seen anything like them. Good enough to eat."

The outside petals were the color of thick cream; inside they were pale—milky, almost—and a network of delicate scarlet veins enclosed their hearts.

Anna, sitting under the tree where he used to sit, remembered him, saw him clearly—thin, old, wry, impatient, generous, clever and, toward the end, bitter at the gradual slowing of his wits. And always, for as long as Anna could remember him, loving. He had had an enormous capacity for love.

"*Bring me a drink, Anna. It's a bit early but I need one. I feel depressed.*"

"*Why?*"

"*Why? Because I won't see them all grow up.*"

"Mum, are there cocktail bars in heaven?"

"Oh, Simon, no. It's not like that at all."

"Then he won't like it. He'd get quite cross if you forgot his Scotch."

"Simon, try to understand. Those are *material* things."

"Why can't he come back sometimes?" Simon said. "To read to me and have a drink. He'd like that. He liked the *Just So Stories,* the ones he used to read to you. We never finished it, that story," he said, and spoke the old, familiar words: " 'On the gray-green greasy banks of the Lompopo River, O my Best Beloved. . . .' "

Anna lighted a cigarette and her hands were shaking.

And now it was as if the old man were in the garden, reading quietly, his old hands gentle on the pages that were as old as Anna, the smoke from his cigarette blue among the apple branches. " 'O my Best Beloved,' " he used to read, meaning it, stating it without sentiment, because that was what Simon had been to him.

"He doesn't know about my mump or about Chris winning the hundred yards," Simon said.

"Darling, I expect he does."

"But how, unless he was looking down? Mum, don't you ever go and die and live up there." He patted her; his plump, damp, grubby hand left a smear across her skirt.

"I do love you, Simon."

"Of course," he said. "And we're relatives."

In the evening her husband called her from the garden, where he was standing with the hose. "Anna, why is the whisky on the lawn?"

"We haven't any whisky."

"It's your father's—the rest of that bottle that was in the sideboard."

She went down the dusky, scented garden and there by the apple tree lay some miscellaneous objects—a pair of spectacles and a copy of the *Just So Stories* and a bottle of whisky and a little glass. Beside it all, held down by a large stone, was a piece of paper.

"Dear Grandfather, I hope you arent lonly and Mrs. Hodges dont live near like she did down here. Chris won the 100 yards Sat. It was clowdy so perhaps you didnt see if you looked down. Here is your wisky in case they dont have it and our best book. Love from Simon. P.S. I have a mump on the left only." They were silent for a long while, and then her husband picked up the things and folded the letter. "Shall I hide them somewhere so that he doesn't know? Or should we try to tell him?"

"I don't know," Anna said. "How can you explain something that's impossible to explain? It's all so enormous," she said. "Everything." She leaned against the old, familiar tree, staring through the heavy summer branches to the sky. "Being born and dying and living and bringing up a family. It's all there is, really, and everybody does it all the time, and yet it's still enormous. Sometimes I feel too small, too insignificant to cope. Too helpless . . . We'll have so many things, other things, to tell them. Not only Simon—the others too as they grow up—and sometimes I don't know what I ought to say.

"I know how Simon misses his grandfather—we all do, but Simon especially—and sometimes I don't know how to help him and then suddenly he seems to be helping me. I don't want Simon to forget him, and yet he must. I certainly don't want to encourage him to be morbid . . ."

"He's not morbid, Anna. He's all right. Do you know something?"

"I don't know anything, Adam."

"If we do half as good a job on them as your father did on you, they'll be quite worthwhile people."

"That's a lovely thing to say to me, Adam. You don't often say things like that."

"I don't need to, do I? You know exactly what I think."

They went into the house together.

In the kitchen Anna washed the supper things and set the breakfast table for the morning and made some coffee. A moth fluttered against the blind and the percolator hissed. In those few silent moments her grief began to lessen. Two weeks ago an old man had died, but here in this house the people he had loved best were living, breathing.

Their voices and their quick movements and the love they had for one another were here, all around her. And Anna, alone in her tidy kitchen, held each one of them against her heart.

THE END

STOP THE MUSIC! A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

BY ROBERT W. WELLS

Judge Zuckerman surveyed the crowded courtroom, then nodded to the bailiff, who declared the case of the State vs. Lester C. Dunn was in session. From the defendant's table Les glanced back at his wife Karen. She looked quickly away. The prosecutor called the first witness, Elaine Blisch.

"We live next door to the Dunns. His wife is one of my best friends—or should I say his estranged wife?"

"Tell us about the buzz in your TV, hi-fi and radio."

"It began each night at six eighteen," Mrs. Blisch said. "It sounded like a cross between the whine of my husband's power saw and the hum of an electric mixer."

"What is the significance of the time you mentioned, six eighteen P.M.?"

"That's when Les gets home from his office."

"The buzzing caused you mental anguish?"

"It forced us to revert to a primitive way of life. Without TV the children were always underfoot—playing games or reading."

"The buzzing also affected your telephone?"

"After the first three minutes. You've no idea how hard it is for a woman to be limited to three minutes."

Judge Zuckerman allowed himself a smile.

The prosecutor asked Mrs. Blisch if her TV, hi-fi and radio still buzzed. Not since last Tuesday, she replied.

"What happens now when you turn them on?"

"No sound at all. The silence is maddening."

"What course have you and your husband pursued?"

"At first we just stared at each other. Then Harry quit staring and started talking. Talk, talk, talk. I could send the children out to play, but what can you do with a husband who talks?"

"And what was your reaction to Harry's unaccustomed garrulity?"

"Surprise. We have been married twelve years, and it was the first time he'd said anything except, 'What have you thawed for dinner?' or, 'What are we watching tonight?' But then things got worse. He started going around the house singing. I used to be able to drown him out, but now . . ."

"This is all very interesting," Judge Zuckerman said, "but what does it have to do with Mr. Dunn's case?"

"We will show he caused the silence in the Blisch house, your honor, and so was the cause of this poor woman's mental suffering." The prosecutor turned back to Mrs. Blisch. "When did you realize the defendant had caused the buzzing and subsequent epidemic of silence?"

"Harry and I were in a store that provides mood music to soothe its patrons. A rock-and-roll record was on the loudspeaker when in walked Les Dunn. Instantly the music stopped. As soon as he left it began again. I'm a woman who can put two and two together."

The prosecutor had no more questions. Les, who was acting as his own lawyer, had only one. Did Mrs. Blisch play her TV, hi-fi and radio with the windows closed? Open, she told him, and she had a perfect right.

The prosecutor called a succession of witnesses: the manager of the building where Les had his office, who said the music piped into the elevator always stopped whenever Les stepped aboard; a youth who said his transistor went dead when Les moved within earshot; a bartender who complained that when Les passed his doorway his jukebox stopped.

As the parade of hostile witnesses continued, Les remained calm. But then the prosecutor called Karen. The judge pointed out that a wife could not be forced to testify against her husband. She wasn't being forced, the prosecutor said—she had volunteered.

Karen said she was testifying in the hope that she could bring Les to his senses. Six weeks ago, she said, he had started complaining about being a captive listener.

"I couldn't hear him too well. Ralph, our oldest, had his radio going full blast. Jim, our eight-year-old, was playing the stereo and watching a murder program on TV. I was in the kitchen listening to Bach on the FM."

"Unlike your husband, you enjoy music?"

"Oh, Les loves music. But he claims he can't enjoy it when the FM, AM, TV and hi-fi are going simultaneously. He can't seem to understand that music has become background noise for whatever you're doing. He began turning the sets off."

"Did he obtain the peace and quiet he sought?"

"In Clover Acres? Hardly. Elaine Blisch next door had 'Death in the Afternoon' on TV and Bartok on FM. Sam Kole, who lives on the other side, was listening to the ball game on the radio and watching 'Matinee Surgery' on TV. Sam's nephew had his transistor on. Les said he was going to do something about it."

"He developed a remote-control device to stop the music?"

"That came later. First he made the sets buzz. He rigged up two old Model T coils and then he——"

Judge Zuckerman interrupted her. In the public interest, he said, he would permit no detailed testimony on the devices for fear other citizens might fol-

low the defendant's example. Was the defendant willing to admit that he had caused all electronic contraptions in the neighborhood to buzz? Les said he'd not only admit it; he was proud of it.

"I'm also willing to admit that I invented a gizmo that made a phone receiver buzz after a conversation had lasted three minutes. And later I perfected a device small enough to carry in my pocket that can shut off electronically produced sound waves for a radius of approximately three hundred yards."

The prosecutor had a final question for Karen. Because of the humiliation her husband's conduct had caused her, had she left his bed and board? She had, she said, but had promised to move back if he ever came to his senses.

Les had just one question. "Do you love the defendant?"

Karen looked at the judge. Did she have to answer that? The question seemed pertinent, Zuckerman observed.

"He's so stubborn, Judge. Everyone knows it's part of the modern way of life to be bombarded constantly by music. You have to listen to it in beauty parlors, dentists' offices, stores, buses. I understand they even pipe it in to the inmates of the state prison."

"Naturally," the judge said. "Why should prisoners be deprived of mood music?"

"I ask that the witness be directed to answer the question," Les said.

Karen looked at him for a long moment, then turned away. "I love the defendant. But I can be stubborn too."

The prosecution rested its case. Lester said he had no witness except himself. He took the stand.

"Your honor, I would like to enter this portable radio as Exhibit A," Les said. He touched the switch. The room was suddenly filled with blaring music.

Judge Zuckerman half rose. "Turn that thing off!"

"Your honor," Les shouted above the noise, "this is the background to which we must lead our lives. In its proper place, music is a blessing. But as a constant diet it——"

"Turn it off! At once—or I'll find you in contempt."

Les nodded. He pulled a small black box from his pocket, touched a button, and at once silence was restored.

"This box, your honor, contains a resistance coil that——"

"No details. Just tell me whether, by pressing a button, you can turn off all noise around you."

"The electronic noise. I have no control over live performances."

The judge sank back in his chair and sighed. "My duty is clear. The right of machines to inflict their sounds on mankind is well established. It is too late to return to a time when listening was not compulsory. Don't you recognize that melancholy fact of life?"

"No, your honor. I feel I have an inalienable right not to be forced to listen against my will."

"Nonsense. Why should *you* be spared?"

"Then put me away," Les said. "I give up."

The prosecutor jumped to his feet and moved that the case be closed on the grounds that the defendant had convicted himself. The judge looked inquiringly at Les, who said he was willing to throw himself on the mercy of the court. Zuckerman frowned. Would the defendant be willing to plead guilty to a lesser charge—disturbing the peace, perhaps?

"I didn't disturb the peace. I restored it."

"Then you leave the court no recourse. Under the power vested in me by the people of this state, I must find you guilty and sentence you to a term of ten years in the——"

"Wait!" Karen cried, hurrying forward. She linked her arm with Lester's. "You can't jail him and force him to listen to piped-in mood music for ten years. It would drive him crazy."

"Yes," the judge mused. "Yes, I see what you mean."

"We could order the warden to take the loudspeaker out of his cell," the prosecutor suggested.

"And have the other prisoners demand equal consideration? Why should they have rights denied the rest of us?"

"Ten years?" Les asked, squaring his shoulders.

"A suspended sentence. The Constitution forbids cruel and inhuman treatment, young man. As your wife points out, sending a man of your beliefs to a cell to be bathed in continuous mood music would be a clear violation of the spirit of the law. But the black box is confiscated. Hand it over to the court."

Les started to protest. Then he looked down at Karen, squeezed her arm and passed the black box to the judge. Court was adjourned.

Judge Zuckerman moved briskly into his chambers. Music was blaring from a loudspeaker in the paneling. The telephone was jangling. The judge paused. He thrust the box into his pocket. Perhaps by accident, he touched the button. The noise ceased.

He picked up the phone. Yes, he told his wife, he'd be home in time for dinner. No, he had no special plans for tonight. He took the box from his pocket and regarded it thoughtfully. "What I have in mind, dear," he said softly, smiling, "is a very quiet evening at home."

THE END

MY SON
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BY KATINKA LOESER

This, friends, is my son, the younger one, who lies here sleeping. He is ten years old. Regard him now, at the end of a busy day.

Although he is asleep, he is not *in* bed; he is *on* it. Under him are the sheets, the blanket, and the bedspread configured with bright pictures of old cars. He is a car man now, having been a horse man briefly, when he was five, and having given up horses almost at the instant of making their acquaintance. One sneezed at him and he never gave them a second chance, although he continued to wear boots, a fringed shirt and a cowboy hat for some time afterward. Now he is a car man, attested to by models and pieces of models scattered about the room. In his waking hours he is cool toward me because I will not, in our own car, floor it, peel or invite the driver next to me to drag. I am chicken. I am also chicken about picking up frogs.

Aside from him, the room is unremarkable. The walls are neat and clean, because of their having been recently papered. I simply couldn't stand them any more, so I had new washable paper put on, and in an inspired moment I cleverly selected a mural map of the world for one wall. My motive was not only to tidy up the place but also to present a stimulating decoration herein, one that would possibly initiate a scholarly approach to homework. More about that later; the immediate problem is how to get him between the sheets.

He never turns his light off; apparently he considers that my work. It shines now on his stripped body as if it were directed on a sculptured figure in a museum. But is this a work of art, this boy asleep on his stomach? Beginning with his toes, one could scarcely say so—they look like young parsnips, beige, wrinkled and gnarled. All the rest of him, from his heels to the nape of his neck, is copper-colored from the beaches and swimming pools of the past summer—all of him, that is, except for those two white mounds, like round loaves of underdone bread, at the base of his spine. Past his neck is a head of fine bleached hair running into an incipient sideburn on the side of his face turned away from the pillow, that one cheek still rounded as in the days of his youth. His arms are raised in an arc above his head as if he were ready to dive back into summer, the hands curled as if clutching at all past vacations. Teetering on the edge of the bed is a book I grab just before it falls to the floor; it has a brown wrapping paper cover on which are printed this student's name, his age, his grade, the name of his school and the following legend: "Do Not Feed the Animals—the teachers have their own lunchroom."

So this is my son. He doesn't care at all for the name he has; *nobody* else is named that. Lots of famous people have that name, I have pointed out, even a movie star. I cannot tell him that I remember his name first in a novel by an Englishman who is not read now. That romantic, impetuous boy in the book was my friend when I was a romantic and impetuous girl, and he still is, which is part of the worth of reading. My son claims too that whereas he has only one name, most of his friends have two—they have middle names, or at least something afterward, like Jr., or II, or even III. Often he is surprised that anyone bothered to name him at all, despite the quite obvious fact that he was the most wanted baby in the world and he knows it very well. His sisters didn't much care whether he turned out to be a boy or a girl; his brother held out for a boy, explaining that he was the only child in the family who did not have a brother.

Everyone was happy when one-name arrived. There were tricky moments in the hospital, though; he was a little baby, and I was offended unnecessarily, I felt. At feeding hours nurses come around with long tiers of baskets and wheel them into the rooms where mothers wait. There were five of us in our room, and the scene was usually something like this: Enter nurses, pushing or pulling these baskets of babies. A nurse picks one up. "Here's Bobby Smith, you old ten-pound heavyweight." And then there would be Timothy Ames, Jr., eight pounds if an ounce; and nine-pound Gregory Foster, who should have been ashamed of himself, a big boy like that expecting his tiny little mother to lift him; and ten-pound Christopher Bailey, big enough to walk instead of riding around all the time. And I would be alone in that chattering, maudlin group until a scream of rage caused the nurses to glance toward the baskets and one to amble over and glance at the labels. She would then remove the final baby and hand him to me with a "this-must-be-yours" expression. Under his name on his ID card was printed "6 lbs., 1 oz." He weighs quite a lot more now, having added several pounds just this summer, owing to his being permitted to sign for his lunch at the snack bar of the club where he went to swim. I have in my possession the following lunch check, which I glance at from time to time in awe: "1 cheeseburg, 2 Fr. fries, 1 cupcake, 1 grape soda, 1 donut, 1 milkshake, 1 jelly roll."

How to get him into bed without waking him . . . Thinking hard, I stroll over to his desk and notice two papers in his familiar and indifferent penmanship. The first one is something I believe *I* was required to do in school; it is a written solution to Frank Stockton's famous story "The Lady or the Tiger." I cannot remember how I finished it, but here is how this paper goes: "As the man opened one of the doors out leaped the most fierce looking tiger in the world. The man jumped behind the door with fear. The tiger started to crawl toward him. He sprung upon the man and tore him to bits. The tiger left licking his lips. The princess snickered with joy." The second paper causes me to turn back and stand by the bed. . . .

This is my son. He has to be covered some way; the nights are cooler now. Suddenly I notice his new bathrobe, two sizes too large so that it will last for a while, slung over the foot of the bed. Of course. I spread it over him, but I am not ready to leave. What will the years bring to this sleeping child? The questions that occur to all mothers come to my mind. Will he be happy, and is happiness all? Will he continue to be healthy? Will he contribute something valuable to his generation; will he be destroyed in the grand climax of a self-destructive universe? Frankly, none of these questions bother me now. I know what his future is—his immediate future, that is. In the first place, he is going to finish that second paper on his desk. It is an arithmetic paper headed "Answer the following questions." The questions follow, and then there is a column labeled "Answers." In this column there is the numeral 1, followed by a round, fat period. And the rest of the page is spotless and blank. Implacable, I shall be by his side, and I doubt that either of us will be snickering with joy.

THE END

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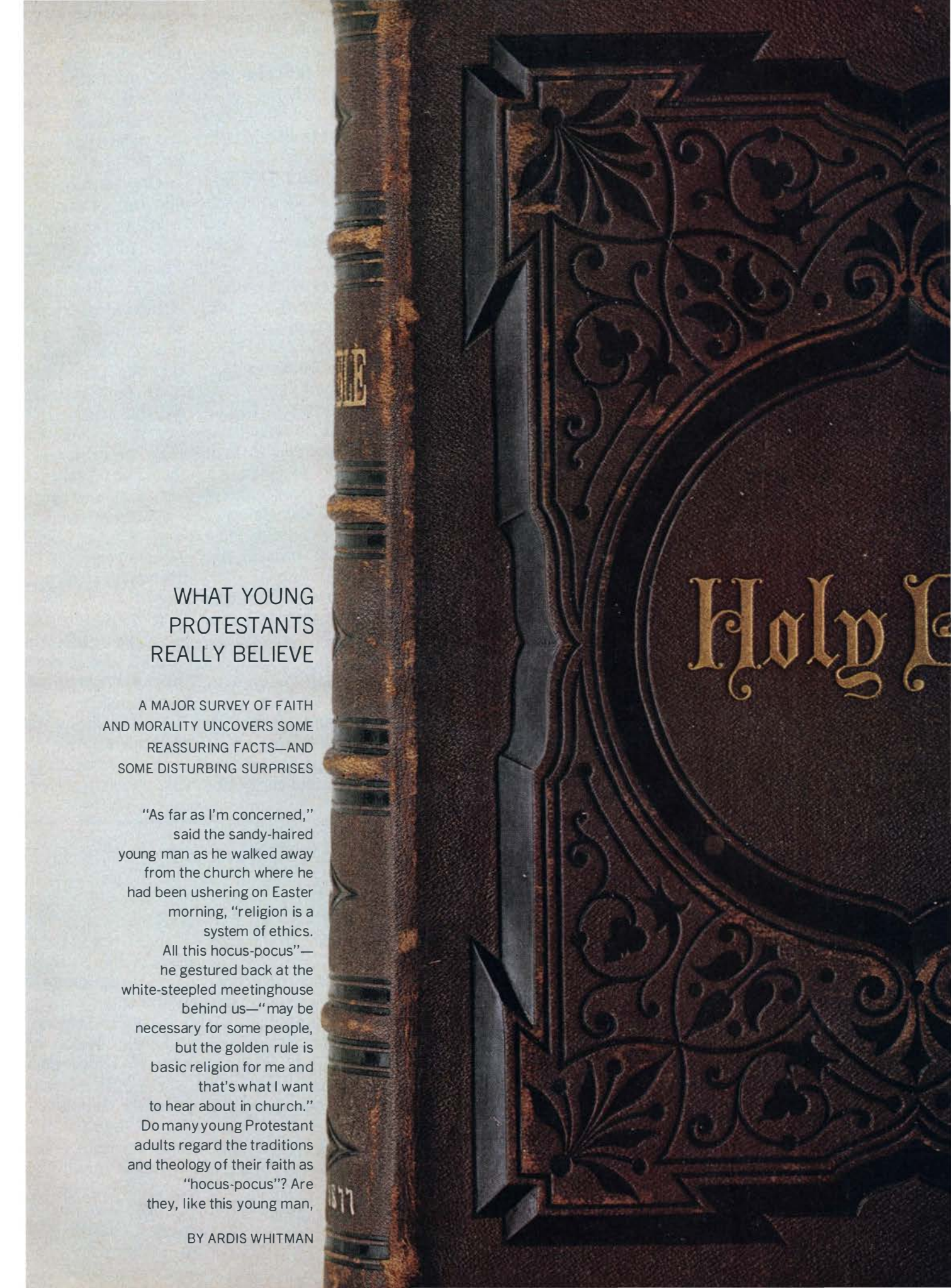


WHAT YOUNG PROTESTANTS REALLY BELIEVE

A MAJOR SURVEY OF FAITH AND MORALITY UNCOVERS SOME REASSURING FACTS—AND SOME DISTURBING SURPRISES

"As far as I'm concerned," said the sandy-haired young man as he walked away from the church where he had been ushering on Easter morning, "religion is a system of ethics. All this hocus-pocus"—he gestured back at the white-steepled meetinghouse behind us—"may be necessary for some people, but the golden rule is basic religion for me and that's what I want to hear about in church." Do many young Protestant adults regard the traditions and theology of their faith as "hocus-pocus"? Are they, like this young man,

BY ARDIS WHITMAN

dy of the Lord Jesus.

4 And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments.

5 And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye ‖ the living among the dead?

6 He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

7 Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

8 And they remembered his words,

9 And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

10 It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary *the mother* of James, and other *women that were* with them, which told these things unto the apostles.

11 And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

12 * Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre, and stooping down, he beheld the linen cloths laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

13 ¶ * And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

14 And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

15 And it came to pass, that, while they communed *together* and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

16 But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

17 And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

18 And the one of them, whose name was Cleophas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to him there in these days?

19 And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

20 And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

21 But we trusted that it had been he, which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, to day is the third day since these things were done.

22 Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre;

23 And when they found not his body, they came, saying that they also had seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive.

24 And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found *it even* so as the women had said: but him they saw not.

25 Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

26 Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?

27 And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

28 And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further.

29 But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

30 And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed *it*, and brake, and gave to them.

31 And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he ‖ vanished out of their sight.

32 And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

33 And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them,

34 Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

35 And they told what things *were done* in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread.

36 ¶ * And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace *be* unto you.

37 But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit.

38 And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?

39 Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.

40 And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them *his* hands and his feet.

41 And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat?

42 And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb.

43 And he took *it*, and did eat before them.

44 And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and *in* the prophets, and *in* the psalms, concerning me.

45 Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures,

46 And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

47 And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

48 And ye are witnesses of these things.

49 ¶ * And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

50 ¶ And he led them out as far as to Bethany: and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

51 * And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

52 And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy:

53 And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

¶ The Gospel according to S. JOHN

CHAP. I.

The divinity, humanity, and office of Jesus Christ. 15 *The testimony of John.* 39 *The calling of Andrew, Peter, &c.*

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 * The same was in the beginning with God.

3 * All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

4 In him was life, and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 ¶ * There was a man sent from God, whose name *was* John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but *was sent* to bear witness of that Light.

9 *That* was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12 But as many as received him, to them gave he ‖ power to become the sons of God, *even* to them that believe on his name:

13 Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 * And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

15 ¶ John bare witness of him, and cried, saying, This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me: for he was before me.

skeptical of the divinity of Jesus, uninterested in the hereafter, barely tolerant of the New Testament story on which the Christian Church was founded? Or are they still theologically oriented to the Christian faith—even if, perhaps, differently so from their elders?

Whatever the answers may be, they go to the heart of religious concern in America, for historically and numerically we are a Protestant nation, and Protestant young adults, therefore, will bear much of the responsibility for the religion of America in these last decades of the 20th century.

What, then, *do* they believe? To find out, REDBOOK commissioned a Gallup survey to be taken across the country. The survey inquired into the religious convictions of young adults, with special concentration on young Protestants. Do you believe in God, the survey asked? If so, do you think of Him as a personal God—a God who hears prayers? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus? In the miracle of the Virgin Birth? In life after death and in the authority of the Bible? In what way do you find your religion of value to you? And what is the relevance of Christian faith to your own conduct and to contemporary problems?

These questions were put to a cross section of the population; in addition, the questionnaire was informally presented to more than 200 *actively churchgoing* young Protestants to see how the views of these church-oriented young people might differ from those of the Protestant populace at large; and finally, this reporter talked at length to innumerable young adults from nearly every part of the country.

These young people were sometimes surprising in their rejections, and as often startling in what they were prepared to accept.

Perhaps the most striking disclosure of the survey was the degree to which education affects orthodoxy. If a graph were drawn to show the relation of education to traditional belief, it would move more or less steadily downward from grade school to college. Three quarters of those interviewed in this survey who had not gone to college said that they believe the Bible to be literally true. Only a little more than a third of college graduates expressed this same belief. No young grade-school graduate in this survey believed Jesus was not divine, but about one in five college graduates did.

For purposes of comparison, the survey inquired into the beliefs of older people as well as of the young. Looking at the whole cross section of young adults, of varying degrees of education, and comparing their opinions with those of their elders, it was apparent that theologically, at least, young people are not flaming rebels. They are, in fact, as far as the survey is able to discover, not a whit less inclined to hold to traditional faiths than the generation above them.

They are less "orthodox," in general, than the oldest, or grandparent, group in the country, but even here there are sometimes unexpected likenesses.

Adherence to traditional belief is—as was perhaps to be expected—at its highest in questions about God. Offered various choices as to the nature of God—"He is a heavenly Father who watches over us and hears and answers our prayers"; "He is an Idea but not a Being"; "He is an impersonal Creator who cannot be reached by our prayers"; "There is no God"—more than 90 per cent of the whole populace chose the traditional position that God is a father. Interviews confirmed that most young Protestant adults, if they think of God at all, think of him as in some sense a Person. You can communicate with Him, they think; He cares about you.

Even the few untraditional choices leaned to almost anything rather than to the statement that there is no God. In this survey, less than one half of one per cent of young Protestants chose it. They steered away too from the deist position so explosive at the turn of the century that "God is an impersonal Creator who cannot be reached by our prayers."

"Perhaps we believe what we want to believe," a young Connecticut Congregationalist told me after he held a brooding silence through the discussion of more voluble friends on the subject. He added vehemently, "I *couldn't* believe in God as a creator and no more. It seems so cold."

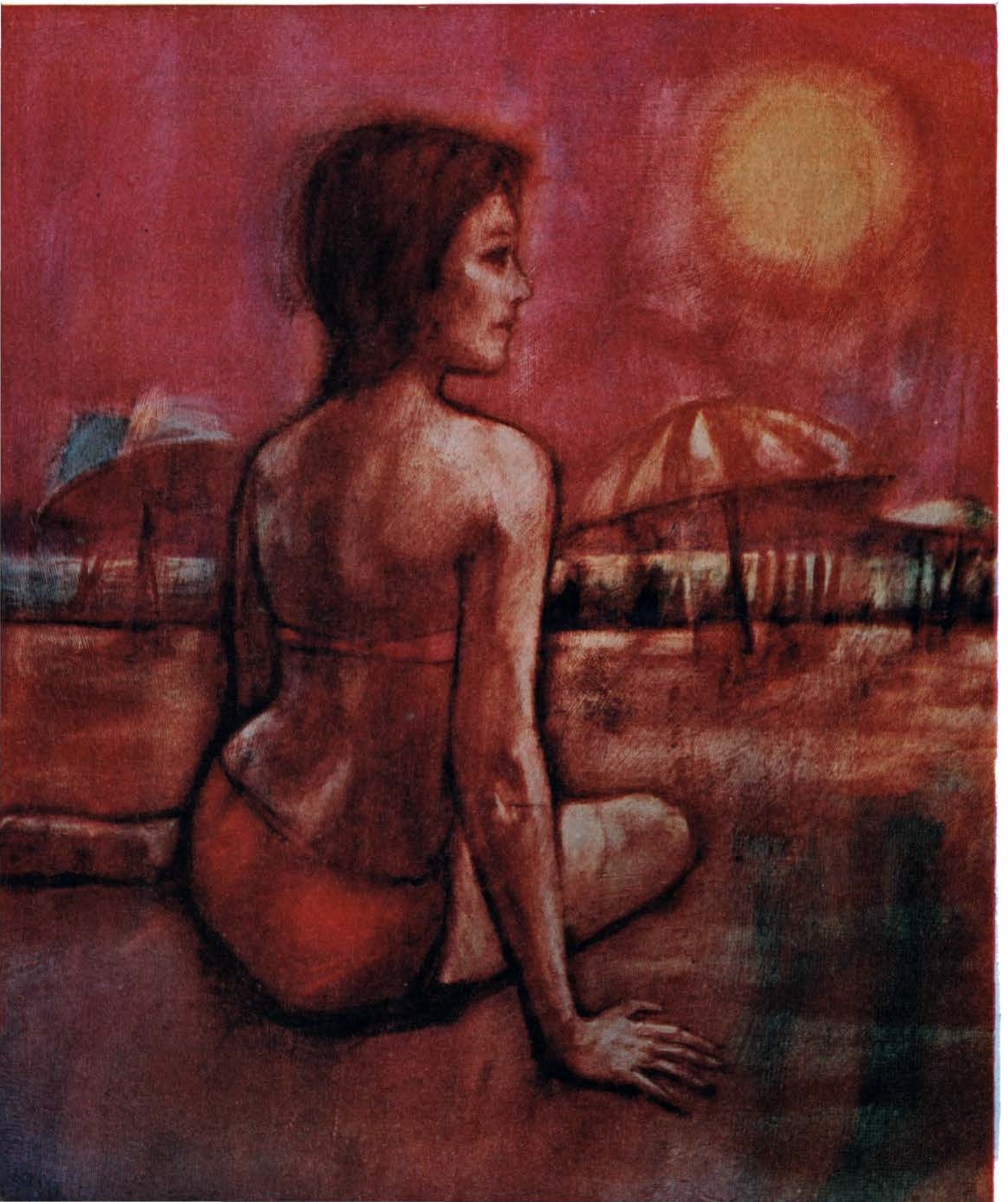
Do the very liberal views of some ministers on the divinity of Jesus also *(Continued on page 88)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL MARCO

by Jean Todd Freeman

LOOK OUT FOR SHARKS

Of all the dangers a woman can face, perhaps the worst is safety—if the careful pattern of her life turns out to be her prison

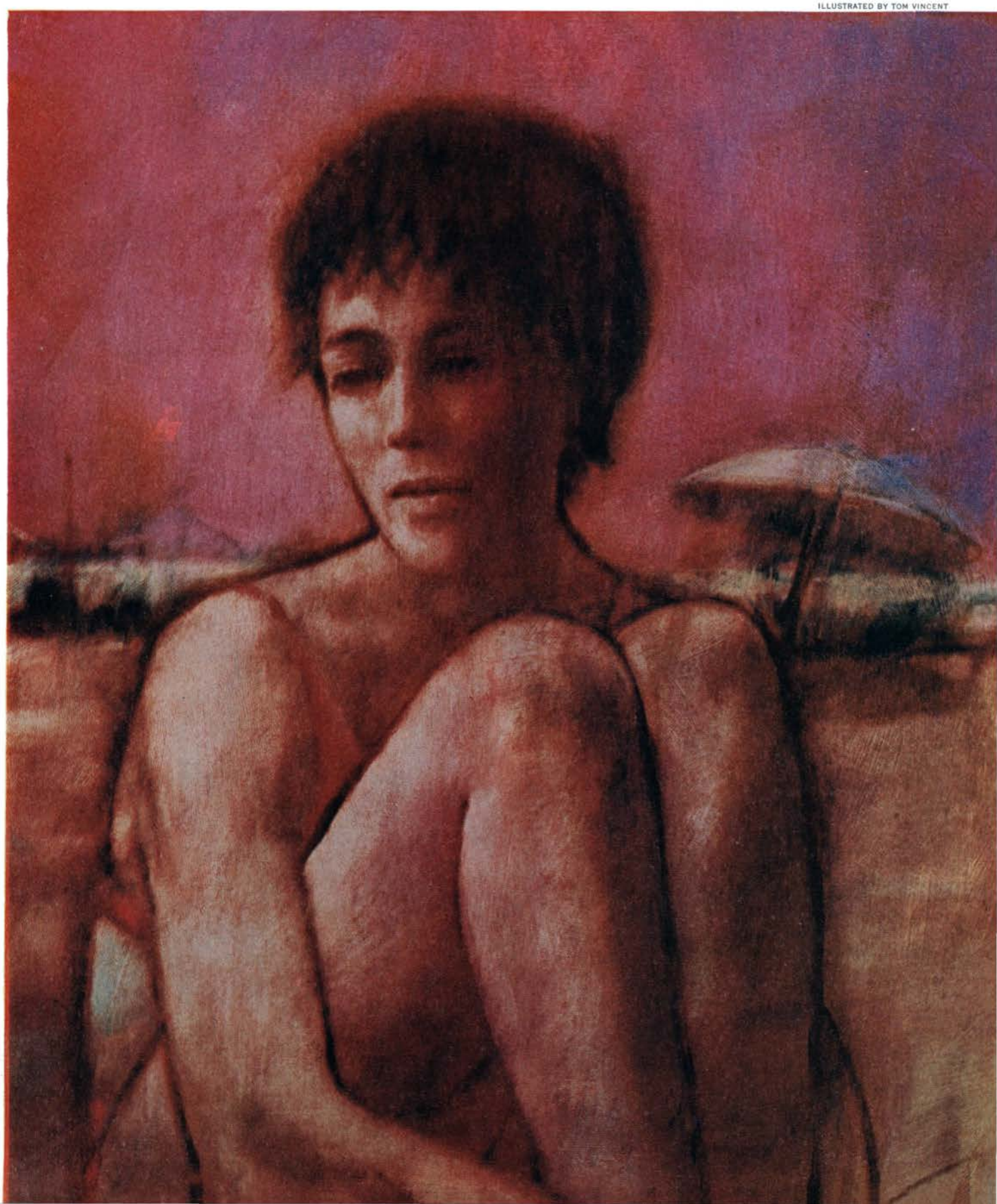


On a fine Sunday in July, Patty and her friend Julia were driving along Route 72, an hour out of Philadelphia and headed for the New Jersey shore. Patty had been to the ocean only once this season, and then too early to swim; she was looking forward to plunging into the water and swimming straight out as far as she could—or at least as far as she could get before the lifeguard whistled her back. Julia had been twice, she said; the second time there was a shark scare farther up the island, and the swimmers were called out of the water for several hours, until word came that the sharks had been only a school of porpoises.

"Well, there'd better not be any shark scare today," Patty said. "It's going to be too hot to lie on the sand all afternoon."

"I've brought along a book and the *Times* crossword puzzle," Julia said comfortingly. Julia always read at the seashore, turning the pages languorously, dribbling sun-tan oil upon them. Patty, somewhat to her surprise, had *(Continued on page 104)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM VINCENT



THE CHILDREN WHO CAUSED A CRISIS

"The Panamanians really hate us," says one American high-school student in the Canal Zone. "Those Yanqui kids," says a Panamanian youngster, "treat us as though we were peasants!" A reporter looks for the explosive reasons behind the riots that caused 25 deaths—and an international crisis

BY JHAN ROBBINS

On January 24th of this year the Panama City newspaper *La Prensa* printed the picture of a bright-looking, 17-year-old high-school boy named Jimmy Jenkins. The caption beneath the photo read, "A seed of evil and cruelty... his soul is filled with pus, refuse and incurable pustules....The face you see here caused 22 Panamanian deaths....With his dirty claws he tore our sacred flag. Jenkins is a cruel monster who has inherited all the viciousness of the Zonians. His is the arrogance of a Southern slaver...."

Although most of the Panamanians I talked with recently conceded that the description might be exaggerated, they felt that there was a good deal of truth in it. A hotel porter told me in a mixture of Spanish and English, "Those Zonian *mocitos* [brats]—*como molestan* [nuisances]. They're all the same, except as they grow older they become worse. They act as if the whole world is *Estados Unidos*. Their parents are raising them to be as arrogant as themselves."

In the U.S.–governed Panama Canal Zone, where Jimmy Jenkins' father is a towing-locomotive engineer in the canal locks and his mother a budget analyst for the Panama Canal Company, Jimmy appears on the record to be a fairly typical American boy. He is one of six children. From the time he was 12 he earned all his own spending money by selling lemonade and Christmas cards, walking dogs, and running errands at the Canal Zone hospital.

In high school Jimmy Jenkins was a member of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, the Camera Club, the Chess Club. He was confirmed in the Zone's St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. He took driver-training lessons from his father and judo lessons at the local YMCA. He was an above-average student with high *(Continued on page 110)*

by Will Stanton

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

His first mistake was to think he could keep up with a pack of little boys. His second was the fond belief that he could actually teach them something

"It seems to me," I said to Maggie, "that if a man is going to be leaving town all the time, he has no business being a scoutmaster."

"This was an unexpected business trip," Maggie said. "Anyhow, this will be the first time Mr. Giddings has missed a meeting since Barney joined the

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMI UNGERER

scouts. Mrs. Giddings told me over the phone that she'd asked all the other fathers and none of them could make it."

"And you told her I'd be happy to take a bunch of kids on an overnight hike. Overjoyed." I went over and looked out the window to see if there were any rain clouds. There weren't.

"Well, why are you staring at me like that? I said I'd go, didn't I?"

"I should think you'd welcome the chance to teach the boys something," she went on. "You're always bragging about your knowledge of woodcraft."

"Mentioning a simple statement of fact is not bragging," I told her. "We'd better start getting our gear collected."

"Barney's already started." She called to the living room: "Barney—what do you want to take to eat?"

He came into the kitchen. "We're supposed to take fish," he said.

"Fishing equipment, you mean," I said. "Rods——" *(Continued on page 116)*

A REDBOOK DIALOGUE
HAYLEY AND JOHN MILLS

A FATHER AND DAUGHTER TALK ABOUT FAME, FAMILIES, LOVE AND GROWING UP

John and Hayley Mills, father and daughter, have worked together in three films: "Tiger Bay," "The Chalk Garden" and "The Truth About Spring." Hayley, now 18, has also starred in "Whistle Down the Wind," written by her mother, Mary Hayley Bell, a former actress. When working at home in England the Millses stay at their Berkeley Square flat and make their headquarters on a farm, where they raise beef and dairy cattle.

JOHN: This isn't going to be very controversial or very stimulating, because we know so much about each other——

HAYLEY: Ya. I mean, it's not as if I were a Methodist and you were a Buddhist——

JOHN: And yet nobody knows everything about another person, even one's own daughter. You think you know them. You know the major things they think about. But of course, naturally, everybody has his own particular soul.

HAYLEY: Yes. I mean—the thing is, you do know, basically, an awful lot about me, don't you? But the things that you don't know *[Pauses, speculating]*...well, they wouldn't be things one would want printed in a magazine...

JOHN: Like a public confession.

HAYLEY: Yes, really. Not that you'd be ashamed. But you see, I've always labored under the impression that the word private means private and should really be kept private. Otherwise, you know *[Thinking it out]*, you don't belong to yourself; you lose your identity. You haven't got a sort of world of your own to retreat into.

JOHN: Well, I'm sure everyone has reservations about saying anything and everything about a personal matter.

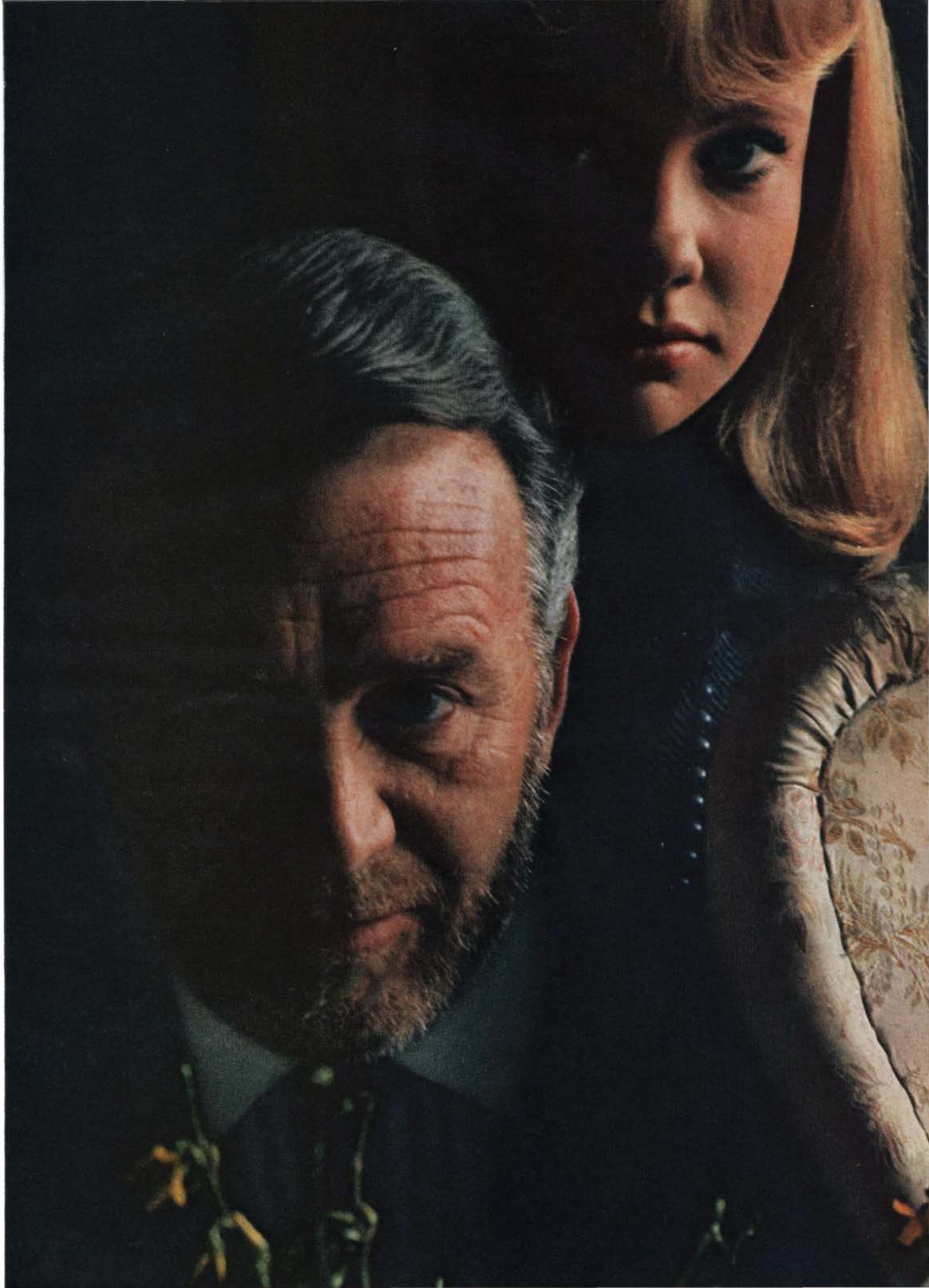
HAYLEY *[Continuing]:* I'm talking very broadly now, but I mean, when people ask me, for instance *[Sounding confidential]*, "Are you madly in love?" or, "Who are you going out with?"—I don't like to answer that sort of question. I don't mean that one is frightfully introverted or secretive or anything like that, but I think all one's life one has kept certain things to oneself. I'm sure, Daddy, that every time you think a new thought or come to a decision—if it's very private or it's something you're not sure about yet—maybe you'll talk about it with Mummy, but I don't think you'll tell *me*. You know? Or maybe it will come out a bit later, or after it's all finished—that sort of thing.

JOHN: Yes. Of course. A lot of people, especially if they have any strength of character, want to work certain things out for themselves. But Mummy and I always felt that if you had a relationship with your brood that is based on friendship, and you can talk as friends—well, it *has* worked, hasn't it? If I can say it without any smugness, we've always been able to talk very freely in our family. I mean, I couldn't have gone along to my parents, whom I adored—they were very sweet, but they were very Victorian. And rightly or wrongly, many times I felt somehow I might shock one of them. Now, I don't think you kids would ever be worried about shocking us.

HAYLEY: No. But you're talking about something big and important or shocking, like —*[Pauses, laughs]* I can't even think of anything; we're on rather tricky ground. You know what I mean, *that* sort of thing! Well, *that* sort of thing I *would* talk to you about, and it would be a tremendous help. And yet, funnily enough, a lot of kids would rather talk about that sort of thing to somebody they don't even know terribly well.

JOHN: That's what I'm saying. Exactly. That there isn't that barrier in our family, whereby the parents are supposed to be too square or too old or something. And that's where we're lucky, you see, because you kids will come along and say practically anything to us, while others— Well, I know that masses of your friends would never dream of talking to their parents about things that we discuss in our family. *(Continued on page 99)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BAILEY



As my mother said, a girl can't help how she feels. But what she can help, I learned that night, is what she does about it

IT SEEMS I HEARD THE VIOLINS

by Millie McWhirter

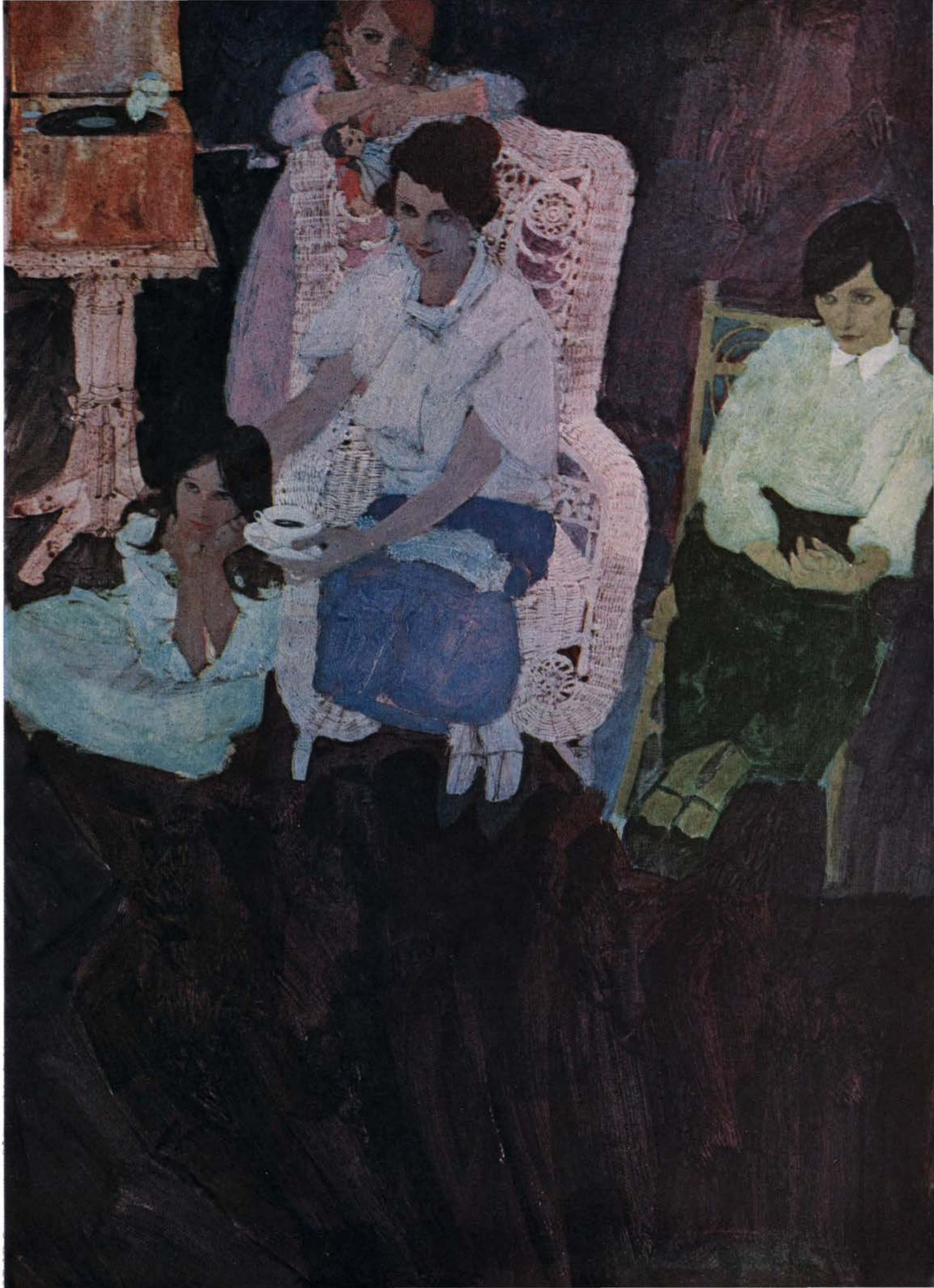
There in the Tennessee hills folks were forever nagging at the weather, saying it ought to stop whatever it was doing or do whatever it wasn't. Sometimes it seemed to heed them, too, and there'd be a gentle rain following the planting season, or a dry spell until the last fluff of cotton was stripped from the fields.

But though folks were always passing judgment on the weather, it was hard to tell if it ever passed judgment on us. The weather did different things to different people, and who could say if rain was falling on the just, or the unjust, or just falling?

There was that spring when the clouds burst on the ridge and the river became swollen and jaundiced from eating into the yellow-clay hills. The river washed out some of the fencing and the rain leaked through the shingled rooftops. That same rain brought the wind rushing through the cottonwood trees, and a small tree was uprooted and tossed across our narrow road. And that's how it happened that the long green car with the rumble seat was stranded in our community.

Normally the man and woman in the long green car might have pulled up for gas at the single pump and even gone inside the store to buy a chocolate bar from Emily Long. Emily would *(Continued on page 107)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

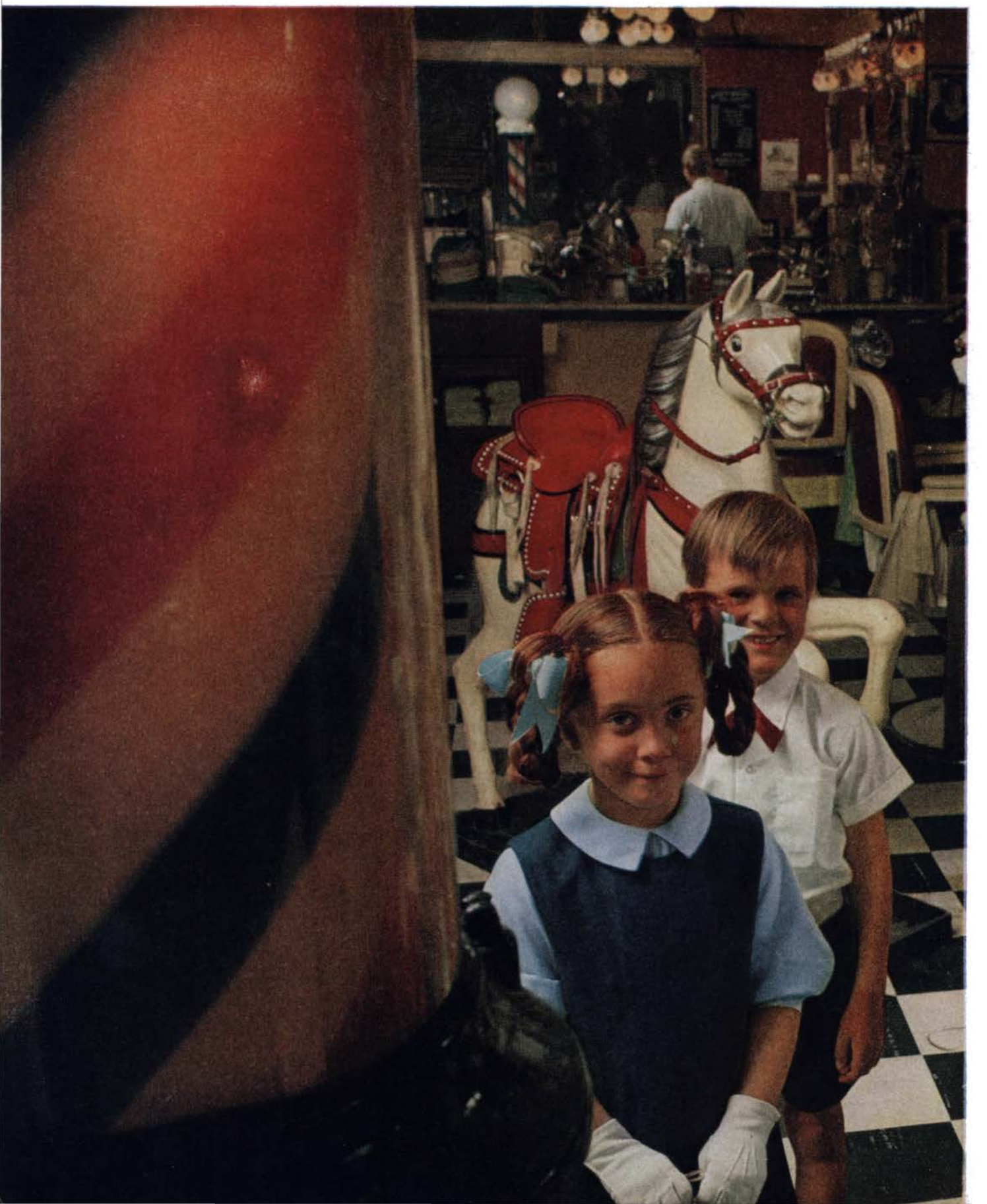


Whether you like it or not, your children are bound to look a bit tousled in the summertime. Everyone does, with swimming and all the other hair-rumpling activities of the season. But autumn is another thing. It's back-to-school time. It's dance recitals and school-band concerts. It's "Sunday best" for all kinds of weekday occasions. Autumn calls for a neater appearance, and a trim head of hair is the best place to start. To see what could be done with the six moppets at our right, all much in need of haircuts, we delivered them to the experts. Our order: the best haircut for each—the one that would be most attractive, stay (relatively) neat and please the child. However fleeting and imperceptible their concern, children *do* care about the way they look. The successful results can be seen on the following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORN/GRINER
LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES
BY JOSEPH LOVE

A shaggy child story, with...

...a happy ending



Spruced up for fall: Elizabeth's thick red hair was tapered, then caught up in two braids. John's blond hair was cut to fall naturally, with no part. Anne's baby-fine blonde hair was cut short to keep it more manageable. Greg (seated) needed fullness around his face; his bright red hair was left long at the sides and back for a well-rounded line. Tina's untamed dark brown hair was cut and styled to stay in place. Kirk, aged eight, could use a more grown-up haircut; his "Prince Charles" was left long in front, combed to one side. The boys' hair was cut by Paul Molé, seen here in his New York shop; the girls', by Marguerite Buck, hair-style consultant. For more information on these haircuts and how to get the best haircut for your child, *see page 110.*

A Bad Year of Marriage

BY EVE FORSYTHE

Last week Hank sent me 15 long-stemmed roses to celebrate our 15 years of marriage. His card read: "I'd do it again!"

I loved the flowers, but the note meant more. It meant an opportunity to kiss Hank, to tell him with a private smile: "You're a charming liar!" The children wanted to know, "What's so funny, Mom?" but I shooed them to the table where I served a shamelessly fattening dinner and chocolate cake for dessert with "I Love You" on the icing.

The children—13-year-old Christine and 11-year-old Matthew—compared second portions of cake, crumb for crumb, while Hank and I sat back quietly. Our silence was satisfied and comfortable. It bound us in marriage, proclaiming loudly that we were tied, through sickness and health, through our happiness and our unhappiness, until death do us part.

Last year there were no roses, no loving insults. Hank and I were in such a state of mutual bitterness that the word "divorce" was out in the open. For a calendar year we had lived in a house without the easy affection, familiar banter and good manners that were the personality traits of our marriage. We lived without the notes we'd often write to each other, without the private jokes and the small ceremonies of giving—whether it was a gross of book matches for Hank to keep his pipe going or a wild fur hat he brought home because he thought I'd have the nerve to wear it. We were not friends. We were not lovers. We were not even together as parents. That year we lived in two isolations—two private hells, bridged only by hurtful, chaotic, frightened words.

"What actually happened during this time?" you may ask. The answer is: "Almost nothing." Neither of us drank or took drugs. Neither of us, to the best of my knowledge, committed adultery—except in recriminatory daydreams. Neither physically abused the other. Once Hank did threaten to hit me if I said again that he was behaving like a small boy. But a stage director would find scant material for visible dramatic action in the slammed doors, shouts and hurtful threats of "walking out."

Hank and I continued to share the same bed and board—literally—and the omnipresent juggling of financial income and outgo. Outwardly we were motherly and fatherly to our children and friendly to our friends. But nothing was the same, even if it looked the same. The will to please, to give to each other, was missing.

It is over now, and I can look back on that year and see that marriage, like the good earth, may have its years of bounty and years of failure. A marriage—if it *was* a marriage—can survive a bad year and go on to *be* a marriage. I am no expert. I do not presume to offer advice. I can give an honest account, however, of my experience and the insights it has brought—adding only one more partial answer to the endless riddle of mar-

riage. If I am to be forthright, I must be anonymous. Eve Forsythe is a pen name.

In the August it all began, both children were away at camp. It was the first time in 12 years we'd had the house to ourselves, and we could hear—perhaps too clearly—what each of us did, and did not, say. Hank showed signs of getting moody and being annoyed with me. I figured it would pass, however. It always had. Before going to bed I'd pour myself a glass of milk and Hank would say: "You didn't ask me if *I* wanted anything." I'd make a date with our oldest friends and he'd say: "You didn't consult me. I won't go."

I operated on old habits and old assumptions, and would reply with my resentful feelings well hidden: "Tell me what you want. I'll get it." Or: "The date's just for a movie with the Gordons. You always want to go with the Gordons."

I recall joking, "Hey, that's the fourth nasty crack at me tonight. You're really on a tear. Are you thinking of trading me in?"

From the way he shrugged, shutting out my offer of friendliness, I knew his humor was still on the downside. I used the simplest device any woman knows—let him alone.

But by mid-September I knew this was no "mood" on Hank's part. He had declared a unilateral war against me. The attacking words were "selfish," "aggressive." I closed my mouth over counterattacking words: "bully," "unreasonable," "weak." I defended myself only with "I do my best," "the way I am. . . ."

The changes were sudden and countless. Hank—notably easy-going and good-humored in the everyday business of life—now stormed over a hole in his socks, the teen-age state of Chris's hair, or a new dish I'd serve for dinner that he didn't like. When we left friends after an evening of lively give-and-take, he'd complain that I had "contradicted" him, "interrupted" him. He doled out the house money grudgingly, making me feel that I was receiving the down payment on a mink coat rather than the price of a basketful of groceries at the supermarket. He was, by turns, brutally impatient and dangerously indulgent with the children—fiercely indignant if I took issue with him by so much as an eyebrow. He was hardly civil to my parents. Their very presence seemed to infuriate him.

My drug was withdrawal. I burrowed deeper and deeper into myself. At breakfast time I would come down earlier than usual. I needed time to get hold of myself before everyone came into the kitchen. I would say, "Good morning" to Hank out of habit. He might say a "good morning" more chilling than no reply at all. He was no longer my silent ally as I dispensed morning law and order to the children. I emptied the dishwasher, wiped stray coffee grounds out of the sink, poured myself a third cup of coffee—all with my back to Hank as he ate, read the sports and financial pages and occasionally arbitrated between Chris and Matthew. I avoided facing Hank and a possible fresh expression of anger, but the anger was in the kitchen nonetheless (mine as well as his). Not even the red cardinals flashing by the kitchen window in search of their customary handout could distract me from my total preoccupation with unhappiness. There were no good-by kisses—not even those perfunctory morning kisses that had always reminded me of lukewarm breakfast toast.

At dinnertime we were captive to our custom of a leisurely full-course meal. We exchanged bits of news and family business—but the matters between us were matters of fact, and markedly forced. The unnatural strain made us short-tempered with Chris and Matthew with their usual verbal extravagances and bickering. But once we had squelched them, we were left with a wooden silence—face to face, inescapably under the eyes of the children. It did not help to know that Chris, with her sensitive emotional antennae, soon caught on. One night shortly after her return from camp she looked up.

"Hey, what's happened to this house?" she asked. "It's not the same family I left."

In the late evenings when the children had gone to bed, Hank wanted to "discuss" the problem. The warm pools of light fell on the polished woods, the moss-green carpets, the shelves of books and ornaments—all ironic reminders of the mutual thought we'd put into our house, of evenings we'd spent comfortably together in this living room with Hank working at his chess *(Continued on page 94)*

It had been a reasonably good marriage for thirteen years—and then suddenly it wasn't. Neither of them knew why it had changed, but each knew that it was unbearable

Back-to-school classics

The clothes seen here and on the following pages are new editions of perennially popular children's classics—comfortable sweaters and jumpers, casual shirts and slacks, rugged outdoor gear. They are all brought up to date with easy-care fabrics that resist soil and wrinkling and are completely washable. They can, of course, go anywhere, even into that special wonderland that only a child can find.

A visit to Sleeping Beauty:

Elasticized blouson-jumper, worn with a cotton-knit turtleneck sweater, is a machine-washable J. P. Stevens fabric of Orlon and viscose rayon that looks like wool. By Robert Love for Joseph Love, sizes 7-14, about $11; 3-6X, about $9.

Box-pleated jumper in Milliken's washable wool-nylon has dropped waistline circled with a self-belt; the striped, turtleneck sweater is Orlon. By Pandora Knitwear, sizes 3-6X. Jumper, about $7; sweater, about $5.

Three washable separates that go together: tapered cotton-corduroy slacks, an Orlon-wool knit pullover and a cotton-corduroy shirt that doubles here as a jacket. By Health-Tex. Pants and pullover in sizes 3-8, corduroy shirt in sizes 4-8; each, about $3.

Two-piece dress in Crompton's corduroy: the overblouse is yoked, pleated and banded at the waist; the skirt is kick-pleated all around. The turtleneck shirt, in a woven-in floral design, is cotton knit. By All Time Togs. Sizes 3-6X, about $8 for the dress, about $3 for the shirt. In sizes 7-14: dress, about $9; shirt, about $4.

With Gulliver in Lilliput:

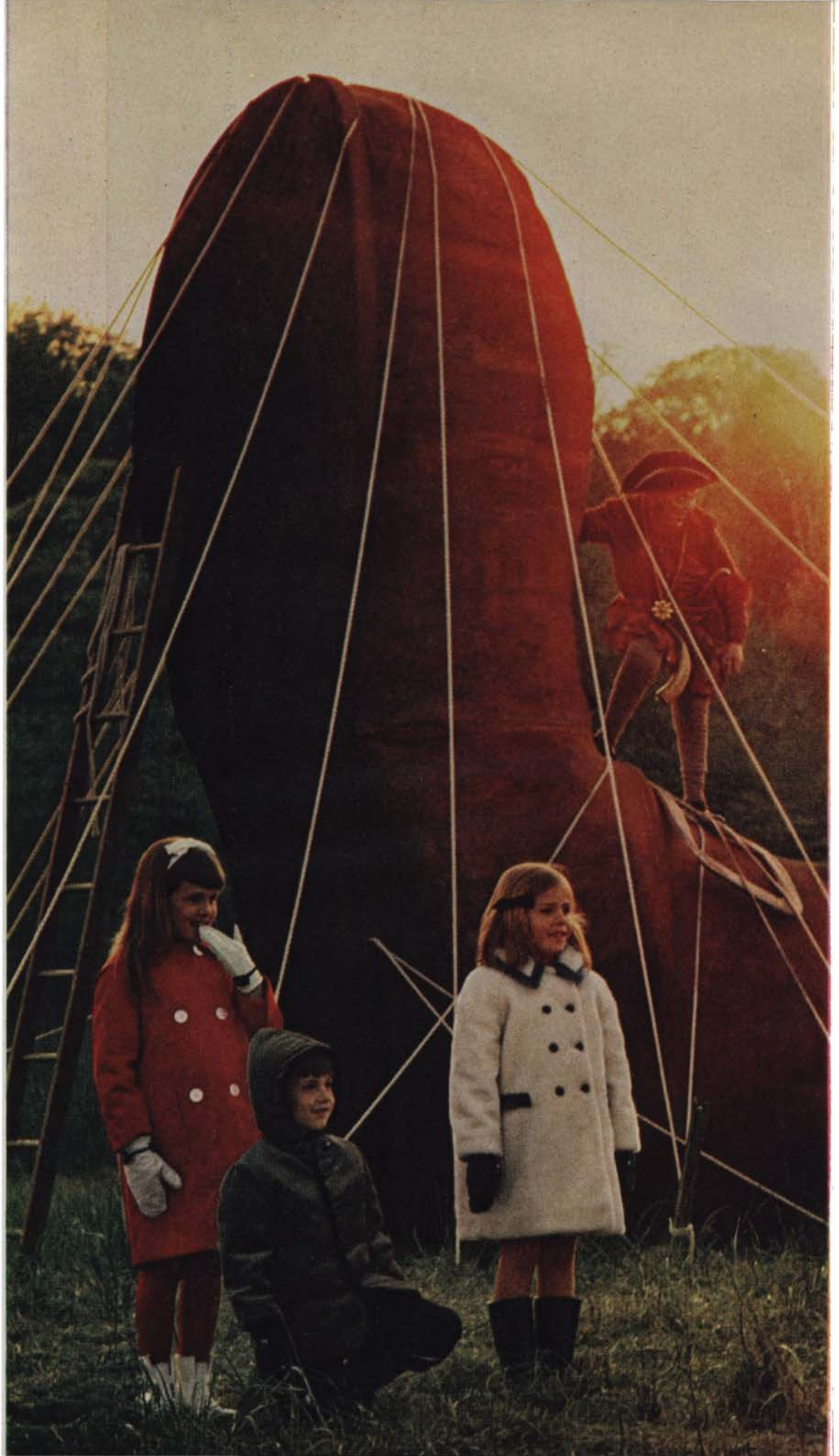
Two-in-one: a cotton-poplin raincoat, Fascot-treated for water repellency, has a quilted nylon zip-out jacket (with ribbed cotton cuffs and stand-up collar) that also serves as a lining and is reversible. By Dolphin Rainwear, sizes 7-14, 3-6X, about $18.

Hooded parka in wide-wale corduroy by Cone Mills is lined with Vyeron-backed nylon, finished with braid and peg buttons. The black ski slacks are wash-and-wear, water-repellent stretch nylon. By Oxford Boy's Wear, sizes 3-7. Parka, about $13; slacks, about $7.

Soft and furry coat of white Orlon pile by Malden is dressed up with cotton-leather buttons and trim. By Town & Country, sizes 3-6X, about $28; sizes 7-14, about $35.

Two-way-stretch-nylon laminated snowsuit has embroidered jacket that zips up the front to a snug ribbed turtleneck, is lined with red Orlon acrylic pile. Snowsuit by Kute Kiddies, sizes 3-6X, about $25; sizes 2-4X, about $21. White Orlon-knit stocking cap by Schwartz and Lieberman, Inc.

Double-breasted coat in water-repellent cotton suede from Holland has white Acrilan acrylic-pile cuffs, collar and lining; matching beret. By Town & Country. Sizes 3-6X, about $23, including beret. Sizes 7-14, about $26; beret, about $3.

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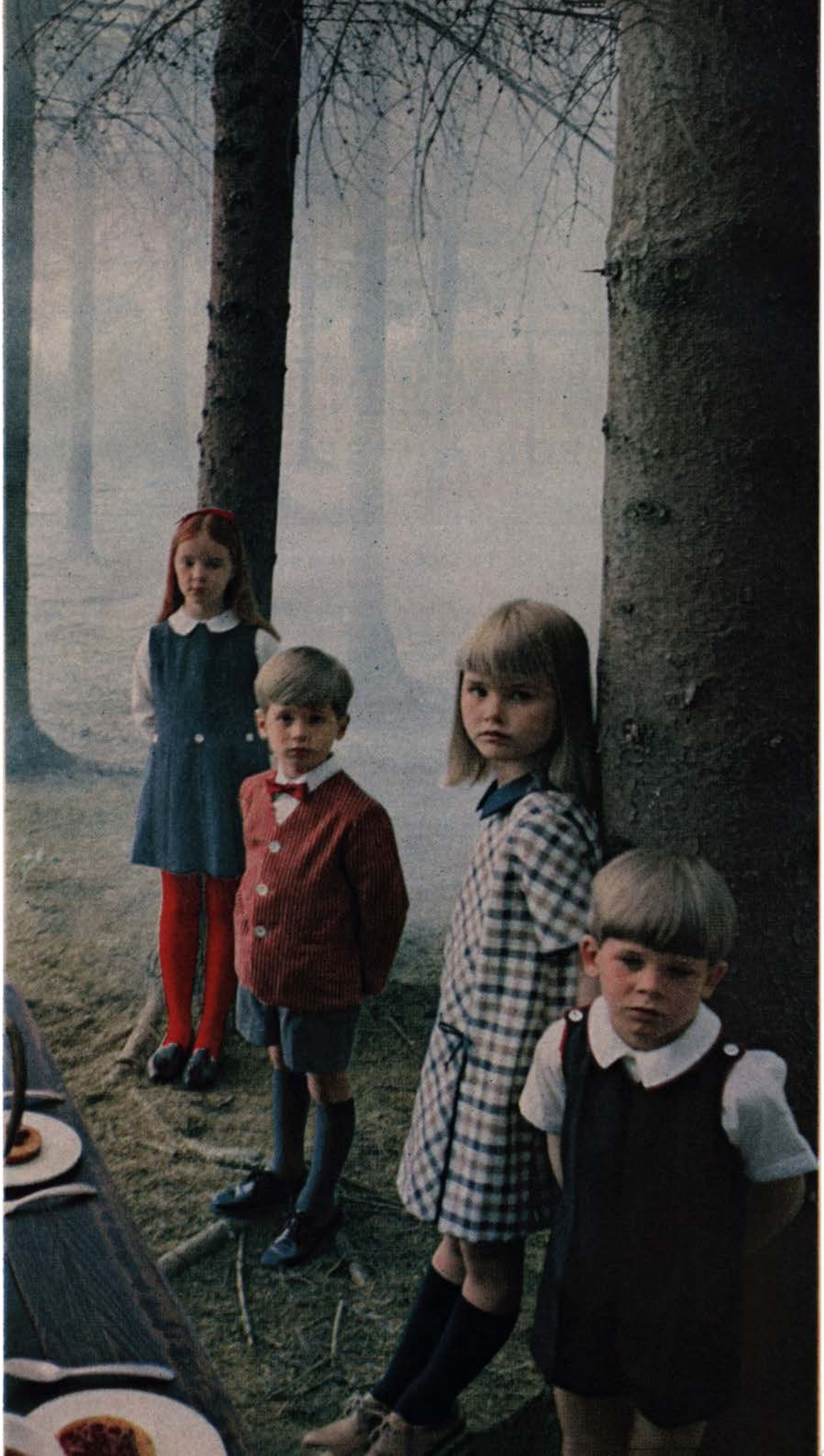


In Wonderland with Alice:

Princess-style jumper in Wedgmoor's washable wool-nylon is worn with round-collared Dacron and cotton piqué blouse. Jumper by All Time Togs, sizes 3-6X, about $8; in sizes 7-14, about $9. Blouse by Ship'n Shore, sizes 3-6X, about $3; sizes 7-14, about $3.50.

Eton-jacket suit is cotton knit lined with cotton and paired here with a men's classic: a white, combed-cotton oxford shirt with button-down collar, long sleeves and button cuffs. The suit, by Elegant Heir, sizes 3-7, about $11; sizes 2-4, about $10. Shirt by Rob Roy, sizes 3-7, about $2.50.

Straight-from-the-shoulder checked dress shows off contrasting solid navy at collar and sleeves, again in the deep inverted pleats. The Dan River fabric, a wash-and-wear cotton-and-rayon mixture, has a slight slub, resists wrinkling. By Kate Greenaway, sizes 3-6X, about $5. In sizes 7-14, about $6.

Short-pants overall that fastens at the shoulder is a Cone Mills' Vycron-rayon-acetate blend; the white shirt is Dacron and cotton, piped at the collar to carry out the navy-and-red color scheme. By Merry Mites. Overall, sizes 3-6X and 2-4, about $7; shirt, sizes 3-6X and 2-4, about $5.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORN/GRINER

ALL LEOTARDS BY DANSKIN INC.
ALL KNEE SOCKS BY BONNIE DOON
ALL GLOVES BY NOLAN
ALL BOOTS BY B.F. GOODRICH
ALL SHOES BY YOUNG TIMER SHOE CO.
MOST OF THE CLOTHES MAY BE SEEN AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK.
FOR OTHER STORES, SEE PAGE 92.

MENU
FOR A WEEKEND

FRIDAY DINNER
*Jellied Borsch
*Stuffed Flounder
*Cheese-Baked Tomatoes
Baked Potatoes
Hearts of Lettuce With
*Garden Dressing
*Poached Peaches
Cookies
Coffee Milk

SATURDAY BREAKFAST
Melon Wedges
*Shirred Eggs With Bacon
*Blueberry Muffins
Butter
Coffee Milk

SATURDAY LUNCHEON
*Neapolitan Salad Loaf
*Lemon French Bread
Blueberries With Cream
Poundcake
Iced Tea Milk

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD GRAY

Redbook's guide to making your weekend as pleasant as your guests' starts here with plan-ahead menus, and continues on page 74 with recipes that will make carefree entertaining a specialty of your house

SATURDAY DINNER

*Cranberry-Apple Sherbet
*Chicken Breasts in Wine
*Tomato-Limas
Corn on the Cob
Celery Olives Radishes
*Pecan Pie Coffee Milk

SUNDAY BRUNCH

Orange Juice
Sliced Bananas
Cold Cereal With Cream
*Creamed Eggs on Corn Bread
Grilled Ham
*Orange Coffeecake
Coffee Milk

SUNDAY DINNER

*Iced Asparagus Soup
*Beef Roulades
*Peas and Celery in Toast Baskets
Tossed Salad French Dressing
*Meringue Glacé
Coffee Milk

*RECIPES GIVEN

Apricot parfait

COOL DESSERTS, cool to make, cool to serve, cool to eat, begin on page 87. They

require no cooking, look wonderfully refreshing and taste as good as they look—cool

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD GRAY

Our menus on pages 70-71 and the recipes below were designed for a weekend of carefree, kitchen-free entertaining. By using them as directed you can have much of the weekend cooking tucked away in the freezer or refrigerator by the time your guests arrive on Friday afternoon.

We have included a full weekend of menus, from Friday to Sunday dinner; but individual menus and recipes are adaptable to any entertaining schedule. Select them as your plans require. Then check all necessary ingredients and make a shopping list of staple and/or storable items that can be bought early in the week, or before. Be sure to include the ingredients for the recipes you will be preparing ahead. Make another shopping list of perishable items, such as salad greens and meats, that should be bought later —in this case, on Thursday.

To prepare many of the recipes ahead of time, follow the schedule suggested with each one. Early in the week, for instance, cook and freeze the Beef Roulades (served for Sunday dinner). On Thursday, prepare and refrigerate some of the Friday dinner menu; Friday morning, complete the preparations for that evening and get a head start on the Saturday meals. There will be some work at serving-time—unmolding the salad, uncorking the wine. But you'll have time for this minimal preparation *and* time for your guests.

Think ahead to where and how you will be serving each meal. Be sure that everything you will be needing for preparation and serving is ready for use. Polished silver, sparkling glassware and china and freshly ironed linens add the final touch to gracious entertaining.

—HELEN MILLS

FRIDAY DINNER

JELLIED BORSCH

2 1-pound cans julienne beets
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
2 cans condensed beef consommé
1 teaspoon instant minced onion
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons prepared horse-radish
1½ cups commercial sour cream

Drain beets, reserving juice. Soften gelatine in 1 cup of the beet juice in a saucepan. Place over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatine is dissolved. Add consommé, onion and lemon juice; chill until the consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Mix the horse-radish and 1 cup of the sour cream; stir in the remaining beet juice. Gradually stir the sour cream mixture into the consommé mixture. Fold in the drained beets and chill at least 3 to 4 hours, or longer, until the soup is slightly jellied. Serve garnished with the remaining ½ cup sour cream. Serves 8.

Prepare Thursday and refrigerate.

STUFFED FLOUNDER

2 11-ounce packages frozen chopped spinach
2 tablespoons instant minced onion
¼ cup fine dry seasoned bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
***3 pounds fresh or frozen flounder fillets**
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 teaspoon bottled brown bouquet sauce
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 6-ounce can sliced broiled mushrooms
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Cook spinach according to package directions; add onion to spinach while it is cooking; drain well. Toss together spinach, bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Dry fish fillets well. Place a spoonful of the spinach mixture in center of each; roll up and secure with a toothpick. Place fish rolls in a shallow baking dish. Mix oil and bouquet sauce and brush over the stuffed fillets. Put cornstarch in a small saucepan and gradually stir in undrained mushrooms. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Pour mushroom sauce around fish. Sprinkle with parsley. Refrigerate until ready to bake. Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Bake fish 40 to 45 minutes, or until fork-tender. Serves 8.

*If frozen fillets are used, defrost them completely and dry thoroughly before using.

Prepare Friday morning and refrigerate until ready to bake.

CHEESE-BAKED TOMATOES

8 medium-sized tomatoes
¾ cup crushed shredded wheat wafers
⅓ cup coarsely grated Cheddar cheese
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
1 tablespoon cut chives

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Wash tomatoes and remove stems. Cut a slice from the top of each tomato. Toss together cracker crumbs, cheese, butter and chives; mound on top of tomatoes. Place in baking dish and add ¼ inch water to bottom of dish. Bake 35 to 40 minutes, or until tomatoes are hot and crumbs are lightly browned. Serves 8.

Prepare Friday morning and refrigerate until ready to bake.

GARDEN DRESSING

⅔ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
2 teaspoons anchovy paste
⅔ cup commercial sour cream
⅓ cup chili sauce
½ clove garlic, minced
¾ cup finely chopped cucumber

Blend together mayonnaise and anchovy paste. Fold in the remaining ingredients. Chill. Serve on wedges of lettuce. Makes about 2¼ cups.

Prepare early in the week and refrigerate.

POACHED PEACHES

2½ cups water
½ cup sugar
½ cup orange marmalade
Few grains salt
8 small peaches, about 3 pounds
⅓ cup Cointreau

Mix water, sugar, orange marmalade and salt in saucepan. Place over low heat and cook until sugar is dissolved. Cover peaches with boiling water. Let stand 2 minutes. Drain and cover with cold water. Remove skins and cut peaches in half; remove pits. Place in syrup mixture in saucepan. Simmer 10 minutes, basting peaches occasionally with syrup. Remove peaches and boil syrup until mixture is reduced to 1¼ cups. Stir in Cointreau and cool slightly. Place peaches in jars and cover with syrup. Cover and store in refrigerator. Serves 8.

Prepare and refrigerate on Thursday.

SATURDAY BREAKFAST

SHIRRED EGGS WITH BACON

16 slices bacon
⅓ cup fine dry bread crumbs
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
8 to 10 eggs
½ cup heavy cream
Salt, pepper and paprika

Heat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot). Place bacon in slightly overlapping rows on a cake rack with the fat edges overlapping the lean edges. Place rack in a flat baking pan or broiler pan; bake 10 minutes. While bacon is cooking, butter a 2-quart shallow baking dish generously. Mix bread crumbs and cheese together; press over bottom and sides of dish. Break eggs one at a time into a custard cup and carefully place evenly over bottom of dish. Pour cream around egg yolks. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Reduce oven temperature to 350° F. (moderate). Bake eggs and bacon for about 15 to 20 minutes, or until bacon is crisp and eggs are just set. Serves 8.

Prepare just before serving.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 cup milk
¼ cup vegetable oil
1 cup fresh blueberries

Heat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot). Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt into a bowl. Combine egg, milk and oil; pour into flour mixture and stir just enough to moisten flour. Fold in blueberries. Fill well-greased 2½-inch muffin pans ⅔ full with batter. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Makes about 12 muffins.

Make muffins early in the week. Wrap and freeze. Remove from freezer and place in refrigerator on Friday night. Wrap loosely in foil and heat in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

Continued on page 84

A PARENT'S GUIDE TO CHILDHOOD PLEASURES

BY ALVIN SCHWARTZ

For the father or mother who has forgotten—or never knew—how to fly a kite, catch a fish, roller-skate or hit a baseball, Redbook offers a brief refresher course that will keep you one step ahead of your growing child

One of the nicest things about children is that they believe, at least for a while, that their parents know everything. As a result, a child takes it for granted that on request his mother or father can do such things as catch a fish, fly a kite, hit a baseball or ride a bike—and what is more, can show him how.

Alas, this isn't always the case. Often a parent hasn't caught a fish or flown a kite or ridden a bike since *he* was a child, and has forgotten much of what he once did know.

Usually these obstacles don't keep a mother or father from trying, however, nor should they. But since they do tend to complicate things, before plunging in, it is wise to refresh your memory and revive your skills.

This brief guide will reintroduce you to some of the pleasures of childhood, and it will help you to help your child find his way among them.

KITES

One of the things children like about kites, along with flying them, is their history: the fact that early airplanes were really box kites with motors; that kites have been used to carry cables in bridge construction; that there is an old Chinese holiday just for kite flying; that the kite is named after a bird that makes its nest of the string, rags and sticks most kites are made of.

Something else they enjoy is helping to build kites, an easy project that has all kinds of possibilities, starting with simple square kites and proceeding anywhere your imagination takes you. One friend of ours constructs kites in the shapes of people, airplanes and boats.

Let's discuss first how to make a simple kite, then how to get a kite off the ground and finally how to bring it down.

HOW TO MAKE A KITE

TWO-STICK SQUARE KITE: No matter what the size, you'll need two strips of wood of the same length for the frame. A lightweight wood such as pine, spruce or split bamboo is best. For kites more than three feet in length, use wood three-eighths of an inch wide. For smaller kites, use quarter-inch wood. First, notch both ends of each piece to a depth of about a quarter of an inch. Next, find the center of each piece, position the two at right angles and glue. When the glue is dry, lash the pieces together with fishing line or heavy thread and spread a thin coat of glue over the lashing. (Don't fasten with nails, tacks or staples, since they add weight and weaken the wood.) Then string lightweight cord or fishing line through the notches so that the resulting frame is taut.

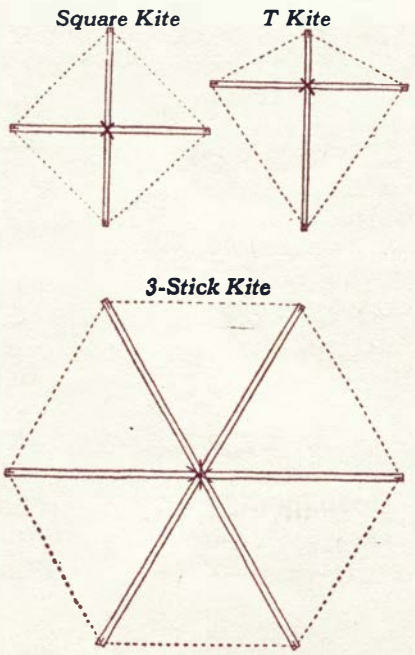
Newspapers make a good cover for small kites, and heavy brown wrapping paper or other paper of the same weight works well for large ones. If the paper is wrinkled, it should be ironed. Next, outline the frame on the paper, leaving an extra inch all the way around. If the cover is to be decorated, this is the time to do it. Use crayon or water colors or glue on cutouts. Then glue the cover to the frame (but not to the supports), folding the extra inch around the string but leaving room for the crosspieces to protrude. The cover should be tight and flat. After it is in place, apply a light coating of shellac or dope.

The kite's controls are the bridle, which is used for steering, and the tail, which helps keep the kite upright. For the bridle, use two lengths of string, each about a quarter again as long as one of the supports. One piece is fastened to the horizontal support just a few inches from each end and the other is attached in the same way to the vertical support. The flying line, for which you'll need at least 250 feet of wrapping twine, is fastened where the bridle meets. For the tail, start with about 15 feet of string, or more if the kite is a large one. Attach strips of rag at one- or two-foot intervals, then fasten the tail at a point three or four inches above the base of the kite. Determining just how much tail is needed is a matter of trial and error. If the kite dives, haul it in and add more. When the tail is right, the kite will remain on an even keel.

TWO-STICK T KITE: This type also requires two crosspieces of equal length. However, the horizontal support is positioned a fifth to a quarter of the way from the top of the vertical piece. Otherwise the kite is assembled as described above.

THREE-STICK KITE: The one illustrated is a hexagon that requires three sticks of equal length. First fashion an *X* and then position the remaining support horizontally where the *X* crosses. The bridle requires three pieces of string, but otherwise is assembled and installed as described in the section on two-stick square kites. To attach the tail, fasten equal lengths of string to the lower ends of the *X*, tie them together and fasten the tail to the resulting loop.

A VERY SMALL KITE: On the island of Tortola, in the British Virgin Islands, homemade kites the size of handkerchiefs are the thing. For such a kite, use a cover of tissue paper and a frame with crosspieces as light as you can find but no larger than one-eighth of an inch in width. Glue the supports but don't lash them. The kite should be flown with heavy thread or the lightest-weight fishing line.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALCORN

HOW TO FLY A KITE

Kite flying is fun only if you can get your kite off the ground and keep it flying, and often a great deal of effort is expended without such a result. Thus, this advice from a wide variety of sources:

Wait for a day with a breeze that is reasonably steady rather than gusty, and that is strong enough to produce movement in larger trees. Select an open place with as few trees, wires and houses as possible.

If you have a youngster with you who is old enough to help, have him face into the wind and hold the kite aloft. Pay out about 100 feet of line. Hold the line taut until you feel the wind on the kite. Then have the child let go, and you run into the wind as fast as you can. The next time, you hold the kite and have your child launch it. If you are with a child too young to help, face into the wind, toss the kite into the air behind you and run straight ahead. Or place a stick in the ground and lean the kite against it. Then back into the wind, unreeling about 50 yards of line, pull vigorously and run.

Once the kite is aloft, provide a minimum of line, since too much will keep it from rising as high as it might. If you want a kite to go higher, move the line pendulum fashion in swinging strokes. If the kite dives suddenly, extra line often will help to right it. If this doesn't work, or if the kite behaves strangely in other ways, the supports may not be properly aligned or the tail may be too short.

To bring the kite down, reel it in until it is about 20 feet from the ground; then feed it extra line and it will settle gently.

HAZARDS

Flying a kite can be dangerous if simple precautions are not taken. Thus, don't use metal or wire for the frame or the line, since such materials conduct and transmit electricity. Don't fly a kite in wet weather. When Benjamin Franklin flew his in an electrical storm he was courting electrocution, even though he didn't hold the wet line but a ribbon attached to it. Don't fly kites in heavy traffic areas or from rooftops. In one case you risk being hit by a car; in the other you risk a fall. If a kite becomes caught in high-tension wires, leave it where it is and get another one. When flying large kites, wear gloves to avoid burns that may result if the string should run through your hands too rapidly.

BIKES AND TRIKES

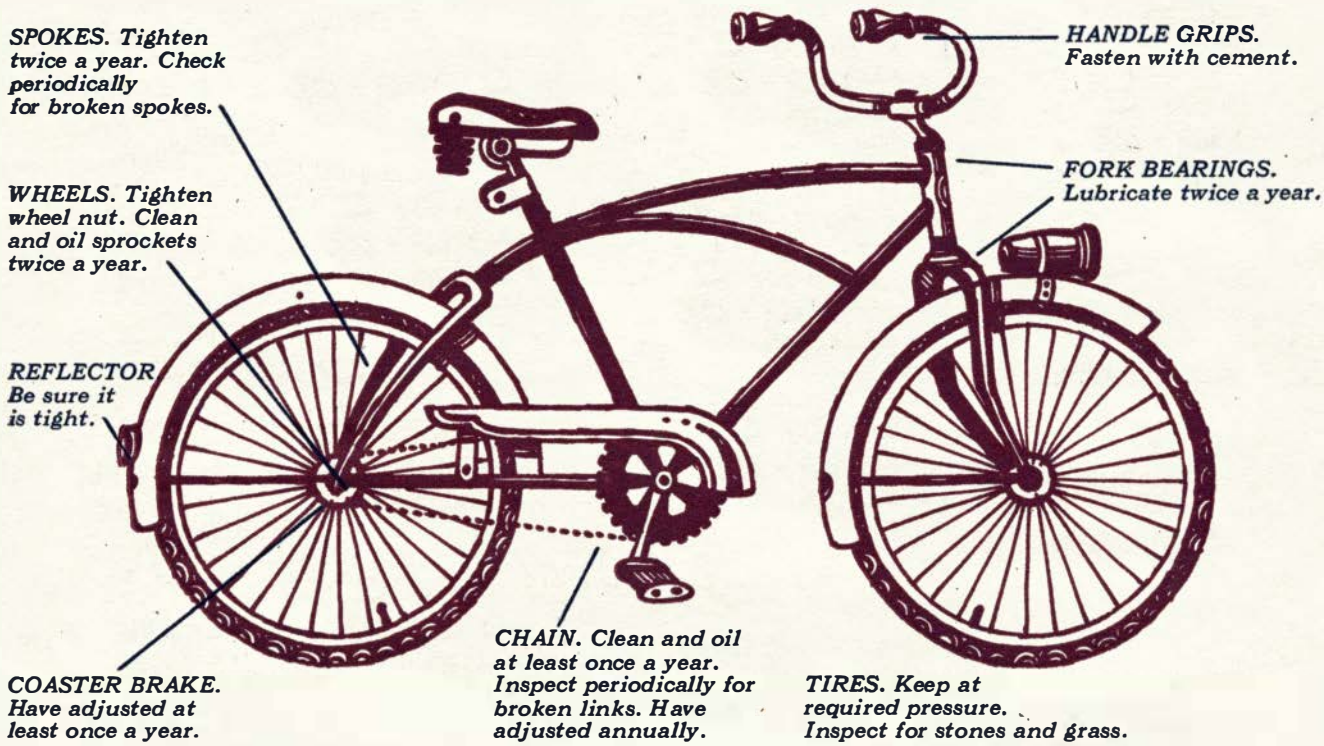
Of the 30 children who live on our street, 28 are on wheels and the other two soon will be. In most respects this is an admirable state of affairs, but it is hardly an undiluted blessing. Indeed, with 30,000 collisions a year involving bicycles or tricycles and cars or trucks, it is of considerable importance to buy safe equipment, maintain it in safe condition and train your child to operate it safely.

TRIKES

For a trike to be safe it should be the right size and have a center of gravity low enough so that it cannot be tipped over easily. It also should have a loud bell. A trike is too small if a youngster's knees come close to striking the handle bars. It is too large if he has to stretch his legs to reach the pedals. The following is suggested as a guide: ages two to three, 12-inch trike; three to five, 14-inch; four to seven, 16-inch; five to eight, 20-inch.

A good-quality trike probably will cost from $15 to $20 in a standard retail outlet, perhaps somewhat less in a discount store. No matter what extras it comes with, a reasonably heavy frame is essential and a ball-bearing front wheel is highly desirable.

When you equip your preschooler with a trike, the most important thing to remember is that, nice as he is, he isn't to be trusted. Trikes belong on a sidewalk close to home, not on the road. If there aren't sidewalks, there should be supervision. Racing other trikes and coasting down a driveway into the street are invitations to trouble. If a child is a passenger on a trike, he should place his hands on the driver's shoulders; the driver should pedal slowly.



BIKES

A youngster is ready for a bicycle when he is old enough to ride one safely and in accordance with traffic regulations. Usually children seven or eight years old manage very well. That younger children can is questionable. It is a little more complicated to buy a bike than to buy a trike, and considerably more expensive. For a satisfactory bike you can expect to pay from $35 to $60. There are three types: racers, which are built for speed and lack durability; the standard middleweight, which is fine for short junkets; and the lightweight touring model, which is practical for longer trips. For youngsters under 14, the Bicycle Institute of America recommends a middleweight. It does so on the grounds that such a bike withstands rough treatment the best and is equipped with a coaster brake, which, they believe, is less difficult for children to use than are hand brakes.

Youngsters under five feet in height need a bike with a 19-inch frame. Those who are taller should have a 21-inch frame. In determining the appropriate wheel size use the following as a rule of thumb: ages five to eight, 20-inch wheel diameter; eight to 11, 24-inch; 11 and over, 26-inch.

A bicycle is the right size and the seat is properly adjusted if the rider is able to extend his leg, with the knee slightly bent, to a fully depressed pedal. The handle bars are properly adjusted if he has to lean forward to grasp them.

A lot of the equipment that comes with a bike is icing and adds needless weight. But some things are needed for comfort, safety or convenience. *Saddle:* The lightweight kind is more satisfactory than the wide, springy type. *Handle bars:* These should be about the width of the rider's shoulders. If they are wider, they are difficult to control. Avoid particularly the kind that looks like the horns on a full-grown steer. *Stand:* A kickstand is less expensive than the motorcycle type and is as satisfactory. *Signal:* A warning signal is needed that is loud enough to attract attention and distinctive enough so that it isn't confused with an automobile horn. *For after dark:* If a bike is to be used at night, it should have a headlight that throws a white beam 500

feet, a red taillight that can be seen for 300 feet and a two-inch reflector on its rear fender. *Baskets:* Among the most satisfactory are double baskets that are slung over the rear wheel. *Repairs:* A tool bag, tools and a patch kit may prove helpful, especially on long trips.

Bicycle men strongly recommend that you buy a standard-brand bike and purchase it from a reputable dealer who not only sells bikes but also repairs them. If you decide to deal with a discount house, be sure to go armed with information on model numbers and standard prices. Also insist on a clearly stated guarantee.

Occasionally there are good buys available in used trikes and bikes. To make sure that you get one, look for the following negatives: worn and bulging tires, wobbly wheels, cracks or welded cracks in the frame, a loose fork, loose handle bars, pedals that do not move freely and worn brakes (which probably are present if it takes too much effort to stop).

TEACHING YOUR CHILD TO RIDE A BIKE

As a first step, many parents buy training wheels. These convert a bike into a sort of chain-driven velocipede and have little influence in teaching a child to ride unaided. Should you install them, be sure the bike is used only in light-traffic areas and under supervision.

When you are ready to teach your child to maneuver on two wheels without aids, take him to a school playground where you can concentrate on cycling and do not have to worry about cars. Keep each session short, and each time review what's already been covered:

1. Show your youngster how to operate the brakes.

2. Stand to the left of the bike, even with the rear axle, making sure you are out of his line of vision.

3. Place your right hand under the saddle to provide balance and to propel him forward. Don't touch the handle bars.

4. As he moves forward the child should look straight ahead and pedal vigorously. The most effective way to pedal is with the balls of the feet. The motion is forward, down and back.

5. Once the child achieves balance, release him for brief solo runs. However, remember he will need help with stopping.

6. After he can pedal a straight line, help him learn how to turn. One way to do this is to have him extend a leg in the direction of the turn, using his heel as a pivot.

7. In the event that he loses his balance, he should keep one hand on the handle bars and extend a leg and an arm in the direction of the fall.

SAFETY

Something parents tend to forget is that their youngster's bike is a vehicle governed by the same traffic laws that apply to cars and trucks. Something cyclists tend to forget, particularly younger cyclists, is that they are not invulnerable to collisions with other vehicles.

A youngster should know what laws in his town apply to bikes. Over the years, half the cyclists injured or killed in accidents were violating one or more traffic ordinances.

Cyclists should keep to the right and ride in single file a generous distance behind all vehicles.

Proper hand signals should be used: left hand out for a left turn, left hand pointing up for a right turn, left hand down with palm spread if stopping or slowing.

Hitching rides and carrying large packages should be avoided. When crossing a busy street, a rider should dismount and walk his bike.

ROLLER SKATING

A four-year-old is likely to be mature enough to learn to roller skate. Skates and adhesive bandages are all you'll need. Buy metal skates with ball-bearing wheels and rubber shock absorbers. Although spun nylon wheels are fine for indoor use, our impression is that they are not as satisfactory for heavy outdoor wear. Since roller skates are adjustable, a good pair should last a child for several years. They'll cost about $5.

The skater should wear shoes rather than sneakers. His skates are properly adjusted if the front wheels are under the ball of the front foot and the buckle faces out.

When teaching your child, it is best to start him with one skate. Once he gets around pretty well that way, try both skates. The first problem he'll encounter is maintaining balance. When he can stand without falling, have him practice standing on one skate at a time with his palms against a wall for support. After he has learned to balance himself, have him practice walking and then gliding. Finally, teach him to stroke. This involves pushing out with the left foot, shifting the weight to the right, raising the left from the ground and gliding on the right. Moving forward continuously simply requires

stroking with the left foot and then with the right again and again.

Once he is moving on his own, encourage your child to skate on sidewalks, in schoolyards, parks and, if uncluttered, in basements, garages and attics—but instruct him to keep out of the street. The few fatalities that do result from roller skating are caused by skating there. Usually the only other serious injuries involve persons who slipped on skates that weren't put away.

Every so often skates should be wiped with a lightly oiled cloth. Once a year take them apart, soak them in kerosene and wipe with an oily rag. Add a drop of oil at each wheel after the skates have been reassembled. To take a skate apart, unscrew the axle nuts and remove the wheels and axles; then unscrew the adjustment nut and separate the two sections of the foot rest; finally, loosen and remove the toe clamps. Do one skate at a time so that you have the other to refer to if you have difficulty putting it back together. Wheels and other parts will have to be replaced occasionally, but this is not costly.

ATHLETICS

In a sense a youngster's first athletic experience is with the blocks, puzzles, pegboards and other manipulative toys common to many playrooms, and with sandboxes, swings, slides and climbers too. They help a child to learn to control large and small muscles and to coordinate two or more functions (such as using the hands, eyes and trunk) at the same time. Running, jumping, throwing, catching and other basic athletic skills depend on these complementary abilities.

Children usually are not ready for organized games or formal athletic instruction until they are five or six, and then group games such as tag, hide-and-seek and poison ball make the most sense.

A competitive situation—that is, one in which a child stands to win or lose—probably is best not introduced until he is at least eight.

Similarly, although it is wise to explain the basic rules of a game at the outset and the more specialized rules as they are needed, a youngster can be expected to have some difficulty applying them—particularly when he is the victim—until he is at least eight or nine. Even then, with the difficulty a young child has in dealing with setbacks it is important to be flexible.

When competitive activity is feasible, it is important to make clear that there are other pleasures to be derived besides winning, such as improving skills and simply having fun. What has earned the Little League and similar organizations the antipathy of many parents and recreation specialists has been the extreme emphasis in some communities on winning, with children and grownups behaving as if a world series were at stake.

THROWING & CATCHING

A ball is likely to be one of the first pieces of athletic equipment you buy for your child. Balls, like children, come in all sizes. Since large muscles are developed before small muscles, a good rule to follow is "the smaller the child, the larger the ball." For a very young child, recreation specialists recommend a lightweight eight-and-one-half-inch playground ball (measured by diameter), which he can catch with his arms and body and for which he does not need the small muscles of his fingers.

Since playground balls will serve many purposes over the years, it pays to buy one of good quality. Such a ball costs about $2, is inflatable, and for ease of handling has a roughened surface. For children who are learning to throw and catch, a five-inch playground ball (which costs about one dollar) is a good investment.

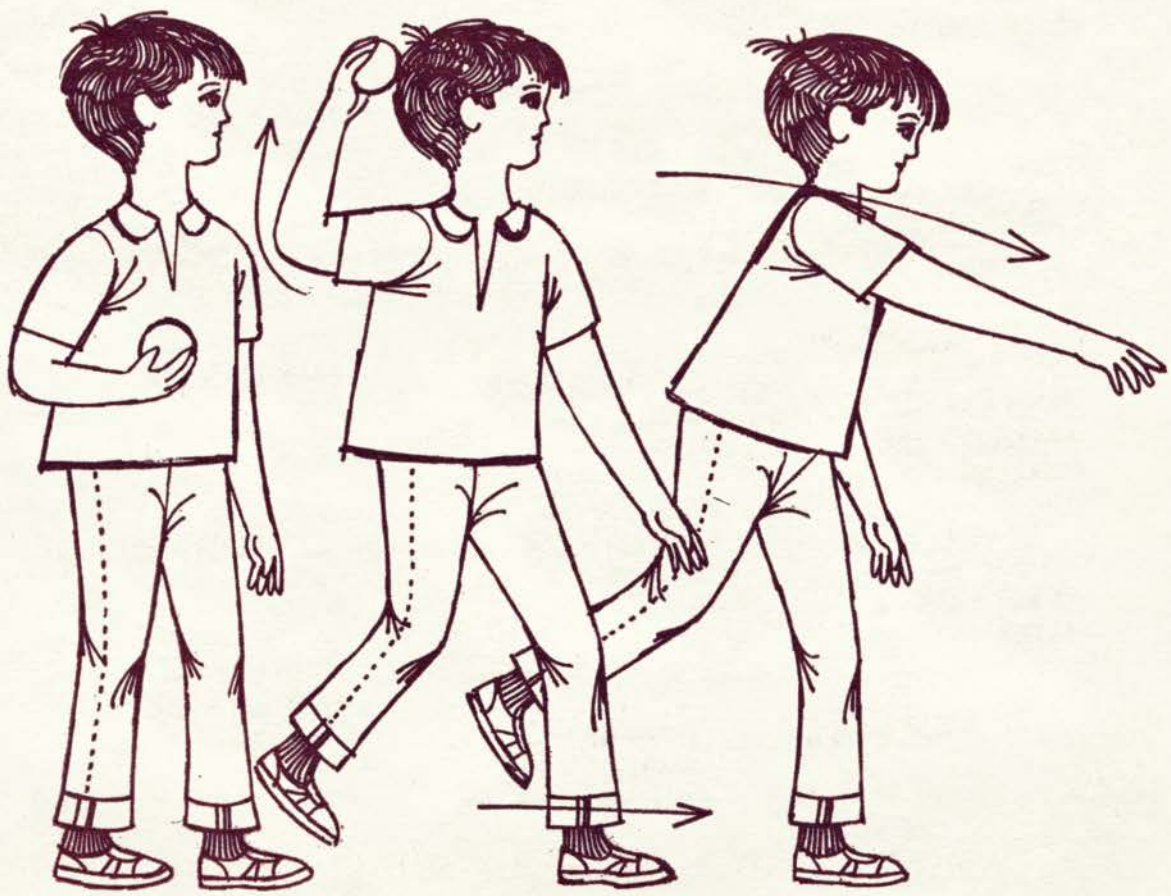
Five or six is a good age at which to be taught the overhand throw and the right way to catch a ball.

To throw:

1. If the child is right-handed, he turns to the right; if left-handed, to the left.
2. He brings his elbow back in a side-arm position to a point just behind his body.
3. He raises his forearm, extends it as in the illustration, then brings it forward and down, throwing as he does so.
4. As he brings his arm forward he steps forward with the opposite foot.

To catch:

1. The youngster holds his hands in front of him with fingers spread.
2. He reaches for the ball, squeezing it as he pulls it toward him.



BASEBALL EQUIPMENT

Baseball fever can be expected to strike at about the age of seven; in severe cases, somewhat earlier. However, it may not be until eight or later that coordination catches up with desire and a child is at last able to hit or catch a ball with any degree of success. Even so, the pressures for equipment will be great, as will be the need for guidance.

The best bat for a beginner is a hollow plastic bat, which usually can be purchased with a plastic Wiffle ball (the kind with holes in it) for under a dollar. Once the challenge of plastic has been exhausted, purchase a lightweight, 28-inch bat made of ash. You'll want either a softball or a Little League baseball model. Make sure the bat is light enough so that your youngster can bring it around easily—and resist any pressure on his part for a bigger and heavier one; he'll have enough difficulty trying to hit the ball, without adding to his problems. About $2 should buy what you need.

In addition to a Wiffle ball, the five-inch playground ball is fine for a beginner. Once he has advanced to a wooden bat, however, buy him a soft softball with a 12-inch circumference. It costs about $1.50 and looks just like a softball, but has a rubber cover and a cork interior. It is easier to catch, soft enough so that it doesn't sting when caught and doesn't travel as far. Once the soft softball has been mastered, the next step is a hard softball and then, by nine or ten, a lightweight baseball. Each costs about $2.

When baseballs are in use, the National Safety Council recommends that batters wear a cap with a plastic liner.

Although a glove is not necessary for catching a soft softball, it is good practice to use one. A fielder's glove of reasonable quality will cost about $4 or $5. If the glove fits properly, there ought to be about an inch and a half of space between the fingertips and the tips of the glove fingers. Something the glove's owner should be expected to do is treat the glove periodically with neat's-foot oil, saddle soap or some other commercial preparation.

Spikes aren't needed until a child engages in formal, organized team play. At that point rubber spikes are best.

BASEBALL SKILL

A batter stands about a foot from the plate with his feet 12 to 14 inches apart. The bat is gripped a few inches above the handle, positioned behind the ear and held high. When the ball is thrown the batter watches it closely, stepping forward to meet it as he swings. His swing is parallel to the ground rather than up or down. If he swings against a low pitch, he bends his knees. When he has completed the swing his bat has traveled halfway around his body from right to left, or vice versa, and his weight has shifted from back to front so that the heel of his back foot is off the ground.

Here are two approaches to use in helping a youngster sharpen his batting eye. Fasten a piece of heavy elastic to a ball and hang the ball from a branch at swatting height. Or set up a simple batting tee. The U. S. Rubber Company designed one for Little League play that consists of a five-gallon bucket of sand in which a piece of broomstick is inserted. The stick is capped with a short section of automobile radiator hose on which the ball is placed. The top of the tee should be slightly above the child's waist. In addition to serving in practice, the tee also can be used in informal games when the players aren't advanced enough to hit most of the balls thrown by a pitcher. It is set up at home plate; when the batter connects he heads for first base.

If a bat doesn't have a cork or sandpaper gripping surface, it should be taped to help the batter maintain a firm grip. With or without tape, it is important to train a child to *drop* rather than fling his bat after he has hit a ball. One way to do this is to have him hand you the bat in batting practice after he has hit and before he heads for first base. As his batting improves, the requirement should be changed to placing the bat in a specific area near the plate. In informal games it is effective to call a player out if he flings his bat.

The technique of throwing a ball is the same as that described earlier. To help your youngster practice throwing, hang a tire or inner tube from a branch at the appropriate height so that he can try to throw a ball through it from a distance. Another approach involves a target. The National Recreation Association recommends one about one and a half feet by three feet in size, the bottom placed about 21 inches off the ground, with the child throwing from a distance of about 40 feet. In addition, there are rebound nets of stretch nylon available that not only serve as a target but more or less return the ball to the thrower.

When catching a fly ball the player should hold his hands at about head level and a foot or so in front of his face. The ball is caught in the gloved hand and then quickly trapped with the other hand. If a ball is hit over a fielder's head, instead of backing up he turns and runs toward the place where it is likely to drop. In handling a grounder the fielder moves toward the ball with his glove close to the ground. With both flies and grounders it is important to watch the ball from the time it leaves the bat.

FOOTBALL

Interest in passing, catching and kicking a football usually develops in the six-to-eight-year-old period.

The first football you buy should be an inexpensive, junior-size plastic one costing $1 or so. As a second ball, buy an inflatable molded rubber ball, which can be expected to take more abuse than its plastic cousin. The cost is about $3 or $4.

As a seventh-birthday present Johnny asked for a football uniform. We dutifully purchased football pants, a sweat shirt and a helmet, which left him looking fearsome indeed. So proud was he of this rig that for a while he wore it virtually everywhere. Of course, with a child who is not playing contact ball such paraphernalia are completely unnecessary, but they make a good birthday present anyway.

Once your child is equipped, he will want to start learning to pass, catch and punt. To pass, the player sets the ball in his hand with the fingers spread so that two fingers are on the lacing. The arm is extended at eye level to a point well behind his ear, and as the ball is thrown it literally is rolled off the fingers. If properly launched, it spirals. However, be sure the passer doesn't squeeze the ball in throwing it.

A football is caught in much the same way as a large playground ball, by reaching for it with fingers spread and then drawing it toward the body.

A football is punted with the instep rather than the toe. Arms are extended at waist height with the ball held lacing up. With a right-footed punter the football's nose is pointed slightly to the left. With one who is left-footed it is pointed slightly to the right. The punter takes one step forward and then kicks with the other leg.

When the basic skills have been mastered, children enjoy playing football games. One-Hand Touch is a game that nine- and ten-year-olds often play with considerable skill. Also try Snatch the Kerchief, a game in which all players have handkerchiefs hanging from their back pockets. The ball carrier can be stopped only by having his removed. Contact football is not an appropriate sport for a child under 11 or 12. Even when a youngster appears to be physically and emotionally ready for the game, a physical examination is in order, and should he play, proper equipment and intelligent supervision are essential. Although football is an exciting game and a glamorous one, with an average of 20 fatalities a year it is an activity to be treated with considerable respect.

BASKETBALL

Swishing a ball through a hoop begins to be enticing when youngsters are around eight or nine, although it may be a number of years before they can engage in team play with any degree of efficiency.

An eight-and-one-half-inch playground ball makes an excellent basketball for beginners. The youngster's first "real" basketball should be a junior-size model, which will cost about $7 or $8. A backboard and basket can be purchased for another $15 to $20. Adjust the basket so that its rim is eight feet from the playing surface instead of the standard ten feet.

To shoot baskets the player stands with one foot a half-step ahead of the other. His elbows are in and he keeps his eyes on the rim. The ball is held at the chest by both hands, one hand underneath and the other directly behind. The idea is to push the ball off the supporting hand. The ball is moved toward the basket and launched when it is at about head height, with both hands continuing their upward progress.

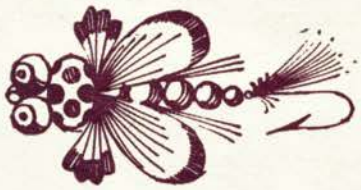
For a two-hand push shot, the ball is held at the chest with the fingertips of both hands. With the arms providing the transportation, it is pushed toward the rim and released at head height, arching somewhat en route.

For an underhand shot the player's feet are spread, his elbows are turned in and he crouches slightly. The ball is held with the fingers of both hands and is positioned between his knees. As he lifts the ball he comes out of his crouch and rises on both feet. The ball is released when his arms are at head height.

For a push pass the ball is held at the chest by the fingers of both hands. With elbows close to his sides, the player literally pushes the ball at his receiver.

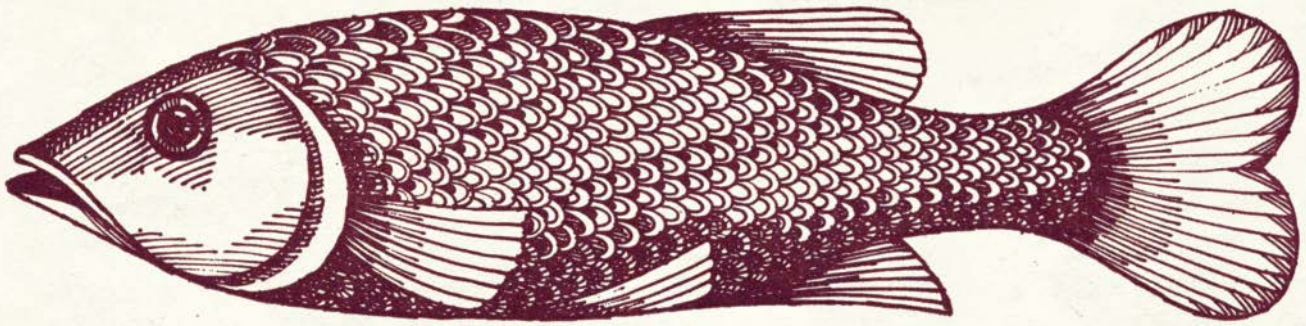
FISHING

With some relief I am able to report that last summer my boys finally caught their first fish. On one heady afternoon Johnny, then seven, landed a half dozen sunnies, and Peter, who was five, caught one. I have never been overenthusiastic about catching fish, but John and Peter are, and in deference to their interest we have periodically visited nearby ponds and lakes where other people caught fish but where we did not. My inexperience was a factor, but also hard at work (I like to think) was chance. Nevertheless, I was willing to keep trying because what goes with fishing is really very pleasant: the excitement of a worm hunt, sitting in a boat or at the edge of a pond, being in a quiet place alone with one or two of your children. Also, of course, there is the tantalizing, ever-present chance that you might actually catch something.



Most children not only like the idea of going fishing, but by five or six usually are mature enough to enjoy an outing, particularly if it is brief. Ten or 15 minutes probably will be sufficient unless fish are being caught. With young children, fishing from the shore usually works out better than fishing from a boat. If you have more than one child with you, the business of baiting hooks, positioning lines, handling discipline and keeping fishermen from joining the fish can become very complicated, and in such cases it's a good idea to have another adult along. It's also best on such excursions not to do any fishing of your own. Instead, concentrate on the children. In addition to fishing equipment, be sure to bring caps for them to wear, a towel in the event they get wet, insect repellent, a license where necessary and a snack and something to drink.

There are four things a young child ought to learn about fishing his first time out. First, hooks are sharp. Demonstrate this by pressing the point lightly against the fleshy part of his thumb. Second, a pole is held in a certain way (usually at the end, in two hands, one above the other). Third, noise frightens the fish away. Fourth, there is a need to be patient. Perhaps the best way to teach a child patience is to be patient yourself, since how he behaves will depend to a considerable extent on how you behave. The time to stop fishing is when a youngster begins to fidget. Then pack your gear and come again another day.



EQUIPMENT

Fishing equipment can be as simple or complicated, as inexpensive or expensive, as you like. With young children, and particularly with beginners, the simpler the equipment, the better.

For a youngster of up to eight or nine, a bamboo or cane pole or a sapling about ten feet long will do very well. According to Johnny, such a pole is far better than the inexpensive, child-size rods and reels we used to buy him. You probably can buy a cane pole for under $1. The fishing line should be twice the length of the pole, with about half the line extending from the end and the rest wound tightly around the pole and tied securely to the handle butt.

Assuming the youngster has achieved the muscular coordination necessary, by his ninth birthday he probably could make good use of a rod and reel, which would enable him to cast his bait over a larger area and go after a greater variety of fish. A good quality, lightweight-action rod five to six feet in length can be purchased for about $10. Buy a reel made by a well-known manufacturer, and be certain that it has a level-wind device and an antibacklash feature to eliminate tangling. Fifty yards of line should be enough. The boy or girl with a bait-casting rig needs instruction in proper casting technique. If you are not experienced, it would be best to ask someone who is to help.

Be sure that the hooks your youngster uses aren't too large. For small fish a number 2 or 4 hook is best. For larger fish, a number 8 or 10 should do the job.

For cane-pole fishing and bait casting, use linen, nylon or silk line from 10 to 15 pounds in test strength. Also use a nylon leader, which is attached to the end of the line and to which the hook is fastened. For fly casting use a nylon line with a diameter in the .040 to .050 range and a leader of nylon or gut.

For cane-pole fishing and bait casting you'll need small lead sinkers to hold the bait down. It also is useful to have a bobber, which hops up and down when something tugs at the line.

As your youngster becomes more proficient in bait casting he may want to try artificial lures rather than live bait. And once it seems that fishing is not a passing fancy, a small tacklebox is a good investment. From the first day (it is to be hoped) something will be needed to carry home the catch. A mesh vegetable bag will do the job quite nicely.

CATCHING A FISH

No matter what his equipment, your youngster should understand fairly early in his instruction that when his bobber bobs or his rod switches, a fish probably is sampling the bait, and that at such times he is to set the hook by jerking the rod up. He also should know that once a fish is hooked, it should be permitted to swim around for a while and tire itself before an attempt is made to land it.

The easiest fish to catch are panfish, so named because one just fits in an ordinary skillet. Panfish include bluegills, sunfish, crappies, bass and perch.

The best places to take beginning fishermen are ponds, the inlets of lakes, and pools in streams. Farm ponds often are stocked with bluegills and are particularly worthwhile, but you should have the permission of the owner. During the spring and fall, fish frequent the shallows, where they feed and spawn. They often are found in weed beds and near lily pads, rocks, piles of brush, submerged logs, old stumps and fallen trees. During the summer, fish spend hot days in deep, cool water and visit the shallows to feed in the early morning, at dusk and in the evening. If you're fishing a body of water you don't know, it always makes sense to ask a local fisherman where the best places are. If he sees you have a child in tow, perhaps his heart will soften and he'll let you in on one or two of his secrets.

BAIT

Beginning fishermen should use natural bait, not only because it is less complicated than using lures but also because finding bait can be fun. Panfish are likely to rise to both earthworms and night crawlers.

Earthworms usually are found where the soil is cool and damp and where it is shady. Since they have a taste for decayed maple leaves, they sometimes are found around maple trees. Also try vegetable and flower beds that haven't been planted, and look under boards, logs, rocks and grass piles that haven't been moved for a while.

A night crawler is a big red worm addicted to night life, particularly in the spring. After dark, head for a well-tended piece of lawn. Take along a dim flashlight, a container partially filled with soil and grass, and a lid. If you spot a crawler, move slowly and then lunge. If it's partially in a hole, take hold where the body emerges, hang on until the worm relaxes and then pull. If the crawler is out of its hole, grab it by the waist.

CLEANING A FISH

With the method suggested by the Boy Scouts of America this is simpler and less messy than it seems from a distance: (1) Remove the scales by running a scaling knife or any other knife that is not extremely sharp at right angles from the tail toward the head. (2) Cut through the head just behind the gills, but don't cut through the backbone. (3) Slowly pull the head off. With it will come the entrails and the pectoral fins. (4) Cut off the remaining fins. (5) Slit open, scrape, wash and wipe dry.

FISHING SAFETY

The National Safety Council offers these reminders: Do not carry fishing equipment with hooks attached unless they are secured to a hook keeper. Have a firm grip on slippery bait when baiting a hook. Don't jerk a fish out of the water, since it may swing and cause a hook injury. Hold the fish securely while removing the hook. Cast only overhead, not sidearm, and be sure no one is in front of you. If a hook becomes embedded in the flesh, it should be removed by a physician as soon as possible—don't attempt to back the hook out of the wound, since the barb will tear more flesh. THE END

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PATIO PARTNERS

HAWAIIAN CHICKEN

1/4 cup Mazola Corn Oil
1 (8½ oz.) can crushed pineapple, lightly drained
1/4 to 1/3 cup lemon juice
1/4 cup Karo Red or Blue Label Syrup
2 tbsp. soy sauce
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. ginger
8-10 chicken legs

Combine Mazola Corn Oil, pineapple, lemon juice, Karo Syrup, soy sauce, salt, pepper and ginger. Arrange the chicken skin side down in shallow baking pan. Brush with pineapple mixture. Bake in 375° F. (moderate) oven, brushing frequently with pineapple mixture and turning once, until fork tender, about 55 minutes. Place under broiler and broil until browned.

LUAU COLESLAW

3/4 cup Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup vinegar
2 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
Freshly ground pepper
3 qts. finely shredded cabbage (about 3 lbs.)
1 (11 oz.) can mandarin orange sections, drained
1 (6 oz.) can chilled jellied cranberry sauce, cut in cubes

Combine Real Mayonnaise, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Chill. Just before serving, add shredded cabbage, and mandarin orange sections. Toss until evenly coated. Add cubed cranberry sauce, toss lightly. Makes 6-8 servings.

In pint, quart, 1½ quart bottles and gallon cans.

SATURDAY LUNCHEON

NEAPOLITAN SALAD LOAF

Gelatine Mixture:
- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatine
- 2 cups water
- 3 chicken bouillon cubes
- 1 tablespoon grated onion

Meat Layer:
- 1 12-ounce can luncheon meat
- ¼ cup finely diced celery
- ¼ cup mayonnaise OR salad dressing
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- ¾ cup water

Cheese Layer:
- 1 1-pound container cottage cheese
- ⅓ cup (2 ounces) crumbled Roquefort cheese
- ⅓ cup commercial sour cream

Vegetable Layer:
- 1½ cups coarsely grated carrot
- ¼ cup finely chopped green pepper
- ¼ cup finely chopped celery
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ¾ cup water
- Salad greens
- Garnishes: tomato wedges; 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced; radishes
- Creamy Salad Dressing (RECIPE BELOW)

Gelatine Mixture:
Sprinkle gelatine over water in saucepan to soften. Add bouillon cubes and place over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatine and bouillon cubes are dissolved. Stir in onion and cool. Use as directed below.

Meat Layer:
Grind luncheon meat through the coarse blade of a meat grinder. Fold together luncheon meat, celery, mayonnaise and mustard in bowl. Mix ½ cup of the gelatine mixture (above) and the ¾ cup water in a saucepan; set in a bowl filled with ice cubes and chill, stirring constantly, until consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Stir gelatine into meat mixture and pour into a 9-x-5-x-2¾-inch loaf pan. Chill in refrigerator until almost set.

Cheese Layer:
Beat cottage cheese and Roquefort cheese together with an electric mixer or rotary beater until almost smooth; stir in sour cream. Measure ¾ cup of the gelatine mixture (above) into a saucepan and chill as directed for meat layer. Stir gelatine into cheese mixture and pour over meat layer. Chill in refrigerator until almost set.

Vegetable Layer:
Fold together carrot, green pepper, celery and onion in a bowl. Add lemon juice and the ¾ cup water to the remaining gelatine mixture (above) in saucepan and chill as directed for meat layer. Stir gelatine into vegetable mixture and pour over cheese layer. Chill in refrigerator 6 to 7 hours, or overnight, until well set. Unmold on salad greens and garnish with tomato wedges, sliced eggs and radishes. Serve with Creamy Salad Dressing. Serves 8.

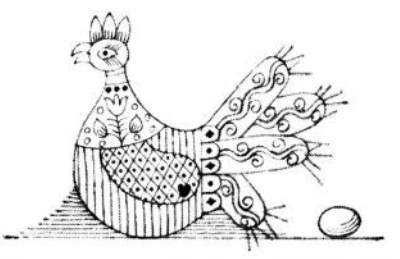
Prepare salad loaf and dressing on Friday morning. Cover and refrigerate until servingtime. Cook eggs for garnish and the 8 eggs you will need for creamed eggs for Sunday Brunch. Shell, cover and refrigerate.

CREAMY SALAD DRESSING
- 8 ounces cream cheese, at room temperature
- ¼ cup light cream
- 6 tablespoons homogenized French dressing

Beat cream cheese until fluffy. Gradually add cream and French dressing, beating until smooth and well blended. Chill. Makes about 1⅓ cups dressing.

LEMON FRENCH BREAD
- ¼ cup butter OR margarine
- ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 loaf French bread

Melt butter; add lemon rind and juice. Cool until slightly thickened. Cut bread into 1-inch slices almost through to bottom crust. Brush butter mixture between slices. Wrap bread in aluminum foil and store in refrigerator until servingtime. Place in a preheated 350° F. (moderate) oven and bake 15 minutes. Serves 8.



SATURDAY DINNER

CRANBERRY-APPLE SHERBET
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- 2 cups bottled cranberry juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1½ cups bottled apple juice
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice

Sprinkle gelatine on 1 cup of the cranberry juice in a saucepan to soften. Place over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatine is dissolved. Add sugar and stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat. Add the remaining 1 cup cranberry juice and the apple and lemon juices; cool and pour into loaf pan. Place in freezing compartment for about two hours, until sherbet is nearly frozen. Pour into a chilled mixing bowl and beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until smooth and fluffy. Pour back into loaf pan; cover tightly and freeze until firm, at least 3 hours. Serves 8.

Prepare and freeze early in the week.

CHICKEN BREASTS IN WINE
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Few grains pepper
- 4 whole chicken breasts, split
- ½ cup butter OR margarine
- 1 cup semidry white wine
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Few grains pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup light cream
- 4 slices boneless ham, cut ¼ inch thick
- 1 small avocado, peeled and sliced

Mix the ¼ cup flour, the ½ teaspoon salt and the pepper. Remove skin from chicken breasts and coat lightly in flour mixture. Melt half the butter in a skillet; add chicken and cook until lightly browned on both sides. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Add wine; cover; and cook over low heat 20 minutes, turning occasionally. While chicken is cooking, melt the remaining ¼ cup butter in saucepan; add onion and cook until tender. Blend in the remaining ¼ cup flour, the 1 teaspoon salt and the pepper. Gradually add milk and cream; cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cut ham slices in half and arrange over bottom of a 3-quart shallow baking dish. Arrange chicken breasts over ham. Gradually stir wine mixture from skillet in which chicken was cooked into cream sauce; heat until blended. Pour over chicken breasts. Cover and refrigerate until ready to bake. Heat oven to 325° F. (moderately low). Bake chicken 45 minutes. Arrange avocado slices over chicken and return to oven for 5 minutes, until avocado is just heated. Serves 8.

Prepare for baking on Saturday morning, or if you prefer, chicken breasts may be browned and simmered earlier in the week; cool and freeze. Make the sauce and freeze separately. Remove chicken and sauce from freezer on Saturday morning and allow to thaw at room temperature. About an hour before dinner arrange chicken, ham and sauce in baking dish and bake as directed above.

TOMATO-LIMAS
- 2 10-ounce packages frozen lima beans, thawed
- ½ cup chopped tomato
- Pinch of ground marjoram
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter OR margarine
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Pour ½ inch of water into a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add lima beans, tomato, marjoram, salt and pepper; cover and cook over low heat 15 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Stir in butter and parsley. Serves 8.

Prepare just before dinner.

PECAN PIE
- ¼ cup butter OR margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 3 eggs
- 1 3-ounce can pecan halves
- 1 tablespoon rum OR 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- Vanilla ice cream

Heat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot). Cream butter; add sugar and flour, mixing until blended. Add corn syrup and eggs; beat until fluffy. Stir in pecans, rum and salt. Pour into pie shell. Bake 15 minutes. Reduce oven temperature to 350° F. (moderate). Bake 30 to 35 minutes, or until center is firm. Serve pie at room temperature with a scoop of ice cream. Serves 8.

Prepare early in the week. Wrap and freeze. Remove from freezer about 2 hours before serving.

Continued on page 86

What's so great about Wesson?

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SUNDAY BRUNCH

CREAMED EGGS ON CORN BREAD

- 1 package corn muffin mix
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cans condensed cream of mushroom soup
- ¾ cup milk or light cream
- ¼ cup chili sauce
- ¼ cup chopped pimiento
- 8 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
- Parsley

Prepare and bake corn muffin mix, following package directions for corn bread. Melt butter in skillet; add green pepper and cook until tender. Add mushroom soup, milk and chili sauce; stir until blended. Heat and stir until smooth. Fold in pimiento and eggs; heat. Cut corn bread into squares; spoon creamed egg mixture over bread and garnish with a sprig of parsley. Serves 8.

Make corn bread early in the week. Wrap and freeze in pan. Remove from freezer early on Sunday morning. Cover loosely and reheat in low oven (300° F.) 15 to 20 minutes while preparing creamed eggs.

ORANGE COFFEECAKE

Cake:

- 3 cups packaged biscuit mix
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
- ¾ cup orange juice

Topping:

- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 3 tablespoons orange juice
- ½ cup chopped walnuts
- ¾ cup flaked coconut

Heat oven to 400° F. (moderately hot). Combine the biscuit mix, sugar, butter, eggs, milk, orange rind and juice; beat ½ minute. Pour into a greased 9-x-9-x-2-inch pan. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Combine all the topping ingredients. Remove cake from oven and spread topping mixture evenly over top. Place in preheated broiler 4 inches from heat for 2 to 3 minutes, or until topping is bubbly and lightly browned. Serve warm. Serves 9.

Prepare early in the week. Wrap and freeze. Remove from freezer early on Sunday morning. Cover loosely and reheat in a low oven (300° F.) 15 to 20 minutes just before serving.

SUNDAY DINNER

ICED ASPARAGUS SOUP

- 1 can condensed cream of asparagus soup
- 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
- 2 teaspoons freeze-dried shallot powder
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 cup light cream
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- ½ cup commercial sour cream

Blend soups together; stir in shallot powder, milk, cream, lemon juice and sherry; mix well. Chill overnight or longer, until icy cold. Serve garnished with sour cream. Serves 8.

Prepare on Friday and refrigerate.

BEEF ROULADES

- 8 slices bacon
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 3½ pounds beef round or top sirloin, cut into ½-inch slices
- Salt and pepper
- 2 to 3 large carrots
- 2 large dill pickles
- Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ cup flour
- 3 cups tomato juice
- 2 4-ounce cans sliced mushrooms, drained
- 1 cup sliced pitted ripe olives
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 pound broad egg noodles, cooked according to package directions

Cook bacon in skillet until golden brown and crisp; drain on paper towels and crumble. Add onion to bacon drippings and cook until tender; remove onion and combine with crumbled bacon. Reserve drippings. Trim fat from meat and cut meat into strips about 4 x 2 inches (some may be smaller). There should be about 20 pieces of meat. Pound meat on both sides with a mallet until very thin. Sprinkle both sides of meat with salt and pepper. Cut carrots into 40 strips about 2½ to 3 inches long. Cut dill pickle into 20 strips of the same length. Place 2 strips of carrot, 1 strip of pickle and 1 teaspoon of the onion mixture on each piece of meat. Roll up and fasten with toothpicks to hold together. Brush with Worcestershire. Roll in flour. Heat bacon drippings in skillet and brown meat lightly on all sides (add a little shortening if necessary). Remove meat to a 3-quart shallow baking dish. Pour tomato juice, mushrooms, olives, sugar and the 1 teaspoon Worcestershire into skillet and stir to loosen brown particles; pour over meat roulades. Heat oven to 325° F. (moderately low). Cover and bake 1½ to 2 hours, until fork-tender. Serve with noodles. Serves 8.

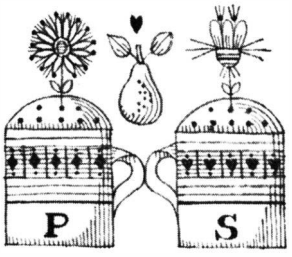
Prepare roulades early in the week. After they are baked, cool quickly. Wrap dish for freezing and freeze until the night before using. Place in refrigerator overnight. Remove from refrigerator, unwrap and leave at room temperature about 4 hours to defrost. Cover loosely and bake in a preheated 325° F. (moderately low) oven for 45 to 55 minutes, until thoroughly heated. Cook noodles just before serving.

PEAS AND CELERY IN TOAST BASKETS

- 8 slices white bread
- 6 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
- ¾ teaspoon ground dill seed
- 2 tablespoons instant minced onion
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup thinly sliced celery
- 2 10-ounce packages frozen peas
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- Few grains pepper
- ½ cup water

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Remove crusts from bread. Mix the melted butter and dill; spread over both sides of bread. Press each slice into a well of a 3-inch muffin pan. Bake bread 5 to 6 minutes, or until lightly browned. Mix onion and water together and let stand 5 minutes. Melt the butter in a skillet; add celery and cook about 5 minutes, until just tender. Add peas, salt, pepper, onion and the ½ cup water; cover tightly and cook over low heat, about 10 minutes, until peas are tender. Drain and serve in toast baskets. Serves 8.

Toast baskets may be made on Thursday. Reheat for a few minutes in a moderately low oven (325° F.) just before serving. Cook peas and celery just before serving.



MERINGUE GLACE

- 3 egg whites
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
- ¾ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- 2 10-ounce packages frozen raspberries, thawed

Heat oven to 275° F. (very low). Beat egg whites with rotary beater or electric mixer until frothy. Add salt and cream of tartar. Beat until soft peaks form. Gradually add sugar and vanilla and beat until stiff peaks form and sugar is dissolved. Cover a large cookie sheet with brown wrapping paper. Spoon heaping tablespoonfuls of meringue into 8 mounds on the paper, about 3 inches apart. Make a deep well in the center of each mound and shape with back of spoon to form a shell. Bake 1 hour. Turn off heat in oven and leave meringues in the oven until they are completely cooled. To serve, place a scoop of ice cream in each meringue shell and top with raspberries. Serves 8.

Meringue shells may be purchased in many bakeries. If you plan to make them, they may be made on Thursday, cooled thoroughly and stored in an airtight container.

LEMON MOUSSE

1 egg white
⅓ cup water
⅓ cup nonfat dry milk solids
1 egg yolk
⅓ cup sugar
Few grains salt
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
3 tablespoons lemon juice
***¼ cup toasted coconut**

Place egg white, water and dry milk in a bowl and beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until mixture stands in peaks. Place egg yolk, sugar, salt, lemon rind and juice in a bowl and beat until blended. Gradually add lemon mixture to egg white mixture and beat until blended. Pour into ice-cube tray or loaf pan. Sprinkle with coconut and freeze 4 to 5 hours, until firm. Serves 6.

*If toasted coconut is not available, spread ¼ cup chopped coconut in a flat pan and place in a 325° F. (moderately low) oven 5 to 7 minutes, stirring occasionally until toasted.

STRAWBERRY TRIFLE

1 11-ounce package jelly roll
⅓ cup rum
1 regular (4-serving) package vanilla instant pudding
½ cup heavy cream
Milk
1 pint strawberries, sliced
1 cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar

Slice jelly roll into 8 slices and sprinkle with 3 tablespoons of the rum. Prepare pudding according to package directions, substituting the ½ cup heavy cream for ½ cup of the milk called for on the package. Stir in the remaining rum. Let stand 5 minutes. Arrange slices of cake in an overlapping row around sides of a deep 1½-quart casserole. Place a slice of cake on the bottom. Pour in vanilla pudding. Arrange strawberries over top. Whip the 1 cup cream and the sugar until mixture holds its shape; spoon over strawberries. Chill several hours. Serves 6.

FROZEN PEACH PIE

4 to 6 medium-sized peaches, peeled and sliced (about 4 cups sliced)
1 cup sugar
1½ cups finely crushed coconut cookies
2 tablespoons softened butter OR margarine
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
¼ teaspoon almond extract

Dice sliced peaches and mix with sugar. Chill 1 hour in refrigerator. Reserve ¼ cup of the cookie crumbs and cut butter into the remaining crumbs. Press crumb mixture over bottom and sides of a buttered 9-inch pie plate. Whip cream, sugar and almond extract until mixture holds its shape. Drain peaches and fold peaches into cream. Pour into pie plate. Sprinkle with the reserved ¼ cup crumbs. Chill in freezer about two hours, until firm. To make serving easier, remove from freezer about 20 minutes before serving. Serves 8.

PEANUT BUTTER–CRUMB PUDDING

½ cup creamy peanut butter
2 cups packaged graham cracker crumbs
½ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 regular (4-serving) package vanilla instant pudding
Milk
1 13½-ounce can pineapple chunks, drained

Combine peanut butter, graham cracker crumbs and brown sugar. Prepare vanilla pudding according to package directions, using ½ cup more milk than called for on package; chill 15 minutes. Fold pineapple into pudding. Butter an 8-x-8-x-2-inch pan and cover bottom with ¾ cup of the crumb mixture. Pour in half of the pudding; sprinkle with 1½ cups of the crumbs. Follow with the remaining pudding and crumbs. Chill several hours, until set. Serve in parfait or sherbet glasses. Serves 6.

APRICOT PARFAIT

(Photograph on page 72)

2 1-pound cans unpeeled apricot halves
2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
Few grains ground nutmeg
2 teaspoons lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon almond extract
1 pressurized can ready-whipped cream
6 pecan halves

Drain apricots. Reserve 12 apricot halves and press remaining halves through a fine strainer (makes about 1 cup pulp). Beat egg whites and salt until soft peaks form. Gradually add sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Add nutmeg, lemon juice and almond extract to egg whites. Gradually add sieved apricots, beating with a rotary beater until blended. Spoon a layer of whip into each of 6 parfait glasses. Follow with an apricot half and a layer of ready-whipped cream in each. Repeat the three layers once again and top with a layer of apricot whip. Garnish with cream and a pecan. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

CANTALOUPE A LA MODE

1 medium-sized cantaloupe, chilled
1 pint lime sherbet
Pineapple topping

Cut melon into 4 portions. Top each with scoops of lime sherbet and pineapple topping. Serves 4.

DATE-NUT-PINEAPPLE DESSERT

1 pint commercial sour cream
1 regular (4-serving) package pineapple instant pudding
3 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 8-ounce can ready-to-serve date-nut roll, sliced
6 maraschino cherries

Spoon sour cream into bowl. Add pudding mix and beat with rotary beater 1 minute, until blended. Stir in milk, lemon rind and juice. Chill. Serve pudding over date-nut slices and top with a cherry. Serves 6.

COEUR A LA CREME

(Photograph on page 73)

1 pound cream cheese, at room temperature
1 pound cottage cheese
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
1 cup heavy cream
1 pint strawberries, sliced and sweetened

Beat cream cheese with rotary beater until fluffy. Gradually add cottage cheese and continue beating until almost smooth. Add sugar and heavy cream and beat until blended. Place a large colander in a cake pan. Line colander with several thicknesses of cheesecloth. Pour in cheese mixture; cover and let stand in refrigerator 8 hours or overnight, stirring mixture several times. Line 6 individual heart-shaped molds or a 3-cup heart-shaped mold with a double layer of cheesecloth. Spoon in cheese mixture and pack firmly. Chill 3 hours. Invert molds on dessert plates and peel off cheesecloth. Garnish with strawberries. Serves 6.

KEY LIME DESSERT

(Photograph on page 73)

1¼ cups packaged graham cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup butter OR margarine, softened
1 tablespoon water
3 eggs, separated
1 14-ounce can sweetened condensed milk
½ cup lime juice
Green vegetable food coloring
6 tablespoons sugar
Sliced almonds

Mix crumbs and the 2 tablespoons sugar. Cut butter into crumbs with pastry blender. Stir in water. Press over bottom and sides of buttered individual soufflé dishes. Chill. Beat egg yolks slightly; add condensed milk and beat until blended. Add lime juice and beat until smooth. Stir in a few drops green food coloring to give desired color. Pour into crumb-filled dishes and chill. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually add the 6 tablespoons sugar and beat until stiff peaks form. Mound meringue over filling just before serving. Garnish with almonds. Serves 5.

FROZEN BUTTER CREAM

¾ cup butter OR margarine
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
4 large eggs
¾ cup chopped pecans
¾ teaspoon vanilla extract
3¾ cups crushed vanilla wafers (about 2 7¼-ounce boxes)
Sweetened whipped cream

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add eggs one at a time, beating until fluffy after each addition. Add pecans, vanilla and 2¾ cups of the crumbs; beat until blended. Generously butter an 8-x-8-x-2-inch pan. Sprinkle the remaining 1 cup crumbs over the bottom of the pan. Spread creamed mixture over the crumbs. Wrap and place in freezer until firm. Cut into 16 squares and serve with a garnish of whipped cream. Serves 16.

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CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR CAKE
½ cup heavy cream
⅛ teaspoon almond extract
2 tablespoons mint-flavored apple jelly
20 thin chocolate wafers
½ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons quick chocolate-flavored mix

Whip the ½ cup cream and the almond extract until mixture holds its shape. Chop jelly into small pieces and fold into cream. Reserve ¼ cup of the cream filling and spread remaining cream mixture over 15 of the chocolate wafers. Arrange frosted wafers in stacks of 3. Top each with an unfrosted wafer. Chill in refrigerator 1 hour. Turn stacks of cookies on their sides in a row on a flat serving plate, joining them together with the reserved ¼ cup cream filling to make one long roll. Whip the remaining ½ cup cream and the chocolate mix until mixture holds its shape. Frost outside of chocolate roll. Chill in refrigerator 4 to 5 hours or overnight. If desired, garnish with shaved chocolate. Serves 6 to 8.

MINTED MINIATURE ECLAIRS
(Photograph on page 73)
¾ cup heavy cream
2 teaspoons confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon crème de menthe
12 ladyfingers, split
½ cup canned refrigerated fudge frosting

Whip cream and sugar with rotary beater until soft peaks form. Add crème de menthe and whip until mixture holds its shape. Spread cream filling over 12 of the ladyfinger halves. Spread fudge frosting over the tops of the remaining halves. Place frosted ladyfingers over cream filling. Allow 2 éclairs to a serving. Serves 6.

ORANGE-BANANA-RICE PUDDING
1⅓ cups packaged precooked rice
¼ teaspoon salt
1⅔ cups orange juice
6 tablespoons honey
¾ cup sliced bananas
¾ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar
¼ cup flaked coconut

Mix rice, salt, orange juice and honey in a bowl. Chill in refrigerator 2 hours, until rice is softened and most of the orange juice is absorbed. Fold in bananas just before serving. Whip cream and confectioners' sugar until mixture holds its shape. Garnish each serving with a puff of cream and coconut. Serves 6.

CRIMSON COMPOTE
1 10-ounce package frozen raspberries, thawed
1 1-pound-5-ounce can cherry pie filling
1 pint fresh whole strawberries, cleaned
1 tablespoon sugar
Commercial sour cream

Drain raspberries, reserving ¼ cup of the syrup. Combine raspberries, cherry pie filling, strawberries, sugar and the ¼ cup raspberry syrup. Stir gently until well blended. Chill 2 to 3 hours. To serve, spoon into parfait glasses and top with sour cream. Serves 8.

CHERRY-BRANDY MOUSSE
1 14½-ounce can evaporated milk
½ cup confectioners' sugar
⅔ cup light corn syrup
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons brandy
1 1-pound can sour red cherries, drained and chopped

Pour evaporated milk into a freezer tray and freeze until ice crystals form around edges. Turn into a chilled bowl and whip with rotary beater until stiff. Add sugar, corn syrup, lemon juice and brandy. Beat until blended. Fold in cherries. Pour into freezer tray and freeze until firm. Makes 2 quarts, or serves 10 to 12.

APRICOT ISLAND PIE
1 cup packaged corn flake crumbs
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup soft butter OR margarine
1 1-pound-6-ounce can apricot pie filling
½ cup commercial sour cream
1 cup flaked OR shredded coconut

Mix cereal crumbs and sugar; cut in butter with a pastry blender until all crumbs are coated. With the back of a spoon, firmly press crumbs over bottom and sides of a buttered 8-inch pie plate. Combine pie filling, sour cream and coconut; mix well. Spoon filling into crust and chill 2 to 3 hours. Serves 6.

PEANUT-BAR SUNDAE
1 quart vanilla ice cream
1 5-ounce peanut bar, finely crumbled
Butterscotch topping

Scoop ice cream into balls and roll them in the crumbled peanut bar. Freeze until servingtime. Serve with butterscotch topping. Serves 6.

CREAM-FILLED SPONGE CUPS
(Photograph on page 73)
1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
1 regular (4-serving) package instant butterscotch pudding
1 cup milk
½ cup heavy cream
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
6 packaged dessert sponge cups
½ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar
12 canned mandarin orange sections

Mix instant coffee and pudding mix; prepare pudding according to package directions, using the 1 cup milk and the ½ cup heavy cream. Let stand 5 minutes and fold in the ½ cup whipped heavy cream. Cut a slice about ⅜ inch thick from the bottom of each dessert sponge cup. Spread ¼ cup pudding over each slice. Cover with top of sponge cup and spoon ¼ cup of the pudding into hollow of each cup. Whip the remaining ½ cup cream and sugar until mixture holds its shape. Spoon a ring of cream around pudding or press through a pastry tube. Garnish pudding with mandarin orange sections. Serves 6.

What Young Protestants Really Believe

(Continued from page 47)

seem cold to them? One of the most startling revelations to emerge from REDBOOK's survey of theological students two years ago was the discovery that a great number of these ministers-to-be did not believe in what they celebrated so poetically at Christmas, the miraculous birth of Jesus to the Virgin Mary. In fact, less than half did so.

But the young adults they will minister to apparently *do* believe. More than four out of five young Protestants say that Jesus is God's son, born of the Virgin Mary. One in ten of those who took part in this survey believes that "Jesus is divine but the story of the Virgin Birth is probably a myth"; only five per cent say "He is not divine."

How do these young adults feel about life after death? Are they much concerned about immortality? "I never thought about it in my life," a vigorous young Iowan, attending a national YMCA conference, told me. In fact, he reddened at the idea.

But his was an exceptional position. Most young adults in the survey disagreed with him. In large numbers they chose "helping me prepare for life after death" as the way in which their religion was most important to them; and more than four out of five young Protestants, according to this study, expect life to go on in some form beyond the grave. This was the more startling because belief in immortality ranked as a "major tenet of their faith" to only two per cent of young ministers in the previous survey.

Moreover, when they were asked what kind of life it would be, all but a handful of the believing group thought it would be one in which there was judgment, in which people would be rewarded or punished according to their deeds.

An interest in life after death moves consistently through every question that in any way concerns it in the survey. Perhaps young people are seeking some answer to the grievous world they are born into. Perhaps the more thoughtful among them would agree with a young wife I talked to who was brought up in an agnostic home and is now an active member of her husband's church. She said that she and her friends were interested in immortality, "not because you want to live forever but because it makes a difference in the way you see things now."

Young adults also responded as traditionally as most of their parents to questions about the Bible. Is the Bible the actual word of God to be taken literally, word for word; or the inspired word of God not to be taken literally; or is it only an "ancient book of fables, legends, history and moral precepts recorded by man"? Nearly two out of three young Protestant adults—and about the same proportion of their parents' generation—take the Bible literally, word for word.

The skeptical may be inclined to feel that many of those who chose the narrowest interpretation had not thought through the consequences of this position. Indeed, a number of ministers to whom I talked, shocked at this adherence to a literal scripture, protested that these young people don't know what they are saying. "If people *really* took the Bible literally," said one minister, a young Kansas Baptist, "there'd be a lot of people running around with one eye."

Perhaps most of the ministers who were troubled by the concentration on a literal Bible would have heard with pleasure the comment of a New England housewife. "The Bible," she said suddenly, as though the thought had just come to her, "*can't* be taken literally. It is much too sacred."

The clergymen I spoke with did not feel, in any case, that the average American knows his Bible. "When do they read it?" said one minister a little caustically. In fact, in a survey of young adults taken some years ago for the YMCA, Dr. Murray Ross found that three out of four of those who believed that the Bible was the revealed word of God had not read it in six months or had read it only once or twice.

The young Protestant's understanding of the nature of sin seemed also at times uninformed or uneasy. "They are more interested in sins than sin," said the head of a religious center on an Ohio campus. It is certainly true that sin, in the singular, is an unfashionable word; and this reporter found little understanding of the term "original sin" in the course of interviews, and little also of "redemption" and "salvation."

"Sin is what makes communion with God difficult," said one young man with excellent theological acumen. He was not typical. Nevertheless, in the survey a definition of sin as "willfully disobeying God"—admittedly a less-than-accurate shorthand for the more profound and difficult concept of "that which separates us from God"—was chosen by more than half of young adults. Moreover, nearly a quarter of them picked "showing you how to be saved from your sins" as the way in which religion was most important to them. And in this sampling, at least, young adults were more likely to take such positions than their parents were, possibly because the younger generation has been exposed, as their parents were not, to the modern stress on neo-orthodoxy, a theological emphasis that gives much place to the consciousness of sin.

Considered in total, then, the "orthodoxy" of young adults as recorded in this survey is quite impressive. It must be taken, to be sure, with a measure of salt. The measure of salt is necessary because across-the-board surveys often conceal as much as they reveal; because people do not always have enough knowledge or take enough care to make a thoughtful answer on questions of belief; because many people are more inclined to take the commonly held view than to search about in their minds for another; because multiple-choice questions can never cover every nuance of belief; because no survey can reach to the heart of a person's religious convictions; and finally, because orthodoxy —with its implication of a "correct" position—is in itself a prickly concept for Protestants.

It must be remembered that the Protestant, by the very nature of his faith, is permitted a wide latitude of belief. There is no *official* dogma binding on all Protestants, no over-all court, ecclesiastical judiciary or council, which has the authority or competence to say, "This is what all Protestants must believe."

But there *is* a great body of faith and attitude that Protestants traditionally have believed, that still—outwardly, at least—represents the faith and practice of the vast majority of Protestants and that is written into the creeds, confessions of faith and general literature of practically all the various Protestant denominations.

The Protestant Church moreover is a Christian Church, and as Christians, Protestants ostensibly believe in a Father God, in Jesus as His son and as the savior of sinful humanity, in the resurrection-promised and judgment-weighted life after death, in the authority of the Bible, in sin as a tragic barrier between man and God and in ethical responsibility as a component part of religious belief.

In this light young Protestant adults —even with all factors allowed for—appear quite orthodox, or at least traditional-minded, the more so when one notes that the survey finds no real disagreement between the young adult and his parents' generation.

This "orthodoxy" varies, to be sure. As in other surveys, men are more inclined to fight shy of tradition than women, though the difference here is so slight that it may not be significant; and the young farmer is far less inclined to question than the young businessman. It's no illusion either that small towns are rather conservative. Three out of four of those polled in this survey who live in sight of the little churches under the treetops of small towns take the Bible literally, and less than half of those who live in big cities do so. And as we have noted, the most fascinating variation of all is that of education, which step by step cuts sharply into the fiber of traditional belief.

But there are exceptions here too. While many traditional tenets are considerably modified as education increases, belief in immortality is apparently little altered by education. College and grammar-school graduates, young and old, men and women alike, announced their belief in life after death.

Another surprise comes when young adults who have gone to college are compared with their elders. "You'll find them much more radical than their parents," one of their number told me confidently.

If their parents are also college graduates, nothing could be more untrue. The young college graduates interviewed for this survey were often more orthodox than the college graduate of their parents' generation. They even sometimes approached closely the traditional faith of the oldest groups. Thus about two thirds of young male college graduates in this sample say they believe in the Virgin

Birth; fewer than half of men in the next older generation of graduates do; and about 80 per cent of the oldest group. Numbers are very small, but the phenomenon is too consistent to be ignored.

Is college still costing young adults their faith? If not as much so as it cost their elders, then considerably so? The answer may still be yes, but a very qualified yes. "There has been a great change of climate in the university in the last few years," the head of an Episcopalian student center told me. "The students are much less radical." He added, smiling, "They often disapprove of Bishop Pike." This, to be sure, was a border-state school. But Dr. William Hordern, professor of religion at Swarthmore, comments that, "a generation ago Christian parents sent their children to college fearing their religion might be amputated. . . . Frequently their fears were fulfilled. But today . . . although students involved in religion are still a minority on the campus . . . the children of unbelievers are shocking their parents with their belief, as the grandparents were shocked with the unbelief of their children."

In fact, in 1933 Yale offered only three undergraduate courses in religion, one of which, Bible Literature, had only four students. Twenty-five years later it offered 12 courses, and Bible Literature alone had 400 students. The number of Smith girls in religion courses doubled during a six-year period in the '50s.

Numerous fascinating questions arise. Did the college graduate of the last generation feel the impact of science, of liberal thought, more than the graduate of the present generation? Is the young adult, as an argumentative young dentist told me, "orthodox about everything because he can see that his unorthodox elders got him into a mess"? Or are there deeper reasons—reasons related to the quaking world in which young adults have come to maturity?

Whatever the answers, the approach of college graduates to religion, though less *conservative* than that of young adults as a whole, is not necessarily less *religious*. Dr. Ross, for example, commented at the conclusion of his study that "broadly speaking, the more highly educated young people are distinctly less orthodox in their stated views and less fearful of dissent. At the same time they feel no less keenly the need for religion in their lives, and are more likely than the less-educated to perceive clearly the requirements laid upon them by a consistently religious philosophy of life. They are less troubled by nonconformity but more troubled by the need for harmony and integration in their world view."

There seems to be some support for this view in a different sort of question that was part of the survey. The survey inquired into matters of belief, but it went also to the heart of those basic issues—how does your religion help you and what moral demands does it make upon you?

Young people were asked to choose from a list of alternatives the ways in which their religion was most important to them. In "helping you to resist temptation," said more than half of young Protestants; but a sizable near-third of them also picked "helping you prepare for life after death." Women, hacking away a little more than men from the sterner aspects of religion, were much less likely to choose "helping you to resist temptation" and more likely than men to choose "bringing you comfort." "I use religion as a leaning post," said a young woman in a church group. "I'm ashamed to say it, but I do."

But one of the most significant results of this question came in the replies that were *not* chosen. The less-educated young Protestants in general—men and women alike—consistently put "giving meaning to life" at the very bottom of their list of choices, little more than one in five picking it. But it was overwhelmingly the *first* choice of the young Protestant who had graduated from college.

Actively churchgoing young Protestants, like college graduates, also picked "giving answers to the meaning of life" as far and away the most important value of religion. In an equally startling reversal this group of young people expressed almost no interest in life after death. Only one in ten mentioned it at all.

Putting all these responses together, it would seem that religion for the general populace is a guide to conduct and a preparation for life after death. But for the college graduate and the churchgoing young adult it is more likely to be thought of as a clue to the interpretation of life.

The ministers whom I asked to comment on this aspect of the survey were not surprised by the different emphasis of churchgoing and college youth from that of the rest of the population. The modern church, said one minister, spends much time talking to young adults about the meaning of life; and while believing in life after death, the modern minister does not stress it greatly, finding it more important to focus the energy of his people on the Christian task here on earth. Immortality, when it is discussed, is often talked about, they thought, as a part of the same "meaning of life" which is so important to these young people.

But churchgoing young adults, like their less religiously active colleagues, were also concerned about religion's close ties with matters of right and wrong. In fact, in interviews some young adults, active in the program of their church, complained that it did not offer sufficiently definite pronouncements on right and wrong. One handsome young New Englander, for example, said, "Sex is the big problem for young adults. At least it is for me and for the people I know. I go to church. When I'm thinking about any moral question, the first thing I do is wonder what the church would say. But if it's sex I'm asking about, I don't get an answer; I don't know *what* the church believes about it."

A somewhat less submissive approach came from a young New Yorker who strolled away from a sand-lot game he'd been coaching to talk to me. "I don't think I'd be guided by what my church said about matters of right and wrong," he said slowly. "But I want to know what God wants me to do with my life."

"The criterion of right and wrong," said an idealistic young engineer, "is for me a decision of love. Is this choice I'm about to make just for me—or for others?"

Perhaps an even more prickly test of young-adult concern comes with the question of the church's voice in *public* issues where right and wrong are in question. Do young Protestants think their church should take a stand on *social* problems? Apparently so.

True, there were dissenting voices. "The church should concentrate on the Gospel and stay out of causes," said one young man in Atlanta. And when the people surveyed were asked as a whole what they felt were "the two or three most important problems facing the people of the United States today that you feel your church could and should do something about," about 15 per cent of young adults, like their elders, said they could think of none at all and three per cent of all ages said categorically that the church should stay out of such things altogether. (One young minister, asked to comment on this, said, "Only three per cent? I can hardly believe it. They must all be right here in my little church!")

There were the people too who might not have gone so far as to refuse to be committed to any cause but who saw the church primarily not as a place of sacrifice but as a place of refreshment, from which one emerged relaxed and happy. A young Texan, for instance, took me aside at a national young-adults conference to say that he was a much more religious person than some of those with whom I had been talking. A bit overwhelmed by this complacency, I threw in what I hoped would be a truth-finding question. "In what way does your religion disturb you?" I asked him. "Disturb me!" he replied in amazement. "Not at all. If it did, I wouldn't go to church."

Thinking that perhaps my question had been misunderstood, I tried again. "I mean, in what way does it make demands on you?" But this question also drew a blank. After considering it for a puzzled moment of silence he said, "Religion isn't *about* demands. You just feel better when you go to church."

But this attitude was the exception among young adults, both in the interviews and in the survey. Many did say in one way or another that they "felt good" if they went to church, but a solid 84 per cent of young adults could and did think of many problems the church should deal with. The number who could think of such problems went up with education: it

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went up also with active participation in the church.

What issues did they think were most important? "Racial integration" was the overwhelming response from the total survey, and even more from young adults. Almost half of them chose it as the big issue: at college level, 55 per cent; with their elders also picking it first but by a much smaller margin. "Young adults are apt to regard the racial issue as religion," said the head of an Episcopalian foundation on campus, with somewhat wry approval. And in fact, in interviews numerous young people called the question a religious one, "since God said all men were equal in His sight."

Of course, there were regional differences. Southerners were naturally less likely to concede this point. I heard members of a university graduate fellowship in the South try to get it dismissed from discussion. "I'm sick and tired of discussing questions of social prejudice," said one girl furiously. "You could be tired of hearing people say, 'You're nuts; you're evil; you're guilty,'" said a thin, good-looking young man wearing a white shirt and gray slacks. But others in the group shouted them down. "We should discuss what we'd do if we had a situation here such as they had in Mississippi," they said.

By the same token, churchgoing young adults in a large urban Presbyterian church in Georgia returned questionnaires in which race was mentioned only two times out of every 12; but from this church came the penetrating comment that "One of the major tasks of the church is to find a reconciliation of the opposing influences of society, law and religion on racial integration."

A tremendous number of other issues came up for consideration. "Juvenile delinquency and crime" stood high. Young adults were troubled too about the state of public morals in government and elsewhere. They worried about all kinds of inequalities of opportunity and pleaded that the church take a stand against poverty. They asked for emphasis on friendliness and love and many asked that the church try to counteract materialism.

The omissions were often as interesting as the choices. War and peace is apparently nowhere near as burning an issue as it might have been found to be a few years ago. Have young adults, as one minister suggested to me, grown used to living under the threat of the atom bomb? And practically nothing is heard of the thunderings against drinking, dancing, cards, tobacco, and so forth that meant so much in the church of their parents and grandparents. Only a negligible four per cent of the people surveyed mentioned them at all.

From all available evidence, young Protestants today seem to be deeply concerned about the great social and ethical problems of their era at the same time that they support traditional Christian and Protestant beliefs. Like people young and old in *all* centuries, they continue to ask the eternal and certainly theological questions "Why am I here? Why must people suffer? Why is it so hard for me to do what I believe is right? What happens to me when I die?" Yet they don't

seem to have a very active interest in theology as such.

"They are interested if you don't *call* it theology," a Congregational minister in Connecticut told me wryly.

As one talks to these young people, one comes away with the feeling that they are full of paradoxes; and that they are searching, questioning, trying to decide what to believe. The more educated among them emerge as a group of young people who have thought comparatively little about strictly theological questions but are willing to think about them, who are groping for something more than the vague liberalism of their elders but have not yet got very far in their search, and who are moved more by the important social questions of their day than by any other issue.

"I would hazard the opinion," Dr. Sidney Lovett, Chaplain of Yale, said recently, "that the prevalent mood in our colleges today with respect to religion is one of honest, intelligent inquiry. Scratch the surface of indifference, often more careless than studied, and you will find students who are not so much convinced about religion as they are haunted by it." This could well apply not only to college students but to most of the young adults interviewed in this survey.

Perhaps the biggest confusion comes from the apparent fact that they do not see a strong relation between theology and life. It is not so much that they disbelieve —interviews do corroborate a remarkable willingness to state an orthodox view— as that they are not quite sure how much belief matters. The notion of a timeless criterion by which to base their judgments of contemporary life is somewhat strange to them.

Ministers confronted with the results of the REDBOOK survey found in it both troubling conclusions and hopeful ones. One minister, regarded as fundamentalist by his fellow clergymen in a New England city, said, "Young people are looking for security. They want to get hold of something that does not move. They are looking for reality, and the words of the Bible are quick and powerful."

Others were less happy about the comparative uniformity of the responses. They pointed out for one thing that no survey can determine the degree of conviction with which these beliefs are held. "How to tell those with a real and living orthodox faith from those who retain only the proper labels—that's the problem," said a young Presbyterian minister in Tennessee. And a Connecticut Congregationalist, thinking out loud, said, "I am now considerably more orthodox than I was as a young man, and it has been the result of a great struggle on my part. These overwhelmingly orthodox returns seem to me to indicate a lack of a similar struggle."

They were pleased to be told that the young churchgoing adults interviewed held a greater diversity of belief than the general populace. In fact, most Protestant ministers today prefer probing and struggling to the too-complacent acceptance of a traditional position. Nine out of ten in a recent study thought it was all right for laymen to question the teachings of the church. Even ministers in those churches that are most fundamentalist in their creeds agreed that the Protestant tradition made a thinking-out of such problems desirable.

Almost to a man they warmly applauded the concern of these young people for the solution of great social issues, but they warned that this concern should not be separated from its religious foundations.

In fact, some ministers raised quizzical questions about the relationship of these searching young people to the church. They did not require a Gallup poll to tell them that young adults do not always take either their problems or their convictions to church. Most ministers to whom I talked said that young adults come to church considerably less than their elders. Moreover, there is evidence that the attendance that surged so high during the postwar years is now dropping. So it becomes clear that a large number of those who profess themselves to believe in God, to believe also in a divine Jesus, an authoritative Bible, life after death, a definition of sin as a disobedience to God, do not thereby feel it incumbent upon them to attend any church service.

Interviews further corroborated that often young adults who declared themselves to have no faith at all meant rather that they wanted no truck with organized religion. In fact, they often drew a sharp line between religion and the church.

Ministers are naturally disturbed by this well-known phenomenon. Nevertheless, when they thought of the religious foundations of ethical action, most were thinking beyond the church. They want to see young adults come to grips with the great theological issues because they believe that man's destiny, personal and social, cannot be separated from them. Men live, they say, by what they believe to be true. And they point out that Christianity is considerably more than simply an ethical code.

A widely read Episcopalian manual written by Dr. Theodore O. Wedel, Warden of the Episcopal College of Preachers in Washington, D.C., expresses this succinctly. "Christianity," Dr. Wedel writes, "is full of ethical teachings.... Christian belief begins with something else—something which lies behind the problem of ethics and may bear fruit in 'good works,' which even a Golden Rule can never touch. It is the Gospel, 'good news.'"

Ministers agree that if this "good news" is lost, Christianity is little more than another social agency; and the hope, therefore, of many ministers to whom I talked was the reuniting of theology and ethics in what one called "some kind of lawful wedlock." The more optimistic pointed out that this may be the very time for such reunion, since this, in their opinion, is at once an era of social action and one of theological concern.

In a broad and general way the survey bears them out. But it cannot forecast the future and we are left with many questions. These young adults will bear "the heat of the day" for a long time. How will they come out? How much will they change over the years? Will they temper their faith in the fires of doubt and strengthen it—or lose it? THE END

A Bad Year Of Marriage

(Continued from page 63)

problems while I played a very amateur piano. As I sat across from Hank for "discussion" the room turned as cold as the glacial blue of his eyes, as unloving as the set of his jaw.

I was, he said, cold and selfish, not successful as a female: our children were not growing up well because I was not motherly enough. After years of seeing myself as Hank described me—as "quite a woman!"—I now saw the reflection of myself as a washout. The pounding accusations threw me into a panic, into a paralysis of self-doubt. No matter how I might defend myself, there was the deep fear that *he might be right!*

I grew quieter and quieter. Hank would urge me to talk, to give my point of view. I simply did not dare say what I really thought. Instead, I reached deep for words to alleviate the tension. Hank seemed to hear my words without hearing what I said. Perhaps he knew they were camouflage. But his accusations twisted and pulled my reason out of shape. I literally fought for sanity and survival in the living room. Eventually I could armor myself only by shutting my ears to what he was saying.

I cried a great deal in the privacy of the bathroom. When I had to reappear, I would dab my inflamed eyes and blotchy face with cold water. The luxury of self-pity was making me look as unattractive as Hank had depicted me. Vanity, if nothing else, forced me to get hold of myself. I reached for my characteristic routines and safety valves. I took long walks, tidied the closets, held dialogues with myself: "What is happening?" I asked. "What have I done? . . . What can I do?" And I silently begged my personal God for "the strength to be wise."

Undoubtedly I came close to cracking up. Yet there was a streak of surprise in my unhappiness. I had always looked upon our marriage as less than perfect but as one that worked. For all our problems, Hank and I had an old-fashioned commitment toward marriage and toward each other. We were earnest, responsible, effortful. We were also neurotic, anxious and less than honest. I'd known all this almost from the start. But I had always thought in terms of remedies and resolutions—never in terms of failure and dissolution.

No item in Hank's bill of resentments toward me was entirely new. Yet if we go back over our relationship, I believe Hank and I stood as good a chance of staying married as any other couple we knew. We liked each other the first time we met. In high heels I was slightly, but noticeably, taller than Hank. He brought it up without embarrassment:

"There's nothing wrong between us that a pair of elevator shoes won't fix!"

We grew in liking, in mutual enjoyment and in awareness of a powerful sexual attraction. We were married a year after we met. Meg and Andy, the friends who went with us on our first double date, had married in less than eight weeks, prophesying at their wedding that Hank and I would be next.

Our courtship, however, was not as smooth, our marriage not as inevitable, as the above might sound. Hank was 27—boyishly good-looking, energetic, witty. I was 23—closer to 24—tall, intense, red-headed. I worked at a public-relations agency, lived in my own small apartment. I was feeling more than a little pressure to get married, both from my mother, who was nervous about a single daughter, and from within myself—because I wanted to have children while I was "young enough."

I had proposals and propositions—so I could see myself as attractive in men's eyes, not as a drug on the marriage market. As for Hank, he had the easy-come, easy-go attitude toward women that a good-looking, financially promising young bachelor can afford. We even had a brief affair, which I broke off. It did not make me feel worldly or womanly—only at odds with my conscience.

For a month after I ended our fledgling affair, he did not call. When he did call again I knew—and he knew—that we were courting. Our intentions were as declared as any published banns. Meg and Andy, who'd been married for six months by then and were expecting a baby, said it was a sure thing the night Hank came to their apartment, examined their coffee table as though he'd never seen one before and asked: "How much does something like this cost?"

And so we were married, with Meg as matron of honor in her best maternity jumper, carrying a bouquet of daisies. From the start Hank and I meshed easily in the commonplaces of living together, in the matters of economics and friends. Hank, who had held marriage at arm's length longer than his friends, settled into it overnight. He was a homing pigeon. To Hank, home meant not the inherited odds and ends in our apartment, the reject carpets we'd bought with wedding-gift money: it meant *me*. The Monday after we returned from our honeymoon, Hank came from work and settled down in our most comfortable chair with the evening paper while I finished cooking supper—as though we'd been at it for 20 years! He switched from first-person singular to first-person plural without slip-up, whether it was a matter of what movie "we" should see or how much money "we" should save. His acceptance of marriage, and of me, was total.

Oddly enough, I didn't settle in quite so easily. I'd always thought of myself as a woman simply waiting to find the man who would be the eventual object of all my devotion and energies. But I soon discovered it was not easy to housebreak a working girl. I'd held a job long enough to grow accustomed to the excitement and challenge of new projects, to the occasional rewards for the ego in the form of praise or promotion. Suddenly my one-track energies shifted from business ideas and their execution to cooking and cleaning. If Hank was taken aback by the onslaught of housekeeping, he did not comment—except to ask wistfully now and then: "Can't you let the ashes cool before you empty them?" or, "Do we have to have a full-course dinner *every* night?" or, "Hey, why don't you just sit down and do nothing, for a change?"

We sometimes struck a discordant note on a night out. In a social gathering Hank was wittier, quick to joke and quip, but not so prone to pitch into a discussion. Sometimes I would be caught up in an absorbing conversation and suddenly become aware of Hank growing more and more silent in another part of the room. I would try to draw him into our conversation, but often I would find myself uncontrollably irritated, and we wouldn't talk much on the way home.

These were minor matters, or so they seemed in the early days, when we had untapped resources of good will and great expectations. But there were other matters that were not minor. Hank has moods—a statement no woman can react to unless she too has lived with a man who has moods. I took these at first to be reactions to me, to something I had said or done. I would be hurt, and would retaliate with an equal and opposite "mood." But somehow I always felt it was up to me to break the stalemate, and I would with great effort ask: "What's wrong?"

He would deny that he was "upset," "out of sorts" or "glum." The mood would eventually run itself out. Once we were back to normal, I never had the courage to bring up the matter.

The first time I encountered real moodiness in Hank I was chilled. It was an evening in the week we were to be married. Instead of his usual engaging "Hello—what would you like to do tonight?" there was an evident detachment, almost a sullenness, that lasted through

the evening. At home later, I wondered sleeplessly if this was a portent of some deeper disturbance. I even wondered whether I should break our engagement. In the morning it all seemed exaggerated. When Hank called, his reassuringly cheerful self, I dismissed the episode as premarital jitters on both our parts.

In the married years I came to know the moods as an unwelcome third person coming periodically to live with us—a clear and present danger to my well-being. Not only did I feel left out and stranded at such times, but also there was a pronounced futility in Hank that threatened my own sense of life.

In the early days of marriage I was ashamed to admit—even to myself—that I was upset. I can still recall reading a minister's syndicated column in which a woman reader wrote that she was unnerved by her husband's periods of dejection. What should she do? The minister replied that the woman should be grateful her husband did not drink, commit infidelity or abuse her. In much the same way I tried to remind myself that Hank was generous, thoughtful and loving—and that no relationship could be perfect.

If Hank revealed his moods to me, I disguised mine from him with a thousand socially acceptable masquerades. When I was troubled I laughed a lot and worked like a beaver. I would try a new recipe for Chicken Marengo, accept a free-lance assignment from my former agency, clean the kitchen cabinets. I whistled and worked to drive away my inner devils of doubt and discontent. I left little chance to meet myself quietly.

Emotionally I was no rose either. I had traits it must have been tough to be married to—although I put up a better-designed front! I had a tense, wiry temperament that needed constant expression in action: it must have been as comfortable to live with as one of those early Bauhaus chairs of steel and plastic—all function and no padding. I was not inherently relaxed about loving. I'm not speaking here of sexual loving, but the easy-to-live-with loving that comes in small, spontaneous acts of affection—and in equally quick (guiltless) bursts of anger. I could not sustain a no. Hank didn't say no to me often, but when he did I fought with great inner anger and the senseless frustration of a three-year-old child. No matter how many walks I might take, how many closets I might clean, my core of restlessness and discontent must have manifested itself to Hank.

In the time before Chris and Matthew were born we were free to react solely to each other—to the lift of an eyebrow, to each bird whistle in the quiet, tidied living room. But children make for clutter and clatter. Perhaps when our daughter was born, and then our son a year and a half later, we welcomed their demands as a relief from the complex interplay of our adult emotions.

I am convinced that the August both children went to camp forced a stock-taking already implicit in our lives. Sooner or later we would have had to face only each other and the disturbing questions "Where have the years gone? What have we to show besides parenthood?"

These are pregnant issues whenever they arise: but in the middle 30s and early 40s, when a husband and wife feel vital and attractive, still filled with dreams and hopes not yet shelved for the compromises of middle age, there is the element—and the tension—of choice. There are not many such years left, one thinks; and this is knowledge calculated to make any woman or man restless, and tender to the touch.

What *did* we have to show? Hank had made the steady financial progress manifested by a house with a mortgage, shares in his firm and a monthly sheaf of bills always a little larger than our current bank balance. We both could go to a party, enjoy the admiration of another man or woman and come home stimulated enough to go to bed with each other—partly from monogamous habit, partly because we wanted to love each other.

We had experienced the "in sickness and in health," the "for richer and for poorer," of the marriage vows. When our problems were real—an accident that put a child on the critical list for 24 hours, a setback for Hank in his company, an operation for suspected cancer—we coped with them magnificently. We showed intelligence, compassion and a touch of the Spartan. It was unreal, unseen problems that threw us.

For instance, we had a continual tug of war over *my* role. "I don't want a doormat for a wife," Hank had said before we were married. "That is a statement," he has said dozens of times since, "I'd give anything to retract!" Yet if he had wanted a meek, subservient woman, how could he have picked *me?* Hank's stereotyped notions of what a wife "ought" to think and feel always grated on some deep nerve. I told him with an edge in my voice that he had a Hollywood notion of a wife who said, "Yes, dear," who never contradicted or criticized and who—like a faithful puppy—fetched his pipe and slippers.

I did cook the foods Hank liked, wore the colors he preferred, bypassed the friends he vetoed. But I knew inwardly that I was doing the right things for the wrong reasons. I was trying to appease, to avoid friction. Outwardly I might have been the somewhat tamed shrew, but inwardly I was not yielding an inch. I was still an emotional suffragette, waving my private flag of independence in a battle never clearly joined, never clearly over.

On rare occasions, with my guard down, my tongue would betray my real feelings. Once when Hank was in a particularly rough mood, seeming to expect some assistance from me I could not give, I told him: "I can't be your psychiatrist."

He has never forgotten this remark or forgiven me for it.

For the most part I locked away my doubts and dissatisfactions with Hank and with our marriage. I was ashamed of them. And I was afraid—afraid that the truth of my own feelings might split us apart if I voiced them, even to myself.

A less than perfect marriage? With real problems? Without a doubt! Yet there was an undeniable need for each other, often joy in each other and in our children. Hank was a tender lover, leading me out of constrained, prudish ways. He was a loyal though confounded father. He had a wonderful gift for solving the everyday annoyances of life by making small things small. Our house ran in free-wheeling emotional cycles—on the upswing we were loving, gay, eager to please each other; on the downswing we were stiff, withdrawn, angry.

There were undercurrents, even undertows. But there also were memories, gratitudes and traditions accumulating. In many old-shoe ways Hank and I had simply become used to each other. I was no longer annoyed as I picked up his trail of burned matches, his newspapers, books and slippers from under the couch. He allowed me two silent, ritualistic cups of coffee in the morning before demanding: "Where are my socks?" We depended upon each other for sympathy in small ailments. We had a gentleman's agreement about our parents: Each was scrupulously polite to the other's, leaving the child in us to carry out the deeper obligations of a private conscience.

We didn't always agree about money, but we pushed and pulled the subject

about without malice. I cannot ever recall having a fight about the children. Hank did cede a great deal of the decision-making to me—because he *said* children were a mother's job, and, I suspect, because he *felt* somewhat untalented as a father. Yet we agreed happily on our untraditional traditional Thanksgiving, which outlawed the perfect dinner with great numbers of guests and intense preparations. From the time the children were three and four, we let them baste the turkey with unconscionable amounts of butter and set the table with decorations they found in the nearby woods. At Christmas we threw out all our normal good sense and Puritan tendencies. We indulged the children for our own as much as for their pleasure. We were mother and father, man and wife—a family, giving ourselves to the concerns that sometimes supported us.

Of course, I could not see and say all this with either clarity or detachment as that unforgettable August gave way to September, October and November. Unhappiness spread through our house like an internal disease. It seeped into the walls and hovered over the steaming casserole at supper. Night after night I lay in bed next to Hank, stiff lest we touch by accident, anxious to hurry into sleep.

Hank became everything he was not: quick-tempered, accusing, impossible to please. He took offense at any look or word on my part that was not totally compliant to his will. We were at loggerheads over money, the children, the supper menus. I did not fight back. But I was bitter and resentful. At moments I hated Hank.

Christmas that year was a mockery. We methodically stacked the gifts late on Christmas Eve. We came down, as we always had, at six in the morning to watch the children rip open their packages with "ahs" and "oohs" and "just-what-I-wanteds." Hank gave me a bottle of sultry oriental perfume, which I have not opened to this day. I gave him an expensive sports jacket, which he wears very little. We had our usual Christmas breakfast of steak sandwiches, apple pie and cocoa. We ate our chocolate apples from Holland. We played games in front of the fireplace. But the laughter was self-conscious and the fire did not kindle its usual warmth. We did not reach each other—even holstered by the holiday trappings and some effort to make the effort.

After Christmas I tried to think about Hank with some objectivity. I was convinced that he was facing what women among themselves recognize as the man's change of life. In his 40s now, with a substantial portion of his life irrefutably behind him, Hank was being forced to assess the future. To make matters more complex, he also faced the need to make a radical change in his business life—a move demanding skill and downright risk. Undoubtedly, wrestling with this problem helped to bring on his "heart attacks." He had had these attacks before but had been assured they had no organic grounds: that they were, in fact, a common phenomenon among men doubly pressured by the intensity of their work and the fearful knowledge that many men in their 40s do die of coronaries. Hank, on advice, had gone to a psychotherapist several years before. But even then, when we were still sharing our problems, Hank rarely discussed the visits. He did tell me one night that he realized his normal, angry feelings had been bottled up for so long that the anger was now causing him an actual physical hurt. Now, as I saw it, in a belated effort to let out the feelings and forestall "attacks," Hank was flailing out at me.

But how could I be sure I was right? Perhaps Hank's bitterness toward me was justified. Perhaps it was *his* turn for criticism and doubts!

I hit a new low when I found myself complaining and confiding to women friends. It was against my customary code of behavior. I fell into the pattern of countless discontented suburban women—sipping a drink, putting my pocketbook and my heart on the luncheon table. While these intimate woman-to-woman revelations might bring momentary relief, even tears to my eyes, I considered them tasteless to give or to receive. I was losing control, not judgment.

At this critical point I could have walked out on Hank in a gesture of bravado. But I knew we had no money for separate households, just enough to pay the mortgage and bills on one.

Drink did not appeal to me, but I did think of an affair. At least I tell myself I would have had an affair if the opportunity had presented itself. The truth, I think, is that I was not "looking." I was miserable but I was married. Underlying my unhappiness was the clear knowledge that I was where I belonged, where I had invested years of myself.

I made up my mind. One evening in mid-January when the children were upstairs doing their homework, I stopped in front of Hank's chair and announced: "I'm going to see a psychiatrist."

Hank agreed much too quickly. "Yes, I think you *should* go. You need help."

But the help *did* help. It gave me a chance to trust my own reason again, to release the mounting tensions before I cracked under unbearable strains. The therapist proved to be a surprisingly young, relaxed man with a friendly grin. He was easy to talk to, easy to cry in front of. I did much of both until we got down to the job of sorting out cause and effect, reality and unreality.

Why was I in a state of panic bordering on a crack-up, with fears that ranged from uncertainty about Hank's mental stability to uncertainty about my own worth as a human being? Why should Hank have turned abruptly from an absolute acceptance of me (that had often been more than I could accept) to an equally absolute rejection?

In the one hour a week that I saw the doctor he did not tell me the answers. Sometimes I would leave his office as acutely miserable as when I arrived. Sometimes I would leave feeling I had the key to Truth—and would rush home to unlock a new life. But most often I could hear my voice during the hour relating incidents, describing feelings, complaining about Hank in minute detail—and I felt like a fool! I was acutely conscious of the fact that I was one of *thousands upon thousands* of women taking just such recitals to a psychiatrist. In a funny kind of way this was an incentive for me to work out my problems. I did not like to picture myself as typically unhappy!

Nevertheless, I looked forward each week to the hour as the one period when I could be myself, could talk and think with complete frankness. Gradually my old habits of mind asserted themselves and I began to get a view of the situation not quite so distorted with pain. The "doormat" joke was not absurd after all. Hank was actually finding one in me—for I was certainly making myself an easy, willing victim for him as he thrashed about in his pain.

When Hank said I was selfish, aggressive, unwomanly, I protested. But I was not sure in my own mind how much pleasure one could legitimately take without being "selfish"; how one could stick up for one's rights without being "aggressive"; or how I could enjoy sports and work outside the home without the resultant suspicion of fundamental unwomanliness.

Not many people (other than the psychiatrist) have ever caught on to the massive uncertainty beneath the strong personality I seem to be. I appear to have the capacity to weather crises: I harness great energies to great initiative, both at home and in my work; and I have an intense concern for my children that characterizes our generation of parents. I half believed what I saw of myself in other people's eyes. But deeply and privately I held a much lower opinion of myself. And in the year that Hank seemed to withdraw his love, his respect, his value of me, I was left with a very emptied view of myself.

I appeared to be meeting Hank's barrage of accusations with a subdued mixture of protest and appeasement. But my weapons were hollow-weight. An angry voice was as painful to me as an outright blow, so I ducked and dodged with conciliatory attitudes. I did not stand up to Hank, and my own fears gave Hank the opportunity to "express himself" as impulsively, as uncontrollably, as a child. We were caught in a circle of vicious emotions.

I was gaining a new understanding, but to act upon it at home with Hank was another matter. After sitting by for months, letting him be rude to our best friends, discipline the children in ways contrary to our mutual beliefs and speak caustically to me in public, I had to overcome an insane panic the first time I faced up to Hank.

Nothing exploded.

"No," I told him as the familiar discussion of my shortcomings began one night. "I don't want to sit here and listen."

Hank's anger grew colder. He looked as though he might hit me. But he didn't.

After the first timid tries at a genuine self-defense, I became more skillful and more honest. I could even smile and ask in an almost natural voice: "Do I really want to hear what you're going to say?"

For the first time I truly understood the tired cliché "It's *his* problem." At some deep level Hank was beset with himself; yet, ironically and destructively, he had turned on me at a time when he needed me most. And with his problems piled onto my own shaky foundation we were like some childishly ill-conceived building of blocks—in danger of toppling down together.

Perhaps it was time. Perhaps it was the way the psychiatrist had of shaking his head sympathetically. I began to climb out of my trough of self-pity, free once more to think and act with compassion for someone besides myself. I found myself sympathizing with the personal Gethsemane through which Hank was going. Not every day. Not all day. But often enough to bring back some normal feelings. I became capable of assessing what I was facing, even of looking for choices.

But understanding—gained with or without outside help—*cannot resolve all*

hurt, cannot blot out disappointment and dissatisfaction with the life we've chosen. In the end I found I had only two choices: I could stay with Hank in the hope that eventually things would return to our normal. This meant facing the possibility that Hank's long-range moods and anxieties might *never* change. My other choice was to leave in search of a second husband and some "better life."

What determines when a woman will take a tranquilizer and stick it out? When she will leave a husband? I believe we are more constant than we acknowledge in our motivations, actions, emotions. The same compound of deep commitment and cowardice (sprinkled with inertia) that had kept me trying to improve our marriage now kept me from walking out.

I was in the habit of being married to Hank—a statement that at 20 I would have regarded as a form of married prostitution but that at 38 I regarded as sanity. I have known many women who "couldn't bear it," who walked out on their marriage—only to find that once the symptomatic pains of the marriage ceased, there was a great vacuum into which other unhappiness and frantic concerns rapidly moved.

I was now ready to cry less and think more. I looked up and found that the world of national politics, suburban gossip and childhood preoccupations was still going full force. I returned to my former Girl Scout techniques. I played the piano. I played tennis. I sealed envelopes and worked on the telephone squad at primary time. I helped the children with their science projects. I did some free-lance work. I wrote more poetry for the bottom drawer. I stayed away from other women "in trouble," lest our pity for each other simply release new waves of self-pity.

I began to walk again. As I went from one quiet suburban street to another our docile collie would look up at me as though to ask: "Isn't it time to go home now?"

But I was still working through troubling questions in the privacy of my thoughts. Did I love Hank—or was there some lack in my feelings that justified his rebellion? Was I hiding from myself a stark portrait of a marriage that had failed, that had run out of reason for being? Was I staying through fear of being without the support that marriage gives socially, economically and in a thousand everyday ways?

When I asked myself if I loved Hank, I found I wasn't sure that I knew what love was. I knew that "loving" Hank after more than 13 years of living together was undeniably different from the excitement and pursuit of courtship—since to love what you yearn for is so much easier than to love what you do possess. Each woman has that much Madame Bovary in her make-up! I had experienced deep pleasure in giving to Hank—but was not so comfortable in receiving his love. I also felt, with distinct discomfort, that I knew too realistically what was lovable in Hank and what was impossible to love.

If I was staying with him through fear of being a woman alone, I could only despise myself. I admit I thought at times with dread of what such a life must be like, yet I did not finally decide I was crass and craven in my reasons for staying. I was hanging on hopefully to the small, remaining shows of tenderness and concern (such as Hank's careful provision, even at our hitterest point, for more life insurance in my name), and my stubborn belief that we were married, even in this desolate period. I thought often of the beloved grandmother who had made us a patchwork quilt for a wedding present and said as she gave it: "Marriage is like this quilt. The good is sewed in with the bad."

The year is over now. We have hated each other and hurt each other. The bitterness and the anger seem to have burned themselves out like some self-limiting fever. Nothing has changed and everything has changed. I watch once more for the cardinals at the kitchen window. I catch Hank's secret smile as I remind Chris to wear socks in January. When Hank and I go to a party we close ranks—we do not cast loose from each other as though we hoped we might never have to meet again. We have reverted to the manners, habits of speech and companionship of other years: to the jokes, the niceties and the resting places of our marriage. Occasionally, now that the year seems safely behind us, a moment of laughter or tenderness seems unbearably sweet and I remember. But I remember in the vague way that one recalls the experience rather than the content of a frightening nightmare.

I do not pretend to understand exactly why the year came when it did, went away when it did—or even how we have survived and healed. I do know that free choice—to stay or to leave—was purely a mirage that kept me going. I did not want to leave Hank. What I wanted was for the hurt to stop and the antagonisms to blow away in a sudden wind.

It may be too soon to assess the strength of my insights and resolves, but I see many deep scars and changes in our seeming return to normality. I know once and for all that our marriage is very much like the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead—when it is good, it is very, very good, and when it is bad. . . ! Although I have never said it before, even to myself, if I am to stay married to Hank, I must end the destructive daydreams of a better life with some mythical "other man." I must work against the disruptive elements in my make-up that feed on dissatisfactions with a choice made 14 years ago.

The children have more father—arbitrary and irascible at times, less easy to wangle than Mother, but different from her and funnier. He is the father of the house.

Hank has made the long-overdue change in business, but not without tremendous planning and thought, which in themselves seemed to absorb some of *his* discontents.

I have an obligation to provide Hank with the household comforts and services he enjoys. It is not *noblesse oblige* on my part. He is entitled to consideration from all of us—whether it means priority on the telephone or quiet on a Sunday morning. He works under great pressures for the money that buys us a charming house, guitar lessons, steak on Sundays and that pays the insurance premiums.

I have a different lover, fond and gentle again. But when I come into his arms, it is not *my* favor. It is his due, as though he were more able to assert his rights and his masculinity.

We are more honest and not so terribly well-mannered. I hear Hank yell, "Damn it! I have no socks again!" On the other hand, he can also say, "You're annoyed with me. I don't blame you." I will not let Hank bully me. I seem able to say without so much panic: "Hey, come on, honey—work it out on the golf course tomorrow!" We've made room for the ordinary emotions—bad and good.

Both of us, I think, have turned inward a little in search of satisfaction, rather than expecting total fulfillment from each other. For my part, this includes a full knowledge and a partial resentment of Hank's shortcomings—along with a fresh recognition of the loyalty and tenderness he offers me.

Every day does not bring me a box of roses and the gallant assertion that Hank would choose me again. There are days that bring tears and the old, chronic dissatisfactions. There is still conflict between us—which I suspect will continue in a lifetime tug of war.

Hank's moods will be a continuing problem to me. But I am teaching myself that they are *his* moods, separate and distinct from mine, and primarily a problem to *him*. I would be an outright liar if I said that my fiercely stubborn spirit, saying, "Yes, dear," more often now, was also saying it within me. I may never yield in the deepest, most capitulating sense. Hank may continue to *demand* what he wants of me, rather than *commanding* by sheer sureness.

These are not compromises in the drear sense of the word, nor are they bluebirds of happiness fluttering symbolically over a happy ending. These are the reconciliations of life with dreams: knowledge that the communion that comes after love-making, the moments of shared laughter, the plateaus of mutual contentment, are the fullest fruition of our relationship. We have a new humility—if not such great expectations.

We have also faced the fact that there are increased responsibilities and burdens in the middle years: that life can reach out in unforeseen, inexplicable ways and strike at us and our children. We have the obligation to help each other and the privilege of leaning upon each other.

We are now adding a new room to our house—almost an outward sign that we are staying together and looking toward the future. Perhaps it is our private monument to the knowledge that a bad year of marriage brings privation and hungers, like a bad harvest; but that it also revalues, by its occurrence, the more bountiful harvests and hopes of other years—once taken for granted. THE END

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

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Hayley and John Mills

(Continued from page 54)

Hayley: Certainly. And I think that must be very difficult for parents. It must be reasonably easy to have a baby and look after the baby—take care of it until it reaches the age when it really begins to talk to other kids. You know, to friends of its own age. Twelve, I suppose—from there on. That must be a big change for the parents. Because suddenly they realize that this kid's got his own thoughts, his own ideas—is making his own decisions. And either the parents say, "All right, now, we're going to be very modern—let him have his freedom. Let him fight for himself; we won't wrap him in cotton wool." That sort of stuff. Or they go the other way and say, "Let's protect him; he's just a child," you know, and don't let him flap his wings. Well, there's some kind of happy medium that you and Mummy, being very intelligent people, seem to have come to without any difficulty. So one is never terribly conscious of ages in our family . . .

John: That's very important——

Hayley [*Continuing*]: . . . and we've talked about everything! I mean, things like this don't sound very important, but in some families [*Laughing*], going into the bedroom, or when someone's just got out of the bath, you know—I mean, you have to knock on the door, and the person inside says [*Mimics frantic shouting*], "Just a minute! Just a minute!" and quickly gets dressed in a towel. That's immediately a sort of barrier. So if they can't let you see them without anything on, which, after all, is bound to happen sometimes, then you can't talk about anything relating to that sort of problem.

John: But that doesn't mean, does it, that Mummy and I are soft? There's discipline in our family, too. We're pretty strict about some things, aren't we?

Hayley: You are. But the funny thing is, for instance, if I walked in four hours late—as I opened the door I wouldn't be hit with a storm of abuse. [*Illustrating*] "Where have you been? Who the hell . . . ? We've been waiting up for hours!" Instead, one knows you're not going to do that, but that Mummy's going to be worried and you're going to be saying, "It's all right." You see, you *trust* us. And after all, one isn't that bad—a sort of juvenile delinquent.

John: No, and if I can say this in front of you, you kids have had a jolly good training. When we go out we're very proud of you because you know how to behave; you've all three got very, very good manners, if I say it myself. And I think you behave as well with your parents as you do outside the home. That's very important.

Hayley: Yes.

John: But that doesn't keep you from being great arguers. You do have tremendous arguments! [*Teasing*] I mean, your mother and I can't get a word in at mealtimes.

Hayley: We blow all the candles out! [*Enjoying herself*] We do have ghastly arguments! Juliet about class and I with my terrible arguments about religion. And what does Jonathan argue about? Oh, yes, he likes to go to nine movies a day! And we do tend to shout each other down——

John: Oh, you *do!* But I've still got the loudest voice!

Hayley [*Continuing*]: And we can bellow at you, you know, because it's all part of the sort of thing we do; and afterward, you know, because we know that nobody is going to get terribly offended, you don't even have to say, "I'm sorry."

John: Well, sometimes an apology is needed——

Hayley: Oh, well, if you get *nasty*—yes!

John: Maybe that's why you're not crazy to get away from home like a lot of the teen-agers we know. Because it's stimulating at home. It's not tight, held down, you know; so you enjoy being at home.

Hayley: Mmm. But I think that, you know, girls of about eighteen who live away from home— I think it gives them a feeling of independence, and I can understand that very, very well. Because in the last year I've grown up a lot, an awful lot, because I've been left alone more. And I think that's coming just at the right sort of time. Because we have been protected, haven't we, our family?

John: Yes. Well, you've been protected because we've always been together.

Hayley: Yes. We always moved in a great sort of [*Enjoying the image*] a camel *caravan*, with a lot of suitcases on our backs, and I think that's good. So I don't like the idea of leaving home and living in a flat. I think that's boring. I love being with my family and coming back to a cozy home and that sort of thing. [*Reflecting*] But do you think, Daddy, that all our characteristics are just an amalgamation of yours and Mummy's?

John: Well, you're all quite different from each other. You are absolutely different from Juliet and Juliet is different from Jonathan and Jonathan is different from you. You obviously belong to the same family, but as individuals you are completely and utterly different. Don't you think so, Hale?

Hayley: I do, yes.

John: I think, for example, that Juliet is very—well, directional—*determined*—and she'll have to fight very hard for what she achieves. And you, Hayley—I touch wood as I say it—were born under a very lucky star. I don't think you've got anything like Juliet's determination——

Hayley: I didn't *need* to have it, maybe.

John: That's what I say; that's why I mentioned the lucky star—though I think you're getting a bit more determination now. But you're very, very different characters altogether. You're much more happy-go-lucky about life. And yet you have your moods too.

Hayley [*Lightly*]: Oh, everyone has moods, really. Naturally there's light and shade in everybody. When I'm feeling shady, you know [*Laughing at herself*] I —I get very indulgent when I'm in the shady mood, and probably, if I'm to be quite honest, I milk it, rather. . . .

John [*Smiling*]: Enjoy it!

Hayley: Yes, in a sort of awful, masochistic way, I suppose. But that's [*Exaggeratedly humorous*] "the theater," by the way.

John: We wouldn't live without it!

Hayley: I think it makes life interesting. It's like having a desperate row after, you know, a sort of snoozy week with everybody agreeing with everybody. . . . You always feel all right afterward.

John: Well, you're like me. You're sloppy and sentimental, and I am too. I'm Pisces and you're Aries, and—stop me if I'm wrong—I think you're very like me in that way. We're terribly sentimental and sloppy, and we don't like hurting people very much. In that way I think I'm a moral coward, too.

Hayley: Well, honestly—I'm being absolutely truthful; I'm not just saying this because you're sitting here—but I really wouldn't be able to find anything really unlikable about you, Daddy. So to pick out things about you that I find in myself —it sounds sickening, but it's true—is just patting myself on the back. But what I was going to say, really, is that you are in that way a terrible moral coward. But I think people call that a failing when it isn't; it's just the opposite. Because I think one of the worst things is to hurt someone willingly and calculatingly, don't you?

John: I do. And if we're going to talk about this. . . I think you've got a marvelous sense of humor, and I hope I have. I think we're alike in that very much. And I think you will always find it difficult to get down to business decisions and figures and all those ghastly things, as I do.

Hayley: And of course we're both in the theater.

John: That's not an accident! Certainly, I believe people can pass things on, though it couldn't have been from my grandfather or my great-grandfather that I got it, because they weren't actors. And I can never remember wanting to be anything else but an actor. The only link I had with the theater was my sister, who was a divine person. She was a professional ballroom dancer. She danced over here in America in the twenties and took the Charleston and Black Bottom prizes in England, she and her dancing partner. And she was a marvelous ballet dancer. And I think that's the only sort of link I've got. Except on the other side [*Grins*] my mother was a box-office manager. Managed a theater. [*Hayley laughs.*]

John: But I do remember that my father, who was a tremendous extrovert—he was a village schoolmaster with a big waxed mustache—he and my mother, when they were invited out, would take their portfolio of music with them. They always performed, always sang [*Lightly imitating their patter*] "Madame, will you walk . . . ? Madame, will you talk . . . ? And "The Keys of Heaven"—those things! But that's really all I've traced back.

Hayley: But actors, funnily enough, Daddy—don't you think one finds that whatever their background and the professions of their parents, that they have always seemed to sort of graviate—[*Impatiently*] I always get that word wrong!

John: *Gravitate.* [*Smiling*] Graviate I like better!

Hayley: . . . gravitate toward the theater? I mean, if you had been—well, a plumber, I'm sure I would still have wanted to be an actress.

John: That's funny, isn't it? I think that *is* true. [*Abstractedly*] But I was

just trying to think—I was just thinking, in connection with family similarities—I've got a lot of failings that are all my own. Perhaps I don't and you don't want to see them—to look at them, you know. Because Mummy's a marvelous character, isn't she?

Hayley: Yes. She's very strong and very sensitive.

John: And yet also very sentimental. Part Irish. And *she* was a wonderful actress. Played in America, here, in 1940 when I was in the army in England. Big blitzes going on, and I was invalided out. And Mary, who was in New York here, had a chance to go to Hollywood and sign a contract—with Warners, I think it was—and she chucked it up and came back to England and she looked after me. She said she'd give it up, acting. And that's how she started writing.

Hayley: They wanted to cut off her nose, didn't they? I'm glad they didn't.

John: To alter it, yes. It's a marvelous nose, isn't it?

Hayley: Yes. She's got a face like the ones on coins, you know—marvelous. But to get back to characteristics—I mean mine and Juliet's and Jonny's—even if we are individuals, do you think our traits are *just* amalgamations of yours and Mummy's? I don't think that's true, do you?

John [*Thoughtfully*]: No. You've each got your own little mark on you. But I see my mother in you a lot, too. Quite a lot. And now, at eighteen, more than ever. And Juliet looks like my sister.

Hayley: Oh yes! Extraordinary! And she looks like you too, Daddy, when you were about fifteen. Like that picture of you at home, you know, rowing that boat and wearing those sort of long school socks. Juliet's terribly, frighteningly, like you in that!

John: Yes. In that boy's uniform, the sailor's uniform, she was incredibly like me, wasn't she?

Hayley: But I don't look like either of you, do I?

John: You look exactly like Mummy when she was eight or nine. That picture in the cornfields—exactly like Mummy! But your nose has stayed the same.

Hayley: Pat Jonathan is terribly like Mummy as well. He's got Mummy's face. Green eyes. And he's *very* sort of *directional*——

John: He's very strong.

Hayley: *He* knows where *he's* going.

John [*Dryly*]: Where he's going, I don't know.

Hayley [*Entertained*]: No, but *he* knows. [*Both laugh.*] Where *I'm* going, I don't know. But we're going anyway. . . . Does it bother you, Daddy, to think of us all grown up and flying the coop?

[*John considers the question.*]

Hayley: Except it's still with *you*, isn't it?

John: Well, we always feel rather sad, Mummy and I, that there isn't another one in the nursery.

Hayley: I kept saying I wished there was, too, but I didn't get anywhere.

John [*Finally answering*]: You mean when you've all flown the nest? We've been very thrilled, actually, your mother and I—I mean, very happy with what happened to you. And—well, we won't mind that because we're very happy, and that's been part of our life, the children.

Hayley: Mummy often says, "Oh, you were so sweet when you were a baby——"

John: I don't know . . . there are compensations. I feel, quite honestly, I think that—well, it's so different! You see, when you were twelve and we were making *Tiger Bay*, you didn't really know what in *hell* it was about. You just didn't. And Lee [*J. Lee Thompson, director of "Tiger Bay"*] was absolutely wonderful. We would talk about the day's scenes going down to the location in the morning. You have a photographic memory, so you never had any trouble with the lines. Of course [*Teasing*] it's dimming now with age; you're not as quick as you used to be. But we used to discuss the scenes, and Lee would say, "Now, Hayley, in this scene your father so-and-so and so-and-so," and you [*Imitating Hayley, humming, gazing off into space*] you would be going "hmmm," "hmmm," "hmmmm" and looking and looking around——

[*Hayley guffaws.*]

John [*Continuing*]: "Hmmm . . . hmmm." And the producer said one day, very seriously, "Doesn't that humming worry you?" And Lee said, "God's sake, don't let her stop humming! As long as she's humming it's absolutely all right." And you were sort of taking it in, you know. And then when the picture opened, the first night——

Hayley [*Enjoying herself*]: I rather made a fool of myself, didn't I?

John [*Laughing*]: You were the best audience for any film you've ever seen! You didn't seem to realize you were in it. I don't think you had thought you'd been making a film at all. And you were yacking with laughter, screaming and laughing——

Hayley: Honestly, I was black and blue when I came out, because I was laughing so hard. But nobody *else* was laughing, and you kept kicking me, Daddy. I wasn't at all moved, myself. *I* didn't feel at all cry-ey.

John [*Laughing*]: It was *so* funny. You couldn't understand everybody else's crying. It was just so funny to you, I suppose, to be seeing the two of us up there on the screen. . . . Well, I mean, I had a great thrill out of seeing what was happening to you, but I couldn't, you know, have any of the pleasure of discussing the scenes with you or talking about how difficult and complicated a thing can be. So now I've got *that;* because now, in *Chalk Garden*, you had quite a good idea of what you wanted to do with yourself, and we could kick it around, you know, talk about it together, so there's a compensation. [*To moderator*] But she was adorable when she was twelve——

Hayley: See? It's always the past tense!

John [*Still addressing moderator, but teasing Hayley*]: I mean, she's *hell* now, but she *was* wonderful! [*To Hayley*] But no. Seriously. I'm trying to answer honestly. I enjoy *both* phases. I *loved* the twelve-year-old phase, but I *adored* doing *Chalk Garden* with you, because it was quite a different thing. And I think the one we're going to do in Minorca together, *The Truth About Spring*, will be even more fun.

Moderator [*To Hayley*]: What is it that communicates love from parents to children?

Hayley [*Thoughtfully*]: Let me think—how can I word this? I think, probably, by doing things they don't want to do, for your benefit. They have no gain at all. Also, I think they care about you enough to make certain rules and regulations. If they didn't care, they wouldn't bother. Also, we're told— [*Searchingly*] I don't know; they do terribly generous things! I've never really considered this before, actually, but—well, there's myself. Now, I know Mummy and Daddy are mad about each other. They really seem mad about each other! And more than anything in the world, they can face anything—gossip, bankruptcy, *anything*—those two, if they're together. And yet because of my career, Mummy's had to leave Daddy for long times, and Daddy's had to go off and work alone. He's had first nights in plays all alone, which is unheard of! And yet they've never made me feel awful for it—just because they knew that I *would* feel awful. Do you know what I mean?

Moderator [*To John*]: And how do *you* think parents communicate love to children?

John: I really think by *not* trying to communicate it: just by behavior, I think, really. I think if it's just there, without trying to press it—I think then they accept it. In other words, you're not trying to sell anything.

Hayley: Yes. I agree. I think if you're *smothered* in love, you resent it. And if you have to pay back something, because parents keep telling you how much they love you, Gee, you think, I suppose, dividends! How do you, Daddy—I mean, how would you know *I* loved you? Or that Juliet loves you?

John: I've never even thought about it.

Hayley: You take it for granted, don't you, sort of?

John: I really honestly haven't thought about it. I would think by behavior. That's all, really, you know—by behavior. I think the small things help. For instance [*Grinning*], I was twenty-eight on the twenty-second of February—or was it twenty-nine, Hale? [*Both laugh.*] Anyway, I had a birthday. And after all, Juliet was very busy getting ready to have a baby, you know, but I got a cable. They're little things, you know, but quite nice to have. I didn't expect one, really——

Hayley: Well, actually, Daddy, you're an easy person to love. Some people are rather difficult to love—do you know what I mean? Occasionally I come across somebody—perhaps they're shy or hurt or bitter or something, and they don't respond to it. You have to be able to accept it too; otherwise it's no good.

John: That's true. Nothing comes hounding back. It just keeps going over the wall, and finally you think, you know, Oh, I can't go on with it if I don't get anything back.

Hayley: Probably the reason we haven't ever really thought about this is because it's returned instinctively. It's nothing to *think* about. But that's why, I suppose, some marriages collapse. Because a lot of people are selfish: they expect it to be given to them and probably don't give anything back.

Moderator: That's a big problem in your profession, isn't it?

Hayley: Yes, it is. But I think they have a tough time there. I think people in the theater are criticized an awful lot. And they have a lot of obstacles, and a lot of temptations thrust on them that ordinary people, who sit back and pass judgment, have no idea of.

John: Yes. Also, if Mr. and Mrs. Smith of London or Brooklyn, you know, split up—I mean, the world doesn't know about it, does it? But people who are even a little in what you might call the limelight, the moment anything happens, everybody knows about it.

Hayley: And the Smiths, so to speak, of Brooklyn or London—they haven't the same chances to have great rifts! And that's the test of a marriage if you're in this profession. . . .

John: True . . .

Hayley: When you think of an actress, how many times she's forced to be away from her family, the security and the love of her husband— [*Earnestly*] I'm talking about women because probably—well, I understand that women more than men need love a lot. And her husband isn't there; he's acting somewhere else, or something, and she's around all those attractive people. And she gets attached to someone, however Platonically, and that person gets attached to her; they get very attached to each other. And then there's the publicity, and all the lies that are written about them that can start little niggling doubts, and the husband gets to know about it. And so he says, "Right! It's finished! I'm off!" And she says, "I'm off, too; this is utterly mad!" And then the picture is finished and she realizes that this was only something that lasted that short time, and she's ruined her marriage——

John: That's very true, too—the gossip, the publicity—the things that are put in quotes that were never said. Absolutely, completely untrue; because they've never even spoken to the reporter——

Hayley [*Imitating a conversation with a gossip columnist*]: "Who's that girl you were with?" "Oh, that was someone who came up and asked for an autograph." [*Knowingly*] "Oh, yes . . . Oh, I've heard that story. . . ." It annoys me when these self-opinionated people sit back in their chairs and say how disgraceful and disgusting it all is, and watch with lecherous eyes some secretary walking by. That's the only temptation they have. And obviously they have no conceivable idea of what it's like for the people they criticize.

John: Well, it's one of the liabilities, certainly, in this profession. It's work that all too often separates families, you know. Of course, we've tried to guard against that. We like being together, and we try as much as possible to arrange it that way.

Moderator: Did you have the same close working relationship with your older daughter?

John: With Juliet? I only worked with her when she was small, when she was nine, and she made a picture that I produced, and one more. I didn't have the same relationship, *professional* relationship, as with Hayley because we never had that opportunity together, you know. And to try again to answer Hayley's question, about the young ones leaving the nest—we never say to Juliet, "When are you coming to see us?" But *she* rings up and says, "What are you doing for the weekend?" We *wouldn't* say, *ever*, "Can we see you for a moment?" Or, "We haven't seen you in six weeks." We're very proud and we're perfectly happy on our own, although we adore them. And

GROWING PAINS

by Howard A. Schneider

GOING TO THE CIRCUS

I think parents who put themselves in a weak position, saying things like that, will have the children thinking, Oh, God, we're rather awful; we *ought* to have rung them, or something——

Hayley: Then you'd feel that when we did call we would be calling because . . .

John: Because it was your duty!

Hayley: It's like some people go to church only because they'd *better* go.

John: Yes, it's fatal. I once said to Mary that even if we were hurt, we'd never allow ourselves to show it . . . [*Laughs*] that we'd keep up a strong——

Hayley [*Gravely*]: I think it's wise. One question I do want to ask you.

John [*Fondly*]: Oh yes, do.

Hayley: Will you say the same thing that you say about me now—about when I was twelve—will you speak the same way about me, as I am *now*, when I'm twenty?

John: Well, this period is great fun. And when you're twenty it still will be. Yes. Because the compensation for losing you as you were at twelve is that we have a different relationship. We have a different sort of fun together now.

Hayley: There's a bit of hesitation there! So when I'm twenty you'll say how nice *eighteen* was!

John: No. I didn't say that. I didn't say how nice twelve was. I said twelve was *nice*. But this period I'm enjoying in quite a different way. So when you're twenty I may look back and say, "Well, *that* was a nice period, the eighteen-year-old period." You *change* all the time, Hale. I mean, for instance, after you made the first, *Tiger Bay*, with me—and that, as you will remember, was an accident, your getting into that—from then on until only just recently it was a tremendous responsibility for Mummy and me. Because then Walt Disney, rightly and very cleverly, wanted you for a picture a year, and we had to make every kind of decision for you; because you, you know, would just say blithely, "Yes, if you think that's a good idea; fine," you know, and, "Wonderful! Great!"—and you just rode along. And I remember at that time Mummy and I, we sweated it out for about three weeks as to what we should do about it. It meant twelve weeks a year you would have to give up. And finally we went to you—I don't know if you remember—and we said, "This is what Walt wants to do. What do you think?" And you said, "Well, do you think it's a good idea?" and went right out for a ride on the pony.

Hayley: Yes. I didn't realize what it meant, really. And I think, looking back—well, I wasn't good at concentration, you know, things you have to think out, when I was in school; and business deals and money and big decisions still suffocate me. I'd *rather* forget them, leave them; do you know what I mean? But *now* one starts feeling responsibility and thinking about things and discussing and making decisions for oneself. But *then*—I can remember very well you and Mummy talking about it, and me not really even *listening* very hard.

John [*Continuing*]: It was very, very difficult . . . because Mummy and I never wanted to push any of you in *any way* into the theater, and so through all these years we've been saying, "Are you happy? Do you like it?" And if you'd ever said even, "I'm not sure," we would have said, "Right! Finish! Get out!"

Hayley: Yes, you've always said—whenever I've looked a bit sort of gloomy, you've said, "Don't worry about our feelings." But that would be the thing I *would* worry about, not what I was giving up. Because parents—well, they are ambitious for their offspring, naturally, and——

John: Ambitious only for happiness! Not business! I mean we're *really* not, Hale. It's what I've been saying to Jonathan. "I don't care what you do. If you want to be a plumber, be the best plumber, or the best footballer or the best carpenter." Because all my life I've seen it. I started in an office when I was eighteen, and the men *existed* from Monday to Saturday, and *lived* from Saturday to Monday morning. And I think that's the only really important thing, to really try to find something to do that you love and enjoy. I think that's why people like me are very lucky. And I'm always trying to pump that into the three of you——

Hayley: Well, if I suddenly felt [*Dramatically*] "I can't hear it! I can't stand it!"—it would be a big battle, because it would be hard to give up. And if I thought I was going to lose the battle, then I would have to say to you, you know, "You've told me to tell you." But God forbid it ever happens, because I'm happy as anything now. I'm doing the things I want, and people *want* me to do them. It's gorgeous, you know. It's easy to be happy now, but if things went badly, and if people didn't want me any more, that would be the difficult time——

John: Well, but it hasn't always been *all* fun either, has it?

Hayley: Well, it's been a big jump from the sort of thing I was doing in the beginning. Dizzy parts, you know. I'm not undermining them, but it takes a great deal of time to get to something an actress can get her teeth into, and you've helped me enormously, you know.

John: I don't think you really needed me a great deal, really——

Hayley: That's not so.

John: —I'd like to think you needed me more.

Hayley: You're being modest now. It's not true. Maybe in the beginning, sort of, I did things right without— But you *have* helped, and most of the help you gave me, Daddy, was your honesty. I knew I could trust you. I had confidence that what you told me was absolutely true, that you wouldn't give me any old baloney——

John: No. I never buttered you up or said something was good when it wasn't. We're critical; very critical——

Hayley: In fact, often you've been nasty. Well, not *often*, but that first day in *Pollyanna*— Remember, Daddy? [*Referring to Moderator*] *You* tell him, Daddy.

John [*Chuckling*]: I don't think it's fair to tell that story.

Hayley: Why? Tell it! I just want to make my point.

John: Well, she'd come over with this tremendous reputation from *Tiger Bay*, and they were on location here in America making *Pollyanna* for Disney. And she was very young and had a big scene to play with Karl Malden, and she was terribly, terribly nervous. Naturally! I mean, I would have been nervous, so you can imagine. And, well, they had rehearsed this scene in the morning and the director, David Swift, had tried one or two things, and things just weren't working, you know; and I saw him look at her and look at me——

Hayley: And he took me aside. That's an awful thing! Everyone dreads it. I loathe to be taken aside for one of those private talks a director has with an actor——

John [*Continuing*]: Yes. And so he took you aside, yes. . . . And it got to be about twenty minutes to one, so I said to David, "Well, let's break for lunch." I was just sort of a bystander. I had sort of flown there to be with Hayley for a few weeks before I went back to work in England. So we broke for lunch and there was Hayley standing there with big, staring eyes, and she said, little and anxiously, "What's the matter, Daddy?" I said, "Well, do you know what's the matter? You are really a crashing bore in this scene. You really are boring."

Hayley: That's not really exactly the adjective you used.

John: Well, I didn't know whether I'd better say it, the other, here——

Hayley [*Slowly, with relish*]: You called me a *big white cabbage*——

John: Yes. I said you were a *big white cabbage*——

Hayley: —And that's enough to give anyone pause!

Young Mothers

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John: And I said, "You are *really boring:* I can hardly watch, it's so boring." I said, "It's not *bad*, it's just *boring.*" Well, that did it! Absolutely did it!

[*Both laugh.*]

Hayley: I ought to have wept myself silly!

John: That just relaxed her, and they got a marvelous scene!

Hayley [*Slowly, nostalgically*]: Sometimes, because I love you. I wish I wasn't eighteen, that I was still— And yet it's silly: you can't pretend you're twelve . . .

John [*Quickly, lovingly*]: No. I don't want you to——

Hayley [*Continuing*]: . . . because it doesn't come off.

John: No. It doesn't, darling——

Hayley: But, oh, I often regret lost time—you know, speeding years. . . . I sometimes feel sad about it because I loved being twelve and young, and loved the lack of responsibility—that's probably a lot of it, the sort of utter uncomplicatedness of being twelve.

John: Let me ask *you* a question. Now, I've never asked you this before. Now, supposing you were twenty. Right? And let's say that I, maybe, am still boring the public and still acting. Right? And you go and see me in a picture . . .

Hayley: I know what you're going to say!

John [*Continuing*]: . . . and you walk out and say to yourself, "Well, he's really—I must admit, he's really—well, a tiny bit old-fashioned!" Now, would you tell me that or wouldn't you?

Hayley [*Instantly*]: No! Because I would never come to that conclusion!

John: But supposing I were, and you thought it?

Hayley: My question about being twenty —that was feasible, but yours—it's not possible! I won't even consider it! Because your background belies that question. Because— How many years is it, Daddy, that you've been in films?

John: Thirty years.

Hayley: Well, acting has changed. Actors have come and gone. There have been all sorts of different schools, methods— And you haven't changed, and no one has ever considered you old-fashioned; and I, least of all, consider you old-fashioned. It's not a possibility.

John [*Insisting*]: It's a supposition, that's all. We're supposing! In other words, could you—would you criticize me?

Hayley [*Making a game of it*]: All right, let's pretend. [*To herself, mournfully*] "Poor Dad, shall I tell him . . . ?"

Together: "Oh, your hair piece was marvelous! Couldn't see the lace of the seams!"

Hayley: That old joke! [*Suddenly answering the question*] I wouldn't tell you, no, I wouldn't tell you!

John [*Taking it in*]: You wouldn't——

Hayley: No, because——

John: You'd tell Juliet, then——

Hayley: I would ask her what she thought. I wouldn't say I think so: I'd ask her, and I'd maybe discuss it, yes—We discuss you with one another; we discuss you and Mummy together— [*Tea is brought in*] Tea? Oh, that's very intelligent. Tea! What's the time?

Moderator: Twenty to four.

John: We've talked our heads off!

Hayley: I'm sure it's not very interesting to anybody but ourselves. THE END

Look Out for Sharks

(Continued from page 49)

discovered that she could not read at the shore at all. Instead she recited poetry—Hopkins and Swinburne and Yeats—lying face down on the sand and speaking in a quiet, hardly inflected voice that did not seem to bother Julia.

It had been books that formed the basis for their friendship; later there had been music, art, chess. Still, they did not see each other very often, even though they were engaged in similar work—Julia as an assistant editor of a children's magazine, Patty in book publishing—and shared also the subtle pleasures and obvious pains of being over thirty and unmarried. Occasionally they would go to a concert together, meeting for dinner first; and in the summer they drove to the shore once or twice, at least, always to the same small town on the south end of the island just offshore.

It was Julia who initiated and organized these trips, calling to arrange for the rented car, although she herself did not drive, carefully estimating the chances of rain, making reservations at the Edgewater Hotel if, as they had occasionally done, they decided to stay overnight. Patty, although she considered herself a true lover of the ocean and Julia a mere dilettante, knew that she was basically too lazy to face all the minor difficulties of getting from Philadelphia to the shore, and left to herself, probably would never make the effort.

"You ought to learn to drive," she said now to Julia, swinging off onto the narrow, less-traveled road that led toward the shore. "Suppose I had a heart attack. I think your refusal to learn to drive is an affectation, pure and simple. Every adult American ought to know how to drive a car and swim."

"Every adult American ought to know how to appreciate Jane Austen," said Julia composedly.

They both laughed. It was part of their compatibility that they felt free in each other's company to indulge their tastes and prejudices without feeling either pretentious or ridiculous. Their minds worked quite differently; Julia was fond of sweeping generalizations about life that Patty, who felt one could understand the general only in terms of the particular, found irritating. But they were patient with each other, and their arguments—whether about religion or politics, music or psychology—had a quality of cool reason and a conspicuous lack of passion. Neither had the evangelist's desire to convert. Theirs was a pleasant, undemanding and intellectually stimulating friendship.

They did not talk much on the road. Patty, who possessed remarkable memory, was capable of singing for hours without pause, starting with "Stairway to the Stars," circa 1938, and climbing up through the years to "Dance, Ballerina, Dance," about which time she had discovered classical music and stopped listening to the radio. Julia did not seem to mind Patty's singing. She herself could never remember words to songs, and presently, as she invariably did while Patty was singing, asked to be taught the words to "Lord Jeffrey Amherst."

"Honestly, Julia! Don't you know that yet? Try it by yourself."

Julia tried: "'Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the king. And he came from across the sea. To the French and the Indians he didn't do a thing . . .'"

"'In the wilds of this wild countree,'" Patty said. "Of all the songs in the world, I cannot imagine a simpler one to memorize or a more unlikely one to *want* to memorize. Why not a nice Elizabethan ballad you can sing at parties after everyone gets drunk?"

"I don't get drunk at parties," Julia said.

This was true, and another difference between them; Patty sometimes did. The thought depressed her and she fell silent, considering the possibility that in the years ahead she might turn into a "problem" drinker. She was visualizing herself on a bar stool in some dive, telling her troubles to various lushes, when Julia announced that it wasn't much farther now.

"We might stop at that junky-looking antique shop on the way back," Julia went on as they passed the familiar sign. "There just might be something good buried in all that débris."

Patty did not bother to reply; Julia always suggested stopping at the antique shop, but they both knew they never would.

Half an hour later Patty parked the car in front of the Edgewater Hotel and they got out, dragging their beach bags. Although they were not planning to stay at the hotel, or even to eat there, they had long ago obtained permission, as old patrons of the Edgewater, to use the outdoor showers as dressing rooms. The Edgewater was a Victorian structure with twenty or so hot, uncomfortable rooms, an inferior restaurant and no bar; Patty reflected that they were indeed loyal to patronize it when two quite elegant hotels had recently been built, both of them nearer the ocean than the Edgewater. But Julia felt nothing but contempt for these modern "monstrosities," and Patty had to admit that there was a certain comfort in the shabby familiarity of the Edgewater. She locked herself in one of the three wooden shower stalls, stepped out of her sun dress and pulled on her old red bathing suit, thinking as she fastened the frayed straps that she really must get a new one. But they never saw anyone remotely interesting here, so what was the point?

The Edgewater was three hot blocks from the ocean. They threaded their way carefully among the sun bathers clustered between the red flags that marked the limits of the lifeguard's area of responsibility (Patty had always wondered if a swimmer got into trouble beyond the flags, the lifeguard would simply let him drown) and found a relatively clear spot on the fringe of the crowd.

They spread their towels, anchoring the corners with hooks, sandals and suntan oil, and walked down to the water. The surf was not high but it was beautiful, the waves breaking creamily on the sand and retreating with a soft sizzle. Patty waded in ankle-deep; the water was colder than it looked.

"I'm not going in just yet," Julia said. "I'm going to wait until I get good and hot."

Patty walked on, gritting her teeth, until she was in waist-deep. Then a wave slapped against her chest and she plunged in, plowing through the surf until she reached the gentler swells beyond. It was always something of a problem to get through the surf because she swam with her sunglasses on—she was so nearsighted that she felt it quite possible that she might lose track of the shore without them. Born inland, she had never quite mastered the trick of riding the waves in, but she was a strong swimmer and could stay out in the quieter water indefinitely. The ocean beyond the surf had the additional attraction of being almost free of swimmers; most of the people were bunched along the surf line.

She turned on her back, her feet toward shore, and watched the other swimmers bobbing up and down, screaming and shouting with mock fear or delight. It all looked very silly and tiresome, as well as contrary to the spirit of the ocean. Games, she thought—they are playing with the ocean like children. The sea, it seemed to her, was somehow desecrated by all this mindless play. The thing to do was simply to let oneself go with it, to feel with one's whole relaxed body the shape and rhythm and intention of the sea's great, constant flow.

She turned and began swimming away from shore, holding her head up a little in order to protect her sunglasses, feeling utterly in harmony with herself, the sea and life itself. I could swim to Spain, she thought, smiling. Then the lifeguard's imperative whistle called her back.

Lunch was beer and potato chips—in Patty's case, gin and tonics and potato chips—at the Conch Shell Hotel. It had taken Patty two seasons at the shore to lure Julia into the Conch Shell bar, because going there, even though it was nearer and certainly more pleasant, broke the tradition of hiking along the beach to a refreshment stand for hot dogs and milk shakes. But once the refreshment-stand tradition was successfully broken, the Conch Shell bar had become a ritual equally as inflexible.

They sat in their wet bathing suits on bar stools, ordered, and surveyed the progress of their sun tans in Julia's compact mirror. Patty's rather round face looked, to her sun-dazzled eyes, more pale than tan. A rash of freckles stood out emphatically on her nose, her mouth was almost colorless except for a rim of lipstick around the edges, and beneath her beach hat her dark hair hung down lank and stiff with salt.

"The tan comes out later," Julia said reassuringly.

"Well, the freckles had better go in," said Patty. The scrutiny of her face in the mirror had depressed her; she could see signs of age that were ordinarily hidden by make-up and softer light. The mental image she preserved of herself at twenty-

two, pretty with the inner glow of youth and hope, was far more pleasant. She took a long drink of her gin and tonic, noticed that it was already half gone and decided to have another.

"You'll regret it," Julia predicted. Her own almost-full glass of beer stood on the counter. "You'll feel it when you go back out into that hot sun."

Irrelevantly Patty was reminded of another day she had spent at the shore, not long after college, with a group of six or eight boys and girls—her "crowd." They had taken along an enormous thermos of Martinis, drunk all day in the sun, played touch football on the sand, swum far out (ignoring the lifeguard's whistle, which she now obeyed so docilely) and ended the day by water-skiing on the bay. She had won hands down the title of "gamest girl" by skiing fully clothed, from sneakers to sunglasses, at ten o'clock on a moonless night.

"Julia," she said suddenly, "why didn't you marry that man, that Henry-something from Wynnewood?"

Julia looked at her, startled. "I don't know," she said after a moment. Now her look was a little accusing, as though it were somehow a betrayal for Patty to speak of matters other than poetry and art. "He was so stupid, really. I couldn't talk to him. All he knew was the stock market and beagles. He was nice enough, I suppose. But that was a long time ago."

And in another country, Patty thought. Still she pressed on. "Do you ever worry about not being married? I don't mean because of social pressures—we know they aren't important basically. But you yourself?"

Julia chewed on her lip. "No. I don't think so."

She took a potato chip and looked at it speculatively before she put it into her mouth. Patty felt sorry for her and at the same time irritated. Was Julia going to be honest, or was she simply going to turn this knife aside with a practiced phrase?

"Sometimes it *is* hard," Julia said finally, firmly. "Most people do get married: they need to. I've thought about it. There was that man after Henry, that engineer—I seriously considered marrying him. For months. But there are so many adjustments you have to make. Babies. Pretending to like your husband's friends when you really despise them. Cooking meals every day—not just occasionally, when you can take your time and create a memorable dinner. Having no time to listen to music, to read, to explore all sorts of intellectual possibilities. Having to fit your life into your husband's. All that *adjustment*," she said, gesturing vaguely.

Patty's second drink had arrived. She picked it up, hardly knowing what to say next or where this unusually personal conversation might take them. She felt somewhat guilty; it was she who had plunged so recklessly below the surface of their friendship, spoiling the predictable pattern of the day. Yet she was not brave enough to go on; she felt that there was something lurking just around the bend, beyond the next wave, that she was not prepared to face.

"But other people adjust," she said, taking a last plunge.

"Oh," said Julia, "it doesn't *matter* to a lot of people. Take Nancy Brody. She doesn't care if she ever reads another book in her life: she's perfectly happy with her babies and her husband and her suburban house." This was said in a tone of contempt.

Patty, who knew Nancy Brody slightly, was tempted to argue. But something restrained her. Looking into Julia's cracked mirror, she had seen her own imperfect face: looking into Julia's soul, would she not see her own? *Retreat*, she thought.

"Perhaps you're right," she said lightly, falsely. "How could I live with a man who preferred Mantovani to Mozart?"

Julia laughed.

"But still," Patty said stubbornly, "I worry about it occasionally. Not often, but occasionally."

"You would have to be awfully insensitive if you didn't worry about it occasionally," said Julia. "This society is based on certain premises, and one of them is that women get married—or at least that they *want* to. You have to have courage to live alone."

Julia had been right: after two gin and tonics and a few potato chips, Patty felt lightheaded and irresponsible. She ran immediately into the surf and swam far out, continuing to swim straight for Spain even after she heard the lifeguard's whistle, and turned back only when the repeated shrill blasts seemed to indicate that if she didn't, they might send a lifeboat after her. The lifeguard was standing knee-deep in the water when she arrived, soggy and breathing heavily, at the water's edge.

"Couldn't you hear my whistle?" he demanded angrily. "I got to patrol this beach, kids all over the place. I got enough trouble without some nutty dame going halfway across the Atlantic."

"I wasn't that far out," she said, taking off her salt-smeared glasses. "I can swim."

"So you can swim. Great. But we got rules here and you got to go by the rules. Like if you get in trouble way out there, I'm supposed to drop everything and go pull you in?"

"Like, if I met a shark?" She was still feeling lightheaded.

"You think that's a joke, lady, but it's not. Up at Bay Head two weeks ago there was a shark tried to take a man's leg off. Suppose you get a leg chewed off, lady—you think that's a joke?"

"No." Patty walked up the sand, less depressed by the prospect of being bitten by a shark than by being called "lady." "I'm sorry," she said—and indeed, she felt immensely sorry, both for the trouble she had caused the lifeguard and for herself, because she was unable to swim out to sea as far as she wanted and because she was no longer girl but woman. "I won't do it again," she said, walking away from him. "I'll stay within the flags."

When she got back to their little beachhead of towels and canvas bags, she found Julia asleep. Sleep seemed infinitely desirable, even necessary, and Patty arranged herself as comfortably as possible on the gritty towel and prepared to abandon herself to it. She drifted shallowly into drowsiness and surfaced again, as she had drifted lightly on the bosom of the ocean.

Then she did go to sleep. When she awoke, gradually and with a sense of confusion, "Greensleeves" was being played on a nearby transistor radio. Immediately and distressingly she was transported back ten years or more to a summer morning when she lay on a jetty in Larchmont, her lover beside her, just their hands touching, listening to "Greensleeves" on a portable radio. She had been young then, not only young but touchingly young; she had not yet found any of the paths that eventually would lead her to a firm pattern of life.

They had hardly met: she could not call him lover in any true sense of the word, but it was true that he was the only man she had ever really loved, both arrogantly and innocently. They had listened to "Greensleeves" until the end, and then, half laughing, she had said aloud, "Play it again." And the sleek-voiced radio announcer incredibly had said, "You like that? Just for kicks, let's play it again." Odd to remember that they had not been startled or amused at the coincidence, but had simply accepted it as if it were their right, listening gravely as again the music floated plaintively over Long Island Sound. They had lain with only palms touching, but closer in that light touch than they had been before or would ever be afterward.

Patty found now that she was crying—at least there were a few tears creeping from beneath her eyelids. What had happened to that innocent love; what had killed it? But before she could explore that thought she was drowning in another memory—a later, gayer time. She was on a boat cruising along the eastern shore of Delaware, one of a casual, skeptical group of young unmarried people. They had anchored for lunch at a likely swimming spot. At that time she was dieting; she was down to one hundred and seven pounds, there were shadows under her eyes, and still she could stay up until four in the morning and awake five hours later full of energy. That day there was a dog aboard, a six-month-old golden retriever with no experience in the water. Someone pitched him in and they all laughed at his frantic, awkward efforts to swim; then when he caught on and began swimming steadily, everyone applauded. What was the name of the boy she had been dating

then? She could not remember, could recall only his inept, amateurish overtures in the small cabin of the boat, and his cautious swimming that had brought him to the shore last of all. She had been contemptuous then, had thought she could afford to mark off her list any man who could not swim as well as she; that was a luxurious time, when there were plenty of men.

And later, even—the spring she went abroad, the exciting ocean voyage. One night she had danced hour after hour with an attractive young Frenchman. She had gone with him up to the top deck "for a breath of fresh air," but really hoping, knowing, that he would kiss her. It was moonless and foggy; they were near the Azores, and he had been worried that they might not be able to see the islands in the darkness. Was that why she had tried to climb the mast—to watch for the Azores? It seemed incredible to her now that she had actually gone up the slippery ladder in her high-heeled slippers and chiffon dress, but it must have been so, for that was how she recalled her first sight of land in five days—sitting on a wet, tilting platform twenty feet above the top deck of the ship, the Frenchman's arm around her.

Yes, she had really done these things—climbed the mast of a ship at midnight, loved, lived. She had not always been cautious. Then, how had she come to be the person she had become, walking the same walks day after day, speaking the same brisk and brittle clichés, feeding upon music and books and art, too careful even to touch reality with a casual friend like Julia? Had the years imposed this pattern upon her, or had her own lack of courage imposed this pattern upon the years?

She sat up abruptly, feeling an overpowering need for company other than her own dark thoughts, but Julia had gone off somewhere. It seemed late. The sky had become a little overcast and the beach was less crowded. Patty stood up and looked toward the sea.

There were only a few swimmers still in the water, and among them Patty recognized Julia, jumping up and down in the waves. She looked happy and relaxed, as though the sea had washed away all the rigidity that crippled and protected her.

Patty walked down to the water and called: Julia started wading toward her.

"I guess it's time to pack up and go, at that," she said as she came up on the sand. "Look—the lifeguard's taking down the flags. If you want another swim, you'd better hurry."

"I think I'll skip it," Patty said. They walked back to their towels and shook them out, their backs to the wind. Looking at Julia, so industriously shaking out the last grains of sand, Patty felt an immense pity for her. It was clear to her now, after her painful self-examination that had been so unexpectedly triggered by the radio's playing "Greensleeves," why Julia wanted to learn the words to "Lord Jeffrey Amherst." That was a song Julia had sung at college when she had been young and happy and hopeful; it reminded her of all she had once had within her grasp and had somehow lost in the years between.

And was this why she herself sang "Stairway to the Stars" and recited all the poems she had loved and wept over at college, when she was still able to dream?

"By the time we take a shower and change clothes," Julia said, "it will be time to go to the Sea Shack for dinner."

"Yes," said Patty. Her voice must have sounded strange, for Julia gave her a keen, assessing look. But Patty turned away toward the sea. Julia would have one daiquiri, scallops with a baked potato and a tossed salad with Roquefort dressing. She herself would have two Martinis and bluefish with a baked potato and a tossed salad with Roquefort dressing. They would not linger over coffee, out of consideration for the crowds of sunburned people waiting for tables; they would get into the rented car and start the long drive home.

Patty would sing on the way, and Julia would at some point ask her to sing the second verse of "Lord Jeffrey Amherst." And they would arrive in Philadelphia finally, tired out by the sun and the sea and "all that fresh air," and she would let Julia out at her apartment and drive on alone to the garage to turn the car in, and go home in a taxi and wash the salt out of her hair. And the next morning she would walk into the same comfortable, shabby office building where she had been doing the same work for seven years, neither advancing into the higher excitements of publishing nor falling into the frightening ranks of the unemployed, for she was too efficient. It all sounded impossibly dreary, impossible to endure.

"Julia," she said, "let's not go to the Sea Shack tonight. Let's try a new place."

Julia's pinkish, narrow face turned toward her. "A new place? But why? We know the Sea Shack's good."

Patty felt, surprisingly, a surge of real hostility. "There are all sorts of excellent restaurants on the island. It's ridiculous to keep going to the same old place year after year."

"But we *always* go to the Sea Shack: it's a tradition."

Julia had actually said the critical word: tradition. But she had not yet realized, as Patty was beginning to, how insidious that word could be. What good to revolt against the loving bonds of home if one escaped into freedom only to establish new traditions, new bonds? Patterns—they were arrived at casually, innocently, but they could stifle the soul.

"I'm always quoting poetry to you," Patty said slowly. "Do you know this line of Auden's: 'Prohibit sharply the rehearsed response'? Don't you think that this whole shore trip has a quality of having been well rehearsed, as though we were actors performing a play for the thousandth time? Isn't it all just a little unreal?"

She could see Julia considering the line, trying to relate it to herself. Patty could imagine that Julia would come up in a minute with a counterargument that would be hard to refute, that would lead to an argument that would last all through dinner and halfway home. They might both enjoy it—but wouldn't that be more arid intellectualizing, postponing? Impatient with Julia for not understanding immediately, she was at the same time tempted to backtrack again, to reassure her: "Bear with me, old friend. Mine is only a temporary revolt. We will come to the shore another day, and I will recite poetry and you will read, and all will be as it has been, evermore, amen."

Instead she stood squarely on the sand, bare feet braced wide. "There's a restaurant in Surf City I've heard is very good. I think we ought to try that. And I think, after all, I will have a quick last swim."

Now Julia looked really startled. "But the lifeguard's gone. You can't go in now."

"Nevertheless, I am." Patty dropped her beach bag, took off her sunglasses and dropped them on the sand too. Then she ran down to the water. Behind her, she heard Julia's accusing and slightly nervous call.

"Look out for sharks!"

Patty plunged straight into the first wave and began swimming strongly out to sea. Unencumbered by her glasses, she could put her face down in the water and see with open eyes the swirls and whorls of the dark ocean. Fishes lived down there in the cool depths—fishes and perhaps sharks. But she felt no fear, only a rising intoxication. What shark could be so terrifying as the sharks of the mind, those dark shades that kept the fearful landlocked—or at most, in the shallows of life? She thought of what she had said to Julia, and the next lines of the poem unfolded in her mind:

> "... And gradually correct the
> coward's stance;
> Cover in time with beams those
> in retreat
> That, spotted, they turn though
> the reverse were great."*

Perhaps it was not too late: perhaps the beam had come in time, and she, spotted, might still turn. She was not fool enough to believe that she could change her life by insisting on a new restaurant, any more than she could break the pattern by swimming at dusk without the protection of a lifeguard. She was, after all, a rational creature; she knew that she could not *really* swim to Spain. But there were Spains in her own life that lately had seemed as unattainable as that one across the ocean. Perhaps now she had courage to begin again to seek them.

"Patty! *Patty!*" Julia's voice from the shore.

Still stroking easily and rhythmically, Patty wondered how Julia would have got home if she *had* decided simply to swim on and on. Poor Julia could not drive. And who would return the rented car?

She floated softly up the incline of a wave and swooped down it, into a slanted calm. This time, she told herself, she would drive Julia back to Philadelphia. She looked once more out to sea and then turned toward the shore. Even without her glasses, she could see it clearly.

But next time Julia would have to manage by herself. Julia could take the bus.

THE END

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It Seems I Heard the Violins

(Continued from page 56)

have tried to sell them some apple cider, but they'd surely have taken Cokes instead, and even paid for the bottles so they could carry them away. They'd have gone out laughing, holding hands, with Emily watching them, shaking her head, saying, "Well . . . I never!"

And then they'd have roared off down the road toward Nashville and never even noticed our small frame house, much less come knocking at the door.

Ours was a three-room house set across the field from the school. The county had provided it for Mother, a widow, when she came here to teach. There was a path that dog-legged from the road up to our wooden porch, and a stand of cottonwoods that hunched back of the house. It was hardly the kind of place where folks came calling in a car with a rumble seat.

And it was hardly the kind of place where I, a child of nine, would have seen the likes of them, would have seen love and romance up close like that.

The closest I'd ever come to it was the time we'd visited my aunt in the city and gone to the picture show, where my sister Polly and I sat in the first row, staring up at the giant-size faces that whispered and kissed and cried while a violin played.

We asked Mother later why the violin made them cry, but she just shook her head, pushing her handkerchief back into her purse, and said, "It was just make-believe. It wasn't real."

But it was not make-believe when the man and the woman came to our house. It happened right in front of our eyes; and we were close enough to touch the shadow of beard on the man's face, to sniff the fragrance of the woman's coat; and there even came a time when it seemed I heard the violins.

It began late on a Friday afternoon. The clouds had been wrestling over us all day, but now they were leaning lazily against the hills and the leak from the kitchen ceiling was only an occasional drip hitting the porcelain dishpan. Ordinarily Mother didn't light the lamp this early, but shadows had begun to shroud the round table and the wicker chairs. She had just struck a match to the kerosene lamp when there was a knock at the door.

Mother set the glass chimney over the lamp and said, "Now, who on earth . . ."

I ran to the door, pulled it open, and there stood the man. He was nearly as tall as the door, and although his shoes were thick with mud, I could tell they were black leather, unaccustomed to dirt roads. He wore a belted topcoat with the collar turned up at the back, but open in front so that his necktie showed, blue as his eyes. He was looking beyond me to where Mother stood, with Polly peeking out behind her. "Sorry to trouble you," he said, "but I'm in a real predicament out here."

He motioned with his head and Mother and Polly and I all leaned out the door, looking down the path.

There was the long green car with the rumble seat. And there in front of the car was the fallen cottonwood tree. It hadn't leafed yet, and the bare branches stuck up like bony fingers on a giant hand. The car door was open and a blonde woman was sitting sideways, her feet on the running board, her hair blowing in the wind.

"I can't get around it," the man was saying, "and I'm afraid of backing into the ditch. I wonder if your husband might give me a hand."

Mother hesitated, taking time to appraise the stranger. "I have no husband," she said. "There's just the girls and me."

The man rubbed his hand across his forehead, as if he would scrub away his worries. He looked out from our porch, turning his head each way, as if looking would make another house appear across the field. But there was only the schoolhouse.

"Do you know where I might get help?" he asked.

Mother shook her head. "You'd have a long walk," she said. "And with dark coming on, and the storm . . ."

The man rubbed at his forehead and suddenly Mother moved back from the door. "But do come in," she said, motioning toward the fire. "Goodness, I almost forgot my manners!"

The man bowed slightly, polite as could be, before he said, "No, thank you. I'd track dirt into your house."

Mother looked down at the linoleum floor and smiled, as if suddenly it were a carpet. "Why, I'd consider it a pleasure," she said, "if you and your wife would come in for some coffee."

The man looked toward the car. "Oh, she's—" he began, and then looked back at Mother. "Yes, she could stay with you while I go for help."

So he turned and started back down the path while Mother and Polly and I stood in the doorway, watching him leap the mud puddles and across to the road.

He stood for a moment talking to the woman and gesturing toward our house. She was looking over at us and back at him, and finally she stood on the running board and he lifted her into his arms and started back up the path. The wind blew her blonde hair against his mouth as he ran, laughing and sliding, up to our wooden step and set her down on the porch.

She was small, coming just to his chin. Her pale hair was long, touching her shoulders, and was slightly curled. Her skin too was pale, with only a blush of color on her mouth and her cheeks, and her face could have been hand-painted china. For a moment she stood very still, and then she smiled and spoke.

"How nice of you," she said.

She was wearing a black cloth coat that didn't look as fine as I would have thought, coming out of a car with a rumble seat, but her high-heeled shoes were black patent leather and there was a strap across the instep.

Mother reached out, taking the gloved hands in hers, saying, "So nice of you to come!"

The girl came walking in toward the fire while the man stooped down, unlaced his shoes and set them outside on the porch before he moved across the linoleum. Polly put her hand over her mouth, trying not to giggle at the sight of a man in his stocking feet.

I felt the woman pat my head. I looked up and she smiled. "Hello, there," she said. "I'm Christine, and this—" She looked at the man.

"Steve Jones," he said, interrupting her. "Steve Jones from Nashville."

She had been smiling up at him, but now the smile stopped in the middle, as if it couldn't go either way.

Mother introduced us and said, "Let me take your things, Mrs. Jones."

"Oh . . . please call me Christine."

Mother nodded, smiling. "Let me take your things, Christine," she said again.

Christine was standing by the fire, still wearing her coat and gloves. In slow motion she removed her coat, and as she looked down at her hands a flush started at her throat and moved up into her cheeks. Finally she began to remove her gloves, pulling one finger at a time, till her hands were bare. Then she folded the gloves and put them into her coat pocket. She lifted her head, shaking her hair back from her face, looking at Mother.

Mother handed the black coat to me. "Hang our guest's coat, dear," she said.

As I started to the bedroom closet I sniffed the fragrance of that coat, sweet as lilacs, and even after I put it on the hanger I leaned my face against the cloth, breathing it in.

When I went back, Steve Jones was saying, "Mind if I use your phone? I might rouse the highway department."

Mother shook her head. "The nearest phone is at the store, a mile back. But I doubt anyone's there now."

He scrubbed at his forehead again. "Seems I remember its being open."

"Well, Emily Long may still be there," Mother said. "She should've closed up early and gone home because of the storm, but knowing Emily . . ."

Emily was known in those parts as the girl who did the work at Mr. Henry's store. It was she who opened early in the morning, swept up at night, kept the books and did all the things Mr. Henry didn't much take to doing. She was a small, wrenlike girl with brown hair and brown eyes, and even the words she spoke were as repetitious as a bird's twittering. No matter what Emily saw or what she heard, she'd just shake her head and say, "Well . . . I never!"

And you knew she spoke the truth. Emily Long had never done much of anything except work and look out for Bubba.

Bubba was Emily's brother. He was thirty years old, older than Emily, and folks said it was a disgrace the way he'd let the Long place run down after the old folks passed on. The only thing he'd ever put his mind to was rolling a cigarette so the tobacco didn't fall out. Sometimes when we were at the store, Mother would try what she called "talking some sense" into Emily.

"You're too young and too sweet a girl to spend your life this way," Mother would say.

Mother would tell Emily she ought to smile at Chet Williams sometimes. Chet had some good livestock and some flat land near the river, and whenever he'd come into the store he'd look kind of sidelong at Emily. But Emily would busy herself over the charge hooks, paying him no mind.

"You don't know what you're missing, Emily," Mother would say.

Sometimes Emily's face would get pink, but always she'd shake her head. "I know what I promised Ma," she'd say. "I can't help my feelings about that."

Apparently she couldn't help feeling responsible for the store either, and although the storm would keep folks off the road, Emily would be sure to stay till closingtime.

"Emily will probably be there until five thirty," Mother said now to Steve Jones. Then she got the lantern from the kitchen and handed it to him. "It'll be dark 'fore you're back."

Christine went with him to the porch and I followed to the doorway, watching, hoping to see him kiss her good-by, wondering if violins would play. But he didn't kiss her. He said, "I won't be long," and she put her forehead against his chin and said, "Take care."

I heard Mother calling me, but I was seeing romance close up, and I waited until he went down the porch and Christine came back in, closing the door behind us.

Mother said, "Will you take soup with us?"

Christine shook her head.

"Well, I'll feed the girls," Mother said. "And when your—your Mr. Jones gets back, we'll fry up some ham. All right?"

Mother got two bowls of soup, and while Polly and I ate she moved two chairs nearer the hearth and she and Christine sat there side by side, holding coffee cups and looking intently into the fire. They didn't speak, and now we heard the wind rising. The trees began scratching against the house, like something trying to get in. Suddenly an owl hooted at the night.

Christine shivered. "Aren't you afraid out here?" she asked.

"Sometimes," Mother said softly. "Sometimes I can't help being afraid, but . . ."

Christine was looking around the room, letting her gaze touch on the shadows, the lamp, the photograph of my father. She sighed. "But I guess you had no choice."

Mother stood up and set her cup on the mantel. "Oh, yes," she said, "I had a choice." She looked at Polly and me and smiled. "I kept my girls," she said. She poked at the fire, breaking the wood till it flamed up. "You come this way often?" she asked, smiling now at Christine.

But somehow it did not make Christine smile. "No," she said, and shook her head. "No—never." Suddenly she put her hand on Mother's arm and leaned forward, looking into Mother's face. "Honest—I never have before!" She sighed. "But I don't suppose you could understand. . . ."

They both looked back at the fire, and now their words were as soft, as hesitant, as the shifting of the wood. Mother said, "I think I can. He's most attractive . . ."

"Do you know," Christine said, "every girl in the office—why, every woman who ever *sees* him— You know?"

"Yes."

"I just can't help loving him. I just . . ."

They sat still, saying nothing now. I kept listening for them to start talking again, and when they didn't I said, "I like him too."

Mother turned suddenly, her eyes widening at me, as if she were surprised to see me there.

"Well, now," she said. "How about popping some corn?"

She got out the wire popper and we took turns shaking it over the grate. Then Mother boiled up some molasses and we buttered our fingers and made popcorn balls, setting them on a buttered platter. They were just beginning to get hard when we heard footsteps on the porch.

It was Christine who ran to the door, threw it open.

He'd come back. And standing beside him was Emily Long.

Emily came in quickly, her bright eyes darting around the room. She was

"I'm afraid we've been a wee bit antisocial today."

REDBOOK

bundled into her brown coat, a wool scarf around her throat, and she was carrying the lantern, for now Steve was carrying a sack of groceries. Christine held the sack while he once again stooped to remove his shoes, and Emily rushed over to Mother.

"Bubba'll be along!" she said breathlessly. "He'll he here!"

Mother looked from one to another, trying to make sense out of it.

Steve was inside now, and he said, "Emily says her brother will be able to help us."

"That's so," Emily said, in a voice much louder than she'd first used to Mother. "I've been waiting for Bubba to bring the truck down to ride me home. So I just closed the store and left a note for him on the door." She stopped and took a deep breath, as if she'd been running. "I told him to come here for me." She spread her hands and looked rather helplessly at Mother.

Steve was setting the sack of groceries on the table. "And so . . . while we're waiting . . ." He began unloading the sack. A box of cookies. Licorice whips. Horehound drops. Bottles of cream soda.

Mother said, "Let me take your coat, Emily," and I moved up and took it just as I'd taken Christine's.

Emily's coat smelled of wood smoke and feed sacks. I carried it into the bedroom, opened the closet, and there again was the fragrance of lilacs. For a moment I stood inside the dark closet and put my face against Christine's coat, breathing in the sweetness. It was then I heard Emily's voice on the other side of the door, in the bedroom. She spoke in a breathless whisper.

"But then he telephoned to someone named Martha and said he was delayed on *business* . . ."

I heard Mother say, "Oh?"

". . . and he wouldn't be back until Monday." Emily gasped, "I was afraid for you out here alone! 'Course, I didn't know about *that* woman. . . ."

Mother said, "Sh-h-h. . . ."

But it seemed that once Emily had started, she couldn't stop. "And he asked about the *children*."

Mother said, "Oh!" as if it hurt.

Emily asked, "What are you going to do?"

Mother did not answer because Christine called out, "Should Steve bring in some wood?"

Emily said to Mother, "Well, Bubba'll be along soon." And then they left the bedroom.

I stood there, holding onto the sleeve of Christine's coat. Suddenly I was afraid. Something was going to happen. They were going to do something to Christine, and I didn't know what or why.

But then I heard everybody talking in the other room, and Steve Jones was laughing, so I went back. Mother was beginning to fry ham, and Steve was tossing a popcorn ball to Polly and she was almost doubled up with laughter.

When the ham and biscuits were ready, Mother, Emily, Christine and Steve sat down at the table. Polly and I sat on the floor playing jackstraws, listening to the talk and the way Steve had everybody laughing. The knot in my stomach began to melt, for it seemed now that nothing bad was going to happen.

When the dishes were cleared, Mother said, "We *do* have a Victrola," as if this were much better than having a telephone. She put a record on and Steve held out his arms to Christine. She went to him, putting her face close to his, floating with the music.

Emily Long sat in the straight chair near the hearth, looking down at her hands. "I'd have thought Bubba would be here for me by now," she said to Mother.

When the song was finished, Mother got up to change the record while Polly ran to crank the machine.

Mother looked at Steve. "Do dance with Emily," she said.

Emily looked absolutely scared. "Oh, my, no!" she said.

Steve threw back his head and laughed. He put his hands around Emily's waist and lifted her right off the chair.

"Oh, my!" she said.

The pins were coming loose from her hair and curls sprang out over her ears. "Why, I—" Emily gasped. "Why, I never!"

Steve whirled her around and around, her feet hardly touching the floor. Once in a while her toes would bounce against the linoleum, but it was hard to tell whether she was trying to get away or whether she was trying to dance.

Finally Steve whirled Emily back to her chair and eased her down into it. He bowed to her, polite as could be, and said, "It was a pleasure."

She was gasping for breath and pushing her hair back from her ears. Her right cheek looked pink where it had been scratched by his chin, and she slowly put her hand to it, as if she were touching the warmth.

I said to Mother, "Do *we* get to dance too?"

She shook her head. "You get to go to bed."

Polly and I let out a wail of protest until she said, "I thought you might like Christine to tuck you in."

So Christine took hold of Polly's hand and mine and went with us into the bedroom. I showed her where our flannel nightgowns were hung and where the hairbrush was. I told her that Polly had to have the rubber bands taken off her braids, and then I sat on the edge of the bed, watching Christine as she unwound the braids and began to brush.

Wanting to make conversation, I searched my mind for something to say. "How old are your children?" I asked finally.

She was brushing so gently that Polly didn't even complain. "I don't have any children," she said, smiling at me.

"Why not?" I said. "If Steve has children, why don't you?"

She jerked her head up, making a hollow sound, as if her voice wouldn't work.

I said, "Emily Long said that he . . ."

Christine was very still, looking at me. "That he . . ." she repeated, waiting.

"That he called about the children," I said.

The color drained from her face, and suddenly she looked limp and her eyes were glassy. I touched her arm and it was cool.

My throat was hurting and there was a pounding in my ears, and then the pounding seemed to be coming from the porch, from the front door.

"Don't go," I said to her. "Don't go away."

She leaned toward me, and for an instant she put her soft cheek against mine. We heard Mother saying, "Why, Chet Williams . . . what on earth?"

I got down from the bed and walked behind Christine.

Chet Williams was standing at the door. He was a heavy-set man, wearing a felt hat and a heavy jacket, looking as if he was built to withstand the elements. "I'm looking for Emily," he said.

Nobody spoke, so he continued, "River washed out part of my fencing and I figured to get those cows away from the tracks 'fore the train comes by. When I passed the store I saw there was a note on the door. . . ."

Emily looked down at her hands. "I'm waitin' on Bubba," she said.

Chet nodded. "Figured you were." Then he looked at Steve. "It appears *you* need help, anyway. I've got rope in the truck."

Steve got into his coat and took the lantern, and we watched the men going down the path, crossing to the road. The moon was out now, turning the hills to silver, and the valley was a pewter bowl.

Now it was only a matter of time until they had the rope under that tree and the road cleared, and Christine would be gone away forever.

I took her hand. "Please don't go," I said.

Mother said, "Child . . ."

And now my mouth was open and I could taste salt on my lips and I was bawling. "I want her to stay!" I cried.

Mother chided me. "You mustn't feel that way."

"I can't help how I feel," I cried. "I can't! You can't, and Emily can't and Christine can't—that's what you all say—and I can't either!"

Mother stood behind me and put her arms around my shoulders. "I guess we did say that, didn't we?" she said. "And I guess it's true."

I turned around, looking up at her, but she wasn't looking at me. She was looking at Christine and then at Emily. "I guess none of us can help how we feel."

She hesitated. We could hear the wind sighing, the branches scratching against the house. "But I guess we can help what we do about it," she said.

The only sound was the fire, whispering to itself. The only thing we did was stand at the window, looking out toward the road, hearing the men's shouts echoing back to us. Then they were coming back, walking up onto the porch, and Steve said, "We're all set. We can head on to Nashville."

Mother had brought in Christine's and Emily's coats and folded them over the straight chairs. Christine reached for hers but she was looking at Chet. "You said the train is due along?" she said.

Chet nodded. "But it's not going to Nashville. Going back the other way."

"Could I get on it?" Christine asked.

"If we flag it down," Chet said.

Steve was frowning at Christine. "Well, say, now—" He almost stuttered. "I thought——"

"I know," she said. "I thought so too, for a while."

The color rose in his face and he looked angry. He put his hand over her wrist and said, "Christine!"

She shook her head and slowly removed his fingers, one at a time, as if it hurt. Finally he shrugged and turned and walked out, leaving the door open. Christine stood with her back to us, watching him going down the path.

Chet Williams had picked up Emily's coat and was holding it out to her, waiting.

Emily was watching Christine, was shaking her head, saying, "Well . . . well, I never!"

But when we heard the long green car roar away, Emily lifted her head as if she heard a different sound. She put her hand to her cheek. Very slowly she turned her head and looked at Chet Williams. And you couldn't help feeling that someday Emily Long just might hear violins too.

THE END

A Shaggy Child Story

(Continued from page 61)

The same factors that determine an adult's haircut and styling apply to children: the shape and structure of the face, the texture of the hair and the way it grows, problems (such as cowlicks) and personal preferences, comfort and easy care.

Facial shape and structure. There are two general categories of facial structure —vertical and horizontal. A vertical face, long and thin and often characterized by a rounded head crown, calls for a hair style featuring fullness and interest at the sides. Elizabeth's braids, for example, offset the length of her face. A horizontal face is defined by straight, horizontal lines at hairline and brows, a squared jaw, a flat head crown. It needs a hair style that adds fullness at the top for an illusion of height. Tina's topknot, for instance, balances the width of her face. A boy's haircut can also serve to detract from protruding ears if the hair is left as full as possible at the sides.

Haircuts for boys. Because boys are so active and unaware of how they look most of the time, their hair should be cut to look presentable no matter how it falls. Cowlicks can be kept under control, first by giving in to them when placing the part and then by keeping the hair at the cowlick a little longer and heavier (no thinning) to weight it down. Kirk, whose hair was cut in a modified Prince Charles style, has a three-way cowlick at the top of his head. Mr. Molé parted his hair from this point and, giving in to the cowlicks, tilted the part slightly. The front hair was left longer, for weight, and combed forward and to one side. By cutting underneath the top layer of hair, he could direct the hair to turn in a natural wave, although it grows straight forward.

The modified Prince Charles cut is shorter than the original, with less exaggerated fullness at the crown of the head: but Kirk was given some of the distinctive English-style details—a slightly slanted sideburn, a continuous curved line around the ear.

Greg's haircut illustrates another factor that Mr. Molé takes into consideration: shaping the hair at the back of the head for a fullness that will balance the fullness of the cheeks in profile. Because Greg has rounded "apple cheeks," the hair at the back was cut for a correspondingly rounded line. The front hair was combed forward from the crown, as it had been, but trimmed for an uneven bang. The hair at the sides was left full as a balance to his long face. Because this kind of haircut with the outer hair left long is French in style, Greg got the French-style, pointed sideburns.

John's haircut would look neat in a windstorm—an excellent style for a particularly active boy. The "wind-blown" bangs span the forehead, but they were cut and thinned for a lighter look that brings out his features instead of hiding them. Because his hairline in back was not well defined, the hair there was left fuller than on the other boys.

All the boys were given, in hair-styling jargon, a "natural back." Instead of using barber's clippers, which give a shaved appearance, Mr. Molé prefers to trim the hair with scissors.

Haircuts for girls. With girls, texture determines style. The most unmanageable texture is soft, baby-fine hair like Anne's. It is wispy, won't hold a ribbon or barrette and flys in all directions in the slightest breeze. A short hair style, kept short with frequent trimming, is Marguerite Buck's answer. It keeps the hair tangle-free, easy to comb and brush, and encourages any natural wave. Straight fine hair will often curl at the hairline when cut short. Semiblunt cutting with scissors makes fine-textured hair look fuller too.

Many mothers try to pull baby-fine hair into a ponytail and secure it with rubber bands, which is a fairly dangerous practice. Pulling hair of any texture back tightly can cause thinning at the hairline, and rubber bands can break the hair. If a ponytail is still the favored style, use the new coated elastic bands. If you use rubber bands, cut them off when removing them instead of pulling at them. Leave the hair *loose* at the hairline.

Miss Buck cuts coarse hair like Elizabeth's with a razor. After tapering but not shortening it (both Elizabeth and her mother preferred her hair long), she braided it with four-ply braids, which are flatter than the three-ply and also knit in more of the little ends of hair. You make a four-ply braid much as you do a three-ply, always weaving in the fourth strand—the one at the extreme right—under the strand that falls directly next to it. When making a center part from forehead to nape of neck, it is important to distribute the hair equally on both sides. Elizabeth's braids were tied at the ends with ribbon, the braids looped and secured with bows. The ends of the hair were curled and flipped over the bows.

However a little girl's hair is cut, it should always be styled so that it will not fall in her face. The crown of Tina's heavy hair was caught up in a topknot with a ribbon and gently pulled to fall about the top of her head in soft curls. Matching ribbon bows were tucked into her hair and held in place with bobby pins.

None of the girls had cowlick problems that determined placement of the part. If they had, the tendency of their hair would have been followed. Otherwise, as with the boys', the girls' hair would never stay neatly in place, even with ribbons and barrettes.

The girls didn't have their hair set. Instead Miss Buck used a lukewarm curling iron while combing the hair into place. Her advice to mothers of small girls: Find a hair style that doesn't require setting. It will be easier on your child, easier for you. Also, though it is all right for a boy to look as if he just left the barber shop, a little girl should never look as if she just stepped out of a beauty salon. She should look as attractive and neat as possible, but never like a little adult.

——Ruth Drake

The Children Who Caused a Crisis

(Continued from page 51)

marks in math and science and had been accepted in two stateside colleges.

Now living with relatives in Ohio, Jimmy Jenkins is a virtual refugee from the Canal Zone, his lifetime home. There, on January 7th, he led a group of students in the raising of the United States flag in the front yard of his own high school.

"What did he want?" asks his mother. "He wanted to have the U.S. flag, his own flag, stay in front of his school, and most of his fellow students and many of the adults, including my husband and myself, felt the same way. For this *crime* my son has been condemned, his life blighted, and all the deaths and injuries of the riot have been laid at his feet. I pray he will never accept this burden of guilt—it's not his! He and his friends were cruelly used as whipping boys in an international clash that they had nothing to do with. Jamie is a good boy, decent and kind and generous. He never tore any flag. He is a good American and a Christian."

Which is the real James Jenkins? Were he and his friends hoodlum delinquents, callous Yankee supremacists—or just high-spirited youngsters on a between-semesters prank?

I went to Panama to talk to these youngsters, to their parents, and to others who might be able to help me find the answer. It is not a simple answer. It lies in the recent history of the Canal Zone, in the stories and the attitudes of the United States citizens who have gone there to take care of the business of running the canal, and to some extent in the history of the country of Panama itself.

Every sixth-grade student knows the dramatic story of the Panama Canal. The French tried to build it but were defeated by yellow fever, which killed off the French engineers and supervisors as well as the Chinese labor force. Dr. Walter Reed's courageous experiments proved that the disease is transmitted by certain types of mosquitoes, and Major General George Washington Goethals, a U.S. Army engineer, with the help of sanitation expert William Gorgas, introduced spraying and sanitation to the Isthmus of Panama. With the menace of yellow fever eliminated, Goethals blueprinted and executed the Culebra Cut—the final hazard on the drive from the Caribbean to the Pacific.

Less often is it pointed out that the United States had been trying since the end of the Spanish-American War in 1898 to negotiate a treaty somewhere on the Isthmus—that narrow neck of land joining Central and South America—that would permit the building of a canal desperately needed for the flow of commerce between our east and west coasts. In 1903 we successfully negotiated a treaty with Colombia for the building of a canal, but the Colombian senate refused to ratify it. Later the same year the area known as Panama suddenly revolted against Colombia and declared itself an independent nation. Seventy-five minutes later the United States recognized Panama's sovereignty and within 15 days had signed the treaty giving the United States control, "in perpetuity" and "as though sovereign," over a ten-mile wide, ocean-to-ocean strip cutting Panama in two. A detachment of troops sent from Colombia to quell the rebellion was turned back by the arrival of U.S. Marines.

Thus, midwifed by turn-of-the-century U.S. gunboat diplomacy, the independent Republic of Panama was born. The United States paid Panama $10 million for its rights to the canal and agreed to pay rent of $250,000 a year, which was later raised to $430,000.

Today, more than half a century later, the walls of buildings on the streets of Panama City are scrawled with "*Gringo, no!*" and "*Yanqui, scram!*" The signs and the sentiment behind them remain, even though diplomatic relations have been resumed since the riots that followed Jimmy Jenkins' flag raising and there is a frantic effort by the Panamanian business community to reassure tourists and investors.

In the U.S.-administered Canal Zone, which flanks the canal for five miles on either side and runs 50 miles northeast to southwest across Panama, most of the 36,000 United States citizens reacted to the flag riot with a series of emotions. Outrage, anger and fear were swiftly followed both by attempts at self-justification and by efforts to understand.

Zone-employed families have always been aware that native Panamanians are envious of them. A California-born engineer, the father of three teen-agers, told me, "We think of ourselves as middle-class Americans, but I realize we look fabulously rich to those people down the road in tin shacks."

A doctor who has been there since World War II said, "The Zone is always reminding the Panamanians that the canal brings in millions each year to Panama's treasury and employs thousands of its native-born citizens. Yet to the Panamanian, I suppose, it looks like a patronizing handout. The Zone must look like Paradise. We have no unemployment. We have reasonably good schools. We have a well-stocked library and a YMCA —which, incidentally, are open to Panama City residents. We live in clean dwellings at low rents. We have organized good times—dances, field days, fishing contests. Meanwhile, across the street there are Panamanian families in shacks, kids rolling in garbage, the parents able to laugh only when they're drunk."

By United States standards the Canal Zone is a lower-middle-income community —a kind of tropical Levittown. The raw contrast between the Zone and the areas that surround it, however, undoubtedly helped provoke the riots of 1959, which, like the riots last January, were touched off by the question of flying the Panamanian flag in the Zone. In Panama City in 1959, the flag in front of the United States Embassy was torn down and windows were smashed in United States Government buildings.

The conflict was serious enough for President Eisenhower to recognize the need for evidence of Panama's "titular sovereignty" within the Zone. A triangle encompassing the major business and administrative areas of the Zone was marked off, and at 15 designated spots within the triangle United States and Panamanian flags flew on twin flagpoles. No flags, Eisenhower decreed, were to be flown anywhere else in the Zone.

The Presidential order meant that the flagpole in front of Balboa High School and the other schools in the Zone would be empty. Many Zone families were unhappy about the regulation and hoped it would be rescinded by President Kennedy when he took office. It was not. Among diplomatic and other federally employed families who have an overseas home-away-from-home, emotional symbols like the Stars and Stripes seem to assume significance that these same families would probably never accord them back in the States. For the Zonians the empty flagpoles came to represent a disappointment, a sense of outrage, a challenge—and anxiety. They discussed the flag regulation heatedly at meetings, dinner parties and in their homes. Some feared that the disappearance of the Stars and Stripes forecast the withdrawal of the United States from the canal. There were rumors that the United Nations or the Organization of American States might take over the running of the canal. Families that had lived in the Zone for two generations were particularly bitter. They felt their country had let them down. According to their various prejudices, they blamed the situation on Castro, radicals in Washington or Wall Street opportunists. There was speculation about the millions of dollars that might be made if bonds were issued to cover the cost of digging a sea-level canal through Colombia at the Gulf of Urabá, 200 miles to the southeast.

"I think the strain of uncertainty was what gave all of us hair-trigger tempers," a Zone housewife told me. "Nobody knew what was going to happen. And we felt we were being sort of pushed out by a small group of Communists, or something. It made us mad."

Their teen-aged children must have listened carefully to their parents' conversations. On Tuesday, last January 7th, shortly after school reconvened following the Christmas holiday, students—both girls and boys—brought a United States flag to Balboa High School and ran it up the flagpole. Principal David A. Spier promptly had it removed.

A pretty blonde girl told me, "We kids got on the phone. We kept the lines hot. We spread the news all over the Zone."

The following day several schools in the Canal Zone flew U.S. flags. A second

flag was hoisted at Balboa, and it was not lowered at sundown as flag etiquette requires. Jimmy Jenkins and his friends mounted an all-night guard around the flagpole. No adult arrived to remove the flag or to protest. Indeed, the stunt appeared to have the tacit approval of the parents and the other adults who knew about it.

One member of the Balboa student group said, "Spier didn't dare haul the flag down a second time—he knew if he did, we'd strike."

"The parents whose children were involved sort of went along with it," another student told me. "It was a protest they didn't quite dare make themselves, but they were glad to have their kids do it for them. You know, like when your three-year-old sister spits at a cranky neighbor. You pretend to be horrified but you're glad she did it."

The tragic aftermath of this meaningless challenge is now recorded history. The next day, on January 9th, a group of Panamanian students crossed into the Zone carrying a Panamanian flag. They reminded Zone police that regulations of the Zone's governor, Robert J. Fleming, Jr., and the United States President stated that the U.S. flag should not be flown within the Zone unless it flew side by side with the Panamanian flag. A U.S. flag was flying at Balboa High School, they said, and they wanted to hoist a Panamanian flag beside it.

When the police pointed out that there was only one flagpole at the high school, the students said they would lower the U.S. flag and hoist the Panamanian flag for an equivalent number of hours. Police Captain Gaddis Wall told them not to be silly. When they persisted he formally denied permission and asked them to leave. They refused. A scuffle began.

Canal Zone adults began to gather on one side of the Zone's boundary fence. Panamanians hurried toward the fence from the other direction. Clubs, rocks and broken bottles opened the battle. The nationality of the man (most agree it was an adult) who struck the first heavy blow is disputed. The important thing is that among both groups there were those who came armed.

A short while later, more than 20 men were dead—the count varies from 21 to 25. Three were U.S. soldiers. Of the others, five were reported killed by explosions of flaming gasoline and three in the collapse of a dynamited building. More than 500 Zonians and Panamanians were injured. Damages amounted to millions of dollars—the Braniff and Pan American Airways buildings, a Sears Roebuck store, the U.S. Information Service office and a Goodyear rubber plant were destroyed.

Reporters later asked Captain Wall why the U.S. flag flying illegally at Balboa High School was not simply hauled down when the defiant Panamanian students appeared—or, for that matter, why it had not been taken down earlier by police. The captain said he had had no specific instructions covering the flying of the flag, and that when the Panamanian students approached he thought he was merely dealing with a bunch of unruly kids.

"My idea was to cool them down and persuade them to go home," he said. "From where I stood, it didn't look like an international crisis." The Panamanian youngsters, he said, seemed excited but not dangerous. He didn't see any weapons.

"One thing is sure," Captain Wall said flatly. "They made the charge that Americans ripped up the Panamanian flag. No Zone resident—adult, child or policeman—tore their flag!"

Technically this statement appears to be correct. During the march on the flagpole the Panamanian flag was carried at its four corners by four students. When police began to push them out of the area the flag was torn. Although on the face of it the point is trivial, it assumed major importance for both sides. Zonians denied touching the flag; yet as far as the Panamanians were concerned, they had been insulted and their flag desecrated.

In talking to Zonians and Panamanians, I found both groups still tense, frightened and belligerently defensive. Jimmy Jenkins, shipped off to Ohio, was incommunicado to the press. At his parents' request his relatives steadfastly refused to call him to the telephone. And his friends and neighbors in the Zone seemed to feel more bitterness over the treatment he had received from U.S. newsmen than over the tragic events at the flagpole.

"He was made a fool of by a bunch of smart stateside reporters," said one man, a neighbor of the Jenkinses. "They asked him questions that had built-in answers."

Another told me, "They posed him sitting on a stack of tear-gas ammunition cases, smoking a cigarette. In the interview he sounded like the world's worst hood. I'm telling you, if my boy ever gets in trouble, I hope he has sense enough to keep his mouth shut and his head under the rug!"

Although Canal Zone parents generally were reluctant to let me talk to their children—in view, they said, of what had happened to Jimmy Jenkins—I met one pleasant, easygoing Zone family named Norris, that was willing to discuss the situation with me. Ara Norris, an attractive, chestnut-haired Mississippian, is a nurse at the Zone hospital. Her husband Hugh is a Zone-employed economist and a scoutmaster. He took me fishing in his 15-foot open boat with outboard motor, which, he said with a grin, "is one of those fifteen hundred yachts the news magazines said were tied up at the Balboa Yacht Club."

His 13-year-old son told me, "At Christmas we all felt trouble was coming. Even back then, some of the kids were talking about a flag raising. I asked my father what he'd think if I got mixed up in it. He said, 'Well, you have to think what it's all about and if there isn't some better way to show that you love your country.' I'm glad I listened to him. A lot of the other kids I go with stayed out of it."

Talking to other Canal Zone families—most begged me not to use their names—I discovered that only 15 per cent are second-generation Zone residents. The average family has been working for the Panama Canal Company (a private company of which the U.S. Government is the sole stockholder) for 13 years. The average Zonian employee is 45 years old, has a wife and two children, earns $7,700 per year. This income includes a 25 per cent allowance from the Government in addition to salary because Panama is considered a hardship post.

A 15-year-old boy whose father is an electrician explained his reason for taking part in the flag raising: "When our flag flies we don't feel so far from home." He admitted he had never lived in the United States. "But we go home on leave every two years, and I've been in thirty-nine of the fifty states."

Many other Zonian adults and youngsters went out of their way to tell me how many areas of the U.S.A. they had visited. Several wore T shirts labeled "Yellowstone Park," "Ausable Chasm" or "Grand Canyon." They claimed that most Zonian youngsters had seen more of their country than those at home.

Many of the boys told me they were eager to go into the Navy. Few plan to postpone their military service until after college. They want to travel and see the world, they explained, and "the Navy is the fastest ticket out."

One 17-year-old girl, who is a student at Cristobal High School, at the Caribbean end of the Zone, had her own interpretation of the flag raising. "My school raised a flag and no one gave us any fight," she said. "At Balboa they just had bad luck." Another student said, "The Panamanians don't understand our kind of humor—that we were just hacking around."

One of Jimmy Jenkins' classmates remarked, "I feel sorry for old Jimmy. He got it in the neck. It might have been me or half a dozen other guys. But he always liked being a leader, and when things got hot, there he was up front. We never dreamed it would come to this. I'll level with you. I only got into this for kicks, but the deeper it got, the more I felt we had to take a stand. After all, it is our land!"

Few of the students I talked to had any accurate historical concept of our legal position in Panama. They seemed to view the Canal Zone as a slice of the U.S.A. plunked down in Latin America, not unlike the Kansas prairie cabin that carried Dorothy by whirlwind to the Land of Oz.

"The Panamanians want us to run the canal and give them all the money," said one 16-year-old boy, who wore an athletic letter on his sweat shirt. "My father says we'll fix them good. We'll build a better canal somewhere else and leave them stuck with this one. They couldn't run this alone in a million years!"

"Chiari [then Panama's president] started all this—he just wants to get re-elected," said another.

I reminded him that under the constitution of Panama, President Chiari could not run for re-election.

"Well, then, he wants an excuse to start a dictatorship," he retorted coolly.

"I hate to say it," a girl with long brown curls began hesitantly, "but this whole horrible affair is Eisenhower's fault. The riots in '58 and '59—I remember. I was in fifth and sixth grade. My mother was scared. She was crying and saying we should go home to New Hampshire. My father was stamping up and down, and he said he'd be damned if he'd be chased out. My parents say we made a mistake giving in to them in the first place—why should they fly their flag next to ours, and on the same level too!"

A thin-faced, sandy-haired boy with horn-rimmed glasses said gloomily, "If the kids had just listened to me, there wouldn't have been all this trouble. I wanted to take a couple of jeeps apart and put them up on the roof. That would have made people take notice. But they said that was too corny. They thought up this flag thing and all hell broke loose."

I asked the students if they liked living in Panama.

"I'm going steady," one girl said, "but I told Billy that when he graduates he has to get me out of here. Otherwise I won't marry him! I don't want to spend my life battling the termites and cockroaches like my mother. People are always talking about the cheap help, but the maids are no good—they don't know how to do anything!"

I asked if they had any friends living outside the Zone.

"I was with a lot of Panamanian kids at the Scout Jamboree last year," a 14-year-old told me. "They were okay but I don't see much of them now. We're all too busy."

"Our parents won't let us go into Panama City," his younger sister said. "I can't even go there with some of the older kids. It's kind of a wide-open town. Anyone can drink or gamble or go to the dirty movies. So it wouldn't do any good to have Panamanian friends if I couldn't go to visit them. Besides, what have foreign kids really got in common with Americans?" She paused a moment and added, "I mean North Americans!"

"Besides, the Panamanians really hate us," a friend chimed in. "Our maid told me that they call us lice and savages. They blame us for all their troubles. I told her if they would just clean up and go to school and behave themselves, they could get ahead like we did. I believe all people are equal, but you don't get advantages handed to you on a plate—you have to work. The Negroes back home are finding this out."

A 14-year-old boy named Ted told me, "A lot of the Panamanians are lazy, but they are good-natured and okay. It was the Communists who set off that riot."

"What makes you think they were Communists?" I asked.

"They had Molotov cocktails, that's why," he said positively. "And they knew how to make them. They had these big gasoline drums rolled up to the gates."

"You were threatening to throw a few Molotov cocktails yourself," murmured one of his classmates.

"But they started it," he insisted.

The youngsters agreed that, by and large, their attitudes toward the Panamanians and, indeed, toward all political and social problems, corresponded to those of their parents.

One boy who had taken an active part in the flag raising said, "My father sure was sore when he found out. He really lit into me. Maybe he was afraid that I would cost him a promotion. But I've often heard him say that the Panamanians live like pigs and there was no point in helping them."

Another remarked, "When I used to make critical cracks about this or that Panamanian, my parents would tell me I shouldn't, but always in a way that I knew I was saying something they didn't quite dare say themselves. The truth is, the Panamanians my father works with are nearly always late to work, they're lazy, they don't study to get ahead, and when you're out working hard and you look for them, you're likely to find them asleep under a tree. Let's face it, they're not like us!"

Several voices at once said, "Stow it!"

A fresh-faced, freckled girl who sported three pigtails—one on each ear and one down the center of her back—said, "There are good Panamanians and bad Panamanians, just like there are good Zonians and bad Zonians. But what I think is the saddest fact is that Panamanian kids just don't like us. I've always sensed their hostility and resentment. Once in a while some organization in the Zone makes an effort to promote fellowship. But it just doesn't ever work out. I don't know why."

The boy standing next to her said, "Mom and Pop a couple times a year ask Panamanians out to dinner and to go sailing or swimming. My mom spends an hour lecturing to me that I should be real nice. I try. But if people are just different from you—well, there isn't much to say to them."

A lively topic of conversation was whether or not it is "chicken" to reregister your car and get blue Panamanian license plates instead of the yellow plates that indicate Zonian ownership. The Zone plates cost $5; Panamanian plates, $26.

"Since the riot, though, if you drive to Panama City with Zone plates and park your car," one youngster said, "maybe the tires will be slashed or paint poured over the windshield." He told me of one car parked on a Panama City street the previous week that had "*Panamá libre*" scratched on the doors.

I asked whether they thought any good had come out of the crisis—whether there would now be new attempts on the part of the scouts, the athletic teams, other youth organizations or they themselves—the youngsters who had participated in the flag raising—to build understanding and make amends. No one knew of any plans.

A few hours later I was on my way by taxi through the gates of the Panama Canal Zone to talk to a group of Panamanian youngsters of high-school age. The meeting had been arranged by a Roman Catholic priest. "Not all of these youngsters are communicants," he said, "but they are bright and they are intellectually honest."

Stuffed dummies labeled "Uncle Sam," "Zonian" and "Yanqui scum" still were swinging from trees and lampposts. Club 27, a nightclub in Panama City, featured a sign, "Gringos not allowed!"

When the cab stalled at a busy crossroads and a crowd began to gather, the driver snapped in Spanish, "Lock the doors, roll up the windows and sit still!"

"Let me get out and talk to them!" I protested.

"Listen, they'll roll the cab over," he said.

The driver got out and opened the hood of the cab and, despite his warning, I got out to help him. It took us about five minutes to locate the trouble—a simple loose wire—and during that time we bent over the motor, trying to ignore a steady shower of small pebbles and spit.

The rocks began to get larger. "Don't run!" the driver warned.

I straightened up, walked over to the nearest heckler and held out my hand. "*Amigo*," I said. I shook a hand that had a stone in its palm. My gesture seemed to work. Several men came forward and began to discuss engine troubles with the driver. Two others tried to help get the motor started by pushing the cab down a small slope.

I heard the taxi motor rumble back to life. I waved, smiled and backed up. Still nodding and waving like a congressional candidate, I settled as slowly and casually as possible into the seat next to the driver, shut the door with a discreet snap and the taxi shot away toward a main thoroughfare.

A few minutes later I described the encounter to the Panamanian high-school students I had arranged to meet. "If you don't like it here," one said, shrugging his shoulders, "why don't you get in a million-dollar Army jet and go home to your swimming pool?"

Several of the other Panamanian youths apologized for their friend's rude-

ness. "Please excuse him," one of them pleaded.

I said. "I've just come from talking to a bunch of kids your age in the Zone, and they all seem to feel you hate them."

I was interrupted by cries of "*Jamás!*" "Never!" they insisted. They were anxious to be friends. It was the Canal Zone conditions that were intolerable. I asked them to air their complaints.

"*El puente*—the bridge!"

They said the October, 1962, dedication of the handsome new Thatcher Ferry Bridge across the canal had "felt like a fishbone pushed down the throat."

"Do you realize," a student asked, "that we have to get permission from United States authorities to cross that bridge to go from one side of our country to another?"

I asked if permission was ever denied. They admitted that it wasn't. It was having to ask that galled them.

"We are landlords, but you act as if you own the place!" a 17-year-old student said. "My father has his own dry-goods store. He is as good as the Zonians will ever be!"

"You still don't understand about the flag," a boy said. "Your treaty with us is about operating the canal. You have no authority to tell us where we can or can't put our flag up in our own country!"

Another boy patiently explained. "The treaty means different things in Spanish and English. The phrase 'as though sovereign' in Spanish means you are our guest. In English it means you are practically the owner. We don't agree."

"By the way," a studious-looking girl reminded me, "if you write about us, be sure to call us Central Americans and your countrymen North Americans. You have a rude habit of calling all U.S. citizens Americans—as though you owned everything from Hudson Bay to Buenos Aires!"

There were other things they resented—the eight-foot-high wire fence that surrounds the Canal Zone; and the fact that sugar, for example, sells in the Zone commissary for seven cents per pound, but Panamanians, unless they are Zone employees, cannot shop there.

"We live across the street from the Zone fence," said one boy, "and my mother walks seven blocks to a grocery store, where she pays twelve cents for sugar!"

"And the unjust pay rates!" another boy exclaimed. "My uncle is a Panamanian physician who works for the Zone. He is a graduate of Mexico City University. He is paid five thousand gringo dollars less per year than his *Yanqui* assistant. Is that right?"

I asked the students what their country would do without the hundreds of thousands of dollars the Panama Canal Zone contributes to their annual budget. "The canal pays for your schools and roads," I pointed out.

A 17-year-old who spoke exceptionally good English snapped back, "The canal has hindered the development of Panama—you have made us a one-crop economy like your Southern cotton states. You have destroyed our initiative. Everything is tied to the canal. We'd have been better off without it! And another thing," he added, "those *Yanqui* kids—they look at me as if I were an ignorant peasant, but I can speak good English. They don't even bother to speak Spanish."

The students reminded me that a rent strike in Panama City had once been settled in favor of the landlords with the help of the United States Marines.

"The marines have landed seventeen times in Panama since the signing of the treaty," said one dark-haired girl, who wore a full pink skirt. "How would you like it if marines from Mexico marched across the Rio Grande to settle a strike in Dallas?"

"Aren't you going to ask us about yellow fever?" one boy said mockingly.

"What about it?"

"Dr. Walter Reed got rid of yellow fever and we should be grateful to him," the boy parroted. "That's what your books say—but the fact is that yellow fever only bothered the Americans and the French and the Chinese laborers—we Panamanians had lived with it for centuries and were immune to it."

"We Panamanians are not so bad," his friend chimed in. "We realize what some United States people have done for us. Your people in the Peace Corps who lived in Panama City—they were not harmed during the riots. Panamanians took them into their houses and protected them. And we loved your ambassador—Señor José Farland. He was a great man. He understood what was needed. Perhaps if he had been here, the riots might never have occurred."

I shook hands with the students, thanked them for the interview and departed. As I walked toward the taxi they started chanting: "*Panamá libre! Panamá libre!*" I looked back and saw them doing a snake dance among the palm trees on the edge of the avenue

After I talked to the students, I met with several Canal Zone teachers. They were of the opinion that the flag raising that sparked the riot was merely the result of students' high spirits. They compared the clash at the flagpole with panty raids, painting the alma mater statue purple, tearing down the goal posts. They seemed to feel the youngsters had been booby-trapped by organized Panamanian left-wingers who were ready and waiting to march at the slightest provocation.

One high-school teacher said, "It's shocking and frightening to think that children's high jinks could result in death and destruction and a crisis in international relations. Perhaps we should have pointed out that things are tense and they should walk softly. But neither the Panamanians who brought their flag with them into the Zone nor Jimmy Jenkins and the other Zone youngsters who hoisted the Stars and Stripes are bad kids. There's no real reason why they shouldn't be better friends."

A history teacher said, "Patriotism, nonsense! They'd have been just as happy hoisting the principal's toupee or the domestic-science teacher's petticoat to the top of the flagpole—they didn't care! All they were out to do was to tweak the nose of the adult community. We have to remember that stateside youngsters away from home are not the same as they would be back in Ohio or New Jersey. The main factor in their lives is their isolation, their unfamiliarity with the language and customs and, above all, the feeling of not belonging. They reflect their parents' homesickness. There is no doubt that many of these children resent the very existence of the country where they are living. Neither our schools nor our governments give them any sense of the importance of their mission here.

"U.S. foreign-service officers and their families and the Peace Corps people are briefed about the countries they're going to work in before they go abroad, but Zoners never have been. So when Zone kids cut loose, they're not thinking about what effect they'll have on the country they're living in—most of them haven't the vaguest understanding of this country. They're just letting off steam about their own resentments."

Jerry Welch, an engineer who is married to a stunningly beautiful Panamanian and has three young children, said, "Not enough parents in the Zone were concerned with what was happening to youngsters in the city beyond the fence. Those who sensed the problem felt it was too hopelessly big for us to do anything about it. Now, suddenly, wham! A three-generation way of life may be falling apart. I wouldn't advise my children to count on a career in the Zone."

On my return to the United States I talked to former ambassador Joseph S. Farland, the 50-year-old attorney from West Virginia who was appointed our representative to Panama by President Eisenhower and who continued to hold the office under President Kennedy. He resigned in September, 1963, following a bitter row over a profit-making, middle-income housing project scheduled to be built in Panama City with investment funds from powerful United States labor unions. Ambassador Farland was against it, and, as he made clear, against all investment in Panamanian economy that stemmed from "gringo profit motives." Very popular in Panama, Farland was called the "beautiful American." He was concerned with the social development of Panama and people-to-people relationships.

During his service in the country the Ambassador often climbed into his jeep and drove to tiny villages to say hello and ask what needed to be done. He urged one community to build a schoolhouse and sent in an expert to show them how to make brick. When the school was completed he drove to the next village and told the villagers, "See, they've done it—so can you."

I asked ex-Ambassador Farland what might have been done to avoid the riot, and what changes of policy he hoped for in the future. He told me—as he has told nearly every policy maker in Washington—that schools, roads, agricultural skills and technical assistance should get priority over private investment.

"The Panamanians are looking for recognition, for national dignity," he told me. "They don't want to nationalize the canal—they just want to feel that the ten-mile strip that chops their country in half is *theirs*. They don't want to defer to a U.S. soldier whenever they want to cross the canal bridge to visit an aunt or cousin who lives on the other side of the big ditch."

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Unlike Adlai Stevenson, who recommended in 1960 that Zone-employed families be rotated, former Ambassador Farland thinks that "rotation is like going after a weasel with a shotgun." He feels that serious briefing for adults, and education and fellowship programs for the children of the Zone, would be more effective, and that the aggressive superpatriotism stems from a few highly vocal families.

"Most of the Zonians are good people," he said. "They have a right to recognition for a job well done. The canal is as near perfect an operation as you could ask for. There is no reason why the Zonians and their children should not be proud of their identity—but not at the cost of feeling superior to other people. They must learn to think of themselves as foreign-service families representing our government in a crucial post, rather than as exiled Americans on an obscure and near-obsolescent creek."

Ambassador Farland's recommendations for peace and progress in the Canal Zone are:

Put U.S. foreign-aid money into schools, roads and other projects that will give direct help to Panama's desperately poor and underprivileged people.

Get genuine people-to-people hospitality programs under way, particularly at the children's level.

Give Zone employees the recognition and dignity they deserve for excellent performance of a difficult technical job.

Make effective in every way the concept of partnership between the United States and Panama in the operation of the Zone.

"Unless we start immediately on these and other constructive projects," Farland told me, "there will be more riots in Panama—perhaps even bloodier ones!"

THE END

The Great Outdoors

(Continued from page 53)

He shook his head. "No, we've been studying different ways of cooking fish outdoors. We're supposed to practice."

"Fine," Maggie said. "One hour ahead of time he tells me he has to have fish. The only fish in the house is a three-pound block of frozen smelt."

"We'll take hamburger or hot dogs," I said.

Barney was stubborn. "Mr. Giddings said we should take fish."

I turned to Maggie. "They have to do everything Giddings tells them and he isn't even going to be there. He's turned them into a bunch of puppets. I tell you, the man is power mad."

"A scout is obedient," Barney said.

"A scout is mule-headed," I told him. "What else besides fish?"

We took potatoes, eggs, bacon, cereal, milk, bananas, oranges, doughnuts, cookies and popcorn. "We're only going to eat two meals," I reminded him.

"That's all I'm going to take," he said. "What about you?"

I looked at Maggie. "Better put in a sixpack of cold beer."

She frowned at me. "I don't think that's anything to joke about."

"What gave you the idea I was joking? It's time the scouts learned to face facts. Do you think Daniel Boone would have turned down a cold beer?"

"I'll make you some iced tea."

"Do you suppose it will be all right for me to smoke?" I asked. "The Indians invented it, you know."

"You'd better get your things together," she said.

Barney had his equipment spread out on the living-room floor. There were a tent with pegs and poles, hand ax, sleeping bag, knapsack, cooking utensils, flashlight, knife, first-aid kit, insect repellent, compass, sharpening stone, mess kit, sewing kit, camera, notebook, ballpoint pen, raincoat, pajamas, soap, comb, mirror, towel, toothbrush, tooth paste, drinking cup, potato peeler, measuring cup, can opener, match container, songbook and transistor radio.

"Maggie," I called, "will you come here a minute?"

"What is it?"

I pointed to the collection. "I thought scouts were supposed to learn to improvise. Our forefathers crossed the plains with less equipment than this."

"Yours didn't," she said. "They came from Philadelphia on the train."

Trust a woman to evade the issue. I asked Barney how he proposed to transport everything. He said in the station wagon. I asked him what he thought people did before there were station wagons. He said they used horses. He wanted to know why he couldn't have a horse. I told him to load up the car. Then I went into the kitchen and asked Maggie where the air mattress was.

"I thought you knew how to make a bed out of pine boughs," she said.

"Certainly. But I don't know if there will be any pine trees there."

"I'll get it," she said. "Too bad there isn't any way to plug the electric blanket into the cigarette lighter." Maggie has a sunny disposition and finds humor in situations that other people often overlook.

We finally stowed everything away.

"Have fun," Maggie said.

I tried to think of a snappy comeback, but there didn't seem to be any.

"What's the procedure at this affair?" I asked Barney when we were on our way. "I mean, what do you do?"

"We pitch the tents and like that," he said.

"What do you mean, 'and like that'?"

"Things like that—building a fire, cooking supper."

"Yes, I understand. But what else do you do?"

He shrugged. "I don't know—goof around."

"I see." I had a curiously empty feeling.

Our rallying point was a church at the edge of town. The other five boys were there when we arrived. I knew them by sight and Barney told me their names—Marlon, Scoop, Nobby, Paladin and Seymour. *Paladin?* It was just a nickname, Barney said. I was glad. He was a skinny, dark-haired kid with big, innocent-looking eyes and the nerves of a seasoned saboteur.

Scoop came down out of a tree and Nobby gave him an elbow in the ribs as he reached the ground. Marlon came out from under a bush where he'd been hunting spiders. They all came over to the car. I told them to keep their knapsacks and canteens and I'd take the rest of their gear.

"Dah, dah, dah," Seymour said. "Dah, di, dah."

"How's that?"

"Morse code," he said. "It means okay."

"Oh?" I said.

It looked like a long evening.

The boys were going to hike to the campsite, which was about three miles away. They gave me a map. I was to drive on ahead and get things organized.

Whoever had drawn the map apparently made a mistake. I realized this after I'd driven five miles or so. I turned around and headed back to the church. After I'd gone another seven or eight miles it began to look as if I was off the track again. I inquired at a farmhouse and pretty soon I was back at the church. I knew which direction they'd started in and I felt confident that a group of six boys wasn't likely to go very far unnoticed. I got on their track and trailed them farmhouse by farmhouse until I reached the camp.

They had arrived about half an hour earlier. Seymour was practicing code on a bugle. Nobby and Marlon had their tent set up and were trying to tighten the ropes evenly. They were having some trouble because whenever they looked away, Paladin would sneak in and loosen the ropes.

Barney came over to the car. "I thought you were coming right out."

"I decided to stop and see some people."

"We didn't see your car," Scoop said.

"I thought scouts were supposed to be observant."

Barney stuck his head in the window. "You've gone over twenty miles since you left the church. It's only three miles here."

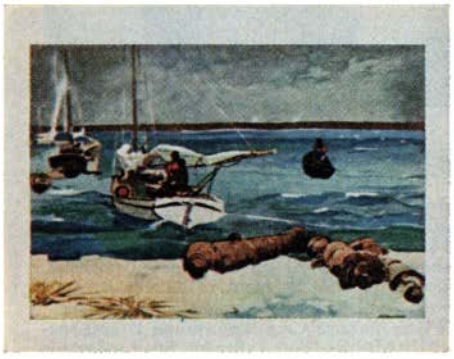
"There's a difference between being observant and being nosy," I told him. "Let's get the car unloaded."

While they were getting things sorted out, I looked over the camp. It was on a level spot halfway up a hill, with a spring about a hundred feet away and a lot of trees around. A narrow lane led down to a farmyard. "I notice you haven't collected any firewood," I said. "It's a good idea to lay in a supply before dark."

"Yes, sir," Marlon said politely. He struck me as being a very well-mannered chap. "Only you had all the axes with

(Continued on page 125)

From The Metropolitan Museum Of Art Six Famous Winslow Homer Seascape Paintings Reproduced For Your Home



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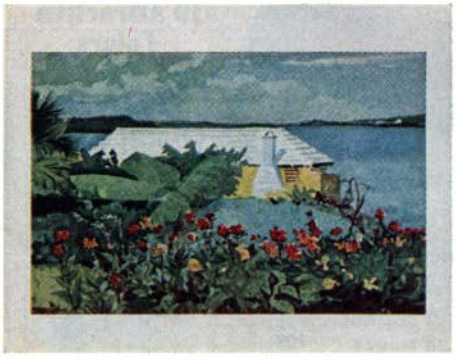
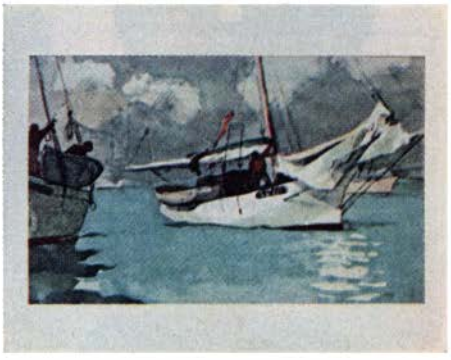


Flower Garden and Bungalow, Bermuda



Fishing Boats, Key West

Sloop, Bermuda

Hurricane, Bahamas

Shore and Surf, Nassau

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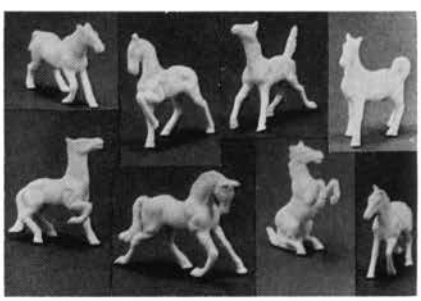

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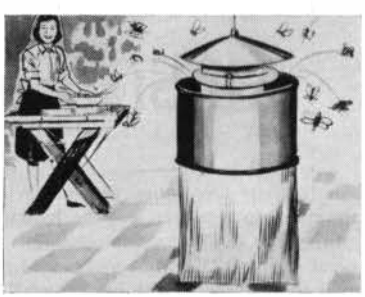

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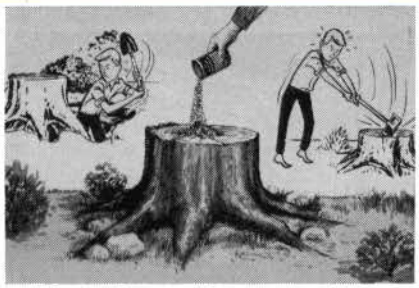

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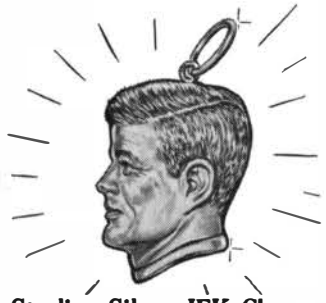

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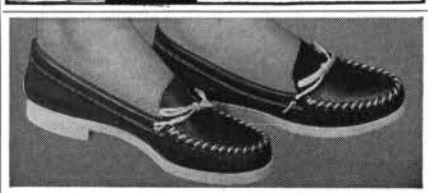

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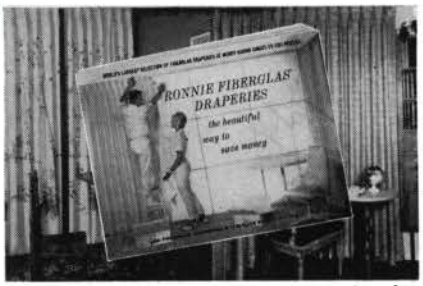

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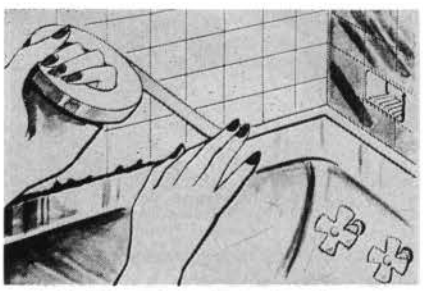

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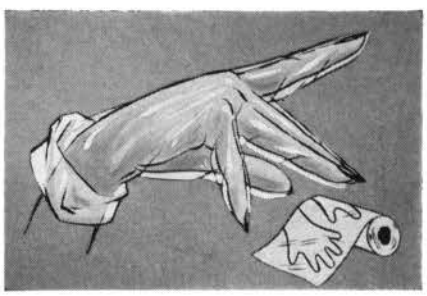

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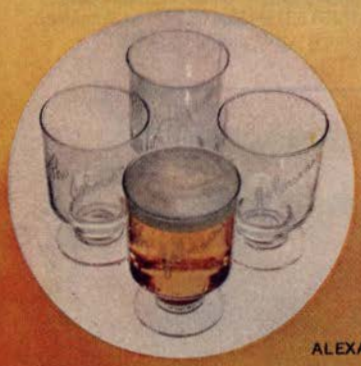

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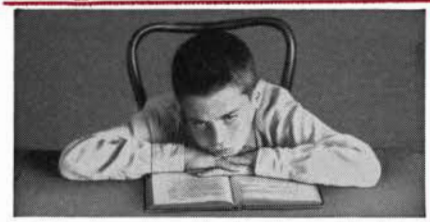

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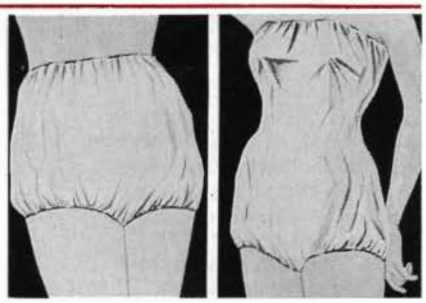

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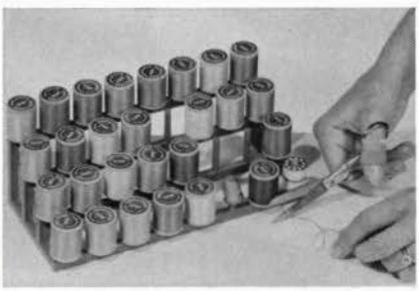

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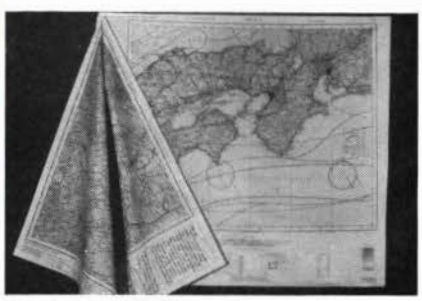

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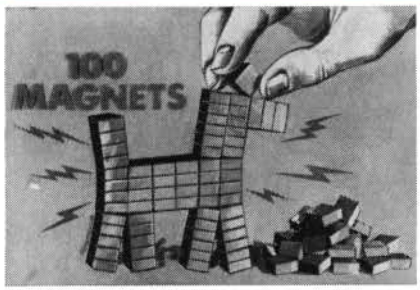

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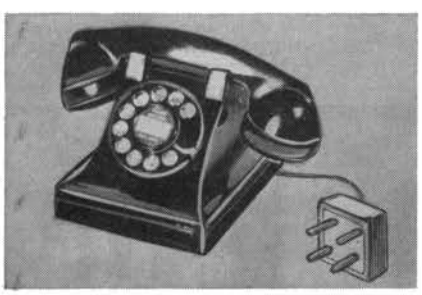

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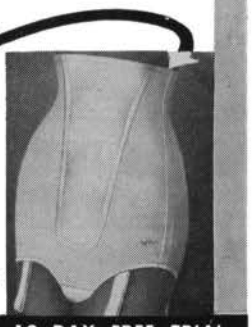

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(Continued from page 116)
you," he went on. You can't always trust polite kids. Chances are they're hiding something.

"You fellows know your trees, do you?" I pointed to an oak. "What's that one over there?"

"Red oak," Seymour said.

"The rest of you agree? All right—how about that one?"

"Cut-leaf maple," said Paladin.

"Well," I said, "this isn't getting any firewood." If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a show-off. I led the way uphill to a couple of beeches with a lot of deadwood under them.

"Mr. Giddings says oak makes the best fire," Barney said. I didn't bother to answer him. The others were straggling along. Scoop was walking with both arms stretched out. When he'd come to a small tree he'd swing around it with one hand and the next tree with the other hand and so on. Marlon was working his way through a bag of popcorn. Nobby sneaked up behind him and tripped him.

"All right, there, knock it off," I called to them, but by then Nobby was ten feet away, so there really wasn't anything to knock off. I couldn't see Paladin, but as I was looking down the hill one of the tents suddenly sagged and collapsed.

By now Marlon was peeling the bark from an old log. "This is a good place for black widows," he said.

"How's that?"

"Black widow spiders," he said. "I collect them."

"Every boy needs a hobby," I told him. "Do you collect other insects or do you specialize?"

"Spiders aren't insects," he said. "I collect scorpions and tarantulas too."

"Very interesting, but I'm afraid there isn't a tarantula within five hundred miles of here."

"Yes, there is," he said. "I have one in my knapsack."

I believed him. If there was one kid in the world who would take a tarantula on an overnight hike, it was Marlon. A limb crashed to the ground a foot away.

"Look out below." It was Scoop, calling from the top of the tree.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked him.

"Getting wood," he answered. "Watch it there." And another limb came hurtling down.

"Damn it all, get out of that tree," I told him. The others all looked up at me. "In time of emergency," I explained, "sometimes you use language you wouldn't ordinarily."

They exchanged glances among themselves. Mr. Giddings probably had strong ideas about profanity. Well, I thought, the hell with him. I went back to the tents.

When they had collected a good supply of wood I decided it was time to teach them how to build a fire.

"A lot of people will start out by striking a match. That's all wrong. Get your kindling and fuel arranged first."

I put a couple of logs about a foot apart with a handful of dry bark in the middle for tinder. Then I put sticks of kindling across the logs. Finally I laid bigger sticks across the kindling in a sort of latticework. "There you are," I said. "All ready to light."

I took out my lighter and studied the neat arrangement of wood. There was only one problem that I could see. There was no way of getting the lighter to the tinder—not without taking off all the sticks. I took out a cigarette and lighted that. "Of course," I said, "this isn't the only way of building a fire. Maybe one of you knows a different way."

Nobby pushed the sticks out of the way and set fire to the bark. He put a handful of twigs on top and then the bigger pieces. In a couple of minutes it was burning like mad. He put the matches back in his pocket, strolled over and poked Seymour in the stomach. "Knock it off," I told him. I strolled up past the spring and sat down on a stump.

It seemed quite pleasant to smell the wood smoke. From the tents came the sound of jazz as the boys turned on their transistor radios. It wasn't a bad thing to get out with young people once in a while, I decided, and rough it a little. Not that these kids had any idea of what roughing it was really like. There was no such thing as a transistor radio when I was a boy. If we had an ordinary portable radio with batteries, we thought we were lucky. There were no home freezers either. If you happened to need a piece of fish, you had to go down to the store and get it. And I think we were the better for it. Children lose something when everything is handed to them on a platter.

Several of the boys were playing Monopoly. The others were reading comic books.

"Don't you fellows ever do anything a little more Indian?" I asked them.

They wanted to know like what.

"Like stalking deer," I said. "Following a trail. One fellow starts out through the woods, making marks with a stick like a deer's print. After five minutes the rest follow the trail. If they don't find him in twenty minutes, they lose."

They seemed to like the idea. They even wanted me to be the one to make the trail. I told them it would be more fun if one of them did it, but they insisted. "You were the one who thought of it," Paladin said. "Besides, you know how to do it better."

"That's right," Barney said. "Only five minutes is too long. A three-minute start is enough."

"Two minutes," Paladin said.

"I'll barely have time to get out of sight in five minutes," I said.

But they were determined.

"All right, three minutes," I said finally. I started off through the trees.

As soon as I was out of sight I turned sharply to the left. The ground was covered with leaves and the trail would be hard to follow. After a couple of minutes I turned again, this time going along the edge of a creek. It was hard walking, but this was what a deer would do to throw off pursuers.

I left the creek where the underbrush was thick. I'd been gone about twelve minutes. From somewhere behind me I could hear a stick break. I wiped the sweat from my eyes and picked up the pace. Down a steep ravine and up the other side—fifteen minutes; I had a sharp stitch in my side. I struggled through a thick growth of grapevines—seventeen minutes. I could hear sounds in back of me again; I plunged ahead. Only a couple of minutes to go. I came over the top of a little ridge and there was the camp—I had circled the hill without realizing it.

I sat down on a log by the fire to get my breath. My pants were wet to the knees from crossing the creek, but I'd won. Only a minute to go and not a kid in sight. I decided to honk the horn to signal them back to camp. I went over to the car and opened the door.

"Twenty minutes right on the head," Paladin said. All of them were lying in back on the air mattress.

I stared at them. "You've been here all the time . . ."

Barney nodded. "A deer will almost always circle back. That's what Mr. Giddings says."

I wiped my forehead with my sleeve. "Just one thing. Why all the argument about the head start?"

"I don't know," Barney said. "It just seemed like five minutes was too much. Three minutes was plenty."

At suppertime the kids took out a lot of foil-wrapped packages from the portable cooler and put them on the coals. I asked what was in them. They said frozen French fries, frozen carrots and peas, frozen haddock, frozen pike, frozen succotash. . . .

"That's fine," I told them. "But suppose you were out in the wilderness where there weren't any freezers or foil. How would you cook your food then?"

They said on sticks.

"Let me show you an old Indian trick," I said. "Did any of you ever hear of cooking fish by covering it with clay?"

They said they had.

"Good," I said. "Let me have that little shovel there."

I went up near the spring and started in digging. I couldn't find anything but gravel, and when I'd gone down a foot and a half the hole started to fill with water. I tried another place, and this time I kept running into roots. I dug three holes and the best I could get was a sort of loam. I never saw any ground so contrary. When I was a boy you couldn't dig six inches without running into clay.

I took a bucketful of the loam, added water and worked it into a firm mud. "Now let's see those fish," I said to Barney. He handed me a block of frozen smelt. I covered it with a thick layer of mud, molding it into a brick. Then I put it in the fire and raked coals over it.

"In this method," I explained, "the clay bakes hard, and when you break it the scales and skin come off with it, leaving you only the cooked fish. You can also cook potatoes this way." I could see they were impressed. This was the sort of thing they'd never learned from Mr. Giddings.

If the fish hadn't been frozen and I'd been able to get some decent clay, everything would have been fine. But somehow the mud didn't bake the way it should have. It was hard on the outside but inside it was soft and wet. "Any of you like some?" I asked. "There's plenty."

They said they'd had all they could eat, and then they sat there staring at

me. The middle of the block of fish hadn't completely defrosted and the rest ran mainly to bones and hot mud.

An actor friend once explained to me the technique of eating on stage. You take tiny, tiny bites and do a great deal of chewing and swallowing. I recommend this as the only way of eating Indian-cooked smelt.

After supper the boys started cleaning up. Marlon was getting the garbage together to bury it. I noticed he carefully put the smelt to one side.

"You didn't eat all your fish," he said to me. "I thought you might want it later."

"That was thoughtful."

"A scout is thrifty," he said.

A scout is a busybody, I thought. I climbed into the back of the station wagon to relax on the air mattress for a few minutes. When I got inside I realized the car was parked on quite a slant. The whole parking area was on a slope. The tents were on level ground but there were too many trees to get the car through. While I was studying the problem, Paladin came up.

"Are you going to sleep in the car?" he asked.

"That was the plan."

"It sure slants a lot," he said. "You're going to keep sliding to one side."

"That occurred to me too."

"Maybe I can fix it for you."

"I'd appreciate that," I said.

"A scout is helpful."

"That's the ticket." I went back to the fire. The boys were sitting around, talking. They stopped when I came up.

"Don't let me interrupt you," I said.

Nobody said anything.

"What do you talk about when Mr. Giddings is with you?" I asked.

They looked at each other. "I don't know," Nobby said. "Different stuff."

"I see," I said. I would have given a dollar for a bottle of beer. "You mean things like scouting?"

"Yeah," Marlon said. "Scouting and like that."

"I see. Very interesting."

Nobby reached over and jabbed Scoop with his elbow. Seymour was cracking his knuckles in Morse.

I asked Marlon if he'd found any black widows. He said not yet. "Don't give up," I told him. "This may be your lucky night." I went back to the car. The mosquitoes were starting to get bad and I remembered there was a can of insect repellent in the glove compartment. While I was there I turned on the radio to get the news. I listened for a few minutes and snapped it off. Something about the car was different. I climbed over the seat into the back. It wasn't slanting any more. Paladin had said he'd fix it, and by George he had. Give the kid credit, I thought. I slid across the tailgate and hopped down.

The ground wasn't there—not where it was supposed to be. It was two feet lower than it had been. I got up slowly and brushed myself off. Paladin had jacked up the low corner of the car. A scout is helpful. I hobbled back to the fire. The kids jumped up and wanted to know what had happened.

"Just a little spill getting out of the car," I told them. "Nothing to get excited about."

They went into action right away. "I'll get my first-aid kit," Paladin called. "The rest of you get sticks for splints." They all were busily undoing their neckerchiefs.

"Knock it off," I said. "I wrenched my knee a little. Forget the splints."

Barney was trying to get me to lie down. "Get your head lower than your feet," he said. "That's the best treatment for shock."

"I don't have any shock," I told him, "except what anybody would have stepping out of a car that's two feet higher than it's supposed to be."

I limped back and sprayed the car with the insect bomb. Then I took off my shoes and lay down on the mattress. I'd slept in worse places, but there'd usually

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been a reason. I wondered what Maggie was doing. Probably watching some good television program, eating salted nuts. Well, all we can do is play the cards fate deals us. A scout is philosophical.

I had a little trouble getting to sleep. I wasn't used to all the night sounds. Then when I finally dozed off the mosquitoes came back. I used up the last of the spray. This time after I'd managed to get to sleep, the air leaked out of the mattress. The next time I woke up I was thirsty and had some difficulty locating the spring. I did find the holes I had dug, however.

I don't believe there was any time during the night when the boys were all asleep at once. Every time I looked out there would be some kid frying something or coming down out of a tree. When I woke up at seven they were taking down the tents.

I was home by eight. Maggie was in the kitchen, drinking coffee and reading the paper. She looked up, surprised.

"What are you doing back so soon?" she asked. "Where's Barney?"

"He stopped at Seymour's for breakfast. They all did."

"I thought you'd have breakfast in camp."

I limped over to the table. "The food gave out at about two this morning."

Maggie frowned. "You're hurt—what happened?"

"Nothing much. I hopped off the tailgate. I didn't know Paladin had jacked it up."

"Sit down." She helped me to a chair. "Lean your head back. I'll get you some water, okay?"

I nodded. "Dah, dah, dah. Dah, di, dah."

"Oh, lord," Maggie said.

"Morse code," I told her. "All the scouts use it."

"I see," she said uncertainly. "And Marshal Dillon——"

"Paladin," I said. "He's a friend of Barney's."

"Look," she said, "I won't ask you any more questions and you don't give me any more answers—okay? I mean dah, dah——"

"Sure," I said. "Why don't you answer the phone?"

She looked at me a moment longer and went into the hall.

"It was Barney," she said, coming back into the kitchen. "He wanted to be sure you got home all right."

"Nice of him," I said. "Is there anything here to eat?"

She got bacon and eggs from the refrigerator. "He wanted to know when you were going to take them camping again. He said it was the best campout they'd ever had."

"Barney said that?"

"Yes. He said they all felt the same way. Maybe the experience was worthwhile after all."

As usual, Maggie was right. I'd got to know my son a little better and I'd been reminded of the satisfaction of doing something for others.

Above all, I had come to have a real appreciation of our great American outdoors.

I think we should do everything in our power to keep it there. THE END

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A MATTER OF TRUST

by John D. MacDonald

The week at his bedside was the immediate and necessary and unavoidable nightmare. Sometimes his hand would tighten on hers, just for a moment, and Jane Ann would know that no matter what they said, somewhere inside him, where that faint and desperate spark of life still survived, there was an awareness of her, of her closeness.

At the hospital there was neither night nor day, or even names for the days of the week—only the suspension of all time as she held his hand and watched him breathe, watched the bruised stillness of his face and tried to make her own vitality flow into him.

Husband. Strange, dear word, a love-rhyme word, somehow, matching the homely things—scent of shaving lotion, old hat he wouldn't throw away, look of his hand lifting the morning coffee cup, and his smile upside down when things were awry. *Widow.* A hollow word, like some dried thing struck and echoing only emptiness, or the winter-wind sound around the eaves of a lonely house.

She willed her life force into that dear, lanky, smashed body, past all the tubes and dressings, past the waxy and motionless flesh down to the small flicker of life. Live! she demanded. Live because you are me and you are all there is for me forevermore. Live, Johnny! Cling to life!

In the nightmare week she was glad that her sister had been able to come and stay, to look after the house and the three children. Irene was her only unmarried sister, a teacher in a nearby city. The school year had just ended. But all the business of house and children and routine was out of focus for Jane Ann. Everything was concentrated in that hospital room in a fierce and silent battle.

On the sixth day he had a few momentary returns to semiconsciousness. His mouth moved. His eyelids fluttered. Once he made a small, lost, heartbreaking sound.

On the seventh day, in the gold-and-blue dusk of a day in late June, she was with him when he opened his eyes, which were utterly blank. She moved closer. The gray eyes looked toward her and focused on her with a slow awareness. And then there was a puzzled look. He moistened cracked lips. She had to lean close to hear him.

"What happened?" he whispered.

Joy twisted her heart. The quick welling of tears blurred her vision. She kissed his dry mouth lightly.

"Everything is all right, darling. Everything is fine."

"But . . . where . . ."

"The hospital, darling. You had an accident with the car. You're going to be all right."

"Accident?"

"Rest now, darling. There's no need to worry about anything. Just get well so you can come home."

He drifted into sleep. She stood up then and went to the window and looked out at the June evening, and it was like her first look at the world. She stretched her body and knew how exhausted she was. But now the tiredness was good. She waited, and when the doctor made evening rounds she reported the awareness and the conversation.

The doctor was obviously pleased. He was young enough to enjoy the taste of the technical phrases on his tongue, the emergency surgery at three in the morning when Johnny had been brought in—opening the skull, relieving the pressure of massive clot and hemorrhage, and then, when it seemed Johnny had survived that, at least temporarily, turning his attention to the other injuries.

Astonishingly, at least to the young doctor, it now seemed that John Foley, husband of Jane Ann, would make a complete recovery. Remarkable powers of recuperation. Severe shock. Touch and go. She smiled at the young surgeon and nodded at his every word.

When she went out to the hospital parking lot and got into Irene's car to drive home there was a sudden reaction she had not expected. She clenched the wheel so tightly her hands and shoulders ached. The tears spilled. It was like the momentary shadow of what could have been. After a long time she was able to drive slowly home.

And then, with the greatest disaster avoided so narrowly, she could begin to face this second one, product of the same accident—the disaster of shame and scandal, which could smash all their plans and all their hopes.

Jane Ann made one more visit to the hospital that night. Johnny had awakened again, to enough discomfort to warrant additional sedation, so there had been no further chance to talk. When she returned home at ten thirty her sister told her that the two older children had been hard to control, and that she had got them to bed only after great difficulty.

Jane Ann knew the cause of that. Aged four, seven and nine, the children had been unable to comprehend truly what the death of their father would mean. But they had been all too aware of the torment and tension of this past week, of the hint of disaster. They were attuned to her own emotional state, and now when they sensed that the blackness was gone and their mother was more nearly herself, they responded in wild and manic ways, straining the patience of their Aunt Irene. It was the naughtiness of celebration, of thanksgiving.

Now that she knew Johnny would live, the house had a different flavor for Jane Ann. During all the days of uncertainty, the house had become strange to her. The places he sat, his empty bed, his clothing in the closet, a book he had been reading, his hairbrush—all these things had had a strange flavor, ominous and brooding and forlorn, the terrible flavor of what-if-he-never-comes-home.

A thousand things to break her heart, over and over.

In the black week she had tried never to think of such a possibility, but she had been unable to keep all the ordinary things from becoming strange and somber. She had suspected that perhaps it was a mechanism of defense, to have the look of things change slowly rather than all at once—a small and dreadful preparation for the heart.

But now on this night the shadows had lifted from familiar things, and once again they were dear and ordinary. She wanted to run laughing through the house and touch everything, hold everything, look at everything. Johnny would sit in the chair, sleep in the bed, wear the clothes. The ground was solid again.

One day something would happen to one of them, she knew, and for the other this change of all the ordinary things would occur. But not this way. Not so soon. Not when no one was ready in any sense.

How can you ever know in advance, she thought, how intense and how true and how total a marriage can be?

It amazed her to remember that when she first met John Foley she had thought him stuffy and stubborn and ludicrously idealistic. It had been a student-government thing. She was a very popular girl—pretty, vital, friendly, energetic. She had been going with a boy as well known on the campus as she was. The boy was turned in for an infraction of the honor system, and the case was turned over to the student council for appropriate discipline. Both she and John Foley were on the nine-member coun-

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cil. She had not been particularly aware of him. He never said very much in the meetings. She was certain that she could swing the meeting and get Mitch off with a minor reprimand, and she told him so.

But the meeting had not gone the way she expected. For once, John Foley spoke up, unexpectedly persuasive and articulate. When she realized he was winning, she swung her waning influence toward a motion to table the matter for one week, knowing she could talk to John Foley privately and get him to take it easier on Mitch.

They had coffee together, and she ran into a determination she had not anticipated. He listened mildly and politely to her defense of Mitch, the extenuating circumstances, all of it.

And then he said, "This is not a personal vendetta against your friend Mitch. And I am not a prude or a fanatic, Jane Ann. But you know and I know that if this were Joe Nowhere instead of Big Mitch, we would have handled it in five minutes and Joe would be packing his bags and taking a one-semester suspension."

She had carefully planned how to say it. "College is supposed to be preparation for life, right?"

"That's what they keep telling us."

"Then, isn't it true, Johnny, that in the everyday world people like Mitch, because they do so many things so well, earn the right to get off with a reprimand, and the Joe Nowheres get it in the neck? Because we're in college. do we have to be idealistic and unrealistic?"

He looked at her strangely. "Do you really believe that?"

"Of course!" she said, too vehemently.

He shook his head. "Then call me a fanatic. That's not my kind of morality. That's pragmatic morality—if it works, use it. . . . I'm applying to your Mitch the same standards I use on myself, Jane Ann, right here and later on. Anything you have to cheat to get isn't worth having, because you diminish yourself."

"You certainly take yourself seriously!"

He leaned back and grinned at her, infuriatingly complacent, and said, "Woman, I'm the only thing I've got."

She tried three other times that week and could not move him, and went almost tearfully to Mitch and confessed failure. But Mitch gave her a sleepy smile and a little pat and said, "So go charm the jerk, sweetie. Use the girl tools. Flap those eyelashes."

She stared at him. "Are you serious?"

"Baby, the way to win is to win. Once it's in the record books, who cares how?"

It was a voice vote at the meeting. When it came her turn she looked directly at John Foley, directly into his unreadable gray eyes. She hesitated for several seconds. "I vote for suspension," she said in a small voice—and saw his small nod, as though he had known all along.

When the meeting was adjourned, the vote unanimous, he caught up with her in the corridor. "Now what happens to our little discussion group?" he asked.

She stopped and looked at him. A gangling guy, trying to seem confident but actually ill at ease with her. Gray eyes uneasy in their appeal. And suddenly she had a strange sensation, as though her waiting heart had opened. He was suddenly dear. Her cheeks felt hot.

"I guess we make up a new agenda," she said. . . .

Now, back from the hospital, surrounded by the artifacts of love, eased of the fear of his death, she had a luxurious expectation of sleep for the first time since the call had come from the hospital.

She went to the kitchen and fixed tea and toast for herself and for Irene, humming to herself as she worked.

They sat, and she told Irene about the last visit, about what the night nurse had said, about how they were going to start to feed him orally, with broth and maybe some juice.

Then Irene reported the small happenings of the day.

"Who is Tom Haskell?" Irene asked.

"A good friend. And I guess you could call him our lawyer. The few things we've had, we've gone to him."

"He phoned at eight thirty. He'd heard Johnny was out of danger, and he asked when he could talk to you."

"I guess I'd better phone him tomorrow. And find out about the car insurance. And talk to Don at the office. All those things." She yawned and stretched and ran her fingers back into her auburn-gold hair, and grinned at her sister. "The business of living again, Irene. The business of caring about the odds and ends. Thank God for that."

"Do you think it's going to be easy?"

Jane Ann stared at her. "You sound angry."

"I'm not angry. Maybe I'm a little impatient with you, dear." Irene was a tall, handsome woman in her middle thirties. She was tailored and immaculate, with the bloodless look of a person who sees a thousand things that warrant his disapproval.

"impatient because I haven't been charging around seeing lawyers and insurance people? For goodness' sake, Irene, I've been spending every minute with——"

"I understand. I don't mean that. I mean you don't seem to comprehend the seriousness of what's happened."

Jane Ann stared at her. "Are you out of your mind?"

"My dear, the state police are charging Johnny with reckless driving, with not having his car under control and driving while under the influence of alcohol. He went to a cheap highway bar and picked up a cheap woman and killed her when he smashed the car. That woman's family is going to sue. And you certainly do not have enough liability insurance to cover it."

"Now, *wait* a minute!"

"Jane Ann, I know a little bit about how these things work. Do you think he still has his job to go back to?"

"So you're condemning him, just like that silly newspaper did! Really, Irene! Johnny hasn't had a chance to explain anything."

Irene's smile was thin and cool. "Do you think there'll be very much to explain? Husbands do get drunk, and they do pick up women, and some of them have very bad luck. That's the way the world is, my dear. I admire your bravery and I admire your loyalty, but I think you would be a great deal better off if you faced facts."

"Irene," Jane Ann said after a pause, "I am so grateful you could come here. I just don't know what I would have done without you. And I do not think I can get along without you this summer. But I love Johnny and I trust him. I do not believe it happened the way everybody seems to think it happened. Johnny just isn't that sort of man. Until he can explain just what did happen I am not going to have anyone, not even you, sit here and say bad things about him."

"If he was only fifty miles away, why didn't he come home when the day was over, and go back the next morning if he hadn't finished his business?"

"That's the sort of thing I mean. You just cannot say things like that in our house, Irene. I'd rather try to manage without your help."

"Are you challenging me, dear?"

"Believe me, I'm just telling you how it has to be."

Irene nodded. "Just as long as you understand my motive. I wasn't trying to hurt you. I'm trying to keep you from . . . being too badly hurt, that's all."

"If Johnny had died, people would go right on believing something that can't possibly be true."

"I won't say another word, Jane Ann. Just remember, I'm standing by you no matter what."

Jane Ann Foley made an appointment with Tom Haskell. She stopped at his office in the early afternoon of the following day. Tom was a pleasant, pink-and-white man with thinning blond hair and a small, plump smile. He expressed pleasure that Johnny was going to recover. He made social small talk for a little while and then looked unexpectedly serious and said, "I wouldn't want you to think I was chasing ambulances, Jane Ann. Actually it isn't the sort of problem a lawyer is going to go looking for, but you folks are going to need help. I've

been telling people I represent John Foley. Do I have that authorization?"

"Of course."

"I talked to Lester Maynard."

"Oh, about the insurance?"

"Yes. The collision thing is easy enough. The car was a total loss. The salvage bid is two hundred dollars. I think we can accept that. The check will come to . . . I've got the figures here somewhere . . . sixteen hundred and ten dollars. The time-payment contract can be closed out for seven twenty-one thirty-three, leaving you eight eighty-eight sixty-seven. Lester says it will be all right if you sign this. The check will come made out to Johnny, but you can deposit it in your joint checking account. Lester has the personal things that were in the car, and he'll drop them off at your house."

"It seems so strange to be without a car, Tom."

"Can you get along without one for a while?"

"Oh, yes. I'm using Irene's."

"Irene?"

"My sister. She's staying with me. Irene Sherman."

"The one I talked to. Yes. It's the other aspect of the insurance, the liability angle, that's going to give us fits. Johnny just wasn't carrying enough, Jane Ann. Ten and twenty. That's an absolute minimum. Ten thousand for each person, twenty thousand for each accident. Lester thinks, and so do I, that the insurance company will make no attempt to defend this one. They'll just take their ten-thousand-dollar loss and call it a day."

"What do you mean?"

"The woman's husband is going to bring suit. She was twenty-four. There's a child. In these actions they usually base damages on life expectancy, so much a year for her services as homemaker and mother and so on. It's hard to guess what a jury will do, but certainly any judgment would be way over ten thousand. The husband will bring a civil action. The police report establishes the blame pretty clearly. It will be at least two years before it can be scheduled, but—well, the woman is dead. I'll defend as well as I can. I'll try to keep the judgment as low as I can, but that will depend on finding some way to bring out that she—well, she wasn't exactly a savory character. Whatever the insurance doesn't cover, you and Johnny are going to have to pay off."

"I just don't understand all this—believe me—I don't. You just sit there, Tom, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, and you have Johnny all written off before you could possibly have heard his side of it."

He looked indignant. "But Lester made his investigation. And I went up there three days ago and poked around. And I've seen the accident report the troopers made out. It's open-and-shut, Jane Ann."

"Not to me, it isn't."

"Now *I* don't understand *you,* Jane Ann."

"Johnny drove up there to Hartsville to see a Mr. T. J. Arlington. He was up there once before to see him too. He thought he'd be home in the evening. He phoned me at five o'clock from Mr. Arlington's office. He sounded sort of rueful and annoyed. He said they had some more figures to go over, and Mr. Arlington wanted to show him one more tract of land in the morning and wanted to take him out to dinner when they finished in the office. It was a horrible night, Tom. Foggy and raining, and you know how miserable that road is, two-lane asphalt and all those curves and hills. So he said he thought he would buy a toothbrush and hole up in the Village Motel, and would I please phone Don in the morning and tell him. He said he thought he could probably take a look at the tract and be on the road by nine thirty the next morning. Those are facts too, Tom. I know he did work later in that office, and he did have dinner with Mr. Arlington, and he did get a room in the Village Motel."

Tom Haskell leaned back in his chair and pursed his lips, his expression troubled. "I don't want to argue with you. Believe me, I'm not trying to condemn Johnny for anything. I'm his lawyer. And I have to go along with what has been shown to be true. He was in a roadside joint called the Mountaineer until one in the morning, and he left there with the Mannix woman and drove away with her. He had been drinking. He drove south with her, and wrecked the car seventeen miles this side of Hartsville, killing Shirley Mannix and coming very, very close to killing himself. From the skid marks they estimate he was going between seventy and eighty when he hit that curve."

She stared at him. "Do you know what you do? You speak about Johnny as if he were some other kind of man. He never drinks very much, and when he has his two or sometimes three drinks, he never shows it. And he's twice as careful in the car when he's had a drink. I just don't see how you can act as if you have it all figured out when you haven't even heard Johnny's side of it yet."

He nodded. "That's certainly fair enough. I am going to talk to Johnny, of course. And I'm going to help in every way I can. What I want you to understand, though, is that I don't see what Johnny can say that is going to make very much difference one way or the other."

"Tom, all I ask is that you listen to him with an open mind. Don't condemn him in advance."

He smiled at her and shook his head and said, "Now I know what they mean by savage loyalty."

"I'm Johnny's wife. But I didn't mean to sound savage."

The talk with Tom Haskell distressed her. In another context, it all seemed too much like the sneery little hints in the newspaper account of the fatal accident. Married man with somebody else's wife.

And his remark about savage loyalty stayed with her. He had looked at her as if he meant stupid rather than savage. But how could you explain the very personal and very private things to a casual friend like Tom Haskell?

Like that dreadful occasion that Johnny had mockingly called the "Affair of the Merry Widow" . . .

Her morale hadn't been very good. Tess was five then, and Linda three, and Jane Ann was seven months pregnant with Skipper. She had trouble controlling her weight, and she was nauseated as she had never been when she was carrying the girls. It seemed to her the longest nine months in all of history. Taking care of the house and the girls in that condition left her depressed and exhausted. And vulnerable. To make matters worse, Johnny was working long hours on a special project. The company had made extensive loans to a contractor, he explained. The man had died suddenly and left things in a tangle. He was working to get things straightened out to the point where the contracting firm could fulfill its obligations and pay off on the loans. Many nights he would not be home until after midnight.

The phone calls were what started the insecurity. She would answer, and there would be silence and then a click as someone hung up. She kept thinking about those phone calls, but said nothing about them, and began to look for other clues. Was this not the traditional time for infidelity—seventh year of marriage?

And then there was the new shirt. One of his good ones disappeared, and there was a new one in the laundry. So he had worn one out of the house and come home wearing a different one. But why? Lipstick? And then a bobby pin on the floor of the car.

She had not wanted to look for such things, or think about them. But they kept happening. The sickening little clues, like the envelope she found in his topcoat pocket. Small, blue, scented, torn open, empty, with his first name written on the outside of it in a dainty script.

He came home at eleven one evening. She sat in the living room. He seemed tired. He did not have much to say about his day, and he did not seem to be interested in what kind of day she had had.

It was all too much, and she held herself stiffly and said, "I think it's time you told me about her."

He stared at her. "What?"

"Who is she, Johnny? How much does she mean to you?"

His expression was odd. She tried to read guilt into it but could not. He took her hand.

"Don't you even know who I am?" he asked her gently.

"I . . . I thought I did."

"I don't know what started all this, Jane Ann, but that isn't as important as what could make it start. It would have to be partly my fault, I guess. I'm trying not to be full of outraged indignation. Wounded innocence." He frowned. "What part of our marriage is so bad that I would have to go looking for something to make up for it?"

"I didn't think . . ."

"I love you. There's nothing I have to prove. I love you, and God knows I don't feel deprived. You are about seven or eight women, all earthy."

"Except now I——"

"Hush. You don't feel very good, I know, but you look lush and abundant and marvelous. Honey, jealousy is a dreadful disease. It eats people. Let's just say I am worthy of your trust. Now and forever. Now, what in the world started you off on this?"

The explanations made her feel ashamed, but it was true that it was in part his fault. He was being pursued by the widow of the man whose business affairs he was trying to straighten out. He had spoken to Don Jennsen about it; Don had suggested that he depend on fast footwork until the job was done, because if she became offended, it would increase their chance of loss. Johnny's mistake had been in not telling Jane Ann about it. Normally he would have, but he had thought that it might worry her. He had been trying politely, deftly to discourage the woman. The envelope was from a note she had left for him at the construction office. He had ruined a shirt while inspecting a piece of heavy equipment and had merely forgotten to mention it. He had taken several calls from the woman at home, about business matters. Certainly Jane Ann remembered those. He could not explain why she would hang up without identifying herself when Jane Ann answered. And he suggested that the black bobby pin might belong to one of her friends rather than one of his.

It was settled then, in tears and laughter and forgiveness.

But when it was all over, he had looked at her and said, "Never again, promise."

"Promise?"

"Don't have mealy little thoughts like that. Don't imagine things. In the corniest possible sense of the term, honey, I am forever true. I admit to being a girl-watcher. And I am so astoundingly handsome, stray women keep knocking me down in the street. But you are all I need and all I want. That's the way it is. You're stuck with me. If something worries you, ask."

"I promise."

But you couldn't explain all of that to Tom Haskell and say it was the only small time of doubt and there would never be another.

On the following morning she went to the office. The company specialized in financing heavy-construction contracts, making loans to building contractors and following up with management advice. Johnny covered a wide area in his work. Since she had no appointment, she spent fifteen minutes waiting outside Don Jennsen's office. At last the secretary ushered her in, and Don came around his big desk and took her by the hands and said, "A terrible thing, Jane Ann. I know just what an ordeal this has been for you. Believe me, if there is anything at all I can do, I stand ready." He was a huge, florid man with a heavy crop of prematurely white hair.

"I don't really know how soon he can have visitors, Don. It will be at least another week. And Dr. McAndrews says it will be about a month before I can bring him home, and probably another month after that before he can begin working even part time. That's mostly because of his left leg. It got broken pretty badly." She shrugged and smiled. "But just to have him alive . . ."

"The hospitalization policy should help quite a bit."

"Oh, yes. And he had accident insurance too, Don, that will cover what the hospitalization doesn't cover. And provide something while he's laid up. I really don't know how you want to work that out. I don't know what happens to people's pay when they are laid up so long."

Don nodded. "I am really delighted to hear about that accident policy, Jane Ann. They can be very handy things to have."

"You know how Johnny is. I just know that in a few days he's going to start worrying about his work and all, and I thought you could tell me what to tell him."

"He left things in apple-pie order—except for the Arlington report, of course. He might be interested to know that on the basis of further investigation since his accident, we're going along with T. J. Arlington for about seventy per cent of the total line of credit he requested. I imagine that comes pretty close to what Johnny would have advised. As to the rest of it, I think I can safely say that the board will go along with me in making the cutoff point October first. It is a small recognition of the caliber of work John Foley did. And tell him that I shall have the retirement account computed as of October first, and he can draw it in a lump sum if he so wishes—everything he contributed plus six per cent interest computed annually over the life of the retirement account."

She stared at him. "Cutoff point? Lump sum?"

Don shook his big head sadly and made a gesture of resignation. "That's one of the penalties of being in a field of endeavor that has fiduciary overtones. Public responsibility. We have to be like Caesar's wife, Jane Ann. This publicity was rather unfortunate, you know."

"You mean you're firing him? After eleven years?"

"My hands are tied. Johnny would be the first to agree, I assure you. Men in this line of work know that they just can't——"

"Mr. Jennsen, this is the most stinking thing I ever heard of in my whole life!"

His big face darkened. "I would advise you to——"

"Without a chance to explain himself! What kind of fairness is that?"

"Obviously you do not understand the situation. We depend on public trust, public confidence, Mrs. Foley. There are police charges against your husband. They may be contemplating a manslaughter charge. This is a financial institution. Speaking solely for myself, I am going to try to help him locate something else because he is a very able man. I admit that. But we just can't——"

"You just can't understand the basic human decency of giving a man a chance to explain himself," she said, getting angrily to her feet.

He stood up slowly. "Good day, Mrs. Foley."

She had the office door partly opened when he said, "Jane Ann?"

She turned and waited for him to come to her.

He touched her shoulder awkwardly and she shrugged his hand away. "You have a lot of spirit," he said. "I admire that. I shouldn't have got cross with you. Believe me, when Johnny is ready to discuss this, you ask him about it and see what he says. This is a highly sensitive profession."

"And you scare awfully easy."

"If I fought with all the influence I have to keep him on, it would do absolutely no good."

"So why risk anything for Johnny?"

"You are a very difficult woman, Jane Ann."

"I am not going to let you do this to him."

"I am afraid there is nothing you can do about it. Spirit is commendable, but don't wear yourself out fighting stone walls, my dear. I repeat, if there is anything I can do, please let me know." . . .

Late on the tenth day, the first Friday in July, at four thirty in the afternoon, Johnny woke up and looked at her with the most awareness he had yet displayed.

"Accident, eh?" he said. He frowned. "The kids okay?"

"They're just fine, darling."

"Day before yesterday?"

"It was ten days ago, Johnny. You were badly hurt. But you are going to be one hundred per cent fine."

His eyes looked startled and troubled. "Ten days!"

"You drove up to see Mr. Arlington. Remember? You drove up to Hartsville."

"Arlington?" he said blankly.

"Don't you remember going up to see him?"

"I . . . I know I was scheduled to. Did I go?"

"Yes, dear."

"But I didn't get there. Bad road."

"You got there, dear. You saw him."

"You're kidding."

"No. Really. You phoned me from his office. . . . We'll talk about it later."

His long fingers tightened on her hand. He looked at her with the troubled earnestness of one of her children and said, "I hurt. I hurt pretty bad right now."

She got the floor nurse. They gave him a sedative, and within five minutes he drifted back into sleep.

Dr. Ferris McAndrews was an exceptionally grave young man with somber, deep-set eyes and huge, pale hands.

"Yes," he said absently. "Yes, of course. Traumatic amnesia. Typical of head injuries. It extends backward from the moment of trauma. They remember more as time goes on."

"And finally remember everything?"

"I did not say that, Mrs. Foley. Some of them do. Some of them don't. Is it important?"

"It could be very important. How long do I have to wait to find out?"

"I really couldn't say. A few weeks, months, even years sometimes."

"I wish you would be more specific."

"I wish I could be, Mrs. Foley. These mental side effects are never completely predictable."

She glowered at him. "What if you *had* to find out and he couldn't remember?"

He shrugged mildly. "I suppose, when he's strong enough, there are some things worth trying. Hypnosis, if he's a good subject. I'll look into it."

By the following Tuesday, Johnny's improvement was dramatic. He could remember more of it—seeing Arlington, phoning her, renting the motel room. There was a vague memory of having dinner with Arlington at the Log Cabin, but that was all.

Her chair was close to his bed. The head of the bed had been rolled up so that he was almost in a sitting position. She held his hand, and he looked at her and said, "You'd better tell me what's going on, Jane Ann."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't kid me, honey. I had an accident. You've been anxious to find out how much I remember. You'd better tell me all of it."

"Not just yet, Johnny."

He gave her a tired smile. "It'd better be now, because something keeps going around and around in my head, and now I'm at the point where not knowing is maybe worse than knowing. A nurse out in the hall was saying something about me, about me and the accident. She said the woman was killed. What woman? Tell me, honey."

"I don't know all of it. But I—I can tell you what I do know."

She told him. She tried to temper it, but the ugly edges of the known facts poked out through the softer fabric of her voice. In the middle of it he scowled and closed his eyes and shook his head slowly, in agony or in disbelief. When she was finished he opened his eyes and looked toward her and said. "It's something you read in a paper, happening to somebody else."

"Does her name mean anything? Shirley Mannix?"

"Nothing definite. It has a very slight familiarity, as if I'd known it a long time ago. I can't put a face to it."

"And the place called the Mountaineer?"

"Oh, I'm sure I've seen that place. It's about three miles this side of Hartsville. I've seen it but I've never been in it." He tried to smile. "That's not exactly right, is it? Apparently I have been in it."

"They say you were there, dear."

"And people actually saw me leave with that woman?"

"Yes."

He put his forearm across his eyes. "What is it drunks say? I hope I had a good time?"

"You'll have to remember what really happened."

"Maybe it will be just as well if I can't."

She reached out and took his arm away from his eyes. "Johnny, don't say things like that. You mustn't."

"A date with Shirley Mannix."

"Not the way it sounds! Not the way they're trying to make it sound, Johnny! Don't say it and don't think it. When you remember, we'll know what happened."

He freed his hand and touched her cheek with his fingertips. "Thanks for the vote of confidence."

"Johnny, can I give you all the rest of the bad news?"

"Remember the man who was so kindhearted that he docked his little dog's tail a piece at a time?" He wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his hospital gown.

She told him about the suit, about what Tom Haskell had told her and what Lester Maynard thought the insurance company would do.

"That makes a nice golden future," he said bitterly. "Lester was after me to bump it to twenty-forty. But I economized."

"You sound as if the suit were lost!"

"But if I killed—if that woman was k—" His gray eyes went wide and shocked, as if he seemed to realize for the first time the implication of having been responsible for the death of someone. He put his hand over his eyes. "Dear Lord," he whispered.

She looked at him for a long moment and then said, "You might as well have all of it right now." Angrily, bitterly, she told him about Don Jennsen and his decision.

"Don't be too rough on Don, Jane Ann. He has to handle it this way. Man gets drunk, smashes his car, kills a woman, he's a liability."

"But he just assumes that's what happened!"

"What else can anybody assume?"

She stared at him. "What do I have to do? I fight everybody in the world. Do I have to fight you too?"

Suddenly all of it was too much. She bent and buried her face against the bed, muffling the raw sobs.

He stroked her hair and made soothing sounds. "You've had this to handle all by yourself," he said.

She straightened up. "I'm t-tough enough, darling. More than you know."

His eyes were grave and steady. "And what if it turns out to be just what it looks like?"

"But it *isn't!*"

"What if?" he insisted.

"Maybe I can be tough enough for that too. I don't know. I just don't know, Johnny."

At eleven that night in the quiet kitchen she said to Irene, after a long silence, "I'm going up there."

"What, dear?"

"To Hartsville. He can't remember. Maybe he won't ever remember. But maybe somebody else will."

"But it has been investigated, Jane Ann."

She made a face. "Yes. By experts. State police, lawyers, insurance people. And we read about it in the paper, didn't we? If you can get along without the car.

I'll go early tomorrow. And keep going back until I find out what this was all about."

"You're welcome to the car, of course, but I think this is a mistake. What can you tell those people?"

"It's what they can tell me."

It was a misty, overcast day, cool in the hill country. Vacation traffic was heavy on the narrow, winding road. The accident had happened three miles north of the village of Dowellburg. There was a state police barracks within the village limits, consisting of a headquarters cottage, a large garage and a radio tower. The man in charge remembered that Trooper Vernon Gyce had handled that particular accident. Gyce was out on routine patrol. She asked if she could see their file copy of the report. He said he could not let unauthorized persons see official reports. She asked if being the wife of the driver of the car gave her any kind of authorization. He said he was sorry, but that's the way things were. And so she waited, sitting in a chair by a window, turning the pages of old magazines.

"He won't come off shift until four in the afternoon. Mrs. Foley," the man said after a while.

She smiled up at him. "I'll wait, thank you." She looked back at her magazine.

Forty minutes later he came over to her again and said, "I ordered Gyce to come in and talk to you. He'll be here in maybe twenty minutes."

"I'm very grateful to you."

He flushed and said. "Just don't take up too much of his time."

Trooper Vernon Gyce was very tall, tanned and broad-shouldered. He came in, creaking and glittering and clinking, and muttered to the man in charge for a few moments. Then he took off his hat and came over and sat in the neighboring chair.

"I'm Trooper Gyce," he said. "Is there any way I may be of assistance to you, ma'am?"

"Well. I thought that if it wouldn't be too much trouble, you might show me where it happened and sort of . . . explain it to me. It isn't far from here. I understand."

Gyce went back and murmured for a time to the man in charge, and a few minutes later she was beside him in the gold-and-gray sedan, rolling north out of the village.

"What happened. A trucker reported it at about one thirty. A lumber truck. He saw the car lights. They were still on. Maybe cars went by and didn't see the lights, but he sits high. He pulled off and set his blinkers and walked back. Then he ran back to the truck and came right to the barracks in Dowellburg. The ambulance was called over from Dain City, eight miles west, and when they saw it was a bad head injury—Doc Greer was there by then too—it made the most sense to run him right down to the city. I radioed ahead so they'd know what was coming in. Here we are." He pulled off the road. She got out with him and they walked up the shoulder of the road.

He stopped after about a hundred feet and turned and pointed back the way they had come. "What you've got is a big curve to the right. He started to lay the rubber down right here. From a measurement taking in the vehicle weight, grade, surface and climate conditions, we can come close to figuring speed. Call it seventy-five."

He walked back along the shoulder. Vacation cars went by, churning the damp air. "Rubber stays on the road a long time," he said. "You can see how he got carried over into the wrong lane and almost made it. Right here he went off onto the shoulder and it was soft. He ripped up the dirt and grass. It tipped the car over."

He angled down the slope, pointing out gouges in the soil. "He came bouncing and rolling down here, sideways and maybe end over end. The doors sprang open and the woman was thrown out. She landed about here and the car rolled over her. There was never any doubt about her."

Jane Ann shuddered and followed him toward the trees. "The man—your husband, he was about here, thrown out later, and the car stopped right here, right side up. This tree stopped it." He sat on his heels and pointed to a raw gouge in the trunk of a big maple, a gouge about a foot above ground level.

"Could the woman have been driving, Officer?"

He looked up at her and came slowly to his feet. "No way to prove that one way or the other, Mrs. Foley. In the absence of proof, the law assumes the owner was operating the vehicle."

"And the law assumes he was drunk?"

"Stan Stack at the Mountaineer said Mr. Foley had at least three drinks, and no sober man would come into this corner at that speed, Mrs. Foley. And as for the woman's driving at that speed, she didn't drink."

"Did you know her, Officer?"

Surprisingly. Vernon Gyce blushed—suddenly and violently—and looked away and said, "I know who she was."

It brought a more personal element into their conversation. When he looked at her again, his dark eyes were changed. There was a male awareness in them. It seemed to her a strange and unpleasant place in which to be found attractive. She knew that he was wondering about her, wondering how vulnerable an attractive wife was after her husband smashed himself up while hacking around after the local floozy. In the silence a long string of holiday cars went by on the road.

"You see," she said. "I have to understand how this could have happened."

"We get a lot of one-car accidents along this stretch. They push it too much and lose control."

"I mean I have to understand why he was with Mrs. Mannix, and where he was going with her."

"I guess I can't help you there."

"Maybe you can help me more than you realize. I assume that Mrs. Mannix was . . . had a bad reputation."

"I wouldn't want to say anything like that."

"Officer, was she the sort of woman who would have gone to a motel with my husband?"

Gyce blushed again. "I guess you could say that."

"Then, doesn't it seem strange to you, or to anyone, that they should leave the Mountaineer together and come miles and miles down this road, when my husband already had a motel room in Hartsville?"

"Maybe she wanted to go for a ride and wanted to go fast—egging him on, sort of. She was crazy-acting. She didn't have to drink to be drunk. She did a lot of weird things. You could never know what Shirl wanted to do next. She could be laughing and all, and suddenly take a dislike to you and cuss you out and walk off."

"Couldn't her husband control her?"

"He works off in the woods a lot. He didn't know what happened until two days after. They live maybe half a mile from the Mountaineer. She married Ross Mannix when she was sixteen. Their kid is seven years old now. Once he was settled down for the night, and Ross away, she'd walk on down to the bar at the Mountaineer."

"You seem to know a lot about her."

"I was in Hartsville a year, then here for the last two. Work out the winters in these places where there aren't many people, and you get to know them. Ross used to thrash her when she'd get out of line, but not lately."

"What did she look like?"

"Well, small, and sort of Spanish- or Italian-looking. Dark, and a little on the chubby side. Bright clothes and a lot of bracelets and stuff like that. And a big, deep, loud laugh that surprised people."

"I'm afraid I'm taking up too much of your time."

"I should be getting back on tour, Mrs. Foley."

"What if I want to ask you something else?"

"From four to four thirty I'll be at the barracks. You can phone there if you want."

They climbed the slope to the road and walked across to the sedan. He swung it around and headed back to the barracks, where Irene's car was parked.

"Please think about something else, because maybe I'll want to ask you about it," she said. "My husband

and I have used seat belts for so long that we latch them without thinking about them every time we get into the car. When people ride with either of us, we make them use the belts. But they were both thrown from the car."

"I looked that car over. The belts weren't used."

"Don't you think the whole story is strange?"

"What does your husband say, Mrs. Foley?"

"He can't remember."

The trooper's mild smile was ironic as he let her out by her car.

She drove back and stopped at the same place and went down the slope by herself. She wanted to see it again, without the distracting presence of Trooper Gyce.

Suppose the accident had torn the wiring loose? Then the lights would have been off. The driver of the lumber truck would not have stopped. And Johnny would have died, right here, alone, before dawn came. Life seemed almost too precarious to her at that moment. Too chancy, too dependent on small things.

She touched the scarred trunk of the maple. In a few months the raw wood would heal itself. As she straightened up she saw a gleam of metal in the brush. She moved closer and saw that it was a hubcap. She crawled in and got it and brought it out. The look of it brought back the memory of the car—the day of choosing it, driving it home, the smell of newness. Johnny always teased her about the way she endowed pieces of equipment with personality characteristics—the surly refrigerator, the hysterical lawn mower, the smug coffeepot. The car had been a lady, quiet and slightly haughty. A horrid, clashing end for a lady who had always behaved so well . . . She took the hubcap back to Irene's car and put it on the floor in the back. It would have seemed strangely thoughtless to leave it there, a poor return for gentle service.

She drove north toward Hartsville, anxious to see the one person who could probably tell her the most about that night when truth was turned upside down, when all the world began to relate strange lies about John Foley.

She found T. J. Arlington over at the north shore of Blind Rock Lake, supervising the construction of four lakefront cottages. He was a broad little man of about fifty, wearing khakis, work shoes and a red felt hat.

He talked to her by the tailgate of a muddy pickup truck while they drank coffee from a thermos jug out of plastic cups.

"I can truly say it came as a great shock to me, Mrs. Foley. I was with Johnny only a couple of times, but I can say that I came to like him. My problem, like he maybe told you, is developing a big-enough line of credit to finance the work I already got lined up. This area is opening up fast, and I had to go to the city for the kind of financing I need up here. I don't believe in hiding business affairs from people with a right to know them, and I opened up all my files and records to John Foley. And as we went over everything, he made some mighty good suggestions about better ways of handling things, and I'm grateful to him for that. I mailed him a card to the hospital, and you tell him I hope he comes along good."

"Mr. Arlington, Johnny can't remember very much about that night. He can remember phoning me and going to dinner with you. If we could fill in the blanks, maybe we could understand what really happened."

He gave her a quick, puzzled glance. "I guess it isn't a mystery what happened, is it?"

"Johnny isn't a drunk and he isn't a chaser, Mr. Arlington."

"Even the best man in the world can be a damn fool."

"What did you and he do that evening?"

"Let me see, now. He left the office about six and drove up to the Village Motel and got himself a room, and I guess he bought some stuff like a toothbrush and comb, and so on. He was back in about twenty minutes and we worked until a little past eight thirty and then we walked catty-cornered across to the Log Cabin Restaurant and had us some dinner. Back to the office maybe about nine fifteen, and we finally finished up a little after ten. There was just one final thing he wanted to do, and that was to take a look at the tract I optioned over behind the lumber company; we were going to do that early the next morning. I felt like a drink after working all day, so I suggested we drive out to the Mountaineer, three miles south of town. On account of I live a couple miles beyond it and he would be coming back into town, we took both cars and he followed me out, and we parked around in back. We went in, and I guess I bought him one and then he bought me one, and we talked about the plans I've got for the future, and then I went on home."

"Was Mrs. Mannix there then?"

"Yes."

"Were there many people there?"

"Not many. It was a Tuesday night. Fifteen all told, I'd say. And Stan Stack behind the bar."

"Did my husband talk to Mrs. Mannix while you were there?"

Arlington looked increasingly uncomfortable. "Look, Mrs. Foley, you're a grown woman with three kids, so I guess the facts of life won't surprise you too much. Shirley was floating around the place, laughing and talking to this one and that one, and drinking root beer and putting money in the jukebox, and sort of dancing all by herself. When she'd light at a table, she'd sit with the Marlow boys, Chick and Lew. They're a no-good pair. They're usually in trouble with the game warden. I hire one or the other of them sometimes, but only when I'm desperate for men. They give you a half-hour's work for an hour's pay. Well, it was obvious to me that Shirley had her eye on Johnny right from the moment we came in. She kept trying to make him notice her, laughing too loud and so forth. Then she'd sit with the Marlow boys and they'd talk low, and she'd stare over at Johnny and giggle. We were sitting at the bar. About fifteen minutes before I left, Johnny went to the men's room. When he came back he had to walk past the jukebox. She was there, doing her little twist dance all by herself, and as he went by she whirled around and caught him by the wrist and pulled him close and said something to him. Then he said something to her and she smiled and said something else, and he came back to the bar and asked me about her."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him she was bad news. I guess every town has a young woman the church ladies like to talk about, and Shirley was the one for this town. Not an evil person, you understand. Just reckless and noisy and not giving a damn. He kept watching her, and she kept watching him while I told him about her."

"Did you ask him what she said to him?"

"Not directly, but I gave him every chance to tell me, and he didn't. She stomped around there to the music, her black hair flying, darting little grinning, sideways glances at Johnny. A very pretty young woman, and very happy. Pretty soon I said I had to be going on home. He said he thought he'd stay a little while. It looked to me like he was going to get mixed up with her in spite of what I'd said, and I wondered if I should say anything else, and then I decided it wasn't any of my business."

"Would you say he was drunk?"

"No, he wasn't drunk. He was having Scotch and soda, tall, and Stan Stack has never given full measure in his life. I looked back through at the bar as I was going out the back way, and Stan was bringing him another drink and Shirley was just climbing onto the stool beside him."

"What time did you leave, did you say?"

"Quarter after midnight. And they say he left with her about one o'clock—went roaring out of that parking lot in that car and turned south."

"Do you think those Marlow brothers would know what she said to him?"

"If they did and they thought it would help anybody, they wouldn't let on. Those two are just plain mean, Mrs. Foley. They stomped a boy bad last year, and should have been put away then, but there was nobody too anxious to testify against them."

"Do you think Mr. Stack would talk to me?"

"Not if it was up to him. What you do, Mrs. Foley, you tell Stan that if he talks to you nice, I might get a crew over there to fix that roof by the end of the week. If not, there's no telling when I can schedule it."

She stared at him. "I couldn't tell him something like that!"

"I guess you couldn't. Tell you what. I'll go up the road in a few minutes and give him a call. He'll be nice by the time you get there."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Arlington."

"Now, don't you be too hard on Johnny, Mrs. Foley. I'd say he's in enough trouble as it is. Ross Mannix has been telling folks that his lawyer says he's going to get a big price for Shirley's life. And the other fellow who came up here to ask the same questions Johnny asked told me that Johnny was no longer connected with the company."

"Mr. Arlington, I have no intention of being hard on him, as you put it. Johnny isn't a sneak and he isn't a fool. I've always trusted him and I always will."

Arlington looked startled. He smiled wryly and said. "I guess there isn't a husband around who couldn't do with a little of that kind of faith, Mrs. Foley."

She had a sandwich at the Log Cabin and it was after three when she arrived at the Mountaineer. The cool, overcast day had filled the place with afternoon beer drinkers, most of them vacationers from the nearby public campground. The bartender directed her to where she could find Stan Stack. He was in a small office off the kitchen, operating an ancient adding machine. He cleared papers from a chair to give her a place to sit. He was a brown, beefy, powerful man, with drooping eyelids, a heavy, sensuous face and a black, hairline mustache.

He confirmed everything Arlington had told her. And he said, "I've got a license to protect. They ask me if he was drinking, I have to say yes. Three drinks. You understand that."

"Of course."

"But he was sober when he came in and sober when he left. I tell them that, and what does it mean to them? Nothing. A man had drinks and got into his car and killed somebody."

"When did Shirley Mannix get here that night?"

He shrugged heavy shoulders. "I didn't notice. Maybe nine. She came in alone, in the front door. One thing about her, she didn't drink. She's got a right to come in. Anybody has. Right? She was good for a laugh. She brightened the place up. Should I kick? Should I tell her she's married, so stay home with the kid?"

"I'm not blaming you for anything, Mr. Stack."

"Stan. You call me Stan like everybody, Mrs. Foley. What happened here that night, she got interested in your husband and so she picked him up, and they left together about one o'clock. About Shirley, she could come in here twenty times, maybe, arrive alone and leave alone, and the next time there would be somebody catch her eye and she would have a date. That's the way she was. She wasn't exactly a hooker—excuse the expression, Mrs. Foley. I mean, maybe she'd take presents or something; but it wasn't any kind of business proposition, you know what I mean? I wouldn't have anything going on like that in my place."

"I understand."

"She was sort of a nutty kid, Mrs. Foley. Ross just never could settle her down. Sometimes even when he was home, ten minutes after he'd fall asleep, she'd be dressed and on her way down the road. She liked a lot of people around, a lot of laughs and music. It's hard to believe she got killed like that. She was real alive."

"Wasn't she with some brothers named Marlow that night?"

"She sat with them part of the while, yes."

"Were they still here when she left with my husband?"

"No. They'd been gone a long time. I think they took off right after T. J. took off. In fact, I'm sure they did. I remember hearing that old truck of theirs go clattering out of the lot."

"Were many people here when my husband left?"

"A half dozen, maybe."

"And my husband drove right out with her?"

"Lady, he took off like a bat out of hell, excuse the expression. He sprayed gravel against the side of the building, and those tires really screamed when he came onto the highway and turned left."

"After Mr. Arlington left, Shirley Mannix joined my husband at the bar. Is that right?"

"She sat with him forty, forty-five minutes or so, talking together, so quiet I couldn't hear anything said. About one o'clock he picked up his change and left a good tip, and she grinned around and said, 'Good night, all,' and hung onto his arm and out they went."

"He can't remember any of that."

"That's what T. J. told me on the phone."

"Thank you for answering all my questions. Mr. Stack."

"Everybody just calls me Stan. Anything else you want to know, you come around anytime, but I guess we've about covered everything."

"I appreciate your kindness."

"I hardly remember anybody not dating Shirley once she put her mind to it. Until she began to get just a little bit heavy, she was the best-looking woman in the county. She liked things lively—playing tricks on people, laughing one minute and getting mad as a boiled owl the next minute. . . . They say that car rolled across her and flattened her right into the ground."

Jane Ann arrived back home at five thirty. She and Irene had dinner with the three children a little after six. Then, in spite of Skipper's loud indignation, she put him to bed, while Linda and Tess went out to play in the yard in the long summer twilight. She got back to the kitchen in time to help Irene with the last of the dishes.

"You look exhausted," Irene said.

"It was a long day."

"Did you learn anything?" Irene asked.

"Nothing that will help very much. Johnny has to remember more. Just a little bit more."

"I really don't see how you could expect to accomplish anything. Not after experts went up there and found out what happened."

Jane Ann whirled on her sister, her eyes ablaze. "Experts on what? Experts on Johnny? Experts on Johnny and me and what we have? I went there looking for the little things they'd miss, Irene."

"You don't have to shout at me, dear."

"Why do you want me to give up on this? I did find a few little things that don't quite fit. Would three weak drinks make Johnny scratch off in the car like some school kid? He always used the seat belt. The belts weren't used. I learned just enough to know that I have to go back up there again. And look for more."

Irene put her hands on Jane Ann's shoulders. "I just don't want you to be hurt."

"I'm sorry, Irene. But I *am* hurt. It hurts to have anybody believe something that's wrong. Can't you understand that? It *has* to be wrong."

"But everything points to——"

Jane Ann measured a tiny space with thumb and forefinger. "Maybe, before I went up there, there was one tiny little doubt this big, so tiny I didn't even know I had any doubt at all. But now it's gone, if it ever existed, Irene. It all just—just doesn't *feel* right. Do you know what it was like to me? Like one of those plays where the

lines aren't quite right. So you can't really believe what the actors say. They try to be very sincere and very plausible, but you just can't quite believe them."

"I guess I can't stop you, can I?"

"Nobody can stop me, Irene. Nobody can stop *us*."

"All I can do is wish you luck, then—love and luck."

At the hospital she told him exactly what he had done that night, as far as she had been able to check it out, warning him not to confuse her account with any fragments of memory he could dredge up.

He held his clenched fist against his forehead and spoke slowly. "Yes. Yes, we *did* go back to the office. Wait. I can remember following his car, those red taillights in the rain."

"And you parked behind the Mountaineer."

After a few moments he shook his head. "The Mountaineer is a blank, honey. I was never there."

She went off and borrowed pencil and paper, and came back and drew a rough sketch of the interior. "Here is the bar. The tables are over here. This is the rear hallway to the back door to the parking lot. Jukebox here."

"Nothing," he said forlornly.

She took a deep breath. "Let's try the other kind of memories. Fifteen people there. They would be laughing and talking. Jukebox music, probably loud. A dark, plump, pretty young woman in bright clothes, wearing a lot of bracelets and probably a lot of perfume. A loud, deep laugh."

He stared at her. "Dear Lord," he whispered.

"What, darling? What is it?"

"That laugh. I can remember that laugh, in the night. Dark. Raining a little. I . . . I was kissing a girl. Quite short. Jane Ann, I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry."

"Were you in the car kissing her?"

"No. Outdoors in the dark. By a door or something. A window, maybe. Jane Ann, I think we'd better quit all this."

"No! Look at what I've drawn here. She was dancing alone in front of the jukebox. You were on one of these stools. You were looking at her. You were turned around looking at her and she was looking back at you."

He closed his eyes. "Red pants," he said. "Shiny red pants. And a red and white blouse, striped. And a red ribbon in her hair, but there were three different shades of red." He frowned without opening his eyes. "Wooden floor, loud music. The drinks were weak. She said something to me. She asked me something."

"But you can remember the Mountaineer now?"

"Not too clearly. In pieces, sort of."

"She stopped you and asked you something. Can you remember?"

"I'm trying. I can almost see her face when she was asking me. I'll keep trying to remember, honey. And . . . please forgive me."

"For what?"

He stared at her, and then his eyes became shiny. "Stanch gal," he said in a husky tone. "I'm not worth all that. I messed everything up."

"Shut up, Johnny. Nothing about us is changed. Nothing about you and me is different in any way."

Two days later she drove north into the hills once again, up into the country on a hot, bright July day, through the shady villages and along the lakes.

The Mannix place was down a dirt road a little distance south of the Mountaineer. It was a narrow, two-story frame building with small windows and a steep pitch of roof. Siding, weathered gray, had been applied to about half the house, and the rest was tar paper mended in a few places with rusting squares of sheet metal.

As she walked from the car toward the small front porch a face looked at her from one of the narrow windows, and then a fat, gray-faced woman in a faded print dress came out on the porch and stared down at her.

"There's nobody to home," the woman said.

"I wondered if Mr. Mannix was here."

"I said he wasn't. He's off with a woods crew away north of Cary Lake. Won't be back for two weeks anyhow. I'm just minding the place for him, miss. I'm second cousin to him. I can give him word somebody was here, you tell me what you want."

"I was going to ask him about . . . Mrs. Mannix."

"The judgment of the Lord come down on that woman better than two weeks back, miss." She stopped suddenly and her eyes widened. "I heard the wife of the man that killed her was prying around asking questions. You her?"

"I'm not at all sure that my husband——"

The woman's voice rose to a high, curious sound, a kind of whining bellow, and her gray face turned red. "Want nobody sneaking around here trying to mix things up so Ross won't get what's coming to him. There's a motherless boy and a widower man, and their loss and grief has got to be paid for. Your man took that poor girl out onto the night roads in his big car and he kilt her dead and that's all there is to it. Now you get off this property and don't you come back here trying to save your man's money by making people say bad things about Shirley. . . ."

Jane Ann fled. As she backed out and drove away she could still hear the sustained, bawling voice of the big woman. She parked near the main road, shaken by such a display of venom. She got out of the car and sat on a big, gray, sun-warmed boulder. This was the emotional climate Shirley Mannix knew—savage and bitter and very direct.

Once she had stopped trembling she was willing to concede that perhaps such ugly directness was, in its own way, a little more honest than the way some of her acquaintances had reacted in the past two weeks. Good friends had been loyal. But the others came around with the silky and soothing little words of comfort, prying in subtle ways, their mouths set in configurations of righteous satisfaction that bawdy disaster had befallen a man who had been doing so very well—up to that point. How terrible for you, my dear! How shocking! Had he been seeing the woman very long? Will he be on a sort of leave of absence, dear? And you have such darling children.

Their venom was bittersweet and more deadly, a poison secreted by lives barren of any real satisfaction, deprived of warmth, jealous of those who had good relationships, delighted to see others pulled down to their own shoddy level.

Seeing that angry woman and the place where Mrs. Mannix had lived gave Jane Ann evidence that no lawyer could have understood. It confirmed one suspicion she'd had about the entire matter, a judgment entirely aside from any speculation about whether Johnny could be an unfaithful husband. Had he been a bachelor, had he been a permanent resident of Hartsville, had Shirley Manmix been after him for years, it would still be unreasonable to suppose that he would have had anything to do with her.

Johnny was just too fastidious for that. There was nothing unmanly about him. He was demonstrably, even roisterously, male, but he had an almost feline tidiness in his standards regarding the desirability of women. Though he accepted women as flesh-and-blood creatures, not idealized symbols, he felt it was the social and emotional responsibility of a woman to understate herself. Obviousness, crudity, aggression, in a woman repelled him. A bellowing laugh, a clatter of junk jewelry, a florid clash of colors, a tangle of hair, too much ungirdled abundance —all these things put him off.

And so that was part of the error of the assumption the world made about John Foley and Shirley Mannix. People assumed that merely because he was a man away from home and she was a random, careless, available girl, he would want her. But, all loyalties aside, he could not want a Shirley Mannix. It was not that he was better than

other men. It was just that certain characteristics offended him, and from what Jane Ann had heard, the Mannix woman had had most of those characteristics in full measure.

She arose from her rock and squared her shoulders. She knew that she had to look at every piece of the puzzle. The next part of it was the Marlow brothers. People who were not emotionally involved had put the pieces of the puzzle together, had forced the pieces into position and said they fitted perfectly. But the imperfect fit created tension, and she felt that if she could dislodge one piece, all the rest of it would explode and then have to be fitted back together in a way consistent with the heart and the spirit of the man she knew.

T. J. Arlington was friendly and perfectly willing to help her. She found him in his office in the village. After she told him what she wanted, he made several phone calls, rambling and indirect, talking of unrelated matters, putting his questions in casually, winking reassuringly at her a few times as he talked.

"Strange as it may seem," he said finally, "both those boys are working at the same time. Lew signed on with the County Road Department, and he's in a work crew chopping brush along the Blind Rock Lake Road. Chick is up north of here someplace, maybe at Twin Creek, they think, working for some kind of a bait and boat-rental outfit."

"Do they live here?"

"No permanent place, Mrs. Foley. They were using Tyler's old cabin for most of the winter and spring, but he's got it rented now to summer folks. Twin Creek is too far for Chick to be coming back and forth. I can see if I can find out where Lew is staying these days, but I think if you want to talk to him, the best way would be to drive on out the Blind Rock Lake Road and look for the crew. There will be a man named Winkler in charge, and you can tell him it would be a favor to me if he lets you talk to Lew Marlow. But you won't like it."

"I don't understand."

"Both those men are mean, Mrs. Foley. Mean, dirty mouths on them. Neither of them would throw water on a man on fire, believe me. I can't remember them helping anybody in any way unless they were paid to do it. Or beaten into it."

"All I can do is try."

T. J. coughed and looked uncomfortable. "All he'll do is try to agitate you. You're a pretty woman, Mrs. Foley. I don't know what he'll say to you, but you won't like it."

"It doesn't matter how he acts or what he says to me. I just want him to tell me what happened that night. He and his brother were talking to Shirley Mannix about my husband. I want to know what they said. That's all."

"You said Johnny can remember a little more now."

"Yes. But not really enough to help. Not yet."

About four miles from Hartsville she came upon the two county trucks and the road crew. Winkler was a cheerful, freckled, toothless little man. "Now, you pull farther off the road, lady, and I'll send him on back to talk to you. Is this something about welfare?"

"No, it's a personal matter, Mr. Winkler."

Lew Marlow came sauntering back to the car. He was older than she had expected, a powerful man in sweaty T shirt and ragged jeans. He had thinning red hair, pale blue eyes, a face so reddened by sunburn that his nose and forehead were blistered and peeling. His belly bulged over the waistband of the jeans. He looked at her through the open car window, his stare lazy, appraising and totally insolent.

"We can take off right now, honey," he said. "It's too hot for this kind of work."

"I'm Mrs. Foley. I want to talk to you about what happened the night Shirley Mannix was killed. Do you want to come around and get into the car?"

He stood silently for a moment. "I'm pretty messed up to get in the car, missis. Better we could set on that shady bank over there." The insolence was gone. He seemed extremely polite.

They walked over to the bank. He sat a good five feet away from her, half turned to face her. "What was it you wanted to know?"

"Mr. Arlington and Mr. Stack said she was spending time with you and your brother during the evening."

"It's usually like that when we're in there the same time. One thing, she never cost a man much money. Not by drinking root beer."

"And she became . . . friendly with my husband?"

"She took a quick shine to him. Shirl was like that. She played up to him, and from what I hear, they left together, all right. We left about the same time T. J. did."

"Mr. Arlington was under the impression that when she sat with you and your brother, the three of you were discussing my husband in some way."

"I guess you could say we were, missis."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I guess you could say it was like a bet. Arlington came in with that fella, him in a business suit and white shirt and tie, and that gold wedding ring on him, and talking so neat and serious to old T. J., and I guess we kidded Shirl about taking dead aim at him, and we told her he wasn't about to take up with the likes of her, and she vowed as how she'd get her hooks into him with hardly no trouble at all."

"I understand she stopped him and spoke to him."

"That's what she did."

"What did she say to him?"

"Ma'am, I haven't any idea in the world. Some crazy thing. That's what she'd do."

"But you and your brother didn't stay around to see her win the bet."

"I wouldn't exactly say that, missis. We seen her go sit with him at the bar, and from the way he took it, that bet was lost right there. We went on home."

"And there's nothing else you can tell me?"

"No, ma'am, not a thing. It was too bad, what happened. These are bad roads on a dark night. Shirl said she had a wish to go on down to the city, and I guess that's where she talked him into taking her. But they only made it part way."

"It would be pretty stupid for my husband to bring her down to where he lives and works and where a lot of people know him."

"A man gets a woman on his mind, he doesn't think too clear sometimes, ma'am."

"Well, Mr. Marlow, thank you for being so cooperative."

"I guess I wasn't much help to you."

She stood by the car and watched him walk back to the work area. He looked back at her once, squinting against the bright sunlight. She drove by the crew until she found a place to turn around, and then went on back to the village, waving at Mr. Winkler as she went by.

She was back in the city in time to see Johnny before returning to the house. He seemed listless and depressed. His head dressing was much smaller, and they had had him in a wheel chair on the sun deck for an hour, but he did not seem cheered by it. He had not remembered anything more. He doubted that he ever would.

"Cheer up, darling," she told him.

"It hurts when I laugh."

"So try a kind of ghastly chuckle."

He stared thoughtfully at her. "You couldn't possibly be hiding any kind of good news, could you?"

"Nothing we can use. I am the mystery woman of the north woods—poor, blind, stupid, loyal wife. But I have a feeling that the official version is suddenly going to collapse. I can't explain it. It's just a feeling. A kind of subconscious confidence." She frowned. "It's almost as

though I already knew something important and I don't know exactly what it is."

His smile was weak but it was a smile. "Tiger blood," he said.

"What?"

"It makes me think of that time with National Appliance."

Her cheeks felt hot. "Well, they were wrong and I was right."

"A two-billion-dollar corporation versus one indignant little housewife."

"They kept brushing me off."

"Honey, they didn't even know they were in a fight until all of a sudden they started bleeding. And then they had to fly two factory engineers in, bringing replacement parts and a letter of apology from the company president."

"Just the vice-president. And they were very nice men. They understood that when you promise somebody something, you should do it."

He shook his head. "Tiger blood. If I didn't know you, honey, you'd scare me. But this time it isn't a case of getting a new dryer fixed. This time it's broken-down John Foley, and maybe there aren't any spare parts. How about a job? No bonding company will touch me after this. Where do I start? Door-to-door selling? Gas jockey?"

She quelled the sudden feeling of tears. "What you do, sir, is do one thing at a time, and getting well has first priority."

He stared at her. "Sure. Everything is going to work out fine."

"Hasn't it always?"

"That isn't logic. That's superstition."

"So be it. I have a superstitious belief in us. And don't forget the tiger blood."

All night in the lonely bedroom her sleep was restless. She kept drifting in and out of tumbled dreams, awakening to a feeling of fading terror, of deep dejection.

There were so many little inconsistencies in the story of the accident, but they did not seem to point in any logical direction. Added up, they merely resulted in a feeling of wrongness.

She arose and got a drink of water and then went to the window and leaned her forehead against the cool glass and looked wistfully out at the moonlight. How do you make all the little wrong things turn out right? she thought. What do you add or subtract to make them feel consistent? . . . If a haystack is thirty feet high and it takes forty-one cows a month and a day to eat it down to the ground, what is the name of the farmer's daughter?

She moved slowly back toward the bed. Suddenly she stopped and opened her eyes wide; she took a deep breath and held it. And then, walking as carefully as though she carried something fragile upon her head, she went to the bed and sat rigidly on the edge of it. She took her concept and tried to make it seem false, tried to create a new disbelief. But it would not totter. It stood squarely, based on a reality that made it more truth than supposition.

She grinned into darkness, joy commingled with a savage satisfaction. She tried to sleep, and knew she could not. She dressed and went to wake Irene to tell her she was going to drive up into the hill country again.

The interview with Sergeant Daniels and Trooper Vernon Gyce was not difficult to arrange, but convincing them that they should take action was another matter. They viewed her proposal with what she considered evasiveness.

"But what *harm* would it possibly do?"

Daniels cleared his throat. "The thing is, we've got to have something to go on."

"You stare at me as if I'd lost my mind. Shouldn't people be able to ask you for a little help?"

Sergeant Daniels said, "But the way we're set up, there's a Criminal Investigation Division to handle things like that, Mrs. Foley."

"I don't care who does it, just as long as somebody does. How many times do I have to tell you the things that are wrong about this whole episode, gentlemen? I've looked into it. I know that my husband was *not* drunk. He would *not* pick up that woman. He would *not* drive like that. He *would* use the seat belt. He would *not* head in this direction. And a man who is notoriously sullen and uncooperative was very sweet and polite to me. Isn't that enough?"

The sergeant's smile was uncomfortable. "I wouldn't say so."

"Then please do what I suggest."

"But that kind of thing ought to be done by the C.I.D."

She looked appealingly at Vernon Gyce. "Isn't this pretty stupid, really? How can they do it if you won't call them in?"

Gyce examined his big knuckles. "Barney, maybe we could take a shot at it unofficially, sort of. So there's no report if it doesn't work out."

"On your own time, Vern."

"It would be okay?"

"I'm giving you an hour off right now. But who pays for the phone calls?"

"I will," Jane Ann said quickly.

"Can I use the back office?" Gyce asked.

"Go ahead. But remember, it's unofficial."

Jane Ann and Gyce walked into a small office in the rear of the small building. Gyce left her there alone and came back in a few moments with the master list of all the doctors in the area.

"Start with the ones nearest here?" he asked.

"I don't think so. I think the best place to start would be with the ones in any direction outside of Hartsville except this direction. And far enough so that the doctor wouldn't be likely to know the patient."

He thought it over and nodded. He took a pencil and made tiny, neat little check marks beside three names. "Barleydale, Hallmeister and Quenton City, then."

She tried to relax as he made the first call. She was conscious of the racing of her heart. "Doctor? This is Trooper Gyce, Dowellburg Barracks, sir. We want to know if on the twenty-sixth of last month you had a patient come in for treatment with injuries that could have occurred in a traffic accident. A male patient not personally known to you. . . . Sir? . . . Yes, of course. Sorry to have bothered you."

On the second call he could not get hold of the doctor. The office nurse had him wait while she checked the records. No such patient had been in.

Gyce hung up and shrugged. "Sometimes they walk away without a scratch, Mrs. Foley."

"You saw the car. Was that likely?"

"I guess not. We'll keep trying, anyhow."

No luck on the third call. Next he tried Palmerton, thirty miles southeast of Hartsville. He asked his standard question. He waited. She saw his face quicken with interest. He pulled a scratch pad closer. "I'd like the details on that, sir." She watched him write on the pad. *Nine thirty A.M. 26th. Wrist, hand, ribs, laceration on jaw. Acc in woods. WMA, approx 30, tall, sandy. John Hart. Cash.* "Thank you very much, Doctor. This may be what we're looking for."

Gyce hung up and gave Jane Ann a wide grin of delight. "Son of a gun!" he said. "It could be the jackpot. Mrs. Foley. It just might be. His office is in his home. The man arrived before office hours. There were two of them, but the doctor didn't get a look at the other one. The man was pretty banged up. Broken wrist, badly sprained hand, cracked ribs and a facial laceration. Said he'd stumbled in the woods and hurt himself in falling. By that time his wrist was so badly swollen the doctor

had a hard time setting it. Checked the hand with a fluoroscope, but no bones broken there. Taped his ribs, stitched the laceration, set the wrist and put a cast on it and put it in a sling. He said the man looked and acted as if he'd walked out of the woods and had been in considerable pain for quite a few hours, so he didn't think twice about it. But he did ask the man to come back in a week and he never showed up. Let's go tell Barney."

"And then the Criminal Investigation people?"

He nodded. "Now there's enough to go on."

"But can they find him?"

Vernon Gyce savored a cold little smile. "They can find him."

The C.I.D. specialists found Charles "Chick" Marlow within thirty-six hours. They found him a hundred miles from Hartsville, using a false name. He tried to go out through the window of the restaurant where they found him. They brought him back. He refused to say a word. He was questioned for twelve consecutive hours, was identified by the doctor who had treated him, and was shown a faked fingerprint record supposedly taken from the death car and a faked blood-test report supposedly made from bloodstains found at the scene of the accident.

At last he gave a great shuddering sigh and his face went slack, and at these familiar symptoms they called in the official stenographer.

"Such lousy luck," he said softly. "All my life, nothing but this same lousy luck."

He told all of it. He needed no further prompting. He and his brother and the Mannix woman had seen T. J. Arlington and John Foley arrive in separate cars. The three of them had been bored. The brothers had told Shirley she couldn't pick up the stranger. There had been no plan in the beginning. It all grew out of boredom. She had stopped Foley and asked for a ride home, telling him there was a man waiting to rough her up, that she lived fairly close but didn't have a car.

John Foley had been too wary of her to go for that. It had annoyed her, made her mad at him. Then Chick Marlow suggested to her that if she could get Foley out in the back parking lot, maybe they could convince him he should lend them his car. Lew Marlow had wanted no part of that game.

Right after T. J. Arlington left, the Marlow brothers left. Chick waited in the shadows out in back and Lew drove out in the truck and went home. It took forty minutes for Shirley Mannix to talk John Foley into giving her a lift home. As soon as they were out in the lot, Shirley, by prearrangement, grabbed John Foley and kissed him.

"I come up behind him and clunked him with a rock. I put him in his car, in the back, and got the keys and drove it out of there. We felt crazy, laughing and all. We said how we'd leave him off someplace and take his car papers and credit cards and see if we could make it all the way to California. I don't know if we were kidding or if we were really going to do it. She got up and leaned over the seat and felt him and said he was breathing okay. We didn't see how he could make much trouble, on account of, after all, she had picked him up. She'd left the place with him. A lot of people saw that. And then all of a sudden I saw I maybe wasn't going to make that big curve this side of Dowellburg."

The accident had injured him painfully, but it did not knock him out. He found Foley first, and was frightened at the way the man looked. It took him longer to find Shirley Mannix. He lighted a match with his good hand and saw that she was dead. When he heard the truck stopping, he ran into the brush. When the driver was gone, he started back toward Hartsville, walking on the shoulder of the road, ducking for cover whenever he heard a car coming. He got to the cabin he shared with his brother at eight in the morning, circling wide to come up behind it so he would not be seen. His brother drove him to the doctor in Palmerton and then took him out of the area, where pertinent questions might be asked about his injuries.

The charges were assault, grand theft, kidnaping and felony murder.

The newspapers corrected themselves with all the space and attention that any story with a warm and human angle merits. HOUSEWIFE SOLVES KIDNAP MYSTERY . . . BAR-GIRL PROVES ACCOMPLICE.

They all were interviewed and photographed—Jane Ann, Irene, the children, Johnny. Theirs was a three-day fame, and Jane Ann was glad when it was over.

One afternoon soon afterward, she pushed Johnny's wheel chair down the long corridor to the sun room and then sat with him. She smiled at him, muffling a yawn.

"Exhausted by the plaudits of the masses?" he asked.

"I guess. I don't know. If I didn't feel so sleepy and so contented, I'd be getting sort of angry, I guess."

"About what, honey?"

"They act as if they'd never had the slightest doubt about you. Tom Haskell and that insurance man. Don Jennsen too. They act as if it were just a matter of time until it all came out. Heck, I don't want medals or anything. I don't want people apologizing to me for the things they said when it looked the worst, but . . ."

"Just what did put you on the right track, anyway?"

"It was the buildup people gave Lew Marlow. He was supposed to be such a horrible animal, surly and dangerous, and then he couldn't have been sweeter to me. Courteous and helpful. Like a fool, I thought it was because I was such a nice girl. Until I thought about it the other night when I couldn't sleep. *Why* had he been so nice? What was he trying to establish? And then I thought of a good reason for the forced charm, and it just . . . seemed to fit."

He shook his head wonderingly. "I give you the John Foley Award for wifemanship. For unlimited incredulity."

"For tiger blood?"

"Of the most savage and stubborn variety."

"It's not much fun being a tiger. It's lonely work." She tried to smile, but it was a small and crooked effort.

He took her hand. "What's wrong?"

"I—I don't know, really. This is supposed to be the happy ending, isn't it? Name cleared, job safe and you'll be home in ten days. Fade-out with violins. But—oh, I don't know what's wrong with me!" Her mouth trembled.

"Maybe the valiant Jane Ann is just fresh out of strength. All used up."

"More than that, Johnny. Something else. A feeling of having lost something along the way and not knowing what it is."

"Do you want me to try to tell you?" he asked.

She nodded, her eyes solemn.

"It's a kind of loss of innocence. For both of us. We had some funny little illusions left—like believing that the world will take you at your own value. But it won't. We know that now."

"Then is it just you and me, Johnny? The way I value you and the way you value me?"

"Is that so bad?"

"No. But things can get cruel and cold out there."

"When you're alone, Jane Ann."

She wiped her eyes. "I am a lonely woman in a lonely house, and you'd better come home, I think."

He reached out and stroked her hair, pulled her close and kissed the salt taste of her lips.

"I shouldn't come here and snivel at you," she said.

He kissed her again.

"When I get rested up, I'll be fine again," she said.

He kissed her the third time, at greater length.

She sighed, stirred, sat up and looked at him owlishly. "What were we talking about?" she asked. THE END

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

by Camilla R. Bittle

Barbara Jean Cotty was born in 1944 in a hospital in Texas. Her father was an aviation cadet at the time and restricted to the field, so that when Melanie Cotty brought her first baby home to the room with kitchen privileges that they had rented, she arrived all alone in a taxi. She put the baby in the middle of the bed and lay down beside her and cried. She cried because she was tired, and because she was alone, and because she was frightened.

In a few minutes she heard a rap at the door. She dried her eyes and called out, "Come in." It would be Mrs. Watkins, who owned the house and had told them when they took the room that she had already rented to seven classes of cadets. They would be the eighth. Her tone of voice suggested that she hoped the war would go on and on.

"Oh, oh, oh," Mrs. Watkins squealed softly, leaning over the bed and peering at the baby. "What a beautiful baby! What are you going to call her?"

"Barbara Jean."

"Isn't that nice," Mrs. Watkins cooed, turning back the blanket for a better look. "There, now, if she isn't the spit and image of my Roy when he was a baby." She touched Barbara Jean's foot with her finger and then covered her carefully. "Now, honey," she said, "I don't want you to worry about a thing. You can do your bottles in the kitchen, and the diapers in the set tub. We'll manage. I'm going to bring you your supper tonight, and Mr. Watkins is going to get a heater put into the bathroom to keep it from being too cold when you give the baby a bath. Now, you just rest, and if you want anything, pound on the wall. I'll hear you."

Melanie didn't want anything except Dave. He hadn't been able to get to the hospital at all. He hadn't even seen the baby. The Red Cross had phoned a message out to the field, and she had had a letter from him. He might as well have been overseas.

That wasn't true, of course. She knew where he was and that he was all right. Sometimes the trainers crashed and cadets were killed, but it wasn't likely and she tried not to think about it. She leaned over the baby and brushed the hair away from her forehead. It wasn't really hair at all; it was spun silk. Barbara Jean's lashes were a soft fringe and her skin was pink petals; everything about her was perfect—just like the life she and Dave were going to have when all this was over.

Everything would be wonderful then. They would be able to go home and have a place of their own. It wouldn't have to be anything grand, just a stove and refrigerator and bath of their own with no Mrs. Watkins popping in and out to ask if they needed anything. They would live in Cedar City in a nice little house, and if they were lucky, they'd have a car. Dave would go to work at eight thirty and come home at five thirty, and there wouldn't be any nebulous dark monster called "overseas" waiting to gobble him up.

When she woke up in the morning he would be there beside her, and the baby would be in her crib, kicking and babbling. Melanie would slip into a flowered wrapper and brush her hair and her teeth and put on some lipstick and go to the kitchen, where she would start the coffee and maybe, unless it was rationed and they still couldn't buy it, some bacon. The milk and the paper would be at the back door and she would fix the table with the blue-and-white china she'd had to pack away. After a little while Dave would come in smelling of toothpaste and shaving lotion, and he would take her in his arms and hold her and they would stand in the sunshine of their own kitchen and not have to be afraid any more.

She would be able to wave when he went down the walk to the bus stop, or down the driveway in the car if they had one, and she wouldn't have to wonder if she'd ever see him again. Then she would start the dishes and make their bed and tend to the baby—only by then it might be two babies. She would put the diapers in to soak and sweep the kitchen and go out into the yard to see if the bulbs were coming up.

Oh, it would be wonderful. They would live happily ever after. This is what she wanted, and when she had first fallen in love with Dave it was what she had expected. She would graduate from high school, and take a course in something, and he would finish college. No one thought the war would go on and on. Then they would be married and live happily ever after.

This is what happened to people. At least, it happened to the people she knew and read about, and her mother had made it very clear to her that there was nothing in the world as important as being a good girl and marrying the man you loved, and that for the two of them everything fine and wonderful would come true. It didn't occur to Melanie that the silences in her own home, the muffled talking behind closed doors, the long, dark looks her mother gave her father—it didn't occur to her that any of this signified anything important.

There was only one course of action to take if you were a girl, and Melanie had known this since she was in pigtails. A girl grew up and did what she was supposed to do. She did her homework and practiced the piano and helped her mother in the house. She learned to roll up her own hair, and when she was old enough she worked at baby sitting or a summer job to help pay for her clothes and to buy things like lipstick and powder base. She went to college or to business school, she dated as many boys as possible and eventually she fell in love.

So Melanie let boys hold her hand and kiss her, but she was afraid to let things go any further—afraid that her reputation would suffer and spoil her chances with her future husband. Sooner or later, she knew, the right boy would ask her to go steady or wear his pin, which would lead to a diamond and marriage.

All this produced a kind of exhaustion in her. She had been good, and done her homework, and tried to keep a kiss from becoming something more. She had copied her mother, and earned some money, and finally the greatest moment of her life arrived and she became a wife. That was all. After that came the happily ever after—and that, of course, took care of itself. Love took care of it. If it weren't for the war, she and Dave would be having the happily ever after right now. She began to cry softly, and drew her baby close to her young, anguished body and thought, *This is not going to happen to her.*

Three weeks later Dave got his wings and was shipped to Lincoln, Nebraska, and Melanie took the baby home to Cedar City. Her mother had put a crib in Melanie's old room and bought a bathinette for the baby. The curtains were fresh, and heat came out of radiators instead of gas heaters. The stove and refrigerator and bathroom seemed like her own, and the sun coming in the windows was a golden, promising sun, not the burning, consuming sun of Texas.

Melanie left Barbara Jean with her mother and father and took a train to Lincoln. Before she left, her mother warned her to be careful. Her mother didn't actually put it into words, but she managed to make it clear that one baby was enough. Things were uncertain; nobody knew when the war would end. They could fit one crib into the room, but not two. She didn't really say anything, but Melanie knew; and she didn't want to do anything to spoil the happily ever after, so she was careful and it was all right. Nothing could spoil things for them when they were together.

"Why didn't you bring the baby?" Dave asked.

"For a week?" she said. "And get her all off schedule? Besides," she said, snuggling up to him, "I wanted to be alone with you. I wanted to have all the time we could have together. I'll bring her when your next assignment comes in."

"We may get our orders any time," he said. "There's a rumor they'll be shipping us right out."

"Shipping you out?" she said, fear clutching her. "But you said you had another three months' training."

"Things change out there every time they call roll."

"They can't do that," she cried. "That's not what they said. The class ahead of you came out here for classification and then they went on to Florida, and the class ahead of that went to Fresno. They can't ship you out."

Dave shrugged. "They can do anything they please."

They gave him his orders the next day, and he had one twelve-hour pass before they sent him East to Mitchel Field. By the time Melanie was back in Cedar City he was on his way to Gander Field in Newfoundland, and there was nothing at all she could do about it but close her door and cry and wonder if there would ever be an afterward for them, or anything at all.

Their first home wasn't in Cedar City after all. It was in Astrid, Ohio, which was fifty miles from Cedar City and five times bigger. When Dave was discharged in 1945 there were two things he could have done—gone back to college, or taken a job with the Wrightway Container Corporation as a salesman. He didn't want to go to college, not even with the GI Bill paving the way. He was twenty-four years old, husband, father and, more than that, human being. He had seen his friends go down in spirals of smoke, and he had picked through the debris of wrecked planes to try to identify a buddy who no longer existed. He was both an old man and a child, and the long-range benefits of college failed to impress him. He was schooled to the short-range, and Wrightway offered something good—a bird in hand, so to speak.

He and Melanie lived with her parents while they hunted for an apartment. In 1945 and 1946 there weren't any housing developments or new buildings—there was only the chance that you might happen onto something when somebody else was moving out. By then they were desperate to be alone. Melanie had lived with her parents all during the time Dave was overseas, and although it had been a happy arrangement, it had only been so while she was content to be one of two children. She was still her mother's child, and Barbara Jean was the other, and when Dave came home he was treated like a guest for a while, then like an extra.

The situation was growing intolerable when Wrightway transferred Dave to Ohio. His performance had been so remarkable, even in only a few months, that they made him a district manager with headquarters in Astrid, and he moved into a furnished room and worked all day and followed up leads on housing all evening.

It was another two months before he found anything, and what he found wasn't very good. But they were so eager to be alone that it looked like heaven to them, and two weeks later, when he had spent all his free time painting the three rooms, they moved in.

What they had was one side of a duplex. It was old but it had been well built; by the time they moved Dave had it clean, the paint was fresh and everything worked. They didn't stand it up against Melanie's home; they compared it to the room they had had in Texas, and she went through the rooms exclaiming joyfully. The bathroom didn't have a shower—just a tub that stood on claw feet—and the water heater was housed in the corner. Melanie patted it lovingly. "Hot water," she said.

"It may not be too warm in here," Dave said.

"We'll get an electric heater."

She went into the kitchen. "Look," she cried, "our own stove and refrigerator!"

"I hope the damn thing doesn't break down," Dave said, regarding the refrigerator, which was an old model with the motor encased in a circular tub on top of the machine.

"Aunt Edith had one like that for years," Melanie said. "It worked perfectly."

She spun around the rooms, dancing around the oil heater that sat in the middle of the living room like a great lump of a visitor demanding their attention.

"It's not exactly a radiator," Dave said grimly.

"I can see it's not a radiator, silly," she said, "but it's a lot better than those open-flame gas things we had in Texas. Wouldn't it have been horrible with a baby?"

"It won't be even heat," he said.

"Who cares?" she cried. "It's ours! And, oh, Dave, we won't always live here. Someday we'll have our own house. But this is all we need for now, so who cares if it's not perfect?"

"I care," he said, pulling her into his arms.

"All I want," she said slowly, "all I ever wanted, is just to be with you. I didn't care where, or what we had to live in, or whether we had any money—I just wanted to be with you. When you were gone I thought I would die. If it hadn't been for the baby, I would have cried myself to death. What good was it being in a big house with radiators and all the rest when I didn't know if you were alive or dead? All I wanted was to have you home. That's all I'll ever want, just to have you and the baby and all of us together."

It really was all she did want, and she was happy. She made curtains for the living room, full of excitement because she had found some material she especially liked.

She began to learn to cook, discovering all the wonderful things you can do with eggs, which were always available. She was happy, even in a bathroom that was shivery cold and a living room that was swollen with heat. She loved Dave and she began to enjoy her baby.

By then Barbara Jean was toddling and pulling things off tabletops, and she had to be watched because the oil heater was dirty and got very hot. She climbed up on the arms of chairs and put everything in her mouth. Melanie spent most of her time saying, "No, no, no. Don't touch. Spit it out." Either that or sprinting across a room to catch her as she fell, or to snatch a vase in mid-air. She was beginning to hope she wouldn't get pregnant again very soon. At first she had hoped they would have another baby right away, even though her mother said over and over again that too many babies put a burden on people. Of course they put a burden on people, Melanie thought—a wonderful burden of love and responsibility—and she wished her mother wouldn't keep talking about it. Just because *she* had had only one child, it didn't follow that this was right for everybody.

But lately, after the wonderful newness of having Dave home, she had begun to think it might be best to wait a bit before having another baby. It would be easier. She was tired so much of the time, and besides babies cost money. Not just getting them born, but all the things that came afterward—the vitamins, the checkups, the shots.

When her mother came to visit for the day they usually took Barbara Jean in for her checkup. Her mother drove the fifty miles from Cedar City, and it was a help to be able to go to the doctor's in her car. Dave had a

company car, of course, but that was not available to her, and Melanie didn't like to spend money on taxis unless she had to.

"Why is she getting all these shots?" Melanie's mother asked. "We never had to do all this. The only times you saw a doctor were when you were sick. I don't think it's a good thing to bring Barbara Jean down here when she's perfectly well and expose her to all these sick children. and I don't like the idea of filling her veins with all these serums or whatever they are."

"They keep the sick ones separated," Melanie said, "and the shots are just to protect her."

"I think it's foolishness," her mother said. "You had them for smallpox and diphtheria, and that was all. I can't believe it's good to put all this into their little systems—whooping cough, tetanus, typhoid and what else."

"That's all, Mother."

"Well, I don't like it," her mother said.

She took Barbara Jean onto her lap and rocked her. "There, there, baby," she crooned. "Nannie knows what's best for her little darling. I wouldn't let them stick any needles in you if you were my baby. Nannie loves you."

Melanie told Dave about it afterward. She couldn't wait to tell him, because she was seething.

"I wish you could have heard Mother," she spluttered. "You'd think we were trying to hurt Barbie instead of protect her. Just because it's different. Good grief, it doesn't seem to occur to her that things might have improved!"

"Don't take her with you next time."

"I won't," Melanie said. "I just thought it was a good idea to go when the car was here."

"Take a taxi."

"I hate to spend the money."

"We aren't that poor," Dave said.

Something in his voice, something undefinable that might have been bitterness or sarcasm or simple fatigue caught her attention, and she said, "You don't have to snap at me. I was only trying to save money. I thought we both wanted to save so that we can buy a house."

"I simply said that taxis don't cost that much."

"Well, we do want to save for a house, don't we?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then don't snap at me."

"I'm sorry, honey, I didn't mean to snap. I've had a hard day." He turned to leave the kitchen.

"Oh, darling, I'm sorry," Melanie said remorsefully. "Why didn't you say so? What went wrong?"

"Nothing went wrong. It's just that things have piled up. A big account over in Whitley didn't get a shipment and there was all hell to pay."

"I'm so sorry," she said, putting her arms around him and snuggling up to him. "We're having a good supper and the baby's already in bed. I think she's going to have a little reaction from that shot, but maybe if she's feverish. she'll sleep better."

Of course, this wasn't true. If she was feverish, she would thrash around in the crib, and Melanie would be up half the night checking the time to see if she could give her another quarter of an aspirin mashed up in applesauce. But usually the baby chose the lonely, middle-of-the-night hours to fuss, and so they could probably at least have a quiet dinner. She put candles on the table, thinking how nice it would be to sit in the soft light that would just illuminate the table and their faces and plunge the rest of the room into shadow. Not that she minded eating in the kitchen, and someday they would have a dining room. . . .

Just that noon she had said to her mother, "One of these days we'll have a dining room." She was fixing sandwiches on a tray to take into the living room.

"You've made this apartment very sweet," her mother said. "Considering how little you had to work with, I think you've done very well."

"Dave was lucky to find this."

"I'm sure he was, but things are opening up a little. You ought to be able to find something better. You don't want Barbara Jean to play in a neighborhood like this."

Melanie hadn't thought it was such a bad neighborhood, but she said, "No, I suppose not."

"Young people usually have to start off modestly," her mother said, "unless, of course, the man is established before he marries. It might have been better if you'd waited, if Dave could have finished college."

"I suppose you're right," Melanie said. Please. Hitler, just hold off for two more years so Dave can finish college. she thought bitterly.

"Young people are so impulsive," her mother said. "No patience at all."

That afternoon they had taken the baby downtown and gone shopping. Her mother bought Barbara Jean a musical teddy bear. It was the first thing Barbara Jean saw. and she stretched out her hands and said. "Teddy, teddy."

"Isn't she sweet?" Melanie's mother said. "I'll buy it for her."

"It's five ninety-eight, Mother," Melanie said. thinking of the groceries six dollars would buy.

"That's all right. She's the only granddaughter I have, and she wants it."

"She'd love anything," Melanie murmured. "There's a stuffed kitten for a dollar ninety-eight."

"No, she wants the bear," Melanie's mother said.

She gave Barbara Jean the bear. and when Melanie protested as the baby wound the key backward. she only said, "No, it's hers. Let her break it if she wants to."

"But, Mother," Melanie said, "how are we going to teach her the value of anything if we let her destroy things?"

"Oh, what's a toy!" her mother said. winding it up correctly and laughing when Barbara Jean thumped it up and down against the tray of her stroller.

There was no use going over and over it. Melanie thought later as she got supper ready. Generations were different, that was all. It was a good thing they lived fifty miles from her parents. It was hard enough being a mother and deciding what was best for your child without having someone come along and do all the things you knew were wrong. Maybe pretty soon, she thought. we will be able to get a house with a dining room. and heat piped to each room and a bathroom where we don't freeze to death in the winter. Maybe then Mother won't go on talking about how we should have waited. Maybe by then we'll have another baby and Barbara Jean will begin to learn that you have to share, and Dave will be making more money and everything will be all right again.

When Barbara Jean was three and a half they moved into their first house. It was a square white house with five rooms and a disappearing stairway to the attic. There was a furnace with ducts that piped hot air to each room, a bath with a shower head over the tub, and a kitchen with wall cabinets and a square water heater that made an extra countertop. There were five closets—one in each bedroom, a linen closet, a coat closet, a broom closet. Five closets! And no one living on the other side of them to make noise or leave the lids off the garbage cans! No one but themselves in their own home. with their own fifty feet of front lawn and back yard.

"Oh, darling," she cried. "Isn't it wonderful—and it's all ours!"

"Along with a nice little twenty-year mortgage." Dave said.

"It's the same thing as rent," she said, "only after twenty years it will be ours instead of somebody else's."

"It's not bad, is it?" he said. "I'd sort of like to get a dog. How about that?"

"I'd love a dog—and a cat and a flower garden and an apple tree and a fenced-in yard. This is what we've always wanted."

"Five years late," he said, "but behold, our honeymoon cottage."

"Silly darling," she said, putting up her arms. "Carry me over the threshold. This is the real beginning."

He lifted her up and carried her into their first real home; and he held her on his lap and kissed her, and their baby toddled around pulling at the cords of the Venetian blinds and babbling happily about nothing. At that moment they began to live the happily ever after that Melanie had always dreamed about.

They went to church, taking Barbara Jean to the nursery, where they met other young people with babies. They made friends with their neighbors, and Melanie asked the wives in for coffee. All the long year and a half they had spent getting settled—taking Barbie in for her shots, going to the movies when they could afford to, wondering when they would make new friends, enduring the horrors of the duplex—seemed like a dream.

Now, at last, a house with a neighborhood and a church and a job that was growing—all this combined to put them in focus with a social life they could enjoy and afford. It was exciting, and it was sustaining. It helped to talk about how much things cost and how poor everybody was. Other people took their babies in for shots and no one thought it was a silly idea. The men talked about the war, laughing about the things they could remember, putting the grim, sad things back out of sight. That was all over and there were so many other things to talk about—new cars, and the amazing career of Mr. Truman, and a thing called television, and baby sitters....

Melanie asked her best friend to recommend a sitter, and then because that sitter was busy she engaged a friend of her friend's sitter. When she told Dave he looked doubtful, but Melanie said, "What else can I do?"

"Isn't there anybody else you know who has a sitter they've used, who would come?"

"I've tried everybody we know, and I can't find a soul. I don't care if we go or not after all this fuss."

"We'll go, we'll go," he said. "Where did you say she lives?"

"On Halsey Street. She said it was in the third block and she'd have the light on. Her name is Mrs. Pyne."

When Mrs. Pyne came through the doorway Barbara Jean began to scream. She had never been left with a sitter before. Sometimes Melanie's mother had stayed while Melanie and Dave went to a movie. Other times Melanie and a neighbor doubled up and kept each other's children. Barbara Jean had stayed in the nursery at church and been put to bed in the bedrooms of friends' houses when Melanie and Dave went out for bridge, but Mrs. Pyne was a stranger.

"There, now," Mrs. Pyne said firmly, "she'll be all right soon as she gets used to me. Just show me where her things are. We'll make out just fine."

Barbara Jean stopped screaming when they were halfway down the walk, and Mrs. Pyne said she never let out a peep once her folks were out of sight. She said she thought Barbara Jean was bright as a button. She hoped they'd ask her to come again, and that she'd just straightened up the kitchen because there wasn't anything much else to do and she'd left her crocheting at home. She smiled and thanked them when they paid her, and when Dave got home they both agreed that Mrs. Pyne was clean and dependable and nice, and that they would have her again.

Barbara Jean never cried again when they left her with Mrs. Pyne, except on the night when Melanie's mother and father came over from Cedar City to take them out for an anniversary dinner. It was their seventh anniversary, over halfway to ten. It stunned them to realize how long they'd been married. There was something frightening about it, as if time were melting away, but when Melanie's parents came into the house time turned about-face and made them children again.

"Well, well, well," Melanie's father said, expanding as he bestowed kisses, tossed Barbara Jean in the air and congratulated Dave. "This is an occasion. Haven't we got a little something for the bridal pair, Mother?"

Melanie's mother held out a box that was wrapped in silver paper. "Be careful," she said. "It's valuable."

It was a silver coffeepot, a beautiful sterling silver pot that looked too elegant for their small dining room.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" Melanie exclaimed. "It's an heirloom. It makes me feel so permanent."

"Well, I'm glad, dear," her mother said. "I hope you'll take care of it. You really ought to have a china cabinet with glass doors, but I suppose this room is too small."

Melanie's father coughed and said, "Haven't we got something for our baby?"

"It's on the table. Here you are, precious."

Barbara Jean, who was almost five, tore open the box and took out a dress that was a confection of eyelet and organdy. She held it up and danced around the room. "I want to wear it now," she said.

"Not now, darling," Melanie said. "It's a party dress. See how beautiful it is!" Her glance happened to fall on the price tag, which was still strung to the sleeve, and she gasped. It had cost $14.98. "Oh, Mother," she cried. "this is much too nice for her!"

"Don't be silly. She loves pretty clothes. Go ahead and put it on, dear."

"I think she ought to save it," Melanie said.

"Let her wear it if she wants to. There, now, dear, put it on and show Nannie how nice you look."

Barbara Jean emerged just as Dave came in with Mrs. Pyne. Barbara Jean looked like Shirley Temple, all ruffles and dimples, and her audience was overcome. Even Mrs. Pyne put up her hands in pleasure when she saw her, but Barbara Jean, catching sight of Mrs. Pyne, began to shriek. This meant that she was going to be left at home. She wanted to go out too.

After a moment, when they all understood that Barbara Jean didn't want to be left at home, Melanie's mother said, "Well, let's take her."

"I don't think we should," Melanie said. "It's getting late."

"Oh, nonsense. She can sleep all morning. She looks so adorable, let's just take her."

"No," Dave said.

He said it loudly and with such finality that even Barbara Jean understood and began to whimper. "That's enough out of you," he said, and he opened the door and ushered the adults down the walk to the car.

As they went, Melanie's mother fretted. "I think it's terrible to leave her with a sitter. We never left you, Melanie."

"You never had to leave me with a sitter," Melanie said. "You always had Aunt Ida, and Gran lived just down the street. It's different now. We don't have a soul we can call on except a sitter."

"Young people go out too much," her mother said.

They got into the car and went along in silence to the Hartley Tavern, where steaks were three inches thick with price tags to match. This was a celebration with silver coffeepots and new dresses and a gloomy silence, which Melanie's father tried to dispel by ordering a bottle of wine and saying in a loud, hearty voice, "Well, Son, I've got a proposition for you."

The proposition turned out to be the offer of a job with his company. Melanie's father was one of the organizers of an insurance company that had branched out in related fields since the war. Health and hospital insurance was mushrooming into big business, and he wanted Dave to come into the office with him.

"Oh, Dave," Melanie said, "it sounds wonderful. Just think, you'd be starting at a salary that's already more than you make now, and you've been with Wrightway for over four years."

"I appreciate it," Dave said.

"I don't want to put any pressure on you, Dave," her father said, "but it's becoming increasingly difficult for men without a college background to get ahead, and in our organization, getting in now, I think you could anticipate a much broader future than you can with Wrightway."

"You have Melanie and Barbara Jean to think about," Melanie's mother said. "Your house is very sweet and you've done a great deal to make it attractive, but you will want to look ahead to a time when you'll need more room."

"Yes," Dave said. He began to play with his fork, pressing tine tracks into the white tablecloth. The wine came; Melanie's father made a great ceremony of pouring and offering it around. "This is an occasion," he said. "Seven years of marriage with a lot to show for it and a rosy future opening. How about a toast to the next seven?"

They all drank to the last seven and the next seven, and Melanie tried to be very gay and tried to make Dave look at her, not past her. She reached under the table and found his knee and pressed it, and he smiled at her, but it wasn't the celebration she wanted it to be. It would have been much better if they'd been alone.

When they finally were alone and her parents had started back to Cedar City and Dave had returned from taking Mrs. Pyne home, they began to talk about it. At first they didn't talk about the job. Melanie held up Barbara Jean's new dress. There was a big circle where she had spilled chocolate ice cream on the skirt. "I don't understand it," she said. "Mother never let me wear my best clothes unless it was Sunday or a party. I don't see why she insists on letting Barbara Jean do as she pleases."

"She's spoiling her."

"She's very generous," Melanie said.

Dave scowled. "She'll choke her on generosity."

"That's not very nice."

"It's true," he said. "Your mother gives her anything she wants, anytime she wants it. Just scream for something and Nannie produces it. What kind of person is she going to grow into? She'll expect to have anything she wants, without thinking about the cost or whether or not it's suitable. I don't like it."

"I don't like it either," Melanie said, "but you know how Mother is. She says she's raised hers, and now she's a grandmother and it's different. I suppose it's a good thing we aren't together too often."

"Which brings up another little matter," Dave said. "The job." He picked up the silver pot and examined it. "Have we got any coffee?" he said.

"I'll make some."

They went into the kitchen, and after a while they sat down at the table and poured two cups of coffee and Dave finally said, "I don't want it."

"Oh," she said.

"I know it's an opportunity, and I know men without degrees don't get very far and I think your father meant it all very sincerely when he said he wanted what was best for us; but I don't want it."

"I was afraid you wouldn't," she said.

"Don't tell me you do?" he said, looking up at her as though she had betrayed him. "Do you mean to say you can go through all this business about a china cabinet and that dress and how they never left you with a sitter, and still say you want me to take the job?"

"Oh, darling, I know," she said. "But Daddy did say you might not always be there in the home office. They have a branch in Waynesville and a couple of other places —even one in Cleveland, I think. After a while he would send you out, and we'd be on our own just as much as we are now, only it would be better."

"You don't really think your mother would let him send me out, do you?"

"She wouldn't have a thing to do with it. Daddy is strictly business. You know he is."

"Things have a funny way of always working around to your mother's side," he said.

"I thought you liked my mother."

"I just want to be left alone."

Melanie left him alone for almost a week. She didn't do it to punish him, because she could understand how he felt. She couldn't defend her mother, but she felt she could understand why her mother behaved as she did. Melanie sometimes thought that when she had a grandchild—and didn't have to sleep with one eye open and do the chasing and the scolding and the picking up—she would like to spoil him a little too. After all, Melanie thought, it's what Dave and I do that really counts. Barbara Jean knows we're in control. As long as Dave and I are together on things, it will be all right.

Of course, at the moment they weren't together at all. Dave would come in at night and brush her cheek with his lips, and as they sat down to dinner she would say, "How was your day?"

"So-so," he would reply.

Then she might say that the Brownes had asked them over for bridge on Saturday and he would remark that that sounded fine; and then, unless Barbara Jean spilled her milk or refused to eat something, they would just eat silently. The meal would seem to last forever, but it would in reality only take them about eleven minutes to get to the coffee.

They hadn't used the new coffeepot. Melanie wrapped it in two old flannel receiving blankets and put it way up on a shelf in the linen closet. She intended having some of her friends in for coffee soon and she would use it then, but at the moment all she could think about was the job and the way Dave felt about it.

When she brought the percolator in from the kitchen and poured their coffee, Dave looked up at her and said, "What are you thinking?"

"Nothing much," she replied, avoiding his glance.

"Don't be silly. I know you're thinking something. What is it?"

How could she tell him what she was thinking? How could she say, I think you ought to take what Daddy's offering you. We've been married seven years. It's 1950. Things are changing. You ought to think about Barbara Jean. What Daddy said is true—without a degree you can't hope to go much further than district manager in a larger district, and how can we send her to college or have a better house or do any of the things we want to do?

Melanie looked up. "Why should *I* be thinking something? How about you? What are *you* thinking?"

"You know damn well you're thinking about that job."

"Don't swear. Barbara Jean is listening."

Barbara Jean was still at the table but quite unaware of their conversation, and after glancing at her Dave said, "Well, aren't you?"

"Maybe I am," Melanie said. "I just can't understand why you won't even consider it."

"I want to do what I do on my own."

"You have," she said. "Good heavens, you have! And Daddy's never interfered or acted as though he thought what you did wasn't right. It's just that this is something that's opened up, and it's an opportunity and he wants to give you a chance at it. Can't you see that?"

"I said I thought your dad was sincere," Dave said, and he paused to light a cigarette.

"I just don't want to feel owned," he went on. "I've done a good job here and I should be in line for some sort of step up one of these days. I don't want to feel obligated to your father. It's bad enough knowing that half the things we have came from them."

"What's wrong with parents' giving their children things?" she said, her voice rising. "If it weren't for

Mother, I wouldn't have the mixer or the steam iron, and Barbara Jean wouldn't have had a stroller or half the clothes she does have. Most of what's nice in this house my mother and father gave us, and I don't see what's wrong with that."

"It's not what they give us; it's the way they've done it. They make you feel you're underprivileged if you don't have things, and everything's got a little string on it. It's all right for the baby to tear it up because Nannie gave it to her. It's all right to tell you your sofa looks shabby—she paid for it."

"The spirit of the receiver makes a difference, you know," Melanie said. She stood up and snatched the coffeepot off the table.

"That's right," Dave said, "do the dishes. Turn your back. You don't have any faith that I can do as well for you and Barbie on my own as with your father, do you?"

"No," she said, whirling around, "I don't. I think you're childish and selfish and——"

Just then Barbara Jean began to cry. For the past ten minutes while their voices rose, the words growing bitter, their faces revealing their anger, neither of them had looked at their child. She had watched them, her eyes moving from one to the other, her ears comprehending more from the tone of their voices than from their words; and suddenly she began to cry.

Melanie put down the coffeepot and started to unsnap the tray to the high chair. Dave came around the table and put his arms out to his child.

"I'll take her," Melanie said coldly.

"That's all right," Dave said, "go ahead with the dishes. I can take care of her."

"It's a pity you're never available in the middle of the night," Melanie said.

"I'm available now."

"Never mind," she said, snatching Barbara Jean away from him. "I can take care of her."

Barbara Jean was sobbing. She buried her face in her mother's neck and Melanie carried her into the bedroom, rocking her, crooning to her. She sat in the dark on the edge of the bed and held Barbara Jean in her arms, and after a while, when the sobbing stopped, she undressed her and put her in the tub, then sat by her bed until she fell asleep.

By then Melanie was sorry. She couldn't understand how she and Dave had managed to say such bitter things to each other. A man ought to do what he wants to do, and he had certainly taken care of them to date. If he couldn't accept her parents, she supposed it was up to her to understand and put him first, and she went back into the living room feeling contrite and expecting to have to pry him out of a book to tell him so.

He was at the kitchen sink, scrubbing the frying pan. He had tied a towel around his waist and rolled up his sleeves, and he looked tired and dejected.

"Oh, Dave," she said, "you shouldn't have. That's my job."

"Might as well," he said.

She looked around. "You've done them all."

"Right," he said.

"Oh, darling," she said, putting her arms around him.

He didn't respond. "My hands are wet," he said.

"Here—" she pulled the towel free—"dry them and quit. I'm sorry. I didn't mean all those things. I want what you want. If you feel the way you do, then we shouldn't *consider* taking that job. You've done wonderfully well, and I do have faith in you. I'm sorry, and I'm so ashamed. Poor little baby, I thought she'd never stop crying. She was red all over, all splotchy from crying. You know," Melanie said, "I don't think I ever heard my mother and father fight. Do you suppose they ever did?"

"You know they did. You just happened to live in a big house with thick walls and you never heard it. That's all. It's this damn small house."

"I wish you wouldn't swear so much."

"I'm sorry, honey," he said. "I've got a lot of things on my mind."

"Well, take them off," she said. "Just forget Daddy ever said anything. It's not worth all this."

"It's not only that," he said. "There are rumors they may be calling me back. A couple of men from my outfit have already been called up."

"What for?" She regarded him in horror.

"The war," he said, looking at her as though she were a child who had not had the wits to realize that the word "Korea" was the same as the word "war." "It just depends on what they need, and if they're short of pilots, it won't take them long to get around to me."

"They can't," she said.

The house had grown very still, and quite suddenly it became again the palace it had seemed when they first moved in. It was theirs, it was safe, it had their things in it, but most of all it held them and their child and their need for each other. "They can't!" she cried.

"They can do anything they damn please," he said.

They didn't, but it was almost two years before he began to feel secure that they wouldn't; in the meantime Melanie had gone through the bitter disappointment of a miscarriage and Wrightway had recognized the kind of man they had in Dave and sent him up a notch.

All these things took time, but when it was over and they were settled in a nice seven-room ranch house in in a subdivision called Greenfields in a city that was twice the size of the one they'd left, it seemed as if the anguish produced by Melanie's father's proposal and the possibility of being called back into the service and the disappointment of losing a baby all had melted away and a new, more mature family had emerged.

The new house made the old one seem like a cracker box. They thought of it fondly but never longingly. "How did we ever get along with only five closets?" Melanie would say. And Dave, coming in on rainy evenings, would remark, "Thank God for that carport! And tell Barbara Jean if she doesn't keep her bicycle put up, I'm going to run over it."

"She doesn't pick up anything," Melanie said. "Her room is a sight."

"You ought to make her."

"Just try," Melanie said.

"Well, dock her privileges."

"What privileges does a seven-year-old have?"

"Make her stay indoors after school."

"All right," Melanie said. She wasn't particularly enthusiastic about this. When Barbara Jean stayed in, things didn't get less messy, they got more so. Barbara Jean was never still, never content; she always wanted to do something. She wanted to cut out pictures or make cookies or use the sewing machine. It was easier to pick up her room and step outside to check on her bicycle than to stand over her while she did it. Nevertheless, it wasn't right, and Melanie said, "I'll keep her in tomorrow afternoon until she really puts her things in order."

"She has too much," Dave said.

"I suppose so, but there's not much I can do about that."

The next afternoon she met Barbara Jean at the door. Barbara Jean looked pale, and she didn't drop her book sack on the floor and head for the kitchen as she usually did. She closed the door carefully behind her, and when Melanie said, "I want you to go into your room and sort through all those toys and get things straight before you go outside," Barbara Jean only nodded and went through the hall to her room.

Melanie went into the kitchen to check on the roast. She peeled potatoes, and in ten minutes she went down the hall to Barbara Jean's room to see what kind of job she was doing. Barbara Jean was sitting on the edge of the bed, her face pale and her eyes enormous.

"What's the matter?" Melanie asked.

"Mother," Barbara Jean said, "is there going to be an atomic bomb?"

Barbara Jean's face, stark with tragedy, was lifted to her mother, and Melanie felt a great, stabbing anguish for her child. Was there going to be an atomic bomb? Suppose, she had often asked herself in the dark hours of the night when she couldn't sleep, suppose she were living in a log cabin and every night when she put her child in her cradle she knew there was nothing but black forest around them, and in the forest there were Indians and any night her child might be snatched from the cradle and dashed against the doorstep or her hair ripped from her scalp? If she had lived with that horror, would this one be any worse? How could she answer such a question? Who knew if there would be an atomic bomb? There *was* an atomic bomb. For Hiroshima and Nagasaki there had been an atomic bomb. Was there going to be one addressed to their city? That was what Barbara Jean wanted to know.

Melanie said, "What makes you ask about atomic bombs, darling?"

"We had drill in school today," Barbara Jean said, "and we all had to get on the floor under our desks and put our arms up over our heads, and the girls had to pull their dresses up to cover their heads because if you see the light, your eyes are burned out, and if you don't get under something, you can be hit and then you get sores that make you look horrible and never get healed."

Melanie sat down on the edge of the bed and put her arm around her child.

"Is there going to be a bomb?" Barbara Jean said, and Melanie could feel the tension in her small body.

"I don't think so."

"Then why did they say what they did at school, and why did they make us get down on the floor?"

They shouldn't have, Melanie thought in outrage. They shouldn't have terrified a whole schoolful of children. But she said, "They only want you to know how to take care of yourself in case something ever happens. They just want you to know that if anything *should* go wrong, you would know how to protect yourself. That's all."

"Then there's *not* going to be a bomb?"

"I don't know," Melanie said, "but I *hope* not, and there's no use thinking about it."

She told Dave about it that night after Barbara Jean was asleep. "I think it's terrible," she said, "scaring all those children. I don't see what earthly good it could do."

"Well," Dave said, "they might as well learn the kind of world they live in."

"They'll find out soon enough."

"I suppose," he said. "But sometimes if they learn early, they aren't as disillusioned when they find out it's not all just a bowl of cherries. She'll take it in her stride. It's a big, hard, cruel world, and the sooner she knows it the better off she'll be."

"I just wish there were some way to protect her."

"Knowledge is the best protection."

"I don't know," Melanie said. "Do you know what she said to me the other day? She saw Margaret Meekins at the store and she said, 'Is Mrs. Meekins pregnant?' "

"What's wrong with that? She is, isn't she?"

"Well, yes," Melanie said, "but Barbara Jean is only seven, and she said '*preĝnant*.' I never heard that word until I was almost sixteen."

"Look," Dave said, "for us and our children it's a very real world, with real names for real things, and not a lot of foolish niceness covering things up."

"I suppose you're right," Melanie said. "She'll be better off if she knows what life is all about, and if she gets hardened to the fact that there are atomic bombs and all the rest. I suppose it's the same as believing in Santa Claus—it has to come to an end. I just wish there were some other way." . . .

But if Barbara Jean suffered pangs of sorrow as she departed the world of make-believe, it wasn't apparent. The year she was almost eight she ceased to believe in Santa Claus. She knew that fairies didn't really take her tooth and leave a dime. And nobody really believed in ghosts at Halloween. There was no mystery about where babies came from—she had asked and been told—and she had even seen the miracle of birth on television.

In the years that followed she did have heroes to replace the storybook make-believe that her mother had been nurtured on. Her mother had yearned over Black Beauty and half believed in the White Rabbit and had wanted to be like Jo March. Melanie had emerged from the cocoon of adolescence wearing lovely, shimmering garments spun of faith and hope and vague feelings for the basic goodness of all mankind. Strangely, these feelings had been a steely protection in the brutal war years that followed, and they had only begun to fray and ravel away in the drab, hard, everyday years that followed.

With Barbara Jean it was different. Her heroes galloped across the seventeen-inch television screen every day at five o'clock. At first they rode white horses and wore white hats. Black horses and black hats meant that they were villains, and villains disappeared in the dust, holding their hands up and looking chagrined.

By the time Barbara Jean was thirteen her heroes had changed, and she had learned that you can't always trust a white hat. Sometimes now her heroes rode gray horses, even black horses, and their hats were so dusty you couldn't tell what color they were.

Sometimes Melanie worried about it, and she would say to Dave, "I think she watches too much television."

"Limit it."

"I've tried that, but we have such a row it doesn't seem worth it."

"I wouldn't worry about it," Dave said, "unless she begins to fall down on her schoolwork. She plays a pretty fair game of tennis, and she's out a lot."

"I know it. She's busy all the time. I don't know—it's just the brutality. She sees so much of it."

"Does it disturb her?"

"I don't really know. Sometimes I think she's so used to it she doesn't see it at all."

"Well, then, why worry? It's a hard world. She might as well get used to it."

"You always say that," Melanie said. "'It's a hard world.' I want her to be realistic, but good heavens, Dave, she's so callous and cynical. She isn't feminine."

"She looks feminine," Dave said. "As a matter of fact, that's one thing that's been bothering me. Does she have to wear those straight skirts?"

"They all do. There's not a thing I can do about it. I've tried. We ought to do more things together. We don't do enough with her," Melanie said.

"Fine," Dave said. "I'm all for it."

As it turned out, they began to do fewer, not more, things together. Wrightway had been growing for ten years and expanding production forced an expanding outlet. They called Dave in and they gave him his choice—another district or the whole northeast territory, meaning that he had to choose between a sit-down static situation and a traveling arrangement that indicated ever-rising possibilities. He didn't hesitate. He took the whole territory, and then he bought a dozen roses and a bottle of champagne and went home.

Melanie met him at the door. She didn't usually meet him at the door, but on that day she was worried about Barbara Jean and she wanted to tell him right away that Barbara Jean was planning to go to a cabaret party, and from there to somebody's cabin for a late date. Barbara Jean was fifteen and the boy involved was a senior in high school. She had been dating for almost a year, but never for anything more than a movie or a school dance, and always with a crowd. This meant that she would be alone in a car with an eighteen-year-old boy, out for a party that

lasted until twelve, and then on to another party at somebody's cabin. Melanie didn't like it and couldn't wait to talk it over with Dave, but when she saw the roses and champagne she waited, opened the door and lifted her face.

"You got a raise," she said, hugging him. "What wonderful flowers! You did get a raise, didn't you?"

"That I did," he said, kissing her, transferring the flowers and the bottle to her arms. "What's for supper?"

"Spaghetti," she said. "That's awful—champagne and spaghetti. I can thaw something."

"No, that's fine," he said. "Perfect. We'll open the champagne now, and how about some cheese or something?"

He followed her into the kitchen, where he opened the champagne and she got out the cheese. "Tell me how much," she said. "Don't make me guess."

"Hold on a minute. Come on in and sit down so I can tell you all about it." He led the way into the den and poured two glasses of champagne. Handing her one, he lifted his.

"To the job," he said, and smiled. "Now, this is the picture. I am to be general manager for all the northeast territory. I'll get an automatic raise of twenty-five hundred—and more, contingent on sales, as we expand."

"How wonderful!" Melanie cried, spending it mentally for a second car. "Does it mean we'll have to move?"

"I don't think so, certainly not at first. We're living in the middle of the territory anyway."

"Territory?" she said. "What do you mean? Aren't you going to have an office and a desk?"

"Yes, of course, but I will have to be out of the office about five days a week."

"Five days!" she cried. "You'll be traveling?"

"Most of the time. When I'm close enough I'll be home at night."

"'Home at night,'" she echoed. "Oh, Dave, that's terrible. I thought it was a promotion!"

"It is," he said.

"They've put you on the road. That's not a step *up!*"

"Yes, it is," he said. His voice had lost some of its enthusiasm and he sounded touchy. "It's a real opportunity. I have the whole northeast territory. It's a tremendous job."

"I'm sure it is," she said. "But you'll be gone so much!"

"I know, and I'm sorry. I don't like that at all, but if I don't take this, I'll be sitting at the same desk with the same salary for the rest of my life. I'm only thirty-seven, and I don't like to think I've reached my limit."

They heard the back door slam, and Melanie remembered about Barbara Jean's party.

"Well," Barbara Jean said, coming to the door, "is it all right? Did Daddy say I could go?"

"I haven't had a chance to ask him."

"Come over here, sweetie, and kiss me," Dave said.

Barbara Jean came into the room and snuggled up beside her father.

"What's this all about?" he asked.

"It's just a party," Barbara Jean said. "I've been asked to a wonderful party by the biggest boy at Walpole."

"What exactly makes somebody the biggest boy?" Dave asked.

"He's wonderful-looking," Barbara Jean said, "and he has a really super car, and all the girls want to date him but he asked me."

"He's a senior," Melanie said. "He is eighteen years old, drives his own car and has asked Barbara Jean to a party that ends at midnight and then moves on out to somebody's cabin for breakfast."

"Ah," said Dave, "so that's it."

"Daddy, I've got to go. You don't know what my life will be like if I can't go. Everybody knows he's asked me. I've *got* to go."

"We'll talk about it," Dave said. . . .

They did talk about it, and argue about it; and Barbara Jean wept and pleaded. And finally Dave said, "As long as it's chaperoned and we know who the boy's parents are, it's probably all right. I know she's young, but we can't hold her hand forever. We've got to be able to trust her, and as long as she knows what she's up against, she might as well go."

Melanie wasn't at all sure Barbara Jean knew what she was up against, but when she tried to warn her about boys and parked cars and late hours, all she got in return was a knowing stare and the remark, "Honestly, Mother, don't you think I know the score by now?"

Later, in a sweet and wheedling mood, Barbara Jean asked for a new dress, and feeling defeated on all sides, Melanie refused. She not only refused then, but continued to refuse, and was forced into a final refusal one day before the party, when her mother drove over for a visit.

Melanie's mother didn't come as often as she once had because the distance was greater and she was not as young as she had been, but she came often enough; she seemed to have a talent for appearing in the middle of a crisis.

"Don't you think I ought to have a new dress, Nannie?" Barbara Jean said.

"What for, dear?"

"For an out-of-this-world party I'm going to. There's going to be a combo, and then we're going out to the Hollisters' cabin for breakfast. I'm dating the biggest boy in school, and I haven't had a new dress since the Christmas dance."

"She's worn it twice," Melanie said.

"I know how girls love new dresses," Melanie's mother said. "Why don't we go down and shop for one, dear?"

When they got back, Barbara Jean went up the stairs with a dress box under her arm and a pained expression on her face.

Melanie's mother sat down on the edge of the sofa and folded and refolded the gloves in her lap.

"Well," Melanie said, "did you get a dress?"

"We found a perfectly lovely dress," her mother said. "It's taffeta with a stiff petticoat. She looks lovely in it and I hope she'll keep it."

"I'm sure she will," Melanie murmured.

"I'm not so sure," her mother replied. "She wanted one that was strapless with a sequin bodice. It made her look thirty. I can't imagine anyone's letting a little girl wear a dress like that, but she said all the other girls had strapless gowns or spaghetti straps. I told her the others could wear what they wanted to, but she was going to wear what was right for her age."

"I'm so glad you did," Melanie said.

"She's just a baby," her mother replied.

It occurred to Melanie that Barbara Jean was not a baby. It was a strange reversal for her mother. After allowing Barbara Jean to have everything she wanted, quite suddenly her mother felt Barbara Jean must be restrained. It was confusing, and she wondered how Barbara Jean felt about it. . . .

"It's horrible," Barbara Jean said, showing her the dress. "It's a little girl's dress. A sash! It's horrible, Mother. But she kept on saying, 'Nannie knows best. Your mother too went through a stage of wanting things that were too old for her, and she thanks me now for saying no.'"

Melanie remembered the battle of the high heels and the lipstick, and in recalling, she still felt bitter. What, after all, were high heels and lipstick and spaghetti straps compared to a good relationship with a child? It was funny that it had never occurred to her before, because now it almost screamed at her—her mother hadn't changed at all. She had been willing to give her daughter everything she wanted, everything but freedom, everything except the right to grow up.

"It is a sweet dress," she said to Barbara Jean, "but it is a little immature."

"Immature!" Barbara Jean shrieked. "It's sick! Can I take it back and use the money for the other one?"

"Do you think that would be fair to your grandmother? You know how she feels about it."

"She doesn't have to know," Barbara Jean said.

Nannie never did know, and Barbara Jean went to the party in a dress that was held up by whalebone and the thrusting, full bosom of a young, blossoming girl. She looked fresh and beautiful and at least eighteen, and Melanie was glad that Dave was out of town and couldn't see how she looked going out the front door on the arm of a tall boy who was driving his own convertible.

Melanie wanted to call out, *Stop* . . . come back here . . . you're too young! But she didn't do anything except wander around the house looking for something to read, and then she went into the den and watched TV until her eyes began to sting. The "Late Show" was a World War II picture, and when she saw the girls with their long hair and the men in uniform, and heard the sweet, stilted things the characters in love said to each other, she felt torn apart. She was seeing herself and Dave, and in the movie they were saying good-by just as she and Dave had done. The planes were taking off, whole squadrons of them, and the music was playing.

In those movies there was always a wonderful, shy boy from somewhere who made a lucky sign, like turning his cap around backward, and this little gesture meant that things were all right and that he was coming back safe and sound to his wife and baby. This time he forgot to turn his cap around, and as he fumbled frantically with dials and instruments she knew he would be killed. His sweet young wife would get a telegram and she would read it holding the baby in her arms. Tears would run down her face, and by the end of the picture she would be sitting bravely with a framed picture of her smiling husband, in uniform, propped up on the desk in front of her.

This is the way Melanie had seen herself. On dozens of dark nights she had imagined herself caring for her baby as the two of them, with Dave's memory a shining beacon before them, braved life alone.

It had not happened that way at all. Life didn't hinge on lucky signs like turning caps around. Sudden tragedy in a telegram was the exception; it was the small sorrows that compounded to make life the struggle it was.

In the happily ever after that she had expected, Dave would never have taken a traveling job. In that world they would have been together no matter what it meant in the way of sacrifice, and their daughter would have reflected their desires and put "things" in the background. The life she had imagined had been a simple, beautiful life —a charmed life, she thought, a make-believe life.

Now Dave's world was the whole northeast territory; Barbara Jean's world was the world of her friends and what they were doing. Melanie's world was nothing but this house, which was empty too much of the time.

He's only been gone a week, but it seems like a year, she thought. If this is the way it's going to be from now on, I'm going to get a job. . . .

"What do you mean, you're going to get a job?" Dave said that weekend. "What can you do?"

"Well, thank you," Melanie said. "There are a lot of things I can do. I could get a job in a store—I might like that kind of work. And I did take the commercial course in high school. I might work in an office."

Seeing that he had touched her pride, he smiled and said, "Honey, you don't have to work. Sales are good. One of these days we might even be able to build."

"Build!" she cried. She had always wanted to build a house; it was the only way to get what you really wanted. "That's all the more reason, then. If we build, I don't want to have to cut corners and skimp. Just for once I'd like to go into a house with new draperies, not things I've had to make over. If I got a job, we could use it for the extras, like built-ins and a garbage disposal. I'll only work part time. But honestly, Dave, it's been a horrible week. Barbie is gone by eight thirty in the morning, and I usually don't see her again until suppertime. You're away. There's no one to cook for. If I work and Barbara Jean has to do a few more things around the house, it will do her good. It will work out beautifully."

It did work out, but not quite the way Melanie had thought it would because she couldn't get a part-time job—at least, not one she would take. She was ready to give up when a law firm where she had applied lost one of its girls, thanks to a transferred husband, and they called Melanie to fill in until they got someone more qualified.

As it turned out, they were so well pleased with Melanie they never did try to replace her, even though she had no experience in legal work. Her typing was clean and accurate, and gradually she began to pick up speed. She was quick and perceptive, and by the time she'd been there six months they couldn't have let her go without feeling a loss.

It was exciting to be with people again. She worked with three other women, two of whom were older than she was and treated her like an obliging younger sister. The other was a girl who was only twenty-one and engaged to a boy in Vietnam. Sometimes she and Melanie had lunch together, and she would tell Melanie what he had written in his long airmail letters and talk about their plans for getting married. It seemed to Melanie things were very much the same as when she and Dave were planning to get married, except for a resigned note in the girl's voice when she talked about the uncertainty of things, as if she recognized and accepted things that Melanie had never known existed.

The men in the office—there were four of them—were pleasant, particularly the elder partner, who reminded her of her father. But Melanie never thought of them as men at all. They were cordial but occupied, and something within her rejected the possibility that she might find any one of them attractive as a person. There were, of course, situations in the business world that everyone knew about, men and women drawn together because they worked together; but this happened to people who were restless and dissatisfied, people who ignored moral responsibility to others, and it was something that wouldn't happen to her or to Dave. If she allowed herself to worry about Dave when he went on the road, her life would become torture. She didn't worry, because she trusted him—not to resist temptation, but not to be tempted.

She had been working for almost two years, and it came as a small shock to her one day to realize that lack of inclination is no protection. She had been working in the filing room, trying to take care of a particularly large lot of supplements, and her watch had stopped. Glancing up, she saw that it was already almost dark, and she started out, nearly colliding with Mr. Hewitt.

As she stepped back and apologized, she had the strange feeling that comes when you hear your own voice in an empty room, and she thought, There's no telling how late it is. Why didn't someone call me? She smiled and stood there, expecting him to step aside so that she could get her coat and go home.

He continued to stand in the doorway, and when she smiled, he smiled, and suddenly she recognized something she had sensed with Mr. Hewitt before and not wanted to give substance to.

"It's late," he said.

"Yes." Her voice nearly choked her. "Excuse me. My daughter will wonder what's happened to me."

This wasn't true. She didn't think Barbara Jean would give her a thought. As a matter of fact, she imagined that Barbara Jean would love having the house to herself, and would turn the television on full blast.

"Oh," Mr. Hewitt said, "let me drive you."

"Thanks, but the bus runs every quarter hour. I wouldn't want to take you out of your way."

"It wouldn't be out of my way," he said, still blocking her path.

"No, thank you," she said, and at last he moved just enough for her to pass. She hurried out to her desk, gathered her things and raced for the elevator. She didn't look back. She was horrified by her own feelings. She felt frightened, but that wasn't all. She felt young and pretty. Quite unexpectedly she was thinking about Dave and seeing him in a new light. What was it really like to be away from home for a week at a time, all alone, with no one to talk to or eat with, and no familiar four walls to hold you secure? She didn't like to think about it, and she was relieved to board the bus and to know that in ten minutes she would be with Barbara Jean.

She was tired. It was hard to work all day and go home to cooking and dishes, and taking up hems, and ironing. She began to worry about Dave. She wanted him to stay at home. She didn't want to think about him with some girl blocking his path, smiling at him, offering him companionship, making him feel young and attractive.

I wish he were home, she thought—he's been on the road for two years. If he were at home, I'd stop working, and Barbara Jean would never have to come into an empty house. Even if it doesn't bother her, it bothers me.

The truth was, Barbara Jean had very much minded coming into an empty house. When her father had first started traveling and she and her mother had been there alone, there was a strange quietness about everything. Nothing ever seemed to be out of order except the things in her own room. It was as if the house were a dark, empty shell.

It was all right until her mother started to work, and then she began to notice other things. A house that has been closed all day has a smell—a stale, leftover-breakfast smell—and the rooms lack warmth even if there is a thermostat maintaining an even temperature. At the end of the afternoon the light inside a house is dim, as if it had illuminated nothing all during the day and in doing so had shed its morning luster, becoming thin and faded.

Even when she knew her mother wasn't there, Barbara Jean would call anyway, "Mother, are you home?"

There was never any answer because Melanie didn't get home until after five and Barbara Jean came in at quarter of four. So mostly she just didn't come home. She went to the Y or to the drugstore or over to Caroline's, and sometimes she brought a whole bunch of people home with her. That was how she met Tim. He drifted in with the others one day, and she didn't even notice him until she bumped into him in the hall.

When the kids came some with her, they drank Coke and ate potato chips and rolled up the rug and played records. Barbara Jean always set the alarm for five o'clock, and when it rang there was a mad scramble to get things cleaned up before her mother came in.

The day Tim came things had been particularly wild, with Coke spilled and a bag of potato chips popped open and crushed on the floor. She was racing through the hall to get the broom when she came right up against him, and even in the dim light of the hall she could see the expression in his eyes and feel the solid bulk of him. It was as if he filled the whole passage with his presence, and it disturbed her because it was a disapproving presence, almost as if she had bumped into her own father.

"Some blow," he said.

"I've got to get the broom," she replied.

"Where's your mother?"

"She's working. She'll be in soon."

"Does she know you kids run wild over here?"

"She knows I have friends, if that's what you mean."

"Does she think it's all right for you to have parties all afternoon?"

"That's none of your business," Barbara Jean said. "Now get out of my way so I can get the broom."

"You don't really think your parents would like it if they knew you were running a public dance hall over here, do you?"

"They trust me," she said. "Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Tim," he said. "Come on, now, level with me. Would they?"

Barbara Jean could have said anything. Ten minutes ago she would have had a cute, flip answer. Now, with time slipping away and her mother due any moment, with spilled Coke and potato chips all over the place and this boy leaning over her looking into her eyes, all of a sudden she didn't have any bright reply.

"No," she said, looking up at him. "No, they wouldn't."

"Then why do you do it?"

"I guess I'm lonely. I don't like coming into an empty house. But we don't do anything bad."

"When do you study?"

"At night."

"How about dates?"

"'How about dates?'" she said. "Isn't that *my* problem?"

"How about meeting me after school if you're lonely. We could study or ride around or . . ."

"I don't just ride around in cars, if that's what you mean."

"That's not what I mean," Tim said. "I just wanted you to know there are other things you can do besides having open house for a bunch of kooks."

That was the last time Barbara Jean had a party after school. For one thing, Melanie came in and discovered the mess and had a fit, but for another, Barbara Jean began to meet Tim. They took their books into the park on nice days and sat at a picnic table in the sun doing homework until about four thirty, when they walked along to the drugstore for a Coke and then home. Sometimes they went to the library or to a basketball game or a foreign movie. They did drive around a lot, and they sat in the car and talked with the radio playing softly.

And all during that year, which was Tim's senior year, Barbara Jean grew up. It was something that happened on the inside of her, and Melanie didn't see it happening at all. On the outside Barbara Jean looked the same, and Melanie was so busy she didn't really pay much attention to Tim except to think that he seemed like a very nice boy. There weren't any more parties; and going steady wasn't the soul-committing thing it had once been, so that didn't worry her. Even now that Tim had graduated and was thirty miles away at the university and Barbara Jean stayed in almost every weekend and wrote dozens of letters—even so, Melanie didn't really see that Barbara Jean had grown up and was no longer the petty, demanding little girl she once had been.

As long as the days flowed smoothly, and the months, and Dave came home on the weekends—as long as everything seemed all right—Melanie didn't worry except to wish that Barbara Jean minded her not being at home. But Barbara Jean didn't say anything, not even on that particular day—the day when Melanie's watch stopped and Mr. Hewitt stood in her path, and Barbara Jean came into an empty house with her mind all made up to write Tim about their very important future. . . .

Barbara Jean came in as usual, and as usual called out, "Mother?"

There was no answer, no sound except in the kitchen where the clock ticked and the faucet dripped. The breakfast dishes were stacked in the dishpan and she thought, I know—I'll wash the dishes. It will surprise Mother.

She put her books on the hall table and was reaching for an apron when the phone rang. It was Caroline.

"Well," said Caroline, "are you going to get it?"

"Get what?"

"The London Fog. *You* know," Caroline said impatiently, "the one we looked at."

"I don't know," Barbara Jean said. "Mother isn't home yet."

"If you can't talk her into it, you can get it from your grandmother. You can get anything you want out of her."

"Maybe so," Barbara Jean said. With all she had on her mind, a new raincoat took a back seat. She supposed she could get it from Nannie. All she'd ever had to do was beg a little and whatever it was would be forthcoming, except that she had learned there wasn't much use in asking for anything really adult. This wasn't something she dwelt on, however, for she still harbored a fragment of shame over the deception with the evening dress. And another thing—getting what she wanted so easily seemed to diminish its value.

"By the way," Caroline said. "I have an out-of-this-world dress for Saturday. . . ."

Caroline talked on and on, until at last Barbara Jean broke in.

"Hey," she said. "I think I hear my mother. I'd better go."

She hung up just as Melanie opened the door, and it wasn't until much later that she realized she hadn't done the dishes.

What reminded her was her mother. "You might at least have done the dishes," Melanie said.

She was tired and irritable. Her encounter with Mr. Hewitt had upset her, mainly because it triggered some unwelcome anxiety over Dave, and by the time supper was over and she was faced with double dishes, her feelings erupted.

"Honestly," she said to Barbara Jean, who had started off to her room to study, "you are seventeen years old and a senior in high school. You ought to think of others once in a while."

"I did think of it," Barbara Jean said. "I was just starting them when Caroline called."

"That's another thing," Melanie said, "all you do is talk on the telephone. Why can't you ever say, 'I've got to go now'?"

"You don't know Caroline," Barbara Jean said. "I'll help you now, Mother."

"No, that's all right. Go ahead and study," Melanie said. After all, she didn't have anything else to do and nothing was as important as Barbara Jean's schoolwork. It was something she and Dave didn't talk about, a little raw spot in their relationship, because Dave wished now that he had gone back to college and because Melanie always wondered secretly what would have happened if he had accepted her father's offer. Education loomed large in their thoughts, and they wanted Barbara Jean to go on next year, either to the university or somewhere else. The university would have been their first choice except for the fact that Tim was already there. He was a nice boy and they both liked him; but he had three more years before he got his degree, and he and Barbara Jean were too serious. She didn't want Barbara Jean serious about anyone. Not at seventeen.

Barbara Jean went along to her room feeling chastised. She couldn't figure her mother out. First she criticized her for not doing the dishes, then she refused her help. It had always been this way, contradictions and confusions. Sometimes they had wonderful warm periods of companionship, times when they would sit at the kitchen table drinking tea. They would talk about things that they liked—television programs, books, people—and she would feel close to her mother and think how young Melanie was, and how pretty, and the twenty years that separated them would seem like nothing at all.

But generally those twenty years scooped a great gulf between them, leaving her on one side looking with wide, frightened eyes at her mother, who stood helplessly on the other; and when she felt this way it seemed to her as if that was what life was these days—people separated from each other, able to see each other only as small stick forms standing on the rim of a vast, gray abyss, trying to reach each other and failing.

This is what it would be like if there were an atomic war, Barbara Jean would think—the world turned gray and formless, a whirling, horrible nothingness and you left all alone, unable to reach the ones you loved.

It was ridiculous, and she destroyed the vision. She knew better anyway, having had physics. But the core of the thought remained—not the picture of smoking crevasses separating people, but the sad fact that people were separated. People didn't understand other people, especially her parents' generation. Sometimes she felt closer to Nannie, because even though Nannie was wrong, at least Nannie tried. She built a bridge of presents—which was like buying friendship, and Barbara Jean didn't have any respect for people who tried to buy your friendship. But she did know that Nannie was trying the only way she knew to make Barbara Jean love her and to bind their relationship.

Her friend Caroline didn't see things that way. To Caroline, Nannie was like a credit card, which meant you got anything you wanted and never had to think about the price. If it weren't for Tim, Barbara Jean thought, I might still be like Caroline, and a London Fog raincoat would be the most important thing in my life.

Before Tim she had been like that. When she traded one evening dress for another she was that kind of girl, a label girl. Everything had to have a label—not just any name, but the right one. It was like putting a label on yourself, stamping "in-group" across your forehead for everybody to see.

And her mother had said, "Why does it have to be *that* dress? It's so expensive, and this one looks just as nice."

"It's not the same."

"You shouldn't have to have something just because the others do. All this fuss over brands and labels sets false standards."

And then she would hear her parents talking about the club, her father complaining that the dues were too high for the number of times he was able to play golf, and her mother insisting that a man in his position had to maintain a certain appearance. Wasn't that buying a label? Wasn't that putting a stamp on your forehead saying "Member, Crescent Country Club"?

Her labels were all wrong but her parents' were right. They didn't make any sense to her. It was the same as their fussing about the things Nannie bought. They would sit and talk, probably thinking she wasn't listening, and discuss something Nannie had just sent that had cost too much or wasn't sensible; and then, sometimes when she wanted something terribly, her mother would finally moan and say, "Well, why don't you ask Nannie? She'll probably get it for you."

It was the same with Tim. You are much too young to be going steady, her parents had said when she took his class ring. But they hadn't been much older when they got engaged, and her mother was only nineteen when she was married. When Barbara Jean mentioned this, they said, "That was different. There was a war."

Well, there was a difference. She could see it even if her parents couldn't, because she lived in the real world and they didn't. Their world was always doing things to them. Their world was on the outside of them, pressing in, making them keep up appearances, go to parties they didn't care about, buy things they didn't need. They were forever trying to prove something—to outsmart the world, change it, cover it up, get ahead of it—all because they were forever trying to prove there could be something called happily ever after. Like a fairy story.

She knew what kind of world it was. Anybody who could read and had eyes and ears knew what the world was. It was a world of sudden death in automobiles and little wars, and it was a world of slow death too, by poverty

and population explosion and cancer. It was a world as variegated as a crazy quilt, with its beauties and uglinesses apparent and undisguised. It was a world that spun in space, and you had to accept it as it was, knowing it would be changing and you would be changing and there would always be new fears and new joys. But it was the outside world, and the main thing was that you could not let it destroy the inside you.

Her world was on the inside of her and she couldn't explain this to anyone except Tim, who had helped her see it in the first place. Sometimes she had tried to express to her mother what she felt about standards and honesty and true democracy, and her mother had only said, "Wait until you're paying the bills. Wait until you have a child of your own. Wait. It will be different."

She knew this was true, but she felt something more. It was like this—in fairy stories there would be a prince and princess who fell in love and got married. Everything happened before they got married—all the troubles, the witches and dragons, the wars and separations. Everything hard came before, like hurdles you had to jump before you reached your goal, with no thought that any difficulties could follow. The story always ended at the point that was really the beginning. It ended with "and they lived happily ever after." Almost as if they died and floated away on a silvery sugary cloud into nowhere.

It was like a cone of spun sugar—an enormous, frothy, sticky nothing. But her parents still believed in it.

She couldn't make them understand that her beginning was where their ending was, that she didn't ever expect to get to a place where it would all be sweet and easy, and that she had already known for years that Nannie wasn't a fairy godmother and couldn't give her the things in life that she really wanted. They didn't understand that what mattered was the person inside her—the one who told her right from wrong, who defined the true and the false. No one understood that except Tim.

She sat down at her desk, opened her notebook and then took up her pen and started a letter. "Dearest Tim," she wrote. "I've made up my mind. I am going to enroll in business school this summer, and then I can get a job and we can be married. There, I've said it. It's the way I feel, and if it doesn't suit you, just say so."

Barbara Jean woke with a fever of 103. Melanie, coming into the room to get her up, sensed that something was wrong, saw how bright Barbara Jean's eyes were and felt her forehead. Then she got the thermometer, phoned the doctor, phoned her office to say she wouldn't be in and got dressed.

She brought Barbara Jean two aspirins and a glass of juice, and then she began to straighten the room. As she cleared the desk, piling Barbara Jean's books together, she happened to glance at the notebook that was lying open. Her eyes disobeyed her command to close the book, and she read what Barbara Jean had written to Tim.

Barbara Jean's face was turned to the wall, she was breathing heavily, her eyes were closed, and she didn't see her mother's face as Melanie closed the notebook and put it on the bottom of the pile of books.

Melanie went into the kitchen and put on the coffeepot. Many times since Dave had been traveling she had wanted him home, but never before with her present feeling of distress. He ought to be here, she thought, realizing that it was Tuesday and that he wasn't due until Friday. Suppose Barbara Jean had something like meningitis? A terrible thought, but for some reason it didn't bother her as much as thinking about the letter. She's only seventeen, Melanie thought. She doesn't know anything. She thinks life is just a matter of being in love. She doesn't know what it's like to have a sick baby and almost no money and no decent place to live and no car. She doesn't know a thing.

Before the coffee had perked, the doctor arrived. He went to Barbara Jean's room and examined her.

"Well, now, young lady," he said, "you've picked up some kind of bug. I want you to drink all the liquids you can, take your medicine like a good girl, and when you begin to feel like getting out of bed, lie still."

He wrote a prescription and started down the hall. "Call me if she doesn't begin to feel better by tomorrow," he said. "Keep on with the aspirin, and keep her on a soft diet until she's been free of fever for twenty-four hours."

"What has she got?"

He shrugged. "A virus," he said. "There's been a lot of it around." . . .

By Friday, when Dave got home, Barbara Jean was sitting up, eating milk toast. Her books were still piled on top of the notebook on her desk. Melanie couldn't wait to get Dave to herself so that they could talk, but she didn't feel safe until they had rolled the TV into Barbara Jean's room after supper and were sitting with their coffee in the living room.

"What's up?" Dave said. "I know you've got something on your mind."

"She couldn't possibly hear us, could she?"

He shook his head, and she said, "I was straightening up her desk the morning she got sick and I happened to see a letter she was writing to Tim."

"Oh?"

"She wrote that she wanted to take a business course this summer and then get married. She'd work and he would go on in school, I suppose."

This didn't seem to have the effect on Dave that it had had on her. He sat and looked at his hands, and Melanie cried out, "What are we going to do? She's only seventeen."

"Have you mailed the letter?"

"I'm not going to mail it," Melanie said. "I'll just put it away somewhere and never mention it again."

"I wouldn't do that," Dave said.

"What would you do? I'm not going to sit still while my daughter plans to run away and get married."

"Taking a business course isn't exactly running away," he said, "and holding back one letter won't do a bit of good."

"If he doesn't get it, she'll think he doesn't like the idea and just isn't commenting. That may be the end of it."

"It may be the end of something," Dave said, "but I wouldn't count on its being the end of them. I don't think you ought to tamper with her mail. If I were you, I'd just forget that I ever saw it, and then wait and see what develops."

Melanie didn't mail the letter. Barbara Jean handed it to her, as she had handed out dozens of other letters to Tim, and Melanie took it and put it away.

Meanwhile she tried not to think about it, and hoped things would take care of themselves. Barbara Jean was better and back in school, and she wasn't going to see Tim for two weeks because he was having exams. When he did come to the house Melanie greeted him warmly, and thought as she saw Barbara Jean go down the walk with him that Barbara Jean was acting somewhat cold. *Good*, she thought. It will be a good thing if they do drift apart. I'm glad I kept that letter.

Tim held the car door for Barbara Jean and went around to his own side. "What's wrong with you?" he said as he flipped the ignition key.

"Why didn't you answer my letter?"

"I did," he said. "I told you I was having exams."

"That's not what I mean," she said. There was a lump in her throat and she could hardly speak. Here she'd been sitting for over two weeks, waiting to hear from him, waiting for him to say he wanted her to go to business school and then get married, and all he said was, "I had exams."

"What do you mean?" he said. He had intended taking her out to Sportland, where they could bowl for a

while and then have a hamburger, but he headed for the lane instead. The lane was a county road that hadn't been paved; it led to a bluff overlooking the reservoir. In the daytime it was deserted, just trees and blue sky and a stretch of water. It was a good place to talk.

"All right," he said. "What did I do wrong?"

"Not a thing," Barbara Jean said. "I suppose you're used to having girls throw themselves at you, and offer to work to help support you, and marry you."

"What are you talking about?"

"I wrote you a letter," Barbara Jean said. "I started it before I got sick, and then I finished it and Mother mailed it, and . . . Didn't you get a letter saying that I want to take a business course so that I can get a job, and we can be married and you can still stay in school?"

Tim shook his head. He moved over on the seat and took her in his arms and they sat there very still. "You'd do that for me," he said softly.

Barbara Jean nodded. "That's what I want," she said.

"Hey," he said, "stop shaking. You're not scared?"

"Oh, Tim," she said, "I've been waiting and waiting for a letter from you and then it came and didn't say a thing, and all I could think was that you got my letter and thought it was some kind of joke, and I imagined you telling the boys and laughing. . . ."

"You know me better than that," he said, soothing her. Something fatherly, a basic impulse buried in his young bones, emerged, and he held her in his arms, rocking her, kissing her.

The next day she told her mother and father she wanted to get married. It came about quite easily. Her mother, altering a hem in a skirt, said, "I don't believe you'll be able to take this to college with you."

"I'm not going to college," Barbara Jean said.

"Not going to college? Why not?"

"After graduation I want to take a business course, and then Tim and I want to be married. I'll get a job and he'll stay in college."

Melanie looked at Dave, who had been reading the paper. It now lay draped over his knees, and he said with a calmness he didn't feel, "Well, when did all this happen?"

"Yesterday," Barbara Jean said.

"You can't!" Melanie cried, putting the skirt on the table and starting across the room. "Darling, you can't. You're too young. You don't know what marriage is."

"Yes, I do," Barbara Jean said, "and I can, and I will. If you don't give me your permission, we'll go to Louisville and get married there. A lot of people have."

"No, you won't," Melanie said. "You will not——"

"Did you mail my letter, Mother?" Barbara Jean asked, looking directly into her mother's eyes.

"I mail so many letters I lose track of them," Melanie said, returning to her chair, taking up her sewing.

"You know the one I mean," Barbara Jean said. "The one I wrote to Tim right after I was sick. It was in my notebook."

"If I didn't, I'm sorry," Melanie said, avoiding Barbara Jean's gaze. "Sometimes letters get misplaced."

"I think this one got misplaced on purpose," Barbara Jean said, her voice rising. "I think this one got read and then lost. That's what I think."

"All right," Dave said, "that will do."

"I am not a child," Barbara Jean said. "I trusted you to mail my letters. I thought Tim had it, and he didn't. You don't know what I've been going through for two weeks, just wondering and worrying."

"If that's all you ever have to go through, you'll be lucky," Melanie said. "You're just showing us how young you are."

"It's not a crime to be young," Barbara Jean said. "You act as if it were. You seem to think that your way of doing things is the only way. Everything is your way and your plans, and you never think somebody else might have a different way that was just as good or better."

"There, now," Dave said, rising and putting his arms around Barbara Jean, who tried, without really trying at all, to pull away from him. "We only want what's best for you. That's all we've ever wanted. If we've made mistakes, we're sorry. It's no crime to be young. It's wonderful to be young. It's the best time of your whole life, and we don't want you to spoil it. We want you to have the best of everything—a good education, a good life, and all in its own good time."

"I'll have it," Barbara Jean said, her voice choked with tears. "I know what I want. I don't believe in all this living happily ever after business. I believe in right now and doing the best you can with what you have, and in two people loving each other and working out their lives together."

"Don't you want to live happily ever after?" Melanie said.

"Of course I do," Barbara Jean wailed, "but I don't think it's something that comes all wrapped up in white paper like a wedding present. I don't think it's something you get by jumping through the right hoops, going to college, getting engaged, filling up a hope chest, having a wedding, and all of that. I believe it comes to two people who love each other and want to work at it together, and it comes when you're ready, not just when the chest is full. Tim and I are ready now."

"You're a child," Melanie said. "You've never had to do a thing. You don't know what it is to work. You've had everything given to you, and now you say you can take care of yourself and Tim too. You don't know——"

"I know more than you think," Barbara Jean said, drawing away from them. "I know that husbands and wives fight and say terrible things to each other. I know that the world may be blown to bits tomorrow. I know that for lots of people the world is a cruel, ugly world. I know already that nobody's perfect, and I don't expect a lot. I just want to be myself and on my own, and Tim wants the same thing; we want it together."

She stood staring at them, her eyes frightened and defiant, and Melanie sank back and put her hands over her face. Oh, she thought, my baby. My beautiful baby. What's happened? I thought we were all right, that we all loved and understood each other. I don't know her at all. Who is she?

"But, darling," she said faintly, "what about a wedding? A real wedding with a gown and attendants."

"I don't want a wedding," Barbara Jean said.

After Barbara Jean had left, Melanie and Dave sat and looked at each other, and instead of blaming each other they began to blame themselves.

"I should never have taken a job," Melanie said. "If I'd been at home, this wouldn't have happened."

"Don't blame yourself," Dave said. "You were here in the evening, and that's the most important time."

"Yes, but at night I'm tired and there's always so much to do. I haven't been cooking real dinners, except when you're at home. Oh, I don't know. I'm going to stop. It's not as if I had to earn the money; it's just that I liked being with other people and keeping busy and having extra money, but that was a mistake. I never thought she minded, but you can't tell. Children depend on routine and pattern, and my being gone broke the pattern."

Dave sighed. "Well," he said, "all this started when I went on the road. It's been hard on you both."

"It's been lonely," she said.

"Don't I know," he said. "I spend my nights in a motel room doing paperwork, and it's like being in prison. But as far as I was concerned, I could put up with it if it meant being able to provide more for you and Barbie. It's no way to live, though," he said. "There's a rumor they're going to locate some of their key men in Philadelphia. How would you feel about that?"

"Oh, darling," she said, "wouldn't that be wonderful! I'd love to live in Philadelphia, and if this thing blows

over, we could give Barbara Jean all sorts of advantages she hasn't had here."

"We've given her too much already," he said.

"I know it," Melanie said. "It's my fault. I should have had an understanding with Mother long ago. If I had gone about it in the right way . . ."

"Don't be too hard on your mother," Dave said. "She's meant well. We're the ones who should have stepped in and channeled what she wanted to do."

Melanie sighed. "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know," he said. "It could be worse. After all, she will be eighteen in the fall. Tim's a good boy, and they do plan for him to finish school. All we can do is play it by ear."

Melanie went back to work only once, to collect her things and give her notice. She knew she should have given them more warning, but she hoped at least some of them would understand. Then she went home, and she stayed at home; and although Dave was gone again, she felt closer to him than she had in years. She and Barbara Jean didn't talk very much about Tim, but when he came on weekends she tried to seem glad to see him. As far as their plans went, Melanie simply acted on a "we'll see" basis. She hoped Barbara Jean was thinking long, serious thoughts about her future. She hoped that if they were determined to get married, they would at least wait awhile. With all her heart she wanted them to have a real wedding. She wanted to see Barbara Jean in a cascade of white, with lace on her shoulders and flowers in her arms. She wanted to see them settled in a pretty place, a place that didn't have a great, dirty oil heater squatting in the middle of the room. She wanted them to have wedding presents. She knew you didn't wrap up something called happily ever after and take it out on your wedding day, put it on and wear it like some sort of protective robe from the moment you said, "I do." But she wanted them to feel that such a thing was possible, that the ever after, with love, could be all she had dreamed of herself.

Barbara Jean and Tim seemed so matter-of-fact. Their plans didn't include a honeymoon or a real wedding or a dress. "We don't need all those things," Barbara Jean told her, "and we will need money. Tim has to get his degree, and then he may do graduate work."

Looking back, Melanie wished she had been more realistic. How many tears it would have saved if she hadn't thought Dave was perfect! Poor, darling, wonderful Dave, she thought now as she knelt in the sunshine digging and weeding her plant beds. I was so sure he was perfect that I hardly gave him a chance to be a normal human being. No one is perfect. How could I have been so foolish?

And yet when Barbara Jean said, "Of course Tim isn't perfect. Who is?" Melanie ached a little. She wanted Barbara Jean to feel that Tim was the knight in shining armor. She wanted them to have something lovely to remember—something beautiful and extravagant and wonderful, like a wedding—that they could use as a touchstone to the dreams of complete happiness she knew they must have.

She hadn't written her parents about Barbara Jean's plans. She knew she would have to. It would be easier to write than to try to tell them, she knew; but as it happened, she didn't have a choice.

Her mother didn't come as often as she once had, but that spring, when the roads were clear and there was no danger of sleet, she did drive over for the day. She and Melanie went to a tearoom for lunch, and Melanie kept thinking that she must try to tell her mother about Barbara Jean and Tim; but her mother kept chattering about people in Cedar City and about her father's sinus condition.

When they reached home it was still early enough to visit for a while. It was a beautiful warm day, and Melanie said, "Let's sit out back on the terrace."

"I can't stay long," her mother said. "I want to be back by six. When does Barbara Jean come home?"

"Not for a while," Melanie said, not bothering to check the time. The sun was so bright it seemed earlier than it actually was.

"Well," said her mother, settling down, "I suppose in another three or four months you'll be scrambling around trying to get her off to college. What are her plans?"

Melanie took a deep breath. "We aren't sure," she said. "She may take a business course right here."

"And not go to college?" her mother cried, leaning forward in her chair. "Oh, Melanie, that is a terrible mistake!"

Melanie sighed. "It's not that we don't want her to go. You know we do, but she has other ideas."

"Why on earth does she want to take a business course?"

"She thinks she wants to get married."

"Married!" her mother cried. Her look of shock and disbelief gave the impression of an accusation, and she said, "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Just that," Melanie said. "She wants to get married. You know she's been going with Tim for almost two years."

"Who is Tim?"

"Oh, Mother, you know perfectly well who Tim is. You've met him a dozen times."

"Oh, that boy," her mother said. "What does he do?"

"He's in school."

"And how do they expect to manage with him in school?"

"Barbara Jean plans to work."

"I don't think any self-respecting man would let his wife support him," her mother said. "I know—I read about it, but it's a mistake. If you let Barbara Jean get into something like that, you'll be making a terrible mistake."

"We can't very well stop them," Melanie said. "We can't lock her up."

"You just haven't raised her the way we raised you," her mother said. "I haven't said anything, but time and again I've thought——"

"I'm sure that's true," Melanie said. Irritation was growing into anger. Her mother might have realized how she felt, how she wanted something more for her own child, how she lay awake at night thinking about the things Barbara Jean and Tim would face without enough money and no security and no one but themselves to blame. But her mother had never realized anything. . . .

"You sent her off to camp when she was only ten," her mother said, "and you let her go out in cars with boys when she was fifteen. What can you expect?"

"It's not a question of what we expect," Melanie said, her voice tight. "It's a question of what *is*, and we have to face it."

Her face was flushed and the palms of her hands were damp and hot. She had forgotten what time it was, forgotten all about Barbara Jean—who, seeing her grandmother's car in the drive, came silently into the house, not calling out as usual, and stood at the dining-room windows, hearing everything they said.

"You don't have to raise your voice, Melanie," Nannie said. "I was simply telling you it's your own fault. I could have told you long ago. Barbara Jean is just a child. You and Dave ought to send her away; you ought to keep that boy out of this house. She hasn't any judgment in these things. She is just a child."

Melanie leaned forward suddenly, thinking that half of the miseries in her own life had come about because her mother had kept her a child, filled her with childish ideas and beliefs, refused to see her—or Barbara Jean—as anything but two little girls who liked to get presents.

"My daughter is not a child," Melanie said. "She is almost eighteen years old, and she knows what she wants and has found a fine boy to share it with. All we want

them to do is wait a little, but we can't make them. They don't see the world the way we did. I thought life was all sugar and spice, and knitting little booties and smiling. They already know it's a hard, cold, cruel world and they are better equipped to face it than I was. They are not children."

Melanie's mother half rose, fluttering her hands helplessly, and Melanie sank back.

"There, there, dear," Nannie said, "don't get so upset. I know young people are more informed these days and I suppose she and—what is his name?—I suppose they may be more ready for marriage than you and Dave were. You were only nineteen, and don't think I didn't lie awake nights over that. If it hadn't been for the war . . . But I couldn't argue with you. You were so sure of yourself, and so sure of Dave."

She sighed and folded her hands, and Melanie tried to unclench her own fingers. She felt as though she were scattered all over the lawn in fragments, torn this way and that by the conflicting tides of emotion that pulsed through her. She wished her mother would go home, but her mother began to speak again.

"No," she said slowly, "there was no telling you either. I can remember. And Dave—he was going to finish college too. Remember?"

"There was a war, you know," Melanie said.

"Yes, the war," her mother replied. "But I could have told you in the beginning he wouldn't finish. He should have taken that position your father offered him. He'd be earning twice what he earns now. If he had really wanted what was best for his family, he would have——"

Melanie's voice spilled out as cold as ice water. "Don't you ever criticize Dave to me again," she said. "Dave is a wonderful man. He works like a slave, and all by himself. Without anybody pulling strings or opening doors, he has worked up to a position of enormous responsibility. Don't say one word against him to me."

Nannie stared at her daughter. Her mouth quivered, and she closed it firmly. She began to fold her gloves, first one way, then another. She opened her purse and took out her driving glasses, then put them back. "Well," she said, her voice a little gasp, "you seem to be very touchy today. Perhaps I shouldn't have come."

"Oh, Mother," Melanie said, "I'm glad you came. I'm always glad when you come. I was going to tell you. I meant to write, but I just haven't. It's just that it's hard for us, and I knew it would upset you. The thing is, we've never done things your way. Now she isn't going to do things our way. We all have to adjust."

They sat in silence for a moment while bees hummed around the Japanese quince and the sun streamed in rosy radiance through the blossoms.

Nannie sighed. "Well, dear, now you'll know how I've felt so often. I've been through all this before, but things have a way of working themselves out. I'm sure things will all work out for the best."

"I hope so," Melanie said.

"We'll have to do some shopping," her mother said. "What has she got? I want to buy the wedding dress. That's one thing I can do. She ought to have a veil with a train——"

"Mother," Melanie said gently, "she doesn't want a gown."

"Oh, nonsense," her mother said. "Every girl wants a white wedding dress. Wait until I get her downtown and she sees them."

"No," Melanie said, "she doesn't want one. I've asked her. Don't you think I want her to have a real wedding? She doesn't want it, and that's that."

Nannie rose and started around the house. Melanie followed her. There wasn't really anything they could say until they reached the car, and then her mother said, "Come over soon, dear."

"I will," Melanie replied. "Drive carefully."

She watched the car back down the drive. Her throat felt hot and tight and she thought, I can't help it. I feel like crying. Why do I feel like crying? What's the use?

She started into the house, but then went back around to the terrace to pick up the knitting she had left there, and took a tissue out of the knitting bag and blew her nose and wiped her eyes. She glanced up, and there at the dining-room windows stood Barbara Jean.

It was as if they were standing with a great gray abyss swirling between them, and all they could do was send messages with their eyes—Melanie's swollen and red, Barbara Jean's dark and smoldering.

Melanie stood there, knowing that there was nothing she could do. She didn't know how to reach her daughter any more. But Barbara Jean, who had felt separated, had been taking all her mother's words and putting them together, and they had made a sort of lifeline that stretched across the gulf between them.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried, bursting out the door and sobbing. "I would like a dress. It hasn't seemed right, all the plans and the whole of our life spread out like a graph, just dates and figures and budgets. I want a dress. I want it as a sort of symbol of all the beautiful things we feel."

Melanie's arms opened and she rocked her baby gently back and forth. "Darling, we'll have one. Nannie was just here and she said she wanted to get you a dress. She said——"

"No," Barbara Jean said, pushing away. "Nannie can get me anything else she wants, but not the dress. You and I will get the dress. I want it that way, something my own mother gave me for the most beautiful day of my whole life."

THE END

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