

DECEMBER 35 CENTS

# Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

HOW GOOD MUSIC  
IS KEPT OFF  
RADIO AND TV

"How the Grinch  
Stole Christmas"

A NEW BOOK-LENGTH HOLIDAY  
CLASSIC FOR FAMILY READING

by Dr. Seuss

★ A SPECIAL SECTION  
OF WONDERFUL GIFT IDEAS



Now...the first, luscious high-gloss lipstick!

Revlon

# 'Lustrous' Lipstick

Designed for the smart woman...

who insists on that dewy look on her lips!

There's a special look a smart woman has that others always notice . . . a polished, shining look of elegance. You see it above all in her moist, radiant lips. Perhaps *you've* wished for this look, but never found the secret. Well, look no more. It's Revlon's 'Lustrous' Lipstick—

*extra-creamy, non-drying, to give your lips a luscious, high-gloss glow. Wear? Remarkably well! Choose 'Lustrous' to give your lips the soft, dewy look.*

*Also by Revlon . . . famous 'Lanolite' Lipstick . . . the only non-smear-type lipstick that stays on and on without drying your lips!*



26 fabulous 'Lustrous' colors . . . in jeweler-designed 'Futurama' case. 1.35 to 37.50 plus tax.  
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No matter what else you do for a cold

# ... LISTERINE Quick!



**Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Remedies"  
Can't Do—Kills Germs Instantly—By Millions**

When you feel a cold coming on, go right after the germs that can cause so much of the misery . . . with Listerine Antiseptic! Non-antiseptic "cold remedies," nose drops, and aspirin, *don't kill germs* the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs, instantly, by *millions!* So, remember, no matter what else you use for a cold, you need an *antiseptic* to kill germs.

Tests over a 12-year period showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. The minute you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

**NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC to kill germs like these!**



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.



At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!**

# Picture

OF THE MONTH

Take note of the foreword of M-G-M's happily anticipated comedy "Don't Go Near The Water":

"This is a story of some of those fearless and wonderful guys of the Navy Public Relations 'Corps'. They push a perilous pencil, pound a dangerous typewriter and fire a deadly paper clip. But they DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER!"

This gives you a hint of what's ahead, although we were already alerted by the reports of the Hollywood preview. From Louella Parsons: "The preview audience never stopped laughing. Don't miss it!" From Hedda Hopper: "You'll howl your head off." And from Groucho Marx: "The funniest picture I've ever seen."



Of course, there was the rollicking best-seller by William Brinkley to start off with, and the perfect casting: Glenn Ford, Gia Scala, Earl Holliman (of "Rainmaker" fame), Anne Francis, Keenan Wynn, Fred Clark, Eva Gabor, Russ Tamblyn, with the screen's newest funny man, Mickey Shaughnessy.

Glenn Ford, the embattled naval lieutenant of "Teahouse of the August Moon" is even better—and more embattled now. Not only does he get entangled in typewriter ribbon and red tape, but also in the love life of a lowly seaman and an officer nurse for whom he plays Cupid against all regulations. His own pursuit of the native beauty Melora adds additional romance to the tropic island setting.

Watch for bold maneuvering of the beautiful, blonde magazine correspondent who crashes a cruiser from the mast of which are flown her dainty black lace panties; and the inept building of a clubhouse by the officers.

We hereby salute producer Lawrence Weingarten, director Charles Walters, scenarists Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells. CinemaScope and Metrocolor enhance this Avon Production.

So hang your cares on the nearest hickory limb and get as close as you can to M-G-M's "Don't Go Near The Water."

DECEMBER • 1957  
VOL. 110 • No. 2

**Redbook** THE MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG ADULTS

GUARANTEED AVERAGE CIRCULATION 2,400,000

## THE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

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COVER PAINTING BY JON WHITCOMB

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

REDBOOK magazine is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by McCall Corporation, Marvin Pierce, Chairman of the Board; Arthur R. Langile, President; Edward M. Brown, Secretary; William C. Auer, Treasurer; J. Russell Tippett, Circulation Director; Charles B. Thorn, Vice President; and Advertising Director of Redbook. Publication and Subscription offices: McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered, but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury. TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: Redbook Magazine will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.50 for three years in the U. S. and Canada. Add \$1 per year for other countries. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance, because subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date and extra postage is charged for forwarding. When sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and old address from last copy received. DECEMBER ISSUE, 1957, VOL. CX, No. 2. Copyright ©, 1957, by McCall Corporation. Reproduction in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Necessary formalities, including deposit where required, effected in the United States of America, Canada and Great Britain. Protection secured under the Universal, International and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 14, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U.S.A.

# Heir Pressures

BY STAN FINE



"There's a masculine umbrella for you, carved hickory handle and all! I'll take it."



"Where's Daddy's umbrella? You don't expect me to carry THAT to school!"



# bringing up baby®

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, mother of five . . .



## Santa Claus Suggestions

One of the nicest things about babies is that they don't care how little Santa spends . . . it's the play value of a toy that counts. All manner of easy-to-grasp rattles or small plastic toys are inexpensive and fun for wee ones. Do-something toys, listen-to and cuddle toys are easy on the budget and enchanting for toddlers. A few toys can be more fun, less bewildering than a raft of playthings.

## Short Story . . . Meat-y Subject

Holiday or any day, babies and toddlers need protein foods to provide strength and promote growth. Gerber Meats for Babies make it easy to give baby those all-important proteins. Made from savory, selected Armour cuts, they're carefully processed to eliminate most of the fat and coarse tissue for easy digestibility. Of course they're all pure meat, with just enough broth to enhance flavor and texture. 

## Safety Story for Christmas

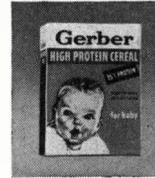
A Christmas tree is a delight to behold, but with wee ones about, certain precautions should be taken.

- Base of tree should be broad, sturdy and securely anchored.
- Tree lights and sockets should be checked to see that they're in good condition.
- Aluminum foil icicles and breakable ornaments are best placed at the top of the tree.



## Energy for Sale

You can't count calories where babies are concerned, because active babies need them for energy. That's why calorierich Gerber Baby Cereals are so good for your little one. What's more, baby gets other nutritional benefits from Gerber Cereals, because they're fortified with iron, calcium and B-vitamins.



## Feature of the Month

Nogs are traditional for the Christmas season, so why not make one for a snack-begging toddler?

### HOLIDAY NOG

- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 tbs. Gerber Egg Yolks* | 1 can Gerber Orange Juice |
| 1 cup cool milk          | 1 tbs. sugar              |
- Blend thoroughly and serve.  
Yield: 2 servings.

\*For a younger baby, Gerber Strained Egg Yolks are luscious served as is. Babies take to the custard-like texture, fresh-egg flavor, and they're rich in iron and vitamin A.

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our only business!

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## BETWEEN THE LINES



*Seuss looking like a Grinch*

*Frederick Laing*

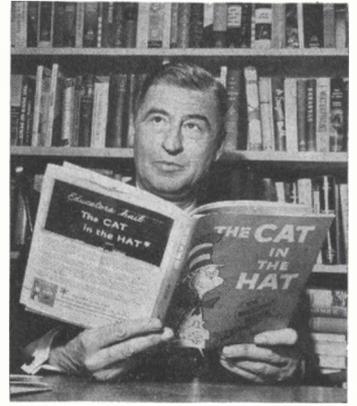


Why did Dr. Seuss write "How the Grinch Stole Christmas"? "Well," said he, "I was brushing my teeth on the morning of the 26th of last December when I noted a very Grinchish countenance in the mirror. It was Seuss! Something had gone wrong with Christmas, I realized, or more likely with me. So I wrote the story about my sour friend, the Grinch, to see if I could rediscover something about Christmas that obviously I'd lost."

If you have children in your house (the neighbors' kids will do as well), gather them to you and read this one aloud, starting on page 53. You'll be delighted yourself and beloved for it—and quite possibly you'll rediscover something, too. Theodore Seuss Geisel (a long-forgotten impulse prompted him to sign his first drawing with his mother's family name and award himself a doctorate) is a genuine original. His picture books are cherished by children *and* adults. Recently he produced a new kind of text for six-year-olds, "The Cat in the Hat," which is being introduced in public school systems to help make Johnny *want* to read. We have published many delightful fantasies by the mad doctor but none so heart-warming as "The Grinch," which we believe may become an enduring part of Christmastime. It is available in permanent form in a handsome book published by Random House.

Frederick Laing, author of our novel, has written books and magazine stories and for TV, radio and the movies. "His Neighbor's Wife," on page 113, is his most welcome first appearance in REDBOOK. . . . For his Williamsburg story, "I Spent Christmas in the Past," page 65, reporter Leonard Falkner did part of his legwork in 18th-Century costume. He says his wife now prefers him in a Colonial wig.

W. B. H.



*Seuss looking like himself*

*Leonard Falkner*



### COMING NEXT MONTH:

The full story of the Air Force lieutenant who lived through 54 days in a mountain wilderness—only to find his marriage threatened and his honesty challenged

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# *Holiday Greetings*

**T**O all our friends in the United States and Canada, we of the Metropolitan Life extend our warmest wishes for a Merry Christmas... and the happiest of New Years in 1958 ✦ ✦ In the true spirit of Christmas, our thoughts turn to the gifts with which Divine Providence has enriched our lives. We have much for which to be thankful... warm and enduring ties with families and friends, peace in our two nations and the great blessing which more and more of us are enjoying throughout life... good health ✦ ✦ May you and your family have, in abundant measure, health, happiness, peace of mind during this Holy Season and in all the years ahead.

## **Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

(A Mutual Company)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



*Skibo (Mickey Rooney)*



*Hogan (Jack Lemmon)*

*Capt. Lock (Ernie Kovacs)*

*Betty (Kathy Grant)*

*Redbook's Picture  
of the Month*



*Selected by  
Florence Somers*



## "Operation Mad Ball"

This is one of the wackiest, screwiest comedies to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. With three zany wits—Ernie Kovacs, Jack Lemmon and Mickey Rooney—trying to outdo each other both in action and invention, the lines and gags fly so fast that it's difficult to keep up with them. Someone in the production end was smart enough never to work a gag too long. Before the audience has tired of one hilarious situation, another has taken its place. This leaves the viewers with sore muscles, but a feeling of great enjoyment.

Basically "Operation Mad Ball" is the old fight between the G. I.'s and The Brass, and the setting is a base hospital in France after World War II. The G. I.'s have nothing to do but get in trouble, which they do magnificently. Part of it is due to the fact that their leader, *Hogan* (Jack Lemmon), and *Capt. Lock* (Ernie Kovacs) like the

same girl, *Betty* (Kathy Grant). Most of it is due to *Hogan's* trying to find a rendezvous spot for a fellow G. I. and his girl about to be separated. *Hogan* locates an inn which he can have if he repairs it, a job which involves so many operations and operators that the rendezvous turns into a "mad ball."

The Colonel (Arthur O'Connell) decides to give a ball the same evening in honor of his brother, recently made a general, and, in order to stymie the Colonel and reserve all females for the G. I.'s, *Hogan*, with the help of the ingenious *Yancey Skibo* (Mickey Rooney) manages to get the general and his regiment shipped out a day early.

This is only one of the incredible incidents which make this the laugh festival of the year, a very proper setting for the movie debut of Ernie Kovacs, whose talents have hitherto been reserved to television. (Columbia)

-And then she said,

*"I am not allowed to love. But I will love you if that is your desire..."*

THIS IS  
**MARLON BRANDO**

AND AN EXQUISITE NEW JAPANESE STAR. THEY LIVE JAMES A. MICHENER'S STORY OF DEFIANT DESIRE. IT IS CALLED

**SAYONARA**



Filmed in Japan in the never-before-seen beauty of **TECHNIRAMA®** and **TECHNICOLOR®** presented by **WARNER BROS.**



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PRODUCED BY

**WILLIAM GOETZ · JOSHUA LOGAN**

DIRECTED BY

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY

**JAMES A. MICHENER**

SCREEN PLAY BY

**PAUL OSBORN**

Song: 'SAYONARA' Words and Music by **IRVING BERLIN**  
MUSIC BY FUMI WAKAMOTO

AND INTRODUCING FOR THE FIRST TIME **MIIKO TAKA**

## EASY TO HAVE A WINE-TASTING



**LATEST FAD**— Invite your friends in, open California Sherry (*appetizer*); Burgundy and Sauternes (*dinner wines*); Port (*dessert wine*). Fill glasses, study beautiful colors, sniff aroma and bouquet of each wine, and . . .



**SIP** slowly. Treat your tastebuds! Compare wines, write down favorites. Munch crackers between sips. This easy entertainment is fun, tests your palate and memory, tells you which wines you'll love best for everyday use such as:



**COOKING!** Learn recipes like "Wine-Fried Chicken" (above). Send for our free Chicken & Turkey Recipe leaflet. Also new "Wine Drinks" leaflet with Holiday toddies, party ideas for young homemakers. So easy. Economical!

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## 3 Other Fine



### "APRIL LOVE"

A light, romantic musical as good as this one is welcome in April or any time of the year. "April Love" has a great deal of bounce and charm, plus settings in the lush Kentucky horse country and some catchy tunes sung by Pat Boone and Shirley Jones. Shirley, looking very trim, seems a lot livelier than she did in "Carousel," and Pat Boone is most attractive as *Nick Conover*, a Chicago boy who is in trouble and has been sent to his uncle's farm in Kentucky.

His uncle (Arthur O'Connell) trains trotting horses, and his wealthy neighbor not only has trotters, but two pretty daughters, *Liz* (Miss Jones) and *Fran* (Dolores Michaels). There's a bit of rivalry between them for *Nick*, with *Liz* trying to interest him in horses, and *Fran* in sports cars. The odds shift back and forth and love runs a pretty rough, but entertaining, course before the results are announced. There's an exciting trotting race, too. (20 Cent.-Fox)



### "PAL JOEY"

John O'Hara's "Pal Joey" concerned a fascinating, no-good singer who loved the ladies and left them, after using them to further his career. The screen characterization of *Joey* matches the stage role, thanks to Mr. Sinatra's portrayal, but the parts given to Miss Novak and Miss Hayworth have been considerably watered down. There are still the wonderful Rodgers and Hart tunes, some from the original "Pal Joey" score and the rest from other hits of theirs.

This is a colorful production of "Joey," but it lacks the sharpness and brilliance of the stage presentation. *Joey* is still the heel who is so attractive to a wealthy widow, *Vera Simpson* (Rita Hayworth), that she sets him up in a night club. He's also the only man in the world for *Linda* (Kim Novak), a girl in the show who remains true to him through everything. Although the ending is too sweet, there's still Sinatra's singing and Miss Hayworth's dancing. (Col.)

### DECEMBER BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

**If All the Guys in the World** — Prize-winning film about life-saving activities of ham radio operators.

**It Happened in the Park** — Five vignettes about love in Rome's Borghese gardens. Vittorio De Sica. \* November.

**Jet Pilot** — Beautiful flying in a film made by Janet Leigh and John Wayne when jet planes were new weapons.

**Les Girls** — Zippy, fast and colorful musical with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, Kay Kendall and Taina Elg. \* Nov.

**Sayonara** — James Michener's story directed with great feeling for the Japanese background by Josh Logan. Marlon Brando, Red Buttons. \* November.

# Films



## "THE TIN STAR"

Henry Fonda and Anthony Perkins are perfect for their roles in this unusual Western. Fonda is *Morgan Hickman*, a former sheriff, who incurs the hatred of a small town when he brings in the body of an outlaw and claims the bounty for the latter's death. *Ben Owens* (Tony Perkins) is the young sheriff of the town, who is having difficulty in maintaining law and order. While *Hickman* waits for his money, he becomes interested in *Ben* and teaches him the art of being a sheriff. *Hickman* also becomes fond of a young widow, *Nona Mayfield* (Betsy Palmer). Considered an outcast because she married an Indian, *Nona* was the only one to offer *Hickman* refuge. There's a suspenseful climax in which *Hickman* and *Ben* overcome the mob that tries to take over the town.

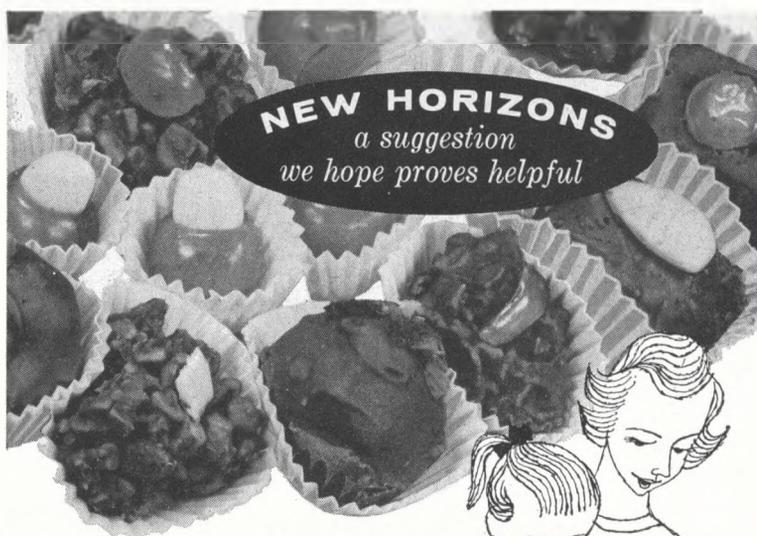
Although the story is interesting, it is the acting which lends distinction and adds a real emotional quality to the film. (Paramount)

**Search for Paradise** — Newest Cine-rama production has beautiful Oriental scenery but too much dialogue. \* Nov.

**Slaughter on Tenth Avenue** — Richard Egan as an honest D. A. who tries to clean up the waterfront. Jan Sterling.

**Woman in a Dressing Gown** — Tender study of a woman who doesn't know how to save her failing marriage.

\*Previously reviewed in Redbook



have fun  
making delicious

## HOLIDAY CANDY

Folks are thrilled—  
these chocolates taste  
so good,

look so professional.

Yet so easy to do.

Not even any cooking.

5 different kinds:—

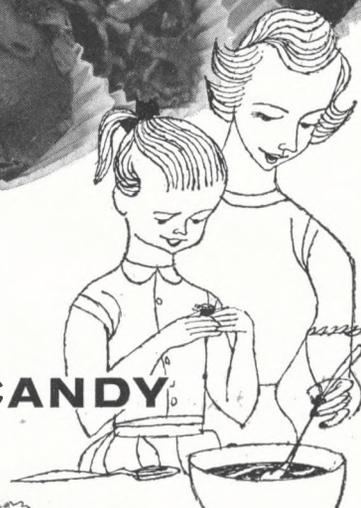
Chocolate Cherries—

Puddings—

Crunchies—

Peanut Butter Centers—

Almonds-in-Cherries.



### EASY HOW-TO-DO-IT

**Ingredients:** 2 lbs. semi-sweet chocolate... 6 oz. maraschino cherries... ½ cup hard sauce... ½ can flaky coconut... 3 oz. crunchy peanut butter... Can of chopped, roasted almonds... 2 slices fruit cake ¼" thick... Cherries, blanched almonds, what-have-you for trim.

**Prepare centers** on wax paper. **FOR CHOCOLATE CHERRIES**—Drain maraschino cherries, roll one by one in tsp. hard sauce; then in coconut. **FOR PEANUT BUTTER CENTERS**—Make balls, each 1 tsp. of peanut butter; roll in chopped almonds. **FOR PUDDINGS**—Cut fruit cake in ¼" squares.

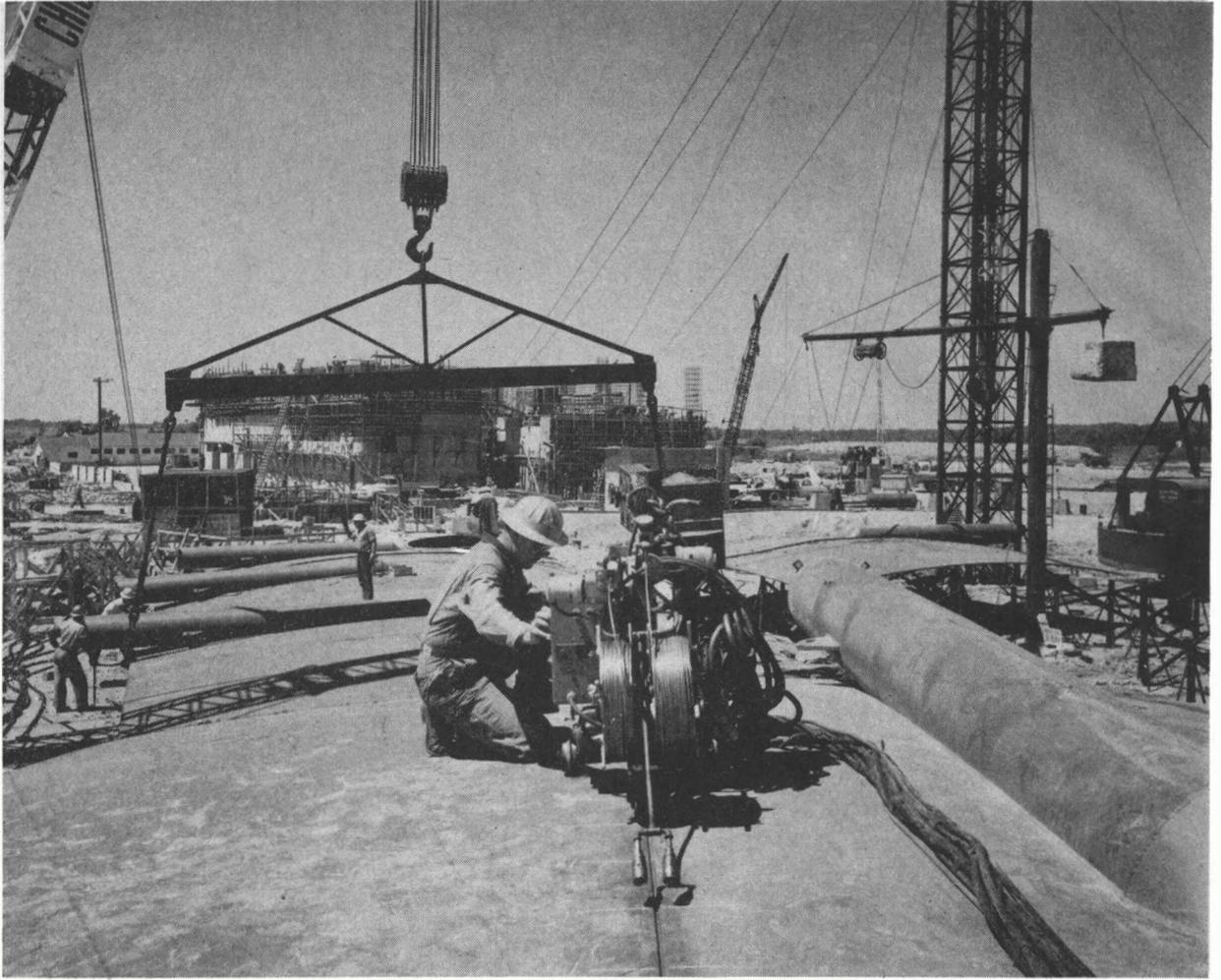
**Coat:** Stir to merely melt chocolate in bowl over hot water. Don't let chocolate get hotter than 80°F. Never let water touch bowl or chocolate. Use fork to dip centers one by one. Lift on fork; push with second fork onto wax paper. Trim.

**Crunchies:** Left-over ingredients or raisins, cornflakes, etc. stirred into left-over, melted chocolate. Drop by teaspoonful.

Easy way to thrill young folk!



All youngsters love the  
lively taste and smooth chewing  
of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Tuck  
in Christmas stockings. Hang on your tree.



Workmen weld the giant reactor container (foreground) and construct the power building (background) at the Dresden, Ill., atomic-electric plant, a project of Commonwealth Edison Company, 6 other electric companies and their equipment makers.

## New power plants to produce electricity

These photographs show various stages in the development of some of the exciting new atomic-electric power plant projects.

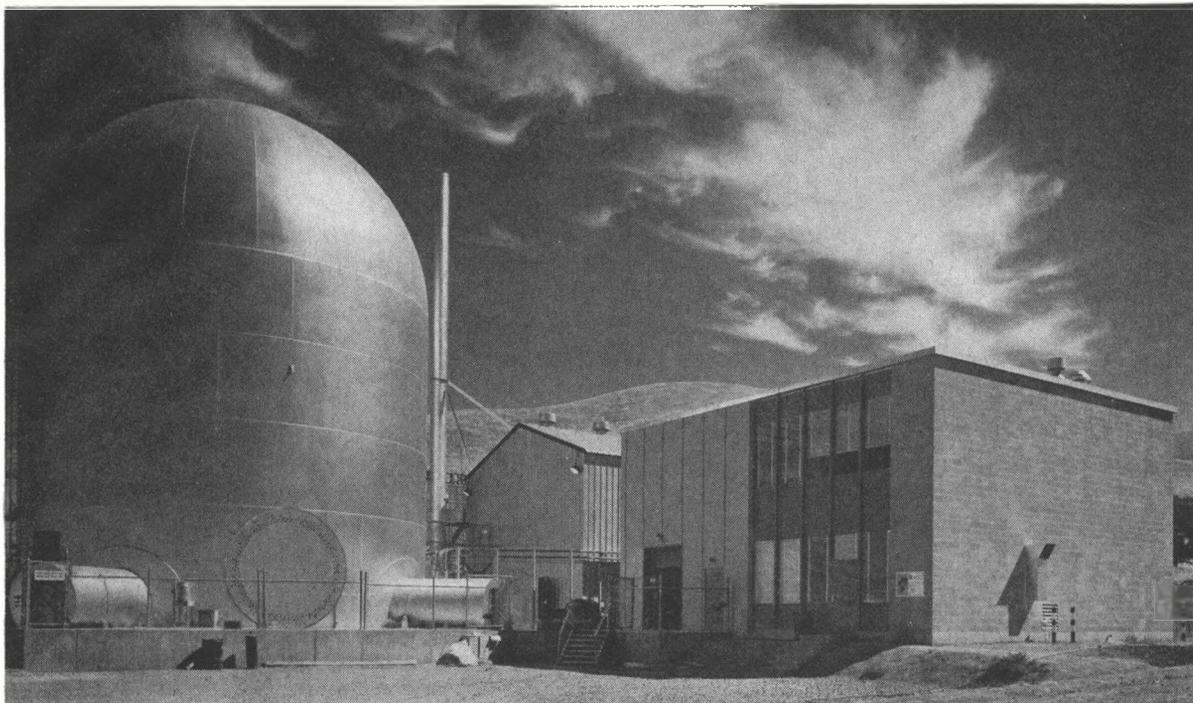
These three, and others like them, are being developed by a number of independent electric light and power companies and their equipment manufacturers, and with the cooperation of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Such pioneering plants will produce electricity for thousands of homes, farms and businesses. And

more than that, they will help develop a whole new science. Building and operating them will provide the knowledge and experience for even more efficient atomic-electric plants in the future.

The independent electric light and power companies have helped bring this nation the best and most up-to-date electric service in the world. You can count on them to help develop the best ways to put the atom to work making electricity for the American people.

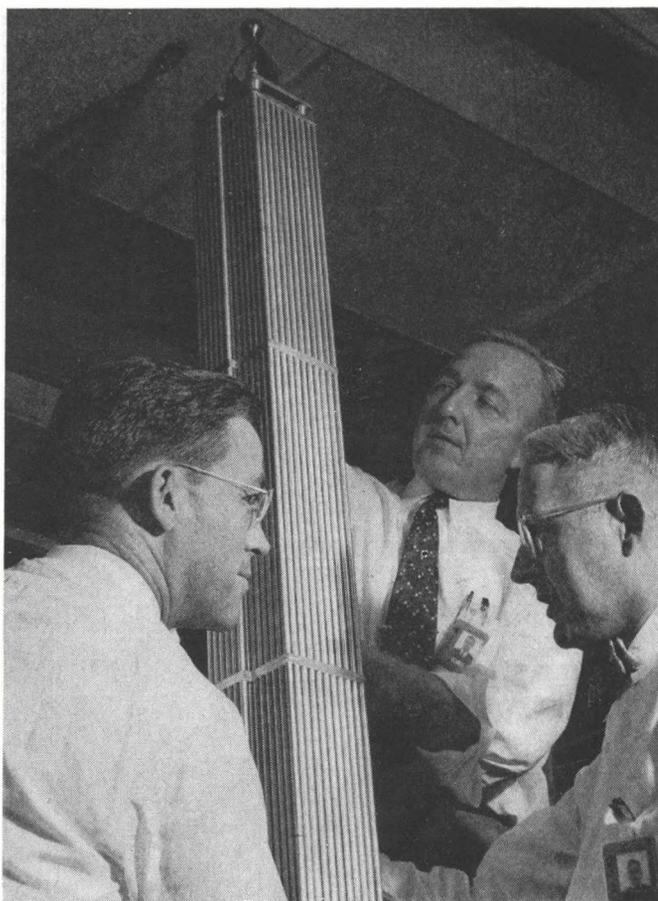
**America's Independent**



The new atomic reactor (left) and electric generator building (right) at a developmental atomic-electric plant near Pleasanton, Calif. The reactor was built by the General Electric Company; the power plant by the Pacific Gas & Electric Company.

## from the atom

Engineers inspect a complicated atomic fuel assembly—the kind being built for the Yankee Atomic Electric plant at Rowe, Mass. Twelve New England electric companies, a number of equipment makers and the AEC are working together on this project.



**Electric Light and Power Companies\***

*\*Company names on request through this magazine.*

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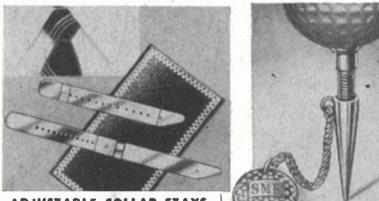
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- World's greatest mother;
- Dad; Lover; Driver;
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**mickie jackson**

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12 different Butterflies to Set, each 2" to 3 1/2" wide.  
**\$1.50 PER SET** Postpaid

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**NEW ROUND CORNERED EMBOSSED SHADOWBOX**

**Friendship photos**

From your own favorite photo, snapshot or negative. Friendship Photo's exciting new and different Shadowbox Prints with deep, sunk embossing and softly rounded corners add subtle glamour to that treasured snapshot. Prints are wallet-size . . . 2 1/2" x 3 1/2". Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today.

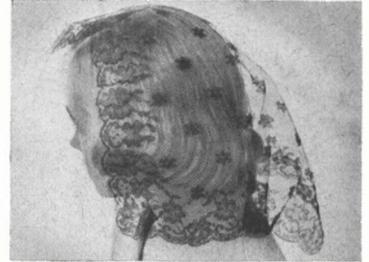
**25 FOR \$1** plus 10¢ shipping

**50 for \$2.00** from one pose, plus 10¢ shipping, including Special Bonus

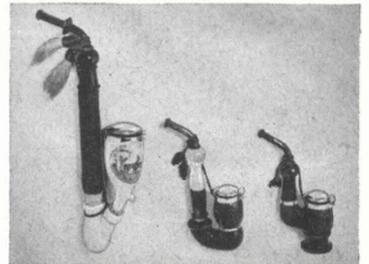
**FRIENDSHIP PHOTOS, DEPT. P-80, QUINCY 60, MASS.**

**Tops in the**

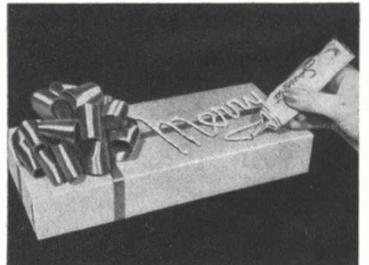
**Chapel cap.** During the holidays, more and more people like to stop into church, and that's why they'll appreciate having this 16" x 16" veil (in case they forget a hat). Made in France of white or black Chantilly lace, it comes in tiny case that fits into purse. **\$1.50** postpaid. Mastercraft, 273-R Congress, Boston 10, Mass.



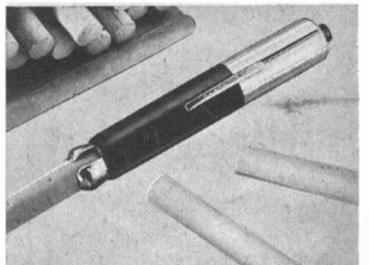
**Pipe dreams** for the important man on your gift list! The hunting pipe, 4 3/4" high, has a bowl of the best aged briar. **\$4.25**. The 9 1/4" porcelain pipe has a hand-painted scene on the bowl. **\$5.25**. The sports pipe, with best aged briar bowl, is 4 1/2" high. **\$4.25**. Ppd. Hildegard Studios, 597 Farmington Ave., Hartford 5, Conn.



**Sparkle in a tube!** Isn't this a great discovery? Liquid sparkle flows on paper, cloth, glass, wood or metal and adheres like iron! Millions of metallic chips in the liquid give an enchanting effect! Just write or draw with it! Gold, silver, red or green; **\$1** tube, ppd. Walter Drake, R-35 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colorado.



**Teacher's pet** Christmas gift will certainly be this chalk-holder! It's an automatic pencil that holds any sized black-board chalk, keeps fingers clean. 22k gold-plated cap has onyx-black plastic barrel. 4 1/4" long over-all, it's a gem for **\$2**; **3** for **\$5**, ppd. Add 15¢ each for airmail. Hand-Genic, 161 W. 23rd St., New York 11.



• We've had fun shopping for you! Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money



**Fascinating Ant Farm \$2.98 Postpaid**

For hours of fun and fascination, watch "the world's smallest engineers" dig tunnels, build bridges, move mountains! See the ants' entire world through clear plastic walls! Exciting nature study demonstrates work and patience, fascinates children, adults, shut-ins. Unbreakable, escape-proof plastic, 6" x 9", with soil, sandbar, farm buildings, ants and "Ant Watcher's Manual." Shipped in 24 hrs.; satisfaction guaranteed. **\$2.98** postpaid. Walter Drake & Sons, 812 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 6, Colo.



**BRIGHT SPIRITS**

are assured when you carry this complete portable bar. Sturdy, handsome tan leather-like case contains 4 liggers, napkins, stirrers, space for 2 bottles. Personalized with 2 or 3 initials. It's the perfect gift! **\$10.95** ppd.

No C.O.D.'s, please

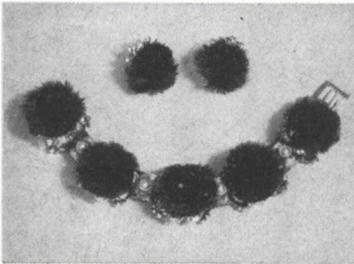
**WALES** RB12, 540 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

# shops

**CAROLYN KELLY**  
Shopping Editor



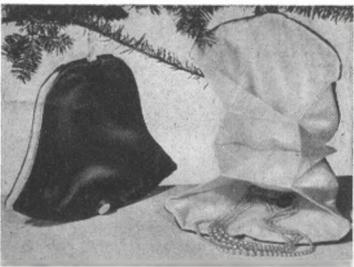
**A match for a miss**—her very personal luggage set in handsome off-white leatherette. Now she can travel to slumber parties, ballet lessons, the beach or on overnight visits in style! 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 11" x 6" vanity case (\$4.50) and 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " hat box (\$2.95) come with any name in red. Set, \$6.95, postpaid. Meredith's, Evanston 32, Ill.



**Circle her with mink!** Lovely "hunks" of mink, either white, honey or natural brown ranch (specify) are set in gold plated filigree mountings and spotted with mock pearls! \$5 set including tax and postage. Earrings separately (with clip backs), \$1.10 pair. Merrill Ann Creations, 3601 Kingsbridge Ave., Dept. R, New York 63.



**Never felt better!** A real holiday bonanza is this package of 30 felt appliques to trim a child's skirt, decorate your packages, brighten the tree or trim gloves, hats and purses. Gaily colored, they can be pressed with a hot iron or sewn on any surface. \$1 ppd. Page & Biddle, 21 Station Rd., Haverford, Pennsylvania.



**Bells are ringing!** And this is the season's gayest! Bright red satin bell is lined with gleaming white taffeta. Its 3 partitions are for jewelry and hosiery, so hang it on the tree filled with your teenage daughter's first nylons and pearls! 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 7"; \$2.50 postpaid. Artisan Galleries, 2100 No. Haskell Ave., Dept. R, Dallas 4, Texas.

order. (No c.o.d.'s, please.) Unless personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund.



## Felt HEADBAND from SWITZERLAND

Protects ears and hair against cold and wind. Embroidered with edelweiss blossoms. Red, black or blue. 3.95, plus 25c for handling.

Is your name on our mailing list? Catalogs 5 times yearly.

**THE VERMONT CROSSROADS STORE**  
Montpelier 5, Vermont

## Winter Dandy

SHOE-BOOT fashion to keep you warm 'n snug in city or country, crafted by Lisak. Charcoal, black, tan or red glove leather — with 100% nylon shearing lining and sure-grip rubber sole.



AAA to EE widths  
sizes 4 to 10, \$12.85  
sizes 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 12, \$13.95  
(please add 35c postage)

**SEND FOR FREE CATALOG** showing enormous variety of styles in quality shoes and boots from \$9.95 FOR SIZES 1 to 13 — AAAAAA to EEEEE

**SOLBY BAYES** write to Dept. R  
45 Winter Street, Boston 8, Mass.

WRITE FOR CATALOG

**Precious Trophies** A WAYNE ORIGINAL

Distinctively Gift Boxed, One Week Delivery.

Always in her heart... why not on her wrist? Photo lockets show a growing tribe from diapers to dungarees

Bracelet, heavy Sterling Silver link chain. ea. \$4.00  
In 12 Kt. Gold Filled ea. \$4.00  
Round Locket, 1" dia. which open and hold two pictures. First name and birthdate engraved in script. In Sterling Silver ea. \$3.50  
In 12 Kt. Gold Filled ea. \$3.50  
All prices include engraving, federal tax and postage

**Wayne Silversmiths** 546C SO. BROADWAY YONKERS 5, N.Y.

**FOLDABLE PLAYING CARD TRAY**  
PERFORMS 2 FUNCTIONS FOR ONE INVESTMENT

Retains cards in proper order for all draw-discard games. **NEW!** Folds and locks into storage case (holds up to 3 decks.)

Add glamour to your card parties with this unique plastic tray. An exquisite ornament you will be proud to display. Stunning for any home decor. An exciting gift for all occasions. Only \$1.79 each or 3 for \$3.00. Postage prepaid. **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.** Order several trays NOW for yourself and future gift needs. **RED or BLACK.** Specify color. Send check or money order to

**J. PERRY WELLS INDUSTRIES, Dept. R**  
809 N. 21st Ave., Phoenix, Arizona

FIRST with "The Bowery Grenadiers"!

**HEROES, HEROINES & MISHAPS**

Only \$4.98 ppd.

Historic American folk ballads and songs from Colonial days to the Titanic sinking! Solemn, satirical and comic. **HEROES** received highest ratings in top national magazines with special rave for "The Bowery Grenadiers"! Adults and children, too, love the dynamic voice of John Allison, famous folk song balladeer. 12" L.F.

**FICKER RECORDS**  
101 Arcadia Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.  
Money-back guar., immed. delivery! Write for free catalog.

**R E L A X I N**

**PATAKWA MOCCASINS — Ideal Gift**  
from the Indian Reservation Country of soft, washable sueded cowhide, with flexible padded soles. **BLISS TO WEAR** indoors or out with cuffs rolled up or down.  
HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Turquoise, Brown, Red, Russet and Indian White.

**FOR MEN AND WOMEN** in sizes 4 to 8.....\$4.95  
in sizes 9 thru 12.....\$5.95

**FOR CHILDREN** too, in natural or brown only  
Sizes 5, 7, 9...\$2.95 Sizes 11, 13, 2...\$3.95  
Send 25c postage please. For **GOY'S** send \$2 deposit.  
Immed. delivery. Satisf. guar. Gift orders carefully handled.

**OLD PUEBLO TRADERS** Box 403B, Dept. RP-1  
Tucson, Arizona

# THAT MODEL LOOK

with  
the  
**New  
Make-Up  
Base**  
(Liquid)  
**Techni-Veil**  
(TV7)



## 12 Make-Ups 25¢

The perfect face a cover girl presents to the world isn't necessarily so. Models have complexion faults too. Their jobs demand perfection all the time. The camera doesn't lie—in fact, it magnifies. To present a flawless appearance models rely on make-up. NOW—a completely new make-up base created for models to keep them looking naturally perfect for 16 hours at a time without retouching—it made available to the general public. **TECHNI-VEIL** (Liquid Base) helps transform even imperfect skins into a beautiful complexion. Easy to apply as face powder, yet perspiration does not touch it, rain won't streak it, City-proof too. You won't know you have it on except for the wonderful attention it gets you. Five shades. Choose from the description below.

**MODEL'S COSMETICS, Inc., Dept. 403,**  
203 N. Wabash Av., Chicago 1, Illinois

Slightly check the shade (or shades) you want and send together with 25¢ which includes postage and government tax for each shade desired. Cream ....., Sun Blush ....., Beige ....., Brunette ....., Sun Gold .....

Each package gives you at least twelve 10-hour **TECHNI-VEIL MAKE-UPS**. You'll receive yours by return mail.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_



Ingenious Knee Lift Cushion gives lounge chair comfort in your own bed. Gently flexes knees, just like hospital bed. "Floating" action prevents straight-leg discomfort. Back, hips, legs relax—many aches disappear. Tension vanishes—sleep comes naturally. Avoid sedative habit. **PRICELESS GIFT** for bed readers, convalescents, expectant mothers. Money Back Guarantee. Gifts mailed direct. Sent postpaid for only \$2.98. Two day airmail if desired 40¢ extra.

White washable zippered case, 85¢.

**BETTER SLEEP, Inc., Dept. 427, New Providence, N. J.**

## FORCES You to Save



**\$100.00 a Year!**  
Get Perpetual Date and Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps it up-to-date. Also total amount saved. Forces you to save daily, or **Automatic Calendar** won't charge date. Use year after year. Order several. Reg. \$3.50. Now only \$1.99 each; 3 for \$5.75; 6 for \$11.00. Mail cash, check or m.o. to **LEECRAFT, Dept. 1R, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.**

## PIPE-RAK

**SAFE! HANDY!  
NO MESS!**

for his car!  
holds his pipe while  
he drives



**BOYD F. SCHERNBECK**  
5713-RR-2 Standish Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

**\$2**  
post paid

# Tops in the Shops

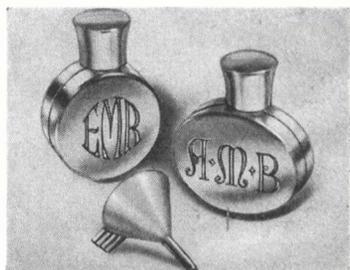
**And real fur to boot!** That's a genuine mouton fur "collar" on these handsome boots! And it can be worn turned up or down, depending on how deep the snow is! Black leather, with rubber heel and sole for good-grip on ice. Sizes 8-12, narrow and medium widths. \$15.45 ppd. Shoecraft, Inc., 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.



**Reap the harvest of beautiful value and beautiful style!** Wheat-design jewelry is handcrafted of sterling silver and hand-huffed to a shining finish. Its simplicity highlights a dark dress, fall suit or slim sheath. 2 1/2" pin, \$5.50; earrings, \$5.50. Postpaid. Add 25¢ for air mail. Alpine Imports, 505-C Fifth Ave., New York 17.



**These make scents** because now a well-groomed lady can carry her favorite perfume with her! Purse flacons are gold finished, have 2 or 3 initials. Inside, a spill-proof bottle holds one ounce. A funnel to transfer scent from bigger bottles incl. Round or oval, \$1.50 each, ppd. Zenith, 127-R P.O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.



## YOUR OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE

**LET MORTON'S REMODEL** your old, worn or out-of-style fur coat, jacket, even your old cape into a glamorous new style, complete with new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing, only \$22.95.

**• Morton's is the world's first and largest 1-price fur service.**  
**• Morton's is the world's first and largest 30 Lovely Fashions!**  
**• Morton's styling and work praised by Harpers' Bazaar, Glamour, other fashion leaders.**  
**• Send no money. Just mail us your old fur, state dress size and height. Pay postman when restyled fashion arrives. Or write for new 1958 style book.**



**WRITE FOR NEW 1958 FREE STYLE BOOK**

**MORTON'S, Dept. 15-L**  
Washington 4, D. C.

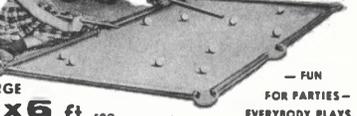
## SAVE \$10.00

**NORELCO "Speedshaver" Men's Electric Shaver.** Latest model, brand new and fully guaranteed. Complete with case, cord and cleaning brush. Regularly retails at \$24.95. Our price \$14.95 postage pd. All orders filled within 24 hrs. Your money back if you are not fully satisfied. Send check or M. O. to: **J. BROOKS, Dept. 854, Box 212, St. Louis 3, Mo.**



## NEW POOL GAME

**SPECIAL FACTORY PRICE**  
Only **\$3.98**  
POST PAID



**LARGE 4x6 ft. reg.**

Now you can have your own pool game. Just set this 4 x 6 ft. pool table frame on your rug and you're ready to play! Small party game! Folds compactly—sets up in seconds. Comes complete with sturdy wood frame, six pool packets with ball traps, ten numbered balls, two cues, and instructions on the different pool games. Send \$3.98 to: **HAIG MFG.CO. Box M-32, San Gabriel, California**

**1000 Name & Address Labels \$1**  
**SPECIAL XMAS OFFER**  
Any 3 different orders \$2 ppd.



**Sensational bargain!** Your name and address printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded! Packed with FREE Plastic GIFT BOX. Personalize stationery, books, cards, etc. 1000 only \$1 ppd. **SPECIAL XMAS OFFER—ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS \$2.** Satisfaction guaranteed! Handy Labels, 1220 Annapolis Bldg., Culver City 1, California.

## BOYS ROBES for CHRISTMAS

**Direct from Mfgr. Save 40%**

Woven cotton flannel, at \$5.55% wool 45% rayon at \$6. Attractive Red and Blue plaids. Sizes 8-18 full cut. Send check or money order. Refund in 7 days.

**UNIVERSAL ROBES 1 E. 28 St., N.Y.C.**

**GENTLEMEN!**  
*Looking for an extra-special Christmas gift for HER?*

**TOPS offers an exciting variety of gift items . . . many of which are not yet available in your local stores.**  
**Avoid Christmas shopping crowds. Shop in ease in TOPS IN THE SHOPS.**

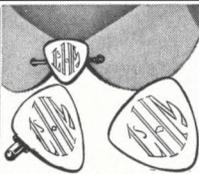
# BANCROFT'S GIFTS MAKE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EASY

\* ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY RECEIVED

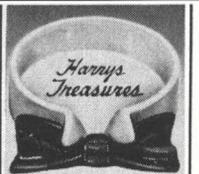


John Helen  
Have a drink with  
the Thompsons

**PERSONALIZED SERVING TRAY**  
Surprise guests with this personal touch of hospitality. Nostalgic Gay 90's couple on handsome metal serving tray is identified with your name and that of your spouse. Last name hand-lettered as shown. 9"x15". Colorfast with raised lip for easy carrying. Specify names.  
EG 2539-D Gay 90's Tray..... \$1.98



**ENGRAVED JEWELRY FASHIONS**  
Give a completely personal gift this Christmas! The luxury of these Monogrammed earrings, cuff links and slip-on collar pin is so breathtaking, you'll demand a set for yourself, too. Specify 2 or 3 initials, choice of gold or silver.  
EG 2514-D, Earrings... \$1.65  
EG 2515-D, Cuff Links... \$1.65  
EG 2516-D, Slip-On Pin \$1.10  
EG 2517-D, Set of All 3 \$3.95



**HIS OWN DRESSER DEMESSER**  
Well placed for well-dressed men! No more grumbling and fumbling for rings, watch, loose change or jewelry. They'll be appropriately placed in this ceramic replica of a "Tie and Collar." Any first name hand-lettered as shown. 5" dia. Makes an eye-catching tray.  
EG 506-P..... \$1.98



**Full-Size ELECTRIC FIREPLACE**  
Looks like the real thing—the logs actually GLOW and FLICKER! Life-size (almost 4 feet wide by 4 feet tall) Fireplace has realistically red-colored bricks, green holly wreath, simulated andirons and logs. Sets up in 60 seconds. Rigid Kraft-board, vinyl coated for easy cleaning. With socket, cord, flicker attachment.  
EG 1002-S..... \$3.95



**GIANT MOMMY-SIZE KITCHEN**  
For little cooks with big ideas! Cupboard and Refrigerator over 3 ft. high. Range over 2 ft. Complete with doors that open and close, timers, shelf and storage space, knobs, oven, freezer compartment. Sturdy fibreglass.  
EG 1068-S Patch Design Cupboard... \$4.98  
EG 1069-S Refrigerator..... \$4.98  
EG 1070-S Range..... \$3.98



**BOOK THAT TALKS 59¢**  
A different animal speaks to your child from every page! Colorful story has sounds to bark! Ducks go Qu-a-ck! Press the entire book and all sing in chorus. "Christmas Special"  
EG 9698 Talking Book... 59¢  
With Name, hand printed.  
EG 599-P Personal Book... 89¢



**REAL SNOW SKATES!**  
Healthful winter fun—and no ice needed! Snow Skates are made just like miniature skis from steamed hardwood with grooved bottoms. Aluminum heel plates and sturdy ankle straps let youngsters fairly fly over snow in safety. Over 16" long, they're easy to trim to fit any child's foot.  
EG 3509..... \$1.79



**WATERPROOF MITTENS**  
Waterproof mittens and gloves, hand-lettered with child's first name—can't get lost. Healthful answer to children's wet, soggy mittens. Plastic coated and flexible. Piece jersey lining prevents cold, chapped hands. Or-diet, blue or brown. Give the child's age for size. Specify name.  
EG 508-P, Mittens..... \$1.00  
EG 509-P, Gloves..... \$1.50



**ROLLING SNOW PLOW**  
... ONLY \$12.95  
No Bending! No Lifting! CLEANS SIDEWALK AUTOMATICALLY  
All you do is walk behind it! All-steel Snow Plow rolls on 6" rubber tires through all kinds of snow. Big 23" blade adjusts through full 20° angle. One throw snow left or right. One trip up and back cleans entire sidewalk.  
Eliminates Strain On Heart Or Back  
Does one hour's shoveling in 5 minutes! Glides through snowfalls as deep as 8" with no effort. Won't leave small piles to clean after. 41" no-stop handle; rust-resistant red enamel finish.  
EG 100..... \$12.95

**VIRGIN MERMAID FISH LURE**  
She really works! Attracts and catches trout, bass, blue gills. She's a cast-away dream come true. In alluring bright natural colors that are so inviting to fish. Luscious Mermaid is sure to make companions gape and "Fikes peek!" Of tough plastic. With 2 strong treble hooks. In reusable plastic box. 6" long. Swell gift for fisherman friends.  
EG 5811..... \$1.75

**FOR TOOTHPICK TYCOONS**  
Imported, hand-carved Ivory TootHPick. Simulated alligator case. EG 143 Each... \$3.95  
EG 142J set of 2 Ivory \$1.00  
Mony Monny TootHPick. Shining Silver or Golden TootHPick with 3 initials.  
EG 219D Golden... \$3.30  
EG 218D Silver... \$1.00

**DOGGY CIGARETTE EJECTOR**  
Just press the chimney and a cigarette pops out of dog's mouth and lands in your ashtray. It's automatic. Made of beautiful inlaid imported mahogany wood. Holds full pack of any size cigarettes fitted through the sliding rod, 5" high.  
EG 9666 Clz. Ejector... \$1.25

**PERSONALIZED HALF CUPS**  
Guests' eyes pop as they ask for "half-a-cup-of-coffee" and you give it to them! Jumbo ceramic cups put in hand. Hand-etched with words as shown. Specify any family or first name.  
EG 539-P Each... \$1.25  
EG 540-P Set of 4..... \$3.95

**SLIM-CYCLE**  
only \$5.95  
Imagine! A bicycle-type exerciser in your own home—at this remarkable price! Cycle your way to health and a fashionable figure with just a few minutes exercise each day. Use anywhere, any time—even while watching TV. Converts to chest exerciser by simply reversing position. 6" improves circulation and chest muscles. 10" improves arms, muscle tone, too. Chrome plated steel.  
EG 9506 \$5.95

**YOUR OWN PERSONAL DRESS LABELS**  
Every creation "exclusively yours!" Your name on woven quality cloth labels you can use in dresses, blouses, etc. Identifies clothes, avoids laundry mix-ups. Your garments deserve this stylish finishing touch.  
EG 2640D Set of 15... \$2.00  
EG 2641D Set of 40... \$3.00  
EG 2642D Set of 60... \$3.00

**JEWELLED CLASP MAKES ANY SWEATER A CAPE!**  
The newest glamor gadget for the "chain and clasp makes a clever cape out of any cardigan or jacket. Also used to hold scarves, stoles, etc. in place. Lustrous pearl and gleaming jeweled clasps. Goes on and off in a jiffy.  
EG 9651 Sweater Guard... \$1.00

**Now in White & Colors FUN-FILLED TOILET TISSUE**  
Rib-tickling fun with laugh-loaded Toilet Rolls. Gay pastel colors! Each one spins out humorous sayings so funny you have to see 'em to believe 'em. EG 7777 Whimsical White. EG 9442 Giggly Green. EG 9443 Tickle Pink. EG 9444 Crazy Yellow. 3 Rolls (Same color)... \$1.00

**12 Colorful Pencils with YOUR NAME IN GOLD!**  
Any name in brilliant gold! Exciting to give—and a sure way to foil pencil snatchers. Fine quality No. 2 black lead. Gift boxed. A mark of distinction for any school. The pride of any school child. Pure rubber erasers. Specify name.  
EG 1504X, Pencils 24 for \$1.00

**LADY IN A BEER MUG**  
If you're fishing for mermaids—Brother this Beer Stein is for you! It won't be pink elephants, but a lovely lady that puts zest in a man-sized drink. Guests roar when they see this "Femme fatale" gracing back from their favorite brew. Quality ceramic.  
EG 7189, Each..... \$1.25  
EG 7190, Set of 4..... \$3.95

**BOTH YOUR NAMES**  
Bike Name Plates—2 for \$1.00  
Your child can ride his bike or wagon with quality cloth labels you can use in dresses, blouses, etc. Identifies clothes, avoids laundry mix-ups. Your garments deserve this stylish finishing touch.  
EG 2635-D Bike Plates..... 2 for \$1.00

**STOP "DOG ACCIDENTS"**  
Amazing scientific compound housebreaks your pet—automatically! Four 2" drops on any newspaper, mat or spot desired. Filo is drawn to it like a magnet. Very strong. Now furniture, rugs, floors are safe. Good for training pets to use selected outdoor spots, too.  
EG 3739..... \$2.00

**"OH! JOHNNY" PIPE**  
Aunt Anne may be a bit peeved when you order it—but you're sure to be the life of the party when you smoke it. This standard size pipe has a natural hardwood finish, and the "johnny" has a hinged lid like the real thing.  
EG 9547..... 69¢

**IMPORTED PICCOLO PENCILS**  
You've never seen pencils so unusual! Each carved by hand in Germany's Black Forest—each a personality in itself. Valued as collectors' items and wait till the children get ahold of them. It's a pencil carved with sixteen fat men, clowns, hammers, etc.  
EG 7452, 8 for..... \$1.00

**Name & House Number G L O W In The Dark! PERSONALIZED "MIDNIGHT COACH" SIGN**  
Family name and house number can be seen day or night! Artistically hand-lettered Coach Sign adds friendly warmth to your home. And it, too, Proudly display it on lawn, house, mailbox, post of tree. Durably fashioned from heavy, weatherproof methyl-methacrylate plastic with rich black hammers, grinkle finish. Over 18" long and 5 1/2" high.  
EG 515P, Coach Sign..... \$1.00

**Personalized CIGARETTE DISPENSER**  
The clever attached poem tells the story "Take a look and you will know—how many packs I've got to go!" We identify this "Cigarette Bar" as your very own by hand-lettering it with ANY name along with the words Illustrated. Now you can check your supply at a glance and never run short of cigarettes. Saves trips to store—keeps 10 packs neat, clean and handy. Fits on wall or table. Sturdy plastic 10 1/4" high.  
EG 554P, Regular; EG 555P, King-Size. Each..... \$1.25

**Operates From Dashboard CAR VACUUM CLEANER**  
Keep your car clean and healthy wherever you are. Handy portable car vacuum sucks up sand, dirt, dust and crumbs from upholstery, floor, and interior. No outside outlets or special attachments, needed. Fits in glove compartment. Comes with 12 ft. hose.  
EG 3749..... \$3.98

**HOW TO ORDER:**

- Order by number, give quantity desired.
- Add only 15c to each item ordered for postage and handling.
- Send payment (check, money order or cash) with order. No C.O.D.'s.
- Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back.

**SEND ALL ORDERS TO Bancroft's**  
2170 So. Canalport Ave., Dept. RB-457, Chicago 8, Ill.

**Personalized DENTURE DISH**  
Ideal for sparkling dentures that need over-night parking! The lucky recipient of this spacious, sanitary container will be so thrilled he'll want to show away his teeth at once. Really distinctive, it's hand-lettered with ANY name along with the words Illustrated.  
EG 556P..... \$1.25

**Exciting New BALLPOINT "LEG" PEN**  
Get a "kick" out of writing! Beautiful flesh-tinted plastic ball point pen is shaped like a movie star's million dollar leg. The retractable point into leg—uses standard refills. Novel yet practical, the bankers approved non-sneaking pen writes like a dream—smooth and easy. Highest quality, its hand perfect copy. Watch Gramps kick up his heels when he sees it.  
EG 207J..... \$1.00

**FREE** 5 DAY TRIAL OFFER



**NEW-GUARANTEED TIPETTE**

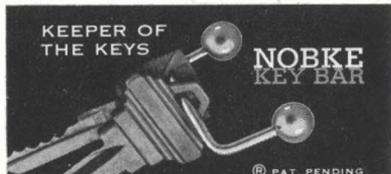
Now at last a nail polish dispenser that's as easy to use as a fountain pen. Wonderful for quick touchups, use anytime anywhere. New and different Tipette won't leak, spill or break. Gleaming all metal gold container holds 400 applications. Choice of pink, red, coral or natural. **CHIP PROOF DURABLE NAIL ENAMEL.**

Only **1.00** Plus 25c Tax & Postage

If not satisfied return for refund.

**SUZY BENESCH, Dept. R**  
1037 So Masselln Ave., Los Angeles 19, California

**for QUICK DELIVERY have it sent by AIR**



**KEEPER OF THE KEYS NOBKE KEY BAR**

Pat. Pending

The key holder of today—and tomorrow! Round ball screws onto ends of bar. Keys so easy to get on and off; always in order. Solid brass, silverplated. Made in Germany. Most acceptable gifts. Retail 69¢. 4 for \$2. Add 18¢ for air delivery.

**B. M. LAWRENCE IMPORTS**  
244 California Street • San Francisco 11, Calif.

**GELDEN ZIPPER-UPPER**

You'll wonder how you ever got along without it once you've used this zipper-upper. It's a little chain with a hook that you catch the zipper with—a gentle tug and you're all zipped in a jiffy. It's gold-plated with a decorative coin on end—so easy to keep ahead of!

E-184 Zipper-Upper..... \$1.00 ppd.

**IMPORTED FILIGREE BRACELETS**

Spun-lace patterned jewelry will enhance any costume with their delicate styling. These gilded aluminum beauties came all the way from Germany to you. They're non-tarnishable to retain their luster and beauty. In yellow gold or silver.

E-138 Bracelet—gold \$1.60 ppd. E-81 Bracelet—silver \$1.00 ppd.

SEND FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG  
Eastling, 1227 Loyola, Dept. C-28, Chicago 26, Ill.

**GENUINE DIAMONDS DISCOUNT PRICES**

**WRITTEN BONDED GUARANTEE FOR LIFE**

**THE "DUKE" Men's Diamond Ring \$24.95**

14K, gold, perfect cut diamond in sparkling mounting. White gold same price.

**"TRUE LOVE" Complete Set—\$34.50**

14K, gold diamond engagement ring and matching diamond wedding band. Separately—Eng. ring \$24.95; band \$12.55. White gold same price.

**"LOVE-BIRDS" Complete Set—\$24.50**

14K, gold diamond engagement ring and matching 14K, gold wedding band. Separately—Eng. ring \$19.95; band \$6.55. White gold same price.

**"PRINCESS" Diamond Ring—\$24.95**

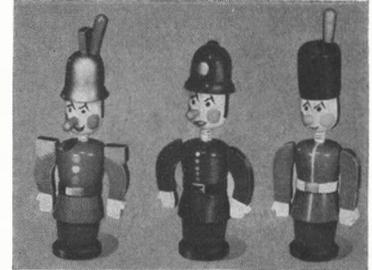
14K, gold, perfect cut diamond in a cluster-of-hearts mounting. White gold same price.

SEND ONLY \$1.00—any postman balance plus C.O.D. postage. Enclose check or money order—save C.O.D. postage. Beautiful gift box included. Money back guarantee. Prices include federal tax.

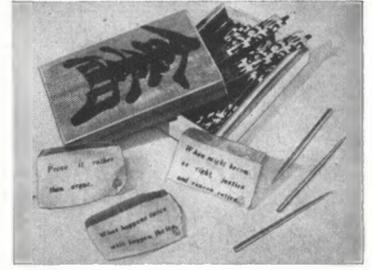
**S & K DIAMOND CO.—Dept. R**  
404 West Baltimore Street - Baltimore 1, Maryland

**Tops to the Shops**

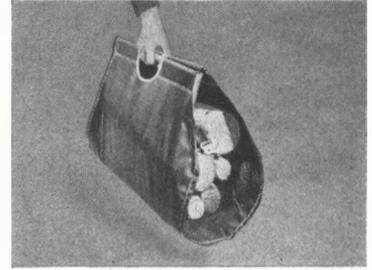
**New Year banks.** Give the children a good start toward thrift. Hand-painted wooden banks, 14" tall, are uniformed Royal Dragon, Keystone Kop or Guardsman (give 2nd choice). Each comes with lock and key, has slot big enough for 50¢ pieces. \$2.50 ppd. Lee Wynne, 56th & Diamond Sts., Dept. R12, Philadelphia 31, Pa.



**Fortune picks** are another charming example of the vastly popular Oriental influence. These are fun for cocktail parties. In a decorated Kiri-wood box you get 25 party picks for canapés, olives, shrimps, etc., each wrapped with a fortune. 3 boxes (75 picks), are \$1.50, plus 25¢ post. The Vermont Crossroads Store, Waterbury, Vt.



**Tote that log!** Even a slip of a girl can handle a woodsman's load of fireplace logs with this carrier! It's a 29" wide, vat-dyed canvas duck sling with easy-grip, wooden handles encased within the fabric. Green, red or black (please specify); \$2.95; 2 for \$5.50, postpaid. Ematol Products, Box 95, Dept. R, South Weymouth, Massachusetts.



**UP TO YOUR EARS IN MINK**



What a feeling of luxury to possess this perky, genuine MINK poodle with its pseudo-diamond choker and matching earrings set in a delicate gold filigree leaf. These fluffy balls of luxury come in White, Honey, or Natural Brown Mink. Poodle Pin \$1.98, Earrings \$1.10, or the set for the piggy bank price of only \$2.75. All postpaid.

Borry, no C.O.D.'s. Write for FREE Catalog.

**Merrill Ann Creations**  
3603 Kingsbridge Ave., Dept. RB, New York 63, N.Y.

**New! Greatest Music Value Ever Offered!**

**The FAMILY MUSIC BOOK**

only \$6.00 postpaid money-back guarantee

**800 PAGES OF MUSIC**  
Over 300 well-known standard favorites. Piano, organ and vocal music for all occasions. The most complete collection under one cover. Full 9" x 12" size, cloth-bound. An ideal gift!

**G. SCHIRMER**  
3 East 43 St., New York 17, Dept. 15

**NEW! CLEVER SWEATER-GUARD** . . . a much needed new fashion accessory! Now you can toss your sweater casually over your shoulders—it won't slip or fall off! Pretty pearl studded golden clips and chain hold it in place glamorously. You'll want one for every sweater—and for gifts, too!

**\$1.00 each. SPECIAL 3 for \$2.75**

**MASTERCRAFT** 273R CONGRESS BOSTON 10, MASS.

FREE GIFT & GADGET CATALOG

**BABY SHOE HEIRLOOMS**

For Proud Parents and Grand-Parents

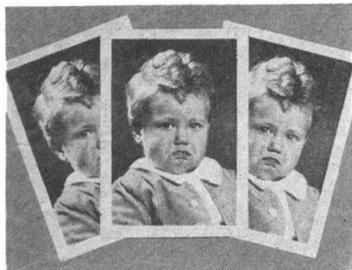


Always to be treasured . . . our Sterling Silver or 12K Gold-Filled Baby Shoe Bracelet and Tie Bar that proudly proclaim the beloved children or grandchildren. Each first name and birthdate is engraved on a separate 3 1/2" shoe. Custom-made, of excellent weight and adorably crafted, they are sure to become family heirlooms. Sold by Mail Order Only at these Sale Prices. **BABY SHOES—\$1.98 each; BRACELET—\$1.98; TIE BAR—\$2.80** incl. engraving, tax, postage. **ORDERS SHIPPED WITHIN 3 DAYS. ZENITH GIFTS, 127R P.O. Bldg., Brighton 38, Mass.**

# Top to the Shops



**Hearts of lavender** contain enough fragrant concentrate to last for years and years. Because lavender is the scent of beautiful women, smart girls will use it in lingerie and hankie cases, stationery, the linen closet and sweater drawers. 6 hearts are \$1 ppd. Huss Bros., 100 West Chicago Ave., Dept. R12, Chicago 10, Ill.



**Pictures of the baby.** Parents should have plenty on hand for out-of-town relatives who are anxious for a glance! Send any negative or photo (originals returned) and you get 25 wallet-size (3 1/2" x 2 1/2") photos, plus one encased in plastic. \$1 plus 10¢ handling. Roxanne Studios, Dept. RF, Box 138, Wall St. Station, New York 5.



**Leather perfect** to go with those wonderful new bulky tweeds is a handsome belt that adjusts in size from 22 to 32. 1 1/2" wide genuine leather belt in red, tan, black, gray or navy has a 2- or 3-letter monogram in polished brass. \$1.95; 2 for \$3.75. Add 20¢ postage per belt. Western Classics, Box 4035, Dept. RBB, Tucson, Arizona.

## CUT TV REPAIR BILLS

Check All TV Radio & Picture Tubes Yourself!

**new!**

When a TV or radio repairman makes a home call to check your set, the first thing he'll do is test the tubes—and most times that'll be the trouble. Just plug any tube into this tube checker and Neon Light will show whether it's good, save you enough money the first time to pay for the \$3.95 it costs. Also has test leads to check circuits on motors, appliances or any electrical device. Strong vinyl case. Safe — quick — Poolproof. No technical knowledge needed. \$3.95 ppd. **MONEYBACK GUARANTEE**

CHABON SCIENTIFIC CO., 411-D Lincoln Bldg., N.Y. 17

## The BIG CHIEF'S CIGAR HOLDER

Give your cigar-smoking big wheel this funny figure that holds a handful of cigars and countless smiles. He's two-tone tobacco brown glazed ceramic. The boss will love that middle-age bulge and smug expression that caricatures your favorite executive. Add 27¢ P.P. please. **\$1.98**

**GREENLAND STUDIOS • DEPT. R-12**  
5858 Forbes St. • Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

## STOP SHOVELING SNOW!

Patented **SNO-DOZER™**  
Saves Time — Saves Your Heart and Back!

Push it like a vacuum cleaner! No lifting, no stoop! Clears snow in minutes instead of hours from any surface—even gravel or dirt. Blades on sleigh runners. Handles heaviest snow. 16" steel blade, 54" no-stoop handle. Weighs less than 5 lbs. Only \$4.85. Postage paid. Same price in Canada. No COD's at this low price, please. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

**ROYAL-T PRODUCTS CO.**  
Dept. RK-127T  
811 Wyandotte  
Kansas City, Mo.

**PERFECT GIFT!**  
**\$495**  
postpaid

## ACTION POLICE & RANGER SET

Fascinating, 84 piece set of 1957's outstanding toys. Large unbreakable figures, 3" & 4" tall, amazingly realistic. Children LOVE them... there's so much to do. All accessory items come off—belts, hand cuffs, night sticks—scale model pistols actually fit belt holsters. Clubs, riot guns etc. fit hands... the mounted Rangers dismount and the saddles can be removed. A tremendous bargain... the entire set: horses, riders, standing figures, complete accessories... everything in the photo and much more... 84 action packed pieces, only \$1.25 postpaid with a clever gift card. Satisfaction and value guaranteed. Order Now. Send \$1.25 for each set, or \$4.50 for 4 sets to: **DURABLE PRODUCTS, P. O. Box 97, Dept. C, Winchester, Virginia.**

## CARD TABLE PLAY-HOUSE

**\$3.45**  
postpaid

Site ever any standard card table for fun indoors! Tent pole stands in center of the table to prop up the roof. Side flap lifts for ventilation and entrance! Bright colors on sturdy cool cloth. **KIDDY KOTTAGE** even has a little tinkling floor bell to amuse young housekeepers. Hurry, the C.O.D.'s. Ask for free Gift Guide, 100!

**MEREDITH'S** EVANSTON 32 ILLINOIS

do it yourself easy to sew

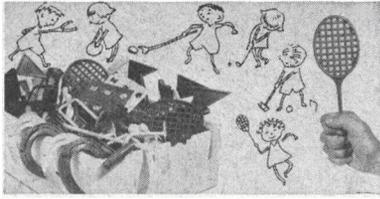
UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE!

## Real MINK Stole \$9.95

or 8 accessories Only \$3.00

**buy direct** Pieces of luxurious new mink obtained when mink skins are cut to shape. Simply sew these genuine mink strips (approx. 4") to any cloth pattern. The thrilling result—a beautiful mink garment or accessories. These pieces are not tails, but expansive prime quality genuine body fur used by custom furriers in 25,000 coats. Give mink to that "special someone". Enough mink strips for a purse, dress trimming, earrings, pins, all for \$3. **\$9.95** for stole (approx. 4 sq. ft.). \$9.95 Postpaid. Patterns and instructions with every order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Buy direct at this special price. Send to **GREAT NORTHERN FURRIERS, Box M 16, San Gabriel, California**

# GIANT SET OF INDOOR GAMES



New—clever—tremendous value! Fascinating, absorbing, loads of fun. Set them up on floor or table top—children LOVE them (so do adults). 12 complete games—Miniature Golf . . . complete 9 hole course—greens, flags, balls, etc. Miniature Croquet—wickets, goal posts, mallets, balls. Bowling—alley layout—balls & pins. Badminton—racquets shuttles. Horseshoes—stakes & shoes. Shuffle Board—court layout, cues & discs. Plus a complete checkers and chess outfit with board. At least 4 other games can be played. Simple instructions for every game. Worth much more than this low price . . . only \$3.00 for the full 105 piece set. postpaid. Insured & guaranteed. Order Now LAD ENTERPRISES, 519 California St., Dept. 608C, San Francisco 4, California.

**ORIGINAL FRENCH MUSICAL JUMP ROPE**  
**\$1.50**  
 Ea., Ppd.  
 As an applecheeked little girl skips rope, a merry tune fills the air because the handles of the colorful rope are self-contained music boxes. Do not confuse with cheaper Japanese copy.

**HEART WRIST PURSE**  
**\$1.00**  
 2 for \$1.95 Ppd. Ea., Ppd.  
 Heart purse straps to a dimpled wrist to hold lunch and spending money, etc. in red genuine leather it has zippered closing. Comes stamped with 3 initials or name in gold. Same in pussycat design.

**SORRY NO COD'S**  
 Pa. Residents Add 6% Sales Tax. **FREE GIFT CATALOG PAGE & BIDDLE**  
**HAVERFORD R 12, PA.**

**TIME IS RIGHT**  
 to transform your simple little inexpensive suit or coat into a thing of elegance with this antique jeweled lapel watch. This exquisite reproduction of a European Heirloom is not only decorative but really functional. \$10.95 each. **FET** incl. No COD's please.

**EDWARD H. ZIFF, IMPORTER**  
 Box 3072 Merchandise Mart Plaza  
 Dept. RE-12 Chicago 54, Ill.

**WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO!**  
 For only \$4.95 you can own this newest midget-size Heavever Radio that fits shirt pocket or purse. No plug-in, no batteries, no tube replacements . . . no expense. Self-powered diode rectifier replaces tubes. Listen at work, play, in bed. Hearing-aid type speaker lets you listen without disturbing others. Complete with aerial, ready to use. **Guaranteed or money back!** Only \$4.95, postage paid. Order **MINI-RADIO** from **SUNSET HOUSE**, 1806 Sunset Building, Hollywood 48, California.

**JUMBO ALBUM ENLARGEMENTS**  
 Rolls developed and printed. Mailed back to you same day received. **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**  
 8 Exp. Roll—40c 12 Exp. Roll—60c  
 16 Exp. Roll—75c **REPRINTS—5c each**  
**POSTPAID—Write for Free Mailers**  
**YANKEE PHOTO SERVICE**  
 P. O. Box 1820, Dept. 20, Bridgeport 1, Conn.

# Top in the Shops

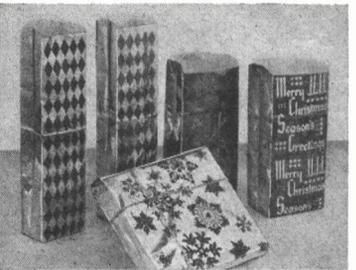
**In a clutch** you can fit a compact, lipstick, hankie, change, smoking accessories for an evening on the town. This lovely fold-over purse comes in red or black satin, black velvet or black faille. The elegant brass name plate comes with 2 or 3 initials. \$2.95 ppd. Immediate delivery. Greenhall, Dept. R, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.



**In the Christmas spirit**, give a gift with religious significance. We think this is a good value. A gold- or rhodium-plate prayer book or Bible marker is a chain with a 3/8" cross at one end, a round disk for 2 or 3 initials at the other. \$1.50 ppd. Immediate delivery. Nancy Norman, 422-127 R Washington St., Brighton 35, Mass.



**Sack-its** are absolutely ingenious! Especially for the men who are not handy pack-age-wrappers! You get 5 (various size and color) Christmas foil bags for oddly shaped gifts! Teddy bears, bottles of liquor, homemade preserves, etc., etc., etc.! Each one has golden cord to tie it with! \$1 ppd. The Krebs, Dept. R, Westerly, Rhode Island.



**FINE CHINA PITCHERS**  
 copies of Cantonese pieces! Real china—thin, delicate, transparent—yet sturdy enough for day to day use! Sparkling white glazed lidded Pitchers are 6 3/4" high, make wonderful planters, decorations, gifts!  
 Sorry, no COD's. Pa. Residents Add 3% Sales Tax. Send for Free Gift Catalog. When in Philadelphia, visit our store.  
**\$2.95** **FREE** plus 25c postage.  
**Lee Wynne** Dept. R-12  
 N.E. Corner 56th & Diamond St. Philadelphia 31, Pa.

**LOWEST PRICE EVER DOLL FURS**  
**COAT, HAT and MUFF of FLUFFY White Bunny Fur**  
 A small girl will love you and these stunning real furs for her doll. They're designed and sheared while sunny, the choicest of bunny furs. Set fits all popular dolls, including the new Revlon Doll, consists of hat, jacket and muff with wrist band. Lined with luxurious white satin. Lowest price ever! **GIFT BOXED.**  
 Send check or M.O. Immediate delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. For air delivery, add 85c.  
 For doll 10"-18"—3-pc. jacket set—\$1.98 ppd.  
 For dolls 19"-26"—3-pc. cape set—\$2.48 ppd.  
**DOLL FUR CO., Dept. D4, 15 West 57 St., New York 10**

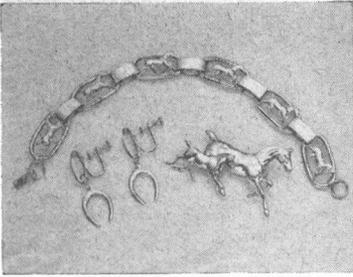
**YOUR OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE, STOLE!**  
 I. R. Fox, fur specialist, restyles your old, worn fur coat regardless of condition, into a glamorous new cape or stole. Special price, \$22.95 complete, includes new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing.  
**ALL WORK GUARANTEED**  
 we are Bonded Fur Specialists  
**SEND NO MONEY!** Just wrap up your old fur coat, mail it to us now. Send your dress size and height on postcard. Pay postage \$2.25 plus postage when new cape arrives. Or send for **FREE** Style Book now! Many different styles to choose from. Write:  
**I. R. FOX, 146 WEST 29TH ST., DEPT. E-19, N. Y. 1**

**Gives You \$100.00 for Xmas**  
**Automatically**  
 with each "Christmas Fund" Date & Amount Bank Drop in 25c a day, or Calendar won't change date. Also totals amount saved. Good year after year. Order plain or with "Christmas Fund" in gold letters. Reg. \$3.50 now only \$1.99 each. 3 for \$5.75; 6 for \$11.00 postpaid. Mail cash, check or m. o. to **LEECRAFT, Dept. RX, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.** Prompt delivery!

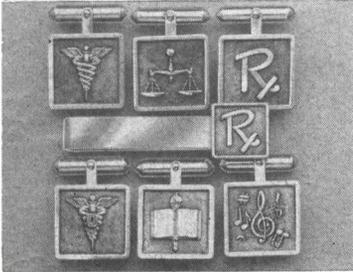
**GENUINE 1 CARAT BRILLIANT ZIRCON**  
 PAY ONLY \$2.97  
 MATCH-BACK GUARANTEE  
 317 IN 1/30A  
 14 KT. Yellow Gold  
 Not Plated  
 Matching Wedding Band \$195  
 An eye-catching beauty that will be admired by all those that see it. Newest modern style. Order today.  
 Send no money—Pay postage plus 10% Fed. Tax. If not delighted return in 3 days.  
**2 & C TRADING COMPANY**  
 3871 COTTAGE AVENUE, BALTIMORE 15, MARYLAND

**MOTHER: Send for This!**  
**8 Mistakes Parents make**  
 Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address **FREE PARENTS ASSOCIATION**  
 Dept. 16712, Pleasant Hill, Ohio  
 Covers all ages

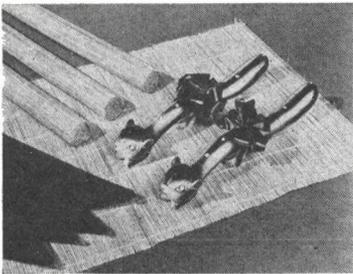
# Pops to the Shops



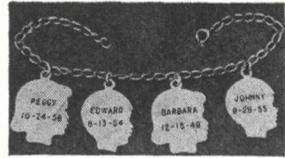
**Does she talk to horses?** We know lots of young ladies who would rather ride than sleep! This is their best gift. A sterling silver set of horse jewelry is a bracelet (\$6), pin (\$3.60) and horseshoe earrings (\$2.40). The complete set is \$12, incl. federal tax, postage. Selden Cooper, P.O. Box 412, Dept. R, Hialeah, Fla.



**Professional pride** on the cuff. A doctor, lawyer, dentist, teacher, musician can wear the symbol of his profession in hand-some matching jewelry. In sterling silver or gold filled, cuff links are \$7; tie bar, \$4; set \$10. 14k gold, links, \$40; tie bar, \$30; set, \$65. Tax, postage included. Wayne, 546-R So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

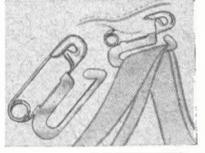


**Lunch with "the girls"** is fun, whether it's your bridge club or your bridesmaids! So set a gay table! This set includes four soft-pink napkins and four 12" x 18" rattan place mats. The 10"-long salt and pepper shakers are rhinestone-studded squirrels! \$4.98 ppd. Easterling, 1227 Loyola, Dept. R12, Chicago 26, Illinois.



**PROFILES ON PARADE**—Proudly proclaim the beloved children or grandchildren with our 3/4" Boy and Girl silhouettes, each engraved with a child's name and birth-date, and attached to a 7/4" bracelet. Made entirely of non-tarnishing Solid Sterling Silver or 12K Gold-Filled. Up to 10 engraved letters per line. Silhouettes—\$1.10 each; Bracelet—\$1.10 ppd.

**DOUBLE DUTY LINGERIE GUARDS.** Stop run-away straps! Well-groomed women keep them together and on their shoulders with these dainty guards. Pin one to each inside shoulder seam of any garment. Gold and silver Rhodium plate; rustproof. 4 pair (2 pr. gold, 2 pr. silver) for \$4.00 ppd.



ORDERS SHIPPED WITHIN 3 DAYS.

**NANCY NORMAN** 127R-422 Washington St. Brighton 35, Mass.

## MAGIC PHONOGRAPH



A big thrill for the little ones. A real hand operated phonograph of their very own. The special unbreakable record tells seven popular nursery rhymes and the accompanying coloring book illustrates the story. Simple to operate. A cute'n clever gift—perfectly safe. Keeps youngsters fascinated for hours. Complete, ready to play—only \$1.50 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold exclusively by mail. Order Now—while supply lasts. TRADITION HOUSE PRODUCTS, Dept. C, P. O. Box 596, Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey.

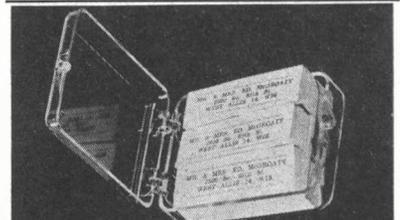


**THRILLING SNOW SKATES**  
\$1.79  
Pair, ppd.

For little "Winter Sports" too small to cope with skis—here are skates that take them skimming over the snow almost as swiftly—and safely! Actually these are miniature skis, 2 1/4" across, 12 1/2" long of steam-bent hardwood with grooved bottoms and metal heel plates. Fit ages 4-11. Order 3695-6, Snow Skates, \$1.79 pair.

*Miles Kimball*

412 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin



### 1000 Printed Name and Address Labels \$1

1000 sparkling gummed name and address labels nicely printed with your full name and address with a lovely plastic box for just \$1.00 postpaid, 5 or more orders at 75c per order! Big Bargain! Worth much more! Stick 'em on letters, checks, cards, packages, etc. Looks neat. Makes a fine gift. 300 name and address labels 50c same quality, but no plastic box. 12 or more orders at 42c per order.

TOWER PRESS, INC., Box 591-PP2, Lynn, Mass.



### FLOWER OF THE MONTH

**Birthday Cups & Saucers**  
A charming series in Bone China by Royal Albert. You will be happy with your collection. Cup \$1.00, Saucer \$3.50 ppd. 3 C&S \$9.95 ppd. Entire set of 12 C&S \$39.00 ppd.

Free Gift Catalog  
Hildegarde Studios RB  
597 Farmington Ave.  
Hartford 5, Conn.

*\*What's Your Fortune Today?\**



TEA LEAVES tell of love, travel, money, good and bad luck when you stimulate your imagination with this colorfully decorated Mystic Teacup. Inside are twelve signs of the Zodiac, 25 Symbols, Circle of Numbers. Booklet tells how to interpret tea leaf results. Easy, amusing. Conversation piece for meetings, parties, bazaars. Clever gift. Just send \$2.00 with name and address to . . .

**Mystic Tea Cup, Box 201, Canton 57, Ohio**

### BAKE FANCY COOKIES



Now you can bake beautiful Xmas cookies like a professional. Cookie-pastry press has 12 cookie forming plates and 3 pastry tips for making mouth-watering cookies, eclairs, cream puffs and lady fingers. Made of aluminum. Simple directions and 24-page recipe booklet included. No C.O.D.'s, please. **\$2.95** postpaid

Send for free gift catalog.

**ARTISAN GALLERIES** 2100-N12 N. Haskell, Dallas 4, Texas

*Mr. & Mrs. Robert Q. Williams*

### PROUD OF YOUR DOOR?

Let us beautify and identify your doorbell or door with this impressive solid brass engraved nameplate, 2 3/4 in. long. Your name smartly engraved in script. Money back if not delighted. Solid brass screws included. Full price \$1.00. Sorry, no COD's. We ship in 2 days. Mail to: ELGIN ENGRAVING CO., 485 Ann St., Elgin 3, Illinois

### SOOPER DOOPER POOPER SCOOPER

**TO CLEAN DOG PEN OR YARD**  
The ideal Christmas gift for a dog-owner. Picks up in grass, gravel, weeds, or on concrete. Quality constructed. Lacquered clear and red, with the above Registered Trademark on both handles. \$3.00 postpaid

**SCOOOPER CO.**  
Box 7505 Indianapolis 22, Ind.



### FREE SHOE BOOKLET

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

Tall Gals of all ages buy these fine Shoecraft 5th Ave shoes with confidence. New York is the mecca of fashion and we're famous for prompt, careful attention to your orders. Young-marrieds and career girls save money on our exciting, advance styles. NO EXTRA CHARGE on all sizes 8, 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/4, 11, 11 1/4, 12, 12 1/2, 13, widths AAAAAA to C.

**TYROL \$14.95** A warm-lined zipper boot, genuine mouton collar. Black leather with rubber bouncer sole, heel.

**SHOECRAFT 603 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK 17**



# Letters to the Editor

## OLYMPIC LOVERS

I found myself a very sympathetic reader of "The Marriage Nothing Could Prevent" (September). Both Harold and Olga Connolly deserve much happiness in the future for the difficulties they have overcome.

I was, however, disturbed by the statement that "Harold has given up his teaching job because he sees no possibility of financing a medical education on a teacher's salary." As a newly certified teacher, I am very eager to see our salaries increased, but I believe it should be possible to send Olga to school on what Harold would earn as an experienced teacher. I make these statements on the basis of my own experience. By living simply, they could satisfy their dreams for the future and could continue to be an inspiration for international friendship through Harold's daily contact with the students in his classes.

MRS. DARLENE B. WARD  
San Antonio, Tex.

I think your story about the Connollys is very premature. Let's wait about five or ten years, and time will prove how "great" their love really is. The true test of any marriage is after

the newness has worn off and common interests take over.

C. L. BERGMAN  
San Francisco, Calif.



## SEARCH FOR SECURITY

Re: "Why Young People Won't Take Chances" (September).

Having done everything to discourage individual initiative in the business world with our high income taxes, employee benefits and foreign competition (to mention a few hurdles), and having cushioned the employee's end of business with social security, sick leave, etc., society is now surprised that youth does not want to stick its neck out?

In their formative years our children go to the best (?) schools in the world where they are protected from embarrassment of failure, and competition is limited to sports, class elections or talent shows. And what do the press and TV impress upon youth? I'd say: "It is most important to be popular, to get as much money as possible with as little effort as possible, to improve or regain one's health and to have fun."

No wonder youth has to turn to God in droves for the right answers! Certainly society is unkind to train young people to conform rather than think and then turn around and criticize them for avoiding competition for which they are not prepared!

MRS. LAURA HURTEL  
San Francisco, Calif.

"Why Young People Won't Take Chances" just made me burn! After my husband's graduation from college, he received a commission in the Navy and we chased all over the States. Then

he accepted a job and we moved 12 times in two years and lived in four different states. In December 1956 we made the "big step" and moved to Seattle, where my husband is now an engineer. We are settling down for the first time in our hectic married life!

We have been unconventional for so long that we'd like to see how normal young people live. Being a "pioneer" for seven years has made me long for a little of the security Bill Davidson scoffs at so casually.

MRS. ANNA C. ARMITAGE  
Seattle, Wash.

I'm surprised to find such a number of stodgy people. I'm 22 and have the opposite desires. My husband's job takes us all over the country. I know it's healthy to see how people live all over. Our goal is eventually to settle down permanently and give our daughter proper schooling, but I say that in every person there is a craving for unknown adventure. Having an outlet in this circumstance keeps me on my toes mentally. The experience will help in more ways than just making me alert; I will have some idea of crises which may seem minor to me and yet disastrous to many other wives.

Believe me, when I married, I wasn't mainly concerned with a permanent job, pension plans, etc.; I married because I love my husband.

NORMA A. NELSON  
Hope, Idaho

## CHILDREN OF DIVORCE

As one of your subscribers and also a Representative in the Legislature of Minnesota, I was intensely interested in the article, "What Divorce Does to Children" (September).

I am studying the possibility of a Family Court plan for Minnesota for submission to the next session of the Legislature and am very much interested in using your article in seeking a base for discussions with bar association groups, social agencies and church groups in the preparation of the bill.

I think you have one of the best magazines published and greatly enjoy reading it, both for educational and entertainment purposes.

BILL SHOVELL  
House of Representatives  
State of Minnesota

You imply in your article that the child of divorced parents suffers. How about the children of parents who live together in an atmosphere of constant bickering and friction? Certainly, to anyone with a heart, such a child is much better off out of it.

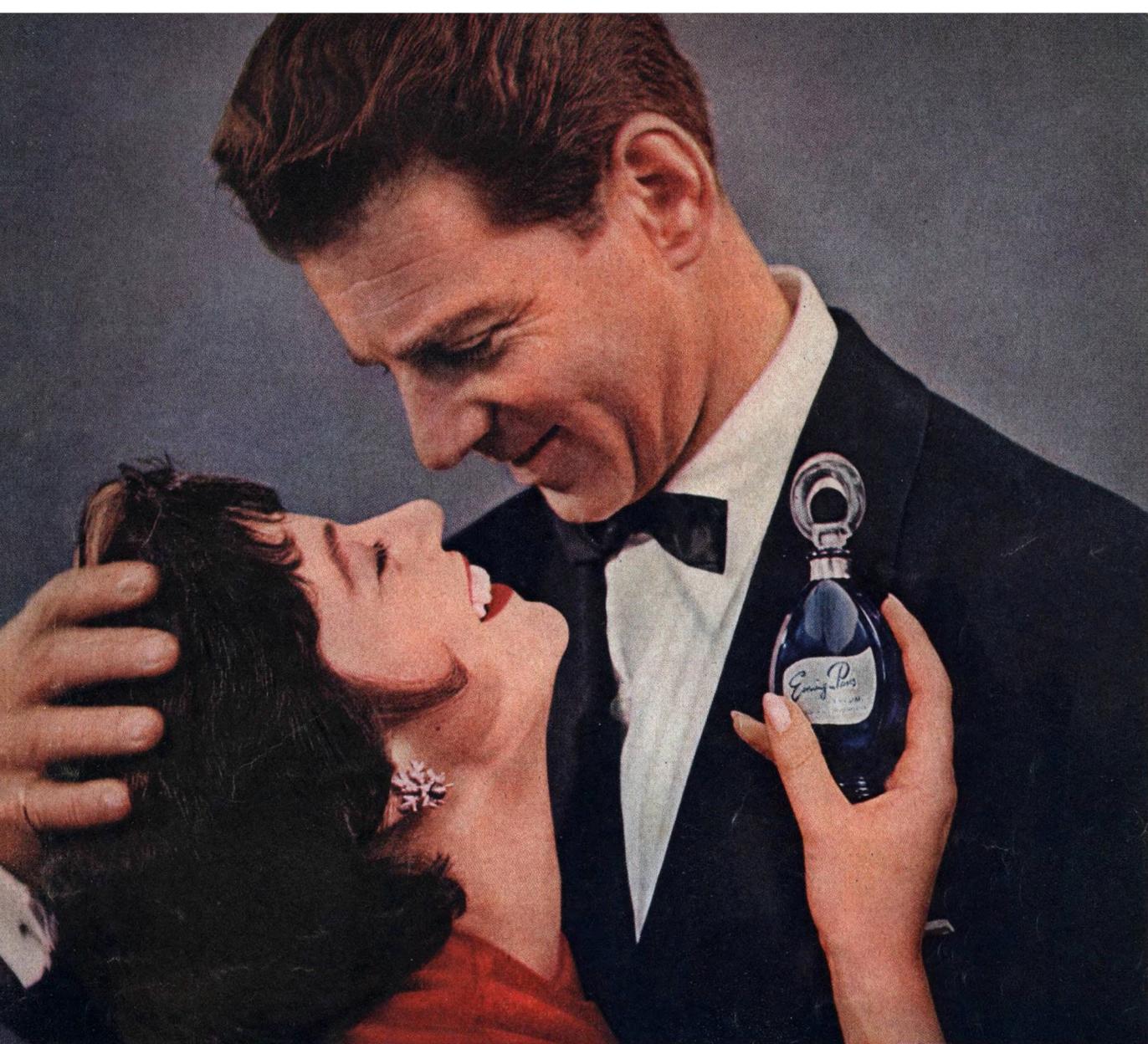
I was divorced and have since married a wonderful and most understanding man. My child is his delight and love, and we are completely happy. In looking around me, I often wonder why many more people don't give their children and themselves a chance in life by getting that necessary divorce.

NAME WITHHELD  
Westbury, N. Y.

Upon reading this article, I was actually shocked to find that young people in this great country could or ever would, among other things, be ready to dispense with freedom of the press or disagree with the Bill of Rights. I am 15 years old, and I just cannot fully express my feelings on such a dreadful thing as not having freedom of the press or speech. To me such feelings as just not caring could lead to a Communist regime. I could think of nothing more terrifying and wretched.

I must admit that I am only one lone girl, but I feel that there are many young people in this country who believe, as I do, that the young people of today had better sit down and really think seriously about all of the wonderful blessings God has seen fit to bestow on this land. I pray that they may wake up and see that, without freedom of the press, there could be no America and no land of opportunity that people in Communist countries fight and die to gain admittance to. I pray that they will realize that, without such freedoms, I couldn't and wouldn't dare write such a letter to express my feelings.

JUDY FISHER  
Cumberland, Md.



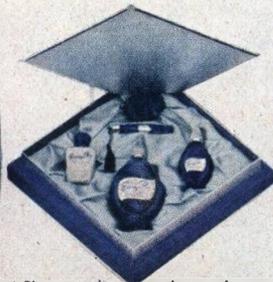
MR. AND MRS. JEAN PIERRE AUMONT PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS (SHE IS MARISA PAVAN IN HOLLYWOOD)

## TAKE IT FROM A TRUE PARISIAN—GIVE EVENING IN PARIS

advises Paris-born Jean Pierre Aumont. It's the fragrance *more* French women wear than any other ...and the French *do* know!



Double-Deck Set with sliding jewel tray. Six glamour accessories 10.00



Diamond Shape: cologne, sachet perfume, toilet water, purse perfume, compact 5.00



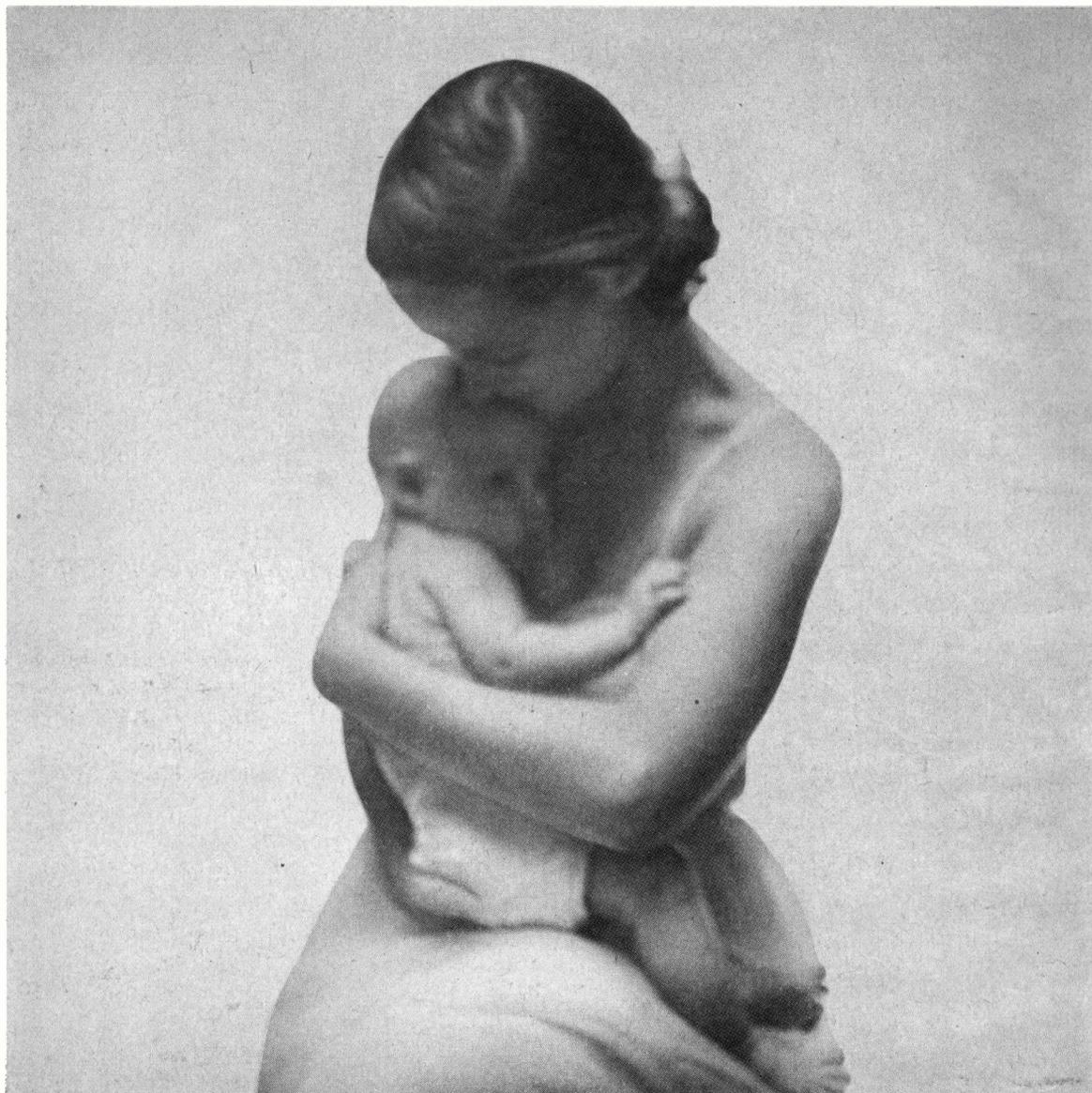
Evening in Paris Trio: cologne, talcum powder, purse perfume 2.50



Vanity Set: six Evening in Paris treasures set in gleaming satin 6.50

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM \$1 TO \$25

*Evening in Paris*  
 BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U. S. A.

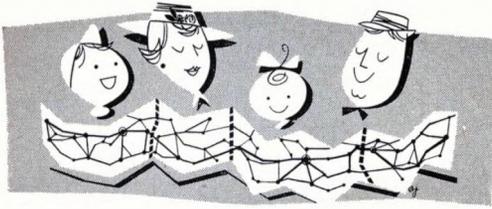


Fragile... handle with Johnson's

Skin so delicate, you stroke it in wonder...  
You know that only the finest skin care will do...  
Only the purest powder...  
Only the gentlest oil...  
Only Johnson's.



# CHECKED FOR TRAVEL



*Best bets in travel each month, checked for appeal by a REDBOOK reader panel, checked for value by REDBOOK's travel editor.*

- ✓ **1. How about** reservations for the Rose Bowl football game, the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena, New Year's nightclub revelry in Los Angeles and a day at Santa Anita races... all this plus sight-seeing in Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Grand Canyon? Fun-packed New Year's tour from Chicago by rail December 26 is just over \$400.
- ✓ **2. Sun-bright glamour** of California and Hawaii can be wrapped up in one trip for a midwinter escape. Two weeks of vivid Hawaiian surf and sand, Polynesian food and orchid-dotted tropical valleys cost about \$630 from Chicago. Add a week on your own for West Coast fun for another \$100 or so.
- ✓ **3. Add a stay** abroad to your Florida vacation—flying for under \$40 round trip to gay Spanish-colonial Havana and to Nassau, Bahaman gateway to 70,000 square miles of tropical deep-sea fishing from picturesque reef resorts set in emerald waters. Rates on the tiny "Out Islands" start as low as \$10-\$12 a day with meals.
- ✓ **4. Steaming mug** of syllabub by a roaring fire in the Publick House launches a winter weekend of 18th-century living in 20th-century comfort. Sleigh rides at the recreated New England farm village of Old Sturbridge, Mass., "sugaring off" maple sirup in snow, pie breakfasts and game dinners, square dancing round off the Friday-to-Sunday break for under \$40.
- ✓ **5. Winter fun** with a carnival mask in the close-by medieval French atmosphere of Quebec starts January 31 with a regency costume ball at baronial Chateau Frontenac. Ice-canoe races across the floes of the St. Lawrence, ice statues on streets you'll cruise by horse sleigh, dog-sled and torchlight ski races continue for two weeks. Free bus service to skiing at Lac Beauport comes with

your room and meals at the Chateau—at under \$55 for three days. Train fare from New York is \$23.

✓ **6. Summer sun** shining now in South America is closer than ever at newly reduced air fares. Circle "must" points like Rio, Buenos Aires, Lima—in 3 weeks for \$1,000 from New York, a \$200 saving. But for full value on your fare investment, try to add side trips to Chile's mountain lakes, the craggy Peruvian stronghold of the vanished Incas at Macchu Picchu. Circle tour including both in 31 days is \$1,400.

✓ **7. Hunting cough** of a lion in the African scrub of a crimson dusk... pygmy blowgun hunters after elephant in the green jungle gloom... gin-and-tonic on velvet hotel lawns by the Mountains of the Moon—lifetime memories from a 30-day African tour at about \$2,000. Tour by plane, safari car and Nile steamer to British East Africa, the Belgian Congo and Egypt leaves New York March 8.

✓ **8. For thrills** and pageantry, nothing beats Spain in March. Pre-season bullfights feature aspiring matadors daring their best for the big-time scouts—say at Valencia during the mid-month *fallas*. Go on a 12-day tour to Moorish castles, gypsy encampments and sherry cellars in Andalusia and Castille—about \$300—ending in Madrid for the pomp of Holy Week religious street processions. You could cruise there in 9 days at sea, add 12 extra days in Italy and France, then a fast flight home all for about \$800 more.

✓ **Tip in Time:** With vacation planning around the corner, get free tour guidance and routing through your service station. They'll tell you where to write for marked maps and literature. Just tell them when you're going where and if you want a scenic or fast route.

We are Proud to Announce



We have a new 'podner'!

Name: Cynthia Anne Holt  
 Parents: Bill and Anne Holt  
 Date: July 13, 1957  
 Weight: 8 lbs.  
 Where: Houston, Texas



Our pistol-packing 'podner' has lassoed our hearts. Now she's napping, but soon she'll be roping all the hearts in Texas.

LT. AND MRS. WILLIAM T. HOLT, JR.  
 Houston, Texas

REDBOOK, Travel Service Department (c), 230 Park Avenue, New York 17  
 I'd like more detail on item I've circled: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

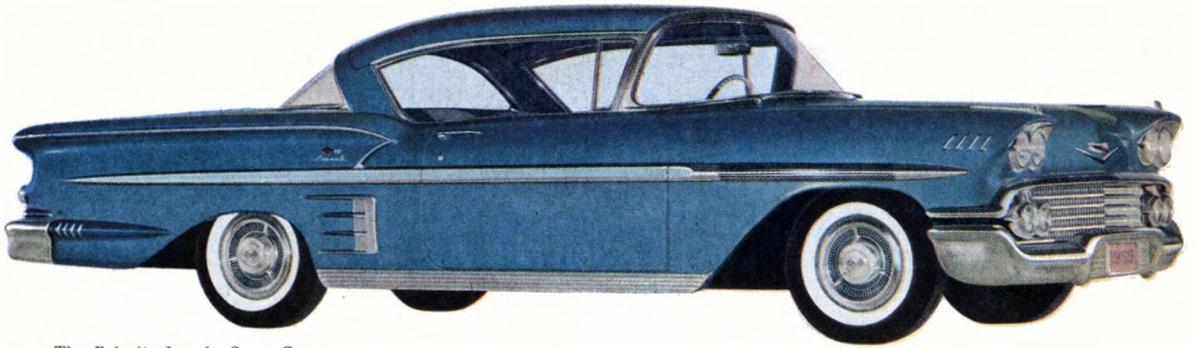
Name.....

Address.....

I'd like material for school use

REDBOOK will pay \$50 for each baby announcement used. Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged.

Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. All published entries become the property of the McCall Corporation, the publishers of REDBOOK.



*The Bel Air Impala Sport Coupe.*

Almost too new to be true!

# '58 CHEVROLET

*Never, never has a car been so wonderfully new in so many different ways! It's the longest, lowest, widest Chevrolet that ever said, "C'mon, let's get going!"*

Real surprises await you in Chevrolet's three new series, its new line of station wagons, its 17 all-new models:

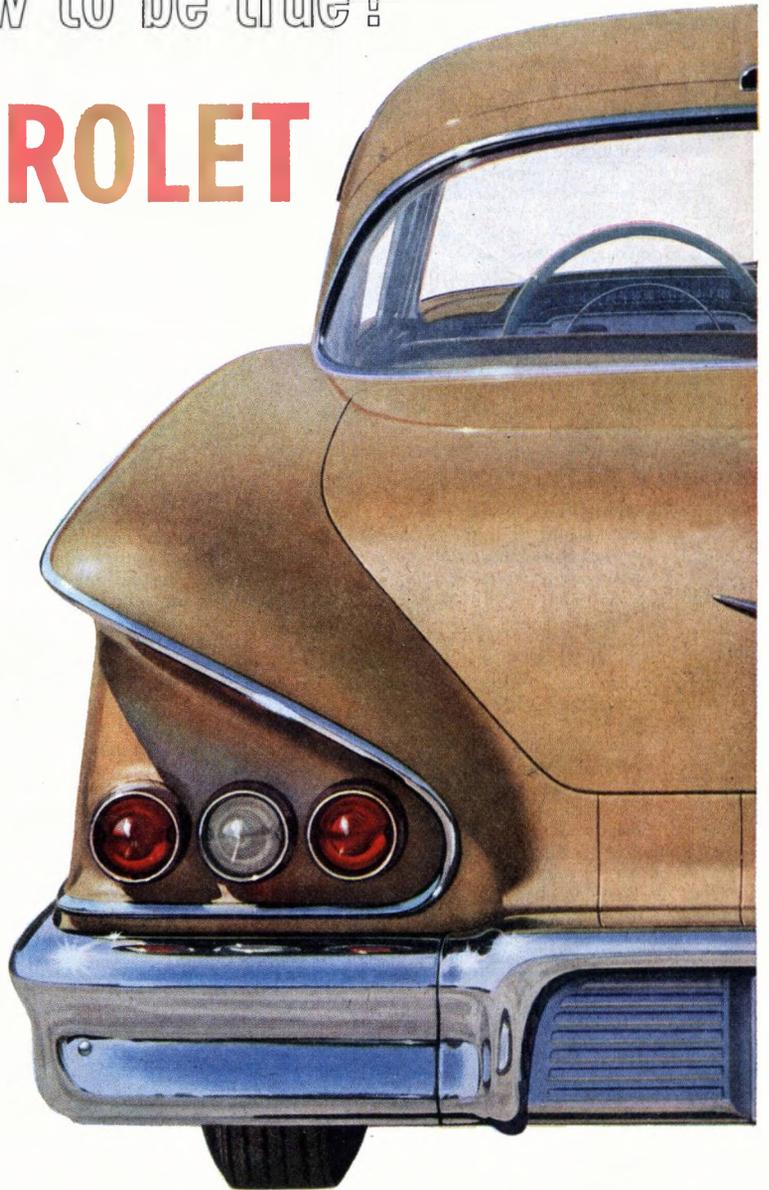
**A revolutionary new V8!** That's Chevy's Turbo-Thrust V8\*! Combustion chambers are in *the block* for super-smooth performance, high efficiency. Horsepower up to 280. Three new versions of the famous Turbo-Fire V8, too, including Ramjet Fuel Injection\*, and more power for the Blue-Flame Six.

**New body-frame construction!** New X-design Safety-Girder frame provides extra safety with lower center of gravity . . . and new locked-together strength in the way it is wedded to the new Body by Fisher.

**All-new 4-coil suspension!** Here's a fabulous combination of super-soft coil springs and the super stability of Chevy's exclusive four-link rear suspension.

**You can even ride on air!** Level Air suspension\* puts air springs at every wheel for the ultimate in thistledown comfort—and the car stays level, regardless of load changes front or rear! . . . See the year's newest car at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*\*Extra-cost option.*



*The Impala in Anniversary Gold, a new color for General Motors 50th Anniversary Year.*

*The President signs into law another measure which enough people cared enough about to make their wishes known to their representatives in Washington by letter and telegram.*



# Is the Individual Really Helpless?

**Too often, we feel helpless** in the face of “big” issues and problems. “What can I do about it?” we shrug and go on about our private business. But sometimes we give up too easily. Sometimes, individuals find that, when they do become disturbed enough over a situation, they can do a great deal about it.

In August, 1956, for example, REDBOOK published an article, “How Safe Is the Poultry You Eat?”—a painstaking investigation of the unsanitary practices of some poultry processors. It concluded with a recommendation for Federal inspection of all firms shipping poultry from one state to another. The article, which revealed that more than one-fourth of all nonmilk, food-borne illnesses in the United States were caused by poultry dishes, was read into the Congressional Record by Senator James E. Murray of Montana.

In November, a REDBOOK editorial called on readers who agreed that regulation of poultry processing was necessary to safeguard the public health to write to their senators and congressmen in support of a bill that would effectively protect consumers. Nine months later Congress passed just such a measure, and it was signed into law by President Eisenhower on August 28th.

A less dramatic, but equally valuable, victory is being won in another area of importance to the health of American families. In March, 1954, an article, “Danger in Your Dinner,” revealed how the feeding of raw garbage to hogs resulted in infected pork. When the article appeared, sick hogs and wormy pork were being shipped across the country from seven states which had no bans on raw-garbage feeding. Today, according to the latest report from the American Medical Association, 46 of the 48 states require garbage to be cooked before being fed to hogs.

Ruth and Edward Brecher, who wrote both these articles, deserve credit for their careful research into areas which were so seriously in need of investigation and correction. But the real accomplishment is that of the many people who, on their own or through organizations, made their wishes known to Congress and their state legislatures. They have provided vivid examples of what individual citizens in a democracy can do when they are given the facts and resolve to bring about a change.

—THE EDITORS





*He saw the little faces and felt the little hands snatch the boxes from*

The happy story of a ne'er-do-well  
who was changed by a miracle which could happen  
only on the eve of

# **A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS**



his in the unexpected joy of a Christmas that had been almost lost.

BY JEAN GARRIS  
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

No doubt Santa Claus is a lobsterman.

Mainland children may think that, after Christmas, he goes back to his North-Pole toy factory, but the children of Lost Spaniard are sure that he goes up coast somewhere to his private island and fishing grounds. Mainland children see him in their minds clothed in red and ermine, but the island children always visualize him as wearing an oil slicker, sou'wester and sea boots over his holiday suit. They are sure, too, that, like everyone else, he gets his toys from Sears, Roebuck, and they consider him a benevolent delivery man for that firm, one who makes the

long run from Port Zinnia some time in December.

In the fall, before the lobster fleet puts out, fathers and mothers of Lost Spaniard sit in warm, salt-smelling kitchens when the small ones have gone to bed, and together they thoughtfully examine the Sears catalogues. The Christmas orders are written and dispatched on the interisland packet. By Thanksgiving, Dewey Potter's General Store at Port Zinnia is a warehouse of gifts, all addressed to the children of Lost Spaniard, and they sit there, brown-wrapped and wonderful, waiting for the *Little Quilt* to take them to the island beyond the bay, (Continued on page 50)

**Famous song writers and singers charge that broadcasters are keeping good music from being played and are filling the airwaves with trash. Behind the scenes a bitter fight is raging for control of our \$500,000,000-a-year music business**

BY BOOTON HERNDON



**BING CROSBY** charges heatedly that the presence of "so much trash on our airplanes and TV screens" is "a result of pressure exerted by BMI."

# The Battle Over the

**H**ave you, along with millions of other people, noticed a change in popular music in the past few years? Does much of what you hear today, particularly on disk-jockey shows, strike you as being raucous and hackneyed, with childish, often suggestive lyrics?

If so, you should know that the music on radio and television today does not always reflect the nation's tastes. You should know that you are not being given a full opportunity to hear the best popular music being written, that second-rate songs are being promoted at the expense of those with more imaginative music and lyrics.

What we may and may not listen to today is the subject of a struggle between two large and powerful groups for whom music means money—a great deal of money. In control at present are the executives of the major radio and television networks and the owners of their affiliated stations, who control Broadcast Music, Inc. (BMI). The other group is the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP).

Congressman Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on the Judiciary, who has conducted an investigation into the broadcasting and music fields, told me:

"I'm personally convinced that BMI is guilty of violating the antitrust laws and should be prosecuted, perhaps criminally. I'm not going to rest until the Department of Justice takes action. If REDBOOK's readers are

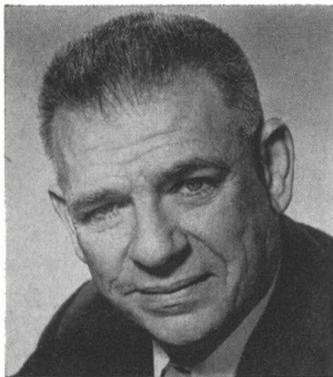
young people of good taste—and I'm sure they are—then they are definitely among the victims of this injustice."

The Senate Commerce Committee, under Senator Warren G. Magnuson of Washington, is also investigating the situation. A fellow Washingtonian, Bing Crosby, wrote to the Senator, "It galls me exceedingly to see so much trash on our airplanes and TV screens. . . . the state of this stuff is not accidental. . . . I think it is a result of pressure exerted by BMI."

Both the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the National Federation of Music Clubs have also requested the Department of Justice to take action. In addition, a group of 33 song writers, led by Arthur Schwartz (who wrote "Dancing in the Dark") has brought suit against BMI. All members of ASCAP, they are asking \$150,000,000 from BMI which, they contend, has prevented their works from being broadcast. They also ask that the broadcasting industry and BMI be separated.

Tastes in music do differ. It may be that you like what you've been hearing so much of lately—"Hound Dog" and "All Shook Up" and "Be Bop A Lula." But if you don't, you're in good company.

"Put it this way," Ogden Nash, the poet, has said. "Suppose all you got to read was comic books and back-issue magazines? Well, that's just exactly what's happening to you in music today." This may be an overstatement, but Carmen Lombardo reports that most new



**OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN**, an ASCAP director, says, "The American people today are being fed the music somebody else chooses for them."



**ROSEMARY CLOONEY**, together with 20 other singing stars and orchestra leaders, has denied ever being pressured to record only BMI songs.



**FRANK SINATRA** declares he left Columbia Records, a CBS network subsidiary, because of their insistence that he sing "inferior" BMI songs.

# Music You Hear

songs submitted to the Guy Lombardo orchestra today are BMI and "many of these songs are so bad we simply can't play them. Some contain lyrics that are in poor taste, while others don't even make sense."

But are you actually being hurt because some songs find it hard to get a hearing these days? Oscar Hammerstein II, a director of ASCAP, who wrote the lyrics for such hits as "Oklahoma" and "South Pacific," raised his voice to a shout when asked that question.

"The American people today are being fed only the music somebody else chooses for them to hear," he answered. "Of course, they're being hurt. Their ears are being hurt. Their God-given freedom to hear what they want to hear is being hurt."

Classical music is affected, too, say ASCAP supporters. Dr. Douglas Moore, professor of music at Columbia University, says that, if Mozart or Beethoven were living today, his music might not be heard. Some concert programs, he declares, have excluded composers not affiliated with BMI.

In 1953 Remington Records wrote to Paul Creston, one of America's foremost composers, that it could not record his works. "All our orchestral works with American composers' compositions are being selected from the library of the ACA, with whom we have an arrangement," he was informed by letter. "ACA" stands for American Composers Association, a BMI affiliate. Creston is a member of ASCAP.

BMI officials point out that Remington makes relatively few classical records; therefore, they contend, ACA was in fact encouraging the playing of concert music by subsidizing the recording of certain serious works during the 1953-54 season. They deny that they prevented Remington from recording additional works as well.

BMI denies most of the other charges, too. President Carl Haverlin asks, "Do you really believe that in this highly competitive business any record company would not record a song that might be a hit, no matter who wrote it? Or that one broadcasting company wouldn't play it? Why, it just doesn't make sense." He points out that Oscar Hammerstein has not been able to document his accusations when testifying under oath.

Robert Sour, a vice-president, emphasizes that BMI has brought a new breath of air to the music business. "ASCAP was a vicious monopoly when BMI was formed," he charges. "It was controlled by a few, for a few. About that time I sought to join ASCAP. I was not unsuccessful as a song writer. One of my songs has put one son through Princeton, another through Cornell and is now putting my two daughters through school. Its name is 'Body and Soul.' But I couldn't get into ASCAP."

The available evidence shows that both organizations are at least partially justified in their accusations against each other—BMI, in accusing ASCAP of monopoly in the past; ASCAP, in accusing BMI of present-day abuses. What the public needs—and *(Continued on page 88)*



*"Please stop trying to  
kiss me every few minutes.  
You seem to forget I'm engaged."*

No ring on her finger, no wedding date set!  
Then out of her past came a guy who  
dared to ask

## THREE LITTLE QUESTIONS

He had the same up-to-no-good eyes, Doris noticed as she came down the stairs to greet him that Sunday afternoon Harry brought him home from the airport. The same up-to-no-good grin, too. The difference was in her. She was no longer susceptible.

"Bart!" she said graciously. She had decided it would be adolescent to be anything but gracious to him. After all, he was her brother's guest; he'd be in Washington only two weeks getting shots and travel papers for his job down in South America, and five years had passed since he had loved her and left her. "How nice to see you again!" She extended a gracious hand.

But he bent his head and kissed her surprised lips.

Her mother, who was standing there with Harry, laughed, a shocked yet admiring little laugh. "Bart Lockwood! You haven't changed a bit!"

"No, ma'am," he grinned. "At least not so far as your lovely daughter is concerned. What're you doing the next two weeks, Doris?"

"I'm not doing *that*," she assured him. "George wouldn't like it."

"George?" he blinked, and she knew Harry hadn't told him.

"George is Doris's boy friend," her mother explained.

Very patiently Doris said. "I think he might be called a little more than that, Mother. After all, we're engaged."

"Engaged?" Bart searched her face. "No foolin' engaged?"

"No foolin' engaged," she told him with satisfaction. George wasn't interested in her for just the next two weeks. George was interested for the rest of their lives.

"But save the tears, Bart," Harry said. "I've made other arrangements for you, anyway. Very nice arrangements."

"That so?" Bart lifted the two suitcases at his feet. "Well, show me where to put these and let's hear more."

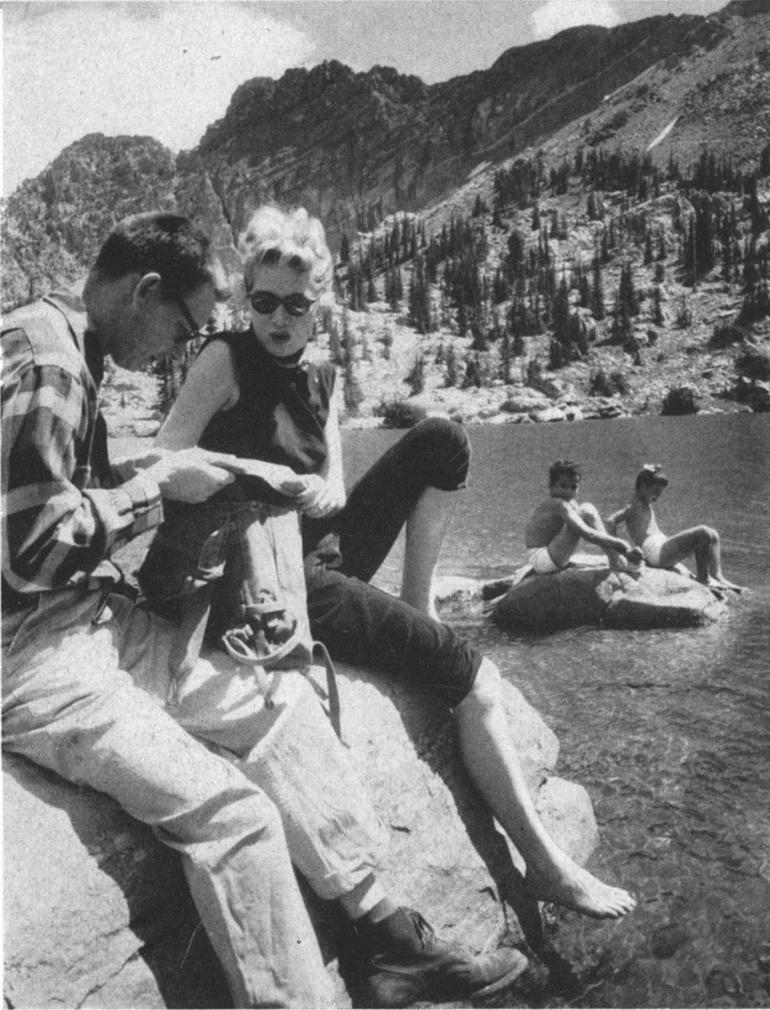
The two old college cronies went upstairs.

For a moment, Doris stood there, feeling her mother's gaze, feeling a little let down. Vanity, of course. Any other man who had looked at her like that, kissed her like that would have been less easily cheered by the news of Harry's "very nice arrangements." But, then, that was the reality of Bart Lockwood. Thank heaven, she had grown up enough to see it.

With a shrug, she moved across the *(Continued on page 92)*

BY ELIZABETH STOWE  
ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI





*Family adventures such as this hike to a lake high in the mountains outside Salt Lake City are favorite fun for Hank and Dot and the children.*

*Rafael and Dina (right) look enough alike to be brother and sister, although she was brought from Greece and he from the Dominican Republic.*

# “WE DARED TO TAKE

When two warmhearted young people—without special training  
—took three neglected youngsters into their home,  
they found satisfaction and joy—and heartache, too

BY JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOERN GERDTS



## THESE CHILDREN”

**In a whirlwind six months,** Dorothy and Henry Coleman, a childless young couple who wanted urgently to become parents, ended years of searching and disappointment by adopting three children. On the night that every chair at the dining table of their big, old-fashioned house was filled and every bedroom was in use, Hank Coleman strode through his suddenly noisy home and said happily, “At last, we’re a family!”

“That evening Hank and I were supremely happy,” Dot recalls. “We had waited so long to get youngsters we could call our own. And I guess we were proud—even a little conceited—that we had dared to take complete responsibility for three ill-assorted little

strangers. We were so sure of ourselves! We were going to show everyone what miracles love could achieve.”

And in the months that followed there were miracles—of love, healing and adjustment—but there were defeats, too, bitter ones that left permanent scars. For as the weeks passed and excitement gave way to the hard realities of everyday living, it became plain that love and understanding alone were not enough with which to solve all the problems of this complex relationship. It became clear that even two warm-hearted people—guided by compassion and common sense, but lacking special training—cannot offset



## *Dina held her eyes open with her*

severe emotional damage that is inflicted upon a child during his early years.

The backgrounds of the Colemans' youngsters were sharply divergent. The children who suddenly found themselves belonging to the Salt Lake City couple were:

Rafael, 10, dark eyes, olive skinned, black curly hair, plucked from the slums of Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, by a friend of the Coleman family. Undernourished, badly in need of dental work, partly blind in one eye—and severely crippled since birth by two clubfeet.

Dina, 7, Greek, both parents dead, no other family. Labeled "aggressive, obstreperous, stubborn and naughty" by adoptive authorities. Imported to the United States through the Refugee Relief Act under the direction of the International Social Service; speaks no English.

Dicky, 12, a Utah welfare case. Removed from custody of natural parents by court order charging neglect and abuse. Uses profane language, smokes, is a confirmed runaway. Termed "predelinquent" by case worker.

Yet the Colemans beamed with pride and optimism at the three youngsters for whom they had just undertaken full legal and moral responsibility.

The Coleman's knew when they married that no child could be born of their union. A year before her marriage, Dorothy had undergone a complete ovariectomy. At the time, her parents had concealed the fact from her.

"I knew I was in the hospital for abdominal surgery to correct some internal condition," she said.

"But my parents decided not to tell me the details until it was over. They never got a chance. The day after the operation a young intern glanced at my chart and said in a surprised kind of way, 'Say, do you know what happened to you?' Then he told me. It came as a terrible shock. I had always dreamed of getting married and rearing a huge family."

She became hysterical. Doctors put a nurse in attendance and let her cry it out. Then she slept, exhausted. When she woke up, she was calm. By supertime she was busily replanning her life.

"I decided that I would marry a widower who had several children," she said. "That way I could have a husband without denying him fatherhood and I'd have some youngsters to rear as well. The only thing I really worried about was my height. I'm five feet nine—in high heels six feet—and I always had a problem getting tall dates. Now I had to find a tall widower!"

Doctors characterized her philosophical reaction to the unavoidable surgery as remarkably healthy.

She recovered rapidly and was discharged from the hospital. On a sleigh-riding party some weeks later she met bachelor Hank Coleman. He was slightly younger than she was. He was six feet one, lanky, with close-cropped hair, horn-rimmed glasses and a slow smile. He operated a photography shop. They went out together a few times. Then he proposed. She was startled.

"I didn't know I was going to have to face the problem so soon," she told us. "I didn't have time to make up a speech. And I didn't dare think about how I felt."

Dorothy told Hank as matter-of-factly as she could, "You don't want to marry me. I can't have children."

Many weeks went by. Hank Coleman said no more about marriage, but continued to date her. Clearly, he was thinking it over. He was an orphan. His father had died of tuberculosis when Hank was five years old. His mother had been killed in an auto accident when he was six. A kind aunt who already had three children had taken Hank into her household and reared him as her own.

"I made up my mind," Hank said, "that when I



*Dot showered as much attention on Dicky (left) as she did on Rafael (right) and Dina, but Dicky never talked about his past—a warning sign of trouble to come.*

## *fingers—afraid to fall asleep*



*When Rafael and Dot met at the Salt Lake City airport (left), the boy's clubfeet were severely misshapen. Within days the first of two operations to straighten his feet*



*had been performed at the Salt Lake City Shriners' Hospital and Dot was comforting him. Now Rafael's feet are almost normal and he romps easily as he plays with Dina (right).*



got married, no matter how many children of my own I had to take care of. I'd open my home to some orphan like me. I fell in love with Dot when I met her, and when you're in love with somebody, you take on her problems willingly. I told her that I was an adopted child. I convinced her that we could just as easily adopt a whole family."

On this optimistic note Hank and Dot were married. As soon as they returned from their honeymoon, they visited their native Salt Lake City's best-known adoption agency and registered their intention to adopt a baby. They were prepared to wait a long time—maybe six months or even a year, they thought.

Would-be adoptive parents get used to answering prying, detailed questions about their cultural and emotional backgrounds. Their motives and character are of deep concern to social case workers. On behalf of private charities or public agencies these men and women approve or reject applications for adoption. It's a frightening responsibility. In exercising it, they sometimes make enemies.

One Salt Lake City social worker told us, "Of course, people get terribly hurt when we tell them that for one reason or another they wouldn't make good

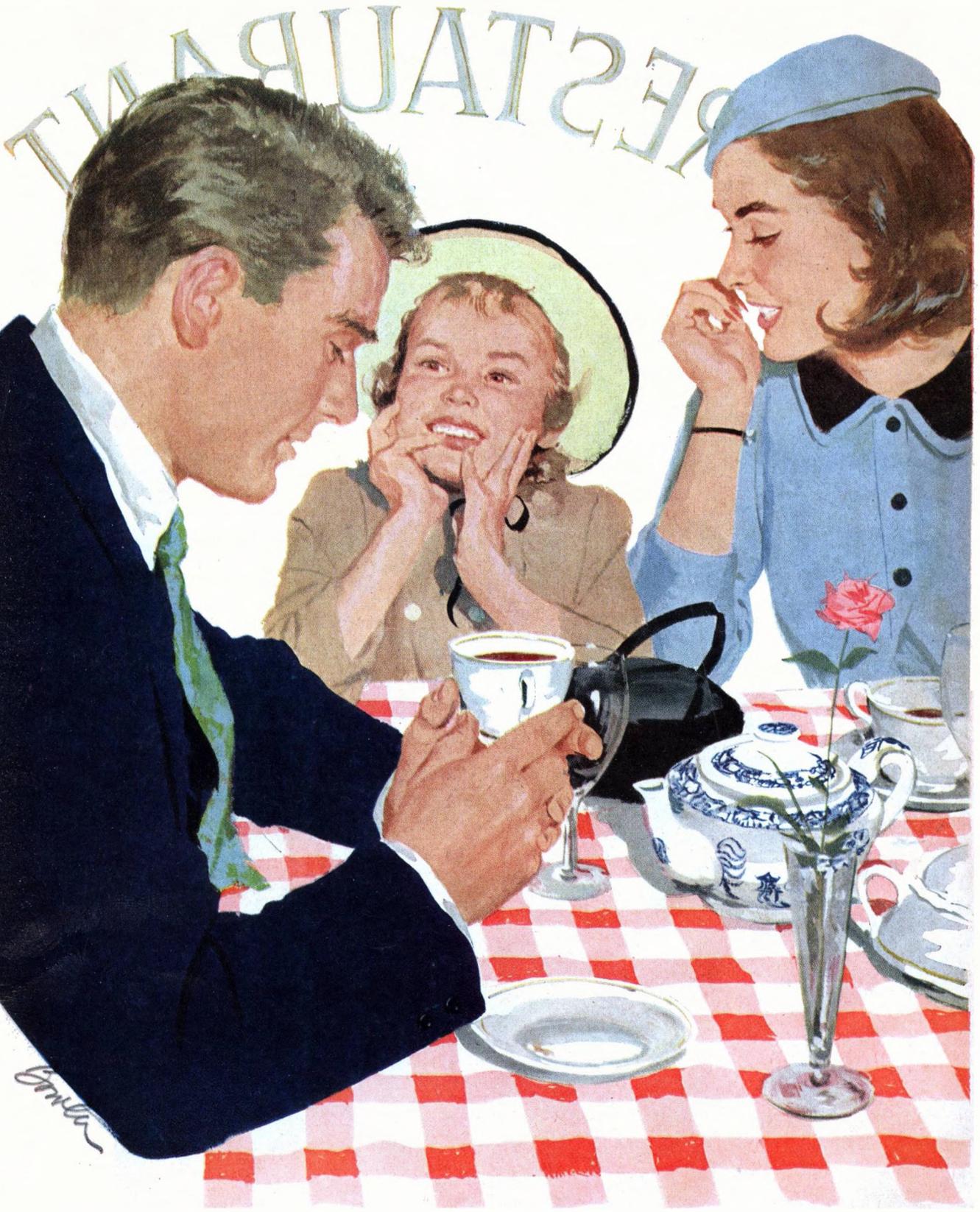
parents. But the baby is our chief concern. A child who has to face the world without his natural mother and father already has a couple of strikes against him. The chance to pick and choose his next set of parents is just about the only real advantage we can give him."

The Colemans soon discovered that they were expected to be more mature, more understanding and better off financially than most couples who acquire their families naturally.

"We buckled down and led as saintly a life as we possibly could. Our income was low, but we still managed to save money," Dot said. "I kept working, of course."

Five years went by. The Colemans registered with every public welfare and private adoption agency in three states. Someone told them that homeowners sometimes received preference. They put their slender savings into a big, rambling old house that was outdated and inefficient, but seemed to them to suggest wholesome family living.

"It must have made a good impression on somebody because we actually got on a list," Dot told us. "We were now sure that it was just a question of waiting our turn. And we were (Continued on page 105)



*They used the child as a go-between, a buffer. They knew each other so well and yet not at all.*

# Wishing-Book Wife

Shyly, they had courted by mail. But truth,  
more shocking than a lie, came between them  
as they took their vows. . . .

BY RUTH TEMPEST  
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER



**H**odge Duffus first heard of Carlene through a Pen Pals column in a diocesan bulletin mailed from Denver by his church that fall. Only a line beyond anonymity—"Carlene Vaughan" and her address. No age, no description, no Miss, no Mrs. The very starkness of it was what gave Hodge the courage to exploit his moment of rare impulse.

He wrote: "Would you care to correspond with me? I am a rancher in northwestern Colorado. I raise beef (some Hereford and one good bull), and I have six milch cows and a few butchering hogs. It is mountain country. There is a good trout creek through my place. I run the cattle on the hills and raise alfalfa along the bottom land for winter feed. Except for a couple of years in the Army, I have been here all my life. I am 29 years old, and I have never married. I go to church regular, and I am a teetotaler."

He did consider explaining that he had not married because of an invalid mother who had the disposition of a displaced wasp, but she was finally dead now, and you did not speak ill. . . .

But, even much later, he would never have told how—every spring when the peepers chattered in the willows and coyotes wailed their longings and wild geese flew north in the hesitating twilight—his heart ached for a girl named Mary Anne. He had loved her, and his mother had driven her away, and he had let her go. It was too sorry a thing ever to tell.

The answer to his first letter came promptly. Carlene Vaughan replied: "I would like to be your Pen Pal. I am 25 and five-foot-four and have brown hair and blue eyes and a good figure. I like to read. I grew up on a Nebraska farm, and I like the outdoors. I would not get lonely on a ranch."

She had hesitated over that last sentence, fearing it sounded too eager, too *available*. But his letter had come as if an inspired answer to her inner, secret weeping; she immediately credited him with infinite understanding. Perhaps he would interpret what she really meant. *How could I be lonelier on a remote* (Continued on page 82)

# OUR MOST CONFUSING

**The driving force behind some of man's greatest achievements is also the cause of some of his most miserable moments. Here is why most of us experience guilt feelings and what we must know to cope with them**

**A** friend of mine was taking care of his children recently while his wife was in the hospital. At one point—tired, worried and impatient with them—he angrily slapped both children several times and bundled them unceremoniously off to bed. That night he was sleepless and depressed. He continued to feel miserable all the next morning. Then, on an impulse, he went out and bought several expensive toys for the children—and he began to feel better.

Another friend, a young actress, left an unhappy home life and a domineering mother in Boston to seek happiness in New York. Popular and successful now, she lives in a lovely apartment, dresses beautifully and seems relatively happy. A few months ago at a party we fell to talking of our early lives. She jokingly contrasted what she called her parents' "shabby" way of life with the one she was now leading. Half an hour later she was stricken with a splitting headache and had to lie down in a darkened room. A few months later, at another party, the same thing happened to her. Coincidence? It's unlikely—she herself thinks there's a deeper reason.

Improbable as it may seem, many psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers would agree that a common reason underlies these two vastly different incidents. Both of my friends felt guilty—the father, for scolding his children; the actress, for attacking her parents' way of life. By buying toys the father could make up for his "sin." The actress, on the other hand, atoned through physical punishment. At the time neither of them knew why they felt uncomfortable. It was only later, when they examined their actions, that they became aware of what had been going on inside.

Most of us, when we think of guilt, refer to it in the legal sense—the fact of having committed a crime or offense against the law. But when my two friends recognized their guilt feelings, they were thinking, not of an illegal act, but of a kind of inner crime. They had both, in different ways, violated one of their personal laws of moral and social behavior.

At one time or another we have all done things which we believe to be wrong. We feel guilty when we cheat on income tax, when we tell a social lie to get out of an unwanted invitation, when we hear of a friend's financial troubles and do not try to help him. Most of these situations are relatively simple and easy for us to deal with. We know clearly that we have acted contrary

to some law or some inner belief and, when we feel troubled, we can pinpoint the source and, if we want, do something about correcting it. But for every situation of this sort, there are dozens in which we feel depressed or uncomfortable or even ill without fully knowing the reason. Often a feeling of guilt lies at the core. Indeed, Dr. Franz Alexander, former director of the famous Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, expresses the view of most psychiatrists when he says that no other emotional reactions play so permanent and central a role in our being as do guilt feelings.

Everyone is familiar with some of the common expressions of guilt feelings. Many a man, for instance, puts in an occasional day or week of ferocious work when he drives himself and others like a madman. Many a housewife yields from time to time to a maniacal outburst of cleanliness; she attacks the house like an enemy and reduces herself by the end of the day to total collapse. Such bursts of work often come when one has been slackening on the job or letting the house go a bit. The wild burst of work isn't the most efficient way to catch up, but it is a release and a washing-away of the guilt that we feel for not having worked conscientiously enough. It is no mere coincidence that many religions throughout the world have featured cleansing rites and purification rituals; the very act of cleaning ourselves physically seems to symbolize the washing away of guilt feelings.

One almost universally shared guilt feeling is that which follows an argument between husband and wife—we feel it is wrong to let ourselves hate someone we love, even momentarily. Most of us, too, have occasional daydreams of being married to a different husband or wife, or we have fantasies of extramarital love affairs with someone new and better-looking; these thoughts may be followed by what seems like unaccountable gloom and pessimism about life in general.

Most of these feelings are normal and universal and our sense of guilt is only temporary. But guilt feelings can, and too often do, lead to serious marital problems. The guilt-ridden person, unable to accept the normality of his feelings, may try to salve his conscience by finding someone else to be at fault rather than himself.

Social workers in two leading family counseling agencies tell me that family budgets are a frequent source of trouble. In one typical case, a man flew into

# FEELINGS

BY MORTON M. HUNT

such rages when he went over his wife's monthly expense record that he would strike her and break furniture. He complained about his wife's extravagant food-buying habits and her failure to keep proper records of where their money had gone. Ordinarily he was a decent husband, and it didn't make sense for him to act so badly over minor matters. In counseling sessions the truth emerged. *He* was the real spendthrift—he had bought a too-expensive house and he didn't want to admit his error. His continuing sense of guilt made him seek someone else to blame.

Guilt feelings need to be only a little more intense than normal to make us perform acts that are harmful and detrimental to our own search for happiness. A psychologist told me of one married couple that had a defective first-born child whom they institutionalized. They did so on perfectly logical, rational grounds. But the illogical and irrational parts of their minds said something like this: "You do not love children. . . . You are hardhearted." The result? Despite a moderate income, they have had six more children in seven years, trying to prove to their inner voices that they are overflowing with love for children.

Guilt can be particularly crippling when it is unconscious guilt that the victim never struggles with directly. Severe guilt feelings are often, for example, the cause of digestive troubles. Dr. Erich Lindemann, an eminent psychiatrist of Harvard University, has studied grief and collected impressive evidence to show that it can be devastating when felt by a person who had a hidden hatred of the deceased and, incorrectly, feels somehow responsible for his death. Many of these guilt-laden people suffered from digestive troubles—loss of appetite, vomiting, diarrhea and sometimes even ulcerative colitis—which often cleared up only with psychiatric help.

Air Force psychiatrists at the Don Cesar Convalescent Hospital in St. Petersburg, Florida, studied hundreds of fliers who cracked up in combat in the last war. Many of these men collapsed shortly after the death in action of one of their crew-members or bunkmates. But the breakdowns were rarely due to simple sorrow or to fear of death. In most cases, the surviving flier had disliked the dead crewman or been competing with him for a promotion or for a girl. And the unconscious mind was saying, "You're bad—you're glad to see him gone!"

The overwhelming guilt they felt as a result caused them to panic, or even to lose control of their muscles.

Marriage counselors and social workers find that impotence in men and frigidity in women are generally caused by guilt feelings. We repeatedly tell children that sex play is improper, dirty and evil; then, when they grow up, we expect them to find beauty in marital sex. A man who has been taught that sex play is vulgar and animal-like may be unable to have sexual union with the wife for whom he has tender feelings. A woman who has grown up thinking it is wrong for a girl to feel desire may find it less painful to submit to sex without pleasure than to enjoy herself and feel vile afterward.

Where do guilt feelings come from—the normal guilt and the sick guilt, the conscious guilt and the unsuspected guilt? In a number of primitive and Eastern societies, people have little or no experience with guilt feelings; instead of being guided by a strong inner conscience, they control themselves, as adults, out of a sense of sympathy and solidarity with their tribe or out of fear of reprisal or social disgrace. These are all controls that come from outside.

But conscience and the guilt feelings that are tied up with conscience are an internal disgrace. When we feel conscience pangs, it is *we* who are displeased with ourselves—and we will do anything to still that disapproving voice, from buying toys to leaping off a high building. Most psychiatrists and many anthropologists believe that, by having a conscience inside ourselves, rather than outside (as in the primitive and Eastern cultures), we have been able to rise to greater heights of morality, social decency and creativity. But conscience has a price—guilt feelings.

How does conscience develop? Psychiatrists have often likened it to the voice of the parents, speaking from within the unconscious mind. The growing child hears thousands of dos and don'ts from his parents. He soon learns that good behavior wins him approval and love, but bad behavior brings him disapproval and punishment. Soon the child begins to feel anxiety when he misbehaves. He anticipates punishment, which will both pay off the debt of badness and restore love. When he feels guilty, he not only expects punishment, but sometimes wants it, to assure the return of parental affection.

A three-year-old girl I (*Continued on page 104*)

- **What causes some people to "crack up" when a loved one dies?**
- **Why do we feel so good after a sudden burst of hard work?**
- **Must husbands and wives feel guilty after a quarrel?**
- **Why do children sometimes want to be spanked?**



# *WITH STRINGS ATTACHED*

What young salesman wouldn't be flattered by his boss's favors?  
And what smart fiancée wouldn't see through another woman?

BY VIRGINIA LAUGHLIN  
ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT



*"Honey, hasn't it seemed odd to you that the Shaws are so chummy when we're at least twenty years younger?"*

**Mambo, Mambo.** The Cuban at the tall drums started the frenzied beat; the horns caught it with a staccato screech. *Mambo, mambo.*

It broke the tension at one of the tables in the exclusive Heron Club. Lily Shaw, a well-preserved blonde with carefully touched-up hair, jumped to her feet and grabbed her husband's hand. "Here we go again!"

The gay remark was addressed to Allen Drake, the younger man at the table, a salesman with her husband's real-estate firm. Marta Powell, Allen's fiancée, might as well not have been there, for all the notice Lily took of her.

Marta looked down at the tablecloth. A silly

childhood rhyme leaped into her mind. "Lily's mad, and I am glad—"

The horns screeched again, and the Shaws headed for the dance floor. Allen turned to Marta, saying coldly, "Just why did you tell Lily a few minutes ago that we couldn't make it tomorrow night?"

Marta countered angrily, "And why did you sit there staring at me so—she'd know I was lying?"

"Let's stick to the point! Why did you say we'd made other plans? We always go to the Shaw's Sunday-night barbecues. They take it for granted we'll—"

"Why should they take it for granted?" Marta's voice was sharp.

*(Continued on page 98)*

# A Young Couple's Ordeal

For three months Barbara Campbell and Russell Ericksen lived under the shadow of police suspicion for a murder they did not commit. Their experience raises serious questions about the responsibilities of the police—and the rights of innocent people

BY ROBERT J. LEVIN

*Under the American legal system, a person is innocent until proved guilty. In their day-to-day operations, however, law-enforcement officers are engaged in finding offenders, not judging them. As a result, the police attitude in most instances must be one of suspicion and mistrust. But at the same time that we ask our police to be relentless in tracking down lawbreakers, we also expect them to protect the rights of innocent people who come under suspicion. The story of Barbara Campbell and Russell Ericksen dramatizes what can happen when these two important purposes—the apprehension of the guilty and the protection of the innocent—come into conflict.*

—THE EDITORS

It was 4:30 A.M. when 22-year-old Russell Ericksen kissed Barbara Campbell good night outside the door to the three-room apartment she shared with her widowed mother. Barbara turned the key quietly and slipped inside, hoping she wouldn't wake her mother. The date was Saturday, January 26, 1957.

Russ went down, got into his old Plymouth and drove off. Snow flurries throughout the night had left the streets slippery, and it took him almost ten minutes to travel the familiar mile and a half through Brooklyn from the Campbell apartment to the Ericksens' two-family house.

As he prepared for bed, his phone rang. It was Barbara. "Guess what, Russ?" she said. "I'm home first! Tonight, Mother's the stay-out. Think I should scold her?"

It seemed amusing at that moment, and they both laughed.

But when Barbara awoke, seven hours later, a glance at her mother's bed revealed that it hadn't been slept in. She fed her mother's black cocker spaniel, Shadow, and started tidying the apartment, expecting the phone to ring. It stayed silent all afternoon.

Reluctantly, Barbara decided to make a few calls herself. At 23, she was old enough to realize that her

inquiries might expose her mother to gossip. To prevent this, she tried to get in touch with only three people, and even then she didn't intend to make the fact plain that her mother had been gone all night.

Barbara called her mother's best friend, Mrs. Ann Corley, but no one was at home except the youngest daughter, Dorothy, and she simply said that she had no idea where Mrs. Campbell might be reached. Next Barbara spoke to the one relative she had in New York, a great-uncle, and without alarming him she was able to determine that her mother hadn't been at his house within the previous 24 hours. Finally, she tried to reach an old friend of her mother's, a man who worked as a newspaper stereotypist, but she was told that he had the night off.

That evening, Russ came to take Barbara out to dinner, as had become their custom in the five months they had been going together. This time, however, they did not go out. Russ brought up food from a delicatessen, and together they waited for a call from Mrs. Campbell.

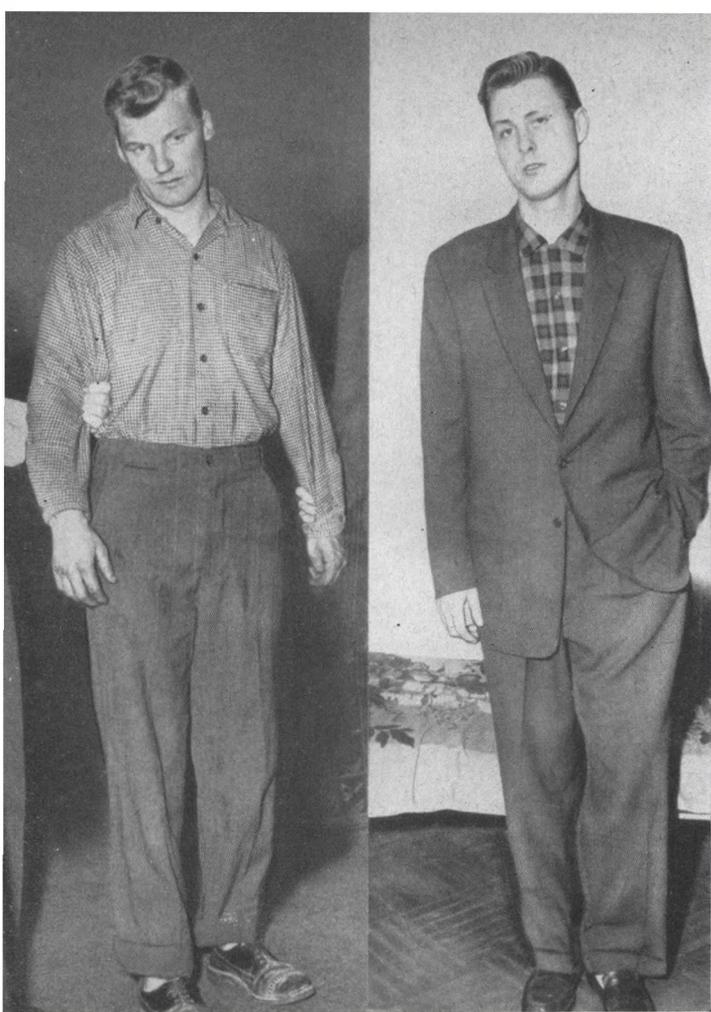
The last Barbara had seen of her mother was shortly before 9 P.M. on Friday. They had had dinner in a Chinese restaurant, but Mrs. Campbell had given Barbara no indication of her plans for the evening. Sitting in the silent apartment, Barbara and Russ speculated on where she might have gone, and then, in a futile attempt to distract themselves, they turned to television.

When Russ left, he made Barbara promise to go right to bed. For hours, however, she tossed sleeplessly.

On Sunday morning Barbara awoke again in an empty bedroom. Without stopping for breakfast, she put Shadow on a leash and went down to search the streets for her mother's car. She walked slowly along block after block. But she didn't go down the hill toward Narrows Avenue. For one thing, she knew that her mother feared that dimly lit area. Besides, since her mother suffered from arthritis of the spine, she would never park down there because walking home would have meant a painful climb up the steep hill.

Barbara searched for hours, but failed to find the car. With Russ, she kept a useless vigil at the tele-





*In a parody of a police line-up, Russell Ericksen (right) was identified by a woman as the man who had attacked her on a deserted street. Two months later Thomas Higgins (left) confessed to this and other such attacks.*

phone all afternoon, and that night she called the stereotypist, her last hope for information. His work shift was due to begin at midnight, however, and he had not yet arrived.

Unable to bear the tension any longer, Barbara instantly dialed Ann Corley's number. "Ann," she blurted out, "I haven't seen Mother since Friday night. Have you?"

Ann Corley gasped. "Your mother was with us until 4:30 that morning, and then she left for home. Barbara, you'd better go straight to the police!"

Within a few minutes, Russ and Barbara were hurrying up the steps of the Fort Hamilton police station. There, a young detective took Barbara's description of her mother and the car, and he promised to send out a 12-state alarm. But Barbara could not give him a license number because the car was registered in Poughkeepsie, where Mrs. Campbell's family lived, and new plates had arrived just a week earlier.

Barbara's last act that night was to call the newspaper once more. This time she reached the man she wanted, and his words were those that she had expected and feared. "I haven't seen your mother in days, and I don't know where she could be."

Much of Monday went by in a blur of telephone

## "We're going to book Russ," the

calls. Barbara informed her mother's office of the strange situation, and she notified her own boss, for whom she worked as a dictaphone operator, that she wouldn't be in. She called Poughkeepsie and informed her relatives of the disappearance, and she kept answering the calls of friends seeking to be of help.

At night, after dinner at the Corleys, Barbara found herself pacing her apartment again. She thought of the missing license number and felt that this might help the police in their search. She went to the desk, took out her mother's private papers and spread them on the kitchen table. Among the documents were several insurance policies, but the automobile registration was not there.

On Tuesday morning, one of Ann Corley's relatives—a policeman who had offered to spend his day off searching for the Campbell car—set out on a methodical tour of the neighborhood. Unaware that Mrs. Campbell never parked down on Narrows Avenue, he went in that direction.

And there he found the car, where it had been since Saturday. Apparently the Fort Hamilton police, who had sent out a 12-state alarm, hadn't sent a radio car to scour the nearby streets. In the back of the automobile, sprawled on the floor, lay the body of Dorothy Campbell.

A neighbor, Mrs. Beryl Williams, was with Barbara when the buzzer sounded in the Campbell apartment. Mrs. Williams talked briefly over the intercom with someone down in the lobby, and Barbara heard her say, "Yes, come up."

"It's Ann," Mrs. Williams told Barbara quietly. "They found your mother."

With an effort, Barbara managed to ask, "Is she all right?"

When Mrs. Williams shook her head, the girl burst into tears. Together, Mrs. Williams and Ann Corley tried to help Barbara regain her self-control, but it was a while before they succeeded. Ann then told her she had to go to the scene and identify her mother, and the weeping began again.

Barbara allowed herself to be put in a car and driven to Narrows Avenue, past the police barricade, through a swarm of uniformed officers, plainclothesmen, reporters and photographers, pulling up directly behind her mother's cream-and-blue Dodge.

Detectives told the pale, frightened girl to see whether the body in the car was that of her mother. When Barbara begged not to be forced to do that, the police relented and took her instead to the Fort Hamilton station. Here she was put in a small room and given a cup of coffee. Almost immediately, detectives began to question her. They got a minute-by-minute account of her activities from Friday night through Monday, and they probed into Mrs. Campbell's personal life.

Abruptly, one detective asked, "Who's your boy friend?"

"I've been going steady with Russ Ericksen," she replied. "Why?"

**detective told her. "We're going to hang him."**

"Do you love him?"

"Yes, I do."

"Enough to shield him?"

"Shield him from what?" the girl cried out.

"Look, young lady," the detective said, "we've got a murder on our hands and we're out to solve it."

This was the way the police broke the news to the young girl that her mother had been slain. And this was the way they let her know that she and the boy she loved were suspected of the crime.

Another detective asked Barbara if she knew about "the Gresh case," and when she shook her head, he enlightened her. In 1954, Mrs. Anna Gresh of Brooklyn had been stabbed to death by 19-year-old William Byers, after the woman had caught him having relations with her 15-year-old daughter. Byers, the detective reminded Barbara, had been executed at Sing Sing.

"Your mother was murdered, too," the detective snapped, "and we think this is another Gresh case."

The reference to a possible parallel between the slaying of Mrs. Gresh and that of Mrs. Campbell was made by this detective within a few hours of the discovery of Mrs. Campbell's body. The official investigation had barely got under way. Yet the police had apparently concluded that they had caught the killers and had established the motive.

Barbara was then taken to the hospital morgue to identify her mother's body. Ann Corley went with her. In the police car on the way, a detective prepared the girl for what was to come.

"Your mother's appearance will shock you," he warned. "Her face is badly swollen. Her head has been gashed in several places. And because of the time that passed after her death, the skin is discolored."

Barbara, recalling the ordeal, says "I felt as though I was going to an execution. I could hardly walk. I remember being led down a hallway and turning left. Then, through open *(Continued on page 101)*

*Even during the worst days of uncertainty and fear, Russ and Barbara found happiness in quiet hours together.*



# Farewell, Adele!

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT SASLOW

**A**dele was packing, all right, when Brad got there. Her short blonde hair was bent over a suitcase into which she was stuffing silks and laces and probably Dacrons and Orlons, too. He saw the side of her face before she noticed he was in the room, and on her young cheek there was a moist bright stain of recent tears.

He sat on a small trunk and said, "Hi!"

Adele looked up, startled. "Well, you didn't believe me, did you?"

"Not quite," Brad said coldly. His blue eyes were half shut; his slim right hand ruffled nervously through his dark hair. After a while he stared dully at his cordovans. "No, I wasn't sure."

Adele turned and looked at him. He smiled, stood up and walked toward her. In his arms he held her gently, and he touched his face against hers for a moment.

She moved away and stared around the bedroom. Brad said, "What about the kids?"

Adele wiped her eyes. "I can't bear to leave them, but . . ."

"That was what worried me."

She stared at him defiantly, "You think it's just one of those things, don't you? You think it's being swept off my feet and being tossed up among the stars and that it'll all seem drab and gloomy after the champagne and roses wear off. You do, don't you?"

Brad shrugged. "I didn't say that."

"Brad," she said solemnly, "you don't think that, do you? Brad, please believe me, this is different. Would I leave the children . . . especially the children. . ."

"I suppose not."

Brad got up and stared out the window at the park. Youngsters in brand new spring outfits were running around on the grass, tossing bright balls or shooting at phantom birds with make-believe guns, bang-bang!

"You want a drink?" Adele asked. "I'm almost done."

"I could stand one."

She went into the kitchen, and Brad could hear the tinkle of the shaker making him the manhattan she had made so often for him. He looked again down at the park and the street and watched the couples moving about, some hand-in-hand, all in love or about to be in love or just coming out of love. That was the terrible part, of course, just coming out of love. It was like those gleaming days in March when the world, deceptively

bright and yellow, turns abruptly leaden and cold, and you shiver and are ashamed, head down, for the heart's gaiety you wear with such ridiculous flamboyance on your sleeve.

In a moment Adele was back with the cocktails. They sat and sipped, not speaking until the drink had found its way into them and had warmed them with a temporary kiss.

Brad finished his glass, fished out the cherry and nibbled on it. Adele said, "You always seem to like the cherries best."

"Full of vitamins," Brad said without smiling. He stared coldly and abruptly at Adele, who looked up at him with saucer eyes.

Abruptly she began to weep. Brad put his arm around her and said, "There, there . . . it'll be all right."

She wiped her eyes with a slip that hung out of the suitcase. Then she straightened up and went into one of the kids' bedrooms. She returned hugging a small, dark Teddy bear.

Brad smiled gently. "I see," he said.

"I can't do it," she said hollowly and in a faraway voice, as if something deep in her heart were speaking.

Brad hesitated a moment. He took her in his arms and kissed her softly. He said, "I know. I didn't think you could. I'm glad. Really, I'm glad. You would have made a mistake."

"You didn't say that once. Not once did you say that." She looked at him puzzled. He said, raising his shoulders. "It was your idea."

"You never once told me not to, though. Not once."

"You had to tell yourself, didn't you?" He hugged her again and she felt warm and sweet. He loved her terribly.

He took the Teddy bear from her and set it upright on the dressing table.

"It looks a little like Junior."

"Junior's fairer," Adele said, with a chuckle that seemed to bring color back into her pale face.

Brad opened the suitcase and handed her a jacket and a tweed skirt. She smiled, half-sadly and yet with relief, took the garments and put them back in the closet.

Brad went out to the living room and picked up the note propped against the bowl of faded tea roses and tore the letter and the envelope into small pieces, stuffing them thereafter into his pocket.

He looked up at the golden-rimmed clock over the



*"George, please believe me, this is different, I can't bear to leave the children. . . ."*

television set. It was getting dangerously late. He went back into the bedroom, and Adele was hurrying to have everything the way it was before.

Brad kissed her once more and said, "I've got an appointment. I'll call you."

"It's funny, isn't it?"

"What?"

"That I couldn't go. I really thought I could."

"It isn't only the kids, either, is it?"

Adele bit her lip. Then she looked up and said, "Why should I be ashamed to say so? No, it was more than the kids."

"I see."

"I expected something different, though. I expected you to plead and . . . well . . . you know how you are with words . . . poetry . . . quick flashes of loveliness . . . I thought. . . ."

Brad smiled. He started to say something and then stopped. "I'll call you," he said.

He went out to the elevator with a heavy heart. He did love her, but he could not say so. It was not his fault he loved her, but it would have been his fault if he had let her love him irrevocably.

When he got on the street, he looked up at the small

windows among the many, many windows and sighed. She would be all right. Her husband wasn't the finest character extant, but he was good-natured and swell with the kids. You could see that. And if he was a bit settled and rather stodgy, husbands undoubtedly get that way in time. Maybe that's for the best, too.

He turned in to the first brightly lit bar. He started to order a manhattan and then changed his mind. He would prefer, he thought, to remember manhattans and Adele together.

He ordered a pony of cognac and looked around. Somewhere there was undoubtedly a nice, young single girl who liked cognac, too.

He would find her and try to love her and to forget Adele, and then one day he would be more settled and stodgy and the father of two kids, and his wife would love him and not leave him ever for any sort of bright adventure.

He drank the cognac down and felt better. The two air tickets for Paris he could always turn in for a refund.

Outside it had turned leaden and cold, the sort of sudden change that makes you a little ashamed of the heart's flamboyant gaiety. He shivered and ordered another drink.

. . . THE END

# OVERNIGHT TO PARIS



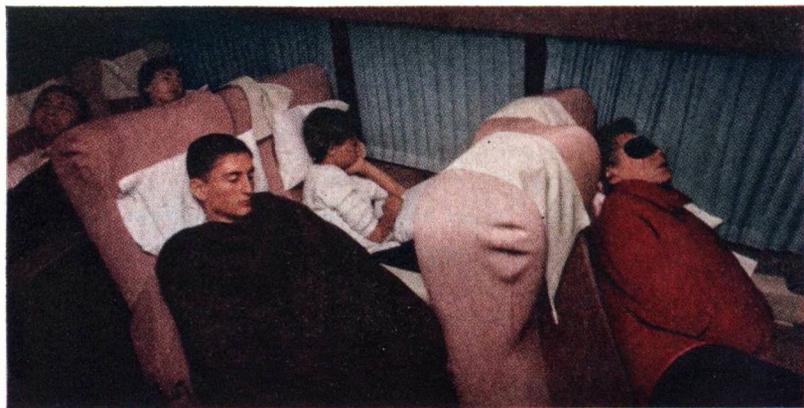
*Off to Paris! It seems like a dream. . .*

One afternoon, 25-year-old Roni Bellach, a New York model, was on Madison Avenue. Next morning, barely 14 hours later, she was on the Champs Elysées in Paris, sipping a *vermouth cassis* at a cafe terrace. Roni was one of some 4,000 people—half of them under 35, earning less than \$5,000—who'd literally slept their way from one world to another that night . . . lulled by fine food and a companionable drink to the throb of engines high over the moon-silvered Atlantic. For Roni—and for you, too, when you fly over—this was high adventure. To the men who move up to 300 planes a week each way across the Atlantic, this 20-year-old miracle was just another smooth, safe "routine arrival."

*Breakfast over the invasion beaches . . .*



*But the plane's real as it lifts, roaring, off the ground. 'Bye, America!*



*Then talk, cards—now sleep, as our props bite into the cold night sky.*

*Then ahead—chokingly lovely in the bright sunlight—there's Paris . . .*



PHOTOS BY MARTIN IGER



*People are friendly at 20,000 feet . . . And toast the coast we're leaving . . . At 350 mph. Dinner's 700 miles long . . .*



*In the dim cockpit, steady hands are at the controls, watchful As dawn blazes over the empty ocean, France comes on radio.*

*And reunion with an old friend in . . . the city of Rabelais and Napoleon, of Edith Piaf and Dior, of love and laughter.*



## A Very Special Christmas



(Continued from page 27)

This particular year, however, the disagreeable weather began in August. Hurricanes rolled up from the distant tropics in alphabetical precision, and the nose or tail of nearly every one struck Lost Spaniard. The summer folks, who were few and exceptionally hardy, left even before Labor Day, for the last storm, in its worst hours, tried to tear the island loose from its moorings at the bottom of the sea.

And that wasn't the last of the weather; gales, squalls, unexpected rains, violent winds hit Lost Spaniard all the autumn. It seemed that some special vengeance of the sea and its friends was being taken upon the island. Only the Coast Guard ship dared the trip all of November, and each time her officers and men were glad to get back to Wisteria Light.

For the first time in memory, the lobster fleet was driven in by mid-December, and although Christmas itself was stacked in the store at Port Zinnia, no man on Lost Spaniard would risk his boat to make the run for it. The safety of those boats had been too dearly bought on the inward route from the fury of the sea. The Coast Guard ship made the last trip on December 22, but she broached to in the channel and only incredible seamanship brought her about to limp and roll back to Wisteria Light, thousands in damage done her, and her men white scared.

The story of that voyage got to Port Zinnia on the 23rd, and there was a lot of gloomy talk in the General Store that night.

"Like them Span'ard folks was gettin' punished," Dewey Potter remarked, looking out his store window that hung above the foggy harbor. "And they ain't special sinful," he explained to himself. He shrugged. "Like they was bein' punished—for somethin'."

"Worse than my Grand sir' can remember," Captain Dallas of the *Little Quilt* said. "And he's ninety-one and never been off this shore in his life."

"It's been as bad," Bert Taylor, a lobsterman, corrected mildly. "But not for so long."

The men gathered there agreed; it had been as bad and worse, but not for so long. Not day and night for weeks and months.

They all nodded, including Hugh Tucker, but he'd been nodding for half a year, and no one particularly noticed his assent.

Hugh was left over from another season; he was summer folks who simply hadn't left. He stayed on and on at Mrs. Hamilton's, where he'd taken a room in July, and he'd been drunk when he got there, and he was still drunk.

"I'm a remittance man—from my family," he'd explain to anyone in Port

Zinnia who'd listen. "I'm paid to stay away."

And he spoke truth, for the first and fifteenth of every month an envelope came from a legal firm in Boston with a check enclosed. Sykes Britton, the mail carrier, delivered it to Hugh, who made his endorsement, and the following day Sykes brought back the proceeds from the bank at Autumn Harbor.

Port Zinnia didn't especially resent Hugh, and since he seemed decent in every way—except his drinking—and law-abiding and generous, he came to be accepted as a sort of civic charge. Everyone looked after him, and he compensated them by joining the volunteer fire brigade, contributing heavily to any project mentioned to him and helping out at the docks or here at the store, wherever an unskilled hand was needed.

Like everyone else in Port Zinnia, Hugh had been watching the growing hoard of packages marked for the children of Lost Spaniard. He wondered about them, especially how they were going to get to their destination in this unrelenting weather. Like most drunks, he was sentimental, and he couldn't tolerate the idea of a giftless Christmas for those children isolated on an island twelve miles at sea.

He'd made inquiries, of course. Half a dozen times a day he'd ask Captain Dallas when he was putting out. Half a dozen times a day, Captain Dallas gave him the same reply. "If the weather clears decent, I'll go the 24th."

Hugh sat now on an upturned box, shoulders braced against the old, scarred counter. He squinted, the better to see the other men, and brought the Captain into focus. "Hey!" he called into their conversation. "Hey! Captain Dallas, when are you going to take those Christmas presents out to Lost Spaniard?"

"Tomorrow," Captain Dallas replied. "If the weather clears decent."

"And if it doesn't?" Hugh asked.

"Most likely it will," Bill Mason said, without conviction.

But it didn't.

It was worse.

And Hugh had troubles of his own, for Mrs. Hamilton had to go to Autumn Harbor because her sister took sick, and Hugh was left alone with a half-decorated Christmas tree, a holiday meal ready except the cooking and a pile of presents to be delivered in the Port to his landlady's friends.

He got his own breakfast and lunch—the little he ate—tested the last light on the Christmas tree and then took the gifts around to the neighbors. These projects occupied the morning and part of the afternoon, and like everyone else in town, when what was to be done was finished, Hugh climbed the long, rickety stairs to Dewey Potter's store.

The usual group was there, seated in the rear near the stove, and today there were many customers besides, making last-minute purchases. Everyone seemed exceptionally gay and friendly, and no one but Hugh appeared to notice the enormous accusation of neglect, the presents for the children of Lost Spaniard.

Dewey handed Hugh an apron and told him to wait on Mrs. Lang, and be-

cause he was always agreeable to helping out, Hugh followed that lady round and round the store gathering what she had on her list and what she thought she might need, and helping her remember what she'd forgotten.

As he worked, Hugh began to realize several things. First, he wanted a drink. Second, he was going to be all alone for Christmas. Third, there *had* to be a way to deliver those packages to the island.

When the rush of trade was over and Hugh and Dewey could sit down with the group around the stove, they found the conversation to be the same one that had been going on for weeks—the weather, and although Dewey joined in, Hugh didn't listen, but closed his mind to think.

The first part of his idea came five minutes later through the talk and pipe smoke, and it came easily, a product of his own desire for a drink. As his enthusiasm for it grew, Hugh was sure that the rest of it would come with equal ease and provide its own details. The first part was the hard part because, if it didn't work, the rest didn't matter, and so he waited for a lull in the talk, and when it came, he spoke.

"There's something I've been wanting to do," he told them, and their faces assumed varying expressions of interest. "I've been wanting to have you fellows up for a drink. Mrs. Hamilton's gone, and I'll be all alone. If you'd drop up—say in half an hour—we'd have a little—"

"I got to be home early," Bert Taylor said. They all nodded.

"Just one," Hugh urged. "It'll be Christmas for me."

He left then, to give them an opportunity to talk over his invitation among themselves and decide. He climbed the hill through the snow to the big, empty, lop-floored house. He went upstairs and dragged the case and a half of Scotch out from under his bed, and he carried the bottles tenderly to the kitchen.

Then he sat down in Mrs. Hamilton's rocker to wait.

They didn't disappoint him. He saw them coming up the walk through the snow just as the four o'clock darkness closed the day. Dewey Potter, the storekeeper; Captain Dallas of the *Little Quilt*; Bill Mason, one of the hands; Bert Taylor, lobsterman, and Frank Cotton, the conservation officer. They came up onto the porch stamping their boots and shaking their caps and coats.

It was a party that had no initial interval of awkwardness. They had been invited for a drink, and that was *exactly* what they wanted. Hugh tended bar with a generous hand. The Scotch was good—although a little strange to their tastes—and they all settled around the kitchen table to pick up where they had left off in their interminable talk about the weather.

Frank Cotton reached the bottom of his glass first, and Hugh, who'd been watching, hastened for a refill.

"I oughten to," Frank said, in sudden elephantine shyness.

"It won't hurt," Hugh assured him. "You can't fly on one wing, you know." He waved the bottle. "Besides, it's Christmas," he reminded them.

"So it is!" Bert Taylor agreed and, quickly swallowing the last of his drink, held his glass out to Hugh.

Everyone had a second drink, reassuring himself and the others "once a year." "Christmas" and "need a little something against this cold." Someone mentioned getting on home, in a small voice, and before long a third drink seemed in order.

Hugh observed his guests closely, waiting for the time to come when he'd say what he had to say. Bill was a little red in the face, and Frank was rubber-fingered. The Captain seemed just a fraction cross-eyed, and Bert was leaning heavily on the table. All of them, however, were jovial and singularly garrulous.

The time would he soon. Hugh thought, and he poured himself another drink. Now he could wait and arrange what he would say.

But, surprisingly enough, it was Dewey who brought up the subject, and what he said sounded even better than what Hugh himself had rehearsed.

"I'm feelin' darned sad," Dewey announced. "I can't help thinkin' of them young ones out at Span'ard. It's goin' to be a right unhappy time for them."

"Too bad," Frank agreed. "No Christmas."

"Oh, it's more 'an likely the weather'll clear in a day or so," Captain Dallas said. "We can run out there with the presents—"

"But it won't be Christmas," Hugh answered him from his own new-found conscience.

There was a short, thoughtful silence. "If I had my own boat," Bill Mason said. "I'd go out there." He straightened up and then listed. "You're darn right I would," he declared, from an angle.

"Them seas would tear a boat apart," Captain Dallas replied with authority, tilting his head to compensate for Bill's list and to see one of him instead of two.

"You're more scared for your hide than your boat," Dewey put in unexpectedly and tapped emphasis on the Captain's shoulder with every word.

The Captain turned red, then very pale. "You callin' me a coward?" he asked testily, leaning on the table.

Dewey stood up. He wasn't much over five feet tall, red-haired and square-shaped. "Yes, I am," he announced. "You know more of these waters hereabouts than any other man on the coast. If anyone could get them presents out to the Span'ard, it'd be you." He swayed and had to sit down. "I'm no seaman," he admitted, and tears came to his eyes, "but if I had so much as a dory, I'd try to get them presents out to them young ones."

The Captain was shaken and sober. His color didn't come back. "So this is what you've been thinkin'," he said. "You've been thinkin' for days that I ought to make that run."

"That's what I've been thinkin'," Dewey answered. "They've been days when it wasn't as bad as other days. It could've been done."

"If I had my own boat, by swan—" Bill started to say, but Frank hushed him.

"It don't mean nothin' to you that the Coast Guard ship near capsized?" the Captain asked.

"They don't know them seas like you do, George," Bert Taylor said.

The Captain turned his eyes from

them. He sat there at the oilcloth-covered table among men he'd thought were his friends, but who, privately and among themselves, accused him of cowardice. The Christmas packages had loomed before him for weeks as a monument to his own apprehensions about making the run in seas fiercer than any man knew or could even remember hearing about. When he'd learned of the Coast Guard ship, in secret parts of his mind he'd hoped the weather wouldn't clear.

He looked up now at the men about him, these familiar faces, and he saw plainly the thoughts behind them. He knew he was seeing what he'd have confronting him as long as he lived. Something tried to tell him that they were just feeling the unaccustomed Scotch and to pay no mind, but he knew that later—if there was any later—they'd not remember that; they'd remember only what was said here and to whom.

There was no choice, really. This was his home. Like his Grand-sir', he'd never been anyplace else, and he wasn't going. He knew no ship could live in those seas, but if these men wanted him to drown on Christmas Eve, he would.

"I ain't mad," he said at last. "We're all a mite drunk and talky. But," he went on, leaning his sea-burned knuckles on the table, "no man's goin' to call me a coward if I can prove otherwise. You get me a crew, and I'll take them presents."

"You've got a crew, George," Bert said. "Us."

Now that it was decided, everyone was suddenly irrepressibly gay, and plans and voices overlapped. Hugh contributed the remaining Scotch to fortify the trip, and Frank remembered that the Congregational Church had a Santa Claus suit and dispatched himself to borrow it. Dewey made extravagant promises about free groceries for everyone, and Bill and Bert joined hands and danced happily about Captain Dallas, who just stood there and let them tramp on him.

They straggled down the hill to the store, burdened with the snow that grew deep on their caps and shoulders. The Captain and Bert went off to make the *Little Quilt* ready while Dewey opened the store and organized the march to the dock. The long stairs were icy, and on the first trip, Bill Mason slid down all the way on his back, a huge, heavy carton riding on his chest. From then on, it was decided that Dewey and Hugh would drop the packages over the railing to Bill and Frank below, and that worked better, although one box that hurtled out of the darkness almost knocked Frank senseless.

It took nearly an hour to get all the gifts down to the dock and stowed aboard, and by that time the *Little Quilt* was ready to put to sea. The Captain and the crew had a drink on it, and then, with great, noisy effort, the tiny packet pulled out from her safe berth and began to beat her way toward the terrible open sea beyond the bay.

Frank remembered the Santa Claus suit, and a loud discussion about who'd wear it took place. Dewey was the fattest and held out to the end for election, but the Captain decided.

"It's Hugh's party," he decided.

Hugh let them ram and cram him into the monstrous red costume because

he could never have done it by himself and they wanted to help. Then they bundled on his slicker and sea boots and crumpled his sou'wester down over his tasseled cap. Frank had forgotten to borrow the accompanying wig and beard, and although Hugh's own stubbornly boyish face somewhat spoiled the illusion, they all agreed that he was the proper actor for the part.

The trip across the bay was slow and an anguish for the *Little Quilt*. She heeled and dipped and heaved, rising, falling, fighting stronger seas and winds than she or any coastal boat had ever known.

"We may drown for this," the Captain said, combating the wheel.

"So we may," Dewey nodded.

Hugh listened and was thoughtful. This had been his own insane plan that he never dreamed would work. It had all happened so easily, as though their minds had opened with his to the possibility of intimidating the Captain, getting fearlessly tipsy and forcing the trip to Lost Spaniard. He shook his head and tried to remember how it had all happened.

They might drown for it, of course, but that didn't seem especially important. It was important, though, that, drunk or sober, they'd taken it upon themselves to bring Christmas to the island children, and somehow, they all thought, without saying so or making silent words of it, that no undertaking of this sort could come to a bad end, even in historically dangerous seas.

Presently the Captain said, "We'll be in the open in a minute."

The men pressed close to the windows of the wheelhouse, but they saw nothing except the snow, the dark, the speeding sea.

What happened when they hit the open sea no man aboard nor any man on the Coast was ever able to explain, not even Captain Dallas, who knew the waters so well. It was as though an avenue of calm opened before the *Little Quilt*. The sea was still formidable and the night dark, but the ocean had ceased to punish the boat and the winds relented enough to give her her head, and the snow lessened. She rode almost evenly into the darkness, and the silent, sober men watched and felt what they couldn't believe and knew in all their seawise sanity wasn't possible.

Some ran to the deck. Some stayed.

Hugh stayed. He leaned his forehead against the cold glass of the wheelhouse window. He tried to remember from childhood what he'd known of the magic of this season. No specific memory came to him, only the knowledge that at Christmastime anything could happen.

He wanted to cry, not especially from the sweet, unbidden thoughts of Christmases long ago and lost. He wanted to cry because of something he remembered and knew now to be true, that God took care of his own—the fools, the drunks, the children. Tonight, God was with the fools and the drunks, and they, in turn, would take care of the children.

The men of Port Zinnia stood in silence staring into the benign and awesome night. To remember and keep for a life's span, they stood very still and quiet for a long, long time, and, presently,

when each had from this night what he himself needed and would take, the Captain went forward.

He peered into the darkness, and when he came back, he reached up and pulled the cord, and the whistle known to everyone on the coastal islands called through the night. It called and called again, and the men aboard the *Little Quilt* exploded into wild, joyous shouting as the great flaming lantern swung up and outward from the dock, dead ahead.

Bert lurched to the bow and called in as loud a voice as he could, "We got the presents! Hey, Span'ards! We got the Christmas presents!"

The people came slowly and incredulously. They came along the paths and over the snowy rocks, and the whistle blew and blew again, summoning them to an impossible rendezvous. The only jeep on the island drove down the hill and parked, focusing its headlights on the *Little Quilt*. When the people could see the boat, they paused a moment, then hurried forward, calling to one another, laughing, stumbling, running through the snow.

Dewey got Hugh by the collar and dragged him out onto the deck. "Go on, Sandy Claws!" he urged, in a boundless and wonderful happiness he had never known before. "Do your damndest!"

The presents came out of the hold and the cabin, from the engine compartment and the after-deck, where they'd been lashed down and covered with tarps. They came to Hugh Tucker who stood now on the dock in the knee-deep snow, and he called the names written on the tags, the headlights of the jeep his lamp. He saw the little faces and felt the little hands snatch the boxes from his in the unexpected joy of a Christmas that had been almost lost. He heard behind him on the boat the noises of love and triumph of the men of Port Zinnia.

He wanted to cry now because of this thing that was happening to him. These huddled people, this personal gift to him, this night. They were making of him something he'd never been before and taking from him something he had been and didn't want to be any more.

"Here's one! Hey, here's one! The last one!" Dewey hollered, panting up to Hugh. "Darn near missed it!"

Hugh looked at the label and then called the name. "Troy! Troy Brown!" he called again into the happy noise of the children of Lost Spaniard. "Troy Brown!" He couldn't remember that one before. "Troy Brown! Is he here?"

The child came forward slowly from the crowd, without belief or confidence. He was small and his clothes too big for him. His knitted cap was pulled down close about a tiny, chinless face, and in the headlights of the jeep his eyes were the biggest part of him.

He took the box from Hugh gently, almost reluctantly, and he stood looking up at the man whose red suit was all but covered by an oil slicker. "I got no folks," he said quietly. "This must be from you."

"From me?" Hugh asked, for he had no reply.

"You. Or Mrs. Dalton. She keeps me," the child explained.

"Ask her," Hugh said.

The boy moved away, but he paused and came back to Hugh.

"I didn't know you was so thin—sir," he said, and then he turned and ran up the hill through the wonderful night.

... THE END

The fanciful creatures of Dr. Seuss' imagination have been delighting children (and their parents) for 30 years. Now he has written a new book that may well become a Christmas classic. "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" is REDBOOK's 12-page Yuletide bonus—a story that can be read aloud to children and enjoyed over and over again by the whole family.



# How the GRINCH Stole CHRISTMAS



BY DR. SEUSS

**E**VERY *WHO*

Down in *Who*-ville  
Liked Christmas a lot . . .

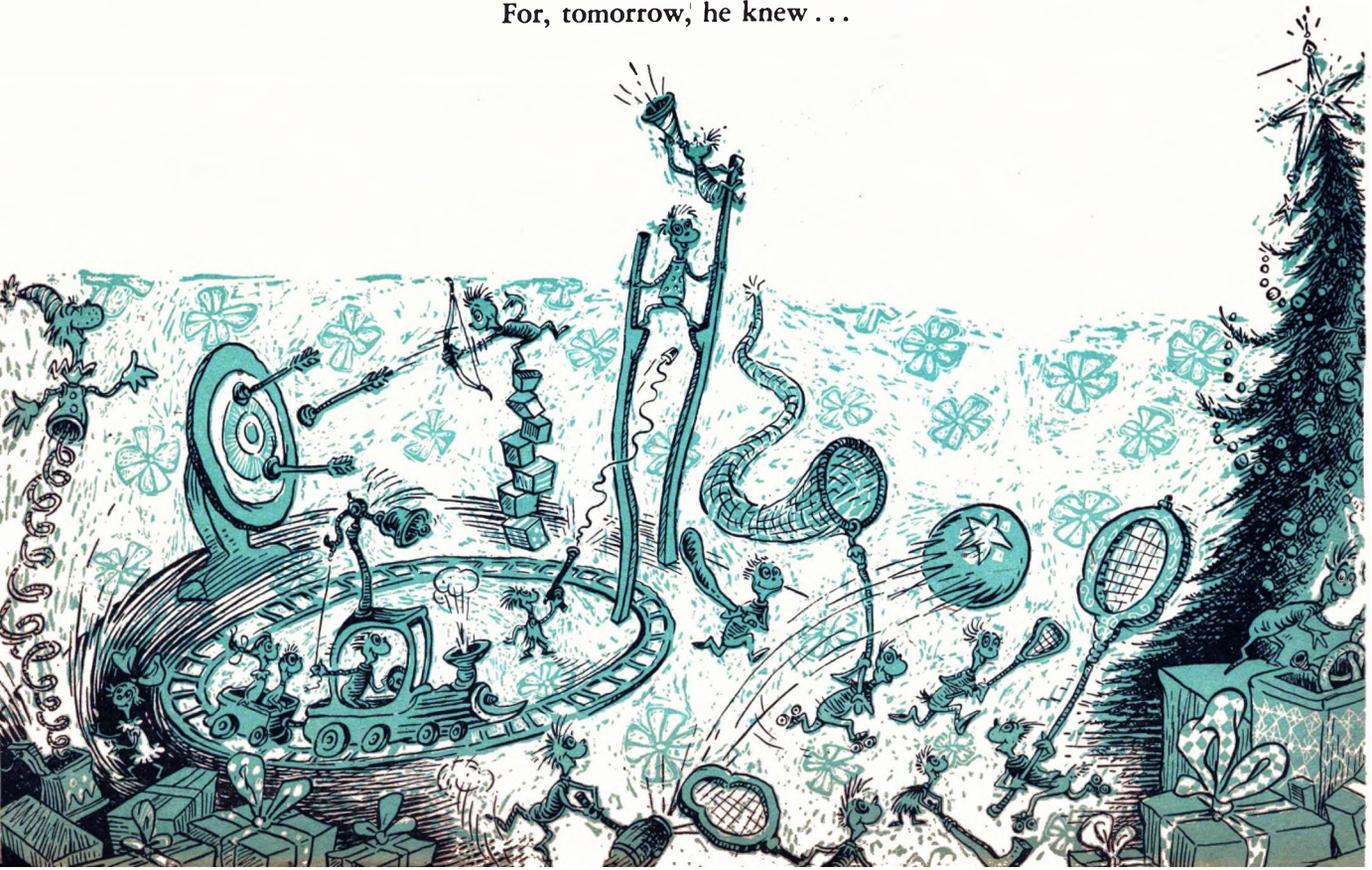
But the Grinch,  
Who lived just north of *Who*-ville,  
Did NOT!

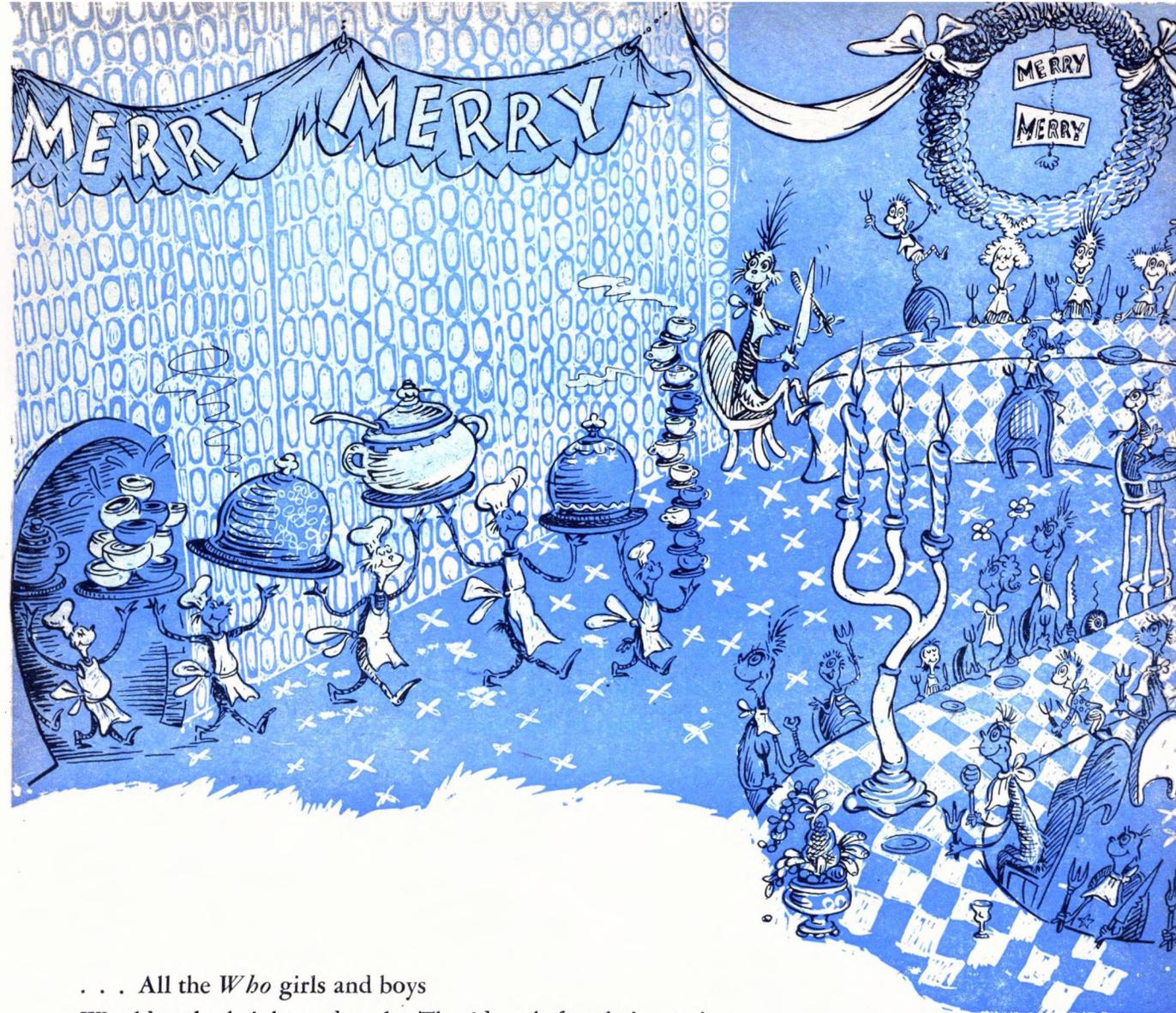


The Grinch *bated* Christmas! The whole Christmas season!  
 Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason.  
 It *could* be his head wasn't screwed on just right.  
 It *could* be, perhaps, that his shoes were too tight.  
 But I think that the most likely reason of all  
 May have been that his heart was two sizes too small.

But,  
 Whatever the reason,  
 His heart or his shoes,  
 He stood there on Christmas Eve, hating the *Whos*,  
 Staring down from his cave with a sour, Grinchy frown  
 At the warm lighted windows below in their town.  
 For he knew every *Who* down in *Who*-ville beneath  
 Was busy now, hanging a mistletoe wreath.

"And they're hanging their stockings!" he snarled with a sneer.  
 "Tomorrow is Christmas! It's practically here!"  
 Then he growled, with his Grinch fingers nervously drumming,  
 "I MUST find some way to stop Christmas from coming!"  
 For, tomorrow, he knew . . .





. . . All the *Who* girls and boys  
Would wake bright and early. They'd rush for their toys!  
And *then!* Oh, the noise! Oh, the Noise! Noise! Noise! Noise!  
That's *one* thing he hated! The NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

Then the *Whos*, young and old, would sit down to a feast.  
And they'd feast! *And they'd feast!*  
And they'd FEAST!

FEAST!

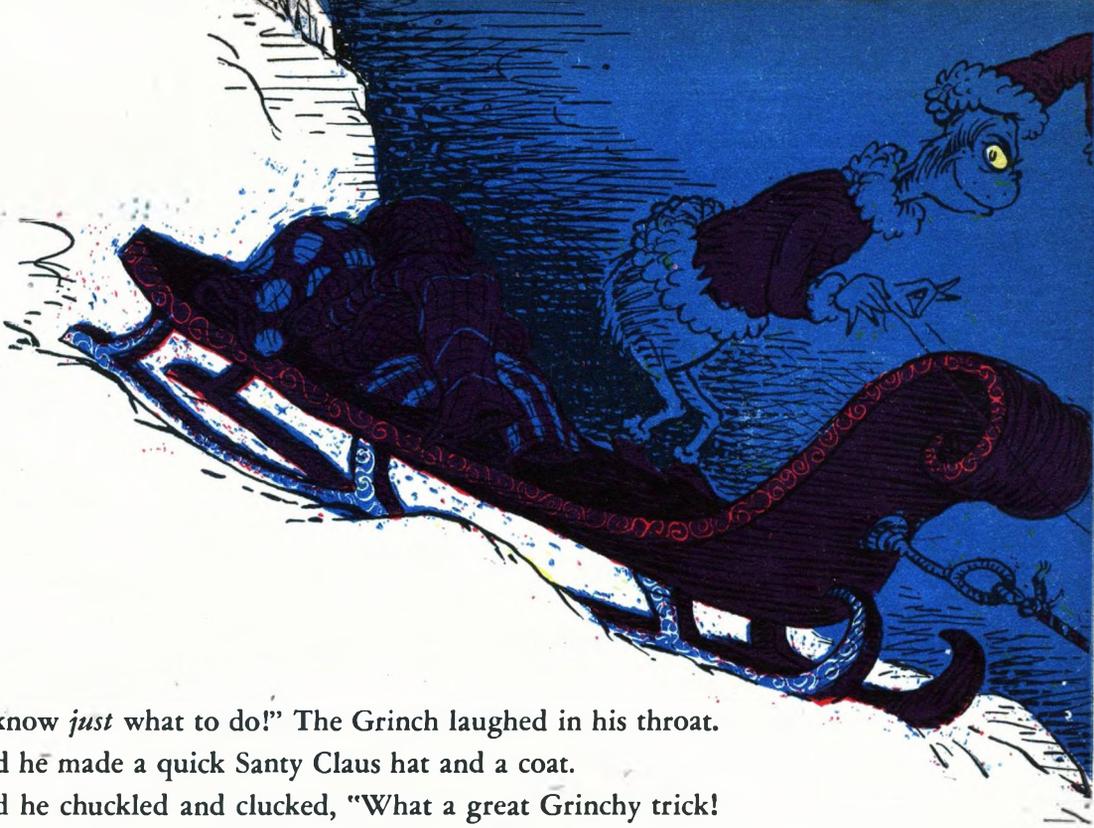
FEAST!

FEAST!

They would feast on *Who*-pudding, and rare *Who*-roast-beast  
Which was something the Grinch couldn't stand in the least!

Then he got an idea! *An awful idea!*  
THE GRINCH  
GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!





"I know *just* what to do!" The Grinch laughed in his throat.  
 And he made a quick Santy Claus hat and a coat.  
 And he chuckled and clucked, "What a great Grinchy trick!  
 "With this coat and this hat, I look just like Saint Nick!

"All I need is a reindeer . . ."  
 The Grinch looked around.  
 But, since reindeer are scarce, there was none to be found.  
 Did that stop the old Grinch . . . ?  
 No! The Grinch simply said,  
 "If I can't *find* a reindeer, I'll *make* one instead!"  
 So he called his dog, Max. Then he took some red thread  
 And he tied a big horn on the top of his head,

THEN

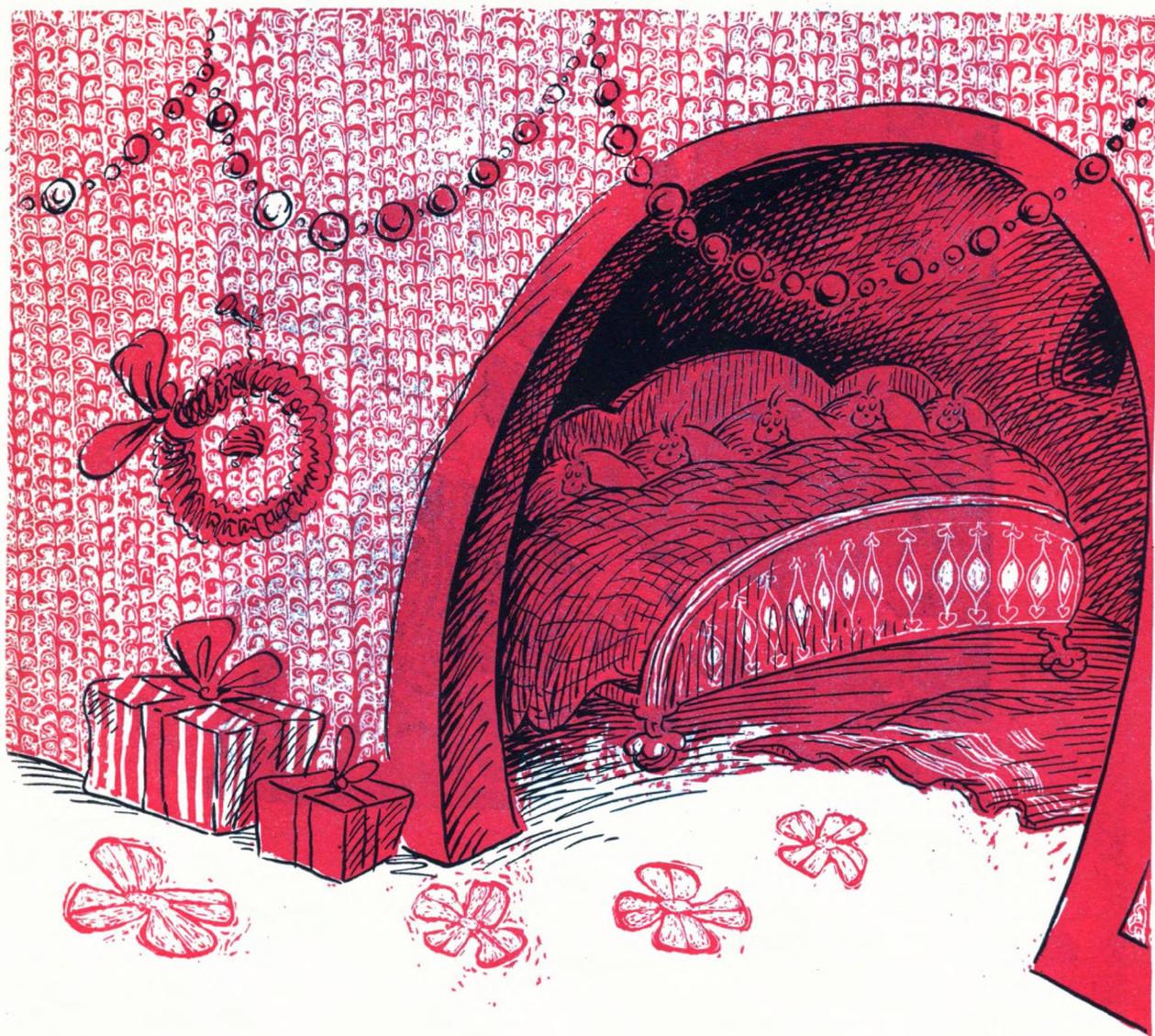
He loaded some bags  
 And some old empty sacks  
 On a ramshackle sleigh  
 And he hitched up old Max.

Then the Grinch said, "Giddap!"  
 And the sleigh started down  
 Toward the homes where the *Whos*,  
 Lay a-snooze in their town.



All their windows were dark. Quiet snow filled the air.  
All the *Whos* were all dreaming sweet dreams without care  
When he came to the first little house on the square.  
"This is stop number one," the old Grinchy Claus hissed  
And he climbed to the roof, empty bags in his fist.





Then he slid down the chimney. A rather tight pinch.  
 But, if Santa could do it, then so could the Grinch.  
 He got stuck only once, for a moment or two.  
 Then he stuck his head out of the fireplace flue  
 Where the little *Who* stockings all hung in a row.  
 "These stockings," he grinned, "are the *first* things to go!"

Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unpleasant,  
 Around the whole room, and he took every present!  
 Pop guns! And bicycles! Roller skates! Drums!  
 Checkerboards! Tricycles! Popcorn! And plums!  
 And he stuffed them in bags. Then the Grinch, very nimbly,  
 Stuffed all the bags, one by one, up the chimbley!



Then he slunk to the icebox. He took the *Whos'* feast!  
 He took the *Who*-pudding! He took the roast beast!  
 He cleaned out that icebox as quick as a flash.  
 Why, that Grinch even took their last can of *Who*-hash!

Then he stuffed all the food up the chimney with glee.  
 "And NOW!" grinned the Grinch, "I will stuff up the tree!"

And the Grinch grabbed the tree, and he started to shove  
 When he heard a small sound like the coo of a dove.  
 He turned around fast, and he saw a small *Who*!  
 Little Cindy-Lou *Who*, who was not more than two.

The Grinch had been caught by this tiny *Who* daughter  
 Who'd got out of bed for a cup of cold water.  
 She stared at the Grinch and said, "Santy Claus, why,  
 "Why are you taking our Christmas tree? WHY?"



But, you know, that old Grinch was so smart and so slick  
He thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick!

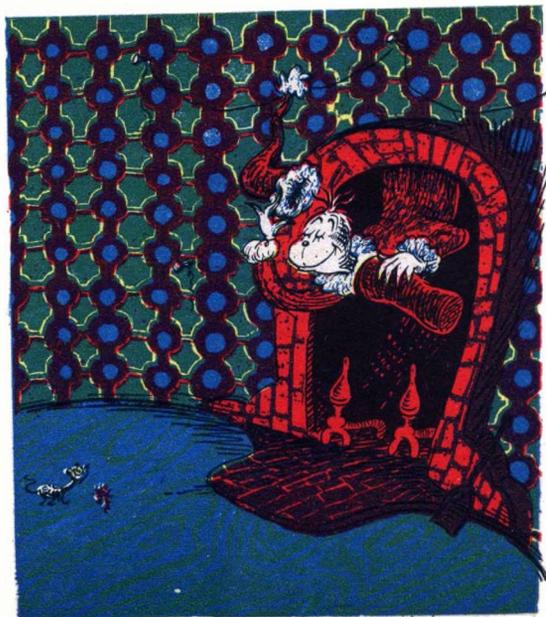
"Why, my sweet little tot," the fake Santy Claus lied,  
"There's a light on this tree that won't light on one side.  
"So I'm taking it home to my workshop, my dear.  
"I'll fix it up *there*. Then I'll bring it back *here*."

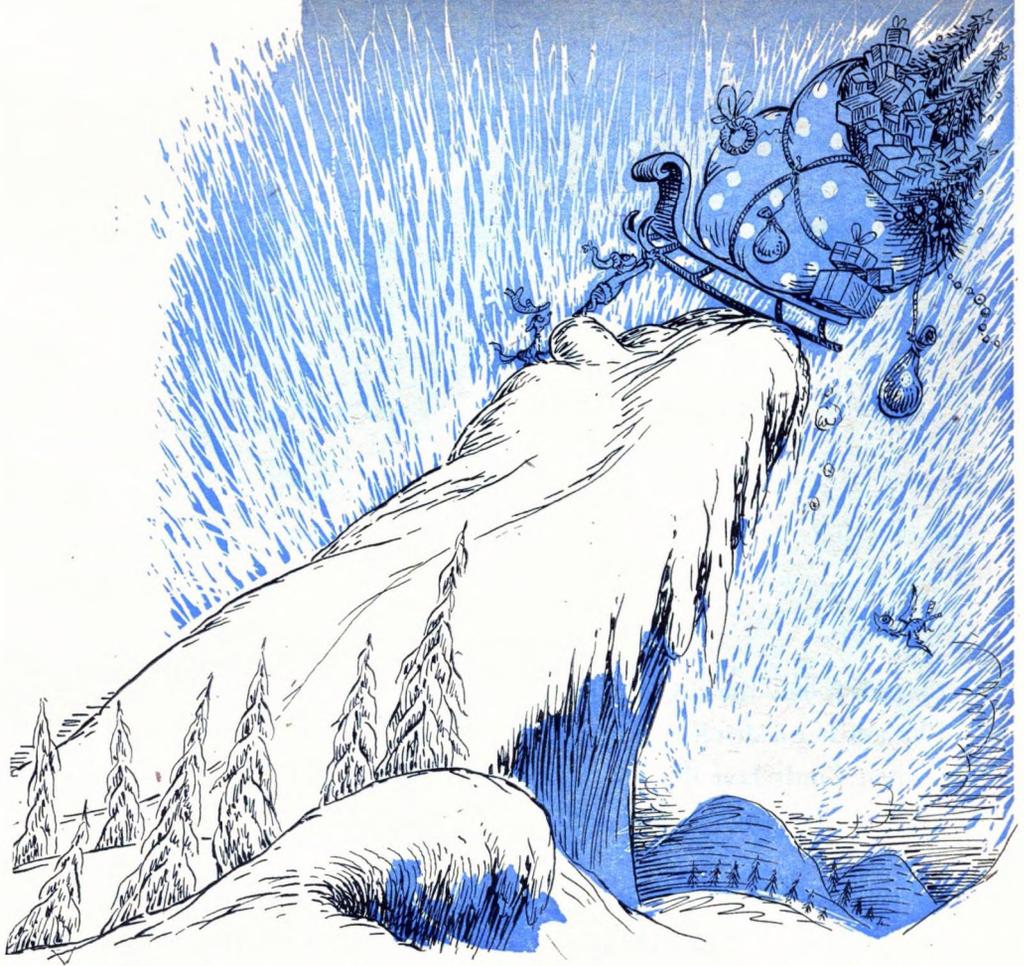
And his fib fooled the child. Then he patted her head  
And he got her a drink and he sent her to bed.  
And when Cindy-Lou *Who* went to bed with her cup,  
HE went to the chimney and stuffed the tree up!

Then the *last* thing he took  
Was the log for their fire!  
Then he went up the chimney, himself, the old liar.  
On their walls he left nothing but hooks and some wire.

And the one speck of food  
That he left in the house  
Was a crumb that was even too small for a mouse.

THEN  
He did the *same* thing  
To the *other Who*s' houses  
  
Leaving crumbs  
Much too small  
For the other *Who*s' mouses!





It was quarter past dawn . . .

All the *Whos*, still a-bed,

All the *Whos*, still a-snooze

When he packed up his sled,

Packed it up with their presents! The ribbons! The wrappings!

The tags! And the tinsel! The trimmings! The trappings!

Three thousand feet up! Up the side of Mt. Crumpit,

He rode with his load to the tiptop to dump it!

"Pooh-Pooh to the *Whos*!" he was grinch-ish-ly humming.

"They're finding out now that no Christmas is coming!

"They're just waking up! I know *just* what they'll do!

"Their mouths will hang open a minute or two

"Then the *Whos* down in *Who*-ville will all cry BOO-HOO!

"That's a noise," grinned the Grinch,

"That I simply **MUST** hear!"

So he paused. And the Grinch put his hand to his ear.

And he *did* hear a sound rising over the snow.

It started in low. Then it started to grow . . .

But the sound wasn't *sad*!  
Why, this sound sounded *merry*!  
It *couldn't* be so!  
But it WAS merry! VERY!

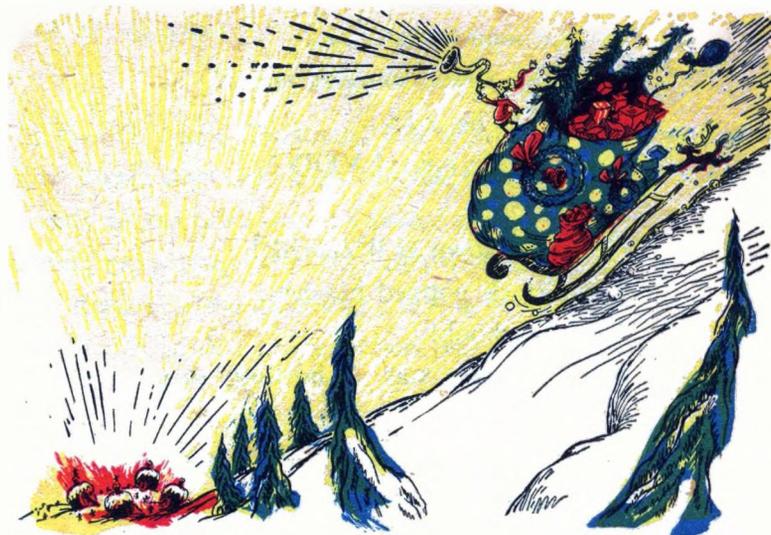
He stared down at *Who*-ville!  
The Grinch popped his eyes!  
Then he shook!  
What he saw was a shocking surprise!

Every *Who* down in *Who*-ville, the tall and the small,  
Was singing! Without any presents at all!

He HADN'T stopped Christmas from coming!  
IT CAME!  
Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Grinch, with his grinch-feet ice-cold in the snow,  
Stood puzzling and puzzling: "How *could* it be so?  
"It came without ribbons! It came without tags!  
"It came without packages, boxes or bags!"  
And he puzzled three hours, till his puzzler was sore.  
*Then* the Grinch thought of something he hadn't before!  
"Maybe Christmas," he thought, "*doesn't* come from a store.  
"Maybe Christmas . . . perhaps . . . means a little bit more!"





And what happened *then* . . . ?  
 Well . . . in *Who*-ville they say  
 That the Grinch's small heart  
 Grew three sizes that day!  
 And the minute his heart didn't feel quite so tight,  
 He whizzed with his load through the bright morning light  
 And he brought back the toys! And the food for the feast!

And he . . . .

. . . HE HIMSELF . . . !

*The Grinch carved the roast beast!*





*Candleglow and firelight glint on oak and silver for gay Christmas dinner at the King's Arms, famed now as in the 1700's.*

## I Spent Christmas in the Past

*Today's tourists can travel back in time to savor 18th-century living at restored colonial town of Williamsburg, Virginia*

**BY LEONARD FALKNER**

PHOTOS BY THOMAS L. WILLIAMS

I've spun back the calendar and lived for a week in the 18th century . . . at Christmastime. The transition took place for me, as it can for you, at Williamsburg, Va.—on Duke of Gloucester Street.

Cold wind chased withered leaves along the brick sidewalks, grass-grown and smooth with the

years. Light from old street lamps sifted through bare tree branches to pattern weathered white dormers. Ahead of me, a line of dark figures hurried silently along, led by the candle glow of a single lantern. Thus, in the stillness of an earlier century, December dusk settled over the restored colonial capital that was once Britain's Virginia colony.

And with it, like many another visitor before me, I fell under the calculated, 60-million-dollar spell of this completely authentic restoration of an 18th-century town. The spell is particularly binding at Christmas when candlelight concerts and yule-log ceremonials, carol singing and steaming bowls of mulled wine help make today's tourists feel like characters from a Christmas card.

That line of lantern-led tourists, for instance.



*Holiday traditions linger on at Williamsburg—from the yule log that burns away last year's troubles (above, at Chowning's Tavern; wassail bowl coming up at right) to carol singing and candlelight concerts, and gingerbread men from the 18th-century bake shop (below). Net effect is to help tourists feel like characters from a Christmas card, in a town where the very breath of life in the 1700's has been restored, along with the colonial shops and streets and homes.*



making the evening's last round of the studiously authentic craft shops, seemed in the dusk to belong to an earlier day. They might have been apprentices freed early, perhaps, from these very craft shops. Now they'd be following an 18th-century lantern boy to gaiety by a bright log fire and sprightly tunes from a ruffled, bewigged fiddler.

Or bootmaker Ray Townsend, closing up his shop in the huge shadows of a single guttering candle. Was he a 20th-century craftsman, playing a costumed role? Or an 18th-century colonist on the edge of the explored world, only two days by horseback from the almost unknown Indian lands beyond the Appalachian mountains?

I had arrived earlier that day from New York. I had made in hours a journey that took George Washington as many days. But the transition in time was even more startling for me, as it is for the million-plus visitors who come to Williamsburg every year. From the roaring concrete canyons of Manhattan, I was now on the quiet main street of colonial America . . . where the dust still remembers the hoof beat of Washington's brown mare . . . where young Tom Jefferson strolled in a starry daze with his beloved Belinda . . . where the house-fronts once echoed Patrick Henry's long, back-country strides to secret meetings of patriots at the Raleigh Tavern.

Momentarily empty of tourists, Duke of Gloucester Street stretched before me without impediment through the centuries.

How would it really have been back then, I wondered, retracing my steps to the warm lights and hotel comforts of the 20th century? And the next day, with the special help of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., I was on my way to finding out. I started by dressing the part of a colonist—and found that colonial pants did not come with belt or suspenders. They had to fit at the waist—or else! Then I rode off into the 18th century.

As I hitched my horse at the wooden rail in front of the Raleigh (Continued on page 109)

# YOUNG ADULTS

*at home*



**A Portfolio  
Of Ideas for  
Christmas Giving**

# Wesson Oil

takes the smoke out of frying!



**SOLID SHORTENINGS SMOKE BECAUSE** they contain an emulsifier. This additive is good for baking, but smokes at frying heat. Shortening that smokes is breaking down, and that can hardly be good for you.

**WESSON OIL DOES NOT SMOKE BECAUSE** it is *all* shortening in its purest form — nothing added. So clear and brilliant, so light in body, Wesson sparkles as it pours. No other as fresh, as pure and as light.

© 1957 WESSON OIL & SNOWDRIFT SALES CO.

## Smoke's out! Flavor's in!

Enjoy cleaner frying with no clinging odor

Brighter flavor in foods—no greasy film even after they've cooled

Digestible frying—more safely prepared than with costliest solid shortenings

Easier and thrifty—Wesson's the shortening you pour and can use again and again



YOUNG ADULTS  
CHRISTMAS GIVING

## The pleasure of giving

Nothing can destroy so fast the spirit of love and generosity that characterized the origin of Christmas giving as a last-minute, hurried shopping trip to pick up "things" for names on your list. The real pleasure of giving lies in the making or choosing of a gift that shows thought for the individual you wish to remember. It is for this purpose of thoughtful giving to family and friends that the gifts on these next 14 pages have been selected.

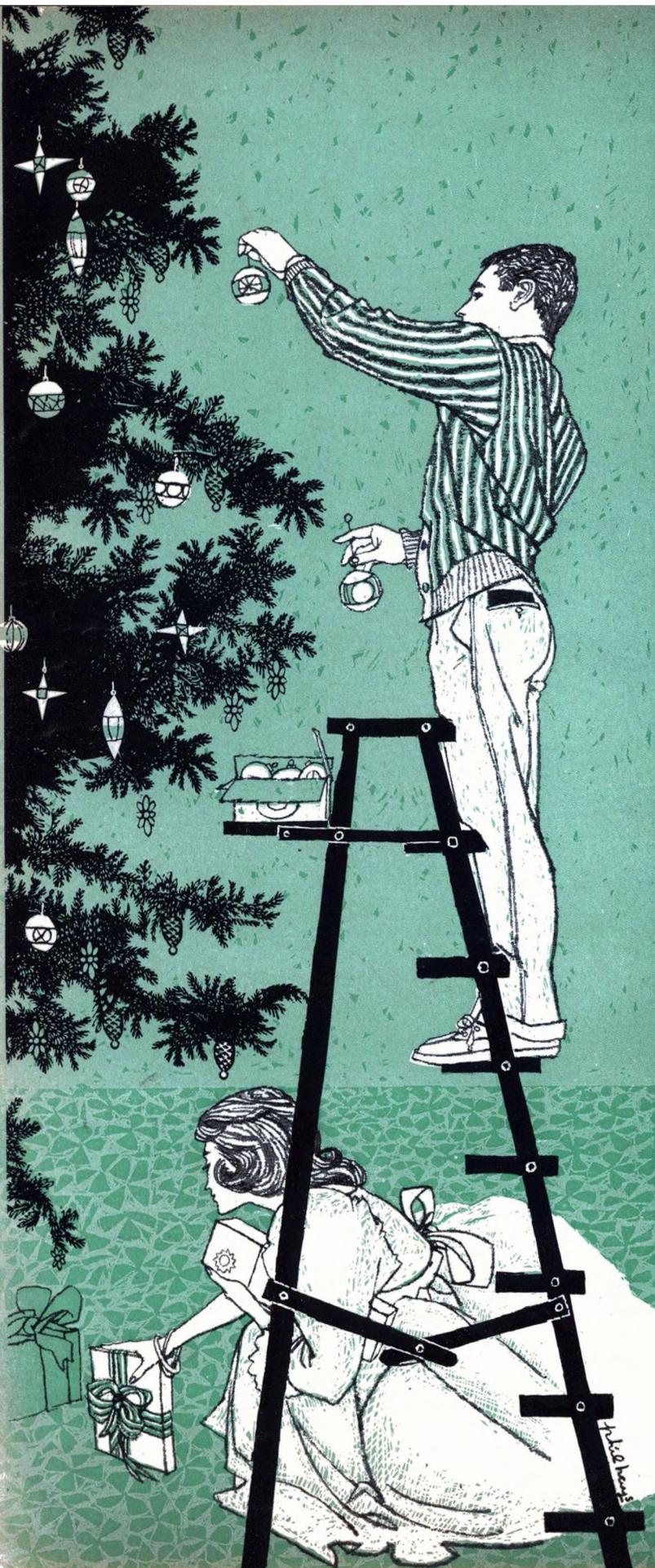




Photo by Paul Weller

give a friendly gift of holiday

**M**ake these spicy Christmas breads quickly and easily with the recipes given here. They are the perfect gift for those special people on your list. If you have a freezer, bake them well ahead of the last-minute rush. Freeze them; then, just before the big day, wrap in your prettiest paper and present them proudly

### To Make with Refrigerated Biscuits and Rolls

*for the children  
across the street*

#### QUICK FROSTED DOUGHNUTS

*(photographed at left)*

- 1 can sweetmilk refrigerated biscuits
- 1 ounce ( $\frac{1}{3}$  of 3-ounce package) cream cheese
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla extract

Remove biscuits from can. Punch a hole in each and gently form into doughnut shape. Fry in deep hot fat ( $365^{\circ}$  F.) until golden brown on both sides, about 3 minutes. Drain. Blend cream cheese, sugar, milk and vanilla until smooth. Spread on doughnuts. Sprinkle with green sugar if desired. Makes 10.

#### MINCEMEAT FOLDOVERS

*(photographed at left)*

- 1 can buttermilk refrigerated biscuits
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mincemeat
- 1 tablespoon undiluted evaporated milk
- 2 tablespoons slivered blanched almonds

Heat oven to  $425^{\circ}$  F. (*hot*). Place biscuits on a lightly floured board and roll each into an oval. Spread a spoonful of mincemeat on half the oval; fold other half of biscuit over mincemeat and pinch edge to seal. Brush top with milk and sprinkle with almonds. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake about 10 minutes. Makes 10.

*for your family on  
Christmas morning*

#### CRANBERRY WREATH

- 1 package caramel nut refrigerated rolls
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whole cranberry sauce
- Heat oven to  $375^{\circ}$  F. (*moderately hot*).

Open rolls. Break up cranberry sauce and spread evenly in bottom of well greased 9-inch ring mold. Crumble topping mixture (*packed with rolls*) over cranberries. Place rolls in mold on cranberry mixture, scroll-side down, with sides barely touching. Bake about 25 minutes. Loosen edges; turn out immediately on serving plate. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

#### CINNAMON ROLL CHRISTMAS TREE

- 2 packages cinnamon refrigerated rolls

Confectioners' Frosting  
Red cinnamon candies  
Silver dragees

Heat oven to  $375^{\circ}$  F. (*moderately hot*).

Open rolls. Arrange, scroll-side up, on a greased cookie sheet to form a tree. Start at top with one roll; in next row, slightly overlap 3 rolls. Next row, use 4 rolls; next row, use 5 rolls. Place remaining rolls in vertical line to form trunk of tree. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Cool. Loosen from pan with a spatula and slip off onto a flat plate or small tray. Drip Confectioners' Frosting (*recipe page 72*) from tip of a spoon to form garlands. Decorate with candies and silver dragees. Makes 14 to 16 servings.

*Bread*



## To Make with Hot Roll Mix

*for the mailman*

### CINNAMON BOW TIES

- 1 package hot roll mix
- 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
- ½ cup raisins
- ½ cup coarsely chopped pecans
- ½ cup brown sugar, packed
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Prepare hot roll mix for richer dough as directed on package. When it has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Roll into an oblong ½ inch thick, about 7 inches wide and 18 inches long. Brush with butter. Combine raisins, nuts, sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle over dough. Starting with the wide side of oblong, roll up dough like a jelly roll. Cut into slices about 1 inch thick. Take hold of each slice and stretch gently, then twist tightly in opposite directions before placing on a greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 18 minutes. Makes about 2 dozen.

*for the paper boy*

### KOLACHE

- 1 package hot roll mix
- 1 ½ cups chopped cooked apricots
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon ground mace
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 4 tablespoons poppy seeds
- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons cold water

Prepare hot roll mix for richer dough as directed on package. While dough rises, prepare filling. Combine apricots, lemon rind, sugar, mace, cinnamon and poppy seeds.

When dough has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly

floured board. Make any of the following traditional shapes: For open faced shape, form 1½-inch balls. Make a depression in top to hold a heaping teaspoon of filling. For fold-overs, press 1½-inch balls into ovals ½-inch thick. Place a spoonful of filling on half of each oval; fold other half over and pinch edges together. For envelopes, roll dough ⅛-inch thick. Cut into 3-inch squares. Place a spoonful of filling on each square: fold corners to center and pinch together firmly. Place shapes on a greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Mix egg yolk and water. Brush tops with egg mixture. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 2½ dozen.

*for your  
next door neighbors*

### HUNGARIAN COFFEE CAKE

*(photographed on page 70)*

- 1 package hot roll mix
- ½ cup melted butter or margarine
- ¾ cup light brown sugar, packed
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ¾ cup chopped walnuts
- ¼ cup raisins

Prepare hot roll mix for richer dough as directed on package. When dough has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Divide in halves. Cut dough into pieces the size of walnuts. Form each piece into a ball. Dip in melted butter and then in combined sugar, cinnamon and walnuts. Place a layer of balls in the bottom of a greased 9-inch tube pan with edges barely touching. Sprinkle with a few of the raisins. Add another layer of balls and more raisins. Make a second cake with remaining balls. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from oven; loosen edges and invert pans on a flat surface. Makes 2 rings.

*for Uncle John*

### DATE BRAID

- 1 package hot roll mix
- 1 cup chopped pitted dates
- 4 tablespoons brown sugar
- ½ cup chopped walnuts
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¾ cup water
- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Prepare hot roll mix for richer dough as directed on package. While dough rises, prepare date mixture. Combine dates, sugar, walnuts, lemon juice and water in a small saucepan. Bring to a boil over moderate heat, stirring constantly. Continue to cook until mixture is thick enough to spread, about 5 minutes. Cool. When dough has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Divide dough in halves. Roll each half into an oblong about 8 x 16 inches. Spread half the date filling down center third of each oblong. Cut slits in dough along each side of filling, making strips about 1 inch wide. Fold strips at an angle across filling, alternating from side to side. Place on a greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Combine egg yolk and milk. Brush tops of braids with egg mixture. Combine butter, sugar, flour and cinnamon. Sprinkle mixture over braids. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 35 minutes. Makes 2 braids.

**CONFECTIONERS' FROSTING:** Heat 2 tablespoons milk and 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a small saucepan over low heat until butter melts. Remove from heat. Stir in 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar and ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat until smooth. Makes ½ cup.



**To Make from Speedy Dough, Starting with Biscuit Mix**

**BASIC RECIPE FOR SPEEDY YEAST DOUGH**

- 3 packages active dry yeast
- 9 tablespoons warm, not hot, water
- 1 cup milk, scalded and cooled to lukewarm
- 9 tablespoons sugar
- ¾ teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 6 cups prepared biscuit mix

Sprinkle yeast into warm water in a large bowl. Stir until dissolved. Add milk, sugar and cinnamon. Stir in half the biscuit mix and beat until well blended. Stir in remaining mix. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead about 10 times. Shape into a ball. Place in a greased bowl; turn once to bring greased side up. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes. Punch down and proceed as directed in recipes given on this page. This amount of dough makes 2 loaves or 3 rings. This recipe may easily be divided in thirds if a smaller amount of dough is desired, or make the full amount and use it in three different recipes.

*for Aunt Mary*

**JULE KAGA**  
*(photographed on page 70)*

- 1 recipe Speedy Yeast Dough
- 1 cup mixed fruits and peels
- ½ cup raisins
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon ground cardamom seeds
- Confectioners' Frosting

Prepare yeast dough as directed in basic recipe above. When it was doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Combine the next five ingredients. Sprinkle over dough. Knead dough until fruits and spices are evenly distributed. Divide dough in halves; form each into a loaf. Fit into 2 greased 8-inch layer pans. Cover, let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled. Bake in a moderate oven (350°

F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Remove from pans and cool on racks. Frost with Confectioners' Frosting (recipe page 72). Add holly sprigs as shown. Makes 2 loaves.

*for the school-bus driver*

**COFFEE KRINGLE**  
*(photographed on page 70)*

- ½ recipe Speedy Yeast Dough (or ½ of dough)
- 1½ cups chopped cooked prunes
- ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- Confectioners' Frosting

Prepare dough as directed in basic recipe at left. When it has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Divide dough in halves. Roll each half into an oblong about 9 x 12 inches. Place one oblong on a greased cookie sheet. Combine prunes, lemon rind, lemon juice and sugar. Spread on dough. Cover with the second oblong. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes. When cool, decorate with zig-zag rows of Confectioners' Frosting (recipe page 72). Cut in squares. Makes about 24 squares.

*for Billy's teacher*

**COCONUT COFFEE RING**

- ½ recipe Speedy Yeast Dough (or ½ of dough)
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
- ½ cup brown sugar, packed
- ½ cup flaked coconut
- Confectioners' Frosting

Prepare yeast dough as directed in basic recipe at left. When it has doubled

in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Roll into an oblong ¼-inch thick and about 5 inches wide. Brush with butter. Combine sugar and coconut; sprinkle over dough. Starting at the wide side of oblong, roll up dough like a jelly roll. Form into a ring on a greased cookie sheet. Pinch ends firmly together. With scissors, make cuts ⅓ of the way through ring at 1-inch intervals. Turn each cut section on its side. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 25 minutes. Frost with Confectioners' Frosting (recipe page 72). Top with coconut if desired. Makes 1 ring.

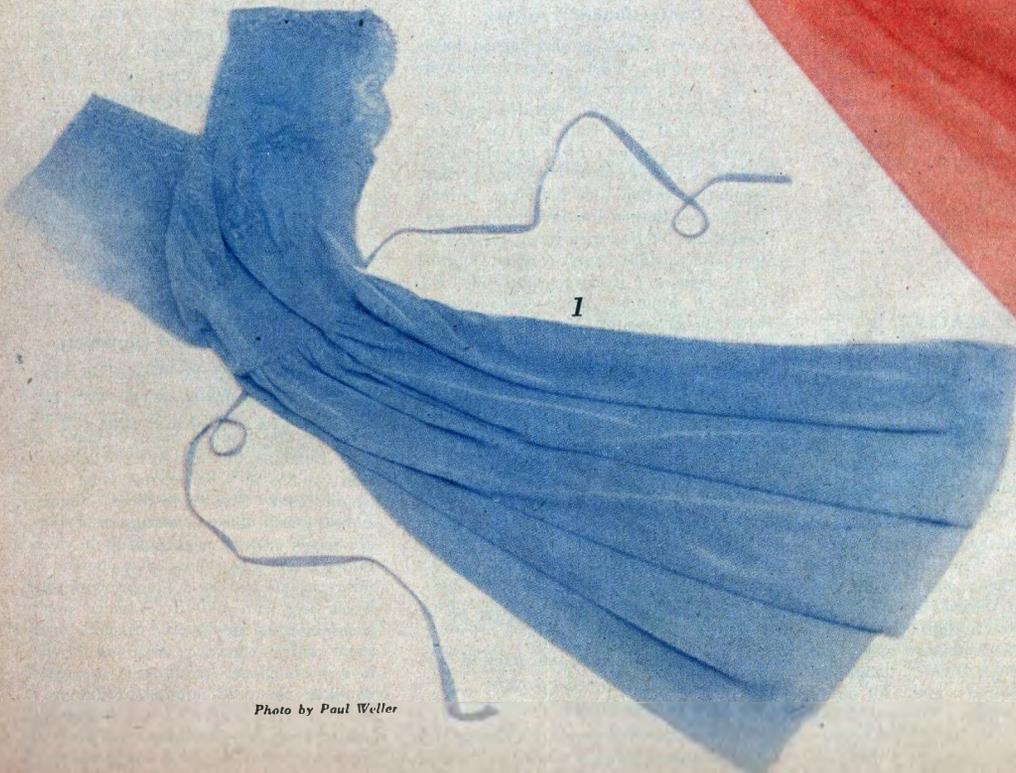
*for "Santa Claus"*

**APPLE KUCHEN**

- ½ recipe Speedy Yeast Dough (or ½ of dough)
- 1 20-ounce can sliced apples
- Water
- ½ cup (1 2½-ounce jar) red cinnamon candies
- 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
- ¼ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon

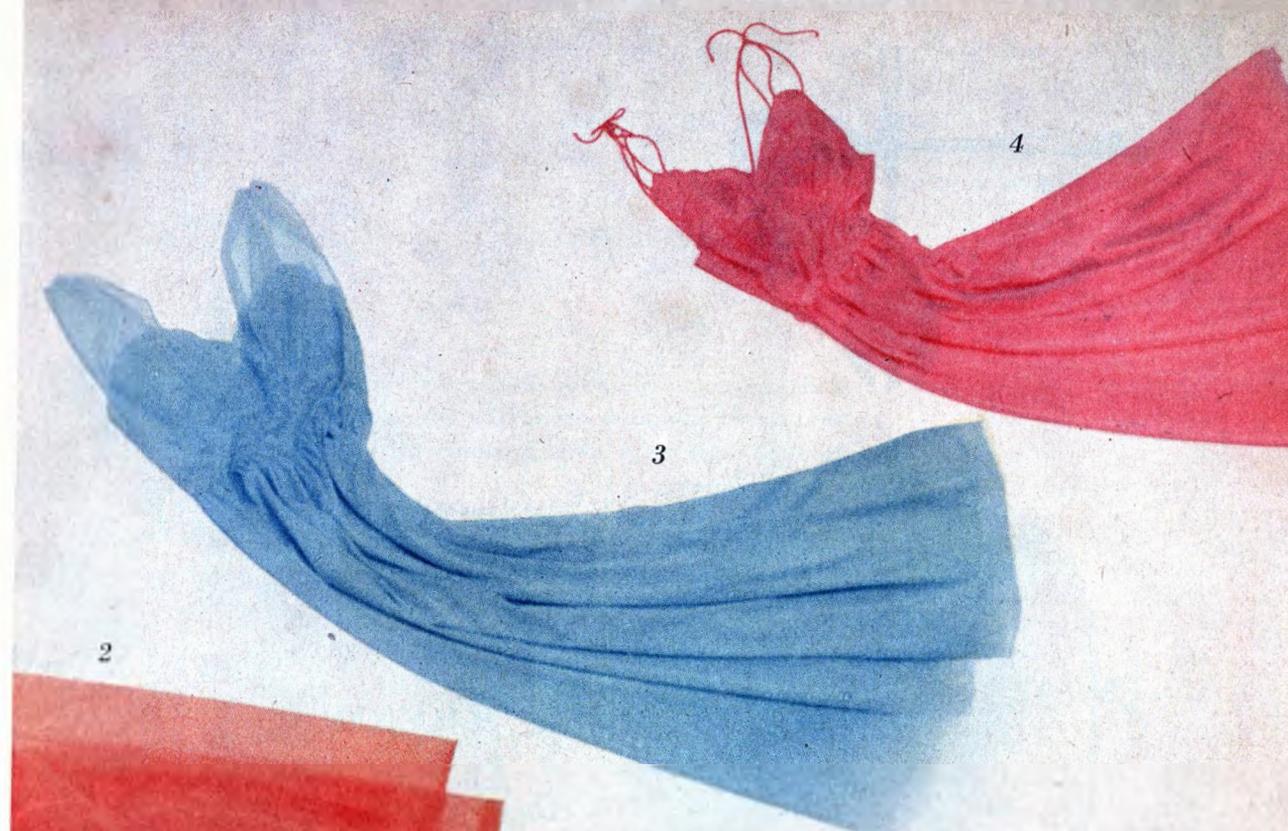
Prepare dough as directed in basic recipe at left. While dough rises, prepare apples. Drain apples. Add enough water to the drained juice to make ½ cup. Combine juice and water with cinnamon candies in a saucepan. Heat until candies melt. Add apple slices. Simmer and stir gently about 10 minutes until slices are evenly colored. Cool and drain slices thoroughly. When dough has doubled in bulk, pat into a greased 9-inch square pan. Brush top with butter. Arrange apple slices in rows on dough. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Cut in squares; serve warm with plain or whipped cream. Makes 9 servings.

YOUNG ADULTS • LINGERIE GIFTS



1

Photo by Paul Weller



*She'll love a pretty  
nylon gown or peignoir, designed  
for the utmost flattery*

*1 Stardust blue waltz-length  
gown trimmed with lovely lace. In 32  
to 40. About \$9. By Luxite-  
Kayser. At Franklin Simon, N.Y.*

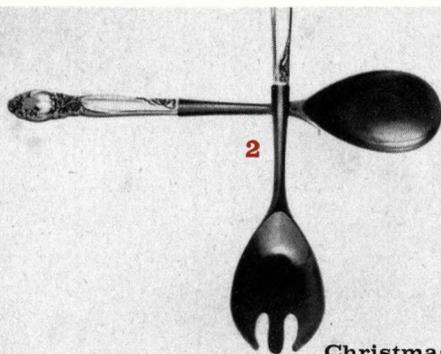
*2 Coral peignoir with the charm  
of very full sleeves and simple elegance.  
In s, m, l. About \$20. By  
Vanity Fair. At Macy's, N.Y.*

*3 Jade-mist full-length gown  
with bodice and midriff of Alençon  
lace and net. In 32 to 40. About \$9.  
By Vanity Fair. At Macy's, N.Y.*

*give her colorful lingerie*

*4 Bright pink gown in waltz  
length, with shaped lace on double  
sheer bodice. In 32 to 38. About \$11.  
By Luxite-Kayser. At Macy's, N.Y.*

*All are available in other colors.*



Christmas is a time for giving the extras that aren't absolute needs, but ever so nice to have.

Redbook suggests some presents for the house that anyone from Dad to the littlest child might give



4

*give a little luxury  
to the house*



1 Old-fashioned long-handled preserving spoon that doubles as a mixing spoon, useful in any kitchen: Stoware...\$25

2 Salad serving set in "Ballad" by Community. Silverplated handles are so attached to black nylon plastic bowls that set can be washed in hot water. The durable nylon will not stain...\$10

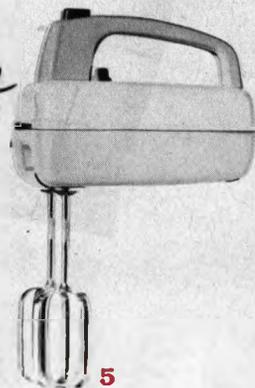
3 Brass-plated dolphin towel ring that will glamorize the bathroom: Paine Hardware, New York City...\$4.85

4 Soft, white bath sheet patterned with the luxurious look of gold Lurex: "Opulence" by Martex...\$7.98

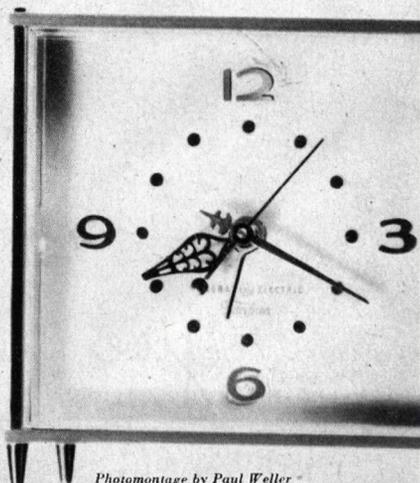
5 Portable mixer in all white; or pink, yellow or aqua with white can be hung on wall. Westinghouse...\$19.95

6 Brushed brass alarm clock with simple lines that fit any décor: "Rendition" by General Electric-Telechron...\$27.50

7 Mixing bowls in unbreakable plastic; large bowl in pink, medium in white, small in yellow. Wide lips make bowls easy to handle. Rubbermaid...\$3.98

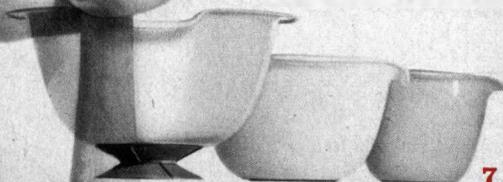


5



6

Photomontage by Paul Weller

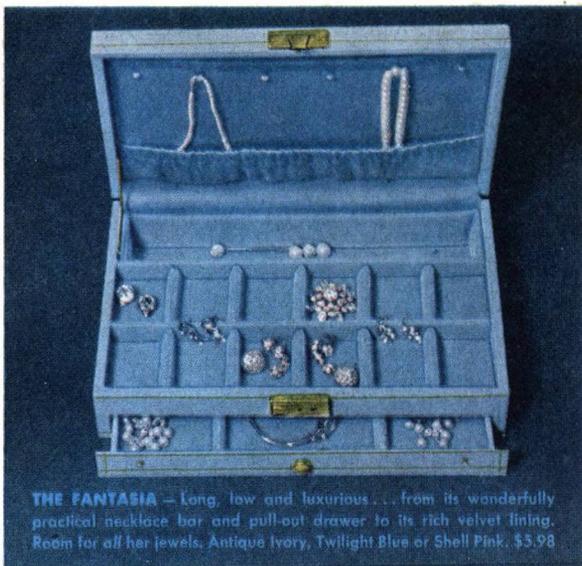


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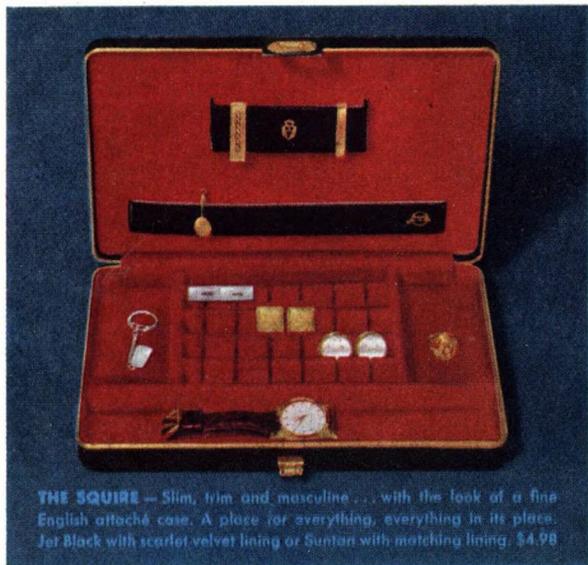
# I know they'll all love jewel cases by MELE!



I found the answer to so many of my gift problems with these magnificent jewel cases by Mele... exquisitely styled settings for all a woman's... or a man's... jewelry. Shop and see, you can't find a more luxurious gift... at a more sensible price!



**THE FANTASIA** — Long, low and luxurious... from its wonderfully practical necklace bar and pull-out drawer to its rich velvet lining. Room for all her jewels. Antique Ivory, Twilight Blue or Shell Pink. \$5.98



**THE SQUIRE** — Slim, trim and masculine... with the look of a fine English attaché case. A place for everything, everything in its place. Jet Black with scarlet velvet lining or Suntan with matching lining. \$4.98



**THE ELEGANTE** — A spacious jewel case of enchanting beauty embellished with delicate color-of-gold tooling in the style of the Florentine masters. Antique Ivory, Twilight Blue or Shell Pink. \$4.98

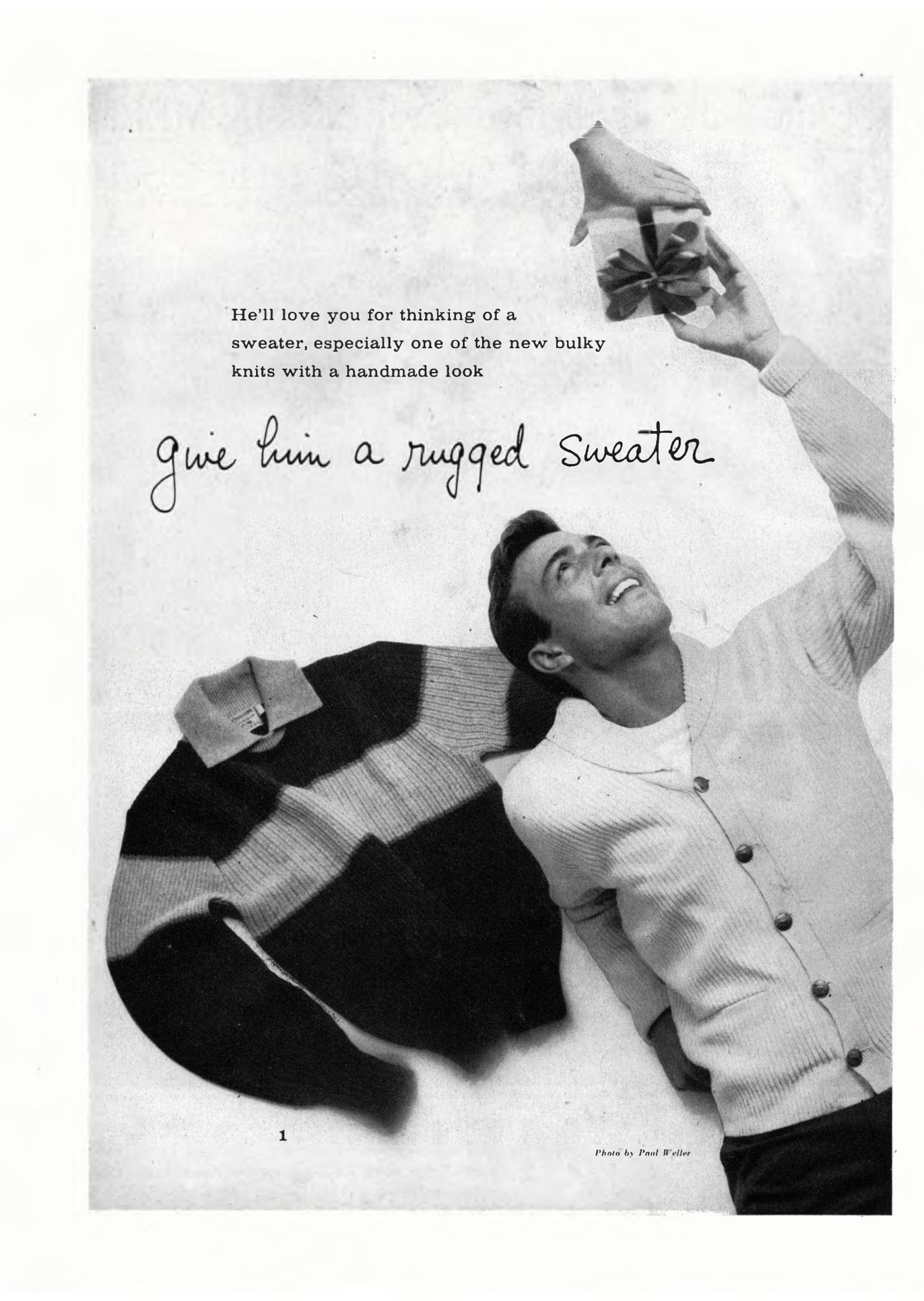
Other Mele jewel cases from \$2.98 to \$10.98 · Prices slightly higher in the West · No Federal tax on jewel cases · At department stores, specialty, jewelry, luggage and gift shops everywhere

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*America's Foremost Name in Jewel Cases*

(say "Mee-Lee")

MELE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



He'll love you for thinking of a  
sweater, especially one of the new bulky  
knits with a handmade look

*Give him a rugged sweater*

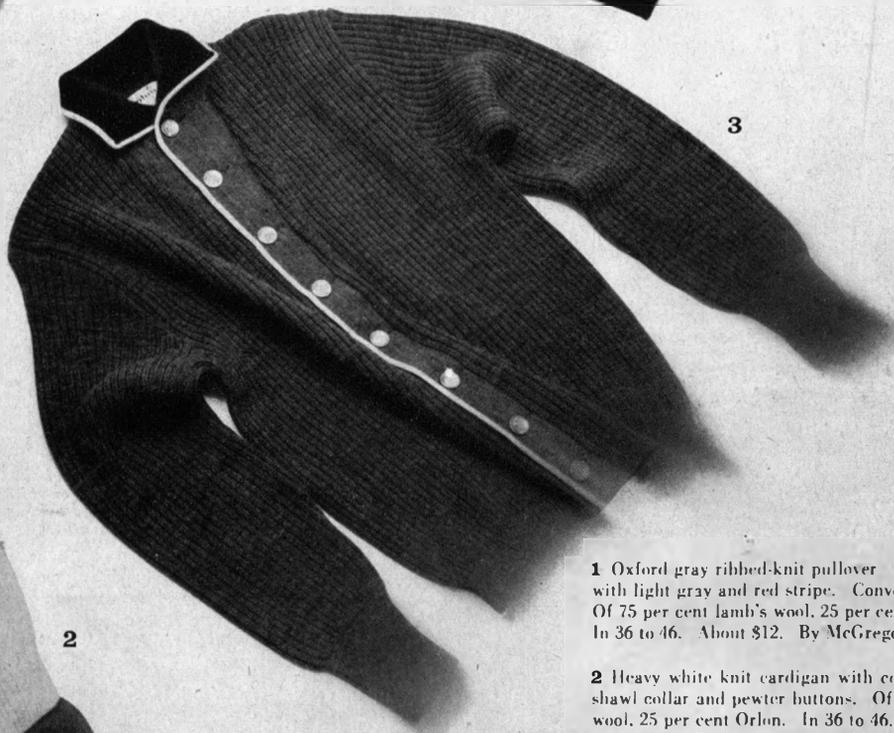
1

*Photo by Paul Feller*

## YOUNG ADULTS • MEN'S GIFTS



4



3

2

**1** Oxford gray ribbed-knit pullover with light gray and red stripe. Convertible crew neck. Of 75 per cent lamb's wool, 25 per cent Orlon. In 36 to 46. About \$12. By McGregor. At Gimbel's, N. Y. C.

**2** Heavy white knit cardigan with convertible shawl collar and pewter buttons. Of 75 per cent lamb's wool, 25 per cent Orlon. In 36 to 46. About \$15. By McGregor. At Macy's, N. Y. C.

**3** Oxford gray wool cardigan with black continental collar edged in white. In 34 to 46. About \$17. By Puritan. At Sak's 34th St., N. Y. C.

**4** Bulky wool knit pullover in black with red cable-stitch stripe on sleeves. Red and white accent at V neck. In 34 to 46. About \$13. By Puritan. At Sak's 34th St., N. Y. C.

everybody loves a gift by

# SHULTON

for him

for her



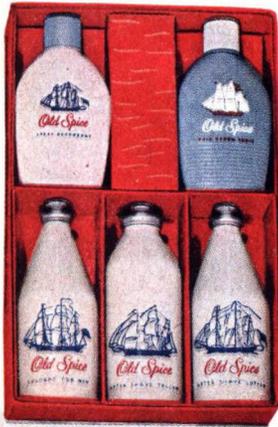
**OLD SPICE GIFT SET**  
After Shave Lotion, After Shave  
Talcum and Men's Cologne 3.00

**OLD SPICE**  
Pre-Electric Shave  
Lotion 1.00



**ESCAPADE "FRAGRANCE KEYS"**  
Toilet Water and Dusting Powder 3.50

**ESCAPADE**  
Spray Cologne 2.50



**OLD SPICE**  
After Shave Lotion  
1.00 and 1.75



**NEW! "THE CAPTAIN'S BOX"**  
Old Spice After Shave Lotion, After Shave Talcum,  
Men's Cologne, Hair Groom Tonic and Spray  
Deodorant 5.00



**FRIENDSHIP  
GARDEN**  
Spray Cologne 2.50



**FRIENDSHIP GARDEN "CHARMER"**  
Guest sizes of Toilet Water, Bubbling Bath  
Crystals, Talcum, Body Sachet 1.25

**Early American  
OLD SPICE**  
Dusting Powder 1.40



**Early American OLD SPICE GIFT SET**  
Bubbling Bath Crystals and Toilet Water 2.50



**OLD SPICE "TREASURE CHEST"**  
Pressurized Smooth Shave, After  
Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne, After Shave  
Talcum, Men's Shower Soap, Stick  
Deodorant, Body Talcum 7.00

Prices plus tax, except on Pre-Electric Shave  
Lotion, soap, and shaving creams.



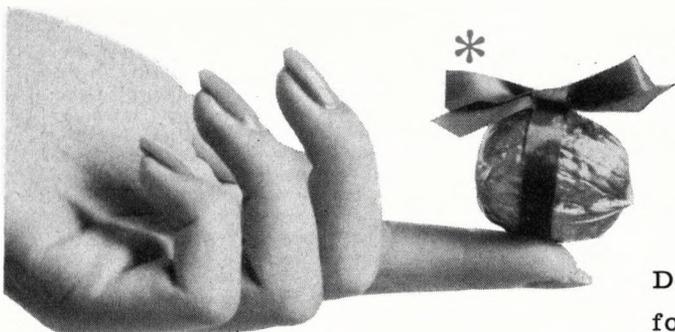
**DESERT  
FLOWER**  
Spray Perfume  
3.50



**DESERT FLOWER GIFT SET**  
Hand and Body Lotion, and Toilet Water 2.75

Watch "THE EVE ARDEN SHOW"  
every week on CBS-TV

PRODUCTS ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA



Do you have a hard-to-buy-  
for child on your Christmas list?  
If you do, solve your gift problem  
easily and happily—

## Give money - in a gay surprise package

Money, we all know, is a practical gift, but served up in the usual manner it is cold, dull fare. Treated with imagination, however, money can be an exciting gift. To a child dazed with presents at Christmas time, it has the appeal of "something now" plus the promise of a present still to come. Below are suggestions for making money fun to give.



**Money plants** suit any girl, any age. Fold bills into lily-shapes and fasten with paper clips to pipe-cleaner stems. Then stick stems into a small soil-filled or coin-filled flowerpot.



**Tape money** into the hands of a small doll for a 3- or 4-year-old girl. For a boy, the hands holding the loot can be those of a soldier or cowboy. Mother can supervise the spending.



**Paste coins** in a school notebook, decorate and label TREATS. Earmark each page for a special one, such as books, games and toys. A 5- or 6-year-old child will adore you for this.



**Twist coins** into colored cellophane, then tape onto pipe cleaner stems. Frame this bouquet with a small paper doily and use to decorate a gift package for a 10- to 14-year-old girl.



**A magician's kit**, complete with stage money, will please a 10- to 14-year-old boy. The big surprise comes when he discovers that some of the fake bills in the pile are "for real."



**A money bag** will make a boy any age feel rich and happy. Stencil a square of plain cloth with large \$ signs. Fill with coins, pull up the corners and tie with a large bow.

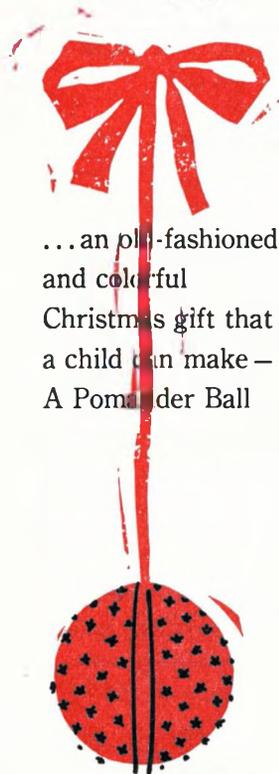
\* Spray halves of an empty walnut shell with gold paint, then fold a bill small enough to fit inside. Tie with ribbon and attach a gift tag.

Photo by Paul Weller • Drawings by Denny Hampson

More Christmas Gifts on page 84 →

## REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

*for Young Adults at home*



... an old-fashioned  
and colorful  
Christmas gift that even  
a child can make —  
A Pomander Ball

Whether it's tucked into a stocking or hung on the tree, a pomander ball is a touch of Christmas tradition that will last throughout the year. Its spicy fragrance in a clothes closet or in a linen drawer is as welcome today as it was when Grandma was a little girl.

Pomander balls can be made from oranges, apples or quinces. Choose well shaped and brightly colored fruit. Wash and dry it. Then all you do is stud the fruit with whole cloves, placing them about 1/8-inch apart. It's important to place the cloves close together as they preserve the fruit.

It's easier to put the cloves in an orange if you prick the fruit with a meat skewer first. As the pomander ages, the fruit will shrink a little and harden.

If you wish, tie a ribbon (narrow red satin looks pretty on the oranges) around the fruit, making a loop on top. The ribbon dresses it up and makes a hanger for the pomander.

Illustration by Denny Hampson

## Wishing- Book Wife



(Continued from page 37)

ranch than in a housekeeping room in this indifferent, rich, roaring, preoccupied city?

"I love children and animals," she wrote. She did not say, as she usually did, that she was an Air Force widow. Carlene had been brought up to believe you never wrote down a lie, not in black and white. But she did declare, firmly, "I have a 7-year-old daughter, Karen."

And because she must settle it, once and for all, that Karen must be accepted as a bonus, not a liability, she continued in her firm, rather schoolgirlish hand, "She is a sweet and pretty and good little girl, who has always wanted a home in the country and a horse to ride."

Never, never did she indicate—then or ever—what she herself had always wanted and never heard—a man, telling her honestly and truly, "I love you."

Hodge's first reaction to the letter was male resentment that someone else had known Carlene, with living proof. But he longed for something feminine in his hair-shirt life. He became convinced he was glad Carlene was not alone, as if she possessed a valuable dowry.

One day, as their letters accumulated, he wrote, "I think your little girl might like my place. The house is made of logs on the outside, but there is a big room upstairs that has pink wallpaper. The school bus stops down to the crossroads, just a half mile from here. Sometimes this winter there is deer coming right down to the corrals."

And he added, cunningly, "And I know where I could get Karen a pony."

As winter went on, Hodge Duffus would even take to pausing at the mailbox, watching the big yellow school bus down at the crossroads. He would wonder what it would be like to have a child coming home to him through all the glory of spring's first mud puddles. She might call him "Daddy." The thought was rewarding. Carlene was young enough to have children of their own, but folks in these hills often married hardly past adolescence, and he was a decade behind his contemporaries; some had kids soon to start in high school.

Of course, Karen's own father might be living; maybe Carlene was divorced, not widowed. He would think uncomfortably that his mother would turn over in her grave if he married a divorcee.

Then—overnight, it seemed—there was pale green lace on the willows that edged the beaver dams. The creek was beginning to run river wide and sing a lusty song, but ice, thin as crystal, still covered the watering trough every morning. Hodge would break it with a bit of sacking around his hand, for it was razor sharp and would slash the stock's muzzles.

He ordered new shoes—dress shoes

—from the mail-order catalogue, "the wishing book." He studied uncertainly its color pages of matching bedspreads and pillow shams and draperies, all in flowers, and he thought it would be nice to have them for his front bedroom. It was dark and colorless and still somehow redolent of his mother's soap and antiseptics. But if Carlene should not come—

*She would come.* She was writing how it was hard, alone in the stony city. She was saying that a little girl, like a flower, needed good earth to grow from, not concrete. She was writing, "I hope we can meet soon."

And it was spring again. The school-children shouted on the homecoming bus in the afternoons; sometimes even in the far field he could hear them. And there were no single young women left in these mountains, and Mary Anne was only a memory fragile as a columbine, and all around him desire sang in the treetops.

Finally, Hodge Duffus gave a few instructions to his Basque hired hand and started for Denver. Carlene was a farm girl. She would understand the importance, the urgency of his need, that he would leave the burgeoning, sap-running, birthing spring to come to her.

In Steamboat Springs, where he left his pickup truck and caught a bus, he remembered Karen's promised pony in the few moments he snatched for a haircut. And at the last instant he called on the cranky wall 'phone over to the Hallinan ranch and said, if Jake had an old pony, one his kids had outgrown, gentle and for about \$25, to send it over to his place. But he did not say why; he was too experienced in rejection; he had not yet asked Carlene to come home with him: *they had never even seen each other.*

He met her the next morning in Denver and Karen after school that afternoon. The first thing he said, when he saw Karen, was, "I got a nice little horse at my ranch, just the right size for a girl like you to ride."

"What's his name?" she asked, girl-like, citylike.

"Name!" scoffed Hodge. "A horse can be of any kind of name you want. It's how he sits and his wind and his feet and his teeth—that's what a real cowhand wants to know."

The child nodded, big-eyed and solemn. Momentarily she was "a real cowhand." Then she said, boldly, "I can't hardly wait to see the horse."

"Karen!" her mother said, chidingly. The two of them, Carlene and Hodge, had begun immediately using the child as a go-between, a buffer. They would look at her and speak to her and say what they intended for each other. Now Carlene shook her head in mock despair.

She was a prettier woman than Duffus had expected. The picture she had sent him had been made in a three-for-a-quarter booth at Lakeside; it had showed her hair darker, her mouth harder, her eyes bolder than in reality. She was actually almost delicate of feature, inclined to freckle and a bit too thin.

He thought she had seemed startled when she met him, too, for his only picture had been one taken for his high-school graduation. Now the high cheekbones and steady eyes were constant, but

the round cheeks had turned lean and hard-lined and the jaw taut, and his face and hands and neck had the red-brown leathering of a man who spends nearly all his waking hours outdoors.

Their trouble was they knew each other so well, and yet not at all. They had courted by mail, but still they felt the need of courtship in person. Only, he was needed back at the ranch, and she had taken just two days off from her job as a waitress, lying that her grandmother was in town.

Hodge said, finally, smiling at Karen, but looking at her mother, "I want you to see the horse, too." He stopping smiling and said emphatically, "Yes, I want you to have the horse for your very own."

He saw Carlene blush and take a deep breath. Encouraged, he said, "How about it?"

"How about what?"

"You know what."

"Well, if—if you're sure. What you're letting yourself in for."

"As sure as you."

They decided to get the license that afternoon.

One of the questions on applying was whether either had been married before and, if so, whether the marriage had been terminated by death or divorce. Carlene became rigidly pale. After a long moment of staring at the impersonal printed sheet, she said, "No," in a barely audible whisper.

There still had to be the wait for the wedding. Carlene took Karen to their rooming house. She must quit her job, get a suit to be married in, get her hair done, get Karen's school transfer and pack for both of them. Hodge Duffus went back to his cheap downtown hotel room and lay on the bed and wondered what would happen if he simply checked out and went home. That breathless "No!" had turned in his mind to a thundering shout.

But all winter long he had mentally placed a brown-haired, blue-eyed, five-foot-four wife in his bleak kitchen and a little girl in the pink upstairs dormer bedroom. And out in the corrals there would be the new pony, waiting.

And he had gone home twice to an empty house. The first time, when Mary Anne's presence was being swept away by his mother's bitter broom of invective; the second time, when even that decaying parasite was gone and he found that, although free, you can come to miss the weight of a cross you have borne. It was then sometimes he would turn the radio up very loud at night because his footsteps creaked as if he, too, were becoming a ghost.

The next day he met Carlene for lunch. She said, pale, but looking at him squarely, "Hodge, I meant to tell you—about Karen—but I . . ."

He drew a long furrow, deep and mortal, upon the checkered tablecloth.

Carlene watched, fascinated. Then their eyes met, and they looked quickly away. She murmured, "I don't want you to think you're beholden. We've made out all along, and I can take care of myself—"

Laboriously, Hodge said, "Do you still love the man?"

"No."

Not bitter, not angry, not even vehe-

ment. Just indifferent, a bit puzzled, a bit tired. Hodge Duffus looked at her and believed her. And thought surgingly, *But I love Mary Anne still. I win! Because she was first. And stays first!*

They had no time for a honeymoon. They were married and left at once by bus for Steamboat Springs, Karen with them prattling about her horse. Carlene looked pretty in a blue wool suit with a velvet collar. Hodge had given her a gardenia for the wedding. He had meant to atone for his outrage and jealousy and doubt, but he blurted as he gave it, "A girl don't get married every day." And then wanted to bite off his tongue.

Afternoon rain had drenched the country when they reached Steamboat Springs. The mountains were darkly forbidding, the air chill, the road to the ranch lonely and bleak. *If he had thought to ask a neighbor woman in to have fires lit, a lamp glowing, a meal cooked*, but he had not. The Basque hand came out to their pickup truck, grunted and vanished. He hated women. The house seemed gloomy and damp. Carlene had a smile on her face, but it was pinched, and Hodge was on the defensive and consequently angry.

Only Karen, who had slept most of the way, was cheerful. "Where's my horse, Hodge? Let's see the horse, Hodge!"

"In a minute, in a minute," he said. "Let me get this fire goin' so we can have some hot water."

Then they went out into the penetrating twilight chill. "Pete!" he yelled. "Hey, Pete! They send a pony from the Hallinan ranch?"

The Basque appeared, pointed toward the corrals, glared at Carlene and Karen and vanished again. Karen ran on ahead, pulling Duffus by the hand. He was caught up in her excitement; his throat ached because of that warm, confiding little hand tugging at his. Then he saw what they had been sent.

He recognized the old nag. A sway-backed, toothless old mare at least twenty years old, standing with her lower lip drooping foolishly, forelegs wide apart like an old lady in a rocking chair, winter coat shedding in great dry dandruff patches. Another memorable Jake Hallinan practical joke. And on fair game—any western man who would order a horse over the telephone.

"Oh!" exclaimed Karen. "Oh, he's big. He's pretty!"

Duffus turned helplessly to Carlene. She was picking her way awkwardly in the long wet grass and black mud, trying to spare the ridiculous pale blue pumps she had bought to match her wedding suit. She still wore the gardenia, all brown about the edges, and she looked clumsy and cold and unattractive. And then she saw the horse and stood still, shocked. He thought he read in her face, then, not only what she thought of the

(Continued on page 86)

## REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

*for Young Adults at home*

**Smoked Turkey or chicken,**  
prepared in your own oven, to serve hot  
or cold at buffet supper parties.  
This popular dish is now inexpensive and easy  
to prepare with liquid smoke seasoning.



**To oven-smoke turkey:** Brush inside and outside thoroughly with liquid smoke seasoning and let stand overnight. Do not stuff. Just before putting the turkey in the oven, brush again with the seasoning. Roast in a slow oven, 300°-325° F., and baste often with the drippings. For a stronger smoke flavor, add 2 tablespoons of seasoning to the drippings.

**To oven-smoke chicken:** Brush inside and outside of chicken with the liquid seasoning. Let stand at room temperature for 30 minutes, then roast slowly and baste frequently. Or split a broiler; brush liquid smoke on both sides. Let stand 30 minutes at room temperature; squeeze a little lemon juice over chicken. Broil slowly; baste often with juices.

*Illustration by Denny Hampson*

# Give something special to



1. Evening in Paris perfume by Bourjois, .56 oz. About \$5.
2. A golden cord holds 5 Mary Chess products in a tubular surprise package. About \$5.
3. A new and sophisticated fragrance, "Vain," by Tilford Toiletries,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. about \$7.50.
4. A charming gift set by Shulton, Early American Old Spice Toilet Water and 8 tubes of Bath Crystals. About \$2.50.
5. Set of Elégante Toilet Water, Cream Sachet and one dram Purse Perfume, packaged in a block of simulated snow. By Avon, about \$2.50.
6. Gilded shell holding flacon of Emeraude perfume. By Coty, about \$3.98.

each other

Photo by Paul Weller

For the particularly important person on your Christmas list, select a fragrance or gift set from this handsome assortment. All of them are especially packaged for Christmas giving



7. Travel trio: After-Shave Lotion, Hair Dressing and Deodorant Cologne in unbreakable bottles. Max Factor, about \$3.25. 8. Handsome twin-bottle set by Yardley. Shaving Lotion and Cologne for men, about \$4.75. 9. Deluxe Fishing Creel filled with five Sportsman grooming preparations. About \$10. 10. Barber Pole box containing two glass jugs of Seaforth's Shave Lotion and Men's cologne, about \$1. 11. One of an impressive three-piece set of Kings Men Royal Gold. Thistle and Plaid Cologne, Talc and Pre-electric Shave Lotion. Set is in Burgundy-stripped box. About \$4.95.

Add Federal Tax to all prices.

(Continued from page 83)

mare—his choice for a pet for his new child—but her judgment of him and of his home and of his chattels.

With his mother's tongue, Hodge Duffus said harsh and loud, "Well, that's what a man can expect, order a horse on the telephone and a wife by mail!"

Instantly her face flamed, and she snapped, "Listen, Hodge Duffus, I don't have to—"

But Karen was pulling her forward. "Mommy, look at my horse. Isn't he pretty? Tomorrow I can ride him. I'm going to name him Spot. For the white spot on his face."

"That's a star," said Hodge stiffly. "And he's a she. A mare."

"Star!" Karen breathed. "Oh, I'll name her Star. Like a movie star!" She was a whirlwind of ecstasy, patting the horse's questing muzzle, hugging Hodge, hugging her mother, pirouetting, breathing deeply of the mountain air. The two adults stood silently apart, watching, troubled, but captivated.

Finally Hodge said, "Carlene, I'm sorry. I mean, I didn't tell Hallinan why I wanted a horse. This is his idea of a joke. I'll get the kid another one."

"It's too late," Carlene said softly. "Don't you see? There'll never be another one for her. Not like this one."

They went solemnly into the house. The kitchen range crackled with pine chunks now, and the room was warm and fragrant of raw wood and pitch. Carlene found cans and packages and made them corned beef hash and drop biscuits, with peach slices for dessert. "Hardly a wedding supper," she said, "but it takes time, in a new kitchen and with a strange oven—"

This domesticity intrigued Hodge. He said valiantly that her coffee was the best he had had in years and meant it. He found her, flushed from the fire and his praise, almost unbearably exciting to regard. The fact that this was his wedding day, his wedding night, was at last taking possession of him. But there they were—with a child to put to bed and supper dishes to do. He thought how things might have been, another year, with another girl, named Mary Anne.

Later, in their bedroom, appraising it with her eyes, he mumbled that she might want to fix it up a little. New spread, some curtains. "I looked in the catalogue," he said. "But I didn't know—"

"Oh," said Carlene, "I can sew. It's cheaper to make your own."

"So you can sew," Hodge said, staring at her. "There's lots I don't know about you."

She looked back at him candidly, but he noticed that her lower lip was quivering. He realized that she was as fearful and uncertain as he was, and it filled him with a sense of rare power.

"Come here," he said, heady in mastery, and caught her to him. She raised her face for his kiss. She was trembling, and the touch of her, warm and yet shivering, erupted in him a thousand sky-rockets and simultaneously a wealth of tenderness. "Be still, be still," he said. "I won't hurt you. My darling, my little dear, Don't be afraid. . . ."

Once, far later in the night, he thought he felt a hand caressing his face.

his closed eyes, his thin hard jaw, his cheekbones. Half asleep, he cried out, reaching, "Oh, I love you. I love you!—Mary Anne!—" Then he realized he was holding Carlene's small hand in both his own. He was fully alert instantly. *Had he called out Mary Anne's name, aloud? Was Carlene awake?* He spoke to her softly. There was no answer. She lay motionless beside him, breathing so quietly he could barely hear. He reached over and drew the quilt up around her, so she would not be cold. Then he heard her draw a deep long quivering sigh, but he did not think she woke.

She lay without moving until his own breathing became deep and regular again. Her fingers that had touched his face with such tentative tenderness seemed to ache now as if scalded. *Once burned,* she thought. She promised herself to lock her impulsive heart, never again to let herself hope for any more from him than this, the habit of gentleness left over from a lost love. *It's only fair,* she thought, but she lay awake in the cold and dark for a long time. "I love you," he had cried, and for a moment her heart had sung.

Within a week of their arrival at the ranch, Jake Hallinan came over with a handsome spotted pony in his truck. "If you'd told me what you wanted a horse for in the first place," he said in exasperation to Hodge, "I wouldn't of had me my little joke. Not on any kid." But Hodge wrote him a check for the full \$25 in payment for the old mare.

"Bargain's a bargain," he said, and stalked off to the corrals.

"This is a fine little colt I brought," the rancher said uncomfortably, "but you know now he'll never take it."

"Well, I will," Carlene said with her warm, practical laugh. "Just call it a wedding present. You know the old mare won't last the summer."

He unloaded the colt, glancing at Carlene speculatively. "Want my wife and you to get acquainted, Mrs. Duffus. You—uh—known ole Hodge long?"

"Oh—long enough," said Carlene. "Yes, please come back. And bring Mrs. Hallinan."

**B**ut they did not come. No one came. After Karen had been in the new school a few days, her principal sent a note home asking for her birth certificate, "So that we can establish her proper grade." Carlene returned Karen's Denver school transcript, instead, with a note signed flourishingly "Mrs. Hodge Duffus." And said nothing to Hodge.

But sometimes during the day, when she was alone, she would cry. For she thought she recognized all this as a rejection she had known before, back home in Nebraska. It did not occur to her that the school might have made a routine request or that the people of the hills might simply be waiting for her to move first, to show whether she was a stand-offish city girl, or willing to be one of them.

It was not until July that they finally went to church and met a few of their neighbors; then Carlene had finally run out of excuses to avoid it.

One of the women, a girlhood friend of Hodge's mother, smiled at Carlene in gray-haired benignity. "How did you

two meet, dear? You and Hodge?" Around them all the women paused, waiting. Poised, it seemed to Carlene, like hens about to peck.

She smiled back. "Oh, he ordered me out of the wishing book—like he does everything," she said cheerfully.

But it was a curious thing; her hand was resting at that moment in Hodge's big paw, and he felt it turn suddenly cold, as if someone had poured ice water down her spine. And then Hodge Duffus said, with a belligerent thrust of jaw, "Her and me, we've been writing for a long time to one another."

The eyebrows lifted. *Mail order wife?* Her hand now clutched at his like a drowning kitten.

"Karen's pa and me," Hodge went on, "we were in the service together." Which, in a sense, was not a lie. He added, impressed with his own resourcefulness, "I knew a powerful lot about Carlene and Karen before I ever laid eyes on 'em in the flesh."

The biddies clucked with satisfaction. They reminded Hodge of his mother: it was the kind of story that would have pleased her. Romance rising like a phoenix out of grief's ashes; for the first time since her death he was able to recall his mother without bitterness, only with rueful amusement.

And he had not lied—not exactly. He thought he would tell Carlene later he understood better now what had sometimes startled him in her, her personal candor contrasted with her instant unabashed fabrications when necessary, she felt, to protect Karen. But he never got around to it.

He was becoming increasingly concerned about the problem of the old mare, Star. In the balmy summer days her coat had a deceptive sheen, and Karen rode her only timidly as yet at a pace not much faster than a jog. But both Carlene and Hodge silently hearkened to the ragged, whistling breathing, saw the hip bones beginning to thrust up like coat hangers, the canyoning of the old ribs beneath the slackening hide.

And Karen would not even look at the new spotted colt, which remained nameless. "I love Star," she said. "Hodge got her just for me, like he promised, and I love her."

And also, to preoccupy him, there was between him and Carlene a barrier that he found baffling. Their talk was only of the simplest things, the cattle, the asters already beginning to touch the hill-sides with autumn's haze, a color to paint the kitchen. He had only to mention once something he liked to eat, or a color he preferred, or a song he had once favored: soon he would then find that dish upon his table, or new curtains somewhere in the color, or he would hear Carlene humming the song, recognizable even if off-key, when he came in to breakfast.

She had brought to his house and to his bed indescribable warmth and comfort. Sometimes, when Hodge was out on the bottom land, he would look up toward the house and see the blue smoke rising vigorously from his kitchen chimney, and it would seem as if his own heart soared aloft, too, in joy. But it never occurred to him to tell that to Carlene. He simply pondered that there seemed to be an invisible line drawn, as

if there were even more promised, potential. Almost as if Carlene were holding back—not charily, but in wariness. Protecting herself. Fearful, for some reason, of offering too much.

One Wednesday night in late August, Carlene came down from tucking Karen in bed and sat a bit wearily at the kitchen table. Hodge thought she had seemed pale and a little tuckered lately. He was fingering through the new wishing book, and he looked up and said, "Lots of school clothes in here. Guess Karen'll need something for school soon. Maybe you'd like some things for yourself, too."

"Maybe," she said, with an enigmatic smile.

Then she said abruptly, "That Star horse. Karen had her out on the front grass today. Hodge, she can't eat. Her teeth are gone. She gums at wads of grass and can't hardly swallow them. What should we do?"

At long last, short, angry, the two words that had hung between them all spring and summer. "Shoot her," he said.

Alerted by some mother's instinct, not by any sound, for Karen was speechless, Carlene whirled toward the door. The child, enormous-eyed and white-faced, hovered there in the dark entrance momentarily like some luminous late moth and then fled back upstairs.

Both adults made the gesture of rising, but Carlene sank down again with an odd expression, a kind of angry despair. "Let her go," she said. "She's known all along how it was. It's been just a matter of time."

"But—"

Near to tears, she said, "It's not like she didn't have something to take its place! And a better bargain, Lord knows. Don't coddle her, Hodge. She's got to learn sometime."

He was deeply troubled; it seemed so heartless of Carlene. And then in bed she lay so still and remote. Once he reached for her tentatively, and she snapped, "Let me alone!" He could not guess that Carlene saw herself reflected in the child's fierce and hopeless loving.

Troubled, he slept and, troubled still, he awoke in gray predawn. Carlene lay breathing heavily, as if exhausted. Hodge decided to let her sleep. And because she seemed so small and childlike and vulnerable there, he remembered Karen and her heart's anguish.

He tiptoed upstairs. He would wake the child and, after breakfast, take her fishing with him down to the place he liked where the grass smelled of steamy black earth beneath and hot sun above, and the clear water swirled over brown pebbles, cold and enticing as fresh iced beer. There little trout always hovered under the overhang and among dark roots, tail-idling shadows in the dappled light. Hodge was not an articulate man, but there, if anywhere, he could possibly explain about life and about death.

Karen was gone.

He knew, before he even reached the corrals, that Star would be gone, too.

He roused the Basque and they set out together; prophetically, Hodge first went back to the house for his gun.

Still a city child, Karen had not gone downstream or out to the road, but up on the mountainside's slippery pine-



Judy Morris will play the young Hungarian girl and Walter Coy will be Melchior, the smuggler, in the Telephone Time dramatization of a family's rescue.

## A Modern Miracle

The true story of the rescue  
of a Hungarian family  
at Christmastime, 1956

On Christmas Eve, Telephone Time (ABC-TV, 9:30 EST) will dramatize the exciting story of a Hungarian family's escape from the revolution. In those dark days last year, a nine-year-old peasant girl, who had been reading about the Magi, sought refuge from a hailstorm in a hut belonging to smugglers. She was struck by their resemblance to the picture of the Magi in her storybook and, when one turned out to be named Melchior, she was convinced they were the Magi. When her family had to flee, she took them to the smugglers, who led them to safety.

This story is typical of the interesting real-life dramas which Telephone Time presents with Dr. Frank Baxter as host. Information about the Hungarian episode came from a social worker who knew the family. They are now safe in Europe and the smugglers are still operating in Hungary.

On the Dec. 3 show, Claudette Colbert will appear as Mary Roberts Rinehart in a story of how a novel by the famous writer saved a man unjustly convicted of a crime.

needed slopes. Apparently she had first ridden, but soon dismounted and led the mare.

Just on the other side of the first ridge, the two found them. The mare was down, and Karen sat beside her, very pale in the chilly dawn light, stroking the hairy, grizzled old jaw. She looked up and said, "I think her leg's broken."

Hodge bent to examine the mare. The watching child choked, "It's all my fault."

"No," said Hodge. "Her leg ain't broken." He saw Karen's instant flash of hope and said, "Honey, it's the end of the road for Star, that's all." He turned and picked up his gun where he had laid it against a boulder. But the Basque, who had developed a grudging fondness for Karen, took it from him and indicated with a nod of his head that he should take the child away.

While a blue jay scolded them, Hodge led Karen back toward the ranch. Over the eastern hills the sky was turning from pink to gold. The scent of smoke drifted to them—Carlene was up and getting breakfast. "Let's hurry," Hodge said, "before your ma misses you and starts worrying."

The shot cracked out behind them and reverberated from mountainside to mountainside, the length of their valley.

"Oh, Daddy!"

He stopped and took her in his arms. "I know, honey," he said. "I know."

He held her while she cried. She had never called him "Daddy" before. He was astonished that his heart could hurt so for her and be so full of love at the same time.

After a while she blew her nose on his handkerchief and whispered, "I'll always love her the best."

"The first," he admitted. Wanting to add, *but maybe not the best*. She was too young to understand, he thought, if he explained how he had once felt about Mary Anne. A delicate, unregretted ghost Mary Anne seemed now, in the warm reality of Carlene's presence.

But he had forgotten that the young neither cherish nor nourish their griefs. Almost to the house, Karen said, "The new colt has a kind of spot on his face. I could call him Star the Second."

"He's a nice strong colt," said Hodge. "Could even ride him to school once or twice, while the weather holds up."

They then saw Carlene watching from the kitchen door, clutching her apron as she did in anxiety. She must have heard the shot. She glanced quickly at Hodge and once at Karen's streaked face. But all she said was, "Karen, go wash your face for breakfast." Then in the quick

touch of her hand upon the child's head, she betrayed to Hodge how much she knew of this pain, this love, of parenthood.

When they finished their wordless breakfast, Karen rose to go outdoors. She said offhand to her mother, "Daddy says I can maybe ride the new colt to school." And was gone.

Carlene paused, dishes in hand. "Daddy, is it?" she said. She smiled.

"Think maybe I'll take her fishin' for a while this morning," he said. "Get her mind off things."

"All right. Of course, yesterday you told me you had so much to do around here you couldn't get it all done in a month of Sundays."

"A man's family comes first," announced Hodge Duffus. He rose and put a finger under her chin and lifted her face. "Listen—speaking of families—I been wondering about you—"

Incredibly, she blushed. "I think so, Hodge. I'm pretty sure. Sometime in the spring."

He looked at her, suffused with happiness, wordless.

"I love you, Carlene," he said, finally.

"Oh, Hodge, I love you, too!"

The sun broke, then, over the hill, and the whole room flooded with its radiance. . . . THE END

## Battle Over Music



(Continued from page 29)

is entitled to have—is assurance that no organization will be allowed to limit its choice of music for selfish purposes.

To understand the ASCAP-BMI feud, we must go back to one evening in 1914 when Victor Herbert, the composer of such memorable musical comedies as "Sweethearts" and "Naughty Marietta," walked into a restaurant in New York as the orchestra was playing one of his songs. The restaurant was obviously using the music to attract customers, but it wasn't sharing its proceeds with the composer. Herbert furiously tried to stop the music all by himself. After he was thrown out, he decided to do something to correct what he considered an injustice.

And thus ASCAP was born. Its songwriter members claimed that they were entitled to compensation when their songs were used by someone else to make money, took the claim to court and won. Soon nearly all the major song writers and song publishers in the country belonged to ASCAP—or wanted to.

Music today is a \$500,000,000-a-year business. There are several ways by which a song writer gets his portion of this money. He gets one cent for every copy of sheet music sold. More important today, he gets one-half cent for every record sold. But of greatest importance is the money he gets every time his song is played in public, or on TV or radio.

The actual amount may vary from a fraction of a cent in a small-town night club or radio station to several cents on a coast-to-coast show, but it all mounts up.

However, song writers can't run around and collect a penny here, a nickel there. That's where ASCAP came in. It worked out blanket agreements with establishments that performed music publicly, collecting a percentage of their total income. It divided this money among its members in accordance with the popularity and volume of their work. Under this plan, Irving Berlin would collect considerably more than a beginner—and, indeed, some beginners complained that they were not even permitted to join the organization.

ASCAP became a virtual monopoly. It controlled nearly all popular music. The only way broadcasting companies could play this music was through agreement with ASCAP—at ASCAP's price. In 1940 ASCAP—later fined by a Federal Court in an antitrust action—decided to increase its price. The radio industry rebelled and refused to pay.

For a year, in 1940 and 1941, no ASCAP songs were played on the air. You heard songs like "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," written before ASCAP's time, over and over. You did not hear the new songs written by ASCAP members during that period.

The broadcasting industry also counterattacked ASCAP from another direction. In 1939 it organized a competitor, BMI. From the very beginning the two

groups were different. ASCAP was run by song writers and publishers. BMI, on the other hand, was created by businessmen. In its original prospectus appears this statement: "The public selects its favorites from the music which it hears and does not miss what it does not hear."

The backers of BMI supported it generously. The new organization licensed the rights to the entire collection of one big publishing house for \$1,000,000. It advanced large sums of money to music publishers who, in turn, could advance it to those song writers who were willing to sign up.

Long before BMI entered the field, the music business had accepted as routine a method of operation the ethics of which are questionable at best. After a song writer finishes a song, he takes it to a publisher, who may be one individual operating out of a telephone booth, or a big corporation. The publisher's primary role is to get the song before the public, and the only way to accomplish that today is to have it recorded and have the record played on the air. Frequently this involves under-the-counter bribes, called "payolas" in the trade.

One payola may go to a singing star to get him or her to record a song. "I gave up 25 per cent of all my earnings from one song for life in order to get one of America's greatest stars to record it," a song writer told me. Usually, however, it's the publisher who makes the payola.

Another payola may go to the record-company executive in charge of artists and repertory—the "A and R man"—in exchange for his putting the song on a record. One prominent A and R man has acknowledged under oath that he accepted several thousand dollars from a publisher.

Recently, in an answer to an accusa-  
(Continued on page 90)

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. Don Nordhaus, Sr., of Hickman Mills, Missouri, has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests as the typical man reader of the July 1957 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him.  
—THE EDITORS



## Barbecue-bake Pork Chops

*Their juicy barbecue flavor is baked in with Hunt's Tomato Sauce!*

Fixing pork chops this way is just plain simple. But there's nothing "plain" about the results you get!

With Hunt's Tomato Sauce, the tangy barbecue flavor bakes into each tender, juicy pork chop.

And it's so easy to make. Because Hunt's Tomato Sauce comes to you already seasoned, spiced, and kettle-simmered down to the rich saucy consistency good cooks like.

What's more, Hunt's Tomato Sauce is *all tomato*. No starchy fillers to flatten flavor. In a recipe like this, all that true tomato goodness blends with the other ingredients to give you real deep-down savory flavor.

Pork chops are wonderful with Hunt's.

And so are plenty of other good foods you fix every day. For instance, pour Hunt's over a meat loaf. Baste a pot roast with it. Or, bake Friday-night fish with it.

And when you try this recipe for Barbecue-bake Pork Chops, one word of warning. Make plenty. You'll get asked for "seconds."

4 pork chops (1½ lbs.)	½ teasp. salt
Fat for skillet	½ teasp. mustard
⅓ cup finely diced celery	⅞ teasp. pepper
Juice of ½ lemon	2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
2 tablesp. brown sugar	½ cup water

Brown chops in fat. Place in shallow greased baking dish that has a cover. Sprinkle with

celery, lemon juice, brown sugar and seasonings. Pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce and water over chops. Cover and bake in Moderate oven (350°F.) 1¼ hours or until chops are tender. Makes 4 servings.



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(Continued from page 88)

tion from Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, among others, that BMI was pressuring stars and orchestra leaders to record only BMI songs, BMI released the statements of 21 performers denying it.

Some of the more prominent of these are Benny Goodman, Dinah Shore, Gene Autry, Patti Page, Rosemary Clooney, Les Paul, Kay Starr, Ray Bloch, Ray Anthony, Sammy Kaye and Stan Kenton.

Many stars and orchestra leaders have, in the past few years, started their own publishing firms.

Without even considering any under-the-counter payola, here's what this means. Say you write a song and a popular singer publishes it. He might then make a record of it and sing it on his TV program, for which, of course, he would be paid his regular fee as a performer. In addition, as a publisher he splits all money from record sales and public performances with the song writers. All this in return for getting himself to sing the song in the first place.

In this case, however, the song writer would at least get something. A contract BMI signed with a publisher associated with both BMI and ASCAP contained a clause to the effect that he might continue to publish, but not promote, songs by ASCAP members. In other words, if you were an ASCAP song writer, he agreed to bury your work.

A BMI attorney told the Celler committee that no attempt was made to enforce this clause and that it was not included in the renewed contract in 1955.

**U**nder the terms of his contract with BMI, one publisher was guaranteed \$250 for every song he arranged to have recorded, up to \$75,000 a year, over and above the regular payments.

The cost of a recording session is around \$1,000. And so this publisher could say to either the artist or the A and R man—"You do our songs and we'll pick up part of the tab."

ASCAP spokesmen say that they do not have an organization empowered to underwrite such deals, and ASCAP members complain that they have trouble getting their songs recorded. They say their publishers continually tell them, "If you were only BMI now, I'd get this recorded tomorrow." Frank Sinatra, in a telegram to the Celler committee, said that he left Columbia Records—owned by the CBS network—because Mitch Miller, the Columbia A and R man, insisted he sing BMI songs which Sinatra felt were inferior. (Miller denies the charge.)

Jack Lawrence, who has written such songs as "Sleepy Lagoon," "Sunrise Serenade," "Symphony" and "Tenderly," told the committee that he and other writers had been denied recordings.

Just getting songs recorded is not enough. They must be "plugged"—that is, played on the air. An example of how BMI went about paying to get its songs promoted early in its career is the deal it made with Martin Block, probably America's best-known disk jockey and a music publisher himself. BMI gave Block \$12,000 in advance. He was to get the regular performance rate for the songs he published. In addition to that, he was to get \$48 more every time one of his

songs was played on a network above a given number of plays.

This helped get BMI songs on the air, but did not necessarily keep ASCAP songs off. Block tried that, too. He used to write a record column called "Platter Chatter" for a BMI publication which was mailed out periodically to radio stations. In the issue of June 27, 1944, after a favorable comment on "Amor," played by Xavier Cugat on a Columbia disk, he made this comment about the other side of the record: "May I warn you, however, to watch the backing of Cugat's 'Amor.' It is not BMI."

**B**MI tactics have made ASCAP song writers like Oscar Hammerstein furious. "These people are using the channels the Government gives them to exploit their songs over other people's songs," he declares. "It's discrimination; it's unfair; it's illegal."

In 1948, for example, a program director of a Philadelphia radio station suggested in a trade magazine that his colleagues on other stations cut down the number of times ASCAP songs were played and build up BMI songs.

"Don't forget one important angle," he advised. "People can't like a song if they don't hear it. They won't be able to know all ASCAP songs because we won't be playing them. They will get to know, like, ask for and buy BMI songs."

Richard Adler, touring the country to plug songs from his show, "The Pajama Game," said he was turned down at station after station because the songs weren't BMI.

A number of times BMI has been able to point to the fact that all of the 10 top songs of the week were BMI—an extraordinary feat when you consider that most of America's most famous song writers belong to ASCAP.

BMI officials have told station owners that BMI has saved them millions of dollars which would otherwise have gone to ASCAP song writers. Their methods are the main target of the song writers' suit against BMI.

Why should the general public become upset over a struggle between two big outfits? There are two reasons.

First, one group is accused of using

Government-licensed channels to take advantage of the other.

Equally important is the deterioration in the music we hear. BMI vice-president Robert J. Burton objects to having his organization saddled with responsibility for today's tastes. "Broadcast Music, Inc., has no stake in any musical style," he asserts. "Its affiliated writers write everything from symphonies to ballads."

However, the fact remains that the majority of the most talented song writers belong to ASCAP, and BMI has no choice but to plug what it has. The result? BMI-affiliated publishers and composers produce 95 per cent of our rock-and-roll music, which has dominated the hit record charts for several years. "BMI has parlayed the so-called hillbilly song into the top popular classifications," boasts BMI president Haverlin.

Billy Rose, a song writer, as well as a producer, in testifying before the Celler committee, called most of the BMI songs "junk." Many performers and critics agree with him.

**I**f a song is so bad, then how does it become a hit? Well, by far the most influential group of music critics in this country seems to be composed of 12-to-15-year-old girls, and they are extremely impressionable. If a popular disk jockey plugs a new record, a large number of girls can be expected to jump on the bandwagon. They buy the record; they play it on the juke box; they flood the disk jockey with requests. Reports of record sales and the number of times the tune is played by jukeboxes and disk jockeys are fed into the headquarters of various polls, and there you have it—a hit.

Fortunately, not all radio stations give in to this temptation. As the music director of one popular local station, WPAT in New Jersey, put it, "We play music we think people want to hear—Jerome Kern, say, as opposed to rock and roll. I pick every selection myself and, thanks to a decent salary and my own code of ethics, I don't have to take bribes."

As a matter of fact, logs of the songs played on radio and TV still show a preponderance of ASCAP songs, and over three-quarters of the records released are ASCAP music—many of them old favorites. According to their contract, stations have to pay ASCAP a blanket sum anyway. By playing the old songs, they get their money's worth without helping the competition. But ASCAP contracts expire soon—the TV contract, this month; the radio contract, in December, 1958. What will happen after their expiration remains to be seen.

ASCAP and BMI use different yardsticks in paying song writers. BMI gives more weight to performances by local radio stations, which is to the advantage of the writer of country music. The composers of more sophisticated music, as well as established song writers, do better with ASCAP. Thus, there is some incentive for young song writers to switch from BMI to ASCAP after they have made a reputation. One who did exactly this is Carolyn Leigh, writer of "Young at Heart"—a young woman still in her twenties.



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"I just really fell into this," she recalls. "I called a wrong number and found myself talking to a music publisher. He asked me to write some lyrics; I did, and I had a small hit. Then another publisher got me and an arranger named Johnny Richards together. Johnny had written a melody and I wrote the words for it. The song was 'Young at Heart.' One morning my phone rang and it was Richard Halliday, Mary Martin's husband. He said they'd been driving home to Connecticut the night before and they'd heard 'Young at Heart' on the car radio and right then and there Miss Martin decided she wanted me to write the lyrics for her new show, 'Peter Pan.' Wow! Anyway, all this time I was with BMI—I didn't know one from the other when I got started, and BMI offered me an awful lot of money to sign with them, so I did.

"And then came the annual banquet, at which I was to be presented with BMI's biggest award for 'Young at Heart.' At the banquet I looked around me at the other award winners. At least one of them, I knew, hadn't written the songs he was to receive an award for. He was just a blind for the real writer, an ASCAP member reduced to this in order to live. Others weren't even using their real names. And the songs! 'Sh-Boom,' I remember, and 'Shake, Rattle and Roll' were two of those which also received awards. What pride could I have in being in that company?

"The people who ran BMI wouldn't understand that, I realized. They were businessmen, interested in music as a commodity. ASCAP, I thought, was run by people like me, who think like me, who want appreciation and who want me to get all I can because they're in the same boat.

"Anyway, it may sound crazy, but while I was sitting there waiting for the chairman of the board of BMI to call out my name and present me with an award, I resolved to get out of there."

BMI's broad answer to the charges made against it is that the taste of teenagers is "the real factor in determining popular music and that manipulation has nothing to do with it."

People in the industry give several possibilities as to what may happen in the music world in the near future. One is that the Department of Justice may step in to break up the network-BMI relationship through an antitrust suit.

Another possibility is that the executives of the parent companies of the broadcasting industry will themselves end their relationship with BMI.

**I**f the broadcasting men don't do the cutting themselves, Congress may do it for them. In August, Senator George A. Smathers introduced a bill which would prohibit all broadcasters from owning record companies or music-publishing firms.

Whatever the final outcome, the major concern of the person who likes popular music is simply to have an opportunity to hear the best songs he can, whether they belong to ASCAP, BMI or anybody else. There is sharp disagreement as to whether or not he is getting that opportunity. The courts will have to decide.

... THE END

Important news for Mothers...

# "Lysol" is Asian Flu Tested

## KILLS ASIAN FLU VIRUS RAPIDLY ON CONTACT WHEN USED AS DIRECTED ON LABEL

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"Lysol" also kills other disease bacteria on contact; therefore, regular disinfection with "Lysol" will reduce the risk of secondary infections, like pneumonia — the *real danger* of Asian Flu.

### Precautions you can take against catching Asian Flu:

- Try to avoid crowds, also exposure to anyone who might be coming down with Asian Flu. Sore throat, coughing, fever are danger signs to watch out for.
- See that you and your family get plenty of rest, drink enough water, eat nourishing food, keep regular.
- Remind your family to wash hands frequently: to cover their own coughs and sneezes; to cover mouth and nose if near a sneezer or cougher.
- Disinfect regularly while you clean. Add "Lysol" to your suds.

### If someone in your home already has Asian Flu:

- Isolate the sufferer wherever possible.
- Disinfect the sickroom floor, night stand, anything the sufferer touches—Use "Lysol."
- Give special attention to the bathroom—Wash down surfaces with "Lysol" solution.

Unless otherwise told by your doctor or health authorities, Asian Flu can be treated at home. Follow your doctor's orders. Help prevent spread of infection. *Disinfect!*

**"A public service announcement  
by the makers of 'Lysol'"**



### Three Little Questions



(Continued from page 31)

living room to the couch and reached for the Sunday paper to read until George arrived. But memories of five years before kept interfering with concentration. . . .

Bart had come to stay with Harry while he investigated engineering jobs with the government, and that first week of his visit she had lain awake every night until she heard him and Harry come in, lain awake, sick with jealousy, because he was out with someone else. Then she'd thrown herself at him, she guessed, followed him around the house, hinted and hinted. Finally, one afternoon, he'd said, "Why don't you go tantalize somebody your own age, Doris?" If this keeps up, I might forget you're just a kid and ask you for a date."

She had been completely overcome. "Oh, Bart! When?"

He had laughed as if some of her excitement had rubbed off on him. "How about tonight?"

Harry, of course, had been aghast that Bart would be interested in a girl who wouldn't even go to college until September. Her mother had sighed and wished her father were still alive, then smiled. "All right, Bart. I know you'll remember she's my baby and Harry's little sister."

Ten dates before he went away, but he'd taken her only to places appropriate for a teen-ager. He'd brought her home early. Those good-night kisses had been careful, too. Even his words.

"Say you love me, Bart," she had begged. How could she ever have been so nauseating?

"Let's just say I'm crazy about you, honey. I'm leery about that word 'love.'"

She smiled faintly now. What an odd interlude it must have been for him, between those college episodes Harry had mentioned, the string of women since!

**H**er mother sat down in the wing chair and said, "He's to be *first* assistant in charge of building that huge hydro-electric plant down there, Doris." Then, "Go out with him while he's here."  
"Mother!" Of all the unworthy suggestions her mother had made during this anti-George campaign of the past few months, that was the most. "Are you actually proposing that I be unfaithful to George?"

Her mother had the nerve to look gentle and wise. "I think it's time you were what you call 'unfaithful.' You've been tied down going steady with him for three years."

"Well, I intend to make it thirty years, Mother. Sixty. Seventy."

Her mother sighed. "But you owe it to yourself to go out occasionally with someone else. Even if you and George do eventually decide to get married—"

"What do you mean 'even if we decide'?" Doris heard the annoyance in her voice. It was time her mother accepted the fact of George, time Harry did, too, time this constant belittling and undercutting of her engagement stopped. "We've already decided."

"I know, darling. But you don't even have a ring."

That again! "He gave me his frat pin, Mother. It's the same thing. Besides, he's going to get me a ring as soon as he can afford a really nice one. He doesn't want me stuck for life with some dinky little—"

"They sell rings on the installment plan, too," a voice said, and Doris jumped because Bart Lockwood had got down the stairs without making a sound. That sneaky new carpet!

He came, grinning, across the room. "When's the wedding, Doris?"

So Harry had been disparaging George with *that* one! "We haven't set a date, Bart."

"No date?" he frowned. "A little fraternity sweetheart pin since a year ago last month, but no date, no ring?" He sat down lazily on the couch beside her. "Why don't you let me jack him up with a little competition?"

The gall of Bart Lockwood! The gall of her mother, too, just sitting there, looking bright and interested. She forced a laugh. "Oh, I think you'll be too busy with those 'arrangements' of Harry's."

He shrugged. "Never too busy to help a damsel in distress."

"I am not," she snapped, "a damsel in distress!" Immediately, she regretted snapping, regretted giving him that satisfaction. But how ridiculous could this get? Apparently, Harry and her mother were so jealous of George they were capable of anything—even of trying to tempt her with a rounder like Bart. Thank heaven for the doorbell, for George to take her away.

**H**e was wearing a new suit, one of those quietly rich suits he'd been having to buy ever since last fall when he'd gone to work for Boswell, Jones and Finch. She understood how necessary it was for him to dress well for his job, but she couldn't help wishing he'd worn something old today. Harry and her mother didn't need any fresh ammunition.

"George Pagely, Bart Lockwood," she said, deliberately giving George the place of honor in the introduction, proud of his athlete's shoulders, his intelligent brown eyes, his activity man's easy smile.

"Glad to meet you, Bart." He took Bart's outstretched hand. "Doris was telling me about you the other night."

Bart drawled, "Well, I know you won't let it worry you, George."

She caught her breath. Why, the dog! She saw questions leap to George's face. All she had told him was that an old friend of Harry's was coming. She certainly hadn't told him about—

"Of course," Bart shrugged. "I'm still willing."

Hastily, she said, "Bart's quite a character, George. Well, if we're going to have time for dinner before the concert—"

They went out to the new luxury-class car he was buying because front was ex-

tremely important in his work, no matter what Harry said or told Bart. Bart's remarks about rings being sold on the installment plan, too. Really!

**W**hy on earth was she fingering the empty place on her left hand as they drove off? "The new suit's terrific, darling."

Did she imagine a tinge of defiance in his voice. "Well, I have a couple of important appointments coming up this week."

"Of course," she replied, a little miffed. Hadn't she been enthusiastic about the last new suit and the one before that and the one before that? And this car? And the new apartment in the building with the bigger, showier lobby, twenty dollars more a month? Had she ever even hinted some of his salary might be going for a ring instead?

He reached for her hand. "All right. Out with it. What was that pal of your brother's saying? What's he so willing to do again?"

"Well, I had a few dates with him once," she admitted. Maybe it wouldn't hurt George to know. "I guess he wouldn't mind taking me out while he's here."

"I bet he wouldn't!" George's fingers tightened around hers.

She laughed and felt better.

If only he hadn't stopped at that big drive-in restaurant—again. If only he had taken her somewhere more special tonight. After all, the concert later was going to be absolutely free.

"I hope you're not thinking about that pal of your brother's," he said as they sat down in a booth. "Don't forget who loves you."

"I won't," she smiled, snapping out of it then, feeling the way she always did with him, comfortable and secure. He did love her. He never even looked at another girl.

**B**art was lounging in front of the television when she came in at eleven. "How come you're home so early?" she asked lightly.

"Waiting for you." He got up, switched off the television, then turned to grin at her. That grin. "See how honest I am?"

Why on earth was her heart pounding? "Where's Harry?"

He was looking at her. That look. "Still out. I took a cab."

"Didn't you like your date?" Just curiosity.

"I'm getting old, honey. Old and hard to please."

"That'll be the day!" she scoffed.

"Uh—where's Mother?"

"She went up to bed—right after I promised not to forget you're her baby and Harry's little sister. Remember that?"

She tried to find just the right depreciating laugh, but it didn't sound the way she had hoped. It sounded, of all things, flirtatious. "The situation is a little different now."

"There are temporary obstacles," he said, and he started toward her. "Pardon me if I don't take them too seriously," he said. Then his arms were around her.

Why on earth was she just standing

there, letting him kiss her? She got hold of herself and pulled away. "You are the kissingest man!"

He didn't answer, just stared at her, not grinning for once. "It's been a long time, honey."

Five years. Five years since he'd gone away and never written to her. Not even a postcard. Just "love to your mother and Doris" at the end of his occasional letters to Harry.

"You still look at me the same way," he told her. "Do you know how nice it is to have you look at me the same way?"

"I do not either look at you the same way," she said, but her voice sounded far off, weak, because his face was melting into hers. He was kissing her again and, for a moment, she was letting him again. Then she was disgusted with herself because her love for George was strong and deep and this was insane. She jerked free. Somewhat shakily, she said, "Now listen, Bart. There's been enough of that."

"Not enough for me," he said; then, fervently, "not nearly enough. I want to get reacquainted during the next two weeks, Doris. I want to be with you every minute I can."

She swallowed. "You seem to forget I'm engaged."

He smiled. "Honey, if you really were engaged, I wouldn't be giving you any trouble. But since you're merely being taken—"

"Taken!" she cried. That did it. That woke her up.

His expression was almost pitying now. "He seems like a nice guy, honey, and I'm sure he doesn't deliberately mean to be—oh, what's a polite word for it?—let's say—unscrupulous."

"Unscrupulous!" She had to laugh. "You, with your record, calling a man with George's record 'unscrupulous!'"

Bart shrugged. "I've never latched on to a girl I thought I just might want to marry some day and then packed her away on ice for whenever I got around to it. If I ever got around to it."

She caught her breath. "Are you implying that George—?"

"He's kept you out of circulation for three years. He likes you too much to cut you loose; he doesn't like you enough to marry you. It happens all the time. I know one guy who's been stalling a wonderful woman for thirty years. I know another who kept finding excuses for ten years. Then he married somebody he'd known four days."

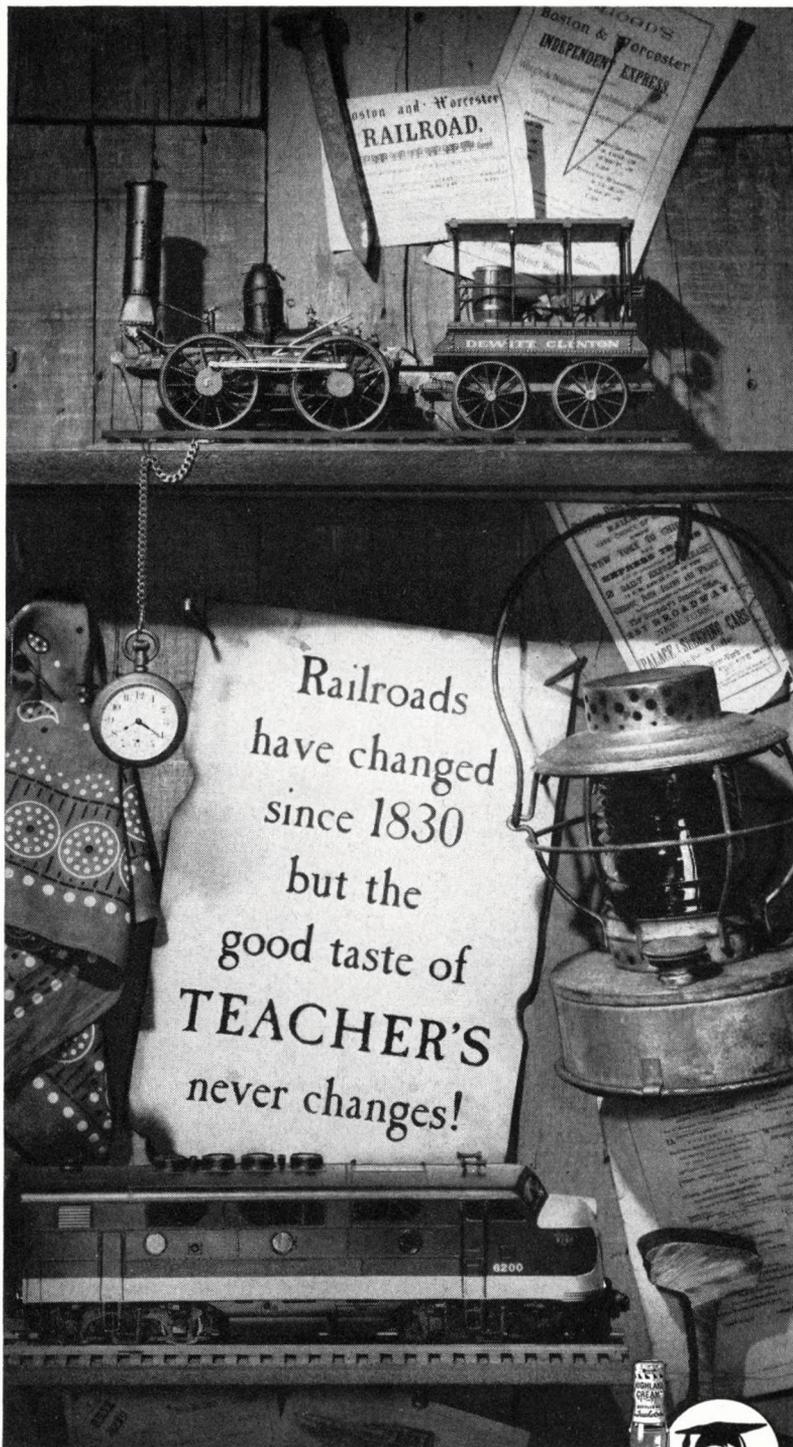
She tossed her head. "Well, I appreciate your concern, but George, very definitely, is going to marry me."

Bart stared at her a moment. "Maybe so. But I dare you to ask him that old killer question."

"Killer question?" She was intrigued in spite of herself.

Bart nodded. "Number three in the series guaranteed finally and conclusively to test a man's intentions. I dare you to ask him all three. If he answers them right, I'll apologize. If he doesn't, you'll spend the next two weeks getting reacquainted with me."

She smiled faintly. Well, he certainly was on the offensive. "He'll answer them right."



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"You'll ask them?"

"Of course," she shrugged. "Why not?"

Bart grinned now. "Well, the first is, 'Do you love me?'"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" What an anticlimax! "He tells me he loves me every time he sees me."

Bart kept on grinning. "The second is, 'Do you want to marry me?'"

"He's said so a hundred times." Indirectly, anyway. At least, they'd talked of marriage and why it should be later. She swallowed.

"Now the killer question," Bart said. "Just one word, 'When?'"

"When?" She pretended not to understand.

"When?" Bart repeated. "You've just asked him if he wants to marry you. He's just said, 'More than anything in the world,' or something to that effect. So you pin him down. You find out just how much he wants to marry you. You say, 'When?'"

She glanced away. "But we aren't in any hurry. I mean I'm not, either. Can't anybody understand that? I want him to get a start in his work. I want a little time to myself, too."

"Honey—" Bart's grin widened—"you just goofed on the test yourself." Then darned if he wasn't reaching for her again.

Maybe slapping him was a little adolescent, but she didn't care. "I did not goof!" she muttered. "And please stop trying to kiss me every few minutes. You're Harry's friend and a guest in this house, and I don't want to offend you. But there's a limit!"

She turned and ran up the stairs to her room, slamming the door behind her, then locking it. In a fury, she undressed and threw herself into bed. Part of her anger, she knew, was her humiliation. Staying down there all that time as if she just couldn't drag herself away! Kissing him back almost—or at least starting to—twice! How could she have done that? For three years she had been completely faithful to George. Whatever had possessed her?

She smiled grimly up into the darkness. He thought he could come here and repeat his performance of five years ago, didn't he? He thought he could make a fool out of her for two weeks and then go away and not even send her a postcard, didn't he? Well, he'd find out. He'd find out how much she loved George and how much George loved her.

Her face hardened. George had darned better love her! He'd better be prepared to prove it these next two weeks, too, because if he didn't, she'd never forgive him. She had been patient and understanding and loyal. She had defended him staunchly against all attacks. She had helped him save money for the things he considered important, going to neighborhood movies when there were plays she wanted to see, eating hamburgers when her friends' dates were taking them to expensive restaurants, giving him in good faith three years of her youth, three years of her precious playtime. Without even so much as a ring. She thrashed over onto her side and, suddenly, one by one, all the comments of her

mother and Harry and Bart assailed her. *No!* she thought. *It isn't true. I'm not being taken. I'm not!* But she had to turn her face into her pillow to stifle her sobs. She had so wanted security. She had so wanted to be sure no Bart Lockwood ever happened to her again. She had so wanted her—her pride.

Bart was sitting at the breakfast table with her mother and Harry when she came down, dressed for her job at the British Embassy.

"Morning," she murmured to no one in particular, hoping Bart wouldn't notice any signs of last night's sleeplessness on her face.

"You look tired," her mother observed. "Didn't you sleep well?"

Mothers! "I slept perfectly, Mother." "You weren't asleep at two o'clock," Harry said. "I caught you making hot milk. Remember?"

Brothers! "I just happened to wake up. I was hungry."

"I didn't sleep worth a darn myself," Bart said, directly to her. He would say something like that, something disconcerting. "When do you see George?"

"Right after work," she told him. George had said eight o'clock here at the house, but he was going to pick her up at the Embassy, instead, and spend a little of his suit and car and apartment money on a real dinner for her for a change and answer three little questions, too—satisfactorily. If he was going to let her down eventually, she wanted to know it now. There would be a certain natural reaction on her part, a certain desire to try to forget her disillusion and heartbreak in some sort of a fling. She let her eyes linger on Bart's face. It might as well be a good fling. It might as well be the best.

He smiled as if he read her thoughts. "Atta girl," he said.

George sounded rather unenthusiastic over the phone, even a little annoyed. "Pick you up and take you to dinner? Well, I suppose I can, Doris, although I'm a little short of cash."

The hardness of her voice surprised her. "Then you'd better borrow some, darling. This is an emergency, and I think you'd be well advised to buy me a steak."

She began as soon as she was in his car. "George, I'm not going to be indirect about this. We've been through too much together for that. But things have come to a head for me. I'm at a crossroads. And I want to know exactly where I stand with you. Exactly."

George glanced at her sharply. "What do you mean things have come to a head? That friend of your brother's?"

"Frankly, yes," she said. "He's being very—aggressive."

George was scowling now. "Well, that's a fine thing! I haven't even looked at another girl for three years, but you're at a crossroads just because some guy who's only been in town one day is being aggressive."

It did sound unstable. "He's rather exceptional, though, George."

George snorted. "Well, if you think I haven't been exposed to some rather exceptional girls in the past three years—"

"You're trying to evade the issue," she realized. "You're trying to distract me by attacking me and acting injured."

George's eyes darted toward her, then quickly back to the traffic.

She told his profile, "He says I'm being taken, George. He says you'll goof on his three little questions."

"What three little questions?" George growled.

She drew a deep breath. Well, here it was. The suspense would soon be over. "The first is, 'Do you love me?'"

George's face relaxed. He turned to her with a warm smile and reached for her hand. "That's a silly question. You know I love you."

She looked down at their hands and wondered how many times they had been clasped like this—on a car seat between them, at movies, on campus walks. Three years was a long time, she thought. Three years of her life with him. Only ten days with Bart—five years ago. "Do you want to marry me?" she asked. She had promised to ask.

He answered without hesitation. "You know I do!"

She almost stopped breathing. "When?"

"When?" he repeated as if he didn't understand.

"When?" she persisted with a certain grim enjoyment. Sadism, maybe, watching him squirm. "When do you want to marry me, George?" She was shocked at her own cruelty, but she even laughed. "How about three weeks from Saturday?"

"Doris—" his eyes were beseeching—"I want to get married just as soon as we possibly can, but—"

"Of course, darling," she said quickly, shutting off his suffering and her own moment of brutality. She just felt sorry for him now. The killer question was a killer, all right. "No hard feelings, I assure you. Just turn around and drive me home."

"Home!" He looked shocked and very much worried.

She smiled at him gently. "It ought to be a complete break."

"Break!" The worry on his face changed to alarm.

She pulled her hand away. Apparently Bart was right; George liked her too much to want to let her go, even though he didn't love her enough to marry her. "I'm sorry, darling, but this was our last date." Bart for the next two weeks. Then—?

"No!" George turned to her, and terror seemed to have replaced his alarm.

## CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

### PHOTO CREDITS:

Pages 12-19, *Tops in the Shops—Binder and Duffy*: Page 25, *Is the Individual Really Helpless?—INP*: Pages 28-29, *The Battle Over the Music You Hear*, Page 28—Frank Gilloon, Page 25—Phil Burchman, U.P.; Page 44, *A Young Couple's Ordeal—INP*.

### SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 22, *Checked for Travel—O. J. Watson*; Page 108, *What's New in Records—Jerry McDaniel*.

"Don't say that, Doris. Don't leave me." His arm came across the seat back and pulled her toward him. "If you want to get married three weeks from Saturday, it's—well, it's all right with me."

She caught her breath. "Oh, no! No, George. I don't want to force you into this. I understand. Really, I—"

His arm tightened. "You tell that friend of your brother's to go chase himself. Tell him you're going to marry me."

She was deliriously happy, of course, so happy she could scarcely swallow the steak he insisted on buying her, even though she assured him she didn't need it now.

He was deliriously happy, too, she told herself—that goofy grin on his face every time she looked at him, the way he kept saying, "It's a big thing, isn't it?"

He took her home right after dinner. "I feel as if I just can't take any more excitement tonight," he explained.

She knew exactly how he felt.

Bart was in the living room with her mother and Harry. She leaned against against the door she had just shut and blurted out the news. "George and I are getting married three weeks from Saturday."

"Three weeks from Saturday!" Her mother's face fell, then lifted. "Why, darling!" Her mother came across the room and kissed her. "That's wonderful. I couldn't be happier."

Then why did her face fall? Doris wondered. She said, "You don't like him, do you, Mother?"

"Why, I like him very, very much, darling."

"You just don't want me to get married and leave home?"

"Why, darling!" her mother chided. "What kind of a mother do you think I am? Getting married and leaving home is part of life. It's happiness for a woman. And I want you to be happy."

Harry was across the room now, too. He kissed her, too. "That's swell, Sis. He's a darn nice guy—and a darn good picker."

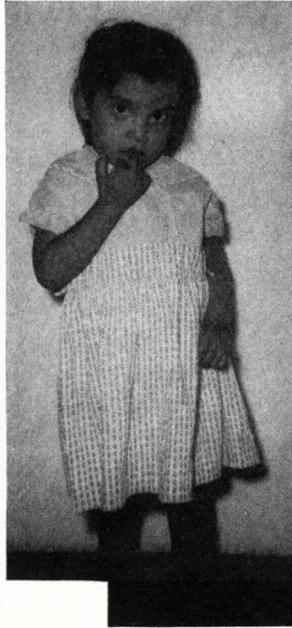
If suddenly she felt all choked up, it was because she was so happy and because Harry and her mother were being so decent, she told herself. She peeked at Bart.

He smiled, not his up-to-no-good grin at all, just a polite say-nothing smile. He said, "Apparently I misunderstood the situation, Doris. I'm sorry." The apology he'd promised. "Well, I know you three have family things to talk about. So—" he started up the stairs—"good night, all."

Doris looked down at the floor. Well, there went two intoxicating weeks and the king-sized hangover she would have had after he went away. A small sacrifice for George and all the wonderful years ahead. She lifted her chin. She smiled at her mother, very brightly. "Let's see, I think I'll ask Julie to be maid of honor. George will probably want Pete for best man and—" Her voice trailed off because a typewriter had begun clacking upstairs. Oh, darn him anyway! He was supposed to be leaving her alone.

He wouldn't, though. He typed up there all the rest of the evening while she was trying to concentrate on wedding plans.

In the morning, when he sat at the



## NO ONE EVER NOTICES HER

Rose Marie is a shy and frail little three-year old American Indian girl. She is shy and timid because she thinks no one ever notices her or cares anything about her. Her father is away for long periods of time job hunting. He can't find any work on the reservation. She is frail because she has to survive as an infant with practically no milk diet. Her home is a shack with a dirt floor without furniture or the barest of comforts. She is hungry most of the time. Yet she is a pretty girl with winsome dimples and deep brown eyes—a wistful child who timidly seems to yearn for a bit of attention. She could be very affectionate and grateful if she knew someone loved her.

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Rose Marie's tribe, the Papagos, live in a barren desert country where 50 acres of land is required for one cow. Less than a third of them speak English and 40% of the children are not in school. These "first American" children very definitely need help.

**The lingerie and sweaters shown on pages 74, 75, 78  
and 79 may be seen at the following stores:**

Page 74 — #2 by Vanity Fair  
Page 75 — #3 by Vanity Fair

**GEORGIA**

Atlanta ..... J. P. Allen  
Buckhead ..... J. P. Allen

**IDAHO**

Boise ..... C. C. Andersen Co.

**LOUISIANA**

Baton Rouge ..... D. H. Holmes  
New Orleans ..... Godchaux's

**MISSISSIPPI**

Jackson ..... Kennington Co.

**NEBRASKA**

Omaha ..... Goldstein-Chapman Co.

**NEW YORK**

New York City ..... Macy's

**OHIO**

Columbus ..... The F. & R. Lazarus & Co.

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Pittsburgh ..... Joseph Horne Co.

**TEXAS**

El Paso ..... The White House  
San Antonio ..... Frost Bros.

**WISCONSIN**

Milwaukee ..... The Grand Apparel  
Wauwatosa ..... The Grand Apparel  
Whitefish Bay ..... The Grand Apparel

Page 74 — #2 by Vanity Fair

**CALIFORNIA**

Los Angeles ..... Bullock's Downtown

Page 74 — #1 by Luxite-Kayser  
Page 75 — #4 by Luxite-Kayser

**FLORIDA**

Cocoa ..... Anthony & Sons  
Delray ..... Anthony & Sons  
Ft. Lauderdale ..... Anthony & Sons  
West Palm Beach ..... Anthony & Sons

**NEW YORK**

New York City ..... Franklin Simon

Page 75 — #4 by Luxite-Kayser

**MISSOURI**

Kansas City ..... Emery Bird Thayer Co.

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Pittsburgh ..... Joseph Horne Co.

Page 78 — #1, #2 by McGregor Sportswear

**ARKANSAS**

Little Rock ..... Howard Cohn Co.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

Washington, D.C. .... The Hecht Co.

**MARYLAND**

Silver Spring ..... The Hecht Co.

**MICHIGAN**

Grand Rapids ..... The Wurzburg Co.

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**NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Portsmouth ..... Alberts Men's & Boys' Wear

**NEW JERSEY**

Atlantic City ..... Schults, Inc.

**VIRGINIA**

Arlington ..... The Hecht Co.  
(Parkington Shopping Center)

**WEST VIRGINIA**

Clarksburg ..... The Parsons-Souders Co.

Page 78 — #1 by McGregor Sportswear

**MARYLAND**

Baltimore ..... Crown Clothes

**MISSISSIPPI**

Tupelo ..... R. W. Reed Co.

**MISSOURI**

Kansas City ..... Schoenhard Co.

**NEW YORK**

New York City ..... Gimbel Bros.

**TENNESSEE**

Memphis ..... J. Goldsmith Sons & Co.

**VIRGINIA**

Newport News ..... Nachmen's Dept. Store

Page 78 — #2 by McGregor Sportswear

**INDIANA**

South Bend ..... Robertson Bros.

**MICHIGAN**

Detroit ..... Harry Sufirin

**NEBRASKA**

Omaha ..... Parson's

**NEW YORK**

New York City ..... Macy's

Page 79 — #3, #4 by Puritan Sportswear

**ALABAMA**

Bessemer ..... Loveman of Alabama  
Birmingham ..... Loveman of Alabama  
Montgomery ..... Loveman of Alabama

**MARYLAND**

Baltimore ..... Hochschild Kohn & Co.  
Belvedere Shopping Center  
Hochschild Kohn & Co.  
Eastpoint Shopping Center  
Hochschild Kohn & Co.  
Edmondson Village  
Hochschild Kohn & Co.

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Boston ..... Jordan Marsh  
Framingham ..... Jordan Marsh  
Malden ..... Jordan Marsh

**MISSOURI**

St. Louis ..... Stix, Barr & Fuller Co.  
Westroads Shopping Center  
Stix, Barr & Fuller Co.

**NEW YORK**

Buffalo ..... Kleinhan's  
New York City ..... Saks 34th Street

**OHIO**

Akron ..... Palsky's  
Canton ..... Palsky's  
Cleveland ..... Sterling-Linder-Davis Co.

**OREGON**

Portland ..... Lipman Wolfe & Co.  
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Pittsburgh ..... Kaufmann's

**UTAH**

Salt Lake City ..... Auerbach Co.

Page 79 — #3 by Puritan Sportswear

**VIRGINIA**

Richmond ..... Thalheimer Bros.

breakfast table wearing that polite say-nothing smile, he knew perfectly well she would wonder how he felt beneath it. He knew the polite say-nothing way he listened to her mother's wedding chatter would be provocative, too.

"When are you going to get married, Bart?" her mother asked.

He studied his coffee cup. "The day I want to get married so much I can't talk myself out of it."

"That'll be the day," Doris said.

He glanced at her. "Yes, if it ever comes, which I doubt at the moment, it will be quite a day."

He knew she would shiver in spite of herself. He knew she would be silly enough to speculate about how he might have felt at the end of two weeks with her. He was deliberately trying to upset her with might-have-been thoughts. Not that he was succeeding, of course. At the end of two weeks with her, he would have felt the way he felt at the end of a little concentration on anybody, ready for a change, anxious for the next, off to South America. Not even a postcard.

His ego just wouldn't let him admit she had broken his dark spell over her. That was why he stayed at home that night, saying he had work to do. He knew she would remember he had offered to go out with her every night. He was trying to be as intriguing as possible.

George didn't help a bit by telephoning to say he was with a client and couldn't shake loose. That left her at home all evening with Bart shut up mysteriously in his room, not making a sound, being just as distracting as he could.

Then the maddeningly virtuous way he spoke to her when they passed in the hall in the morning, as if he had never said a bold word to any woman, let alone to her, "Good morning, Doris. Nice day, isn't it?" No wonder she couldn't forget him for a minute.

She was in her room after dinner that evening, waiting by her extension phone for George to return the call she had just made to his apartment, when Bart walked by her open door, not even glancing in.

"Bart!" she commanded. It was time for a showdown on this.

He reappeared. "Yes, Doris?"

"Will you please stop being so—?" Oh, she didn't know how to say it.

"So what?" he asked. "What have I done?"

Nothing, she realized suddenly. That was the trouble. That was what was bothering her. He hadn't done one darn thing for two days now. He had been absolutely honorable, and she couldn't stand it. What kind of a woman was she, anyway? "Working tonight?" she managed.

He shrugged. "I've got a pretty big job to get ready for."

"How would you have got ready for it if we—?" She caught herself. Mustn't ask that.

"I'd have managed," he said. Then he turned abruptly and vanished down the hall.

Oh, darn him anyway! Damn him!

The 'phone rang. George said, "Sorry I wasn't in when you called, but I went out with the boss after work. What's up?"

"Oh, nothing," she sighed. "Mother just wanted me to remind you to bring your list so she'll know how many invitations to order."

He was silent a moment, then she heard him clear his throat. "Well, Doris, I—I know we said three weeks from Saturday, but the boss says several big deals are brewing. I'll probably be pretty busy the next few months, and I wondered if it might not be better to postpone things for a while."

She sat up very straight. She began to smile. "Whatever you think advisable, darling."

There was no mistaking the relief in his voice. "I knew you'd understand, Doris. This just isn't a very good time. Maybe next winter sometime—"

He was careful to say "maybe," she noticed. She said, "Good-by, George." Then she hung up.

Funny, she had thought of Bart as the unscrupulous one, but he really had been infinitely fairer than George. He never had said he was in love with her. He never had led her to believe he wanted to marry her. He was honest, anyway. And decent, too. Yes, decent enough to be careful with a 17-year-old girl who loved him too much, decent enough not to write to her and string her along, decent enough to hack off when he thought she was somebody else's. She smiled. But devil enough to advance now, she bet.

She ran down the hall to his room and knocked. "Come in," he called.

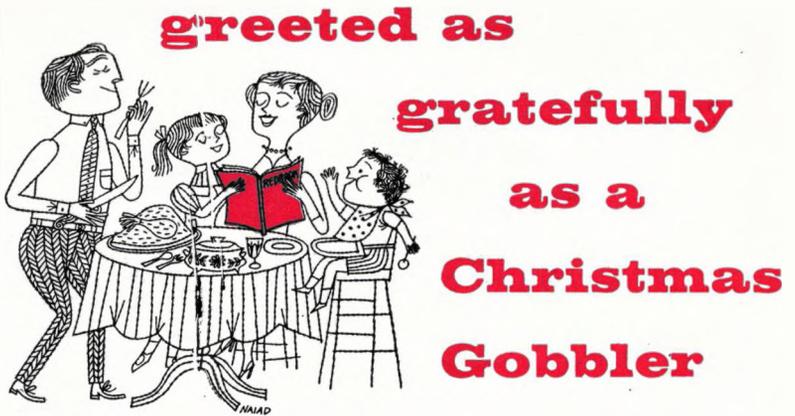
He was sitting at a card table littered with blueprints. He got slowly to his feet. "Oh, hello, Doris. What can I do for you?"

**W**hat could he do for her! Anything he would. Yes, even with the heartbreak after he'd gone. "George just reneged, Bart. He started stalling again, so I told him good-by. And I've come to get reacquainted with you as I promised."

That look was on his face now and, suddenly, she saw that it wasn't an up-to-no-good look, after all. It was just an intense revelation of something deep inside him, something wonderful—oh, good heavens!—something hers!

He started toward her and then stopped as if he didn't want to stop, but thought he should. "We don't need to get reacquainted as far as I'm concerned, honey. I already know how I feel. It was bad enough five years ago, but then I could tell myself you were too young and I was too broke." He began to grin, that grin, but it no longer seemed up to no good. It just seemed like humor and honesty and all the things that were Bart coming out. "Now, damned if I can think of anything to tell myself except that I love you, I want to marry you—" She knew she would never forget the way he emphasized those next two words—"right now!"

She laughed with more happiness than she would have believed anyone could feel, ever, about anything. She ran into the hall. "Mother!" she cried. "Harry! Come here right this minute! I want witnesses to this!" ... THE END



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## With Strings Attached



(Continued from page 41)

Allen blinked. "Why—why, because we're their friends— Carl's my boss— Good heavens, Marta, look at all they do for us!"

"I *have* looked," Marta said quietly. She picked up a wooden swizzle stick and broke it in two. "And what I saw made me a little sick."

This wasn't the time or place, but she couldn't keep the words bottled up any longer. "You and I used to be nice people, Allen. Then you left Morgan Real Estate and went to work for Carl. Carl and Lily invited us to their place on Sunday. We'd never been in a house like that before. We'd never known people who kept a cook, a gardener *and* a maid—people who had a huge swimming pool in their backyard—"

But why catalogue the Shaw possessions. Allen knew them as well as she.

"That was quite a speech," he told her. "But it didn't make much sense, did it?"

No, she supposed it didn't. To him. He was twenty-five, four years older than she, but sometimes he made her feel nine hundred and ninety-nine the way he took people at face value. The Shaws, for example. Had it ever occurred to him to ask himself why a middle-aged, wealthy couple like Lily and Carl should take him and his fiancée up socially? No. Allen was too dazzled to ask himself anything!

Marta sighed. "Oh, honey—" she began, sliding over into the chair next to his, the one Lily had vacated. The Shaws liked that seating arrangement, Allen by Lily, Marta next to Carl. "Honey, hasn't it ever seemed odd to you that the Shaws are so chummy with us when we're at least twenty years younger?"

"Maybe they like us."

"Of course, they like us. But *why*?" She didn't give him a chance to answer—if he could have. "I'll tell you why. Because we feed their egos. They're getting old, and they hate it. They'd give every cent they have and ever expect to have to be young and in love again. The way we are."

"Yeah?" Allen said, frowning. Marta took it for encouragement and plunged ahead. "Don't you see? We are young and in love. But *we* envy *them*. And our envy, somehow, makes them feel that money, which they have, is more important than being young." She made a gesture with her hands. "Oh, I'm not explaining it very well, but—"

He gave her a look over the cigarette he was lighting. "You sure aren't!"

Well, she'd try again then. "Allen, listen. For a long time I've felt there was something wrong with our friendship with the Shaws. A few minutes ago I got the answer. It was in Lily's reaction when I said we'd made other plans for tomorrow

night. You saw what happened. She was angry. And now she's punishing me by pretending I'm not here. Allen, don't you see—we *belong* to the Shaws! They buy us with gifts and favors—"

Allen's face went tight. "No one buys my friendship! I happen to like Carl; I like Lily, and I'm proud to be their friend!"

Then he looked meaningfully at the dress she was wearing, an original from Madame Blanche's. (Lily had worn it three times and handed it over to Marta, as she had handed over other dresses, saying, "Isn't it lucky we're the same size?") He said, "You're not even decently grateful for all that Lily does for you."

Marta stared blindly at a group of people three tables away. She felt a little pulse throbbing at one temple, the way it always did when she was nervous or upset.

"No," she said slowly, "I'm *not* grateful for Lily's castoff clothes. Not when I have to pay for them by going wherever she wants to go whenever she wants to go." She gave Allen a quick glance. "Care for an illustration? Last Sunday morning, I wanted to go to church. Well, Lily came by, the way she usually does when you and Carl are playing golf. And she had *this* dress for me. Then she suggested we go to the airport restaurant for breakfast. Maybe I should have said, 'Thanks for the dress, Lily, but 'by now; I'm off to church.' But I couldn't. The dress had obligated me. So we went to the airport."

She touched his arm. "You're in the same boat, aren't you, Allen? Obligated to Carl, I mean. You told me yourself that he gives you the best prospects—"

"I'm a good salesman—"

"Better than Garth Oxley?" she cut in. "Better than the other men who've been selling houses for years and years? Carl is favoring you, and you know it!"

Allen stubbed out his cigarette with an angry gesture. "Give me one—just one—good reason why he should!"

**Mambo, mambo.** The frenzied music beat against Marta's ears, but she hardly heard it. "I thought I had given you several reasons," she began, and then her breath caught in her throat. Allen was staring at her with something very close to dislike.

"In case you've forgotten," he said, "we're guests tonight. So let's stop knifing the Shaws at the same time we're accepting their hospitality."

Marta felt her face go hot with shame. He had a point there. And it wasn't "we"—it was "she" who had been using the knife.

"Sorry," she whispered, her heart thudding in a thick, scared way.

Oh, she'd bungled it, all right! She couldn't have bungled it any better if she had deliberately tried. Marta Powell, Brainless Wonder! If she had just waited and talked to Allen when he took her home—

But the evening had begun on a sour chord. For her, anyway. She and Allen had planned to see a movie and then drive down to Seafood Charlie's for shrimp pan-fried in butter and vinegar.

It was going to be like old times. The thought of it had kept her happy

all day, humming under her breath as she sold records and sheet music in the Rainbow Music Mart.

Then Carl called Allen at six-thirty. He and Lily were at loose ends. How about going to the Heron Club?

Allen, of course, would never have dreamed of saying that he and Marta had made other plans. Oh, no. Not Allen. If Carl had suggested that the four of them sit in trees all night, Allen would have been all for it!

"But I didn't want to go to the Heron Club with the Shaws," Marta had wailed when Allen called her and told her he had changed their plans for the evening. "I wanted an evening alone with you."

"We'll have more fun at the Heron Club," Allen had said.

Then, shortly before this dance set began, Lily had put the finishing touch to the whole evening.

During a lull in the conversation she had announced casually, "By the way, kids, Dot Oxley called today and hinted herself and Garth into an invitation to the barbecue tomorrow night. So it seems there'll be six of us, instead of a nice, cozy four."

And Marta began to seethe inwardly, thinking, "Why must Allen and I spend every single Sunday evening around the Shaw pool? Why can't we ever have a Sunday evening for friends our own age?" The Wentworths, for instance, recently married and living on love and dreams in a box of an apartment.

It was then that she said, "Sorry, Lily, but Allen and I have made other arrangements for tomorrow night."

And Lily flushed with resentment, and her mascaraed blue eyes narrowed into a look that said, plain as day, "How *dare* you make other plans when you know Carl and I expect you both at our house on Sundays?"

Then, unfortunately, Lily shot a glance at Allen, saw the blank look of total surprise on his face—and knew Marta was lying!

**Mambo, mambo.** The Cuban pounded the drums louder and louder with his flattened-out hands. And suddenly the number ended.

Flushed and laughing, Lily and Carl came back to the table. Allen leaped to his feet to pull out Lily's chair. Carl sat down by Marta.

He was a gray-haired man, always immaculate and with such pink, smooth skin that Marta had wondered wickedly once if his barber gave him facials. He was breathing hard, as if the Mambo had been too much for him.

"Whee-ee," he said. "That was quite a workout."

The waiter came; they ordered fresh drinks. Then, while a little silence swelled, Marta saw Lily signal Carl with her eyes, and Carl said, "Er, about tomorrow night. Sure you kids can't get out of whatever it was you had planned? Lily and I sort of count on you two on Sunday nights, y'know."

Allen said quickly, "I think we can manage to be there, sir."

"That's our boy!" Lily crowed, patting his shoulder. For Marta she had a small, triumphant smile.

Marta forced an answering smile, as if to say that whatever Allen did was all

right with her, but she felt cold and sick inside.

A short time later Carl signaled the waiter, briefly examined the check and put six ten-dollar bills on the tray. *More than I make in a week*, Marta thought with the little sense of shock that always filled her when she saw Carl tossing money around. Of course, they'd had steak dinners as well as drinks, and the very privilege of being in the Heron Club came high, but still—

Her parents were thrifty farm people in the southern part of the state. Marta had been raised to respect a dollar. Not worship it—just respect it. There was a difference, and that had been impressed upon her, too.

She thought now, "Dad would go straight into shock if he saw a man spend that much for an evening's entertainment."

Outside the Heron Club, a parking attendant had brought up the Shaws' cream-colored sports roadster. The two couples said good night.

Lily blew the young people a kiss. "See you tomorrow!"

Carl lifted his hand. "Golf in the morning, Allen?"

"You bet."

The car purred away.

Marta pulled her stole about her shoulders. "Thanks," she said tautly, "for crossing me up about tomorrow."

"No sense in hurting their feelings," Allen answered absently. He was gazing after the expensive cream-colored car.

Another attendant got out of a dark, medium-priced 1951 sedan, and the door-man inquired, "Your car, sir?"

"Yes." It sounded reluctant.

**W**hen they drove out of the Heron's parking lot, the roadster's taillights were far down the street.

"Someday—" Allen began, and Marta knew what was coming—heaven knew she'd heard it often enough. "Someday I'm going to have a car like that."

"I like this car." She patted the fiber-covered seat space between them. "I wouldn't trade the Shaws *anything!*"

He snorted. "Sour grapes."

Marta looked at him. "No, it's not sour grapes. Oh, Allen, can't you see what they've done to us? To you in particular?"

"Going to start knifing Lily and Carl again?"

Marta blinked back sudden hot tears. "I'm not knifing! I'm trying to make you see that we're puppets and they hold the strings! I'm losing all my self-respect."

They quarreled until one-thirty, sitting in the parked car in front of her apartment house.

Then Allen ended it abruptly with. "I'm going home and get some sleep. I'll call you tomorrow." His good-night kiss was brief. . . .

Marta climbed the stairs to her one-room-and-kitchenette. Slowly undressed. . . .

Allen had warned her once that he had a temper. And she'd laughed, saying, pooh, she herself was as full of faults as an old wormy apple. She hadn't known he meant *that* kind of temper, cold, controlled and self-contained. And she hadn't known he could be so stubborn.

Was she wrong about the Shaws?

Allen thought so. He'd accused her of melodramatic exaggeration, of making mountain ranges out of ant hills.

She crawled into bed. . . . But they had lost something since they'd been running around with the Shaws. For one thing, Allen had become obsessed with the importance of money. And he wasn't happy these days unless he was with the Shaws, enjoying the Shaw possessions. Lily and Carl loved it. His admiration was so open, so flattering. But what next? When did admiration change to sycophancy?

It seemed to Marta, lying awake in the dark, that the ugly change had already begun, the way he'd yessed Carl tonight—

"But we'll work it out," Marta promised herself. "We love each other. We'll work it out. . . ."

Her alarm awakened her at nine-thirty. *This morning* she was going to church. While the coffee perked, she showered. Then, after a sweet roll and coffee and a leisurely run-through of the Sunday paper, she went to the telephone.

Lily hadn't mentioned last night that she expected Marta to have "brunch" with her this morning, but then Lily never did. She just came by in her roadster and—

Determinedly, Marta dialed the Shaws' number. "I can ask her to go to church with me," she decided. That should make her own plans clear.

But Mrs. Shaw wasn't at home. Jenny, the maid, informed her. She'd left just a few moments ago. No, Jenny didn't know when she'd be back.

Marta began to dress for church. She was pulling on white gloves when the familiar rat-a-tat-tat sounded on the door. It was Lily. She held out a gift-wrapped package.

"Honey, this is for you. I guess I was pretty snippy last night, so I rushed out this morning and bought you some super-super perfume by way of apology—" She stopped. "What's wrong?"

Something in Marta had recoiled at sight of the gift. It must have shown in her face.

"Nothing," she said quickly. "You do too much for me, Lily. I—I can't keep on accepting—"

"Oh, don't be silly!" Lily said cheerfully, putting the box on a table. "Well, let's go—although I must say you look more as if you're going to church, instead of—"

"I am going to church, Lily. Why don't you go with me?"

Lily pouted charmingly. "Honey, you don't need to go to church. You're already such a good girl!"

It went on for ten minutes, the older woman wheedling, the girl standing her ground. Then Lily's patience snapped.

"Considering all that I do for you, Marta Powell, it seems to me you could do a few favors for me now and then!"

The pulse at Marta's temple began throbbing. "Such as?" she asked stiffly.

"Such as going to the airport for brunch with me this morning!"

Marta swallowed. "Some other time, Lily," she said quietly. "This morning I'm going to church."

An unpleasant expression changed the older woman's face. "All right for you!" she cried, like a child. "Go to church if that's what you want to do!"



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And, snatching up the gift-wrapped perfume, she ran from the room.

Marta didn't know whether to laugh or cry. It didn't make sense, of course, but suddenly she felt a little sorry for Mrs. Carl Shaw.

At the end of the block, church bells began to ring. . . .

Allen called at four that afternoon. "Hi! Going to the barbecue with me tonight?"

Marta swallowed. "I don't think I'd be exactly welcome." She told him about the morning, and when she'd finished, the wire hummed with silence.

Finally he said, "Oh, you're probably manufacturing another mountain range out of an ant hill. Women are always getting into hassles, aren't they? Just apologize to Lily tonight, and everything will be all right."

*Apologize to—* Marta opened her mouth to protest, then clamped it shut, gazing at the newspaper on her desk. It was opened to the society page, and three recent brides smiled up at her. Within the past few days those three girls had promised . . . for richer, for poorer; for better, for worse.

Solemn words. And maybe a girl should do a little practicing about the better or worse part *before* marriage.

"I'll pick you up at six-thirty," Allen was saying. "I'm going to take a nap now. I'm beat. Carl insisted on going eighteen holes this morning; then, after a quick lunch, he wanted to see how our Open Houses were doing. We must have walked miles."

"Six-thirty," Marta agreed. . . .

She was waiting out in front, dressed in bright coral linen, when Allen drove up to the curb. She slid into the car.

His eyes stayed on her until she blushed. "You're looking well. Miss Powell, honey. Kiss and make up?"

"On the street?" Marta asked, shocked. "In broad daylight?"

He took a quick look around. "Nobody within miles."

It was a hard, hungry kiss.

When it ended, he switched on the ignition, let the motor idle. "No more rhubarbs about the Shaws?"

She hesitated the briefest instant. "No more rhubarbs," she promised.

Allen put the car in gear, and they talked of other things as they headed east toward the small estate which the Shaws were pleased to call Home, Sweet Home.

"You should have seen Garth Oxley today," Allen said. "Carl gave him that lemon on Monroe Avenue—" He went on about the house the older salesman had been stuck with, and Marta let her attention wander. Somehow, she wasn't in the mood for real estate today.

Then Allen was saying, "Hey, didn't you hear me? I'm scheduled for an Open House next Sunday. Carl's giving me the Lockwood place to show. And in case you don't know, that's one of those deals that sells itself. My commission ought to be—"

The motor coughed. He shifted into low. "My commission—" The car jerked and stopped. "What's the matter now?"

They were well out of town, on the boulevard. Allen got out of the car, yanked up the hood.

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Ten minutes later, wiping the grease from his hands onto his handkerchief, he admitted that, whatever the trouble was, it was beyond his mechanical knowledge.

He thumbed a ride to the garage a mile back. Half an hour passed before a tow truck drew up behind the car and Allen and a mechanic jumped out.

Ten more minutes . . . Allen slid behind the wheel. "Now, why didn't I think of that—blowing out the gas feed?"

They got under way.

"We're going to be dreadfully late," Marta told him.

"They'll know it's been something unavoidable," he assured her. . . .

Horizon Acres was an area of landscaped lawns and fine, impressive houses. Allen braked to a stop in front of the Shaws.

"They're probably on the patio," he said. "We might as well go around there."

Hand in hand, they hurried across the thick, green lawn, opened the gate leading to the rear garden, swimming pool and patio. As they came to the end of the flagstone path, Marta pulled Allen to a halt behind a mass of screening shrubbery.

It was now dusk. The curving pool was a blue sheen beneath floodlights. Between it and the house was the patio. There, the Shaws and Oxleys sat at a large table, talking and smoking. They had evidently just finished eating.

"If Lily's really angry with me," Marta whispered, "will you help smooth things down?"

Allen nodded reassuringly.

Then, before they could move, Lily's voice rose in a bitter-toned complaint. "I tell you they aren't coming. Carl. That little snip, Marta Powell, has seen to that!" She turned to Dot Oxley. "Dot, I've practically clothed that girl! And does she show any gratitude? No. She—"

Garth Oxley interrupted. "She's probably jealous of you, Lily."

Behind the shrubbery, Marta and Allen stood frozen, momentarily unable to move.

Then Carl was saying, "Garth, I've been thinking. How'd you like the Lockwood place to show next Sunday? I half-promised it to Allen, but—"

Allen jerked Marta's hand. Silently, stiffly, they tiptoed back along the flagstone path and out the gate.

Marta was weeping. She'd wanted Allen to see the Shaws for what they were—but not like this. Not slapped brutally in the face!

She couldn't bear to look at him. It seemed a long time before they reached the car, their hands still clasped tightly. Allen opened the door—

A high scream split the silence. It came again and again. *Lily*.

Marta and Allen looked at each other, their eyes wide with horror, then raced up the long front walk and burst through the front door. Dot Oxley, white-faced, was at the telephone in the hall.

She said rapidly. "Carl's had a heart attack. I think. Help Garth with him, Allen. I'm calling an ambulance—"

A scalp-prickling keening rose from the patio.

"Marta, do something about Lily. She thinks he's dead! . . . Hello, operator. . . ."

It was ten o'clock when Allen and Marta left City Hospital. The Oxleys were still there with Lily.

"Well, he's going to live," Allen said heavily. "J/ he takes care of himself. Poor Carl."

"Poor Lily, too," Marta said softly.

They got into Allen's car and drove across town without another word. Then, stopped in front of Marta's apartment house, Allen turned, gathered her close.

"We're so lucky," he said in a choked voice. "So darned lucky! That's what you've been trying to tell me all along, isn't it?"

The next evening they drove out to Horizon Acres to call on Lily. Jenny let them in. Mrs. Shaw was resting upstairs. They could go right up.

Lily was on the chaise longue, a satin coverlet across her knees. She'd aged ten years overnight—or maybe it only seemed so because she wore no make-up.

"Don't look so glum, you two," she cried as they crossed the room to her. "Carl's going to be fine! Dr. Harlow and I had a long talk this morning—and Carl and I had another long talk this afternoon. Garth Oxley is going to manage the firm for Carl, and we're going to Florida—" The almost-gay voice broke. "Oh, do sit down!"

They drew two matching lavender velvet chairs close to the chaise. They said, almost in one voice, "What can we do to help?"

Lily's mouth twisted, and for a moment Marta thought she was going to break down. Then she was reaching for a cigarette, thanking Allen when he held a light.

"You're sweet kids," she said lightly. "Want to know something? I'm old enough to be the mother of both of you—

and I wish I were. As for what you can do for Carl and me—" spreading both hands—"nothing. Carl and I are middle-aged. We've got to start living like middle-aged people. I was silly and selfish to think we could match the pace of you youngsters. Dr. Harlow made that pretty plain."

She tapped ashes into a porcelain tray. "Carl will be home from the hospital in a week. Isn't that great? Then, in a few days, we take the train for Florida."

After a few minutes Allen and Marta got up to leave.

"Oh, can't we do something?" Marta cried again.

Lily shook her bright blonde head. They were at the door when her voice stopped them.

"Lucky Allen. Lucky Marta. Your whole lives ahead of you. Make it good, kids. Concentrate on the things that really count!"

They were halfway back to town before Allen spoke. "It's only seven," he said. "How would you like to spend the rest of the evening, Miss Powell, honey?"

She thought a moment. "It's been a long time since we've seen Peg and Dale Wentworth."

"You suppose they still have that beat-up old word game?"

"I'm sure of it."

Allen grinned. "Tonight we'll beat 'em, honey. Start thinking of words beginning with Zs." . . . THE END

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## Young Couple's Ordeal



(Continued from page 45)

doors, I saw Mother. I screamed, not loud, but it just kept coming from me and I couldn't catch my breath. They led me right up to her, but I turned my head away and just caught a glimpse of her out of the corner of my eye. Then they said, 'Is this your mother, Dorothy Campbell? Now open your eyes and look at her.' I just nodded, but they told me I had to answer aloud. So I said, 'Yes.' Then they let me go."

Barbara was taken back to the station. There she found that all her friends and those of her mother were sitting around, waiting to be questioned. Russ, Barbara learned, had been under interrogation for hours.

He had been taken into custody early in the afternoon. Two detectives had approached young Ericksen while he was on his lunch hour at the playground where he worked as a recreation leader. Although he was not being arrested, he was put up against a wall and searched for concealed weapons.

"It was right out on the street," Russ recalls. "I had my Park Department uniform on, and people were staring."

This public "frisking" of a person with no police record and no charge against him contrasts sharply with the

following official admonition: "Detectives shall be careful in their inquiries not to endanger unnecessarily the reputation of any person who may be the subject of an investigation. They shall at all times be courteous or considerate in speech and manner."

The interrogation of the young man, which began in the afternoon, did not end until 2 A.M. the following morning. Police interrogations often go on hour after hour, day after day, constantly rehashing the same information. The detectives operate in relays; after one finishes, another starts. The police premise is simple. Under constant questioning, the coolest liar is likely to contradict himself. Many cases have been cracked this way.

It should be kept in mind, however, that the questioning of Barbara Campbell and Russell Ericksen during the 16-day period from January 29th until February 14th was based in principle on their voluntary co-operation. No charge whatever had been made against either one.

After the first round of questioning, the police had the task of assaying the situation. Unknown to the young couple, there was more than a single murder involved. During the preceding weeks, there had been several attacks on women in the same area of Brooklyn.

At 2 A.M. on January 11th, for example, as Mrs. Mary Rasmussen, 33, returned from a party, she was approached outside her home by a young man who had got out of a green car. He asked if she would go with him for a glass of beer. When she turned to enter the house, he sprang at her from behind, knocked her

down and then rushed off as she lay there screaming. Mrs. Rasmussen had described him as a tall young man, light-haired and husky, who wore a leather jacket. Since a witness claimed to have seen Mrs. Campbell early Saturday morning with a tall, blond man, there seemed to be a link between the cases.

This general description fitted Russell Ericksen. He was an inch over six feet tall, weighed 165 pounds, had fair skin and blond hair. But his car was gray, not green.

There were other facts for the police to consider. By their own admission, Barbara and Russ had returned home at almost the exact time that Mrs. Campbell might have been expected to arrive. There was, of course, Barbara's account of her 'phone call, which found Russ in his home 15 minutes after he had left her, but this could not be proved, and she might have been lying to protect him.

The police could not understand the daughter's long delay in reporting her mother's disappearance. They doubted her explanation of why she had not gone as far as Narrows Avenue in looking for the car. They believed that the insurance policies on the kitchen table were evidence that financial gain was a motive for the killing.

They also had another motive in mind. They knew that Mrs. Campbell had upbraided Russell and Barbara for returning home late, and—as the reference to the Gresh case and a later statement from the district attorney make clear—they suspected that Mrs. Campbell had been angry, not because of the hours the couple kept, but because of their relationship.

When detectives called at the Campbell apartment on Wednesday morning, one of them told Barbara's aunt, who had come down from Poughkeepsie, that Russell and Barbara were "suspects number one and two."

The detectives' visit, as they explained, was to arrange for a formal identification of Mrs. Campbell's body, as required by law before an autopsy can be performed. The aunt insisted that Barbara be spared and that she herself fulfill the responsibility.

When they arrived at the morgue, Barbara remained outside. A few minutes later, the detectives returned and told her she would have to view her mother's battered body a second time. In subsequent statements to newspapers, Barbara Campbell maintained that she had been forced to do this because the police hoped to undermine her morale. And, according to an official at the Kings County Medical Examiner's Office, the fact is that the only identification necessary was that of the dead woman's sister.

Afterward, when she was alone with her aunt, Barbara asked whether she ought to hire a lawyer.

"Why?" the older woman responded. "Have you anything to hide?"

By an understandable coincidence, the same subject was discussed that morning at the Ericksens'. After Russ, at breakfast, had recounted the previous day's events, his parents became very much upset. They called a relative who is a civil attorney to ask his advice. This

man, distracted by pressing problems at that moment, merely suggested that, if any further trouble developed, they shouldn't hesitate to call him again.

Accordingly, Mr. Ericksen told his son he had no real need of a lawyer. "Just co-operate with the police," he said. "You have nothing to fear."

On Wednesday afternoon, detectives again questioned Barbara and Russ separately. They were reminded that they were forbidden to see one another, or even to talk over the telephone.

This enforced separation was particularly hard on Barbara. For months not a day had gone by that she and Russ hadn't been together. Now, with the shock of her mother's murder and the sessions of police questioning to strain her nerves, she was without the support of the one person who could bring her some measure of comfort.

The following evening Barbara and her aunt went to the funeral chapel to see her mother. Mrs. Campbell's skull had been fractured in at least six places. The murder weapon had been a pair of pliers. The killer had literally stabbed her with the pliers in what must have been an act of savage rage. Even a skilled mortician could not conceal the damage.

As Barbara tried to regain her composure, detectives entered the funeral chapel and told her she would have to come along for further questioning. Once outside, the girl's control gave way. "Why don't you leave me alone?" she cried. "Do you have to wait for another murder before you go out and catch the murderer?"

Her words eventually proved prophetic.

Barbara and her aunt were questioned from 8:30 P.M. until 1 A.M. Then they were permitted to go home to await the funeral.

For young Ericksen, the day had been one exhausting round of interrogation. Team after team of detectives had hammered away at him, insisting that he confess. They attempted to convince him that testimony from other men could blacken Barbara's character. But he steadily maintained his innocence and he was released after midnight. On Saturday, with police permission, Barbara's aunt took her to Poughkeepsie, where she stayed for a week. The following Friday she returned to New York and met Russ in a Brooklyn park. Fifteen minutes after their meeting, detectives picked them up for further questioning.

This interrogation lasted eight hours. There were the same questions as in the past, and the same refrain. "If you know anything, why don't you tell us?" Russ was forced to look at photographs of Mrs. Campbell's battered face, and when he glanced away, he was taunted for letting his "guilty conscience" bother him.

As the night dragged on, Barbara sat with Mr. Ericksen beside her on a bench outside the detectives' squad room where Russ was being questioned. Finally, she turned to the plainclothesman guarding her and asked if she could go.

"Not until we're through with you," he replied.

"I'm tired," Barbara cried, "and I want to go now."

Mr. Ericksen and Barbara agree on

what followed. As she got up from the bench, the detective seized her by the arm and snapped, "You stay where you are!" He then forced her to sit down again.

The police deny that this illegal act took place.

Back at the Ericksens', Barbara was terrified at the idea of spending the night alone in her apartment. Mrs. Ericksen insisted that she stay with them. Barbara was given Russell's basement room, and he slept on a cot upstairs. This arrangement was to continue for two weeks.

On Monday, they were questioned again. But what upset Barbara most that day wasn't the interrogation. It was a letter she received from her aunt. In it the older woman declared that she wasn't absolutely certain that Barbara had told the police all she knew. This hurt the girl deeply.

Behind that letter, as the remorseful aunt later made clear to her niece, were suspicions planted by homicide detectives. The aunt said she had been told that Barbara had shown no emotion on first viewing her mother's body. She had been told of gossip about the young couple's relationship. She had been led to believe that the police possessed evidence which would convict young Ericksen of her sister's murder, and that if Barbara "co-operated," she would be spared.

Barbara decided to meet this problem head on. The next morning, she drove to Poughkeepsie with Russ. "Aunt Sally didn't even know him," she explained. "I was sure that, once she met him, she'd have other ideas."

Barbara was right, and never again was she without the full support of her relatives—not even when the situation seemed hopelessly dark, as it was to seem in 48 hours.

The couple returned to Brooklyn late Wednesday night. At 10 A.M. on Thursday morning, detectives rang the bell. They assured Mrs. Ericksen that they wouldn't keep Russ and Barbara too long. When the couple came out, one detective told Russ to go back for a leather jacket that he often wore. Then they all went to the Fort Hamilton station.

On the second floor of the precinct headquarters are two squad rooms where most interrogations take place. Russ found himself in one of these. He was ordered to put on his jacket and repeat certain phrases many times. "How about a beer?" was one. "Let's go to a bar on Green Street" was another.

He realized, then, that someone was watching him from the other squad room through a peephole in the wall.

After considerable questioning, he was made to stand among four detectives. Then a woman walked in, pointed at him and said, "Yes, he's the man. I'd know him anywhere."

Thus was Russell Ericksen identified by Mrs. Mary Rasmussen as the man who had assaulted her on the night of January 11th. It had taken the police 16 days to have this witness confront this suspect, a curious delay.

The method by which the boy was picked out was a parody of the customary

police identification procedure known as a line-up. In this, a suspect stands with other men of varying descriptions, and a witness is given the opportunity to single him out. To place a blond man in a leather jacket among four dark men in ordinary suits when a leather-jacketed blond man is being sought does not make for objective identification. If, in addition, the witness has been allowed to study the suspect just prior to this perfunctory line-up, the outcome is foreordained.

Ensuing developments, as described independently by Barbara Campbell and Russell Ericksen, also reflect badly on the police.

"A detective came over," Barbara recalls, "and said, 'We're going to book Russ. We're going to hang him. And you'll be booked before the day is over, too.' He didn't tell me this had anything to do with that woman. The detective wanted me to think Russ and I were going to be held for my mother's murder."

"It was like suddenly realizing that the hole the man in front of you is digging is going to be your grave. I said, 'What's going on?' and he said, 'We'll tell you when we want to.'"

"Then, for the first time, I said right out that I wanted a lawyer. And he said to me—I'll give you his exact words—he said, 'We'll give you a lawyer when we think you need one. Now, come on, why don't you confess?'"

"I couldn't stand it any more. I'd been feeling sorry for myself all along, but now everything seemed to fall on me. If they took Russ to jail, where would I go? I couldn't stay at his house, and I wouldn't stay at my own, so I might just as well stay where I was."

"I wished I were dead. Then I'd have been out of it, and everybody else would feel sorry. And I decided that it would be better if I were in jail instead of Russ—he'd suffered on my account. So I said 'You want a confession? All right, here it is!'"

Barbara scribbled her "confession" on a cheap yellow pad. She wrote that she had taken her dog down for a walk that night, had encountered her mother and quarreled over money and that then she had killed her. But the confession was so inconsistent with the facts that the police could not seriously consider it.

It was shown to an assistant district attorney who was taking part in young Ericksen's interrogation, and he told Barbara that he didn't believe it. "But we can hold you on it and use it against you if we choose to," he warned.

By 2 P.M. Barbara was hungry and asked that she and Russ be given something to eat. The request was denied. A half hour later, the girl got up from her bench, walked to the door of the squad room in which Russ was being held and asked him for money so that she could go out for food. The detective at the door seized her.

"He was an inspector," Barbara asserts, "over six feet tall, heavy-set. I was furious by then, and I said, 'Take your hands off me!' He raised his hand, and I ducked, but somehow he hit my glasses so that the frame dug into my face before they went flying."

That evening Russ was booked. Bar-

bara was held at the precinct house until 7 P.M., when she watched Russ being fingerprinted. Then they let her walk home, alone.

So ended Valentine's Day, 1957.

Next morning, finally represented by a lawyer, Russell Ericksen appeared in court. The assistant district attorney who was presenting the state's case stressed that the boy was a suspect in the Campbell murder and that he might have committed "at least eight" attacks on women.

On Tuesday, after having been behind bars for five days, Russ went free on \$5,000 bail. On the way home, he stopped off at the park to leave word that he would be reporting back on his job. A Park Department custodian met him and said bluntly, "The boss says to tell you, you're fired as of today."

On the attorney's advice, Barbara returned to her own apartment. During the next four days, she lived on a topsyturvy schedule, doing housework most of the night to keep herself busy, sleeping most of the day. She saw no one in all this time. Russ stayed at home, recovering from a cold, and none of her friends knew she was back in the apartment. Her telephone had been cut off because she could not pay her bill. The isolation was complete, and it grew intolerable.

On Sunday, she went out and called Russ. "Please come up," she asked.

They spent the afternoon relaxing in their favorite fashion, listening to jazz records. This was the day—February 24th—that Russ looked at Barbara for a long moment, then leaned forward to kiss her gently and say, "I guess we'll be getting married soon."

Barbara, talking of this several months later, said with a smile, "Isn't it silly that, as soon as we'd said we were going to get married, the world seemed like a nice place to be again?"

The weeks that followed, however, were not the happiest. The two rarely went out of the house. Each time they did, they suspected that the police were following them. Their suspicions were later confirmed. But, as it turned out, the fact that detectives kept them constantly under surveillance was to strengthen their case.

On April 13th, an attractive 18-year-old named Alice McCann was walking toward her home. It was late. As she hurried along the block where she lived, the street seemed deserted. Suddenly, from a green sedan parked at the curb, someone leaped out and grabbed her. She screamed and fought back, kicking and scratching. An aunt who resides in the same house heard her cries, and when this woman shouted at the attacker, he fled. Alice McCann's description of him was all too familiar to the police—tall, blond, in his early 20's, about 200 pounds.

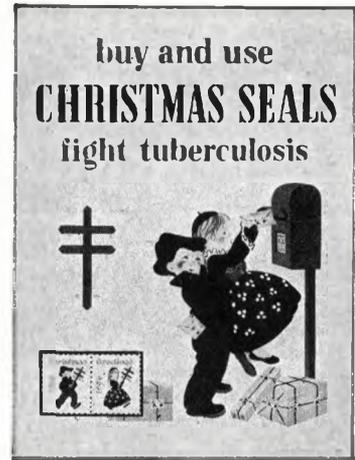
The detectives who had been keeping Russell Ericksen under close watch, could testify that he had been at home that night.

Four days later, the sergeant on desk duty at the Fort Hamilton precinct answered the 'phone shortly before midnight and heard a woman shouting, "A girl is screaming on 94th Street near Marine Avenue! She's in trouble!"



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Two radio cars raced to the spot and there police found a young girl lying unconscious in the gutter. She had been beaten over the head and then apparently dumped from a car. She died a few hours later. The police threw every man they could spare into the area. A chief of detectives took personal charge, directing more than 60 investigators. But these were not the men who finally trapped the terrorist.

In the very heart of the section where the series of crimes had occurred lived 33-year-old James G. Dillon. On the floor below lived Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Higgins and their 22-year-old son, Thomas J. Higgins, who worked as an oil-burner repairman for a local fuel-oil company.

On the morning of April 20th Jim Dillon stood in front of his apartment house talking to Mrs. Higgins about the only subject being discussed in their neighborhood, the murder of the 19-year-old girl, Patricia Ruland.

"Who could do such a thing?" Mrs. Higgins asked. "Have they any idea what he looks like?"

Jim Dillon was about to repeat the description the newspapers had given, but he stopped short, excused himself and went upstairs. Dillon knew the man the police were seeking.

He called the police and reported that he knew a tall, blond young man, 22 years old, whose company let him use a green sedan on the job. His name was Higgins.

Thomas Joseph Higgins admitted his guilt as soon as he was taken into custody that morning. He confessed that he had murdered not only Patricia Ruland, but Dorothy Campbell as well, and that one

of the eight women he had attacked was Mary Rasmussen. As of this writing, he is awaiting trial for murder.

On April 26, 1957, a Kings County grand jury dismissed the assault indictment against Russell Ericksen. He was now free to return to his job, in which he had been reinstated. He and Barbara were married in September.

But the cost must be reckoned. Financially, the mistaken suspicions of the police resulted in a loss to the Ericksen family of \$1,300 in legal fees, lost wages and incidental expenses. Psychologically, the damage is incalculable. The world will never be the same for Barbara Campbell and the Ericksens. They now know how easy it is to be trapped on the wrong side of the line that divides justice from persecution.

Of the many lessons to be learned from a case of this kind, there are two which—from the point of view of the average law-abiding citizen—have particular importance. 1. Any person who has neither been arrested nor declared a material witness and who is detained for questioning by the police legally has the right to leave whenever he chooses. 2. Any person who is detained by the police against his will has the right to be represented by a lawyer and need not answer any questions until such representation has been arranged. The idea that only a guilty person requires a lawyer is a dangerous one. Anyone suspected of a crime urgently needs legal advice.

Knowledge of these two principles alone would have spared Barbara Campbell and Russell Ericksen much of the

unhappiness they endured. But the injustice goes beyond their personal suffering and points to the challenge facing police officers throughout the country. As New York Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy has written:

"The success of a police force in the performance of its duties is largely measured by the degree of support and co-operation it receives from the people of the community which it serves. It is of paramount importance to secure for this department the confidence, respect and approbation of the public. The cultivation of such desirable attitudes is dependent on proper performance of duty by *all* the members of this department."

The failure of a police force has been expressed in these words of Barbara Campbell. "If anything happened to me now, I'd hesitate to call the police. I wouldn't know where to turn for help. It's a frightening thought." . . . THE END

*A copy of this article was sent to the New York City Police Department with a request for any information that might reflect on its accuracy and fairness. It was returned by a Deputy Commissioner with the comment, "It is the feeling of the Police Department that we would rather not engage in any controversy concerning the case mentioned." The reason given was that the trial of Thomas Higgins was still pending. The reader will have to judge for himself the degree of responsibility and fairness with which the Department conducted the investigation of Barbara Campbell and Russell Ericksen—and the degree of responsibility it has shown in refusing to make public any other possible facts of the case.*

—THE EDITORS

## Our Most Confusing Feelings

(Continued from page 39)

know was acting badly one day, but her mother was too preoccupied in reading the mail to stop her. The child played with forbidden things in the living room, threw ash trays on the floor and finally climbed onto the piano and walked up and down on its polished surface. When even this drew no notice, she looked really distraught. At last she shouted, "Mommy! Mommy! Why don't you come spank me?"

Spanking is even cautiously prescribed as temporary therapy in some excellent hospitals where problem children are treated. An occasional child, filled with a sense of his own badness, can go to sleep only after he is gently and lovingly scolded with a little play-spanking thrown in to relieve his anxiety and make him feel his day's sins have been atoned for.

As a child grows, he begins to gain self-control and keeps in his head the mass of parental commands and directives. He struggles with the forbidden impulses and conquers most of them. When he fails to, he is haunted by his misdeeds and either tells on himself or manages to let them be discovered in

order to have the cleansing ritual of punishment. He has, in other words, acquired a conscience—an inner voice that speaks for his parents and will come also to represent God, the law and the morals of society.

In order to become social, self-controlled, loving creatures, we have to learn to repress or redirect many of our basic impulses—anger, greed, selfishness, free-wheeling sexual interest and the like. We live, not according to impulse, but guided by a set of goals and precepts. But the old impulses are always within us; when they rise to the level of random thought or when they emerge unexpectedly in the form of some harsh word or cruel action, they put us in conflict with our conscience. Guilt feelings are the immediate result; they are the controlling factor that makes us restrain ourselves and try to heed our conscience.

It is a curious paradox that conscience and guilt, which have been so useful in the development of our civilization, are often the focal point of personal unhappiness. Their role should be to aid people in living a satisfactory life but many of us, leading decent lives, suffer from what seems like excessive guilt.

Some sociologists and anthropologists believe that the reason lies in the rapid growth of our culture. Dr. Margaret Mead, for instance, points out that we live in a period "when social change is taking place faster than can possibly be registered in the character structure of those who must live within the changing order."

In most of previous history children were reared in almost the same world in which their parents had grown up. The ideals, the morals and the courtesies taught to them became a conscience that was entirely suitable to the life they led when they grew up.

Today this is no longer true. Everything about us alters, proceeds, reverses or grows at bewildering speed. Our approach to child-rearing, for instance, has undergone several revolutions in the past 30 years. The shape and size of the family have been radically modified in 50 years. Dating and courting customs of today's teen-agers are baffling even to adults only 10 years away from that time of life. In the modern suburbs, people have worked out a whole set of folkways and manners strange to city-dwellers of the 1930's. The plane, the car and the television set have totally reconstructed our habits of work, travel and play.

What this means is that today's young adults have implanted in their unconscious minds a set of beliefs and commandments that were right for the world of their parents a generation ago, but are in conflict with contemporary living patterns.

It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, our consciences may often be instruments of trouble, rather than guides to satisfying social behavior. But, with some care and thought, the average person can learn to reduce those guilt feelings which are out of reasonable proportion to his actual deeds.

During World War II and the Korean conflict, Army psychiatrists were able to salvage the great bulk of men who collapsed of "combat neurosis." Most of them were able to go back to the front lines in fighting condition within a day or two. The method called for a few hours of talk and explanation. The soldier was reassured that it is normal to feel fear and the desire to retreat to safety. Most men can endure knowing they are imperfect when they realize that imperfection is universal.

Front-line psychiatry also involved letting the soldier "talk it out"—a process psychiatrists value because, if properly guided, it not only lets the troubled man discharge some of his tensions verbally, but gets his fears out of the subconscious to where he can think about them and control them.

In the same way, by bringing our guilt feelings to the surface and examining them, we can often become realistic about our conduct. Sometimes we may decide that our conscience was right and that we should change some part of the pattern of our lives. But often we will conclude that the automatic, unthinking voice of childhood is not always as good a guide as the rational intellect of maturity. An experience of mine four years ago made this forcefully clear to me.

One Monday I received a letter that summoned me to appear in Philadelphia to hear my father's will. While he was dying, the thought had come to me that I would soon inherit several thousand dollars, and I began to daydream about what I'd do with it; then, shocked at myself, I had violently banished the thoughts from my mind.

The morning after the letter arrived, I went to the station, bought my ticket and walked down to the train platform. Suddenly I was overwhelmed by pain and nausea. I made my way back to the waiting room and sank onto a bench, swallowing and gasping, too weak even to head for the washroom. I thought over what I'd eaten the night before, but could find no obvious reason for the attack.

Almost an hour later—two Philadelphia trains had gone, and I was no better—a startling idea occurred to me.

It wasn't food that had turned my stomach, but hunger for my father's money. I was greedy to find out how much I would get, and my stomach was turning upside down with guilt and self-loathing.

The result was astonishing. As I realized these things and thought them out sanely, the nausea began to fade. Of course, I had loved my father. Of course, I felt greedy desire; any normal person would. Of course, Dad wanted me to have part of his money and to enjoy it. Yet I felt guilty because somewhere each of us holds the belief that, in wanting to inherit something, we must have wished also that its owner were dead.

I have learned since then that in our society we cannot avoid guilt feelings. But I have also learned that, by examining our guilt as I had done, we can help avoid feelings that are disproportionate to our thoughts and deeds. Most important of all, perhaps, I have come to know that parents can do much to shape a useful kind of conscience for their children.

A child whose parents are too stern, too demanding, too ready to shame him for every fault or failure or burst of temper can easily become an adult with a painfully overactive conscience. He never feels he is working hard enough. He is never satisfied for more than a day or so with any achievement or advancement. He is never sure that people really like him, and he thinks that most troubles that arise in his life must be his own fault. He feels the crushing weight of continual disapproval and supposes that it is the world that disapproves of him but, of course, it is he himself. Hoping for acceptance, he may even actively seek punishment—although he doesn't realize that's what he is doing—by driving recklessly until he has an accident, or drinking too much at an important party and making a fool of himself.

Whatever we ourselves may be, our children are acquiring the basis for their future feelings of guilt right now. Their freedom from a crippling conscience depends on the extent to which we make them feel decent and loved, rather than naughty and nasty. Conscience is a useful thing—but a little of it goes a long way. . . . THE END

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Redhook magazine, published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for October 1, 1957.

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Wade H. Nichols, Publisher

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## "We Took These Children"



(Continued from page 35) good at waiting." Panic replaced patience, however, the day that Dot celebrated her 30th birthday and she realized that, in a few years, she and Hank would be ineligible because of age. "We gave up the idea of adopting an infant. We told the agencies we'd adopt a child of any age," she recalls. But none was offered.

Reluctantly they approached the "gray market." They were given the

name of a physician who, they were told, sometimes arranged for the adoption of unwanted babies. When they went to see him, he adroitly steered them to an attorney who said that the fee for services in the matter would be \$1,000.

"We just didn't have the money," Dot said. "Besides, we were afraid to risk it. We thought the baby might be snatched away from us even if we did get it."

While sitting under a hair dryer in a beauty parlor, Dot learned of the work of the International Social Service, which finds adoptive homes for war orphans and refugees. She wrote to this organization, received an application blank, filled it out and sent it away. Nothing happened.

Hank said, "We heard of a little Navajo boy who needed a home. We dropped everything and went to get him. It was too late. Someone else had taken him."

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Meanwhile, Loey Ringquist, a friend of the Colemans, was vacationing in the West Indies. Wandering through the main plaza of Puerto Plata, a medium-sized city in the Dominican Republic, she encountered three barefooted youngsters selling bananas. One had the face of an angel and courtly good manners. He told her his name was Rafael. His smile was enchanting. She bought 17 cents worth of bananas—more than she could eat in a week. With a pang of pity she noticed that, when his two friends scampered happily away, he stumped after them on twisted, horribly misshapen clubfeet.

"I couldn't get that child's face out of my mind," Miss Ringquist related. "I kept thinking that something ought to be done for him. Then, when I got home, I heard that the Colemans were still looking for a child."

She telephoned them. Dot Coleman said, "We'll take him. Just get him."

Back went a letter to an American woman friend in Puerto Plata, asking her to locate a clubfooted urchin named Rafael and find out whether he was available for adoption by an American couple.

The reply came promptly and was brusque with sensible advice. The child was a citizen of the Dominican Republic and needed a visa and a quota number to get into the U.S. A sizable bond would have to be posted to guarantee that he would not become a public charge. Orthopedic surgery is expensive and there was no assurance that it would do any good. The child had one living parent, his mother, who was very poor and had two other children. The child spoke no English and there was no way to know whether he would make a good adjustment to a foreign environment.

The Colemans wrote again, saying that they wanted Rafael even if his condition could not be corrected and they'd take their chances on the rest.

The following day Dot received a call from a Salt Lake City welfare officer who told her that a young boy was now available for adoption.

"He's 12—a little old for you and Hank," the welfare officer said. "Also he's sort of a delinquent. His mother and stepfather brought him to Juvenile Court and said that he was so bad they couldn't manage him and that they didn't want him any longer."

"We'll take him!" Dot said. She went home to Hank and told him, "It's raining children."

Dicky arrived in May of 1955. He was a slender, freckle-faced, anxious-eyed youngster, extremely tall for his age. His conversation was bright, lively and humorous. The Colemans warmed toward him with a rapidity that astonished them both.

For public purposes, the Colemans have altered Dicky's first name. He had been removed from the custody of his natural mother by welfare-department action. In bitterly cold weather he had appeared at school barefoot. It was discovered that he had been locked out of the house while his mother worked, been forced to sleep in the family automobile and, for disciplinary reasons, been tied beneath his bed for a week. Now he belonged to Dot and Henry Coleman. They were appalled to discover that their adopted son already smoked cigarettes.

Dicky promptly disappeared. His adoptive parents, like normal parents, became alarmed—then frantic. They scoured the neighborhood and, reluctantly, called the police. Dicky, riding his bicycle, was located on a road leading out of town. He seemed genuinely astonished.

"I was only on an exploring trip," he said.

This was the first hint of the trouble to come. Dot and Hank shrugged it off.

"I think most parents would have done the same," Hank said. "It seemed pretty normal for a 12-year-old boy to sneak a few cigarettes and then run away because he was scolded."

"We were prepared to put up with a lot more than that from Dicky. We knew what he'd been through. We'd read enough psychology to know that he was expected to use the love and security we offered him to express his resentment about his past. Still, the smoking bothered us. We didn't seem able to stop it. We were concerned, too, that he smoked in secret. He would swipe our cigarettes and, if necessary, even steal them from our neighbors. Then he'd lie about it. We spanked him, but it didn't help."

"We told each other that the situation was out of Dicky's control. I think we were right. What we failed to do was to recognize it as one of a number of alarming symptoms that were developing at that time. But we loved Dicky with all our hearts. We told each other that, if we could only make him feel that way, too, everything would work out."

Dicky had been with the Colemans about three months when they received word that Rafael was on his way. A doctor in the Dominican Republic had examined his feet and said they could probably be straightened. The Shriners' Hospital in Salt Lake City had agreed to accept him as a patient.

It took Rafael's mother two days to make the final decision. She wept, she prayed and she consulted her numerous relatives. Then, like every good mother, she followed the advice of her heart. She said, "How can I stand in his way? Of course, he must go!" And she signed the papers.

Back in neighboring Aspen, Colorado, Loey Ringquist was busy trying to raise funds to pay for Rafael's journey. One night Loey and her friends put on a benefit concert and dance. Receipts, minus expenses, were \$650—more than enough to bring Rafael to the United States.

By United States standards, Rafael was an exceptionally underprivileged child. He scarcely knew the taste of meat and could not readily distinguish between pork chop and steak. The only healthful beverage he was familiar with was an occasional howl of goat's milk. He had never seen a doctor. He had never slept on a bed, seen a modern bathroom or been to school. Instead, he had worked in a factory as a candlemaker, for which he earned a dollar a week. It was also discovered that there was very little sight remaining in his left eye.

Yet he had been blessed with one outstanding asset—a warm, loving, gentle mother. She had reared him in poverty and ignorance and done a job the most psychologically-conscious United States mother might envy. From the time of his arrival in Salt Lake City, it was apparent

that Rafael was, in adoptive agency parlance, a "secure" child. He was cheerful, optimistic, outgoing, affectionate, generous and curious. Within 15 minutes he was calling Dot and Hank "Mamma" and "Daddy." Moving briskly on his twisted feet, he promptly put his room in perfect order, arranging it to suit himself.

Shriners' Hospital physicians looked him over and said that they thought surgery could give his feet a normal appearance and about 85 per cent movement.

Two successive operations were necessary to remove wedges of excess bone from Rafael's ankle structure. The after-effects of the surgery were painful. When the anesthetic wore off, he clung to his adoptive mother and wept. She leaned over the rail of his hospital bed.

"Look at your feet," she whispered, raising the blanket. The child looked. His feet were pointing straight ahead. He stopped crying.

Rafael spent three months at the hospital, convalescing in a wheel chair and attending a physiotherapy clinic. There the Colemans heard good news. Rafael would be able to dance, play tennis, do anything except wiggle his feet sideways.

One crisp, autumn morning a heavy, official-looking envelope arrived bearing the return address of the International Social Service. Dot ripped it open. After a minute she cried, "Here we go again!"

A seven-year-old Greek girl, the letter said, had been chosen for the Colemans, according to information and instructions furnished by them to the organization in their recent application.

"Recent!" Dot exclaimed, thinking of the months that had passed since she dashed home from the beauty parlor to write her first letter. It never occurred to either Dorothy or Hank to refuse the child. Her personal history was the most discouraging of the three. She had been delivered by the police to a Greek foundling home when only a few days old. A note pinned to her blanket stated only that she had not been baptized.

Two attempts to place her in foster homes in her native city of Petras had failed. The letter warned that the child was disobedient and independent, but added that careful screening had revealed no serious emotional problems.

Dina, the newest Coleman child, was bundled into a reconverted cargo plane along with dozens of other prospective adoptees and flown west. Dot Coleman arrived early at the airport and waited patiently in a cold, high wind for hours. As the plane taxied up to the ramp and spilled out its cramped, bewildered occupants, she got down on her knees and held out her arms to the slender little waif who was pointed out as hers.

"I had an idea that Greek people were very emotional and demonstrative," Dot told us, "and I wanted to be sure to do the right thing. I felt like it, too. But instead of rushing into my arms, the child hacked away and then stood very still, like a scared animal that didn't know which way to run. Her eyes were great big saucers of fright. Her expression was one of disgust and horror."

The child submitted some minutes later to being led away at Dot's side. She refused to take Dot's hand and she pulled her worn coat tightly around her so that

their clothing did not touch. Months later the Colemans learned that Dina had never before seen a red-haired, fair-skinned, freckle-faced person. In her experience, spattered marks on the face and a pale complexion came only with typhoid or some other dreaded disease.

Dina sat fearfully on the edge of a chair in stolid silence. She refused supper. When Dot showed her to her own room and tucked her into bed, she dodged a kiss by turning her face to the wall. She had not uttered a syllable since her arrival in the United States.

For breakfast, Dot served her a sliced orange. Dina ate it obediently, then vomited violently. She was ill for three days. A hastily-summoned physician ascribed it to an attack of nerves.

"It was weird," Hank said. "Dot and I would be looking at television late at night and all of a sudden we'd look up and see her standing in the doorway, watching us. If we smiled or spoke, she beat it back to her room."

One night the Colemans both awoke, startled to find that Dina had crawled in between them and was curled in a forlorn heap in the middle of their bed. They let her stay there. The performance was repeated the next night and the next. By day she was as impassive as ever.

"We'd read all the psychology books and we knew that children aren't supposed to sleep with their parents," Dot said. "But how did we know what Dina was used to? One thing was sure—she was slowly deciding that she needed us more than she feared us."

Christmas morning there was a flash of pajamas past their bedroom door and Dicky and Rafael were on their way downstairs. Their adoptive parents grinned sleepily and waved to them. They waved back. Suddenly Dina flung off the blankets and followed them. A moment later the Colemans heard peals of delighted laughter and a torrent of happy Greek. They found Dina sitting under the lighted tree, hugging a doll and singing. By that evening, she had learned a few stumbling English phrases. One of her first: "Other girls come from their mamma's stomachs. I come from aeroplane!"

Once satisfied that she was in safe hands, Dina cast loose the suppressed fury of her neglected years. She threw tantrums, stormed at the family in meaningless Greek, spit on the floor and kicked anyone who irritated her.

Terribly worried, Dot Coleman consulted an English-speaking Greek neighbor. She asked her how little girls of Dina's age were brought up in Greece.

"I think she like it much if you spank her," said the mother of eight.

Unwillingly, Dot administered corporal punishment the next time Dina misbehaved. Half an hour later, the child's Christmas doll received a resounding spanking. She explained to Dot, "Sheesa naughty girl. Sheesa run away. I let her go. I no care!"

Taking the cue, Dot begged her adopted daughter to let her doll come home. "You know how it is to be a mother," she said skilfully. "Sometimes children do naughty things. But you love them just the same."

Hank Coleman now found that his regular five-day work week was not profitable enough to support his new family.

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child. But when Dina and Rafael began to use some of those words, we knew it was true. We were afraid to let Dicky go into anyone else's home."

Dicky's attitude toward Dina startled and frightened the Colemans.

"He used to pick her up, whirl her around and throw her down on the ground," Dot said. "He punched her in the stomach. Once he hit her on the head so hard she complained of a headache all day.

"We told ourselves it was just rough play. We didn't dare complain. Our one idea was to keep Dicky out of trouble."

Hank decided he wasn't spending enough time with his elder son. Some of the Colemans' debts had been paid off. Hank quit his extra job and became a Boy Scout leader in order to foster healthy friendships for Dicky and to build a stronger father-son companionship.

"The time came when we had to decide whether to sign the final adoption papers for Dicky," Hank said. "I loved Rafael and Dina, but they seemed like babies. Dicky was my older son. He looked like me. He was growing up big and strong. Since all his problems seemed to be rooted in insecurity, I told Dot that, once he knew he was really ours, he would be all right. We signed the papers."

For a while it seemed as though Hank's prediction were right. During an early visit with the Colemans in Salt Lake

"You must remember that we had no chance to build up gradually to this business," Dot explained. "We had to buy three entire wardrobes, three sets of bedding, extra furniture and, of course, a basic minimum of books and playthings all at once. We were nearly swamped."

There was only one way out. Hank took an extra job. He worked in a restaurant kitchen on Friday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons.

"I didn't mind it," he said, "but I worried because I saw so little of the children. The whole load of parenthood fell on Dot. I felt she needed me."

It became increasingly clear that the children were not getting along well. Hank came home each evening to hear a recital of quarrels, crises and fistfights.

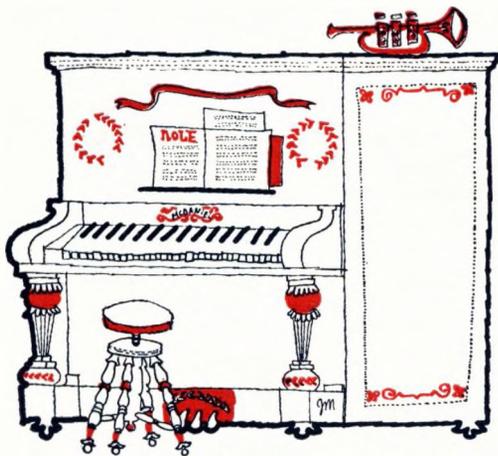
"We didn't know how much brothers and sisters of this age normally quarreled," Dot said. "We didn't know how much to allow for the fact that these three were still really strangers, not only to each other, but to us. We didn't know how much their unfortunate backgrounds figured into it. We needed some good professional advice. If we'd had it then, maybe everything would have been all right. But we couldn't afford to pay for it. We went to the Welfare Department and talked it over, but nothing they recommended seemed to work."

Reluctantly Dot and Hank realized that most of the trouble centered around Dicky. He was making excellent grades in school. His teachers told the Colemans that he was a very intelligent boy. At home he read a great deal, showed some musical ability. Yet the smoking continued and he lied easily and fluently.

"We tried to appeal to him by pointing out that liars were people who had something to fear," Dot said. "We kept assuring him that he was ours and that we would never be cruel to him or forget about him. But it didn't make a dent."

Rafael complained that Dicky stole his allowance. Dicky denied it, but could not explain the additional money in his possession. Large and small sums began to disappear from Dot's purse.

"I began to get complaints from the neighbors," Dot said. "First they said Dicky had taught all the kids on the block to smoke—from five-year-olds up. Then they said he taught them obscene language and referred to Hank and me in obscene terms. I thought they were prejudiced against Dicky because he was a welfare



## MUSIC FOR HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

Now that the holidays are about to involve us all in the year's merriest round of festivities, you're likely to be looking for some good records for dancing or party entertainment—either as Christmas gifts or for your collection.

For the majority of young adults the most enjoyable dance music is the big-band swing that got started in the thirties and is enjoying a happy revival today. The romantic side of the style, as it was set by its most popular leader, is beautifully displayed on an RCA-Victor LP, "Marvelous Miller Moods," made up of all-time favorites taken from radio broadcasts by the 45-piece Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band in 1943 and previously included in a five-record album. Although the tunes are all done with a swinging beat, it's a fairly slow and unvarying one. You'll find more change of pace in "The New Glenn Miller Orchestra in Hi-Fi," also RCA-Victor, in which drummer-leader Ray McKinley brings the tradition up to date and mixes sentiment with bounce.

Among the best of the new dance bands are those of Les Elgart and Ray Conniff, both on Columbia and both solidly rooted in swing. "For Dancers Also," the latest of a half-dozen fine sets by Elgart, offers a dozen old favorites at mixed tempos—never too fast or too slow, and always with foot-propelling effect. Conniff's first album, "S Wonderful," came out some months ago, but remains one of the brightest dance sets to be found, with a strong but not overbearing beat and a brilliant use of "new sounds" made by vocal chorus, instruments and electronic tricks. His latest, "Dance the Bop!" is not named for bop music, but for a teen-age dance craze, for which he provides a program dominated by the heavy accents of rock 'n' roll. Conniff imparts as nice a polish to the style as anyone has to date, and an illustrated how-to-dance-it booklet is included, making the set a good gift

for light-footed youngsters on your list.

Of the few danceable productions of the cool school of jazz, RCA-Victor's "The Complete Tony Scott" is a current front runner. Scott, a Goodman-inspired clarinetist, is surrounded by a bunch of playmates of the progressive persuasion whose solos often seem better suited to listening than to dancing, but there's a beat behind all they do, whether it's a foot-dragging blues or a lightly jumping number.

For those whose favorite pace is the dreamy one that goes with "mood music," one of the four new Columbia sets might be just the thing. Each devotes two disks to the music (without lyrics) of one popular composer—George Gershwin, by Percy Faith; Jerome Kern, by Paul Weston; Richard Rodgers, by Andre Kostelanetz; and Cole Porter, by Michel Legrand. Fans of the first three leaders will be familiar enough with their styles to need no further recommendation. Legrand, a young French maestro, is similarly devoted to lush arrangements full of sweeping strings, but he adds some subdued touches of the cool.

An excellent new package of middle-ground jazz—neither old-style hot nor new-style cool—is Epic's "Braff!!" by Ruby Braff, a young trumpeter whose tremendous technique, imagination and feeling make him comparable to such earlier prodigies as Bix Beiderbecke and Bunny Berigan. By turns forceful and impassioned, thoughtful and mellowly lyrical, he heads a band of costars who play with unflinching teamwork and exuberance on a dozen swinging performances at good dance tempos.

For pure listening fun, Columbia's "Ere's 'Olloway," a collection of Cockney-accented songs by Stanley Holloway of "My Fair Lady" fame, is one of those rare albums of vocal humor that just about everybody will find entertaining even after several listenings.

City, we accompanied Dot and her children to a clinic where they were to receive polio shots. The Coleman youngsters marched up to the nurse in a businesslike manner, held out their arms and took the injections without a murmur.

We went across the street to a soda fountain and everyone ordered double ice-cream sodas. Dicky showed me a ribbon he'd won in athletics. Dina played "White Christmas" on a juke box.

Dicky's choice was the ballad, "Wayward Wind." He sat listening thoughtfully to the lyrics that spoke of a "lonely shack by a railroad track."

Rafael and Dina were dancing. She said, "I gonna marry you, Rafael."

He answered, "Don't be silly; you can't marry your brother."

For a few short weeks, the Colemans were a happy, devoted family.

Dot said, "Then it started again—Dicky's attacks on Dina. One morning they were out in the front yard. He picked up a heavy stick and started beating her. I rushed outside. Dicky is big for his age. I had a hard time getting the stick away from him. He kept hitting Dina. I was terrified. When I finally got the stick, I was so hysterical I hit him two or three times. Then I rushed into the house with Dina in my arms. I was afraid her skull was fractured. I telephoned Hank. He came home from work. I went to pieces."

Hank Coleman soothed his little girl and tried to comfort his wife. Then he talked to his newly adopted son for an hour, trying to impress on him the seriousness of what he had done.

"Dicky just sat there and listened," Hank said. "He showed no remorse. He didn't say he was sorry. He didn't say he'd never do it again. When I was finished, he just got up and walked away."

Bedtime for Dina Coleman, now aged eight, and Rafael, 10, was 9:30 p.m. Dicky was sent upstairs at ten. When the Colemans went to bed at eleven a few evenings later, they stepped into each child's room, as was their custom, to see that windows were open and blankets secure. Rafael was sleeping soundly. They passed on to Dina's room. She had her fingers propped against her eyelids. She said she was doing it so that she wouldn't fall asleep.

Dot said, "I thought she was ill. She is an uncomplaining child and you have to pay close attention to her. When I asked what was the matter, she burst into tears and threw her arms around me. She kept saying, 'Dicky is a bad boy!' We tried to explain to her that Dicky sometimes did naughty things, but we would see that he did not hurt her again. She kept on talking..."

"Gradually the truth dawned on us. Dicky's molesting of Dina had not been solely in terms of beatings and kicks. Indeed, the physical punishment was only a secondary terrorism—designed to keep her from telling us what was really going on!

"There is no point in telling anyone what Hank and I went through that night. We lay awake staring at the cracked ceiling, holding hands and saying what we could to help one another.

"When morning came, we had agreed on one thing. Dicky must be got out of the house as soon as possible.

Somehow a horrible mistake had been made. He should not have been certified as fit for adoption. Our other two children had been neglected and underprivileged, but they were emotionally healthy. Dicky was ill. His early childhood experiences had damaged his personality far beyond the abilities of two simple, loving adoptive parents to repair. He needed professional help. *Meanwhile, he simply could not remain in a family where there were two younger children, one of them a little girl!*"

Dicky freely admitted the truth of the stories Dina related. When he was told that he had repeatedly tried to commit one of the most serious crimes known to law, he nodded thoughtfully, but offered no comment.

Welfare Department officials were sympathetic, but could not suggest an immediate solution. They pointed out that, since the child had been legally adopted by the Colemans, the agency was no longer directly responsible for him. They agreed that it would probably be a good idea to protect Dina by placing Dicky in a foster home, but said it would take time to find the right place.

The Colemans' family physician felt that time was running short. He told Hank that Dicky must leave their household immediately or Dot would suffer a nervous breakdown. The family minister agreed even more strongly. He urged the Colemans to consider their responsibility toward their two other children. A hurriedly consulted psychiatrist pointed out that the boy's symptoms indicated serious

disturbance and that, for his own safety, as well as that of the rest of the family, he should be institutionalized. He advised the distraught parents to go to juvenile authorities and have their older son placed in the County Detention Home.

Dot said, "There was just nothing else to do. It nearly killed us to tell Dicky, but he didn't blink an eye. He said, 'Okay,' and packed his things."

On the way down, Dicky and Hank stopped at a hamburger stand. The boy ate heartily, discussed baseball scores and left his adoptive father in the reception room of the Detention Home with a casual, "So long!"

He had been their son for nearly two years.

After serious discussion, the Colemans have decided to start legal proceedings to annul the adoption.

"Many people will criticize us," Dot says. "Horrible things like this happen every day to heartbroken mothers and fathers and they are not able legally to wash their hands of their own children. Maybe the courts won't let us do it, either. But in any case, Dicky will have to go into a public institution. He's got to have treatment and we can't pay for it on a private basis. We feel that our first concern is to repair and protect what's left of our family unit.

"We are told that there's a possibility that Dicky's mind may be deteriorating under the pressure of adolescence. If he is not treated, there may be even more serious violence in his future. On the other hand, if he yields to treatment and

is cured, it seems that it would be better for him to start out with another family. How could he ever have a normal brother-and-sister relationship with Dina after this?"

The Colemans have told their story because they know there are hundreds of thousands of couples like them who, for some reason, cannot adopt a child through the regular adoption agencies, yet desperately want children. They know that these would-be mothers and fathers are every day doing what they did—snatching at any child that needs a home and no questions asked.

"All most adoptive parents ask is a healthy body and a reasonably high I.Q.," Dot said. "So few think of the possibility of mental illness. *Adoptive parents should demand that extensive tests for mental health be made along with the other checkups by the public or private agency that is placing the child.*"

It will be a long time before the Colemans are as happy as they were that long-ago night when they gathered, a family of five, under their own roof for the first time. But, slowly, they are recovering their peace of mind. Dina no longer holds her eyes open with her fingers so that she will stay awake all night. Hank's homecomings are greeted with pleasant reports of the day's events. The big, old-fashioned house snuggled under trees high on a hill rings with happy shrieks. Dot Coleman is making smart new window curtains, and Dot and Hank. Rafael and Dina are dreaming about a swimming pool. . . . THE END

## Christmas In the Past



(Continued from page 66)

Tavern—a hot spot of the kindling rebellion—it was easy to imagine him a dispatch rider's steed, snorting white breath into winter air after the hard ride down the wagon-rutted trails from the north. Throwing open his mud-flecked greatcoat, the rider would march into the taproom, already blue with smoke from long clay pipes, pungent with the fumes of mulled wine and ale steaming in pewter tankards.

Patrick Henry would be of the group—perhaps thundering his indignation over some new abuse of royal power. And Thomas Jefferson, at a table by the window. Henry's blunt backland accent reminds him of an afternoon some years ago. Then, as a young law student, Jefferson stood in the doorway of the House of Burgesses and heard Henry throw back cries of "Treason!" with the taunt, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" And George Washington would be there, a silent giant among the crowding ghosts I felt about me in the taproom of the Raleigh.

Here, as much as anywhere, was set the pattern for the Revolution. Here, the leisurely culture of plantation life added philosophical definition to the rough an-

tagonisms of the men in the north.

This was the afternoon of the "Singing Candles" and "White Lighting," the double ceremony a few days before Christmas that launches the holiday season for visitors to Colonial Williamsburg today as it did two centuries ago. On the Green behind the Court House, some 200 children had gathered to sing carols. As I watched from my saddle, surrounded by tourists in the furs and tweeds of modern America, the high little voices came through the winter air. "... Angels bending near the earth..."

Now, they marched in twos up Duke of Gloucester Street, each holding a lighted candle, caroling "Away in a manger, no crib for his bed..." As the procession of tiny lights passed each house in the fading day, lighted tapers appeared by prearrangement in every window.

Later, I climbed narrow stairs to a room at the Raleigh with two four-poster beds and a low cot in it.

In the moving shadows of a single candle that left the walls and corners of the room completely dark, I changed to nightcap and shift—thinking how easy it was for colonials to believe in ghosts—then blew out my candle and snuggled under the heavy covers of the cot. Snuggled? I retreated! It was *cold!* The wind, shaking the small-paned window at my head, managed a downdraft that either gnawed at my face or twisted down the back of my neck.

Under me was a tick filled with well-aged straw resting on a criss-cross of tightly stretched rope. As my bones hunted for comfort in the straw and rope. I thought with envy of the 4,000 or more

present-day visitors spending this same night at the Williamsburg Inn and Lodge, warmed by steam heat, lulled on deep innerspring mattresses, hot baths on tap across thick-piled carpet.

At that, I realized, in the 1700's there would have been at least five more men in the room—two or more to a bed, all strangers to each other and also to the modern custom of the daily bath.

The next morning, while the tourists sipped frosted orange juice and ate bacon and eggs, I breakfasted in the 18th century—on a fat loaf of brick-oven bread cut in slabs, a big pot of coffee and the cold remains of last night's baked ham. I skipped only one part of a genuine colonial breakfast—a tankard of hard cider.

Williamsburg this crisp winter morning wore a holiday look. Garlands of cedar, live oak, holly and laurel hung over the doorways of the Raleigh and the King's Arms Tavern across the way. Green wreaths, some brightened with red and yellow fruits, decorated doors and windows along the street.

Strolling in greatcoat and tricorne, I came to the Scullery beside the Governor's Palace. Mrs. Lizzie Stamps, the candle-maker, busied herself at an iron kettle filled with wax melted from the tiny berries of the myrtle bushes that grow wild here in the Tidewater. A young helper dipped a rack hung with wicks into a vat of wax. It took 50 dippings to build up a candle.

Mrs. Stamps wiped her shiny face with a swipe of a homespun apron. "More than 50 candles are sometimes used to light one room in the Governor's Palace,"

(Continued on page 111)

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(Continued from page 109)  
she said. "And there will be many candlelight concerts and services."

I walked on past trim gardens, lined by white picket fences. Lloyd Payne, Williamsburg's miller, waved to me from the high doorway of his wooden windmill. He was not happy. The tall cloth-covered sweeps of the mill stood motionless in the still morning air.

Corn was piled high in the mill's bins, and I thought how precious it would have been to the adventurous men who founded the first permanent English settlement in America at Jamestown near here. The village of thatched huts and high sapling palisades, newly recreated this year on the bank of the James River, almost perished in the winter of 1610 for want of corn. The settlers were saved by relief ships, similar to the wooden replicas now afloat in the James under the red-on-white cross of St. George.

As a busy "colonist" on an infrequent visit to town. I had much to do. Fortunately, I would not be shopping for presents, although the product of Williamsburg's craft shops is irresistibly tempting to modern visitors. No one exchanged gifts at Christmas in colonial days.

My 18th-century day would more likely include a visit to the blacksmith to order hinges and a new lock for the barn door and a wrought-iron candlestand, to the millinery for a bolt of cloth for my wife to make a new dress, the silversmith for a birthday bracelet for one of the youngsters, the apothecary for nostrums to ward off the ague and chilblain, and some wintergreen twigs to brush my teeth.

In the shops of these master craftsmen, the illusion of living today in the 18th century is complete. Here was sinewy-armed John Allgood, the village smith, snatching a glowing iron rod out of the coals and, with a splash of sparks that lighted the black rafters, bending it into the leg of a candlestand for me. Slivers of ice floated in the hollowed tree trunk outside where the post riders' horses and the teams that hauled tobacco and indigo to the James and York River wharves once slaked their thirst. The iron wagon tire in a corner was a silent reminder that this smoke-stained shop was once as vital to our country's communications as air fields and telephone exchanges are today.

It was at the smithy that I recruited an attractive young couple among the modern spectators, Murray Oken and Zell Laibe, to join me in the 18th century for lunch. Blacksmith Allgood recommended George Washington's favorite eating place, Christiana Campbell's Tavern back of the Capitol. "Don't pass up the spoon bread," said John, "or the rum cream pie."

Despite this, we decided on a Christmas meal at the King's Arms.

First, I stopped at the Barber Shop—where perukemaker Edward Tattershall provided a basin of water from the well, a ball-shaped cake of hayberry soap, a lathering brush and a straight razor. I mourned the lack of a bath. "In the winter?" Master Tattershall cried, an 18th century straight man. "And catch your death of cold! Besides, did you bring your own wooden tub?" He took a heavy decanter of cologne off the shelf. "Here. Use this; everyone else did."

There was comfort, at least, in knowing that I had sound teeth. On a cabinet nearby lay an ugly iron extractor. The colonial barber also doubled as the town dentist—with brandy as anesthetic.

Murray and Zell were lustrous when I met them at the inn—Zell, in a tight-waisted green dress and wide farthingale.

In colonial times, we discovered, napkins were almost the size of tablecloths. After attending to a couple of modern tourists, the liveried waiter tied each of ours securely around our necks before he brought the soup, a memorable clam chowder made with cream. There was oyster pie, with big Chincoteague oysters and sweetbreads in it. And then the turkey! And currant-filled sweet Sally Lunn bread, eaten hot with golden butter. And Zell sitting across the dark oak table with the light from the tall candles sparkling in her eyes and glinting on burnished pewter platters and champagne glasses and the small panes of the window beside her.

We toasted each other in thin-stemmed glasses of Madeira, the amber nectar once brought in great oaken casks by sailing ship from faraway Portugal. The dessert, of course, was plum pudding and small mincemeat pies.

As we walked out, the militia in scarlet British uniforms formed beside one of the iron cannon on Market Square to fire the Christmas gun. One of the guardsmen rammed a fist-sized cartridge of black powder down the ancient barrel. Another poured powder from his horn into the touchhole at the other end and a third stepped up with a fuse smoldering on the tip of a long pole. There came a mighty roar and flame, and a cloud of black smoke rolled across the green.

This, I thought, was the sound of Yorktown. Just a few miles away across the peninsula is the battlefield where the era I was living in ended. Here, on the banks of the York River, our nation was born with the surrender of Cornwallis' Redcoats on a field I'd recently toured.

With the Christmas gun, the holiday

was now in full swing in the old town—for the crowds of modern visitors, too.

Williamsburg makes a glittering old-time holiday of Christmas that outreaches anything I've seen elsewhere. The restored village of Old Salem, in North Carolina, recaptures the quaint flavor of the early 19th century in its Christmas Lovefeast, a Christmas Eve service in the Moravian colony, held now, as it was in the pioneer village 150 years ago, by the light of beeswax candles. And in the paneled dining room of the Chateau Frontenac in old Quebec, there is feudal feasting on a grand scale—with servants in bright velvet and satins bringing in the yule log and the boar's head with a red apple in his muzzle, and a court jester in helled cap straight out of Merrie England.

But the people of Old Sturbridge, the New England farm village recreated in Massachusetts, stick to the Puritan custom of ignoring the holiday as part of the hated pageantry of the High Church of England.

At Williamsburg, our fun continued—first, with caroling. Hefting candle lanterns, we moved from house to house to sing, "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" and "The First Nowell." Hospitable doors were thrown open and mugs of old-fashioned punch dispensed from heirloom silver wassail bowls. Still later, along with the modern visitors, we danced at the Mistletoe Ball in the Lodge and then dropped into Mr. Chowning's dim-lit Tavern for a nightcap.

Colonial Williamsburg has too many Christmas activities for any one man—colonist or visitor of today. Among them in the past would have been resplendent functions at the great colonial plantations—one hour away by car—up the James River—Berkeley, Shirley and Evelynton.

Each of these vast plantations was a complete community, with its own blacksmith, carpenters, weavers, liveried slaves. Here—in the 1700's—were ships tied at the owners' private wharves on the riverfront, one loading tobacco and lumber to

be sailed to England, another disgorging casks of Madeira and port, bolts of silk, a hand-carved mahogany table, sent in exchange by their London agents, perhaps even a new tutor to drill the youngsters in Latin and Greek. For the tourist today the memory of it all is still there—and of the great balls and receptions generated by this wealth—reflected in the candlelit damask and walnut-paneled walls, the graceful staircases and formal boxwood gardens.

Next day, back in Williamsburg, I joined a group to hunt the Yule Log, which had been secreted in the nearby woods, and helped drag it to the Inn. We were guests, along with today's visitors, for Open House at the brick mansion of George Wythe on the Palace Green. A string trio played in the parlor and all the beautiful old rooms were bright with the light of hundreds of candles in Georgian silver sconces.

Then to Mrs. Campbell's Tavern to stuff (as did the moderns) at the traditional groaning board—mugs of hot mulled cider, and the dark oak sideboards loaded with roast ribs of beef, Virginia game pie, baked rock fish, pumpkin fritters, plum pudding, hot mince pie.

On Christmas Eve we gathered with the crowd to watch the servants in their bright red liveries carry in the Yule Log and set it aflame with a brand from last year's log. Everybody tossed drinks onto the fire and thereby—as every good Virginia colonist knew—burned away his last year's troubles.

In the glow of the fire, the gay celebrants in modern clothes sharing the wasail bowl seemed less real to me than the memories that peopled the historic shadows. I could almost see serene little Martha Washington in white cap and lavender farthingale. She'd be smiling over the lip of her mug at her tall husband in white satin coat and wig, silhouetted against the flicker of a wall candle.

It was the same on Christmas Day, at service in vine-covered old Bruton Parish Church. Modern worshipers were blurred for me by the memory of the Washingtons walking to their pew near the altar, the Jeffersons trailing them, and the James Monroes, Peyton Randolph, the young John Marshall.

In the afternoon, most of the visitors attended Open House at the Capitol. But I slipped quietly away to John Galt's Apothecary Shop, under the sign of the mortar and pestle. Herbert Clark, the present apothecary, diagnosed "too much holiday." And from his array of blue and white Delftware jars he selected herbs and elixirs. These he rolled into a mighty pill. The prospect of having to swallow it made me feel better on the spot!

In the evening, there was a Christmas Candlelight Concert in the Governor's Palace. I was wafled to Georgian England and the France of Louis XVI by harpsichord and violas. Soft candlelight reflected on ancient damask and dark walnut, on satin coats of the musicians.

This was my last day in the leisurely grace of the 18th century. I walked away from the Palace past the holiday brightness of modern shop windows, to the warm welcome of my 20th-century hotel. I had been away for five days in the 18th century—a \$100 experience in time travel that everyone can take. But I was glad to be back.

... THE END

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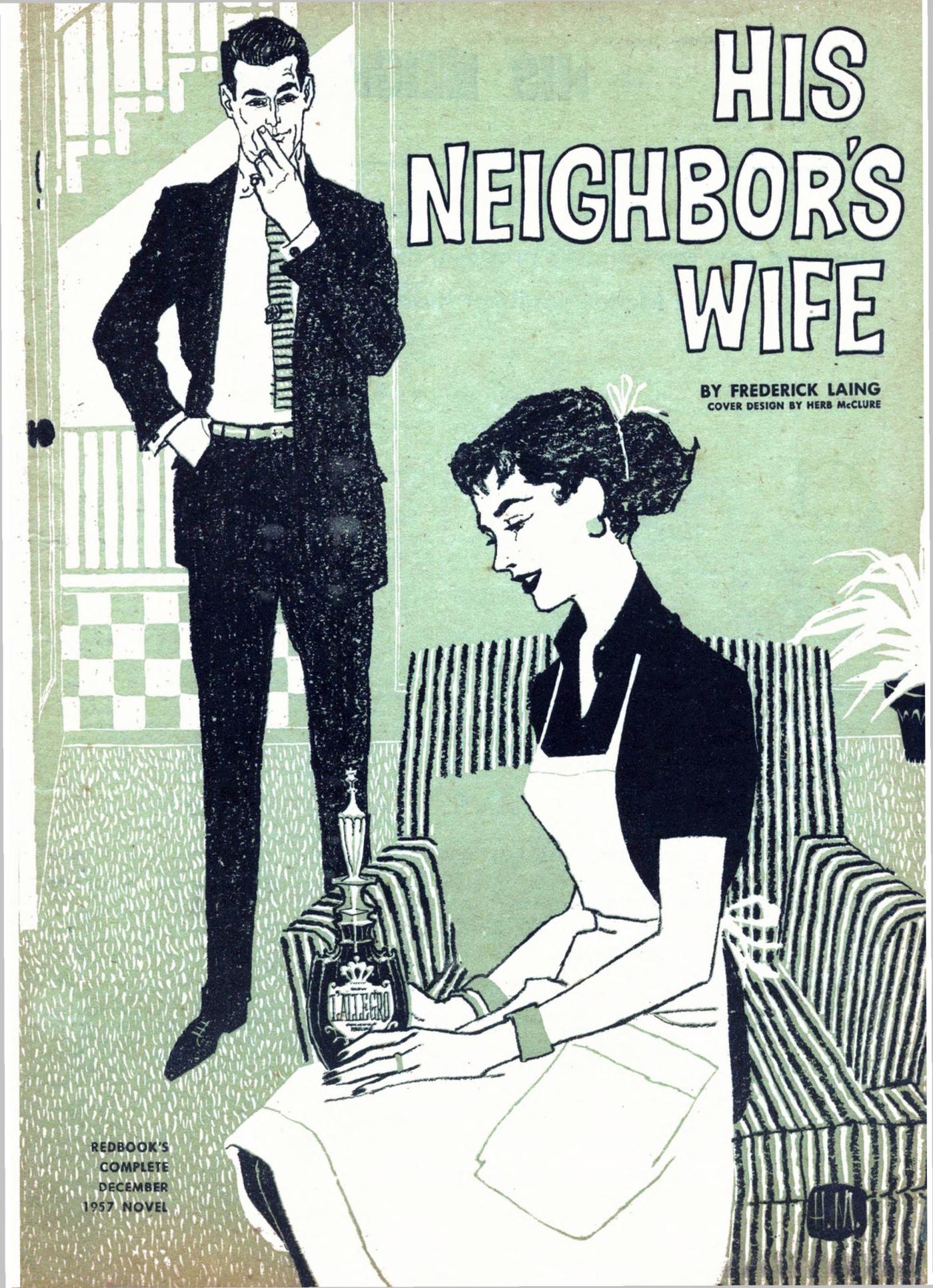
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# HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

BY FREDERICK LAING  
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REDBOOK'S  
COMPLETE  
DECEMBER  
1957 NOVEL

# HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

BY FREDERICK LAING

**"Divorce Ken, marry me and I will leave you a million dollars."  
It seemed only the fantastic proposal of an ill man, her husband's  
best friend—until her husband walked out on her...**

C

Christina Cadman was a friendly young woman and not at all the sort to pretend she wasn't in when the doorbell rang. But there were to be days when she would remember that she had toyed with the idea of not answering it that afternoon: It wasn't that she knew who it might be or, indeed, what was waiting for her outside the door of that small apartment. It was only that she had just changed into what she liked to call her work clothes and there was something she very much wanted to do before Ken, her husband, got home.

She had put on a pair of worn slacks and a faded plaid shirt and tied her hair up with, as it happened, a shoe lace—the handiest thing at the moment—and she hoped to do something about that place on the ceiling where the paint had peeled. At least scrape off the hanging pieces, she thought, so it wouldn't be so untidy. At the same time she was wondering how the landlord might be persuaded to paint the apartment and the halls, so that the inside of this old but (she had always thought) rather distinctive building would seem less like shabby gentility among the penthouse apartments in this desirable part of Manhattan.

The outfit she was wearing, and even the arrangement of her hair, were not unbecoming. She had the face for it, a good forehead and a nice chin, and her figure, too, slender and trim. But her appearance was hardly in keeping with her present mood, for it made Mrs. Cadman, who was twenty-five, look like a girl of seventeen.

Chris Cadman was in no mood to look like a teenager. For behind her small problems of the moment,

there was one that seemed much more serious. It was something Ken wanted to discuss with her tonight, a decision he wanted her to help him make. Before he had left this morning, he had told her about an offer from his employer, Owen Hewlet, who was the owner of Rarity Press, a printing business that in a way resembled the house in which they lived. The business was a kind of façade, as Mr. Hewlet himself had admitted to Ken. It had an old and distinguished name, but it was small compared to the big new plants, worn and run-down inside, and in need of a new heart.

The new heart was to be Ken's department. He had been offered the job of sales manager with no increase in salary, but with a profit-sharing interest in the business and an agreement that eventually he would take it over as his own.

It sounded like a good proposition for a man of twenty-eight.

"The catch is," Ken had told her over their coffee. "there aren't any profits to share."

And it would probably be a long, hard pull, Ken had said, to bring the business back to where it had been when old Mr. Hewlet's father had made a good thing of it.

A long pull, and this morning she had known what they were both thinking—that they had been married two years and didn't seem any closer to certain things they wanted—a house where there was a smell of clover and a sound of crickets and where a child could use a sled and with a back yard big enough for a garden and a couple of kids to grow in it.

When Ken had finished his coffee, she got up and went to him and adjusted his tie. "A chance to have a business of your own. Isn't that what you've always wanted?"

"Well, I've given it some thought," he admitted.

*This novel, like all other novels printed in REDBOOK, is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any person, living or dead, is used, it is a coincidence.*

That, she knew, was the understatement of the year. "Seems to me there's nothing more important than working at what you really want to do," she suggested.

"I used to think so." His big hands tried to circle her waist as she took her time with his tie. "Then I met this dame who looked like an angel on a Christmas tree. And with a smile that made one dimple. On her left cheek. One. It doesn't make sense."

She looked up and she wasn't smiling enough to show that dimple. She was hoping it would make sense, all of it, Ken's plans and hers.

There had been a time when she hadn't thought he was handsome, although there'd never been a time when she hadn't liked his face. Now, as she studied its rough and gentle topography, she loved every detail, not just a look in his eyes that told how much he could understand and forgive. She loved the little white scar on his chin (from a fight in the tough neighborhood where he had grown up) and the slightly blunted nose, a result of the football games that had helped him through college. She didn't want any of him changed.

This morning he had kissed her, holding her an extra moment to express a kind of appreciation he wouldn't put into words. Then he'd said, "We'll talk it over tonight."

Now he would soon be home and they would talk it over. In the back of her mind, as she'd prepared for that work on the ceiling, there'd been the thought that this could be a kind of occupational therapy, to help her relax and think through the problem Ken was bringing home.

The doorbell had jangled into her thoughts.

As she hesitated, it rang again, in three short jabs, as if someone were saying, "I know you're in there. Open up."

She opened the door and was somewhat startled to see Chad Durland. Chad lived in the apartment under theirs, and this was the first time he had violated a kind of understanding they had that they wouldn't call on each other without telephoning first, even though he and Ken were good friends. One of the compensations for living in the city, they had agreed, was that you did have a special kind of privacy. People didn't visit you without letting you know. In the city, it just wasn't done. As Chad had said once, with so many people in so little space, you had to grow a shell.

But there was another reason why the sight of Chad Durland had given her a mild start—there was something strange in his general appearance. It wasn't much, just something in his eyes, a sort of purposeful look. Chad never took more than one drink, but you might get a different impression, seeing him now.

It was his eyes that you noticed first. They always looked rather fevered and intense, and she had told him once that his eyes were beautiful. That had been before she and Ken were married.

His eyes and his hands. People noticed his hands when they'd known him a while, for they were long and thin and graceful. She was aware of them now because he was holding what appeared to be a gift-wrapped package.

The gift was apparently for her—although what on earth the occasion might be, she couldn't imagine—but he didn't give it to her at once. He asked, "May I come in?"

She hesitated, and when she realized that this was due to Chad's appearance rather than her own, it was not without a measure of self-reproach, for by this time she had decided that Chad was probably having another of his terrible headaches. It was something he hated to talk about.

She answered, "Yes, if you can stand the way I look."

"You look disgustingly charming," he told her, and what he said next, or perhaps just the way his glance went over her as he said it, made her wonder whether it was a headache after all. He added, "This is the way I wish I

could see you more often." Then he held out the package. "Small token of my esteem," he said, as if that were a joke.

Presents. Ken had said once, still went to her head, made her look like a kid at a birthday party. She asked, "What is it?" and reached for it. She was surprised by its weight. "So heavy!"

She had somehow expected it to be light. That was because it either had to be a joke or something of little value. Chad was rich, although for reasons of his own he had taken the apartment downstairs, and because the three of them, she and Ken and Chad, enjoyed being together, they had made an effort not to let his money come between them.

"What is it?" she asked again.

"You won't find out unless you open it."

She set it on the table by the brown tweed chair and plucked the ribbon off and opened the package. When she saw what it was, she gasped. Then she thought it must be a joke after all, and she was on the point of saying, "Chad, you rat. I thought at first it was real." But she didn't say it. It wouldn't be like Chad Durland to play a callow joke. She asked, "Chad, will you kindly tell me what's in this . . . this jug?"

She recalled seeing something like it in a Fifth Avenue store window. It was the same label in fact, *L'Allegra*, and it was a container like this, jumbo sized, holding a quart or more. She had decided at the time that it *couldn't* be filled with a perfume that cost forty-five dollars an ounce.

Chad said, "Why don't you break the seal and find out?"

"It's real," she decided. And she did some rapid, if not-too-exact, calculation. Weren't there thirty-two ounces to a quart? It hadn't cost any less than a thousand dollars! Probably more.

She remembered now. It was about a week ago. The three of them had gone out to dinner, to one of the restaurants she and Ken had discovered, for it was tacitly understood that they went to places Ken could afford. A woman had passed their table and there had been a whiff of perfume, *L'Allegra*. She had mentioned it to Ken and Chad. "Forty-five dollars an ounce," she had told them with a sigh.

Ken and Chad had exchanged one of those superior and tolerant male glances, and she'd had a feeling she might get a bit of *L'Allegra* for a wedding anniversary that was coming soon.

But, of course, not from Chad. She looked at the huge bottle and said firmly, "Chad, it was sweet of you, but . . ."

He tried to head off her refusal. "Oh, come now. The truth is I didn't pay for it."

There was going to be an explanation, but she didn't want to wait. "Still, I . . ."

"Look, let me tell you how I got it." He had a way of smiling out of one side of his mouth, a half smile, with a twist of irony. It was not unattractive. "I did a favor for a fellow who's an official of Air France. A matter of exchanging some stocks that was important to him, but not to me. He handed me this. 'For your wife or your sweetheart,' he said. I haven't a wife, as you know. And as it happens, no sweetheart, either."

"Then I think it would be nice if you gave it to your mother."

He laughed, and if you could have seen him through a closed window, you might have thought his laughter was loud and hearty. But Chad's laughter was silent.

"Forgive me," he said. "If you really knew my mother . . .! I know you've met her, but . . . Chris, if I handed this to Mother, she'd think her thirty-three-year-old son was crazy, in addition to being . . ." He stopped and she knew it was because he didn't want to refer to the fact that he had never been well. It occurred to her

that he had brought in his age as if he were somehow making it a matter of record. "Believe me, she wouldn't want it. She could afford to go out and buy something like this for herself, but she uses only toilet water. So, you see, Mother's the Spartan type."

Christina smiled.

"Oh, Chris, Christina . . . what on earth shall I do with it? I know this much perfume would be expensive if you . . ." His glance swept the room and in that instant she saw it from his view, the pine bookcases she and Ken had made themselves and were so proud of, the crack in the wall reaching out from behind a picture, the worn spot on the arm of the brown tweed chair, a chair they going to replace, eventually. ". . . If you went out and bought the thing," he said. "But you and Ken . . . my two dear friends . . . You don't know how it makes me feel not to be able just to give you this."

It did hurt him. She could see that. And she felt sorry, sorry for Chad in his loneliness, sorry she had shut him out so quickly, as if she had suspected his motives.

"Thanks for the beautiful gesture," she said, and on impulse, if she could, for the hurt, she kissed him on the cheek.

That was a mistake. Before she could realize what was going to happen, he had drawn her to him, holding her tight, pressing his lips to hers.

She shook her head, then she broke away. They stood facing each other for a moment—in her eyes, shock and anger; in his, a mute longing.

She said, quietly, "I'm very sorry you did that."

It had been such fun having a man downstairs who was Kenneth's friend.

"Then I'm sorry, too," he said. He looked suddenly tired, drawn. There *was* something wrong, something more than usual. He moved sideways to the brown chair. "May I sit down for a moment?"

She stood a while looking at him in silence, then she asked, "Can I get you anything?"

He waved the suggestion off with a gesture of impatience. He said, "I hate people who use illness to excuse doing whatever they want to do," and after a pause, as if he were choosing his words with care, "so when I tell you I've had some bad news, I don't mean it as an apology."

Bad news? She was ahead of him, thinking of the possibilities, that he might have to go away somewhere, to a sanitarium, for a long and dreary time. Months? Years? It had happened to him before.

She asked, "Something . . . your doctor told you?"

He didn't answer. Instead he asked, "Christina, do you remember the weekend I took you to the college dance?"

He would tell her in a minute, she decided. He wanted to talk a little first, to be calmer.

She answered, "Yes, of course."

"Yes, of course." He didn't mimic her. Not quite. "It was the way you happened to meet Ken. Wasn't it?"

She didn't answer except with her silence, and to the silence she added, "That was so long ago."

"It was yesterday," he said. "Yesterday. And I've often wondered if you knew at the time how much I loved you."

From the street below, traffic sounds, the rude blaring of a horn, a quarrelsome voice.

She said, "But we've talked about it, the three of us, laughed about it."

"Yes, we've laughed about it."

An argument came up from the streets, the graveled voices, but not the words.

Chad said, "I'm going to tell you something. I have a reason for telling you. It's about this unpleasant news I've had. And I can't honestly say that I hope you won't be disturbed."

She had already guessed that it was worse even than she had at first imagined. When she asked, "What did the doctor say, Chad?" her voice was not as steady as she had wanted it to be.

Chad turned in the chair, parted the long drapes over the window and somberly gazed out, as if he wanted to see what those men were like, the two who were making the disagreeable sounds. But perhaps he wanted to seem controlled, casual, and didn't want to look directly at Christina for a moment.

"You know, Chris, a doctor doesn't come right out and say how long you have to live."

*So it's as bad as that,* she thought, and it was just as well that Chad was looking out of the window, and not at her face.

"Oh, you hear about such cases," Chad went on, still seeming to observe, in moody disapproval, the men who bickered down there in the street. "There's a kind of stock phrase, like, 'My doctor has given me six months to live.' But he doesn't give you anything of the sort. He gives you a pat on the shoulder. . . ." The words trailed off. There was something in the twist of his neck, the shape of his hands, the sharpness of his profile as he looked out and down that made her think, for an instant, of a large and somber bird watching something or someone, some animal or object from a tree.

"No, he doesn't play God and set a time limit, just for you. But if you've been blessed—or cursed—with a curious and deductive mind, you can figure it out for yourself. Say a person has a condition of some kind. Hypertension. A special and severe case like mine. Lots of people have hypertension. And some of them will still be talking about it when they're eighty-five. They talk, but they don't know what they're talking about. I do. I've read everything I could find on the subject. Medical books which the average layman couldn't get hold of even if he wanted to." He turned slowly toward her. "You took a nursing course once, didn't you?" It was a brief glance into her troubled eyes. Then he looked out of the window again. "Well, part of one," she answered, cautiously.

"Anyway, I've learned all the interesting things my trouble can lead to, the rare and fascinating diseases most people will never get. So when I go to a cardiologist for my chronic hypertension and he orders some tests and finds I have a sclerotic kidney . . ."

He had swung around abruptly and caught her look of dismay. "You *do* know what it means, that particular combination."

It was a moment before she could trust herself to answer. Then she told him as calmly as she could, "Really, I don't know very much about it."

"You know about *this*. You're not a very good liar, Chris. Your face is too expressive and too kind. How long would you give me, a man with my medical history who develops a condition that must cause a failure of the kidney?"

She shook her head, and again she would have denied any real knowledge, but he didn't wait.

"How long? Six months, would you say? I might go any time before that. For various reasons. The heart, or a cerebral hemorrhage. But I could hardly have much longer, do you think?"

It would be useless to lie to him now. She could see that. To lie would only show lack of courage. "Chad, are you sure about what the doctor said?"

"Which one? The cardiologist?" He wouldn't leave it just to one doctor, of course. "Yes, I made quite sure of that."

"Even a specialist can be wrong."

"Yes, they could all be wrong." All the specialists a resourceful man with plenty of money could hire. They could all be wrong. But it wasn't likely.

"You know I wouldn't leave it up to one man. Although Stanfell, Hugh J. Stanfell—You've heard of him?"

"I may have."

"Stanfell is certainly one of the ablest, and I base that on long experience with him, not just because I was . . . Not because I'm impressed with his great reputation."

The way he had started with the past tense and changed it, as if correcting himself, seemed, Chris thought, as though he were already thinking of Chad Durland as someone who had been.

"But I've gone to the top men in all the related fields. I've been quite efficient about this." She must have winced at the thought of his going from doctor to doctor, acquiring the evidence, for he added, "I'm sorry if I sound . . . macabre."

She held back an impulse to say, "Poor dear, poor Chad," and tried not to say it even with her eyes, for pity would be cruel and sympathy was not what he wanted at the moment.

"Then, after seeing the others, I came back and had it out with Stanfell. He practically admitted, finally, that six months is as good a guess as any."

"In so many words?"

He made a gesture of impatience. "Why do we fence with each other? You know, and I know. In fact, six months was just about how long he had figured for me."

She persisted, "Surely he didn't tell you that?"

"He didn't have to. I asked him if six months was about right, and from the way his eyebrows went up, I knew."

Just as he had been sure that she knew when he had turned and caught her off-guard.

Chad sat there a moment as if studying the movement of his hand. He was studying it. He closed the long, thin hand into a fist and opened it again. She hoped the gesture didn't mean what it seemed, hoped she hadn't correctly read his thoughts. "It's an interesting experience," he said. "You walk down the street feeling so alive. Everything is so sharp, so clear. You look at the faces. Thousands of faces. Each engraved with a different story. You wish there were time to read them all. You wonder how you could have passed them by so indifferently, taken them all for granted. How you could ever have thought that most people were dull." He was studying his hand again. He closed it, opened it. And, yes, the gesture had meant exactly what she had thought. "A beautiful piece of machinery. And all these years I've been almost unaware of it."

*I can't stand this, she thought. I can't. I can't.* She went to him and put her hand on his forehead. "When you first came in, I thought you had a headache. Do you?"

He reached for her hand and she didn't draw it away. "I told you I had a reason for letting you know. I want to have a talk with you before Ken gets home."

He just sat holding her hand for a while. She asked, "About what?"

He hesitated, then plunged ahead. "I wonder if, somewhere in that lovely head, you know what one million dollars means, what it could do for you?"

"For me?"

"For you, and for Ken."

*I don't want that, she thought.* She said, "I'm afraid not."

"I could tell you. I could make you understand. Shall I?"

"I just don't know what you're getting at."

There was a hint of rejection in her tone, as if she had already guessed. He sensed it and he said, "Perhaps the best way after all is to give you the bare idea and argue about it later. Money sticks to people, Chris. You'll be

amazed at how easy it is to get used to the idea of having a million dollars."

She drew her hand away from his and shoved it into a pocket of her slacks. "If there's something you want me to do, me or Ken, you've only to ask."

He fixed his eyes on her, deliberately revealing in them an ironic amusement. "I could hold you to that."

"Chad, what do you want?"

"I could answer in one word," The word was all but spoken in the hungry way he gazed at her. And as if he were adding to the one unspoken word, he said, "You're all I've ever really wanted."

His gaze was so intense that she wanted to look away. She didn't, though, and he relaxed a little. "Let me give you the plan. I got together with my lawyers and figured how you and Ken could get one million dollars, clear of taxes. I have that and more."

"Don't," she said, turning from him and resisting an impulse to put her hands over her ears. His voice pursued her.

"I suppose if the situation were reversed, if I had you and Ken had my money and loved you . . . I suppose he'd leave it to you without trying to drive a bargain. I know he's like that. And I know I'm not."

She had turned back with her hand up, as if to ward off the next words. She didn't want to hear them.

But he was going to be heard. He leaned toward her. "Chris, I'll leave a million dollars to you and Ken if you'll get a quick divorce and marry me. I'll divide it, or I'll stipulate that you two must have it together. Any way you say."

## CHAPTER 2

Chad Durland had been living in that apartment downstairs about a year. He had moved in at the suggestion of Chris and Ken. They had visited him one evening at the Hotel Periere, only a block or so away, where he had a couple of rooms. They had found Chad looking gloomy and depressed. Whatever the reason, the one he gave was that he was fed up with living in hotels.

"You ought to get out of here and fix up an apartment for yourself," Ken had said.

And it was Christina who had added, "We have a vacant one in our building, Chad."

Ken had said, "Well, it isn't the kind of apartment house Chad . . ." and then, "I don't know. You might like it. It has a nice location. And the apartment is a floor through, the only one on the floor and about twice the size of ours."

"With two fireplaces," Christina said.

"A nice apartment," Ken said, "if anybody wanted to spend some money fixing it up."

Chad hadn't looked too interested. They hadn't seriously thought he would be, but the next day he had surprised them by signing a lease. And he'd spent some money "fixing it up." About forty thousand dollars.

He had called in an architect and a decorator. They had ripped out the old-fashioned moldings, the ornate cornices, the dust catchers which were something of a problem, Christina had admitted, in their own apartment. The walls, bumpy from years of bad plastering and bad

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paint jobs, had been replastered and covered with an interesting straw-textured paper.

Chad had started telephoning Chris, asking her to help him select the furnishings—the rich and handsome drapes that hung from the high ceiling to the floor, the furniture that was to be built in the apartment to order, out of rare woods, or covered with textures to blend into the apartment's color scheme. She had found it exciting and, thoughtlessly, she realized later, had eagerly described each new selection in detail to Ken.

But when Christina had seen for herself something Ken would never have admitted, that her excitement about these luxuries in the apartment downstairs made him uneasy, she had put a stop to it. The next time Chad had called for her help, she'd made excuses. Chad had been quick to understand and hadn't asked her again.

Ken had said once, "Chad's sure pouring a lot of money into this old place."

"I suppose," Christina answered, "he has more than he can ever spend."

That had seemed to be the logical answer, for as Chad himself had pointed out when he signed a lease, the house was living on borrowed time.

The building was too old and too small for the valuable space it occupied. Near Central Park, near the state-ly Hotel Park Plaza and the elegant Hotels Perierre, Savoy and Sherry-Martins, it was surrounded by big, expensive apartment houses, each with a small army of attendants in fancy uniforms and with terraces overlooking the park and air conditioning and carpeted halls decorated with lavish oases of potted greens.

But the building in which the Cadmans and Chad Durland lived, although it had been built for the elite of its day, was not in a class with its newer arrivals. The owner was keeping it only until he could sell the property, along with a row of brownstone dwellings, relics of the horse-and-carriage age, which would eventually be knocked down to make room for another skyscraper.

The arrival of Mr. Durland had been a source of mystery to the other tenants, some of whom, the older ones, had been living here since the days when, instead of a self-service elevator, this building had had its own corps of obsequious elevator operators and doormen.

Christina and Ken had enjoyed having Chad downstairs, and with enough tact among the three of them, there had been hardly any neighborly friction.

Often Chad would call, as if on impulse of the moment, and ask them to come down and have dinner with him. They would sit at the handsome table in the apartment that had become almost as familiar to them as their own, while a butler, hired on a part-time arrangement, brought the food from an ultra-modern kitchen Chad had built.

Just as often he would come to their apartment, two rooms and a kitchenette, and sit at his usual place at the fold-away table on a fold-away chair, and afterward he would insist on helping with the dishes.

Occasionally Chad would have a party downstairs, for fifty or a hundred people, for although he had few intimate friends and rarely visited anyone, there were many people whom he felt he should entertain, for business reasons. He was a major stockholder in Trends, Inc., a textile house; in The Gullcraft Company, which made airplanes for private use, and in Hobarth Glass Works, with a range of activity from tableware to sheet glass for office buildings.

As Ken had said once, "Just because a guy has all that money, it doesn't mean he wants to feel useless."

It was at one of these parties that Christina had learned some details about Chad's headaches. Chad had telephoned Ken and said, "Come on down, you two, will you? There's a crowd of stiffers here, but we'll stand in a corner and ignore them." He had added, "Besides, I want Chris to meet my mother."

About an hour later, Chad, without a word to anyone, had gone to his bedroom and locked the door. Some of the guests had expressed concern. Ken had knocked on the door and called, "Hey Chad! Are you okay?"

Chad's muffled voice had come as if his head were under a pillow. "It's the usual. Take over, will you?"

So Ken had taken over. "Relax, everybody. Chad isn't feeling well, but he'd feel worse if you didn't stay."

He'd gone to Chad's mother and put his arm around her, to the surprise and envy of others in the room, who wouldn't have dared such familiarity with that wealthy and reserved lady. "Chad'll be all right in the morning. But I'll check in anyway and make sure."

Mrs. Durland was a plain-mannered woman and she was deceptively mild, seemingly unaware of her wealth. That evening she told Chris she was just glad her son was still alive. There had been a time when she had thought he might not be.

"You can tell Chris some details," Ken had said. "She'd probably understand. She started to be a nurse."

Mrs. Durland had turned to Chris with a look of sharp interest, but her manner was bland as she said, "I think Chad mentioned that."

"After six months of it," Ken had told Chad's mother. "she got tired of having fellows try to hold her hand when she took a pulse."

That had been true, in part. It was also true that Ken had wanted her to quit. He hadn't quite said so, but when they had talked it over, she had seen it would be a question of a career or a happy marriage.

Her interest in nursing had started with a train wreck in the Connecticut town where she had grown up. She'd driven to the station to meet her younger sister who, fortunately, wasn't hurt. But a lot of people were. There was a man who'd seemed dazed and was limping, and she had volunteered to drive him to the hospital. This was Chad Durland. It was how they had met. And that was how she'd got the idea that it would be nice to be able to help people who were injured or sick. It was before she had met Ken. She had met Ken later, through Chad.

She had learned a lot about Chad since then, mostly from Kenneth, but that evening, the evening of the party in Chad's apartment, Mrs. Durland gave her some details about his experiences with doctors and hospitals. Chris knew that Chad had inherited from his father, along with several million dollars and a bright-but-impatient mind, a tendency toward a severe form of hypertension. Listening to Mrs. Durland, Chris had wondered how much of Chad's trouble had been due to an impatient mind and how much to the hypertension. It was, she knew, often hard to draw the line between cause and effect.

He had been a freshman at college when the condition had almost crushed him. He'd had to leave. Chris didn't learn the reason that night why he'd had to stay out of college for five years, but she did learn that he had insisted on going back. And she knew that the frail, rich student with a strong will and Ken Cadman, the popular athlete, had become friends out of mutual admiration. Chad was five years older than the average in his class, and Ken, who had worked for his education, was years older than his age.

Talking to Mrs. Durland that evening, Christina had thought it was Chad's poor health that had kept him a bachelor. But now, now as she faced him in her own apartment upstairs, there seemed to have been another reason. Apparently he had hoped to marry her as soon as he was graduated from college, had intended to ask her that weekend of the dance. There hadn't been much chance, for Ken, his roommate, had been around most of the time.

He hadn't asked her then, but he was asking her now. And telling her what arrangements he could make

about that one million dollars. "I'm sorry to be talking about my money instead of my other excellent qualifications," he said with a wry smile. "For a rich man, I'm not as disagreeable as you might think." He added, "But then, you and I know I won't be around for long." And after a pause, "And I think we can both make that clear to Kenneth."

She was about to give him an answer, barely aware that she was already shaking her head. But Chad saw it and stopped her.

"Please. Don't answer yet. I've given so much thought to this. Just let me talk a little."

She said, "Even if I were to consider it for a moment.

. . . No, Chad. No, I'm sorry."

"You're thinking of Ken?"

"Neither of us could consent to it."

"I'm going to have a talk with Ken."

"I'd rather you didn't. I mean, I'd rather you didn't say anything about your suggestion, about the money."

"Afraid?"

"No, of course not."

"Yes, you're afraid."

"All right. He feels rather guilty just now about not making enough money."

"Precisely."

She regretted her admission even before she saw Chad's look of triumph. How had he managed to put her on the defensive?

"Chad, dear, I certainly don't want to argue with you."

"Then will you listen?"

"I . . . Yes, I'll listen."

He leaned back in the chair and she was sitting up straight on the edge of the couch, her hands clasped in her lap.

"You know, Chris, most people don't get much out of money, especially the people who want it most." He paused, then he added, "This is what's known as the 'relaxed sell.' Sit back a little, will you?"

She smiled faintly and sat back against one of the pillows.

"That's better," he said. "What I mean is, a lot of people want money just to know they have it. Something drives them. Fear. Envy. Whatever it is, they call it ambition. You know all about that. But there are a few people born with good taste. They could enjoy money, but they rarely get rich on their own. They're not willing to do what it takes. If they did, they'd lose that natural refinement and wouldn't enjoy the money anyway. Being born rich is seldom the answer, either. You don't really appreciate what you've always had."

He was waiting for her to say something, to take a part in the discussion. She said, "I can see you've given it a lot of thought." But she was really thinking that he must be strong-willed and brave to sit and talk this way after such terrible news.

"I have. And I can tell you that, if ever a woman was born to enjoy the things money can buy, it's Christina Pennelton."

The unexpected use of her maiden name gave a ring of truth to his words, and as he paused for them to take effect, she asked, "Wouldn't any woman want to believe that about herself?"

He didn't answer. Instead, he looked around the apartment, and this time the tour of his eyes was slow and deliberate, spotlighting the cracks in the walls, the faded paint, the cheap pine bookcase, the spotted carpet she'd been intending to clean and the kitchenette in what should have been the foyer. Chad's eyes took in the furniture, too. She and Ken had agreed, when they'd bought it, that it was quite good-looking, for the price. It was modern and it did fit in well with the apartment. But she

could see Chad taking it in with his glance, summing it up in the short word that he would say as if it were obscene, and by his standards, he was right. The furniture was cheap.

"You know," she said, gently, "Ken and I are happy. I wouldn't want anything to spoil that."

"Yes, I know. But it isn't the kind of happiness that can last forever."

"Nothing lasts forever, does it, Chad?"

He didn't bother to answer. "I'm thinking of those walks we've taken past the shops on Fifth Avenue and Madison." He meant the walks the three of them had taken, she and Ken and Chad. "Do you think I haven't noticed the way you've looked at things in the store windows, sighed for them?"

She asked, "Don't most people?"

"Sigh for them? I don't. I can afford them. But that's not my point. It's the things you've looked at, the kind of taste you've shown. I remember a set of glasses. Complete from champagne to brandy. Paper-thin, they seemed to float on air. 'So simple, and yet so right,' you said."

She was thinking, *If only I can settle this before Ken gets home.* Her eyes said she didn't want to hurt Chad as she asked, "How can I make you understand that Ken is everything?"

"Am I asking you to give him up?"

"I think you are."

"Nonsense. We grow up with our rigid standards. Who sets them? Society. Not nature. That's why some kinds of morality are ignored by the very rich, who have nothing to gain, and the very poor, who have nothing to lose." He got up, leaned against the fireplace and tapped on the mantel with his fist. After a moment he turned and asked, "Shall I tell you what Ken said to me once about you and your window shopping?"

She didn't ask him to tell her, but he continued, "He said, sometimes when you get that wistful look, he wants to go into a store and snatch something out of the window and hand it to you."

"Ken said that?"

"It hurts him, kills him, that's the word he used, to see you wanting things he can't give you."

She began slowly, "I hadn't realized I . . ."

"Don't blame yourself. No one is to blame. Your husband isn't rich."

She began, "He'll get . . ." and stopped.

"Rich?"

"What he wants, and what he thinks I want." She didn't want to argue with Chad any more. "Are you sure you're feeling . . ." Feeling all right was hardly the way to put it. "Are you sure there's nothing I can get you?"

"I'm feeling great. Just great."

"Now you make me feel like a fool."

"Then stop changing the subject. Chris, you're too intelligent to kid yourself. Let me draw you the life cycle of Kenneth and Christina Cadman: That printing business is Kenneth's dream. He could give it up. He could get a better paying job in Wall Street or advertising or television. He'd do well at it, although he wouldn't like it. It isn't true that we can't make a success of something we don't like. The venom of frustration gives us a kind of drive. He could do well even if he hated it, and he probably would hate it and hate you, too. But you'd have your house in the suburbs and put your children through college. Where *are* those babies, by the way? What's stopping you?—as if I didn't know! And after twenty-five years of hard labor, twenty-five years of both of your skimping and spending to keep up with the neighbors, you'd have your hundred-and-fifty-thousand retirement money, put away at four per cent, and the two of you, a beat-up, middle-aged couple, would take that trip to Europe, peering with near-

sighted eyes at the Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, the Eiffel. . . ."

She had been listening with an uneasy frown. Suddenly she laughed, and to her relief, Chad gave her one of his twisted smiles.

"You think I'm kidding?"

"I think you have a dry sense of humor."

"He'll take one of those jobs eventually, and I'll tell you why. That printing business is no bargain."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Rarity Press. I know how much his heart is set on it. Owen Hewlet is like a father to him. Ken grew up in that business. As a messenger boy and a printer's devil when he was going to high school. He's told me about it, cleaning out the presses and getting the printers to explain how the printing jobs were done. And how eagerly he would deliver things, to find out who the customers were. And how he worked as a proofreader and then as a salesman during his summer vacations from college. He knows all about the business. Maybe he even knows how much money will be needed to keep it from falling apart."

She asked, "Does it need . . . so very much?"

"That battered old machinery. It's ready for the scrap pile. It would be like building a new factory, from the foundation up. New high-speed rotary presses. And presses that print both sides of a sheet at once. Yes, a lot of money. Big money. And there's something else. It isn't just the printing end that interests him. He wants to branch out into publishing. Owen Hewlet had that idea once. Rarity Press made its reputation printing beautiful, expensive books—the kind nobody buys any more. There was a time when Hewlet wanted to publish books like that on his own. He waited. He waited too long. Now it's Ken's idea, in a modern version. He wants to print the kind of books he thinks intelligent people will buy. He never will—not with that old equipment. Or if he does, he won't meet competitive prices and still make a profit. But he's stubborn; he's strong. He'll break his heart. And yours, too. Then he'll do that other thing. He'll take one of those jobs. With a failure chalked up against him."

"Aren't you being rather cruel?"

Chad pointed to his chest with both hands. "I'm dying. I'm fighting for the only thing in the world I've ever really wanted, fighting in the little time I have left. And you expect me to be kind!"

Christina sighed. "I wish I were someone else."

"I don't."

"I wish you loved someone else."

"You know, Chris"—he came over to her—"I don't even wish that any more. I can't." He reached out and his fingers traced the high line of her cheekbone and the wide, high forehead. "Good bones. With a good life you could be a beautiful woman at fifty. With a good life."

"Chad . . ."

"Yes?"

"I do admire you."

"Why?"

"I mean . . . you're so brave."

"Now *that's* a let-down!" He gave her a smile out of the side of his mouth. "I have other virtues."

"I know."

"By the way, I lied about the perfume."

"Yes, I know that, too."

"You'll keep it anyway?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. Thanks for that, at least."

He told her how he'd happened to get it. He had just come from the medical center, a sort of court of last appeal, he said. He'd been walking down Fifth Avenue, thinking of his life, thinking of all he had missed, thinking of her. And he'd seen this perfume in a store window, this monumental bottle of perfume. They had told him at the store

that they weren't sure it was for sale and that, anyway, they couldn't take it out of the window until the next week.

He had created a scene, shouting, he said, at a mild-mannered fellow who was mostly apology and white carnation.

Chad told her the story, then he said, abruptly, as if he had been thinking it over while he talked, "I won't wait for Ken. If you'd rather I didn't say anything to him for a few days . . ." He waited for her to ask him.

She didn't want to ask it as a favor. She didn't like this offer to hire her as his wife, as if his money could just do anything at all. There wasn't enough money in the world for what he asked, and she could be angry if she didn't remind herself that Chad was dying. But Ken had been under a strain because of the decision he had to make, and to start talking to him now about all that money. . . . She said, "I'd rather you wouldn't say anything to him. About the money, I mean. Of course, I want to tell him what the doctors said."

Chad shook his head. "If you tell him that, he'll come right down and see me. And the way I feel now, I'm afraid I won't keep back anything I've said to you. No, Chris. If you want me to keep silent for a while, then you'll have to be silent, too." He started for the door. "I'm tired. But don't think I've given up."

He did look tired. And he was still so eager, so determined in his hopeless cause. She put her hand on his arm. "I hate the idea of your being down there alone."

"So do I if you want to know. I'm not as brave as you seem to think."

He didn't sound brave now. She wondered what he was going to do down there by himself. She could picture him collapsing in a chair with his head in his hands.

He stood another moment. His eyes, as he gazed at her, were filled with the desire which, for so long, he had taken pains to hide.

Out of kindness, out of pity, she kissed him.

He said, "I love you," and kissed her again.

## CHAPTER 3

Ken Cadman was about to telephone his wife and say he might be late, that he had to wait around for a conference, when Owen Hewlet walked in. Hewlet was a small, compact man in his seventies, calm and controlled in his movements, a man who kept his worries under the surface. He had a young face.

"Want to have that talk now?" Hewlet asked.

He was the kind of boss who would go to an assistant's office instead of sitting down at the telephone and saying, "Will you come in?"

Ken turned slowly in the swivel chair and Hewlet sat down in the straight oak chair at Ken's desk.

"Sure," Ken said. "Do you want anyone else in?"

"Not yet. This is between us, and I'll keep it short and sweet." He crossed his legs and lit a cigar. "I think I can get hold of the money we need for new equipment."

He had spoken in his usual mild way, and it was a moment before Ken felt the full impact of what he had said.

Ken asked, "Did I hear you correctly?"

"Don't get too excited until you hear the rest of it. There'd be a heavy mortgage on the business. We'd have

to pay off with every dollar of profit for several years. So for quite a while it would mean no raise or bonus for anybody. Including you."

Ken barely heard that part of it. He had trouble restraining his enthusiasm. "But you think you can get the financing?"

"I'm pretty sure I can."

"Allow me to make a one-syllable comment on that."

Ken took a deep breath, then he said, softly, "Wow!"

"You know it's a gamble, even if I get the financing?"

"Sure," Ken said, trying to keep his eagerness down. "But the stakes are high, aren't they?"

"The stakes are high. And it's expand or go under. If we don't go under, in a few years you'll have a controlling interest in the stock. But there'll be some lean times before then." He looked Ken over from his cordovan shoes to the top of his head. "I happen to know you've had an offer at twice the money you're getting here."

Ken chuckled. "I didn't know you knew."

"You're a comfort to these white hairs," Hewlet said. "If Rarity Press died, something in me would die, too."

"I guess I sort of feel that way about it," Ken admitted.

"You grew up in it almost as I did, Ken. My father put me through the same jobs you had, learning the business. And if I'd had a son . . ." For a moment it looked as if Mr. Hewlet would become sentimental. He didn't. His lips tightened and he stood up. "You'll get a new contract when this goes through."

He had said "when" instead of "if." When Owen Hewlet said, "I think I can," it meant he was ninety-nine per cent sure.

Barney, the foreman, had come in with a hand-proof of an advertising folder. Ken said to Hewlet, "This is one of the jobs Joe Forbes brought in." Forbes was a new salesman they had taken on for this purpose. The business couldn't stay alive if they had to depend on book-printing. "I'd put the subhead in upper and lower case," Ken told Barney. "And set it in Caslon. You have too many different type faces."

Barney had been with the firm since Mr. Hewlet's father was alive, back in the days when they were building a reputation as printers of beautifully-made books. He had the sober face of a dedicated craftsman. At the moment his face was creased with concern. He rubbed the top of his round, bald head.

"I know you gentlemen have been talking about replacing the old Miehle," Barney said, "but if you're going to keep it a while, you'll have to spend some money on it. I thought at first it was just the rollers that were shot, but it's more than that."

"I'll have a look at it later," Ken said.

When Barney was gone, Ken asked Owen Hewlet, "Would it be all right to give the fellows in the shop a hint of what's brewing? Their morale hasn't been too good lately."

Hewlet considered, then he said, "I suppose that will be all right. If you don't say anything definite."

The money's in the bag, Ken decided, but he said, "Leave it to me."

He wanted to go out into the print shop and give Barney a whack on the shoulder and ask what he was looking so gloomy about and then give him the news. Barney had been his boss before Ken had ever met Owen Hewlet, and once, when he was fourteen and working as a messenger, Barney had taken him to see the Dodgers beat the Giants at Ebbets Field.

Owen Hewlet hadn't left yet. He stood with his hands in his pockets and his head bowed in thought, and Ken waited to learn what else was on his mind. Hewlet asked, finally, "Have you said anything about this to Christina?"

Christina. He saw her for a moment the way she had

looked this morning, the love in her eyes, the willingness to take whatever further sacrifices he might ask of her. She knew, as Mr. Hewlet did, that he could get another job tomorrow, at twice the money Rarity Press was paying him.

For a moment some of the enthusiasm left Ken's face, and he looked as thoughtful as Owen Hewlet did.

"I mentioned it this morning. Your offer, that is. We were going to talk it over tonight. I didn't know, of course, about the financing." Or about the additional years during which he wouldn't get an increase in salary.

"A fine girl," Hewlet shook his head. The younger man and the older man understood each other and what was back of that shake of the head. Were they asking too much of Christina? "A lovely girl," Hewlet said. "You'll talk it over with her then, tonight?"

"Yes," Ken said, and after a pause, "We'll talk it over, tonight."

Half an hour later, as he rode home on the bus, Ken was thinking alternately of Christina and of the look on Barney's face when he'd learned there was a chance Rarity Press might get a new life. Word had gone through the shop like a wild electric charge, seeming to branch out in all directions. Joe Runcer, the pressman on the Big Kelly, who was nearly deaf from years of clanging machinery, was able to read lips. He had understood Ken Cadman and, with a hand to his mouth, had shouted the news to Gus Mullen, a compositor, and it had spread out from there. Most of them had been with Rarity Press since Ken had worked there on his summer vacations from high school. They had liked the big, freckled kid with the easy grin, and they didn't like him any less, now that he was a boss.

Barney, when he'd heard the news, had actually laughed with pleasure.

"Keep your fingers crossed," Ken had said. "It isn't certain yet."

"If Mr. Hewlet says 'maybe,' that's as good as sure." Barney said, confirming Ken's opinion. He laughed again. "You've got me all hopped up. I haven't felt so good since my wife had her first boy."

Those last words had barely made an impression on Ken at the time, but they must have stayed in the back of his mind, for he was recalling them now, wondering about Barney's wife, how old she had been when she'd had her first child. One of the things he and Chris had agreed on was that parents ought to be young enough to be companions to their children.

He'd been in love with her a long time before he had asked her to marry him. That was because he knew what it was to be poor and he had never wanted her to find out the way he had. Or so he had told himself. But maybe that hadn't been the only reason. What about his pride? A man doesn't like to think he can't give his wife the things she ought to have. The things he *thinks* she ought to have. Anyway, he'd been pretty sure she would wait. She had known he was planning to ask her.

Their third wedding anniversary would be next week. Three years. There were some important things she was still waiting for. Waiting because she loved him.

He got off the bus and walked a few blocks toward the apartment house. He went up in the self-service elevator, wishing he had stopped in the corner florist's. It had occurred to him in passing, and probably the reason he hadn't stopped was that, considering the talk they were going to have, he'd have felt a little like the husband who brings flowers home with his guilty conscience. He had also considered getting a present for their wedding anniversary. There was something definite he had in mind this time. But he had decided it would be nicer to bring it home on the day, which was next Tuesday. Now he wished at least he had bought the flowers.

He got off the elevator and used his key. Sometimes she was busy in the kitchenette, and it wasn't always con-

venient for her to answer the doorbell. As he walked into the apartment, he saw Chris kissing Chad Durland.

It was only a second before he spoke, before they became aware of him, but that was probably the longest, and up to that moment, the most unpleasant second of his life.

He said, "Hey! What the hell?"

He wasn't smiling. He stood stiffly for a few more eternal, earth-rocking seconds. He had noted the abrupt way Chad had turned around, had had time, even, to note a look of alarm, of hostility in Chad's face. Then he had met the direct and honest look in Christina's eyes, and that had checked the start of a paralyzing fear, a fear that would have turned to a white-hot anger.

Checked it so that the anger had not come although the beginnings of fear remained. Chris would have spoken then, before Chad. But Chad was quicker and that made it look as if he were afraid Chris wouldn't know what to say.

"Doctor Chris," Chad said. "I came up for some aspirin and I got some sympathy with it. Mental therapy."

"A dangerous remedy," he told Chad. "It could result in sudden death."

He didn't smile even then, although by this time Chad knew—or assumed—he was kidding. He didn't smile until he saw Christina's shocked expression and thought it was because she was afraid he didn't trust her, and not the effect of those words, "sudden death."

He laughed a little, but without much enthusiasm. There was still a puzzled crease on his forehead, and that was for several things. The fervor of that kiss. Christina knew that he hated, as she did, bold displays of false affection, an excuse, they had agreed once, to fondle someone else's wife, someone else's husband. They had refused invitations to parties at which they knew that sort of thing would go on. And there was the way Chad had whirled around, the look of alarm. True, he had been startled, but . . . and the glib sound of his explanation. Aspirin, Chad didn't usually take anything as ordinary as aspirin. And it would be more like him to telephone the drugstore for some of the prescription stuff he took.

But then, there was Christina. He considered Christina and a weight seemed to leave his shoulders. Whatever there may have been in the back of Chad's mind, there could be nothing like that with Christina.

Chad was leaving. He was already halfway down the stairs before Ken could decide what to say to him next or whether he wanted to say anything at all.

He asked Chris, "What's with Chad?"

"He feels terrible. He's been to Medical Center."

"They give him some kind of bad news?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Maybe I ought to go down later and have a talk with him." He didn't feel like doing it now. He didn't even feel like kissing Christina, with Chad's kiss still moist on her lips.

She said, "I wouldn't tonight. I think he wants to rest."

*It's just that she's so kind,* he thought, wondering whether there might be times when she would be so generous and kind that other men would misunderstand. She seemed to have something on her mind. She asked, finally, "What did you and Mr. Hewlet talk about today?"

Was that what she had on her mind? He took her by the elbows and held her a moment. "How about it? Shall I take that job with Crowell and Kent? It would be a lot more money than we're getting now. And Dick Crowell is a friend. He liked me at college. I'd get along there."

"I'm sure you would."

"I'll take it then. I'll call Dick tomorrow."

"No. Tell me about Mr. Hewlet and Rarity Press."

"I hate to see you wanting things."

"I want what you want."

His hands tightened on her arms. "How did I ever get a girl like you?"

"It was your beautiful profile," she told him.

"With my battered mug. I'm not even pretty."

"What about Mr. Hewlet's offer?"

"You could have married a millionaire. Like Chad Durland."

The change in her expression was not what he had anticipated. In fact, it gave him a touch of the unfamiliar fear he had felt on walking into the apartment.

"Why didn't you?" he asked, and the way the question came out surprised him. It didn't have the light, confident sound he had intended.

"Because I married you. Do I need a better reason?"

"No," he answered slowly, searching her eyes. "No, I guess that's reason enough."

He hadn't exactly meant that she might have married Chad Durland. He had meant just a millionaire, any millionaire. It had been a long time since he'd recalled that he had first met Christina through Chad, that she had been . . . Chad's girl, for a weekend at least. Even as he thought of it now, considering that quick, brief change in her expression at the apparent hint that she could have married Chad, he didn't attach much importance to the way he had met her, to that weekend at college. That look could have meant a brief disappointment in him, her husband. He had seen her kissing Chad, and it might have seemed just now as if he were sounding her out, wanting to make sure of her. As if he weren't sure that he could trust her any time, anywhere.

"Do I get to hear about the contract or don't I?" she asked. "You barely mentioned it this morning."

"Well, you know Rarity Press needs to be rebuilt. The machinery is out of date. I've mentioned that to you."

"Yes, you have."

There was a note in Christina's voice that he had noticed before. It was quiet and restful, and sometimes, he knew, it was that way when there was good reason for her to be excited, for both of them to be excited. She had that note in her voice now, when she didn't know whether he was going to tell her the Press could get the money or could not.

"From the way Mr. Hewlet talked this morning, I think he's pretty sure he can get the necessary financing."

Christina pressed her hands together. She didn't clap, she just held her hands that way as if in prayer. She said, "Ken, that's wonderful!"

Ken's enthusiasm came back with a rush. He was describing the remarkable new equipment they would probably buy, describing Owen Hewlet's curbed excitement. "You can tell when he takes three puffs a minute on his cigar," and telling her how excited Barney the foreman had been and what Barney had said, that he hadn't felt so hopped up since his wife had had their first . . . and at that point Ken Cadman stopped pacing the floor, stopped waving his arms around, stopped looking happy.

"Her first, what?" Christina asked. She was waiting, her head slightly turned, her chin tilted upward.

"Child," Ken said, flatly. He sat down on the edge of the brown tweed chair, sat up straight, his lips compressed. "Owen Hewlet was fairer with me. He gave me the bad news along with the good."

"All right." She was back to the quiet tone, the tone that meant she was ready for anything. "Let's have the bad part now."

"I'll let you have it," he said, "right on that cute little chin, the way Hewlet gave it to me. Then maybe we'll both decide I ought to pass up Mr. Hewlet's big deal."

He told her what Hewlet had said about the lean years ahead, about the risk that they might lose the business in the end to the mortgage holders. "It isn't the gamble I'm concerned about, it's . . ." He stopped and got up and

walked as far as the kitchenette and stood there a moment with his back to Christina. "The hell with Rarity Press. I wish I'd never got into the business."

She came and stood beside him. "Let's give it a try for a year."

A year and a year and another year, he thought.

As if the subject were closed, for the present, at least, she said, "I hope you don't mind having salad for dinner."

"Fine," he said, and then, "It isn't as if we didn't have any money saved at all. We could look around in the suburbs and make a payment on some little box of a house. A little box in a row of boxes. With maybe the kind of neighbors who would borrow a frying pan and never bring it back."

"Why condemn them in advance?" she asked lightly. "They may be very nice people, when you get to know them."

"The salt of the earth," he said.

"You're being downright intolerant, Mister Cadman."

He swung around. "I'm intolerant because I want to get . . . I want to take you as far as possible away from the life I . . ." He stopped again. "Maybe I said it right the first time. I want to get as far away as possible from the life I used to know. And, just incidentally, take you along with me."

"You'd have trouble making me believe that."

He didn't try to make her believe it. "Well, I suppose we could stay here, or in some other small apartment."

"Lots of people have reared chil'ren in small apartments," she said, cutting right through to his thoughts, "and very nicely, too."

"Sure. Whole families in one room. Two families, sometimes."

"Who said anything about inviting our relatives?"

He laughed suddenly and got her neck in the crook of his arm. "You, with your angel face. Sometimes I think you're stronger than I am."

"Fat chance of my giving up Rarity Press," she said. "It's too important." She saw the gratitude in his eyes and added, "We'll work it out. And while I get the salad out of the refrigerator, I wish you'd look at the stove. I couldn't turn the three-way switch today. That's why we're having salad."

"Maybe we need a new stove," he said.

"No, I don't think so."

And a new kitchen and a better apartment, he was thinking. He looked at the stove and said, "I think I can fix the switch," and he went into the living room to get the toolbox out of a closet.

An object on the table by the brown chair had caught his eye several times as he had paced the floor. He stopped now and looked at it, and he picked it up.

"What's this?"

She answered, "Chad brought it."

"Is this . . . perfume?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"This whole thing is full of perfume?" He had been studying the label as if it might be counterfeit. He turned to her with a puzzled smile. "What do you mean, you're afraid it is? I don't understand."

"Chad was feeling depressed. He saw the bottle in a store window and bought it on impulse."

"Quite an impulse, wasn't it?" Ken said doubtfully.

"I wasn't going to accept it," Chris told him, "but he did seem so depressed and . . . I accepted it because it seemed to make him feel better."

Ken said, "Oh," and then, "Yes, I guess the poor guy must be going through one of those headache spells again." And after a moment, "I don't know why he doesn't get married. He'd feel better if he had somebody to spend his money on."

Now he was thinking of the evening he and Chris and

Chad had been having a scallopi dinner at Maria's, downtown. A woman had passed their table, leaving a whiff of perfume, and Chris had sighed and said it was *L'Allegro*, and that it cost forty-five dollars an ounce. He had made a mental note of it then, had promised himself that, if a whiff of perfume could give her such a wistful look, she was going to have some of it for her own, no matter what it cost. Later, when she wasn't looking, he had written the name on the back of an envelope. He had planned to pick up some of the stuff and bring it home next Tuesday, the day of their wedding anniversary. He would have walked in with the expected bunch of flowers, and then he would have reached into his pocket and pulled out the brightly wrapped package, the *little* package.

He hefted the weight of the bottle with one hand. It weighed as much as a quart of whiskey.

He stared curiously at Christina. "Isn't this worth at least a thousand bucks?"

## CHAPTER 4

Christina was by no means sure that she had done the right thing in keeping Chad's secret. Ken would have to know, eventually. He'd have to know that she had kept from him what the doctors had said about Chad, his friend. And then she would probably have to tell him why. She wanted to mention it the next morning, before he left for the office, because, among other reasons, that expensive bottle of perfume, which she had put away with the seal unbroken, was hard for Ken to take, in spite of her explanation.

She had never seen Ken quite the way he had been last night. It wasn't like him to be so unsure of himself, so torn and shaken. She felt responsible for it. Because, of course, if he hadn't been married, he'd have accepted the challenge of Rarity Press without much hesitation. Ken had never known much security, except the security of his own courage. He had grown up thinking of life as a fight and a gamble, and a risk of this kind was one he could have taken lightly.

What he couldn't take lightly was the thought that he wasn't giving her the things she wanted, the life he wanted her to have, and that was why she didn't tell him at breakfast about her talk with Chad. *I'll wait*, she decided. For she didn't see how she could tell him without mentioning Chad's proposal. And it didn't matter that neither she nor Ken would consider it for a moment. As Chad had shrewdly reasoned, the suggestion itself, especially in Ken's present state of mind, would be disturbing enough.

She didn't tell him that evening, either, when he came home from the office. For she could see that he still didn't have hold of himself. He must have known that it showed, for when she asked how things were going at the Press, he answered, "I have my contract, but the financing for the firm hasn't come through yet. I guess, until it does, I'll be on edge."

She hadn't heard from Chad, and she knew he was waiting for her to telephone him, to ask how he was. She didn't call him, and it was significant that Ken didn't ask about him, although he and Chad usually talked to each other, at least on the telephone, several times a week.

On Tuesday, their wedding anniversary, Ken came

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home with a dozen roses, but he had a distracted look as he handed them to her. "Just a bunch of flowers. Now you're supposed to be corny and say, 'Darling, you remembered.'"

She wasn't fooled by his pretense of not being sentimental. She kissed him. "I'd rather have one rose from you than a million dollars from anybody else in the whole wide world."

He held her a moment. "I hope you mean that."

She wanted to answer, "I've never meant anything more in my life," but she was afraid of how the words might sound. She said, "Of course, I mean it."

The tone must have been right, for he said suddenly, letting her go, "By the way, I haven't heard from Chad in days. Have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"How about asking him to dinner? Have we enough food?"

She began, cautiously, "Well . . ."

"Oh, it's our wedding anniversary," he said. "We'll spend it alone. Let's call him another time. Tomorrow, maybe."

She felt awful about Chad, who was probably downstairs alone. But all she said was, "I'll get a vase for the roses."

Nothing ever fully suppressed Ken's optimism. That evening she learned he was already planning ahead to extend Rarity Press into the publishing field.

"There's a way you can help," he said, "if you have some time."

"Of course."

He wanted her to do some research at the public library and give him a list of books that had been published on archaeology and on tribal customs. What he had in mind was a series on adventures in science.

"It isn't too early to start planning. In fact, if I can get an intelligent prospectus ready at once, it might help Mr. Hewlet when he talks again to the people he hopes will do the financing."

"I'll get to it the first thing tomorrow," she promised.

But the next morning, as Chris was about to leave for the library, she received a telephone call.

"This is Amy Durland," a flat, precise voice informed her. "Chad's mother."

Mrs. Durland said she was going to be in the neighborhood and she wondered if Christina would have lunch with her. Christina felt a twinge of alarm, but it was followed by a feeling of relief. Yes, why not have a talk with Chad's mother?

Mrs. Durland began suggesting restaurants. "If you have any preference . . . there are so many nice ones in your neighborhood."

"Wouldn't you rather come up here and have lunch?" Chris suggested. "We might be more comfortable, and I'd love to have you."

Amy Durland begged her to be indulgent "of an old lady." She'd been spoiled all her life by the variety and the service of good restaurants, she said. The Twelve East, for instance. The atmosphere was so pleasant, and they had such delightful souffles. "Besides, I'd like to keep this between ourselves, if you don't mind. Chad doesn't know I'm calling you."

The net result of the conversation was to give Christina a wary feeling as she put down the telephone. She had met Chad's mother only that one time, the evening of the party in Chad's apartment, and Mrs. Durland wasn't the sort of person you would get to know well in an evening. But although she was reserved, it had been Chris's impression that she was direct and plain-spoken. Chris didn't have that impression now. She had a feeling that, when she walked into that restaurant, she might be walking into a trap.

She wondered, too, whether Chad's mother had been told the truth about her son's condition. Over the telephone, Mrs. Durland hardly sounded like a mother who had recently learned that her son had only a short while to live.

She realized, too, that there was no point in going to the library this morning to get started on that research for Ken. There wouldn't be time and, anyway, she would hardly be able to concentrate. She would try to get to it after lunch.

Mrs. Durland started talking about Chad the moment they sat down at a table. Chris realized then why she had thought Chad's mother was plain-spoken and direct. Chad had given her that first impression about him from his way of making sudden, frank statements. She had known Chad quite a while before she had realized that behind a candid and direct manner was a mind that could be devious and complex.

"I'm worried about Chad," Mrs. Durland said, and she unfolded a crisp white napkin and pressed it on her lap with prim, precise movements. She didn't have Chad's hands; the fingers were short and broad. "His condition seems rather alarming."

Did she know, or didn't she? Chris asked cautiously, "Have you talked to his doctor?"

"You mean Doctor Stanfell, the cardiologist? Yes. Or rather, I've tried to have an understanding with him. He isn't an easy man to . . ." She broke off, as if in memory of some exasperation. "Chad has seen him. Doctor Stanfell has known Chad since he had that first attack when he was a freshman at college." Amy Durland paused. Chris kept an attentive silence. "You know he was awfully, awfully sick then. It was so discouraging. We didn't think he was going to live." Her large brown eyes were fixed on Chris with something like reproach.

"I'm very much afraid he's going to get that sick again, unless something is done to help him."

"Oh, I hope not," Chris said.

"Unless we all do whatever we can."

Chris said, uneasily, "If there's anything I . . . Kenneth and I can do."

"There's something you can do." Her eyes held Chris another moment, then she lifted the short, broad hands from her lap and placed them, palms downward, on the table. "Christina . . . may I call you that?"

"Please."

"I'm afraid Chad is terribly in love with you."

Chris met Mrs. Durland's steady gaze, then she said, softly, "I'm sorry."

Mrs. Durland sighed. "Yes, I suppose you are."

The waiter had come for their order. Chris wasn't hungry, but she took Mrs. Durland's suggestion about the lobster soufflé. The waiter told them it would take half an hour.

"Good," Mrs. Durland said. "It will give us time to talk." She suggested a cocktail and Chris ordered one because she felt it would help steady her nerves. Mrs. Durland said, "Chad says I'm a Spartan because I drink only sauterne."

"And use only toilet water?" Chris asked, with a faint smile.

"Did Chad tell you that? Then he does talk about me once in a while, doesn't he?"

"Yes, of course."

"Oh, Christina, I'd so hate to lose him. He's everything in the world to me. He's all I have."

Her eyes hung on Christina again, pleading, almost reproaching. Chris asked, "What is there you think I can do?"

Again Amy Durland seemed deaf to Chris's voice. "You know, I've known you a lot longer than you realize. Chad doesn't take me much into his confidence. Not that

he isn't fond of me. It's just . . . his way. Yet he can't help speaking of you. He's spoken of you for years. He hasn't always been aware of it. Sometimes it's been 'a girl I know,' or 'a girl I used to know,' but it's always been you. That's one secret he's never been able to keep from me."

Amy Durland told Chris that Chad had been in love with her back in his college days. "But he forgave Kenneth and they continued to be friends. That's a quality he has. He doesn't think anyone is to blame for anything. I remember what he said at the time, that if you had been Kenneth's girl first and he could have taken you from his friend . . . could have had your love, he meant, he wouldn't have hesitated."

"Kenneth didn't know Chad wanted to marry me then," Chris said, "and I don't think I did, either."

"Kenneth knew only what he wanted," Mrs. Durland said, as if it might or might not have been an answer to Chris's comment.

"Then so did I."

Mrs. Durland looked vaguely harassed, as if she were aware that Chris was defending her husband, and didn't want to be aware of it, or of anything but her immediate object, which was to plead for her son. "Chad has had more of the things he's wanted than most people get in a lifetime. I realize that. But then, there's a kind of justice in it, don't you think? He's suffered more than most of us ever will."

She told Chris how she had tried to get Chad to stop brooding over "a girl named Christina," first by hints, for he had always resisted any intrusion into his life, and then by subterfuge, introducing him to other girls, and finally by open argument. Years had passed and she had thought he was over it. Then, when she had learned last year that Chad had taken an apartment in the same building where Christina lived, she'd been alarmed, for she knew what it meant.

Chad's condition had taken a turn for the worse in the past year, and her suspicions about the reason had been confirmed by Doctor Stanfell. Stanfell had persuaded Chad to have occasional consultations with a psychiatrist, for although, as the doctor said, he was no less sane than most people, the mental and physical aspects of his disease were closely related, the one affecting the other. And now, because of the mental aggravation, Mrs. Durland said, he was in danger of a complete physical breakdown.

"And if that happens again, he won't get over it. Not this time. I know." Her eyes were bright with tears. One tear, then another came slowly down her cheeks. She reached out and put her hand on Christina's. "Please don't think me hysterical. I'm begging for my son's life."

Christina asked gently, "How can I help? Tell me."

"If he could feel that, as far as you are concerned, his case . . . his cause, isn't hopeless."

Christina asked slowly, "Do you think that's wise? He'll have to know the truth eventually. I love my husband. I always . . ."

"Excuse me," Mrs. Durland cut in anxiously. "It's the immediate physical . . . the . . . He may have a breakdown any day. Don't you see? If we can get him through this physical crisis, then, when he's stronger . . ." The tears came again and Mrs. Durland sobbed. "Oh, Christina, please, please. You don't ask if a drug is dangerous when it's the only thing that might . . . that can save a life."

"I'll do whatever I can," Chris promised.

"You are a kind girl. Chad's right." Mrs. Durland fumbled in her purse for a handkerchief, used it and said, "He's been waiting to hear from you. I've managed to find that out. You'll never see him again unless you call him first. He'll just . . . go away somewhere and. . ." She bit her lip.

"I'll call him today," Chris said.

She was somewhat relieved now that the most difficult part of her talk with Mrs. Durland seemed to be over. She had hopes, too, that Chad had taken a needlessly pessimistic view of his doctor's opinion.

The luncheon with Mrs. Durland took a couple of hours. Chris didn't feel she could concentrate if she went to the library now, especially in the good black dress which she had worn to meet Amy Durland. Perhaps if she went home and changed . . . But when she got home, she realized it was too late to go to the library.

She decided to have a talk with Chad before Ken came home. With some reservations she would do what she could to keep her promise to Chad's mother. At least she would be kind. Mrs. Durland hadn't needed a promise for that.

There was no answer when she dialed Chad's number, and because of what Mrs. Durland had said, that he might just "go away somewhere," this detail began to give her some uneasiness. She was reproaching herself for not having called him sooner. She tried again as she was preparing dinner, and it was Ralph, the man who came in to cook Chad's meals, who answered. He said Mr. Durland would be home soon.

The telephone rang as she was turning on the oven.

Chad said, "So you did call me, after all."

"Of course. I want to know how you are."

"I'm like everyone else. I go out from day to day and attend to my affairs. I have an office in a building of glass, on lower Park Avenue. On the hall door it says, DURLAND ENTERPRISES, INCORPORATED, in modest letters of gold. I go into my office and sit looking out of the window. And I dream of you."

"I'm glad to find you in good spirits, at least," Chris said.

"I'm delirious with joy," he told her, and she felt the bitterness then. "Oh, Chris, if you . . . We could take a trip around the world together. I'd take a doctor and a nurse and pay whatever they asked. We could do anything you'd like in the time I have left."

"Perhaps you ought to take a trip anyway."

"Without you?"

She didn't answer that. There was a pause, and then, "Chad."

"Yes?"

"When are you seeing Doctor Stanfell again?"

Instead of answering, Chad asked, after a brief silence, "Could you come down here a minute?"

She considered quickly and answered, "Yes, for a few minutes." Perhaps there was something else he wanted to tell her. "I'll be right down."

He had left the hall door open. As she came in, he was closing the door that led to the rear rooms, including the kitchen.

"Doctor Chris," he said. "There's probably something you want to ask. I know you have a knowledge of medicine."

"Only a very little. I told you that and how much of the nursing course I took."

"I'm not apt to forget. I remember the day you got the idea, the day you told me you thought it would be interesting." He waited for her comment, but she was reluctant to delve into memories with him, afraid of where it would lead. "A train wreck in Connecticut," he said. "What a life I've had! It took a train wreck to show me a girl I could love."

So he went on from there, remembering, reminding her of the time she had driven him to the hospital in her father's car, telling her how he had sat in the back of the car, watching her, liking everything about her—the simple efficiency of her driving, the shape of her head, the light-brown gleam of her hair. She did some remembering of her own. She had thought him quite handsome, although

not in the masculine way she generally preferred. She had admired his poise and beautiful manners, although she had felt he might be overly refined and self-centered.

Chris, as she listened to Chad, heard the elevator going up, heard it stop at the floor above, heard a door open.

"I think Ken just came home," she said.

She felt that he had been aware of Ken's arrival, too, as he talked. He said, abruptly, "Chris, if there's anything you want to know . . ." and as she considered a moment, he continued, "I'm what the attendants in a hospital would call an 'ambulatory case.' I remember how they loved that word! I can walk around, probably almost to the very end."

"Chad, are you *really* so sure?"

He studied her briefly, then he said, "Wait," and he walked softly across the carpeted floor. "If you'd like to talk to Doctor Stanfell, he's at Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore. I have his telephone number." He thumbed through an address book. "I asked him not to tell my mother, but . . ."

It was definite, then, that Chad's mother didn't know.

She said, "He surely wouldn't be frank with me."

"He will if I explain you're the girl I love and want to marry."

"Chad, I *am* married."

"Yes, I know. But Doctor Stanfell will answer your questions if I ask him to."

She hesitated. What was there to ask that Chad hadn't already told her?

"If you just want to make sure I'm going to die."

"No!"

He put down the address book. "Then let's not talk about it any more. Not for a while, at least."

The door to Chad's apartment was still open a few inches, and she heard a door open upstairs, and after a few seconds, close again.

"I think I'd better go up," she said.

"Yes," he agreed, "don't keep him waiting." He went to the door with her. "You have only another half-century together."

When she got into the apartment, she took one look at Ken and knew that all was not well with him. It didn't have to be anything in the way he acted. She knew.

He said, "Hi-ya, slugger?"

"Hi, slugger," she said.

He rubbed his knuckles over the top of her head. He kissed her. He lifted her by the elbows and set her down and kissed her again. But she wasn't fooled by that.

"Walking up for exercise?" he asked.

"No, I was just down in Chad's apartment."

"How is he?" Ken asked.

"He's been depressed."

"I guess that's why I haven't heard from him. Chad gets those ups and downs. Sometimes he wants to see people and sometimes he doesn't." He reached into the liquor cabinet. "Have a highball?"

"No, thanks. You have one, though."

"Guess I will." He poured a drink. "Had a rugged day. Hey! How about my research?"

"I'm sorry. I couldn't get to the library today. I'll get right on it tomorrow, I promise."

"Well, never mind." He looked more disappointed than he sounded. "Hewlet has a meeting with the finance committee tomorrow."

"Oh, Ken! I *am* sorry."

"It probably wouldn't have made any difference."

"The fact is I had lunch, and a long talk, with Mrs. Durland."

Ken had started to put the glass to his lips. He lowered it and looked at her over the glass. "Chad's mother?"

"She really wanted to talk about Chad. She's worried because he's been depressed."

They were both silent a moment. Ken looked thought-

ful as he took a sip of his drink. Chris thought, *I'd better tell him everything now.*

But Ken spoke suddenly, his voice unexpectedly loud. "Chad gets into these moods where he thinks he's going to die tomorrow." She knew then that it wasn't the time to tell him. He wouldn't take Chad seriously and would be angry with him. ". . . Telling you a thing like that," he would say. And if she added that Chad loved her and wanted to marry her . . . No, it wasn't the moment to tell him.

## CHAPTER

**One morning, a little after eight**, and about three weeks after Owen Hewlet's conference with Ken Cadman, Ken looked up from his desk and saw Barney, the foreman, standing over him, wiping his hands on a wad of cotton waste. There was a quizzical smile on Barney's round face. "You sure know how to concentrate. I been standing here three-and-a-half minutes."

"It's this job for the hotel chain," Ken explained. "I . . ." He broke off. "Why didn't you holler?"

"I was enjoying myself, thinking how glad I am I stayed on the shop side. I get in at eight and I leave at four. You get in as early as I do, and you leave at six. You call that going up in the world?"

"I didn't know when I was well off," Ken said. "What can I do for you this morning, Barney?"

"Nothing much. I figured by this time you might be ready to go down for that second cup of coffee, the one you told your wife you didn't have time for."

"How did you know?" Ken asked. Barney probably had something on his mind, and Ken had a pretty good idea what it was.

They went down to the drug store and sat at the counter. Barney took a quarter out of his pocket and tossed it.

"Heads," Ken said.

It was heads. Barney said, "Stuck again."

Leon, the counter man, brought the coffee and a couple of hard rolls, the way he always did, without an order. He took a pencil from behind one of his large, protruding ears and wrote the order on one check.

"What are you doing with this working stiff?" Leon winked at Barney. "I heard they'd made you a white collar man, Kenneth."

"Scram," Barney said. "We got a 'big conference coming.'"

"Have we?" Ken asked when Leon had gone, grinning, to the other end of the counter.

"Ken," Barney said, "you hear all kinds of rumors around our joint. Good ones, bad ones. Me, I take it in my stride. I never believe anything good unless I see it. Or anything bad, either, for that matter." He bent down to his coffee, then he looked up and waited.

"But some of the guys are getting nervous?" Ken suggested.

"Yeah."

Ken shrugged. "There's nothing I can tell you. You know Hewlet as well as I do. He must have been pretty sure of the financing for that new machinery, or he wouldn't have mentioned it."

"Well, that was how I had it figured."

"Me, too. And if you want to know something, I think he *was* sure of it, in his own mind." Barney looked scared and Ken added, "But that doesn't mean it hasn't gone through. It just means he isn't getting it as soon as he thought he would."

"Then it isn't off?"

"Hell, no. Just delayed. That is, as far as I know. But, of course, you know I'm an optimist. Anyhow, tell the fellows nobody likes to part with that kind of money in a hurry. Tell them to relax."

"You got a bunch of guys out there in the shop who'd put their arm in the fire for you up to here," Barney said.

"That goes both ways," Ken said.

"And Rarity Press is Home-Sweet-Home to most of them."

"And to me."

"That's what I figure. You grew up in it." He grinned. "Some of us guys, we feel like a father to you. The way Hewlet does." The serious part was over. "Your old man was a comp, wasn't he?"

"That's right," Ken said. His father had been a compositor, a typesetter. Before that he'd been a biology instructor at a high school and he'd married the girl who taught history. Then Ken's mother had been busy with four children and his father had decided to learn a more profitable trade. "He never lived to see me get into the business," Ken said. "I guess he'd have tried to talk me out of it."

They finished their coffee and swung off the stools.

It was a few days later, when Ken came back from a client's office, that his secretary gave him a rather puzzling message.

"A Mrs. Durland called," Joan Barlow said. "She's going to stop by and drive you home."

"Mrs. Durland?"

"Yes, she'd like you to wait for her."

Joan Barlow was young and had a pert, inquiring face. She always looked a little curious about Ken's private affairs. He was amused to see her wondering what this woman was like, the married woman who was going to drive him home.

"It's the mother of a friend of mine," he told her.

She said, "Oh," and looked both relieved and disappointed.

Chad's mother. What would she want to see him about? Possibilities occurred to him. Her son's health. Or some business information, something she might want to know about printing. But wouldn't she have asked Chad to find out from him? Perhaps not. Another possibility kept bobbing up in his mind and he was shoving it off into a corner. Something about Christina. About Chad, and . . . he refused to consider it.

He had been making too much, lately, out of a simple incident. Or was it a series of incidents? To come home and find Chad kissing Christina. That had been explained. And the big, fabulously expensive bottle of perfume had been explained. And yet, for the past few weeks he'd had a strange feeling about Christina and Chad. It was as if they had a kind of secret between them. Chad had always been fond of Christina, of course, but now there were times when . . . again his mind balked at forming the words, but the thought remained and wouldn't go away.

What could you do about it? Nothing. For the present, at least. Nothing, unless you were sure.

He trusted Christina beyond question. She could never do anything shameful, anything very wrong. But . . . and he allowed the thought to take form in his mind . . . to fall in love with someone other than her husband . . . some people might say a thing like that could be unavoidable.

It did not seem impossible that Chad, if he were in love with Christina, might try to take her away from his most intimate friend. In all the years they had been

friends, Ken had known that Chad, in his own self-interest, was capable of betraying him, or anyone else. Not that there had been any such betrayal. But he was *capable* of it, Ken felt sure, and he felt sure, also, that the same was not true of him and that Chad knew it. Ken knew that Chad liked him for this quality and at times admired him for it. But he was pretty sure that at other times Chad considered loyalty and honesty to be secondary or primitive virtues, unworldly, unsophisticated.

If you accepted Chad on his own standards, he was a likable, even a lovable friend. But it was Ken's opinion that, although Chad could be generous to a fault, he was selfish to the core. He could be sweet, kind; he would go to great lengths to do things for people if it satisfied a mood, a whim. But never if it clashed with his own basic interests, or meant doing something he might find tiresome, a bore.

The fellows at college hadn't really liked Chad very much. They had admired him because he was clever, and the simple truth was that they had accepted him because he was Ken Cadman's roommate.

When Chad had invited Christina Pennelton up to the college that weekend of the dance, some of Ken's friends had expressed surprise that Durland should have such a lovely girl, such a genuinely *nice* girl. Then one of the fellows had learned that Chad barely knew Christina, that this was the first time they'd had a date, and he'd seemed to think that explained something.

As for Christina and him, Ken reflected, he might easily have fallen in love with her that weekend, for there had hardly been a day, in the weeks after she had left, that he hadn't thought of her. But he hadn't seen her until the middle of that summer, after he had been graduated from college, and that was by chance in the lobby of a theater. He had asked then how Chad was. He hadn't seen Chad since college and Chad had said something about going to Europe.

"Chad?" she'd said. "I really don't know where or how he is. I haven't seen him since that weekend of the dance."

Ken's secretary walked in now, pulling on her gloves. "Mrs. Durland's here. She came as I was leaving." Obviously Joan Barlow was quite satisfied that there was no element of spice in his friendship for Mrs. Durland. She handed Ken a card. "There's a note on the back." The note said, "I'll wait if you're busy." Engraved on the other side was Amy Durland's name and, under it, the Durland Enterprises and several addresses.

Joan Barlow asked, "She the head of some big outfit?"

"She owns most of the stock, I guess," Ken told her obligingly, "she and her son."

Joan looked puzzled. "She could be just anybody." Then, afraid she had been too bold, "I mean . . ."

Ken smiled. "Ask her if she'd mind coming in while I sign some letters, will you?"

Ken got up as Joan Barlow brought Mrs. Durland in. Chad's mother said, "Don't let me stop you if there's work you want to finish."

"There's nothing that can't wait until tomorrow except a few letters. I'll just look through them and get them in the mail if you don't mind."

Mrs. Durland took a chair, and while Ken read the letters, she glanced around the office. Her glance, deceptively slow, quicker than it seemed, took in the material that was pinned on the display board—printer's hand-proofs of work in progress, schedules, deadline dates and finished jobs. She noted the cabinet with glass doors and in it the rows of handsomely bound books, most of which had been printed some years back. She opened a few of them and verified this by glancing at the publication dates.

As Ken was folding the last letter and putting it into

an envelope, she said. "My son has spoken of your business and your plans. It must be an interesting business."

"I think so," Ken told her. What *did* Mrs. Durland want?

She pointed through a door. "Is that where you have your plant?"

"Yes. Would you like to see it?"

"I wouldn't want to put you to any trouble."

Obviously she did want to see it. "I'd be happy to show it to you," Ken said, getting up. He held a door open and waited for Mrs. Durland to pass through. The plant was quiet so that they could talk without shouting. The printers had left, the machinery had been wiped and cleaned and there was only a porter sweeping the floor. Ken asked Mrs. Durland, "Do you know anything at all about printing?"

"No, and I suppose I should." She gazed around the plant with a distracted air, and Ken waited politely for the explanation he thought was coming. He said, finally, "I suppose the Durland Enterprises use a lot of printed matter?" Chad had never brought the subject up and Ken had tactfully avoided it, assuming that Chad would have given him their business if he conveniently could.

"One of our subsidiary firms does. Trends, Incorporated, the textile house. They have a large mail-order business. So they use a lot of catalogues and other mailing pieces."

Ken thought of telling her that they had been printing some catalogues and decided against it. He didn't want to seem to be asking for the Durland business. He was glad he hadn't when Mrs. Durland added, "It's all handled out of Philadelphia."

He showed her some of the machinery and explained what it was for. She asked him a few questions about how printing costs were figured and about the value of some of the machinery. As he answered her, she appeared to be hardly listening, but he had already decided that Mrs. Durland had a way sometimes of seeming to be scatter-brained when actually she was paying close attention. He wasn't sure, though, just what she was paying attention to now, whether it was to the details of what he was saying, or to something else she wanted to discover for herself.

As they came to the end of the tour, he said, "Well, that's our plant. We could use some new equipment, but it will do until then. If there's anything else you'd like to know, please ask."

"No, you've been very kind." And as if she were revealing what she had really been thinking of all this time, she told him, "Harvey Ferguson thinks Trends ought to do its own printing."

"Harvey Ferguson?"

She seemed not to have heard. He asked, "Who's Harvey Ferguson?"

"He's . . . vice-president and general manager of the Durland Enterprises." She seemed to answer with reluctance.

Ken remembered something then and smiled to himself. Chad had a penchant for secrecy in business matters. "Play the cards close to your chest," he'd said once. "You never know who's going to look over your shoulder."

Mrs. Durland didn't say anything more about Trends' doing its own printing until they were going down on the elevator; then she added, as if her last remark had been made just that moment, "Chad isn't sure."

"About what?"

"Whether Trends should install a plant." And then, "My chauffeur is waiting. I hope Christina hasn't had to delay dinner."

"I'm sure she hasn't. She knows I often work late."

He escorted her to the car. "Don't bother about driving me home. I'm sure it's out of your way." The chauffeur had seen her and was out to open the door.

Ken was still wondering why she had come to his office. He was sure he hadn't given her enough information to have made it worth her effort, nor had she asked for any more. She said mildly, "I'll stop up for a few minutes and have a little visit with my son. I told him I might."

Then did Chad know she had come to see him? He answered with polite humor, "In that case it's definitely not out of your way."

As they rode uptown, Ken was waiting for Mrs. Durland to speak. He felt sure there was something more she wanted to talk about. She said, after a while, "Chad is very fond of . . . you and Christina."

There had definitely been a pause after the words, "fond of," as if, Ken felt, she had started to mention just one of them, him or Christina, not both.

"We enjoy having him so near," Ken said.

There was another long silence, uncomfortably long. Ken was determined, now, not to be the first to break it, although he was almost driven to some inanity about the weather before she said, "Chad hasn't been at all well, you know."

Was this, then, Mrs. Durland's reason for the visit? Ken's attitude thawed visibly as he asked, "Is it anything I don't already know about?" and, remembering his talk with Christina, "Something recent?"

"It's his attitude, mostly. He won't *do* anything for himself. I just wish . . ." and again, there was a pause, "you and Christina . . ." then she turned and faced him. "Especially Christina." Christina's name had come finally like the end of a strong sentence, and Ken had a feeling, an uneasy feeling, that they were arriving somehow at the real point of Mrs. Durland's visit. "Chad's so . . ." Fond of her? Was that what she had been going to say? ". . . so stubborn. Sometimes he's difficult to reason with. But he has a lot of respect for Christina." Mrs. Durland spoke as if she were suddenly on easier ground. Perhaps the word "respect" had been a happy choice. She managed a brief smile. "Doctor Chris, he calls her sometimes."

"He's impressed with the fact that she started to be a nurse. And impressed with her good sense. She's a very sensible girl. And very kind." It seemed almost as if she had suddenly realized she was speaking of Ken's wife when she turned to him and said, "I'm sure you know that better than I?"

It was more than half a question, but Ken didn't answer it. "Tell me about Chad's condition. The way you speak, it sounds as if . . . What does his doctor say? Have you talked to him?"

"Of course. I've talked to his doctor! Or tried to. But what can any doctor say when . . ." She stopped and bit her lip, and Ken was uncomfortably aware that the woman in the car beside him was on the verge of tears. ". . . When his condition depends so much on his mental state. Oh, Kenneth, I don't know! I can't get anything out of the cardiologist. But I'm afraid, if Chad doesn't get hold of himself and change his outlook, something terrible is going to happen. You see, he just doesn't seem to *care* about anything any more. It's as if it were the end of the world. If he would just get hold of himself and change his outlook. I don't think it's a doctor he needs now. Or even a psychiatrist. He needs someone like . . . he would pay more attention to . . . people like you and Christina." Her breast heaved. Tears and a small amount of mascara came down her cheeks. Then Mrs. Durland added, firmly, "Especially Christina." And after a moment, "Kenneth, you must know. He gets into these slumps."

"He's always pulled out of them."

"But not this time! Kenneth, this is the worst. I want to get him over this one. But it's a real crisis. If

you're at all fond of him?" It was definitely a question and she was waiting for him to answer.

"Of course, I am."

They had arrived at the apartment house. Ken hesitated to get out, for the conversation seemed to have been left hanging, unfinished. But it looked as though Mrs. Durland had said all she intended to say for the present.

As Mrs. Durland got out, she said, "I'll be only a few minutes, Clem."

Ken went with Chad's mother to the apartment house. Her presence had made him aware of the scuffed and shabby entrance, an entrance that had once been elegant. Like a chewed-up second-hand suit, he was thinking, with a Madison Avenue label. There was a sign on the elevator door, the janitor's sprawling, childish lettering on a piece of frayed cardboard. It said, ELEVATOR OUT OF ORDER.

Ken whispered, "Damn!"

"I can't walk up five flights," Mrs. Durland said. "I do wish Chad hadn't moved into this . . ." She didn't finish.

"Shall I ask him to come down?"

"Oh, no!" She had sounded indignant, angry and, realizing it, she added with a reproving smile, "You strong, healthy people. There are some things you forget."

Ken was in no mood to apologize if that was expected.

"Is there anything you'd like me to tell him, then?"

"No, thank you." She fixed her gaze on him. "And I'd prefer you wouldn't tell him about our little talk."

"Of course."

She held out her hand. "Thank you for showing me your plant. And for listening to me. I hope you don't think me an hysterical old woman."

"Not at all." He added, gallantly, "Neither old nor hysterical."

He walked out with her to where the chauffeur was waiting. "I'll telephone Chad when I get home," she said.

As he turned back into the apartment house, he was thinking, *Just what the devil was that all about?* He stopped and glared at the sign on the elevator. The last word had been crowded over the edge of the cardboard, so that the final "r" of "order" had to be tucked in at the bottom, as if in afterthought. It was the second time this month that it had been out of order.

He started up the stairs, thinking of Christina with a heavy load of groceries walking up the six flights.

## CHAPTER

Amy Durland had come to see Kenneth without a definite plan, and that was why he hadn't been sure what it was all about. Her visit had been largely on impulse. She had intuitive reasons for thinking that Kenneth was making it difficult for Christina to be more helpful to her son, and she felt that if she saw him, talked to him, some way of persuading him to be more liberal might occur to her.

Also, she had wanted to observe him in his office, to get a more rounded idea of what he was really like. She had found him strong and proud and, with a hastily formed approach, had tried to appeal to his basic kindness, as she had with Christina, while at the same time leaving the thought, if not the frank suggestion, that he might profit in business through the good will of the Durlands.

Then, on the way uptown with him, her emotions had taken over, although perhaps they were less out of hand then they may have seemed to Kenneth. She left him without being quite sure whether, from the Durlands' viewpoint, she might have done more harm than good.

The idea that Kenneth might be raising difficulties and aggravating her son's condition had occurred to her earlier in the afternoon after a meeting with the directors of the Gullcraft Company. The purpose of the meeting had been to discuss a new and cheaper model, a light-weight seaplane which they wanted to put into production. Harvey Ferguson, a red-faced man with squinty eyes that gave him a look of intense concentration and with a small round head that looked, somehow, as if everything in it was compact and orderly, was drumming nervously on the long walnut table. He was watching an argument between Chad and George Lundquist, production manager of Gullcraft and chief engineer of the Durland Enterprises.

Ferguson had good reason to be nervous, as Mrs. Durland realized, for he had told her more than once that Lundquist was their most valuable man and that lately Chad had been making him, as he put it, "unhappy."

Lundquist wanted to delay the model for further tests. As he read a report in a ponderous voice, Chad would fidget and yawn or smile irritatingly as he drew gulls on a pad of note paper. Amy Durland, observing both Chad and Ferguson, had watched her son with a frown of concern. Lundquist finished reading his report. "Now," he began and slowly took off his glasses. "I am aware that Chad . . ."

Chad had cut him short. "What's the point of these endless discussions? I gave you my opinion. I haven't changed it. Our competition has a new cheap plane. We ought to put this one on the market at once. I've been up in it. It's a good machine."

Lundquist began again. "But until all the engineering data . . ."

"I'm sick of your engineering data. If we had fewer engineering data and more intelligence . . ."

"Chad!" Mrs. Durland said.

"I'll go up with a test pilot. I'll make any tests you want."

Roy Dillon, sales manager for Gullcraft, thought it was his turn. He had a crinkly smile, a snub nose, and on such occasions he was the semiofficial pourer of oil. He asked Ferguson, "Harvey, how does it look to you? Do you agree with Chad, or do you feel with George that we ought to wait a little longer?"

Ferguson tried to copy Dillon's amiable manner. "I understand Chad's impatience. I feel that way at times myself. But as Chad's father used to say . . ." and as he went on, he made it clear that Chad's father had left Harvey Ferguson the power of veto on any idea he didn't think was solid and safe.

Chad slammed a pencil down on the table and got up. "I've given you my opinion again and again. Now do as you damn' please. I'm tired of hearing the same record over and over." He walked out of the room. The pencil, its point broken, rolled across the table and dropped to the floor.

Twenty minutes later, Mrs. Durland walked into her son's office. She stood gazing sadly at him for a moment.

Chad said, "I'm sorry, mother." She didn't say anything and he added, "They're right and I'm wrong. I knew it all along. I knew I'd have to back down. Now I'll have to apologize to them, like a little boy who expects to be punished." His mother still didn't say anything. He continued, "I should have controlled myself. But sometimes I just want to let go. It's that squarehead Lundquist. I know he's valuable. But he's such a garrulous bore." His mother's silence persisted, and he said, "No, it isn't Lundquist."

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"How have you been feeling, Chad?" she said at last.

"It isn't just my physical condition, either."

"Then it's somebody . . . you have on your mind?"

Chad gave her a quick glance. She asked, "Is it that girl?" He didn't answer. "Is it Christina?"

"Yes, it's that girl."

"You can't go on this way, getting yourself upset about a married woman. You know what the doctor said."

He made a show of impatience. "That I'd have a breakdown."

"You'd be in the hospital again."

"Not I." He was punishing his mother for prying into his personal affairs. "I wouldn't go through with it again."

Mrs. Durland bit her lip. He meant it, too, she decided. This was no time to thwart him. She could only hope that, if the girl would be kind to him for a while, he would somehow get past this crisis. Perhaps the husband was raising objections. Naturally he would be afraid of losing her. But Chad's life was in danger!

Chad had left the office early and now he was in his apartment, and when he heard someone come up the first flight of stairs, walk the length of the hall, climb another flight and walk through the hall again, he knew who it was. He had come to know Ken's walk since they'd been living in the same house. There had been a time when the sound of it gave him pleasure. It did not give him pleasure now. The ring of self reliance, which he had always secretly admired, seemed offensive as it came to him through a closed door. It was as if the man outside were flaunting his strength, telling whoever wanted to listen that what he had in this world had come from himself, his labor, his cunning and courage, that nothing had ever been handed to him, made easy.

Ken Cadman had reached the fifth floor, Chad's floor. He came down the hall and Chad heard him hesitate a full ten seconds outside the door. Then he went on upstairs.

Christina had left the door open an inch and she was standing in the foyer when Ken came in.

"I heard you walking up," she said. "The darned elevator still out of order?"

He kissed her without saying anything, holding her a while, making it more than a coming-home kiss. She asked, "Was that for anything special?"

"It's always for something special." He looked into the living room and saw that she had set the table with one of the good linen tablecloths, saw that it was set for three. "We having company?"

"Chad called me. We've asked him to dinner a couple of times when he wasn't in the mood. So this afternoon he just called and invited himself, the way he does sometimes. You know."

"When he comes out of his shell?"

"Yes. Ken, there's something I want to tell you about Chad before he comes up. It will shock you, I'm afraid."

There was an instant of terrible fear, and the fear was for himself because, absurdly (he decided a moment later that it had been absurd), he had thought it was going to be something shocking about Chad and Christina. Then she told him and the fear for himself was gone and, instead, there was a different kind of fear and with it a sense of impending loss, the loss of an intimate friend.

"It looks very much," she said, "as though Chad hasn't long to live."

She explained then what Chad had told her and the nature of his disease, as she understood it. He was too stunned for a minute to wonder why she knew about it and he, Chad's friend, did not. He asked, "Do you think he could be mistaken?"

"He could be, but. . ." she shook her head. "I'm afraid not."

"I suppose he's been to all the leading specialists?"

"Well, you know Chad."

Ken considered a moment, then he shook his head, as Chris had. "He isn't mistaken. Not Chad. Not about a thing like this." Then he looked at Christina curiously. "How did you find out about it?" He meant, *before I did?* Then he thought of Chad's mother. "Did Mrs. Durland tell you first?"

"She doesn't know anything about his real condition. I'm pretty sure of that."

"Then Chad just . . . told you himself?"

She nodded.

"When was this?"

"About a month ago."

"A month . . ." he stared at her ". . . a month ago?"

"Nearly that."

He wanted to ask why she hadn't told him. She seemed to be expecting the question, preparing herself for it, and he was beginning to think that perhaps it would be better to wait until she explained it, unasked. Then there was a tap on the door, and it was Chad, arriving early.

"I heard Ken climbing the stairs." He didn't look any different. He looked gloomy, morose, but that was a familiar mood.

"The old elevator again," Ken said. "Hi, Chad." They shook hands, a formality which admitted the amount of time that had passed since they had seen each other.

"That old crate must be tied together with bits of twine," Chad said. He went on into the living room with that familiar indifferent saunter. "Am I too early?"

"Never too early," Ken said. "In fact, I was just going to pour a . . ." He broke off and, concerned and slightly embarrassed, he asked, "Are you taking a drink these days?"

"Why not?"

Ken turned to Christina. He asked, as if he were half kidding, "Can he have one?" And when he added, "Doctor Chris?" it stirred a vaguely unpleasant memory, and he recalled Chad's mother and the way she had said, "He calls her 'Doctor Chris.'"

"Give him one," Chris said. "A light one."

"Scotch?" Ken asked. It was usually Scotch.

"If you have it. If you haven't, gin will do."

Ken was thinking, *Am I supposed to know all about it, or am I not? He's told only Chris. He hasn't told me.* At the same time, on an ordinary, everyday level, he was thinking, *Why should I suggest Scotch if I didn't have it?*

"We're not down to gin yet," he told Chad. He chuckled and Chad didn't, and that made him feel more uncomfortable. A guy who laughs at his own jokes. *In a moment I'm going to come right out with it, he decided, and ask why he never said anything to me.*

Chris had something on the stove, which she turned down to simmer. She took a drink and sat on the couch. Chad sat down beside her. He glanced around the apartment. "Something new here. That lamp." He added. "Very nice." There was something not quite right about the way he said it. Or perhaps, Ken decided, it was only Chris's look of disapproval that made it seem not right.

He understood in a moment when she said to Chad. "You don't have to admire it again." She looked directly at her husband. "He admired it when he was up here a few days ago."

"He comes up here and I don't know it," Ken said.

It was all very polite and a bit too breezy and strained. But not for long.

Chad said, "There are other things you don't know about." He had said it without a smile, without, perhaps, even a suggestion of one.

Ken was flatly serious as he answered, "So I understand."

In the pause that followed, the three of them under-

stood that the subject they had been avoiding was now out in the open.

Christina said, "I've already told Ken."

"That I'm in love with you?"

"No!" Chris glanced anxiously at her husband, but as she looked into his eyes, her gaze was steady, and the concern in them was for Kenneth, and not due to any sense of guilt. She told Chad, "I was going to tell him everything you said to me. There just wasn't time."

"Maybe I *am* a little too early," Chad suggested. "Shall we pretend I haven't arrived? I can go downstairs and then make another entrance."

Ken's face suddenly had a hard, gray look. He said softly, "No, Chad. Chris and I don't have to pretend anything. I think you'd better stay where you are."

"That suits me," Chad said. "I'm tired of pretending. Especially now. You can understand. I imagine, how a man in my position would be impatient of pretense. I'm glad the time has come to be frank." He was better prepared for this situation than either of them. He seemed to have himself well under control and he took the lead in the conversation. "I suppose you hate me now, Ken. So it may be some satisfaction to know that I won't be around for long. The way I figure, it's about five months, and I'm not far wrong. Unless I go suddenly before then. Do you feel any better, knowing that?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh, Chad!" Christina impulsively touched his hand. "Of course, he doesn't!"

Chad's hand closed over hers and held it firmly, and yet so casually that a stranger might have thought they, and not Ken and Chris, were man and wife. It wasn't what she had wanted, but because she felt pity for him, felt that he needed the strength that kindness can sometimes give, she didn't draw her hand away. The gesture was not lost on Ken, but there was little in his expression to show how he felt about it.

"Since you haven't told Ken about my suggestion, do you mind if he hears it first from me?"

"I don't think it makes much difference."

"You mean, which of us tells him?" She was slow to answer, and he said, "Because I hope it will make a lot of difference in our lives. In yours and Ken's and the little I have left."

Christina's eyes sought Ken's, but he was staring hard at Chad, his expression alert and unyielding, and, knowing him, she felt this was as much a defense against his own compassion as against this "suggestion" of Chad's, which he hadn't yet heard, but already knew he would reject.

"The suggestion I made concerns the three of us, Ken. I've already proposed it to Christina. Now I'll . . ."

"And what was her answer?"

"Why don't you wait till you hear the proposition? I suppose the best way is to give it to you fast and argue about it at leisure. Let me prepare you for one thing. It clashes with certain conventional ideas. But a man in my position is apt to look back and see how much we miss in this world by being strait-laced and conventional. Ken, I want to leave you a million dollars. You and Chris. I'll do it if you'll get a quick divorce and if Chris will marry me." He saw the expression on Ken's face and with a twitch of a smile he said, "Don't look so shocked. Divorce, a marriage contract. It's quite conventional, after all."

"You can't be serious?"

"Let me show you how serious I am. My estimate is five months. And I think that's about the consensus of the specialists. Maybe less, as I say. Maybe a little more. But if I'm not dead by that time, you get the money anyway, you and Chris. Now I'm willing to argue with you."

Ken met Chris's eyes and slowly she shook her head.

Then he relaxed. He chuckled and said gently, "There won't be any argument."

"Then you agree?"

"What! Did you honestly think I would?"

"Not at first, to be frank. But I think you will when . . ."

"No, I won't."

Chad leaned back. "As I said to Christina, this is going to be what the Madison Avenue boys call the 'relaxed sell.' You know, Ken, tradition makes chumps of us all. It's hard to realize how false some traditions are, false to nature, or to *human* nature. In our part of the world we have monogamy. Why? I say it's a matter of groceries. The human bird does a lot of hopping to feather one nest and feed the brood. So, to keep the average Joe and Jenny happy, we sanctify it; we legalize it and even the rich have to conform—in theory and in public, that is.

"Or take the chastity of women." Ken had been listening with a look of grudging amusement, but at this point he was suddenly not amused. "We set great store by it." Chad continued. "But in some societies, well, take the Eskimo, for instance. When he lends his wife to a guest or a friend, tradition is on his side."

"Chad," Ken said, definitely without humor, "I think I have the answer for you."

"Yes?"

"You'd better find yourself an Eskimo."

In his headlong approach, Chad had thought he was making progress with Ken, had fallen into his little trap and now he was annoyed, exasperated. "I don't *want* an Eskimo. I . . ." He regretted the way his voice had flared and he pulled it down as he began again, "Ken, listen to me."

"I want her, too," Ken said.

"You talk as if I were asking you to give Christina up forever."

"You are. And you're asking more than that of Christina."

Chad stopped for a moment and then made an abrupt switch. "Ken, I want to talk about the printing business for a while. It isn't a change of subject. This concerns Christina, too."

"I . . . Oh, all right. If you must get it off your chest, I'd rather talk about the printing business than about Christina."

Chad began to talk about the printing business and about Rarity Press, the problems involved in making a go of it and, from what Ken had told him, the amount of money needed for some really modern new machinery.

"I don't know how much you've been able to raise for new equipment." He waited, but Ken remained silent. So he went on, speaking of the things Ken could do with plenty of capital.

As Ken listened, his impatience was obvious, despite an effort not to show it. But he didn't like this reminder of his difficulties, of a dream that, as Chad described it, appeared Utopian without capital.

Chad's voice, as he talked, seemed to be getting thin, and he paused as if from sheer weariness. Ken asked, "Have you exhausted the printing business?"

Chad drew a hand over his forehead. Chris looked at him anxiously. Ken said, "It seems to have exhausted *you*."

"It has. But I haven't finished. Bear with me a while, will you?"

"I guess I can stand it if you can," Ken said. Then he added, trying not to sound unpleasant, trying to be good-humored, "But I'm getting a little tired of watching you hold my wife's hand. Along with your remarkable proposition, it makes me uncomfortable."

Chad let go of Chris's hand as if he had been touched

with the burning end of a cigarette. He seemed to be forcing his energy now and to have trouble keeping himself under control. "All right, Ken. The hell with the printing business. Let me talk a little more about a girl we both know, a lovely woman named Christina."

Chris said, "Chad, please."

"No, don't stop me now. I've had this bottled up and it must come out." He talked about Chris's warm and generous nature, how everybody seemed to love her—the clerk in the grocery store, the shopkeeper who sold her magazines and newspapers, even the shriveled little sourpuss who delivered the laundry. "They all love her. Every one of them. Each of them is an individual to Chris, and she has enough love for them all."

"Now you're embarrassing Chris. What are you getting at? On second thought, maybe I'd rather you didn't answer that."

"Listen, listen to me." Chad's voice was really out of control now. "Do you think there isn't enough love in this woman for two men?"

"I think I've had enough of your conversation."

"Do you think that, after loving me for . . . for about five months, more or less, and maybe less, do you think . . ."

Ken said angrily, "Now you listen to me for a change!"

Christina warned, "Don't get Chad excited."

"You've been working on Christina, your mother working on me, on my wife. . . ."

"My mother knows nothing about this!"

"Good! I'm relieved to know that. I'll limit my remarks to you."

Christina spoke again, slowly and evenly, "Don't get Chad excited."

"Chad, if there was anything in the world I could do for you at this point, anything except . . ."

"Except the only thing I want."

"What are you asking of Christina? I'll put it in plain words. You want her to be a one million dollar. . . ."

"Kenneth!" Christina said, and Ken pulled back an ugly word.

"Maybe you see things more clearly now, as you've said. But you still think money can buy anything. And anybody. In that case aren't you setting the price a little high? A fifth of a million a month. That's something of a record, isn't it?"

Chad got up abruptly. He ripped a picture off the wall, and disclosed a deep, gaping crack in the plaster. "Pictures to cover the crumbling plaster. That's a bit on the corny side, isn't it? How do you think Christina feels living in a dump like this? A woman with her breeding and background."

"Now you *are* repulsive," Ken said. "To me, anyway. Shut up or get out of here, will you?"

Chad made another effort to keep the situation—and himself—under control. "I'm only trying to show you . . ."

Ken's next words were quietly savage. "Drop dead!"

Christina gasped. The two men faced each other. The thin scar on Kenneth's chin, that old and sometimes barely noticeable souvenir of his boyhood, had become a line of crimson.

Chad started for the door. "I'll probably oblige you by doing just that."

"Ken," Christina pleaded, "stop him. Tell him you're sorry."

Ken remained stiff and silent. They heard Chad going down the stairs.

Chris had stood and half reached for Chad, a futile gesture, as he left. She dropped limply to the couch.

Ken said, "And damned if I can say I'm sorry."

"That's the worst of it. You will be."

The two of them glanced around the apartment. Ken's eyes rested on the picture Chad had removed and on the crack in the wall. Christina considered the dining table, with the blue linen cloth, the matching napkins, the good dishes. She turned and gazed dully at the simmering pots of food in the kitchenette.

"Ken," she said, finally, "I wish you would go down to Chad and . . . No." she decided, for that would be risky, "call him on the 'phone and tell him you're sorry."

Ken stared at her. "Look, I couldn't feel worse about Chad. But there's a limit to what we should be asked to do, even by a man who is . . . No, I don't feel a bit sorry for what I said." Chris continued to gaze at him. The steadiness of her gaze was a prolonged request. He asked, "You want *me* to apologize to *Chad*?"

"Yes. And I know how much he's hurt you."

He met her gaze for another long moment, then he asked, in a dull voice, "You're sure that's what you want?"

"Yes. It's what I want to do."

Ken went to the telephone and dialed Chad's number. The 'phone rang for quite a while before it was answered. Ken said, in a flat tone, "Chad, I want to apologize. I'm sorry." He listened a moment, then he said to Christina, in the same dull voice, "He wants to talk to you."

Christina took the telephone. She listened to Chad, then she answered, "I'll come down." She hung up and said, "We'd better go down," then she turned to Ken and saw him glaring at her, his jaw clamped tight, his arms stiff. "No," she decided. "I'd better go down."

She walked past Ken, past the angry eyes that followed her to the door, and went downstairs.

She had been too angry herself to tell him Chad was sick. He might even suggest that it was Chad's way of getting some attention from her. She had, in fact, some doubts about that herself, but not for long. When she knocked on the door, Chad didn't open, and she heard him say something, mumble something. Then she saw that the door wasn't quite closed and she went in.

He slumped in a chair, his hands pressed against the sides of his head. She put a finger to his wrist and checked his pulse. It was rapid. He seemed barely to see her. "We'll have to get you to bed." She tried to lift him, then she said, "I'll call Ken."

"No!" he gasped. "No, no, no!"

"But . . ."

"I'll . . . make it." He reached for her arm and she helped him up. It was all right once he got on his feet. He was able to walk. She led him, dazed, to the bed. He collapsed on it and she loosened his collar while she got the name of the physician who took care of him in New York. It was a Doctor Chaley.

She tried Doctor Chaley's office. He wasn't in. She called his home. He was out on an emergency call. His wife didn't know when he'd be back. She suggested Chris call a Doctor Moriches. It was an hour before Chris reached Doctor Moriches, who said he would get there as soon as he could. It was another hour before the doctor arrived. She stayed and assisted him.

As Doctor Moriches was leaving, he told Chris. "Someone should stay with him until Doctor Chaley gets here. He shouldn't be left alone."

"I'll stay," Chris said.

Several times she had thought of telephoning Ken, but she was too tired, too tired to hear Ken's angry voice, too tired to explain. She stayed until Doctor Chaley arrived at five in the morning.

A morning light was coming in through the hall window as she trudged up the stairs. She would have to wake Ken, she thought, for she didn't have her key. She rang the bell and Ken opened the door. He was dressed, and she knew from his appearance, from the crumpled shirt and tie, that he hadn't been out of his clothes.

She'd been aware that she was tired, but it wasn't until she saw Ken's angry face that she realized how terribly tired she was. She walked past him and threw herself on the bed.

Ken came into the bedroom and stood over her. "I didn't like the idea of leaving a note, somehow. I waited to say good-by." She didn't look up. For a moment the words had no meaning. "Maybe you're right," he said, "A million dollars is a hell of a lot of money, isn't it?"

It took her a while to realize his meaning, long enough for Ken to walk through the living room, open the door and close it.

She got up from the bed, her limbs aching, and she realized that, in closing the door, he had closed it behind him. She discovered then that he had taken most of his clothes from the closet, and two large suitcases.

# 7 CHAPTER

At first Chris thought she was hearing the alarm clock. It seemed to ring and then stop, and she thought Ken had turned off the alarm.

She reached out to where he should have been and her arm was blocked by a wall. She knew then that she wasn't in bed, that she had slept on the couch, and she lay for a moment afraid to open her eyes, trying to recall what had happened.

Last night . . . no, this morning, after Ken had . . . after he had left, Doctor Chaley had come up. She had only a vague impression of what the doctor had looked like. A crumpled gray pin-striped suit. A paunch. A round, sagging and sadly jolly face. He had handed her something. A key. A key to Chad's apartment. "If you'll look in on him in about an hour. Don't wake him if he's asleep. But if he isn't, take his pulse. You do know how to take a pulse, don't you?"

"Yes, doctor."

"It should be much lower by then," the doctor had said, then he'd hesitated and looked at her with a keen professional eye. "You look as if you're catching a cold. Take a hot drink and put on something warm. But you *will* be sure to go down in an hour, won't you?"

"Yes," she promised.

"If you could stay down there with him until he gets stronger or until someone comes . . . no excitement, of course." "Good-by and thank you, Miss. . . ." The door had closed. Dazed as she was by what had just happened between her and Ken, she hadn't even thought to ask the doctor some questions about Chad.

The bell rang again as she lay on the couch, and this time she knew it was the door, and that someone had been waiting.

She sprang up, or tried to. She felt stiff all over. Her bones ached; her throat was sore. The doctor was right; she had caught a cold. She had thought to rest on the couch, just for a minute, with her eyes closed, and now she wondered how long she had been asleep. Hours, it seemed. She staggered to the door. Her hair felt frowsy; her dress was crumpled, her eyes swollen. She wanted to do something about her appearance, but the bell rang again and there was an impatient tap on the door. So she opened it.

Chad's mother, looking frightened, looking as if she were trying not to cry. Her eyes were pleading, reproachful. "He's been down there alone, all day, in his condition. . . ."

"All day? What time is it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I tried to reach him this afternoon when he didn't show up at the office. Won't you please come down, if only for a moment? He's been asking for you."

All day? And she had promised the doctor. . . . She was fighting a sense of guilt, for what her husband had done, for what she had failed to do. She didn't want to feel guilty.

She said, "Of course, if you . . ." She tried to smooth down her hair with her hands.

Mrs. Durland made an effort to smile. "He won't notice whether your hair is combed," and she linked her arm with Chris's and led her down the hall to the stairs.

Chad looked drawn, thin. His eyes, as he gazed up from the pillow, held something of the reproach she had seen in the eyes of his mother. Chris went to him and sat down in the chair by his bed. She asked, "How are you feeling?" and, with a strong sense of guilt, took the wrist that rested limply on the bed and felt his pulse. She looked at her watch, but it had stopped. The watch on his bed table was running and it had a second hand.

He didn't say how he was feeling. He said, "I tried to stop my mother from calling you." His voice was weak.

She saw that his pulse had gone down, and then she noticed that it was twenty minutes after four. A whole working day had gone by and Kenneth hadn't called to say that he'd be home, that he had just lost his temper and was sorry . . . and *she* hadn't called him to explain why she'd been down there all night with Chad.

She felt ill, feverish. At the same time she was aware that this quarrel, this failure to understand each other, was a sort of disease; the longer you let it go without doing something to clear it up, the worse the chances for recovery. She would have to be awfully careful what she said over the telephone, but above all, she must call him at once.

She got up. "I'm sorry, but I have to make a 'phone call. I'll be right back."

"You can call from here," Mrs. Durland said, pointing to the telephone by Chad's bed.

"No," Chris said, too impatient to sound courteous, "I must go upstairs."

"But you'll be back?" Mrs. Durland pleaded.

"Yes, I . . ." She looked at Chad over her shoulder and forced a smile. "I'll be back."

She dialed the number of Ken's office. She must be careful, very careful what she said to him. The switchboard operator said, "I don't think he's in. I'll give you his secretary."

Not in? Oh, he had to be in! Unless he was on the way home. His secretary's voice, "Mr. Cadman's office."

No, he wasn't in, Joan Barlow said. He had left with a client, gone for the day. She didn't ask who was calling. Was that because she recognized his wife's voice? With her cold, Chris didn't sound like herself, so she wasn't sure. Miss Barlow said, "If you'd like to leave a message," and Chris hesitated. Did Ken's secretary already know about a change of address? That he was staying at a hotel somewhere? She said, "No . . ." and then, in a swift decision, "This is Mrs. Cadman."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Cadman." Had Joan Barlow known all along who it was? "I'll tell him you called if I hear from him. I don't think he'll call back, though."

She sat for a while, recalling the tone of Joan Barlow's voice as she'd said, "I don't think he'll call back," trying to guess from the tone whether there was anything Miss Barlow had been told, anything she knew. Then, leaving

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the door open, she went downstairs and told Chad's mother she had to wait in for an important call. had to get dinner for her husband. that she would be down later, probably after dinner.

But Ken didn't call, and he didn't come home to dinner.

She went on down to Chad's apartment because, among other reasons, she had discovered how terrible it was, just being alone.

Mrs. Durland said, "Oh, it's Christina. Thank goodness. Chad was insisting I go out to dinner."

"I'm so sorry," Chris said. "I'd have invited you up, but . . ." How could she explain that she didn't want Chad's mother around in case Ken came home?

"I understand, dear," Mrs. Durland assured her. "And I wouldn't have left Chad alone, anyway." And as she was leaving, "I called Doctor Stanfell. He's coming tonight."

"The cardiologist from Johns Hopkins?"

"Yes. I called him as soon as I got a look at Chad."

"And he's coming up from Baltimore?"

Mrs. Durland looked harassed, as if Chris had reminded her of an argument. "He's so independent. He doesn't care if it's a matter of . . ." She didn't say, "life or death," she said. "He's always in demand. But he agreed to make the trip, finally."

When Mrs. Durland had left, Chris went to Chad and felt his forehead. It wasn't hot.

"No more headache," he said. "No more disagreeable old Chad. I just feel weak. Like a three-day-old kitten."

"As nice as that?"

"Chris, you don't have to stay here if you don't want to."

"I want to."

"Ken probably doesn't like it." She didn't answer, and he asked, "Does he?"

She made a point of not answering. "When is Doctor Stanfell getting here?"

"I don't know. Some time tonight. I couldn't stop my mother. I heard her argue with him as I lay here with my eyes half open, meowing as loudly as I could. I was too weak to get up and take the 'phone out of her hands."

"Poor Chad."

"Poor Chad," he agreed. "But just the same I don't like having her here when Stanfell arrives."

"Why?"

"I don't know what he might say to her. These specialists, they're like engineers. They may be bright in their field, but . . ." He considered a moment. "No. I guess he'd have better sense than to let my mother know."

"You mean . . .?" she hesitated to put it into words.

"What he told me, and what I found out. Yes, I do mean that. She doesn't know, as I've told you, and I don't want her to. In fact, that's why I haven't told Doctor Chaley. He's really *her* doctor, you know. He knows I've been to see some specialists, but he doesn't have their report."

She asked doubtfully, "You think it's wise to hold anything back from your family doctor?"

"Why should I tell him? He's gloomy enough to look at as it is." Chad had a wry smile, "Especially when he tries to be jolly."

"That's unkind."

"I know," he admitted. "I *am* unkind. But I'm not really as ungrateful as I sound. There are some things in my life I'm really grateful for."

She asked, "What, for instance?" because he was waiting for her to ask that question.

"That day in Connecticut," he said, "the day you drove me to the hospital. I remember how grateful I felt."

So they were back to that first meeting in Connecticut, and as he revived the memories, they sounded much more

romantic than they had seemed at the time. He told her how impressed he had been with the quiet charm of her home, "a perfect background for a lovely girl," he said, and with her mother, and he'd found it touching that her parents were still so obviously in love.

It seemed unreal to be sitting here like this, as if nothing had happened to her, when Kenneth had just walked out of her life, sitting here as if it were not the end of the world. She wondered whether Ken might be trying to get her on the telephone, but the thought of sitting alone in the apartment, waiting for a call that probably wouldn't come, waiting, in vain, for those familiar footsteps in the hall . . . it seemed almost more than she could bear. She listened every time the elevator came up, and once, when it stopped at the floor above, she left Chad, cutting his conversation short in the middle of a sentence, left him to go quickly, quietly to the door, to open it, to listen. But the footsteps in the hall were made by a woman's high heels.

Mrs. Durland was there when Doctor Stanfell arrived. He was brusque; he was stocky and brimming with energy and his cool eyes parried familiarity. He bypassed Mrs. Durland with a brief greeting, didn't wait to be introduced to Christina and went right to the patient. Obviously his time was valuable.

Stanfell sat down in the chair by the bed, gave Chad a hug of encouragement, asked a few questions, looked at his eyes through an instrument, checked his pulse and seemed ready to leave. But he wasn't quite. He asked Chris and Mrs. Durland go into the next room, and he and Chad had a talk. Chris thought she heard him ask Chad whether anything had upset him recently.

When the doctor came out of the bedroom, he was looking at a train schedule. He glanced at Christina, his eyes held her a moment and she felt like something under a microscope.

He glanced at Christina again as he was folding the schedule, stuffing it into his pocket. His look changed, became more sharply focused and alert. He said, "Come over here and sit down a minute," and he took a thermometer out of his pocket, swabbed it with alcohol and popped it into her mouth. Mrs. Durland looked on in surprise.

He read her temperature and said, "You ought to know better than to walk around like this, Christina." So he knew her name, although they hadn't been introduced. "You'd better go right upstairs and go to bed." And he knew where she lived. He wrote out a prescription, handed it to a rather confused Mrs. Durland, and said, "This girl can't go out of the house. She has a temperature of a hundred and three." Then he told Christina, "Stay in bed and take one capsule every six hours, around the clock."

Then he picked up his bag. "I'll just have time to catch my train." He told Mrs. Durland, "Your family doctor has done just as much as I could have at this stage." He gave her a brief smile. "Try not to worry so much. It isn't good for your son." And he was gone.

Almost before the doctor had left, Mrs. Durland was at the telephone, calling the drugstore. "I'm going to have *two* patients, now." Chris protested, but Mrs. Durland wouldn't listen. "I got you down here when you were so sick yourself. This is the least I can do." She insisted that Chris go on upstairs to bed and said she would bring the medicine when it arrived. "Your husband will be there to answer the door, won't he?"

The fever had made Chris light-headed. She knew she wasn't thinking quite clearly, but she knew also that for her own self-respect, she wanted to avoid making up a lie for Mrs. Durland. She said, "Ken isn't in. Please, let me call the drugstore, though, and have them deliver it to my apartment. I don't want to bother you with it."

"No, Christina. You heard the doctor's orders. You

must get to bed at once," Mrs. Durland insisted, and she asked, "Ken isn't at home?"

"No, he isn't."

"Then you'd better leave your key with me, just in case."

In exasperation, for she did want to get upstairs and to bed, Chris answered. "Oh, all right," and gave Chad's mother the key.

Then she heard Chad calling her name. Her eyes met Mrs. Durland's, she saw that pleading look and, with a shrug of resignation, went to Chad's bed while Mrs. Durland remained, discreetly, in the other room.

Chad asked, in a low voice. "What did Ken say when he left?"

"Oh, Chad," she answered impatiently. "I just don't want to talk about it."

"All right. But don't you see it's his way? It's the only way Ken could tell you."

She couldn't help asking. "Tell me what?" and was sorry she had asked.

"That he wants you to accept my offer."

She turned from him. "Good night, Chad."

"After all," Chad said, "one million dollars . . ." he smiled. "It's a lot of money."

Where had she heard those words before? A hell of a lot of money, Ken had said.

She walked quickly out of the room. Mrs. Durland followed her to the door. "I'm going to spend the night down here, so if you should need me, don't hesitate to call."

"You're very kind," Chris said, without stopping.

She forgot to ask for the key when Mrs. Durland brought the medicine, and the next morning she looked up to see Chad's mother beside her bed.

"I tapped on the door and there was no answer, so I peeped into the bedroom and saw you were alone."

Chris didn't answer. She closed her eyes a moment, as if to shut out a lot of things, including Chad's mother. When she opened them again, Mrs. Durland was sitting on the edge of her bed asking, "How do you feel, dear?"

"Not good," Chris said. "but I'll be all right in a day or two."

"I'm sure you will if you're careful." She had an envelope in her hands, turning it over without looking at it. Chris's eyes widened as she caught a glimpse of the handwriting. Mrs. Durland said, "Oh," and held out the letter. "There was some mail for you in the hall." It was a business envelope of Rarity Press. Above the printed return address, Ken had written, "Cadman."

Chad's mother was sitting on the bed, stalling for time, talking about making some breakfast and waiting for her to open the letter. "If you'll just tell me what you feel like eating, I'm sure I can find everything in your little kitchenette."

"All right. Some tea and toast."

She waited till she heard Mrs. Durland pattering in the kitchenette, then her fingers tore at the envelope. There wasn't much. "Chris, I'll continue the monthly allowance until I know you don't want it." He had signed simply, "Ken." There was a postscript. "I'm leaving town today."

She was staring at the note when Mrs. Durland came softly into the room. "Do you like your toast buttered?" She saw the look on Christina's face. She came and sat down on the bed again. "Christina, dear, I couldn't help seeing the name on the envelope. Has something gone wrong between you and Kenneth?"

So he was leaving town! She threw the covers back and got up. "Mrs. Durland, I want to make a 'phone call. It's something very personal. I hope you'll excuse me."

Mrs. Durland looked disturbed. "Now, Christina, I'm a lot older than you, and if you'll allow me to give you some advice. . . ."

"Thank you, but I don't want any advice about this. Forgive me if I seem rude." She went to the telephone. "I can get the tea and toast myself."

Mrs. Durland was difficult to move. "I don't think you should."

For an answer, Chris met Mrs. Durland's gaze firmly as she waited by the telephone.

Mrs. Durland backed down. "At least put on a robe." she said, in a hurt tone.

"I shall as soon as you've gone." Chris answered sweetly. "I promise."

As Mrs. Durland closed the door, she looked as if she were too polite to slam it.

Chris didn't keep her promise about putting on the robe. She started dialing the number the moment the door was closed. The note hadn't said what time he'd be leaving town. It had only said, "today." She got the girl at the switchboard.

"Mr. Cadman," the girl said promptly, "is out of town." It was then that Chris noticed the small "X" after "today" and the other "X" after the date at the top of the letter. That was so she wouldn't have to call his office and learn which day he meant.

Chris's voice sounded pinched and far away to her as she asked, "When will he be back?"

"We don't know yet. Would you like to talk to his secretary?" Chris hesitated. She would want to be careful what she said to Ken's secretary. The girl at the switchboard, as if sensing her hesitation, said, "I doubt if she's come in yet, anyway."

"Then perhaps I'll call later," Chris said. "Thank you." And she hung up.

She had hardly put the telephone down before it rang. She resisted an impulse to snatch it up and waited for one complete ring. *Let it be Ken,* she prayed. *Let it be Ken.*

But it was only Chad. "Have you talked to him yet?"

"No."

"May I just make a suggestion?"

"What is it, Chad?"

"I don't know what he said in his note." His mother had lost no time in telling him about that. "And I suppose it would be unreasonable to ask you to tell me."

He waited and she answered, "I'm afraid it would."

"But no matter what he has said, won't you give a little thought, before you talk to him, to the reasons for his walking out? Actions are often more truthful than words."

"I've done that."

"Have you considered the fact that he's had a pretty tough time trying to get away from the poverty of his youth? Have you considered that, married to you, there are contradictions in his life, one pulling against the other? He hates poverty, but he's an intelligent fellow and doesn't want to waste his life doing something dull, just to get away from it. He hates not being able to give you the things, the kind of life he wants . . . he *knows* you ought to have. But he wants to be an interesting person, with an interesting occupation, devoting his time to something he feels is worth while. It's *impossible* for him as matters now stand. He's tearing himself apart! Chris, are you listening to me?"

With difficulty, she kept her voice calm as she answered, "I'm listening, but I don't want to hear any more."

"Will you at least wait one day before you talk to him?"

"I'll probably have to do that. He's out of town."

"Don't you see?"

"Chad, Ken doesn't know why I stayed in your apartment. He didn't know it was because you were so sick."

"And he didn't come down to find out. Why? Why? Why?"

"It isn't good for you to get so excited," Chris said, still speaking calmly, although her hand, as she held the

telephone receiver, was not steady. "I'm going to hang up." She did. She went to the kitchenette for some tea and toast. For some reason the place looked shabby to her this morning. Then she began to see what she thought was the reason, for in the back of her mind she was thinking of Chad's suggestion that they take a trip together, and she pictured herself in some charming hotel on an island near Italy, or in the south of France.

*What's happening, she thought, to me, to us?* She had always thought of herself and Ken as two sound and sensible people, very much in love, and despite some rather average difficulties, aware of their good fortune in being the kind of people they were and being together. Was it possible that just the mention of all that money was like a drop of poison, a poison so strong that one drop could turn their heads and shake up their lives?

Just how *had* Ken meant that remark—that it was a hell of a lot of money? If it was the bitter sarcasm she had thought, then it was the only ugly thing he had ever said to her. Why, they had never even had a quarrel! And if he had meant it the other way, then it didn't sound like the kind of person she had always thought he was. Had she really known him so well, after all? They had always been so considerate of each other. Each had thought of the other as a quite noble person, incapable of anything but the highest motives. Do you really get to know anyone that way, when you're trying to be the kind of person you think he or she wants you to be and to live up to a moral standard that may be higher than your own?

Did she really know Kenneth, then, know him so much better than she knew, say, someone like Chad? Chad's words, "Am I so repulsive?" came back to her. She could hardly have thought so, that day so far back in her memory, when she had agreed to spend a weekend at his college and go with him to the dance.

She didn't want the tea or the toast, she decided. She went into the bedroom, propped up a pillow and lay staring at the ceiling.

She lay there for half an hour, thinking it over. Then she decided, *This is insane. I must talk to him.* She got up and called his office again and asked for his secretary. She wanted to find out where he was, where she could reach him, or when he would be back.

Joan Barlow said, "You know as much as I do about that, Mrs. Cadman. He's going up to Hartford first, I think, but he left suddenly and doesn't have reservations."

## CHAPTER

Ken sat in the club car with his eyes closed. From the roll of the train, he felt it was going at high speed, and he wanted it to go faster, faster. At the same time he was thinking that, no matter how fast he went, he couldn't get away from his memories.

He lifted his eyelids a little, enough to see the freshly polished shoes, the sharply creased trousers of Barney Jacobs, who was in the chair beside him. Barney probably thought he was still asleep, and that was all right, for he wanted to think. Maybe he could think about it now without wanting to put his fist through something, to smash something.

He would never get over Chris. That was for sure. And it was still hard to believe that a life together which had been so real, had seemed so solid could have been wiped out by an impulse, as if through an accident.

How had it *really* happened? How? He went over as much of it as he had seen with his own eyes. You come home and find your wife kissing your friend, your neighbor. He hadn't liked what he had seen. But, knowing Chris as he had thought he did, the explanation was one he could understand.

Then there'd been that thousand-dollar bottle of perfume. He had understood her reason for accepting that, too. Or the reason she had given him. But he hadn't liked it. Should he have insisted, then and there, that she return Chad's present? He had thought that, in letting it pass, he had been strong. Strong in his belief in her, his confidence in himself. But was it possible that she had considered it a sign of weakness? He hadn't even known then what she knew about Chad. And why hadn't she told him then? Why had she waited a month? *A whole month?*

Then, the final thing. Was he supposed to have tolerated it, as he had the others, as the gesture of a kind woman, to atone for her husband's brutality to a dying man? If so, that open heart of Christina's had embraced more than it could hold!

Or was it a simple matter of arithmetic, even for a girl like Chris? One million dollars was, as he had told her bitterly, a hell of a lot of money.

That million dollar proposal, the arrogance of the invalid, the cynical assurance of the clever, the sick and rich. Or was it only the iron whim of the dying? And had the living a right to judge?

Chad had a persuasive tongue. The way he had told her that it was for her husband's sake as well as her own. The arrogant nerve of that! He knew, as well as anybody, the way Chad's mind worked. He could imagine Chad's saying, if she had any regrets, "He could have come down and stopped us, couldn't he? Why didn't he? Don't you see? It's what Ken wants, too. With me gone, and with you and my money, he'll have the world by the neck. Ken's proud, but he's no fool."

The hum of the wheels, the roll of the car, the mournful train whistle, *away, away, away.* And now he was squirming in the car chair and a voice out of nowhere was asking, "Were those Chad's words, or were they your own? They came out of your mind, didn't they?"

He had wanted to probe the facts, not to torture himself. He had reproached himself—the way you might do after an accident—reproached himself a dozen times for not going down to Chad's apartment when Chris was there. *Why hadn't he? Anger? Pride?* Were these reasons enough when the most important thing in your life was at stake? He had sat stubbornly in the apartment waiting for her to come back, thinking he could stand it for ten minutes, then ten more, thinking she would surely come up any moment. And finally he had realized that it was too late, that if he went down to Chad Durland's apartment now, he would be like a crazed animal, ready to tear him apart.

With the two suitcases he had stopped at a hotel near the office. He had thought he might be able to sleep for a couple of hours, and after about an hour he had been wide awake, thinking, *No, it was a nightmare; it didn't happen.* But the truth had stared at him from the hotel walls.

After a shower, he had gone to his office early, and there, alone, sitting at his desk, he had thought, just as he would have after an accident, that this was not the moment to look back, to ask how it had happened, that the immediate thing was to get out of the wreckage before he was smothered, trapped. He had sat there trying to look ahead.

For the present, the thing to do was decide what was left and make the most of it. There was still his ambition to make something out of the printing business and eventually to get into publishing.

Barney had been the first of the printers to come in. He'd said, "You look as if you been on the town all night, Ken. What time did you get to bed this morning?"

"Early enough," Ken had answered. "Barney, I've been doing some thinking."

"Boy, it sure must have disagreed with you!"

"I'm serious. You know, we can't sit around and wait for business to fall in our laps. I think I'll go out of town for a while and see what I can bring in. There are a couple of accounts I may be able to get through personal contact. The Boston Pharmaceutical Company, for instance."

"The drug firm? You mean those medical books for their centennial? That's quite an order. We got a crust bidding on a job like that, with our equipment."

"Other people can do it cheaper. But that's what I want to avoid, putting it on a price basis. They want a first-class job, something to make an impression on the doctors. They want the kind of work we built our reputation on. Price isn't the important thing with them."

"Well, if you can make *them* see it that way. . . ."

"Then there's a public-utilities job I know about in Schenectady."

The thought he'd been trying to avoid came through. *I'll be out of town. I won't be waiting, expecting her to call.*

"Yeah?"

"And that job with Standard Insurance of Hartford. They must be about ready for a decision. I'd better go there first. Then maybe I'll have time, while I'm in Boston, to look at the printing plant for the Harwell Publishing house."

"You've been wanting to see it, haven't you? I hear it's quite a modern set-up."

He thought, *I was waiting till I could take Chris along. I thought she might enjoy it.*

"While you're rolling," Barney said, "you might look at some machinery in Providence. That's a deal that's more in our class right now. Second-hand."

"The rotary press your cousin mentioned?"

"Sure. I mean, if the big deal doesn't go through, we gotta do something. We got a Miehle that's ready for the bone yard. We could get *something* for it. Come to think of it, I wish I could look at that machinery myself."

"Now, that's not a bad idea," Ken had told him.

At the same time he had been thinking, *It might be better to have some company. Any kind of company.*

He had told Barney that he would check with Mr. Hewlet first and see if there was any new word from Colten Finance. There'd been no further word.

"Ken," Mr. Hewlet had said, "I'll be frank with you. I was never so sure of anything in my life as I was of getting that money. Something went wrong at the last minute. I can't figure it out."

"Did they say flatly that they'd changed their minds?"

"No, they began putting obstacles in the way. There's this fellow, Frank B. Colby. . . ."

"The man I met."

"Yes. I went to him some time ago when I was going to a number of other places, trying to get the backing we need. At the time, he gave me what amounted to a flat turn-down. Then recently I got a letter from him. They wanted to invest in a printing business and they'd been looking over some prospects. Rarity Press had come out of their files again."

"That's not so unusual, is it?"

"No, such things happen in any business. It's hard to get what you want when you want it. And owners of big

firms are always considering whether it would be better to have their own printing plant."

*Including a guy I know with one million books,* he thought. If he could only get the two of them out of his mind!

"So we had a few meetings. I told them of our plans. They were impressed with you, they said, and even with your idea of branching into publishing eventually. I thought it was all set. Then came the obstacles. What they amounted to was that, in return for the financing, they wanted complete control. I'm not putting all that skill and energy into a business just to turn it over to a finance company."

"Me, either. I suppose you've been knocking on some other doors again?"

Mr. Hewlet nodded and his lips tightened. "Word has got around that Colten Finance turned us down at the last minute. Everybody wants to know why."

"Colby would have no reason for spreading the word deliberately, would he?"

"Just indifference. Unless he still hopes to get control, that way. It would be easy to think, though, that somebody didn't like us."

Chad Durland came to his mind again. He thought, *Not in connection with this, of course. It would be too far-fetched. Chad would have no reason. . . . Or would he? No, it was just that the man was on his mind. Forget it, forget it.*

"All right, Ken," Hewlet had concluded. "I think this trip of yours is a good idea. Things are slack and I guess we can spare Barney, too." He had smiled, hopefully. "Maybe if you can dig up a couple of fat orders, we might get that financing from somebody yet."

Again, the mournful whistle of the train, *away, away, away.* Ken opened his eyes.

Barney said, "You had a little snooze there for yourself. You must have needed it. I hope it was a customer you were out with last night."

"It was a customer," Ken said.

"As I was saying a while ago, Ken, we might be able to replace our machinery, gradual-like. There's a lot of business we could bid for, business we're not getting now, if we had just one good high-speed rotary, even if it was second-hand."

"Sounded like a bargain, the way you described it," Ken said.

"I'm not too sure about how much we can get it for."

"I thought you were."

"Well, no. Matters of high finance I leave to guys like you, who want to be millionaires."

*Chad Durland's twisted smile. Why did every mention of money make him see that handsome, cynical face?*

"I never was ambitious, like you. All I really know is machinery."

Ken didn't get the insurance account in Hartford, in spite of having Barney along as his "production manager." The advertising manager there liked Ken and wanted to give him the order, so he showed him the bids from two other printers. Barney said immediately that they couldn't do the job that cheaply.

And as for the machinery in Providence, it looked pretty good, but they wanted more for it than Mr. Hewlet was ready to spend. "Maybe if I can land a fat order somewhere."

"This is a rat race," Barney said. "We could have got that Hartford order if we'd had this machinery."

"Forget it. Come on up to Boston and we'll look at the press that turns out those Harwell books. Then you can dream about it when you go back to New York."

"Wait till I send a postcard to my wife." Barney said.

"You got me away so fast, all she knew was I'd probably spend the night in Hartford. Your wife like to get postcards?"

"I'm going to call Boston Pharmaceutical and make an appointment for the day after tomorrow. That'll give us time to look at the machinery before you have to get hack." And he was thinking, *Yes, she loved to get postcards.*

The printing plant in Boston was laid out over a floor space that covered half a city block. Barney took off his hat as they walked into the plant. "Wow!" he said, "I feel as if I'm in a church. Ain't that something beautiful?"

It was beautiful. Ken picked up one of the freshly printed sheets and the smell of the ink was perfume. The rumble of the machinery was music. He picked up a brightly bound volume and fondled it. "Take it with you," the foreman said, and he shoved it under his arm.

When they got outside, Barney asked, "Whose money you gonna use to buy a plant like that?" He gave Ken a poke in the ribs with his elbow. "No kidding. You expect somebody to kick off and leave you a couple of million bucks?" *Don't blame Barney. It isn't his fault. A chance remark. Trying to be funny. Don't get sore at Barney.*

That evening he was alone again in a hotel room, trying again to think in a calm and rational way. He had left the woman he was married to, and now the sensible thing would be a clean break, a divorce, as soon as possible. It was the first thing in making a clean, new start. He would never be able to forgive what she had done, nor forget it. It would always come between them.

But should he try to forgive and go back? Was she, after all, a different person, a different woman? Should he tell himself that it was a small thing, this, compared to a lifetime together?

But did she *want* him to come back, now? Or did she want to go through with this plan of Chad Durland's? And if she did, *would* she be so different? She would be the same Christina, a little older, a very little bit older.

He picked up the brightly bound volume which he had taken with him from the big printing plant. *The same Christina.* He heard it again in Chad Durland's voice. *Just a little bit older. But very much richer.*

He tried to concentrate on the book, but what he thought of was Christina's lovely smile, her understanding eyes, the way her arms felt around his neck. And then he saw her kissing Chad Durland. In a blind rage he threw the book violently across the hotel room. It crashed against the wall. He picked it up and threw it again. And then he was pounding on the wall with his fists.

that they were still husband and wife; it would be a while before anything could be done to change that. And she was giving some serious thought to the nature of their marriage.

It was becoming clear to her now that their marriage contained a basic flaw. It must have been there from the start.

The trouble was that they didn't really know each other. Perhaps it was because they had been too aware of the difference in their backgrounds. It seemed to her now that they had been overly considerate, overly anxious not to offend, much too eager to do what each thought the other wanted. They had never had a quarrel, not even a little one.

In a sense, had they been friendly strangers? There had been something terribly exciting about it, a kind of perpetual honeymoon, if there could be such a thing. But there couldn't be. They might have gone on the way they were for years, but eventually the flaw would have shown up, and the dream marriage—the long honeymoon—would have been over.

Chad Durland, whether he was exactly aware of it or not, had put his finger on the flaw in their marriage and had split them apart.

Chad's proposal and the conditions behind it had at first thrown her into a state of panic. Of course, she had thought of the lovely things all that money could buy. But the panic was not so much for herself as for Kenneth, or to be exact, for the security of their marriage, a marriage which, she must have known instinctively, was not soundly established.

Could Ken possibly have thought that she really wanted to go through with Chad's fantastic offer? She couldn't do such a thing; she just *couldn't*—for one million dollars or for all the money in the world. She was in love with her husband and that was that. And even if she hadn't been in love with Ken and a man had come along and offered to buy, to *hire* her as his wife . . . No, impossible. And Ken should have known that, just as he should have known, if he didn't know it, that she had done nothing wrong in Chad's apartment that night. He was her husband, and he should have come down to find out what was keeping her so long.

And as for Ken, in view of his behavior, she couldn't even be entirely sure now that he hadn't wanted her to go through with the proposal, as Chad had so glibly assured her. How could it be possible that she didn't know her own husband any better than to doubt his wishes in this matter? Where was this sound sense of values she had thought they shared? Money couldn't have persuaded her to part with what she had thought they shared together, any more than it could have persuaded her to part with her life. But then, although her family had never been rich, they had never been poor. Rich people had been her companions from childhood. She knew them, knew their pleasures and their sorrows, knew that their happiness had to come from the same source as their troubles—from within.

But how did Kenneth *really* feel about money, Kenneth Cadman, with his background of poverty? What kind of man had she married? She didn't know, now. And she had better find out.

She had started rather a long letter to Ken, explaining just how sick Chad had been, assuring him that he was mistaken if he had thought she had spent the night with Chad for any other reason, but the idea of sending it became distasteful to her. Instead she wrote a brief note. "Ken dear, don't you think we should have a talk? Please call me." And she signed it, "Your wife, with love."

Several more days went by and she didn't hear from him. She hated calling his office. With each call, Miss Barlow seemed to become more aware of her situation. But she was determined not to let this stop her from seeing

## CHAPTER 9

Christina had recovered from her fever, although she still felt weak, and she was gradually getting over a feverish hysteria. It was several days since Kenneth had walked out of the apartment and apparently out of her life. She hadn't been able to get in touch with him. His secretary, whom she had called a second time, didn't know where he could be reached—didn't know or was being evasive—and it seemed there was nothing Christina could do until he got back. She missed Ken terribly. But she reflected

Kenneth, from having an understanding with him. She telephoned again and got Ken's secretary.

Joan Barlow told her that Ken had been in town for an hour or two and had left again. "You knew that, didn't you, Mrs. Cadman?"

Chris declined to lie for the sake of any impression it might make on Ken's secretary. She said, "I sent him a letter. It was marked 'personal.' Do you know if he got it?"

"Oh, yes, certainly he got it."

There was a pause while Chris was deciding how to frame her next question. But Joan Barlow didn't wait. "He went to Bermuda. It must be lovely there now, don't you think, Mrs. Cadman?"

For the first time in her life, Chris could understand the desire to slap another woman's face. She had once seen two women claw each other like beasts, scratch and kick and bite, and she had thought it was horrible. She still did, but now, hearing an unmistakable note of triumph in Joan Barlow's voice, she could almost understand that degree of savagery, too.

She asked quietly, "Do you know when he'll be back?"

"In about a week, I think. Shall I have him call you?"

Chris wanted to say, "That will hardly be necessary," but it did seem to be necessary. "Yes. Ask him to call me as soon as he gets in."

"Will you be at home, or with your relatives?"

For a moment Chris was unable to curb her temper. She immediately regretted it. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because," Miss Barlow explained, "he told me that was why he'd be staying at a hotel for a while."

"I think," Chris said evenly, "you'd better give me the name of the hotel."

When Ken Cadman had returned from Boston, Joan Barlow had guessed, the moment she had seen him in his office, that something must have happened. Not that he had looked happy. But he had looked keyed-up, and he'd had an air of accomplishment. A man didn't come back from a business trip looking like that if the trip had been a failure.

She had asked, "How was your trip?"

"Pretty good," he had answered, tersely. "Pretty good."

She had moved slowly about his office, arranging some papers, sorting his mail and getting the previous correspondence out of the files. She'd been aware that he was following her with his eyes, and she'd thought, *He's beginning to notice me, beginning to think more about other women.*

As a matter of fact, what Ken had been thinking was that there was something different about Joan Barlow. More make-up or something. More emphasis on the hips as she walked around. Then he'd forgotten about the change in Joan Barlow, for he had other things on his mind.

"Never mind the previous correspondence. I won't have time to answer any letters now. I'm leaving town in an hour or two."

She had looked surprised, curious. "Where is it this time?"

"Bermuda."

"Oh, how nice!"

Ken hadn't answered. He was reaching for the stack of mail. There was a personal letter, placed on top of the pile, the way she had been told to do it. He was interested in that letter, waiting for his secretary to leave.

She was in no hurry to leave. Joan Barlow was debating whether to mention Mrs. Cadman's telephone calls. Why should she? Hadn't Mrs. Cadman mentioned, or implied, that she would be in touch with him at his hotel?

She wished Ken Cadman would open the letter, so that she could watch him read it.

He didn't. He said, with a touch of impatience. "That's all for now, Joan. Tell Mr. Hewlet I'll be in to see him in a minute, will you?"

He didn't open the letter for a moment after his secretary had left. He sat there thinking. *If Chris says she's sorry, that she made a terrible mistake. . . .* But there was no use trying to think what he would do until he had read the letter. He read it, crumpled it, thought of throwing it into the wastebasket. What was there to talk about? The thing was done. It was done and they were finished. Maybe what she wanted to talk about was the divorce. He shoved the crumpled letter into his pocket.

He glanced quickly through the rest of his mail, then he went in and told Owen Hewlet what had happened in Boston.

Hewlet, seeing Ken's expression as he walked in, looked as if he thought Ken was a bearer of bad news. He didn't look that way after Ken started talking.

Ken had got an idea while he was talking to John Staunton of the Boston Pharmaceutical Company, and it was going to pay off. The material Staunton had shown him for a book, or several books, to be distributed to doctors and druggists, was on the dull side. Ken knew how he could make it more exciting, but it was an idea of his own that he had been nursing for some time, part of the series he wanted to publish some day on adventures in science.

He had hesitated and sized Staunton up. A solid fellow, he had decided, honest and fair, a pretty good Joe.

So he told Staunton his idea, told him about the material he'd been collecting and what he planned to do with it.

Staunton was hopped up. Ken's ideas had made his own look flat. They had worked out a deal. The pharmaceutical firm would order a "de luxe" edition for distribution to the medical profession and the drug trade, and Ken would retain further publication rights and the use of the plates.

"In the private edition," Ken explained, "we can still include whatever you want of your own material."

Staunton, afraid the idea might get away, had drawn up a contract at once. Rarity Press was given plenty of leeway on price.

Then Staunton, in a mellow mood, had sat back and told Ken about a friend of his, president of a chemical company. "He'd sure love to get hold of an idea like this. He's got the money to spend for a good will stunt and he's been talking to writers."

"It's a different field from yours, isn't it?"

"Related but different," Staunton agreed.

"I have material he could use, too. Maybe we could work out a similar deal. In fact, you fellows might want to get together and exchange books where the interest overlaps."

Staunton thought a minute. "I know he wants to do something about it right away. He's in Bermuda on a vacation. He'd go for this." He picked up the telephone. "I'm going to see if I can get hold of him."

The name was George Millard. It was the Millard Chemical and Refining Company. "He has a house in Bermuda. He flies there whenever he thinks he needs a couple of weeks' vacation." Staunton talked to him on the telephone. "George, I have a clean-cut young fellow here in my office and he has some good ideas." He explained the ideas, and after a pause, he turned to Ken, grinning. "He'll make a deal with you. He wants you to take the next plane to Bermuda. If he doesn't give you the order, he'll pay your expenses. And either way, he'll throw in a date with his beautiful niece." He added, "George is feeling pretty good."

"Tell him I'll take the plane after the next one," Ken said. "I want to get back to my office and look at my mail."

And although he tried not to think about it, he knew what he really wanted to find out; he wanted to know if anybody had sent him a personal letter.

Owen Hewlet, hearing Ken's report, said, "Ken, my boy, you've just pulled a rabbit out of a hat. A nice fat one. If you land the Millard order along with it, I'm going to buy that rotary press Barney's been telling me about. I don't think the big finance deal is coming through, and this will be a fine, healthy start in the right direction." And after a moment, "You must feel a lot happier about this than you look."

"Sure," Ken said, thinking, *You have to have somebody else who cares. You want to get a kick out of going home and bragging about it.*

In Bermuda, he met the niece before he met George Millard. She was sitting at a table in a garden near a pink coral house. She sat sipping a drink through a straw while a dark servant in a white suit came to get his luggage. She seemed to be looking him over, taking her time about it. After a while she got up and came to him and held out her hand. "I'm Miss Millard. Deanie, if you don't mind. It's short for Geraldine. My Uncle George is taking his siesta."

She had dark eyes, deep and shadowy, and her mouth, with the corners turned lightly upward, looked as if bright, eager words might come from it. She was wearing a bathing suit under a short wrap-around skirt and she looked all right in that, too, like a kid who'd spent a lot of time in the water. She wasn't a kid any more, though. Twenty-one or twenty-two.

"While you wait for George to take his siesta, you sip lime drinks or go for a swim. Aren't you sort of hot and dusty?"

"A swim would be fine," he said.

"There are suits in the beach house," she told him.

After the swim, as they were sitting on the beach, she said, "With your build, you must have been an athlete at college."

"I played a little football and went out for track."

Deanie laughed. "Whom are you kidding? I used to see your picture in the papers when I was a teen-ager. I just wanted to see if you would mention it. You were one of my pin-up boys."

Ken told her he had been an athlete because he was poor and it was a way to get through college.

"I'm poor, too," she said, "compared to Uncle George." She said it as a joke. "He asks me here because he likes to have young people around. And he's always kidding about finding me a man." She sighed. "I don't know why, but it seems to me the attractive men aren't rich and the rich men aren't attractive."

Somehow, from there, Ken got around to telling her about these friends of his, who were married, and about the rich neighbor who hadn't long to live and wanted the girl to get a divorce and marry him and, in return, offered to leave them a million dollars.

"What's this rich guy like and how long does he have to live?"

Ken told her, and she said, "I'd take him up on it."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Sure I'm sure. I'm not really poor. I was kidding. But I'm poor compared to the girls I grew up with. So maybe it amounts to the same thing. And I don't know what the girls you grew up with are like, but the girls I know usually marry a meal ticket. Sure, they want an attractive guy, if they can get one with the other qualifications. But unless they have all the money they want, what they marry for is security. Security is a fancy word. It means getting the things you've been trained to want. And the marriage contract makes it respectable."

"Aren't you rather cynical for your age?" Ken asked. "Maybe," she agreed. "But all I know is that, if I could have a million dollars for giving five months or a year of my life to this fellow—and you say he isn't bad looking?"

"He's rather good looking, as a matter of fact."

"If I could get that rich that way and then share the wealth with some attractive man, I'd consider it a pretty good deal."

"Well," Ken said, getting slowly to his feet. "it's been interesting to hear your opinions. Shall we go back to the house?"

In a couple of days, Ken had Millard's signed contract and he took a plane for New York. He still had Christina's note, which had been crumpled and smoothed out and folded again. He wrote Chris an answer on the plane, explaining that he'd been away. "I suppose what you want to talk about is a divorce," he wrote. "I'll call you in a few days."

Back at Rarity Press, he went through the mail on his desk. There were no more personal letters. There was a note to call a friend, Dick Crowell, whom he'd known since college. Dick was a partner in an advertising agency, Crowell and Kent, and within the past year he had become the most important partner. He had something he wanted to talk about and asked Ken to meet him for a drink. Ken agreed.

He hadn't seen Dick in nearly a year. He was the same alert, slim fellow with a "butch" haircut and a way of glancing swiftly around to see who was in the room. As they stood at the bar, Dick outlined a proposition. He wanted Ken to come into the agency as vice-president in charge of new business. It was quite an offer. It was about three times the money he was getting now.

"Thanks," Ken said, "but you know how it feels to have a business of your own. I have this printing plant, and I want to make a go of it."

"Okay," Dick said. He grinned. "Maybe it's vanity. I'd like to be able to tell our old friends that Ken Cadman had joined my staff."

The man at Ken's right, a fellow with thick eyeglasses, a tweed jacket and baggy pants, had been staring at Ken. He said now, "I thought you had a familiar look." He was a feature writer for the *Evening Record*. He had done a story on Ken the day he was married. "How's the lovely wife?" he asked.

"Fine," Ken said.

He asked Ken some questions about what he was doing, and he said, "I've been writing a series for the paper, called 'Where Are They Now?' Maybe you've seen it?"

"You bet."

"Don't be surprised at anything you see in it," he told Ken, as he left. "The editor just killed the story I was supposed to have in tomorrow's paper. Maybe there's still time for this."

It was in there the next day, in the late afternoon editions. It had Ken's picture, the one they had used with the wedding story, with Christina cropped out. It said, among other things, that he'd just been offered a big job as vice-president of an advertising agency. It didn't say he had refused. Ken wondered whether Chris would see it.

That evening, in his hotel, he thought about calling her and arranging to see her. Considering what he planned to talk about, he didn't look forward to the meeting. Yet he felt that it should be done and that he ought to get it over with.

He wasn't sure whether she had received his answer to her note. It had been mailed from the airport, and it was possible that she might not get it until tomorrow. While he was thinking it over, he received an unexpected visitor. It was Frank B. Colby, of the Colten Finance Com-

pany. Colby, a close-lipped man with searching and distrustful eyes, had a rather bent posture that came from years of sitting at a desk. He looked, Ken thought as he came in, as though he were searching for a dollar that might have been kicked under a chair.

As it happened, Colby had seen the story about him in the paper, and he startled Ken by offering to go through with the Rarity Press finance deal on the terms originally given to Owen Hewlet. He had the contract with him. It was a part of the terms that Ken Cadman would remain with Rarity Press.

"I don't understand this change of heart," Ken said.

Colby smiled. He looked as if he were inspecting his upper front teeth in a mirror. "There's no 'heart' in it. It's a simple matter of business. We were holding out for the best arrangement we could get. Maybe we tried for too much. We're willing to go through with it on these terms. But we don't think it would be a sound proposition with Cadman leaving the Press. Have you made any commitment with the advertising agency yet?"

Ken told him he had not. He didn't say he wasn't planning to. "I'd be a fool if I didn't, though. Under your terms I wouldn't get any real money out of Rarity Press for years."

"Three years," Colby said. He added quickly, "And to save argument, I'll tell you that they're the best terms I can offer. There are others besides me who had to be consulted on this. For your information, I had to fight for this contract, and if you want to be sure of getting it, I'd advise you make up your mind now."

"I wouldn't do that. I'd want to talk it over with Hewlet and have it checked to be sure it's legally secure."

After Colby had left, Ken took the contract and studied it. There was another signature besides Colby's, but it wasn't easy to make out. There was a first name beginning with "H" and the initial "W," and the last name began with an "F."

He became curious about this signature. He had a pocket magnifying glass which he used in the printing plant, and he used it now to read the name on the contract. He made it out, finally. Harvey W. Ferguson.

Where had he heard that name before? It was a while before he recalled Mrs. Durland's visit to his office.

When she had mentioned Harvey Ferguson, it had seemed as if it were a slip, for she had appeared reluctant to talk about him. He'd had to inquire twice before he had learned that Harvey Ferguson was vice-president and general manager of the Durland Enterprises.

He had decided at the time that it was just because secrecy about business matters was a Durland family trait. He thought it over now and he still felt sure it had been her only reason for the reticence about discussing Ferguson. Because, if she had known that Chad was giving Hewlet and him the run-around with that offer of a finance contract, she wouldn't have come in to look at Rarity Press. She wouldn't have mentioned that the Durland Enterprises were considering whether one of their firms, Trends, Inc., should do its own printing; she wouldn't have let him know, as she had, that Chad was considering the purchase of a printing plant. Like the mention of the name Ferguson, this information had come from her casually, by chance.

Mrs. Durland would have been more careful if she had known that Chad was interested in Rarity Press, that he had offered to finance it and later had changed the terms, made them so stiff that, if Rarity Press had agreed to them, the Durland Enterprises would have been in complete and permanent control.

Chad could easily have kept that information from his mother, and he probably had.

He had also managed to keep his good friend Ken Cadman from knowing that Colten Finance was Chad Dur-

land and company. And although Chad's methods, his approach, were so direct that now they seemed almost clumsy and naive, it appeared that he had wanted to keep Ken Cadman harassed and busy with the affairs of Rarity Press while he, Chad, concentrated on Christina. Ken felt a little silly that he hadn't seen through this before.

But then, nobody who knew Chad would expect him to do anything clumsy or naive . . . and perhaps that was exactly the way Chad had had it figured.

## CHAPTER 10

Chris had learned some things about Chad from his mother. She had learned more than Mrs. Durland had intended to tell her. While Chris was still sick enough to stay in bed, Mrs. Durland would come up for long talks, and the conversation usually got around to her son, about what a brave and intelligent person he was.

Because of his delicate health and because his father's business had required long stays in Europe and he had wanted his family along, Chad had been educated by tutors until he was ready for college. He had shown signs of stress when it was time for him to enter as a freshman. From what Mrs. Durland said and what Chris could see for herself, it was fear of not getting along with the other boys. He wanted so much to be liked, to be admired, and was so afraid that he would not be, that he developed a habit of making fun of the other boys before they had a chance to show what they thought of him. It didn't make him popular.

"He'd have stuck it out anyway," Mrs. Durland said, "but he got sick. Very sick."

Each fall, for several years, he had tried to return to college, always with the same effect. He had learned from Dr. Sanford and occasional talks with a psychiatrist how closely those headaches and his hypertension were tied with emotional troubles. "He had this silly idea," Mrs. Durland said, "that boys disliked him because he had always been rich. He kept saying he'd like to 'chuck it all' and prove that he could make out for himself. He envied the boys who had always made their own way, the poor ones, who were putting themselves through college, like. . ."

Chris asked, "Like my husband?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," Mrs. Durland said. "Anyhow, he stuck it out and went through college, finally. And I suppose it's because he still feels the way he does about inheriting his money that he takes long risks in business. He's really taken risks with his money that have frightened conservative people. But he's so clever; he's so brilliant, really, that it usually turns out all right."

When Mrs. Durland talked about Chad, Chris had noticed, she was often carried away by the subject. She became more frank, and at times not at all the taciturn person she preferred to be. It was while she was listening to Mrs. Durland that Chris began to think, seriously, that Chad might be capable of making up that story about his limited time to live.

He had recovered from his attack and was able to get around, able, in fact, to come up to her apartment, which he did a number of times, uninvited. So it was no coincidence that he was there when Chris received Ken's note in which he mentioned a divorce.

Chad had come up to talk about a divorce, himself. He was wearing a green lounging robe over his shirt and trousers. He looked quite comfortable. The rest had been good for him, and she had never seen him look better.

There must have been a touch of suspicion in her tone when she told him. "You're looking remarkably well," for he drew back and gazed at her.

"Surely you don't begrudge me that?"

She answered gently, "Chad! How can you even suggest it?"

He relaxed and said. "It's you, Chris. It's being near you, feeling that I'm going to win you, after all. Do you know what I dream of? It's that you will give me a kind of immortality."

"I don't understand."

He moved closer to her. He tried to take her in his arms, and gently, but firmly, she pushed his arms away.

"I probably won't be around long enough to see it," he said, "but at least it would be wonderful to know that you were going to have a child. Your child and mine."

"You have no right to talk to me that way," she told him.

"Then give me the right. Chris, he's left you. Take a plane to Florida. You can get a divorce there in ninety days. I'll follow you, as soon as I'm a little better."

"Chad, you might as well know this. I'm still in love with my husband, and . . ."

"I'm not asking for love. But you'd give it anyway. You've enough love for both of us."

" . . . And I don't know what's going to happen to our marriage," she continued. "You must listen to me, Chad. No matter what happens, there can be nothing between you and me, neither marriage nor . . . nor anything of the sort. That's definite. That's final."

Chad stared at her a moment. He began, "Christina, will you just tell me . . ." and the telephone rang.

It was Ken. "Christina," he asked, "did you get my note?"

"No, Ken. When did you mail it?"

She glanced at Chad, and while Ken was explaining that he had mailed it the day before yesterday from the airport, Chad said, "I have it." He had shoved it into the outer pocket of his lounging robe, as if to indicate that he hadn't intended to conceal it. "I really forgot it," he explained. "I saw it in the hall as I came in."

Ken asked, "Was that Chad's voice?"

"Yes," she admitted, wishing Chad hadn't been there.

"Ask him to wait. I'd like to talk to the two of you for a few minutes. Then, if you don't mind, I'd like to talk to you alone. May I?"

It hurt that he even thought he had to ask that question. "Of course, Ken."

"Before you read that note, let me say that I still love you and I probably always will. But I don't think that changes anything you and I ought to do. Chris, I'm nearby. I'll be there in a few minutes."

She opened the envelope and avoided Chad's eyes while she read the note at a glance. It was like a wound so swift, so deep, that she couldn't yet feel the pain. She was only stunned.

"He's coming here," she said.

"Don't send me away," Chad pleaded.

She told him, "He wants you to stay a while," and he looked surprised.

Ken's greeting as he came in was grimly serious. He looked tired and he had lost some weight. His eyes, as he took in Chad's comfortable appearance, seemed to say, "You certainly look at home."

He took a folded document out of his pocket and handed it to Chad. "First, I'll give you back your contract. I don't want it."

Chad was startled. He looked as if he would holty

deny something, then he took the contract without a word.

"When I called Owen Hewlet to say I'd be late coming in this morning, I told him how I feel about your contract. I don't want any part of the Durland money," Ken said. Then he explained to Chris, "The company that was going to finance Rarity Press turns out to be a part of the Durland Enterprises. Has anybody mentioned that to you?"

Chris shook her head and looked puzzled.

"It took me a while to figure it out," Ken said. "Chad has such an interesting mind. So devious, and yet at times so simple and direct."

As Ken went on to explain, Chad remained silent, with a look of sarcasm. "You know, Chris, a while back I told Chad, in confidence, that I was going to quit Rarity Press and take a better paying job."

"Why were you going to do that?" Chris asked.

"I told Chad why. I told him I felt our marriage was threatened by the Press, by my desire to hold onto it, that I didn't see how we could stay together, you and I, if I didn't start making more money soon."

"Ken, you were wrong about that."

"Was I?" He didn't seem convinced. "Anyway, it was shortly after I had told Chad about an offer of a high salaried job that Chad arranged for Owen Hewlet to get an offer from Colten Finance. The offer was tempting, but the terms were stiff. If we accepted, it meant Ken Cadman wouldn't get a raise for several more years." He paused. "Now follow this if you can, the twists and turns of the Durland mind. I was ready to go through with it. But in the meanwhile Chad had come through with another idea. It was a daring and bold one, that remarkable proposal of marriage, and the reasons he gave."

Chad spoke up then. "Are you implying that my reasons were . . . that the reasons I gave are not true?"

"Can we talk about that a little later, Chad? Let's just say that it was a stunning proposal and that one of the things you could count on was that nobody would suspect Chad Durland of doing anything clumsy, anything corny."

"Well, thanks," Chad said. "Thanks."

"So the emphasis now, if you can still follow me," Ken said to Chris, "is on idea number two, of the plan for getting Christina. The other one fades. The finance terms get even tougher, impossible to accept. Could one of the reasons be that Chad felt his contract wasn't such a good idea after all, that Christina would have been happy about it if Ken was happy? Perhaps. Even Chad Durland could be mistaken."

Christina said pointedly, "And so can you, Ken. He would have been right if he'd thought that."

"It doesn't matter much now," Ken said. "Anyway, we'll skip over the scene that caused our separation. And we'll come to a story about me in yesterday's paper. Did you happen to see it, Chris?"

"Yes, and I read about the new offer you'd had. But I hated to think of your giving up Rarity Press."

"So did Chad. I imagine, for reasons of his own."

"You have a good imagination," Chad said.

"I don't know. Maybe not so good. I should have seen through it sooner. But people like Chris and me, we're suckers, I suppose. From your point of view, we would never try to do anything that tricky or mean, especially to a friend. So we're vulnerable to a surprise attack. You were really afraid I was going to take that latest offer of a good job, weren't you, Chad? A job that would have put me in the higher income brackets. A nice, fat salary. So you sent your man around again. You were in such a hurry that you sent him to my hotel last night."

Chad barely took the trouble to gloss over his mockery as he said, "I didn't want to see you give up your dream of some day owning Rarity Press."

"You wanted to see me stay on a lean income for as long as it could be arranged. Those were pretty rough

terms in that contract. They were sound. They had to be. Hewlet and I are not exactly stupid. But they were tough."

"For your information," Chad said, "I have a business responsibility." He added, as if an afterthought, "As long as I'm alive and functioning as an executive. And even after that. The Durland Enterprises will still be a going concern employing a lot of people."

"Oh, of course, of course. Still, you didn't want me to take that job at a high salary. Your man, Colby, as much as said so. And I'll tell you why. You know the psychology of money. Ken Cadman with plenty of money, well, he might not have this inferiority complex about being married to a girl like Christina. In spite of what's happened, he might want . . . he might try to get her back."

"Ken." Christina said, "there's so much you don't understand, about . . ." She was going to say, "me." She changed it to, "about us."

"That's obvious," Ken agreed. "But for the first time I think I really know Chad. That's one of the reasons I'm here."

"You don't know me," Chad said, "and you never did."

"I never did. I can agree with that part of it. I didn't know you during those last six months at college when we decided to room together. You have a way of making yourself charming and agreeable. I'd hear things about you, and I'd laugh them off as exaggerations. But I remember the time you were going to take the high dive at the swimming pool. Do you?"

"Why should I remember any such silly trifle?"

"I doubt if you'll ever forget it." He told Chris what had happened. "It makes an amusing story. But I can see now that it was more tragic than it sounds." The fellows in the pool had been making fun of Chad because he was afraid to dive, even off the side. They were cruel, or thoughtless, as kids that age can be, and Chad had scorned to explain his fear on the grounds of poor health. He could dive from any height in the pool, he had said, but it bored him.

The boys had goaded him until he'd climbed to the highest plank. "I was always afraid to take that one myself," Ken said. "I wasn't that good."

Chad had remained on that high spot for quite a while. Other students had heard about it and had come running over from the gymnasium. Durland going to take the high dive. It was a sensation. The pool was packed. Ken had heard about it and rushed into the crowd. "I was the only fellow in the school who would have stopped him. I'd have dragged him away by force. But I arrived too late."

Chris asked, amazed, "Did he dive?"

"No, he backed down, while the fellows jeered. But I know he came close to it, to flinging himself down with his eyes closed. Heaven only knows what would have happened to him. And I don't know which solution would have been worse."

"Why do you bring up such a story, at a time like this?" Chad demanded, smiling, but angry.

Ken ignored the question and asked a direct one of his own. "Chad, I know you have a severe hypertension. But you don't really have that fatal kidney disease, do you?"

Chad stared at him, then he said, "Use your head, Ken. Do you think I'd have agreed to let you and Chris have one million if I didn't have a fatal condition? I offered to put a one-year time limit on my life, you know."

"Yes, it was very convincing. You like to take long chances, don't you? But I think you figured on getting out of it, somehow. In the meanwhile you'd have had Chris—Chris, with her generous heart. She couldn't very well blame you for not dying."

Chad turned abruptly to Chris. "Christina, you believe me, don't you?"

"I don't know," Chris said.

"I offered to let you talk to Doctor Stanfell. Do you want to talk to him now?"

She didn't answer. Ken went to the telephone. "What's his number?"

"I don't happen to carry telephone numbers around with me," Chad said.

"Then I'll get it from information."

Chad waited with an ironic smile while Ken got Baltimore, got the hospital, got Doctor Stanfell's office.

"He's busy on another wire," Ken said. "Now you'll have to take the 'phone and say you want him to give exact information to the girl you're planning to marry."

Chad seemed to hesitate, then he took the telephone.

Chris said, "Chad, you don't have to do it."

"I was too late to pull him away from the high dive," Ken said. "but you can pull him away from this, if you want to."

Chris didn't make a move. They heard a voice come into the receiver, heard it say, "Hello . . . Hello!" Then Chad put down the 'phone.

"Chris." Chad said, "I think *you* will understand. What Stanfell told me was that, if I didn't, as he put it 'make a change in my life,' I'd probably have a relapse within six months and be as sick as I was years ago. If that happens, I'll put an end to it. I won't go through with it. He knows about you. I didn't tell him about you but my. . . ." He was reluctant to mention his mother.

"Your mother did?" Chris suggested.

"Her intentions were good," Chad said.

And obviously he had made his mother think, too, with a different kind of story, that he might be dead in six months.

"What Doctor Stanfell meant," Chad said, "was that I would either have to find a way to marry you or give you up. I can't give you up. Now if you want to see if I'm telling the truth, I'll get Stanfell back on the 'phone."

"No, Chad. I think you're telling the truth this time, the truth as you see it at the moment."

"It's the only way I'll ever see it."

Ken said, "Chris, now, if I may, I'd like to talk to you alone."

"Of course, Ken." She glanced at Chad.

"Are you going to talk about me?" Chad asked.

"I'm afraid you'll be included," Ken admitted.

"Then I'm staying."

"Please, Chad," Chris said.

"No."

Ken told him, "I'm going to be cruel, then, for Chris's sake. But I doubt if you'll be hearing anything new about yourself, anything your psychiatrist hasn't already told you. Chris, did you know Chad's driving license has been revoked in three states? That's why you've never seen him drive a car."

"Now, why bring that up?" Chad asked.

Ken ignored him. "I suppose," he said to Chris, "we're each a little abnormal in our special way. But Chad . . . Yesterday I was reading a medical book. I just happened to be going through some material for a printing job I'd sold. I saw this chapter on the so-called 'psychopathic personality.' One of the traits was an urge to take risks. They may be gamblers or robbers—or demons behind the wheel of a car."

"Like me, for instance?" Chad taunted.

"Or something less spectacular," Ken went on. "But in all these risks is the chance of getting hurt or caught, of being punished. The article said a hidden guilt complex makes such people expose themselves to punishment. They think they'll just don't realize

worst of it is they involve others in their dangerous acts. Now that was old stuff to me. I'd read it before. But I wondered why I had never applied it to Chad."

"Oh, really!" Chad said.

Ken still ignored him. "I've never told you this. Three people were killed in a car Chad was driving in Connecticut."

"That was no fault of mine." Chad objected.

"When you were doing eighty-five, on the wrong side of the road? And in New Jersey, when you passed a truck on the crest of a hill and sent another car crashing into a ditch? And in New York, when you whizzed through a red light and hit an old man?"

"So I'm not a good driver."

"You're a highly skillful driver."

"Not a safe driver, then. Can you think of anything else, any other tales you can relate to Chris?"

Ken said, "Chris, I want you to understand why I'm telling you all this. It isn't because I hope to get you back. After what's happened, after the night you spent in Chad's apartment, things could never be the same with us. If we had children, I would still try to make a go of it. But since we don't . . . Maybe it isn't very big of me, maybe it's only male vanity, but I can't believe you would have done what you did if you really loved me."

Chris began, "Ken, I don't think you know what . . ."

But Ken said, "No, let me finish."

And Chad, with a look of malice, said, "Let him go on."

"We can't be together, Chris. That's over. But I can't get over being in love with you. And I couldn't bear the thought of your being terribly hurt. That's why I want to warn you about Chad. He'd be dangerous in your life. Can't you see from what he's already done—to me, to us? I realize what he can give you. It would have been years before I could begin to give you all the things you probably want. But there'd be a dreadful risk in taking them from Chad. Chris, don't take that chance."

Chris waited this time until she was sure Ken had finished. Then she said, "Ken, dear, how little we've really known each other! That's been the trouble with our marriage."

"Has it?"

Yes, she was thinking, *and maybe Chad has done us an unintended favor by pointing it out.* They'd have had to discover it eventually. But they might have gone on for years, not really knowing what was wrong, their happiness strained from day to day by the insecurity of just not knowing each other well enough. And by the time they had learned the truth, it might have been too late.

She said, "If we had known each other better, I

wouldn't have to tell you now what really happened in Chad's apartment."

"He won't believe you," Chad said quickly. "Don't bother."

"I think he will. But suppose you tell him?"

"He wouldn't believe my version of it, either." Chad answered glibly.

Chris studied Chad a moment before she said, "There can be only one version."

"Chris," Ken asked, "what *did* happen?"

She told him then.

When she had finished, Ken was silent, his jaws clamped tight, his eyes moist. He asked, finally, "Do you think you can ever, in the rest of your life, manage to forgive me?"

"I already have, from the bottom of my heart."

They gazed at each other a moment. It was as if Chad weren't there. They would know each other better now, Chris was thinking. They would realize they were the same kind of people, in spite of the difference in their backgrounds. So they wouldn't be afraid to be real, to disagree, to be a little bit selfish once in a while, to quarrel a little.

But Chad was still definitely there. He began, "This is a touching little scene, but . . ."

Chris cut him short. "Chad, I do think you'd better leave us alone, now."

"For how long?" he asked, just as if he didn't know the answer. But it was in her eyes. It was for a long time, for ever. He read that silent answer and he made one more try. "Don't you care at all what happens to me?"

Chris took a deep breath, then she said, "We have only one life, Chad. Each of us. And if it's yours against ours, then you'll have to work yours out for yourself."

He turned abruptly and went to the door. But he couldn't resist a final slap. "You can stay in your shabby little flat. I'll move."

When Chad was gone, Ken said, "You know something? The little flat doesn't look so shabby to me."

"Darling, it's a charming apartment," she assured him.

"With *you* in it," he said, kissing her. It was to have been a small kiss, tender and brief, but her eyes closed and his arms tightened around her. Then, with an effort, he drew away. "Hey! I should get back to work!"

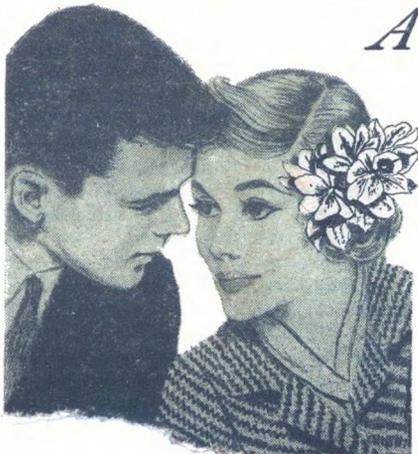
And it was clear that in their new relationship, however open it might be, their very first argument would be a very brief one indeed.

"You *should*?" she said, and they laughed—together.

. . . THE END

Next month:

In January *Redbook*



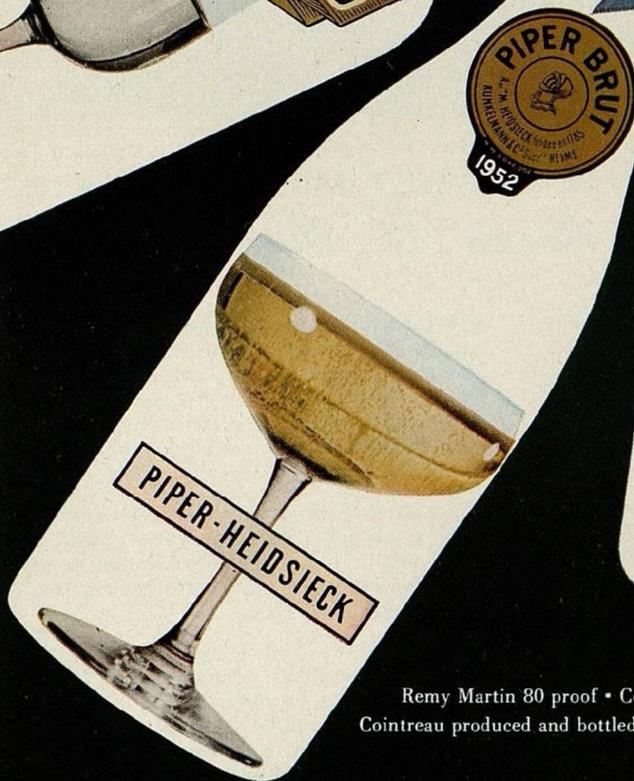
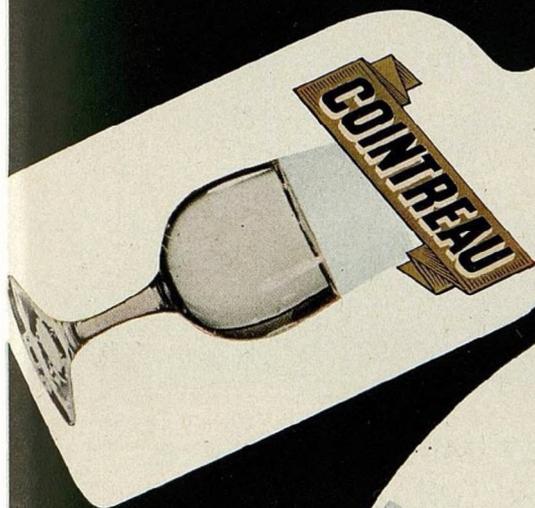
## *A Hyacinth in Her Hair*

*A complete book-length novel*

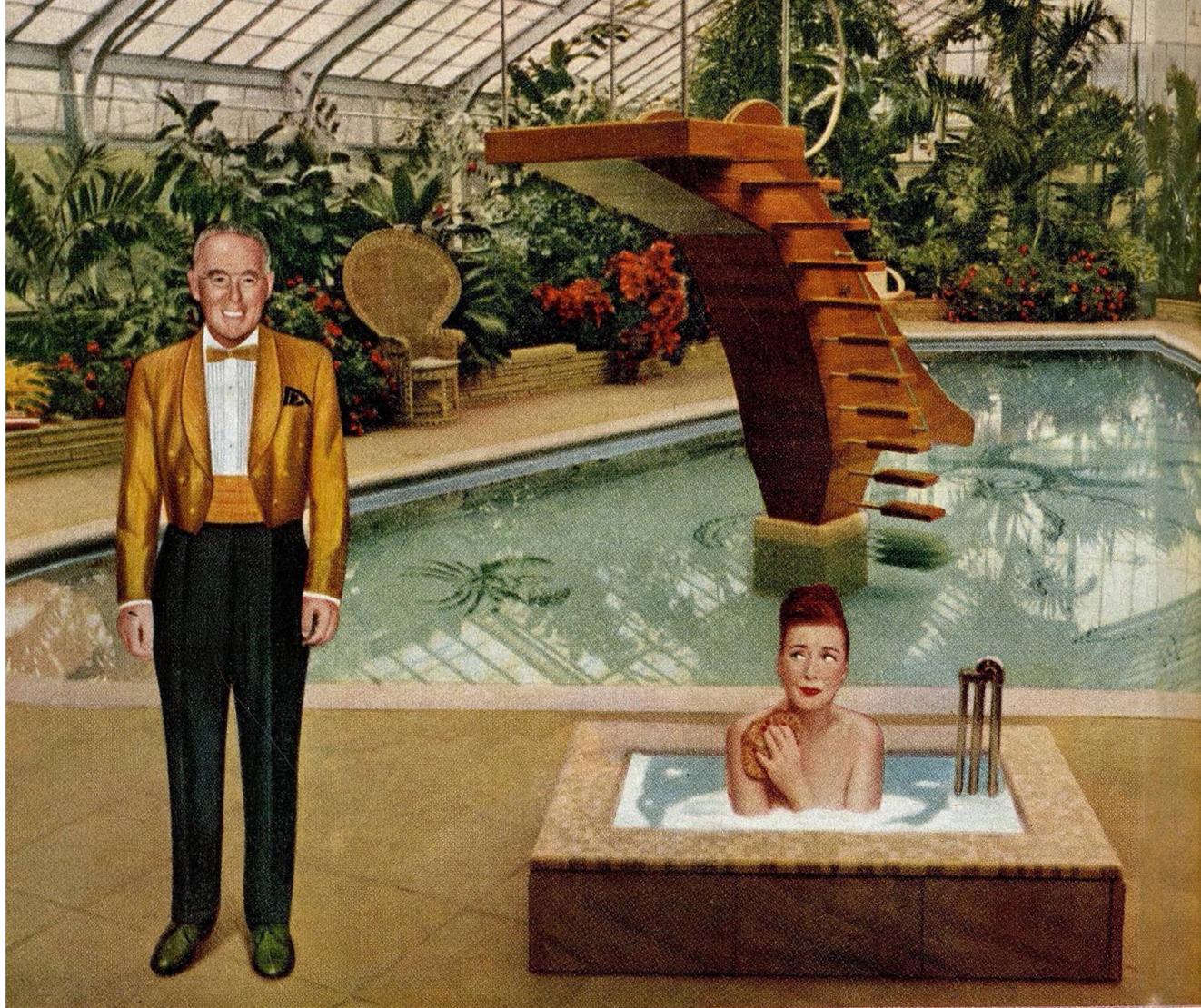
BY FORREST ROSAIRE

The world sang as they pledged their faith on a flower. But on the verge of marriage, Sue learned a secret so dangerous that she kept it—and it struck back as swiftly as a boomerang!

What is the time and place for Liqueur?  
... Champagne? ... Cognac Brandy? *Any time you choose  
to enjoy them!* And for these pleasant  
occasions only the very finest belong—  
Cointreau, Piper-Heidsieck, Remy Martin.



Remy Martin 80 proof • Cointreau 80 proof • Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.  
Cointreau produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



NATARBORIUM, DESIGNED BY JOSEPH H. CROXTON

DISCOVERER OF THE NEWEST MIRACLE FIBRE,  
*Mr. Martin McMartin St Martin III, says:*

THE discovery was just a lucky accident. I received a shipment of exotic tropical plants for my natarborium from the Antipodes, and in it was a shrub with varicolored blossoms which was not on the invoice, but I planted it anyway.

"The blooms wilted and their place was taken by green pods. These pods later burst open and contained silk-like fibres averaging a little over an inch in length. The fibres were hollow and had the same insulating properties as linen and wool. They produced a strong, even yarn that caused no allergies and was ideal to be worn next to the skin because it dissipates moisture and furnished a natural air conditioning system.

"It took any dye smoothly and when impregnated would resist wrinkles. I wove some sheets and pillow cases and had them washed five hundred times and abraded two hundred times. They were still usable. Then I knew I had something! A fabric for the housewife!

"Our chief tester, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, is shown here in the whirlpool which was originally designed for hydrotherapy, but which in a pinch can be used for

broad research. One hour here at full pressure is equivalent to two hundred tumblings in a washing machine. The chute came from the swimming pool of the Andrea Doria. Three slides down it is the equivalent in abrasion to squirring a year in an office chair. The cloth survived both tests. Then I knew I had something! A fabric for the lingerie trade!

"I am shown here on my way to a party to test a bolero shirt. Each night I spill gravy on it and then I wash it and hang it up to drip dry. It was never ironed and after thirty dinners I was still presentable. Then I knew I had something! Ulcers!

"I sold all my rights to The Springs Cotton Mills, which now has it available for Springmaid Fabrics. I call it QUTTUN, which comes from two Arabic words—Qutt, meaning porous, and Tunny, meaning strong. Ask for it by name and you too will discover a miracle."



If you want to know more about Mr. Martin McMartin St Martin III, send Fifty Cents to P. O. Box 111, Dept. A Lancaster, South Carolina, for a copy of CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN by Elliott White Springs.